

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

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CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

IF WE HAD MAGICAL POWERS

(In place of a survey – some excerpts from our competition articles)

I am indignant at the boy who told Korczak he did not like his novel, because it was frightening. I read many of Korczak's books and they were all lovely; there was nothing there that would cause me to have nightmares at night. Anyways, what's wrong with a book that touches your feelings? There are also movies that make me cry, for example "The Champ" ... I have a friend who never had a doll in her life. If I were a wizard, I'd order the spirits of the night to put the nicest doll ever in her bed.

Ruth from Kielce
(10 years old)

In my opinion, Kaytek squandered away his magical powers. He could have done much good, but he was an inexperienced wizard. He could have earned everybody's appreciation, but became an unknown vagabond instead. In his place, I would have acted differently...

HANKA from Pawia Street
(11 years old)

If I were Kaytek, I would conjure up a car for myself, money for the state and homes for the homeless. I would make goods cheaper, make the landlords charge lower rents, ensure that people didn't have to pay so much in taxes, make the crisis end and make Hitler stop picking on Jews and on Poland.

Adaś from Świętojska Street
(8 years old)

I am now reading "Kaytek the Wizard." My heart fills with jealousy. If I had his powers, I would do one thing: every person could take advantage of sunlight and fresh air.

Ireczka from Czestochowa
(8 years old)

I picked up a prayer book. I washed my hands before that. I prayed and said: "God, I wish I could be Kaytek. I ask fervently." I said that twice. Suddenly, it was like an invisible bird flew through my head, and at that moment I turned into Kaytek... then I would wear four pairs of pants and two shirts, and I'd have fun just like Count Potocki! I would love to see you, Little Review readers, as well as Kaytek the wizard. To those who are Kaytek, I wish all that's good and best.

Michał from
Dąbrowa Górnicza
(9 years old)

I would organize the army in accordance with the medieval model. The knights would be fitted out with steel and iron armor. They would wear invisible caps on top of their helmets.

I would lead those knights in their raids against bands of robbers. If a war was to break out, my knights would wear all-gas-resistant visor mounted masks and protective suits.

Bolek from Mławska Street
(9 years old)

The first spell: Hitler falls asleep for some time and when he wakes up, he sees that he has lost his power. The second spell: we build many factories, in which all the unemployed find work. The third spell: England loses its mandate. Free and independent Palestine stands open to all Jews. I would settle there myself and organize many "schools of joy" that Karin Michaëlis wrote about.

Ewa from Bydgoszcz
(12 years old)

I would build! I would build health homes, schools, bridges, railway stations, railway lines, factories... The entire population, everyone, even the children would build to their hearts' desire!

Lolek from Żytunia Street
(12 years old)

I would order that my mom and dad should have a big shop on the same street we live on.

Stefek from Chłodna Street
(7 years old)

And for myself, I would first conjure up a nice little room and then a good report card.

Janka from Ciepła Street
(12 years old)

My first spell would be a trip around the world. Then I would become a dancer and dance for children. My third spell would be to heal all people, so that no one be sick anymore, because I get sick often and I know how bad it feels to have to stay in bed when all the other children are out on walks and learning.

Bronka from Dzielna Street
(10 years old)

I wish, I demand, I command! I am to be the greatest writer in the world: to write with humor, but in an understandable and beautiful way. If the spell should fail, I will still be a decent man.

Halina from Nowolipki Street
(11 years old)

I have a nasty aunt. If I were Kaytek, I would cast a spell for her to fall to the floor and knock herself out good.

Szymonek from Prosta Street
(6 years old)

I would buy building plots to put up houses for the people evicted from their homes. For myself, I would conjure up money for a trip around the world; but I would prefer to do all that without magic.

Hanusia from Nowolipie Street
(9 years old)

First, I would do away with the crisis, so that there would be no more paupers; then I would teach Esperanto to everyone, so that the whole world could reach an understanding. I do not have desires of my own. Do I have the right to think of anything for myself – I, who indulge in luxury – when people are in such a bad situation?

Renia from Włocławek
(11 years old)

I would invent a powder which you sprinkle through the apartment and no one ever gets sick again.

Danuta (10 years old)

I must design a device which would drive learning straight into the head. Why should people exhaust themselves with learning for so many years?

Jerzy from Łódź
(12 years old)

I would draft a just code of law.

Izrael (11 years old)

Above all, I would fundamentally change the thinking and the souls of all criminals, so that they would become decent people. ... I read that in the many wars there were, many ships carrying great treasures were sunk to the bottom of the sea. I would use magical powers to lift up those ships; next to the treasures, I would also acquire interesting articles dating many centuries back.

Sabina from Sambor
(11 years old)

I have so many desires that I don't know which to choose: whether those for myself or those for common good. But I thought that what counts now is to win the prize. Hence, I wish, demand and order: to write in such a way as to win it.

Mika from Ogrodowa Street
(8 years old)

... Biology class started. The teacher opened the register noisily. "I wish a spider would sit on his shiny bald head," I thought. Right away, I see a black spider appear on his bald head. That was the first sensation in the school. Magic, magic! — my head was spinning. That was the initiation into my secret life. In a matter

of days, I played so many tricks that I got tired of them. I started thinking about genuine, useful magic.

Sala from Końskie
(11 years old)

... As I walked down the street, I noted a poster announcing a skating competition. Fearing accidents that often happen at a skating rink, I sought to protect the participants. This is how I protected them: though the frost was biting hard, I turned ice into water, and the ice skaters into small fish... There was a boy who didn't have a mother. He wanted to see her so, even if it was in a dream. I took pity on him and allowed the mother to spend one whole night by his side. The boy learned many details about his childhood from his mother. It was only at dawn that this ended. My magical powers diminished somewhat, but as I walked down the street, I was able to guess children's thoughts and to fulfill their wishes. One time, I changed all the people's hats into saucepans, and all their money into frogs. After that prank, I sensed that I lost my magical power: I indulged myself too much.

Saluniek from Brukowa Street
(11 years old)

I want it to be clean everywhere and that the streets be given a thorough sweeping.

Marylka from Czestochowa

I would turn Hitler into a Jew, and put a double in his place. Let him feel how good it is to be tormented. Or I would turn him into a tree: to stop him from being harmful. I would admit to my parents that I was a wizard, I would travel the world with them and admire it.

Izak from Łazy
(10 years old)

I want to understand the lot of all beings. I would use my magical power of the will to bring relief to the lives of plants, animals and birds. I would peer into the ocean depths and measure the space between the planets. I wish that people know all and understand all things!

Sala from Gdańsk

If we were to govern, no living creatures would be killed, because that is the biggest of horrors. After all, every creature feels just like a human being. Do we really have to eat meat? Can't we fill ourselves with bread? Can't people make do without furs?

Ninka from Chłodna Street
(6 years old)

The words "United we stand!" will shine in silver letters on the dial of the world. All the cunning people will become foxes that speak in human voices, and they will continue sporting their bushy fox tails for as long as it takes them to promise to be generous.

Frania from Czestochowa
(10 years old)

I will be an engineer. I will build airplanes, but they will be airplanes that never crash.

Heniek from Radom
(9 years old)

I would be an airman and strive to advance Polish aviation, until I would put it at the forefront of international aviation. ... Mr. Korczak had in mind the dreams of one boy, and what he wrote is just a nice tale, so all those dreams of mine cannot be fulfilled, except for the first one; the one about aviation may someday come true.

Fryderyk from Ostrów Maz.
(9 years old)

... The largest of eagles, from the Himalayas, stood before me. I mounted it – well stocked with meat, because the bird is carnivorous – and we flew. First, I visited the fantasy Land of Thousand and One Nights. I had to see for myself whether it is as beautiful as these beautiful stories describe it. Since at that point I was near Palestine, I could not resist the temptation and landed in a square in Tel-Aviv. At a meeting with my peers there, I issued orders that the Arab riots should cease and that Jews be allowed to come there freely.

Herman from Radom
(9 years old)

... I mount a camel and run as far away as I can. My final orders are these: do away with the barred and bolted buildings in this country; let there be no robbers or thieves; let all the doors stand open, and the keys and padlocks disappear; let the children laugh, and singing and joy accompany the adults in their work!

Abram from Prosta Street
(12 years old)

We are all selfish. I, for that matter, would like to graduate the Jaffa technical university with highest honors; to set up something like the Rutenber corporation. In addition, I would like to own two villas near Tel-Aviv and Hamei Tveria, where our family lives, so that my parents could spend their later years surrounded by their relatives and friends, free of care for tomorrow.

Salek (12 years old)

CELINA PERLISÓWNA (12 years old) – 1st prize

THE TOPSY-TURVY WORLD

The entire world is considering a difficult issue. The gentlemen of the League of Nations, great in wisdom and stature, scrutinize the following: the entire world has changed beyond all recognition over the past two years.

"Is it for the better?"

I think so, because people are somehow altered: they are happier, more joyous, and smile at each other lovingly.

"What is it? Is it magic or something?"

* * *

Over a thousand children have come together in a huge assembly hall. These are parliamentarians and representatives of different nationalities.

Five days have elapsed and they continue to debate. They seem to be addressing some urgent and pressing issues. The secretary, a small Dutchman, enters reports and minutes into an oversized book. He is perspiring because it's hard work.

Serious men with balding heads and gray hair listen to the young people's deliberations as they will later present them to the general assembly of the League of Nations.

You need to know that all of the young people in the room occupy positions of leadership in the League of Nations.

"Now, that's clear and comprehensible," the gentlemen say. "These matters are so complex yet they manage to deal with them in such a straightforward and sincere manner. Youth and common sense go hand in hand."

Yes, the times when the adults dominated over their juniors are now over.

* * *

Arabs have come to understand that it was not their God, the mighty Allah, but the work of Jewish hands that has given them the new, free land. Their children are growing up under

the tutelage of knowledgeable Jews, who have come to Palestine in the thousands. Jews are now entering their longed-for independent homeland in throngs. Decried no longer, they constitute one great nation!

* * *

In War's bleak chamber, deathly silence prevails. War is expiring.

She lies on a gray bed strewn with bayonets and soaked in human blood. She casts around erratic glances; her mighty daughter, the grand Bomb, sits on the floor, terribly mad at something. Well, that's obvious... not much success lately. She has been sitting around idle, forgotten for a long time now. She feels bad...

War twists and turns on the bayonets agonizingly. Now distant images of the past crowd her head: the World War, heavy guns, rifles, blood of the combatants! – massive, huge volumes of sticky red blood. At this memory,

a pleasant shudder passes through War's body.

Yes, she must pick herself up right now and move into China or Japan – that would be most appropriate – and then into Germany, Austria, Russia... She will order the burning of countries, cities and villages.

Suddenly... No, that's impossible! Several figures rapidly approach War. Among them, she recognizes some of her fiercest enemies: Freedom, Brotherhood and Peace. They draw ever closer with a multitude of their devotees behind them.

War is to stand trial. Peace will want to demonstrate the wrong things in her conduct, because the death penalty has now been abolished. War will not stand being humiliated by Peace.

She sinks into the ground with fury.

* * *

A cheerful, cheering crowd marches down the main streets of New York.

A banner carried at the head of the march displays a powerful message: "No more lynching of Blacks!"

See the wonders happening in the world!

A young Negro surpasses all in his intelligence and takes the highest office in America.

* * *

I am sitting on the couch, with a newspaper in front of me. I'm turning its pages for the tenth time. There are so many wrong things happening in the world. I would like to change them for the better. I wouldn't be able to achieve anything now, chiefly because I'm still too young.

Oh, how I would like to become an active member of society. Maybe with time, as I grow up, my dreams will come true. Let us not lose hope. We will surely reach what we've set out to reach. After all, we, the youth, are the future of the nation! ■

MIRA BEJTNERÓWNA (11 years old) – 2nd prize

THE WAND OF THE GOLDEN-HAIRED LADY

It's summer. I'm in the woods, with my friends. The sun has turned westward. Dusk is falling. The last rays of the setting sun pierce through the forest thicket. Mesmerized by the wonderful red shield hanging low over a hillock on the horizon line, I forget it is time to go home, and I miss my departing friends.

I am startled at seeing myself all alone in the forest, pack my stuff and go.

As I hurry homeward, I see a lady; I stop to look. She is a beautiful, well-dressed. Her slender figure, with tall forehead and pensive large blue eyes, is covered with a mantle of golden hair. In her flowing long white dress, with a garland on her forehead and her beautiful cheerful face, she looks so charming that she would attract the attention of not only a human being but even of the smallest insect.

She approaches me slowly and says: "Where do you hurry to, girl?"

"Home, my beautiful lady. I am running late," I answer uneasily.

"Don't be afraid, my child," she says, stroking my head. "I am a fairy and I love children. I'm looking for a child with good heart and good thoughts, and here you are. Your eyes tell me of your goodness and willingness to help others. Please, take this wand; it has magical powers. No sooner than you rise it up and pronounce the spell 'I wish and command that my dreams be fulfilled' three times, all will be done according to your wishes."

With these words she disappears. Stunned and dazed, I return home. On the way, I encounter a dog with a broken leg. The poor doggy lifts its paw up and whines. I approach it and think:

"Let me test the magical powers."

I lift my wand and repeat the spell three times. The dog gets up, licks my hand and runs off.

I go further. I nearly trample something under foot. A chick with a broken wing lies before me and chirps. I come closer, lift the wand and pronounce the spell three times, and the bird flaps its wings and rises into the air.

"The words of the fairy have come true," I tell myself. "I'll be like Kaytek the wizard."

But Kaytek the wizard was turned into a dog and experienced the dog's

misery. No, I don't want to suffer poverty and hunger. I don't want to be a wretched animal. And what if I make magic that can bring benefit and welfare to the Jewish people? I will probably not be punished for it.

I entertained different ideas until I finally decided. Enough of this life in the Diaspora. It's time to move to and settle in Eretz, the land of our forefathers. As Moses once led the Jews out of Egypt, so will I lead the Jews out of the Diaspora.

I gather courage and strength. I walk out into the street, pick up my wand and say:

"I demand and command that all the Jews from around the world stand before me."

And this actually happens. At once, millions of heads press toward me.

"Has the Messiah come for us?" is the question that reaches my ears.

"I am not the Messiah, just an ordinary girl. A fairy vested me with a magic wand, and now I can do whatever I desire. Trust me, and I will lead you out of the Diaspora to your free homeland.

The next day, they all come with their wives and children: the poor, the rich, the orphans and the cripples. With the help of the wand, I provide everyone with the required sums of money, passports and other documents, and we set off for the train station.

Another moment of the great magic takes place: the rail tracks multiply and 30,000 beautifully fitted trains approach us at speed. An unspoken volume of whistles, screams and other noise arise. We are on the move. We leave the train station and pass by villages and towns. Telegraph poles move along with us, and forests spin around us. The locomotives spew millions of sparks, which sparkle in the moonlight.

It is a quiet summer night. Lights are lit up in trains. It is nice and warm. I am the only one not able to get to sleep. What will I do if I should lose the magical powers on the way? After a while, I calm down thinking that God will not abandon me or deprive me of the magical powers. With these thoughts, I fall asleep.

"Trieste," the ticket inspector calls out. "All get off!"

I wake up and get off with everyone else. We get checked and searched. Everything is all right.

An hour later, we see masts of a ship. Sailors drop anchors and moor the ships. Beautiful three-mast ships sway gently on the flat expanse of the translucent sea. We enter the ships in orderly lines; the anchors are weighed; sirens roar; and we set off. The pure sea air refreshes us.

I sit in a cabin, steeped in thoughts; these flash through my head like lightning; some are troubling and anxious, others soothing, some are sad, other distant, others still are as if unknown and joyous again.

"And if they don't admit us to the country, our lives will be shattered," is what I hear from a conversation held in the corridor. I shake off the thought. A shiver passes through my body. I look up at the wand.

"Take courage and be patient," I say. "Trust me, and we'll get into the country successfully."

It's quiet now. Night has fallen. Lights have been lit. The hours flow by fast. It's time for the night's rest. I am being rocked, like a baby in a cradle. I fall asleep.

And I dream I've lost my magic wand. What an awful dream! The other passengers notice my anxiety. I feel the need to tell them everything. There is a revolt, in response. They decide to remove me from the face of the world, to throw me into the depths of the sea. At that point, the good fairy appears and says:

"Guard the wand, girl, I have come to your rescue as your life just hung by a hair. You have this wand and watch over it."

I wake up and quickly peek under my pillow. The wand is there. I calm down, get dressed and go aboard. I feel a waft of refreshingly warm air.

I stand there for a long time watching the sea rollers, their backs glistening in the sun. Suddenly, a giant shark comes up to the surface. It opens its mouth as if to swallow me, together with the whole ship. I shudder and then lift up my wand; what wonders! The enormous shark's mouth releases thousands upon thousands of gray sparrows. I open the

cabin door and let the tiny creatures in. It's tight, sparrow upon sparrow. What is the wand for? Let the cabin turn into a large, spacious room. My desire is fulfilled. Now, the sparrows settle in comfortably. Okay then, the noble fairy does not want the innocent birds to suffer hunger in winter. She sent them here that they be under my care.

And so day after day passes. All there is to see is the sky and the large expanse of water. At the end, we are into the final day of the journey. We moor at the shore.

"Haifa," we finally hear.

I go forward with the wand in hand. I open the cabin door and the gray sparrows spill out and take off in different directions.

We leave the ships in a calm and quiet way. It is so crowded. I make another demand: let all the lands that once formed Palestine reunite. I demand that the country be powerful, strong and prosperous.

The borders of Palestine expand. New buildings go up: schools, hospitals and offices.

And yet another magic spell: Let there be a home for the orphaned and the elderly in this colony. And it happens. A large tall house surrounded by a beautiful garden appears. It cuts through the entire colony. It houses the old people on its one side and the orphans on the other. Old men in white

smocks rest on sun loungers. They read newspapers and converse. They look back at their misery and wanderings, and now they enjoy pleasures and comforts. Further down children warble as warm sunshine welcomes them. They play, jump and enjoy themselves.

There is a school nearby and a hospital further down. It houses an outpatient clinic, isolation rooms, an operating room and a general room. Behind the colony stands a huge forest and there is a sports field. Everything is designed in the modernist style.

I command:

"I command a temple to appear."

And the temple appears – so beautiful that I cannot describe its appearance. It is all covered with gold, its walls inlaid with precious stones. My wish has been fulfilled.

And now comes a spell that's both grand and powerful:

"I command and demand: let prosperity and harmony abound among all the world's nations."

I cast another spell:

"Let representatives of all the nations gather."

And they come together.

"Promise that there will never be hatred among you, that one will never rise up against another, that there will be no bloodshed ever more, and that there will always be understanding and love."

"We do solemnly swear!!!" ■

GUSTAW WÓJCIKIEWICZ (12 years old) – 3rd prize

PEOPLE CAN MANAGE BY THEMSELVES

I am Kaytek. I sit and watch the masses of the unemployed. Now I know: I will give people happiness.

I.

Everyone gets a small garden, a cottage and equal pay.

I walk down the street and look around. The workers get their wages paid. One comes up and gets 50 zloty; another one approaches and gets the same, but rebels, because he thinks he is more important.

Evening comes. They come together

in cellars and plan a rebellion.

This apparently is not the way to happiness. I call off that wish.

II.

What prevented the fulfillment of my plan was that there was no equality. So, let there be equality; and let the worker stand next to the engineer.

I walk down the street and look around. A strong man takes a package away from a weaker one. There comes a third man and demands that he give it back.

LEJZOR CZARNOBRODA (14 years old) – 1st prize in the competition on a freely chosen topic

OVER AN OPEN DRAWER

I'm sitting over an open book, reading. It's quiet, sad and grim all around. Everyone has gone. I lift up my eyes and stare out the window. There is a huge red wall before me. How many times have I seen it? Now it seems different: taller and more gloomy. I take my eyes off the red wall. The shapes of everything in the apartment are altered.

My gaze rests on an ugly shabby old closet. It stands in the corner of the room forgotten by everyone. Its door is broken, its cornice missing. Nobody has opened the closet for several years now. So many memories bind me to this drawer in it!

I get up from my chair, kneel and open the drawer. It is cluttered with junk. I'm looking for something, but what is it? I do not know. It's quiet and gray around. All that can be heard is the turning of pages. My thoughts wander into some far-off places. An old yellowed postcard falls out of a book. I look at it. A smile lights up my face. Yes, that's what I was looking for. The postcard depicts a quiet, cheerful night in the country. On its back side, pale and faded calligraphic script reads: "A souvenir for Lejzor Cz. on the day before he leaves for Paris, H-awi, your teacher."

Everything seemed to have come alive. The world was resplendent with the golden rays of sun. The wall was not so terrible, gloomy or silent any more. My thoughts fly back into the past.

The figure of my teacher H-awi stands before my eyes. Her face expresses such kindness! So much wisdom lies hidden in her eyes, so many secrets in them. Those eyes are still looking and smiling at me... Yes, she was the first to show me the light. At that time, I tried to find my bearings in all that was not my home. In the darkness that surrounded me, I saw sunshine from afar.

I'm in the fourth grade and writing a dictation. Ms. H-awi's voice resounds and we write. Suddenly, my neighbor snatches my blotting paper.

"Won't you give me my blotch back?"

"I won't give it back."
"We'll see about that."

I get up and say:
"Miss, he took my blotch."

The teacher smiles and replies gently:

"We rather say 'blotting paper' than 'blotch.' Remember that."

Oh, so you're supposed to say "blotting paper" instead of "blotch." It wasn't easy for me to get used to "blotting paper," I continued to say

"blotch," which the teacher continued to correct: "blotting, blotting paper."

"Miss, it 'stands' in my book that..."
"Say 'it is written' rather than 'it stands.'"

It took time before I got used to saying "it is written" instead of "it stands" and "blotting paper" instead of "blotch."

It's Friday. The class is quiet to hear a voice of kindness. Our teacher is reading is a story from the "Heart" novel. Nobody says a word. Everyone's eyes are fixated on the teacher. She reads to us the story entitled "From the Apennines to the Andes." It seems to me I see Marco in his wanderings, and the teacher's words flow, flow and bind us, the children of the streets, with her, one so wise, good and always well dressed.

It's a warm summer day. We assemble in the big hall. We are about to spend our last moments together in our old four-grade school. It is only now that we can feel what friendship is all about.

"I bid you goodbye. I will never see you again, never... Most of you will leave the school walls to begin your working lives..."

The teacher's voice grows soft and cracks. We seem to hear our hearts pulsating as they pound:

"Never again..."
Her voice cracks:

"Goodbye!"

She hands postcards to everyone. Nobody can utter a word, not even a "thank you."

I meet an old friend.

"Look, do you have any news about Ms. H-awi?"

"She's in Paris. She's been faring miserably there."

"Is that so?" I stare into the distance.

"Do you remember our school life?"
"Sure," I respond. "Goodbye."

What's happening to me today?

I can't even talk to him.

I see a huge, huge city. It's Paris, with its huge houses, monuments and places of worship. Crowd rushes down its streets. A tall woman with a sad face presses her way through the crowd. Nobody pays any attention to her. The crowd rushes, snatches her up in its current; my teacher disappears in a human throng, as if in a snowstorm.

I prop up my head and stare at the old, worn-out school certificates. I inspect them: nothing interesting, just plain paper. And yet, they bring to mind so many dear faces, and so many fond memories.

Mr. P, my Hebrew teacher, smiles back at me from within that crowd.

My memory runs through the years past. I try to recall everything with some precision.

The room is dark. Dark fog covers the facing wall. That wall turns slowly into a black background, which puts into focus the white figures of those I am thinking about.

Our teacher, Mr. P fell seriously ill. Sadness descended on the class. Disturbing thoughts creep into my head. I decide to visit him in his apartment. It's Saturday. Bundled in my overcoat, I go out into the street. I walk and walk. Mr. P lives somewhere at the very end of Marszałkowska Street. It feels like Marszałkowska goes on and on, endlessly.

I walk this street for the first time. Red-letter advertisements, beautiful signboards, bustle, noise – all this stuns me. I am now nearing the house Mr. P lives in. I count the steps... How does he live? I am embarrassed.

Now I see the door. To my surprise, it is an ordinary wooden door. I am surprised. I look at the door handle and the name plaque affixed to the door. Everything is so simple and ordinary... I put my hand to the handle, but draw back. I am fearful. Maybe I should go back. Suddenly, I notice my torn garment and my muddy shoes. He will laugh at me.

I muster up my courage. But, what will I tell him? For starters, as I enter, I will say: "Good afternoon. Does Mr. P live here?" I repeat this to myself; I knock; the door opens.

I forget what to say.

"Who are you looking for, young man?"

"I'm here... for Mr. P."

I now stand in front of a small door; I open it. It's a small, nice looking room. In one corner it has a white bed, and the teacher lies there. His face is pale, eyes half closed. I am surprised. I thought teachers were wealthy people, meanwhile...

Teacher turns his face to me, looks at me and smiles.

"It's you. Was it hard to find your way?"

After a while, we speak freely. That's weird... A grown-up, a teacher, talks to a small boy wearing patched-up clothes and muddy shoes. It's weird... And if you knew the way he talks! He treats me like a friend. I ask myself: why were you afraid, you dummy?

He shows me a Purim sketch he just wrote. Hours pass. I need to leave. The teacher says:

I begin to hand out alms to poor workers. The next day, the more well-to-do come expecting alms too.

I wouldn't give them any.
Someone throws another bomb.

I turn everything back.

VI.
In this sixth section, I provide my answer to the question of "what I would do if I were Kaytek" as the other sections served as examples.

Here's the answer:

"Men who have been perfecting their lives over centuries will continue perfecting them on their own, and will be pleased about it. I could not do anything by myself, because my every act would have been wrong.

Away, o ye magical powers of mine." ■

"I will never forget this."

I look at him. What do these words mean? Everything is so weird, so very strange to me.

* * *

I see him.

He is walking on the other side of the street. He is walking tall. It did not change at all.

Should I approach him or not?

He stops. It seems to me he is looking at me, smiling.

I pick up the pace; I don't want to talk to him. I turn around; I look; he's disappeared. I want to run after him, to apologize, to talk to him like we did then... It's too late. I can still hear the ring of his words, so loving and sincere:

"I will never forget this."

* * *

Oh, my old friends, I'm just sitting over an open drawer and thinking of you.

The room is gray, but I see your faces. How many times have I seen you?

I didn't talk to you, because I couldn't. I always turned away from you and walked to the other side.

You probably think it is was pride, conceit...

No, believe me it was not.

* * *

We form a tiny community that hardly consists of a dozen or so members.

What is it that unites us?

The school, the street, the backyard...

We are easy to recognize: torn clothes, torn shoes, dirty faces and hands. These are our distinguishing features.

It's summertime. We don't leave for the countryside. We roam the street the whole day through, a band of hoodlums.

We play "tipcat," and you can only imagine the enthusiasm with which we

play! Our red faces flow with sweat, our eyes glitter. Every other moment one of us cries out:

"How much do you bet?"

"50."

"I want 70."

"Go measure."

Every other moment a passerby will complain:

"These rascals scream at the top of their voices. Outta here, go home!"

"Did you hear this great lord? Who would have thought, he had never played 'tipcat'? Hahaha, a great lord!"

Our jackets have no buttons; that's because buttons are useful in a game.

That's our life, the life of the street kids.

We are free. We do not envy anyone.

* * *

As I now remember our games, I get the urge to take a bat and to play 'tipcat' with you. We loved freedom and abandon. We still want to be as free and easy today... but does freedom exist?

No. Man is a slave.

* * *

All I can hear are the strikes of a hammer my father is working with. My mother is washing the linens.

I forgot to light the kerosene lamp.

I hear my mother's voice:

"Are you sleeping in a chair? It's six o'clock. You have school today."

I put on my overcoat and go out.

* * *

I return home. In an indifferent tone of voice, my sister tells me that she has just burned up all the junk she found strewn across the floor, because I littered the room with it.

I do not respond. I just look.

Fire glows merrily; sparks fly and envelop the papers. The paper reddens, then it blackens, shrivels up and disappears altogether.

Only ashes remain. ■

SALOMON BORENSZTEJN (13 years old)
– 2nd prize in the competition on a freely chosen topic

DADDY

This was back in 1932. We were living in the summer resort of Kryńszczak, a village 7 km away from Łuków, my hometown. Daddy would come to us from Łuków every evening bringing essential groceries, because Kryńszczak – putting aside its advantages, such as the huge forested areas and the unconstrained freedom of movement – had no shop. Almost every day, I would also go out to meet him, greedy for news from Łuków and another library book he usually brought me.

I would lead his bike while daddy wandered off the lane (it wound through a forest) and picked wild strawberries, a "gift" for mommy.

I am reminded of one incident, when I argued with mom and resolved to go back to Łuków. It was a Sunday, and dad had stayed over with us.

Seeing I was earnest and about to get on the bicycle, he ordered me to sit on the top tube, took the seat himself and we drove to the forest down the lane. On the way, he explained that I was an grown up man and I should be prepared to yield to my mother's wishes, perhaps even if I was in the right (it was I who was in the wrong more often). Slowly, all my anger dissipated, so that on the

way back, I decided to apologize to my mom. And that's what happened, and until the very end summer, harmony reigned between me and my mommy.

We also spent this year's summer holiday in Kryńszczak. My confirmation was to be held on 28th of June. We invited our friends, sent a horse-drawn wagon after them to Łuków, and busied ourselves with making of the afternoon tea. At two o'clock the friends arrived, and we enjoyed playing volleyball before the tea. Pretty much exhausted, we sat to the afternoon tea. In a free moment of time, I went up to my daddy who took the opportunity of telling me a few things, of which I remember one adage by Orzeszkowa: "Life is not made up of smiles alone."

I was to find out about that soon enough!

In the first days of November, I got the measles. I stayed in bed for 3 weeks. I expected to be up on Friday, November 30th. Everything looked so nice and rosy, when suddenly...

There came the memorable day of November 29th, a dreadful and sad day for me, a day that will remain etched in my memory forever.

CONTINUED ON P. 4

"Look at him!" cries the assailant.
"This man is older and weaker," explains the passerby.

"There are no elders anymore!"

I watch this and think that the world can't do without those "elders."

"Let it all be like it used to be," I say.

III.
Nothing more can be done for the adults. They never have enough of anything. Maybe I should do something for the children. I make their requests and wishes come true.

I regret the decision at once. I see teachers with broken arms and sick with cholera.

Children choke on chocolate, crowd movie theaters and are torn apart by wild animals in Africa,

a place where they all wanted to hunt lions.

I retract my words quickly.

IV.
Nothing can be done for the children. They have these weird expectations.

Maybe I should do something for the animals. People will no longer kill them or hold them in captivity.

A horse, which likes its owner, has to go to the woods to be eaten by a wolf. Animals now eat one another while people are becoming weak, because they don't eat any meat.

I retract my words.

V.
Discouraged with the world, I built myself a palace.

Workers throw a bomb at it.

DADDY

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

I remember that I got up in the morning. After breakfast, I started writing a summary in German and watched mommy iron linens in the same room.

A moment later daddy came from the mill and asked mom to bandage his finger, which he had just cut at the mill. The wound was on a bend of the middle finger. Present at the dressing of the wound, Mrs. Z. said to mom:

"You know, this will not heal so fast, because it's on a joint."

Little did our poor mother know the wound wouldn't heal at all.

Meanwhile, when bored with watching the ironing, I turned around and tried to sleep. I felt drowsy soon...

* * *

"Oh, the fate that befell me!"

I hear my mom's voice in my sleep. At first, I think mommy is playfully welcoming my small sister, who just came back from school with a good grade, but no! The voice is mixed with weeping.

I hear something heavy being carried through the adjacent room and that it immediately fills up with people who are sobbing, shouting and whispering between themselves. I begin to cry out (I was in bed, as you remember) and call for someone to come and tell me what had happened.

Suddenly, the door opens and our lady neighbor walks in, leading in my sister. They are both weeping. Unable to stand the fear and curiosity any longer, I cry out:

"Miss, what's happened?"

"Calm down. Do not scream, because your daddy will be upset. Your daddy got scratched a little in the mill. Your mommy is just coming in. Your daddy will be all right. You will see..."

Mommy rushes in, all tearful, in spasms. She is tearing her hair out and staring at something unawares.

"Mom, what's happened to daddy? Don't cry so!"

"Daddy... his leg! Oh! Oh!" And mom runs out abruptly.

"Ms. Cesia, please, calm mom down. Oh, mom has a weak heart! Can you please go to mommy? Did daddy get his legs cut off at the mill?"

"By no means. Don't be afraid!"

Suddenly, some man enters.

"You be quiet, children! Your daddy will be all right! We've sent for the doctor. He will come soon. Oy, you see? He's already coming! Oy, here comes the second one. You calm down!"

"Sir, what's my daddy's condition?"

"They won't let me in there! There are doctors there. They may take your daddy to the hospital momentarily. Don't be afraid! They don't have dressings here; that's why they're taking him."

Then mommy walks in for the second time, by now composed, at a great effort of the will.

"Be calm. Dad is being taken to the hospital."

At half past three our aunt and uncle come from Międzyrzec. They had been summoned by phone.

Aunt sits down with us and tries to calm us down.

At six o'clock, I hear the kitchen filling up with people. At the same time, a man walks into the room to close the door.

"Sir, why are you closing that door? What's going on in the hospital? Is daddy better now?"

"Be quiet, they may bring your daddy in shortly."

"Why would they bring him back from the hospital?"

"Why should he stay there? It's better that he stay at home."

"But is daddy alive? Do tell me the truth! Oh!"

"Sure, he's alive, he's alive. Do not be afraid. You'll see..."

My friend comes in.

"Pejsach, is my daddy alive? Tell the truth, is he alive?"

"He's alive, he's alive. What sort of a question is that? He's alive and he'll stay alive!"

"Really, really?"

"Children, you should go to bed now. It's eleven. Salek! Turn around and sleep!"

"Ma'am, is that mommy crying? What's happened? Please, call mommy."

"Your mommy is in the hospital, with your daddy. It's not mommy crying."

"That's not true, that's mom's voice! I heard well."

"Your mommy was here, but she took her overcoat and drove away. She's gone now."

The next morning comes.

Our uncle walks in.

"Look, I know you are devout. Did you know that it is customary for the Jews to say 'Thank you, Lord God' even in the greatest adversity, God forbid. Don't worry, your papa is alive. You are his eldest, you would have known if it were otherwise. Your papa's alive, but he is very sick."

I turn around and say:

"I thank Lord God for it."

With these words there came peace, strength to persevere and faith in what destiny might bring, because it had to be that way.

My sister's question brings me back to the sad present realities:

"Uncle, who is more sick: me or daddy?"

"It's your dad, because he is older."

Now, our mom walks in.

My sister:

"Mommy, I heard the maid say to the one who brings milk that daddy died."

"Not true. Anyway... What use would you have of your daddy without legs or arms?"

"Dad is dead," breaks our grave silence.

An hour passes.

"When did daddy die?"

"Last night."

"Where is he?"

"He's here. The burial will take place directly. Do you want to get dressed and see your daddy?"

The somber words of a prayer reverberate through our house:

"Yisgadal ve'yiskadash shmey rabo... (Magnified and sanctified be His great name...)" ■

YOUTH MONTH

On June 16th, the long-announced Youth Month, organized by Keren Kayemeth LeIsrael ("KKL"), began.

The objective of this month is to deepen the national education, based on KKL as the principle of self-liberation. For this purpose, all cities and the towns will host ceremonial events and Palestinian evenings organized by the Zionist youth and KKL. In addition, they will conduct a broad based information and awareness raising campaign among young people through special lectures and fundraising events held in all types of organizations. This month, the youth should double the number of the blue collection boxes in flats, stores, workshops, etc.

The second task of the young will be to popularize the voluntary self-taxation method referred to as Trumat Hametar.

WEASELS

In the Little Review of the 9th of this month, we printed a small article entitled "The Overworked One." The article was submitted by Kunio Kuniacki, who copied it from the "Forge of Youth" magazine (issue No. 6 of April 15th, 1933).

With the assistance of graphologists and investigators, we were able to identify the plagiarizer: J. Ceytlin, aka Kunio Kuniacki, aka Count Zychy (he prudently kept changing his pennames).

Called in by the editors, Count Zychy refused to plead guilty arguing that it was the editorial staff who should have checked whether the article was original; anyways (he further said), the article had been written by his friend who had... left for France in the meantime. However, to the question of whether the penname "Kunio Kuniacki" was his or his friend's, he replied that it was his. Then, he was shown a signature and asked who signed themselves under the article, whether that was him or a friend. He admitted that it was him, but continued

The way this works is that everyone can have their subscription with the KKL Commission at their age-dependent contribution (10 groszy, 15, 20, etc.). This method enables everyone to support KKL.

This month they will also vigorously continue a drive for the benefit of Hanoar Hatzioni, a Zionist youth settlement in Petah Tikva.

The Keren Kayemeth LeIsrael Central Office under the executive management of Bloch, Cederbaum and others, and those who came from Eretz for this event, namely Tanchum Berman and poet Natan Bystrycki, expect that this time the youth will fulfill their elementary duties in an outstanding and understanding manner. ■

to insist that it was the editors who where entirely at fault here.

We apologize to the editors of "Forge of Youth" (it so happened that we had not read the issue of April 15th of last year) which fact we disclose to our readers. This is because the plagiarist: 1) turned out to be a high school senior; and 2) demonstrated no remorse or willingness to apologize for the editors of the two periodicals.

We take this opportunity to mention the fact that another weasel sneaked into the February 2nd issue: Szoszanka from Czestochowa. She submitted a letter entitled "Time is flying by fast" for the "Reader updates" column maintained by our youngest correspondents. The text was copied from Falski's readings for second graders. But that was a relatively small weasel, who did not copy everything word for word, she edited the text a little, so we have just deleted her from the list of correspondents and refrain from disclosing her name. ■

HARRY IN PALESTINE

I currently hold a job at the Association of Polish Jews. The work is quite easy. I sit around and bite on pencils and pens, out of boredom, chatting with the visitors and writing when they are not there.

It is Jews from Germany who turn to the association for help the most. Though they have their own association, they prefer to come to us, because here they are better served here. Someone with patience would write an entire volume about what the Germans did to them. There are many good-natured people among them, but there are also those who walk with their noses in the air, they express themselves with contempt for the so-called 'Ostjuden' and they await for Hitler to croak so they can return to 'Vaterland.'

* * *

If I were a professional journalist, I would report to the world the news that all the dailies and nightly newspapers would print in bold letters.

"Hitler murdered!"

(from our correspondent)

A deceitful shot cut short the life of the psychotic dictator! No details available yet."

I would provide the details in the next issue:

"A dog named Hitler, living for a long time in a cheder of a Hashomer Hatzair

kibbutz, tore the robes of all the passing Arabs and Yemenite Jews. Sometimes, when his sense of smell failed him, he would also bite his own. Finally, Hitler made himself such a nuisance that one guard put a bullet in his skull, and the Yemenite Jews living in the neighborhood breathed free and said 'Baruch Hashem.'

Hitler was buried under a sprawling cactus, while jackals, which could smell the carcass, howled until daybreak."

* * *

As no one has come to the office today, I will tell you a tale of one old Negro's misery.

When I was working on the construction site of the Rockefeller Museum, I took note of an enormous, perhaps two-meter tall Senegalese Negro, known to all as Chamdi.

During lunch breaks, he would sit somewhere aside and after eating his pita bread, grew pensive. His eyes were bloodshot, but that was a characteristic of his race, and there was so much kindness in them and so much pain that, in spite of myself, I felt sympathy for him. We spoke a lot although Chamdi talked reluctantly.

I will tell you what I heard from the poor Chamdi, a man with a face as black as if he had polished it with shoe polish.

His father was the headman of a Negro tribe. Chamdi lived happily, and when he was 20, he bought himself a nice black woman, with his own money. After a year, he had pretty boy. Shortly after that, a great misfortune befell him: his wife was bitten by the tsetse flies. She fell into a heavy sleep that lasted six months. Chamdi said that after those six months his wife's heart had stopped. He buried her as his traditions required and went on a journey all the way to the island of Zanzibar, from where he and Ali (that was his son's name) travelled on foot to Mecca and Medina, and prayed long before the Prophet's tomb. Strengthened and blessed having touched the sacred stones of the Mosque of Masjid al-Aram, he went to Port Said. Driven by various motives, he finally found his way to Palestine.

He learned how to lay down stones in construction and made good money. His little Ali read at the Chaldi's while Chamdi did his masonry work and sung under his breath, a custom he acquired for Arabs. He assimilated the Arab urban life. He lived in Jerusalem. He no longer fell on his face in the street when a muezzin called the faithful to prayer from the minaret turret. Chamdi

was now ashamed of kneel humbly before the eyes of many and to confess his faith openly:

"La ilahah illa'llah... Muhammadur-asulu-llah (There is no God but Allah and Muhammad is His messenger)!"

He neglected the morning prayers and did not respond to the "adhan" (the call to prayer) with the words: "prayer is better than sleep." He sunk to such an extent in his debasement that on Thursdays, together a crowd of amused infidels, he would enter the white house with an illuminated advertisement to watch there the people on the wall, as they fight, run around, make love, and even talk.

Meanwhile, the little Ali studied diligently, while Chamdi hoarded irish, coin after coin, sought to increase his pile of liras or Palestinian pounds, all in order to buy a beautiful wife for Ali, when the boy turned 12.

But Muhammad saw everything, weighed everything and punished Chamdi with the heaviest of punishments.

Chamdi lived in the exotic old Jerusalem while he sent his son to the European district, where he was taught how to be wise with the wisdom of others, not of their own kind, where they don't spank you and where you sit in nice rooms and learn to speak "inglese."

What connects Jerusalem's old and its European district are the gates of the ancient wall built by King David. The busiest of those is the Jaffa Gate, which remembers some of the greatest storms of history, and which had hosted in its vestibule some of the world's most distinguished celebrities.

Every day, except for Fridays (the holy day of Islam), Ali would emerge out of the rusty, almost subterranean world through that gate as he entered the wide streets with beautiful shop fronts.

One day a loaded wagon came up from one side and car from the other. Ali did not manage to step aside. The wagon pressed him into the gate wall. Before poor Ali uttered a word, his chest was crushed. Blood rushed out of Ali's lips, ears and nose, the same blood as white children have, and Ali died.

Curses flowed and fists went to work, but the crowd of Arabs beating the wagon driver could not bring Ali back to life.

Chamdi returned home from work and did not find Ali. Plagued by premonitions, he ran out to the city. He searched, asked around, until he found his son's dead body in the hospital morgue.

Chamdi wept bitterly. You should see a Negro crying, it is heartbreaking.

READER UPDATES

THE DREAD OF THE CLASS

Tuesdays and Fridays are the worst days of the week for us, because that's when the hygienist visits. The first period passes quietly. But over the break, someone will inadvertently ask the question:

"Will she walk into our classroom or won't she?"

During the second period, the teacher sends one of the girls to find out if the hygienist is coming. After a few minutes, the hygienist appears together with the girl and calls us out in the alphabetical order. All this causes commotion in the classroom. Some console themselves:

"I'm not scared at all, I washed yesterday."

But the fact is we are all equally afraid of the hygienist.

Fredzia from Szczęśliwa Street OUR SICK TEACHER

Our teacher hasn't been to school for a number of days now. Four of us girls decided to visit her. Two were too shy to enter, the other two went in. The two girls who remained in front of the gate were right, because there is no need for the entire band to go in.

From the girls who went in, we learned that the teacher has the quinsy and would not be back at school for another week.

We are now bored without our teacher, because we have only two initial periods and then go home. Every day we've had a different teacher come to us. There are many good ones among them, but we prefer our teacher, 'cause she is the best.

Hanka from Ogródowa Street I UNDERSTOOD

MY ERROR

As I walked into the school, I took note of my classmates' overjoyed faces. I asked why they were so happy and learned that we were going to have a nature lesson. I was thrilled too.

Suddenly, the bell rung. The boys ran into the classroom and took their seats. The teacher came in and asked that we be quiet, but that caused an even greater commotion among the boys. That is when the teacher called

I expect you remember Sonny Boy's father in "The Singing Fool." That one was a false black man, but he still made everybody cry; now imagine a real Senegalese "maramba."

Chamdi swallowed the pill prepared for him by Muhammad.

"InShaAllah," he told himself. "That's God's will. He must have punished me for not praying."

You probably think that upon his son's death, Chamdi went back to falling on his face whenever the muezzin called on the faithful to prostrate themselves facing Mecca and pray, which he did in his prolonged voice, not unlike that of a bleating goat. No! Chamdi no longer believes in God. When he says "im Allah" (with God), he thinks "min Allah" (against God).

The bell for work rang. A young Arab named Mahmed appeared and threw my tool sack on his back, as custom requires: the tools of a white worker should be carried by a black or an Arab. I tried to carry my own tools, but the Arabs ridiculed me, and so I chastised them and allowed the Arabs who believed that's how things should be done to carry my bag.

(TBC)

upon me to write down the names of the boys who would be disruptive. I put down the names of my friends. The teacher ordered those boys to go home and to stay home until the end of the week.

The class threatened revenge, but I did not fear their revenge. Out on the street, one of my classmates came up to me and hit me right in the kisser, and I kicked him back. He then ran back to the school and brought charges against me to the student disciplinary panel. There was a hearing the following day and I won the case.

But now, I have to admit to the Little Review that I did not really behave in the spirit of camaraderie.

Stasiek

POINT ME TO THE ADDRESS

I turn to my fellow students among the readers of the Little Review with a request that they point me to a place where I can rent a movie projector.

On March 3rd, my brother and I will celebrate our birthday. We want to organize a movie theater for our guests.

I ask that you print my letter.

Milusia from Nowolipki Street THE TWINS' BIRTHDAY

My brother and sister just turned two years old.

On the birthday, our mom cleaned up the room, put a white tablecloth on the table, took bowls and dishes out of the sideboard, and placed candy and fruit on them.

The sight made us salivate. Guests started arriving at 6 p.m. These were mostly mothers with children. The guests were served tea and cake, and apples afterwards. But that was not the main feast yet, because they waited for dad and the other men. Dad brought a surprise gift of wine and vodka. That's when the feasting began in earnest.

Mom put the twins up on a high chair while we sat on regular chairs. We started eating. In a matter of minutes, all that remained of the candy were wrappers, and all that remained of the apples were the seeds and peels.

One man played this odd instrument and everybody sang, even the twins. It got very hot, so the kids went into the bedroom and told one another tales and fables.

At the very end, the guests gave the twins gifts. There were many toys and a huge amount of chocolate. Our dad sang a farewell song and the guests went home.

Ida from Białystok TWO SUCCESSFUL PERFORMANCES

In February, we gave a concert in our apartment: at 12 noon for children and at 7 p.m. for adults.

The children liked most a sketch entitled "A provincial stutterer" and Marysia's dance performance. Bella and I directed while Szlamek and Jakób were the decorators. Ms. Jadzia's group took an active part too.

The performance before the adult audience was also very successful. The best numbers included Bella's singing recital and the monologues delivered by our friend popularly called "the next Dymyza."

The guests left very satisfied and we were very happy too, because we collected 30 zloty for one poor family. Our box office cashier Misza did not let anyone in without a ticket.

Jerzy from Grzybowska Street

HOSPITAL AT HOME

I came back from school one day and saw my dad in bed. The doctor came and said that dad had the flu.

The next day, my younger sister got sick. The doctor came over again and said that my sister was sick with the same thing as dad.

A couple of days later my mom fell ill and I stayed home. The house became a real hospital. I was very sad all week long. Everybody recovered slowly and I am happy again today.

Lilka from Brukowa Street IN A STONEMASON'S WORKSHOP

Me and my friend went to a stonemason's workshop. All they make there are monuments. I saw two completed monuments. One represented a human figure and the other a dove bringing a letter to a dead person. The third monument there was still in the making.

First they took a slab and drew on it how the monument would look like. Then they chipped away at it with an iron tool.

This was a Jewish monument. Jerzyk from Nowolipki Street AN INCIDENT AT THE ZOO

Our permanent residence is in the countryside. In the course of my winter vacation, I joined my mother in a trip to the city of Łódź. There I visited movie theaters and a synagogue, but what has stuck in my mind the most is an incident I witnessed in the zoological garden.

My mom took me there so I could see some wild animals that I had so far only known from pictures.

There were also two boys in that zoo. The older one climbed on the barrier facing a lion's cage and started to irritate the animal with a piece of straw. The younger boy followed the older one's example and put his back against the second lion's cage.

At that moment, the lion dug its claws into his arm. The keepers managed to pull the boy free. An ambulance took him away to the hospital, where he struggled between life and death for three days.

Felek from Wysoka Street CORRECTION

I believe Kuba from Zamenhofa Street should not have written lies to the Little Review, because he is its reader.

His article "You give 10-groszy washes" was good, but not everything in it was true. First of all, the show happened on Twarda rather than Zamenhofa Street. Second, it cost 20 rather than 10 groszy. Third, Mr. Gałazka puts his medium to sleep in the standing position rather than suspended in the air.

Józio from Dzielna Street "ASHES"

I put down Stefan Żeromski's "Ashes." I rest idly, with my hands under my head. A beautiful and terrible picture emerges from the haze before my eyes: it is the story of Rafał and Helena. The thought that Helena died such a horrible death terrifies me.

I keep finding things to do for myself, but "Ashes" do not disappear; specific scenes keep coming back to me; I have a feeling that they will always be there, always weigh me down, will not let themselves be chased away. I fear death, even though it is the most important truth, even though it forms part of the beauty of the natural world.

I pick up an issue of our paper from the table. I read the "Off the Rails" story, and find ashes in it too.

Marja from Sienna Street

A SKI TRIP

Although the morning was clear and bright, a mild frost persisted. I woke up earlier than usual. On the preceding evening, I had had difficulties getting to sleep as well. I could not get the carefully thought out plan of our trip out of my mind.

Once I managed to eat my breakfast and get fully dressed, I picked up my skis and ran to the small hill where we usually trained. Almost all the trip participants were already there. The trip was all they talked about, naturally; Christiania turns, Telemark turns, skating, snow plow turns, going downhill in the crouch and half-crouch positions, etc. were the terms they kept on repeating excitedly.

Finally, our instructor Mr. Cholewa, who was also our trip manager and organizer, arrived. It's finally happening! Some final preparations and we get ourselves into the skiing formation. There were 10 of us. We proudly pass through roads and streets approaching the goal of our expedition, the top of Grzebień Mountain, on its ski jump side.

We leave behind us the villas and the streets. We move up regular paths and some ski lanes climbing ever higher. Finally, we get to the hardest part, the "approach." But that turns out to be nothing compared to our subsequent difficulties.

The narrow road winds through a forest and over ravines. The lightly frozen over snow causes the skis to slide backwards, which is why in many places we are forced to just walk up sideways. No wonder that many of the trip participants capitulate along the way. Fortunately, I wasn't one of those losers. Without boasting too much, I will say that our instructor regarded me his best student. Finally, after a tiring hour-long approach, we reached our destination.

What a beautiful view it was: above us was the multi-level ski jumping hill (tall scaffolding with a small balcony at the top and a long skiing slope on the side); below to the right, hidden in fog was Rabka Zdrój and its environs,

Nowy Targ, Chabówka, Zaryte, etc.; to the left, we could see a couple of bare peaks of the Tatra Mountains (covered with snow); altogether an indescribable vista.

After 15 minutes devoted to rest and sustenance, we began our downward ride in a festive mood. Arranged in a new formation (keeping sufficient distance from each other), we set out on a mad 3-kilometer downhill ride, following a shorter route now, with shortcuts, naturally. At first, things weren't all that unusual or difficult, though we were gaining speed fast. After the initial 3 minutes though, we encountered a major obstacle. We got on a narrow path that initially lead through sparse woodland and then between two streams. The path was no more than 1-meter wide, but it was so slippery that the speed we gained was next to unbearable.

Skiing in a low crouch position, I registered – along with the whistle of the wind – the screams of falling skiers. Even so, most of the skiers managed take the lighter turns without falling down. Suddenly, we encountered something that was both unexpected and dangerous: at one point the path swerved at a nearly right angle.

Being the best skier, I was at the tail end of the formation. I heard the instructor shout a short warning, "Look out, sharp turn," that was immediately followed by screams of the unfortunates bathing in a not-yet-frozen-over water ditch. At the same time, I also heard the following words: "Jasio, are you in this ditch too?"

There was no time to waste. Intuitively, I took a sharp Telemark turn followed by a Christiania brake, by then all covered with snow shavings of my making. I helped dredge out "the drowned" from the ditch. One lady was so bruised she did not come to the training session on the following day. Upon returning to the awaiting counselors, even the "damaged" ones put on a brave face...

JANEK from Śniadeckich Street

JOKES

MILITARY KNOWLEDGE

One beautiful July morning, a squadron of lancers on military maneuvers rides through the fields.

"Well, Corporal Podkowa," the lieutenant asks, trying to test the other's orientation skills, "what direction are we now riding towards?"

"Due south, Lieutenant!"

"Perfect, and how did you come to recognize that?"

"Based on the fact that we are getting warmer, Lieutenant."

FAMILIAL FEELING

"Mommy, I really would like to have a little brother."

"Why is that?"

"Because I am completely bored with having only the cat to pick on."

PRECISION

"So, where do we meet?"

"Wherever you want."

"And at what time?"

"Whenever it's most convenient for you."

"Fine then; you just make sure you come on time!"

THE PASSING GLORY

"Sir, are you sure," asks a greenhorn gardener, "that real tall trees will grow out of these seeds?"

"Absolutely, ma'am, with proper care; no doubt about it," responds the shopkeeper.

"In that case, I will take the hammock as well."

INDEPENDENCE

"How do you actually make your living?"

"I live by the pen."

"You write?"

"Of course... letters to my father asking for money."

ETHNOGRAPHY

"It says here on this poster that the circus has Indians, like the Red Skins. Do you see that one in front of the box office? He's all white, right?"

"No, mind you, just take a close look, he is what you call a 'mestizo,' a half-breed. Can't you see how red his nose is?"

DOMESTIC NEWS

BĘDZIN – We have formed a new Zionist organization called “Akiba.” It has been in existence for over 3 months and has 80 members. – On February 6th at 8 p.m., Mr. Natan Bystrycki gave a talk on the topic of “We and our children.” The lecture made a deep impression on the listeners; many continued discussing it afterwards. A banquet was organized in honor of Mr. Bystrycki. The seventh and the eighth-graders of our school were invited to it. It was an extremely nice and cheerful event. – We now have three ice skating rinks. – Recently, instead of the extras, our city’s movie theaters have started showing old Polish pictures, which they, however, do not show in full, and that has provoked general outrage. – **Ańdzia** – To Sewek: Nusia will invite you to the Będzin correspondents’ meeting. There you can talk about the matter you have raised. Please, write out your address clearly, because we have difficulty guessing.

BIAŁYSTOK – A speed skating competition was held at the Hebrew Middle School. Our classmate Gotlib took first place; Szpilman, a fourth-grader who is a Little Review contributor, took second place. – In a backwards speed skating competition, the winners included Gotlib in the first position once more and Brestowicki in the second position. – A “5 o’clock dance” was held in the Druskin Middle School. Our friend G. gave a talk on “The Importance of the School Defense Training.” He spoke briefly. Generally speaking, he is a nice guy; when speaking, he draws air with his mouth, making a distinctive sound. He paraded with a black eye, which he earned on the Pietruszki ski jump. I realize that after reading this, he will give me a thrashing, but let him consider the fact that I am only performing my press officer’s duty here. Afterwards, our friend T. delivered a speech on “The camp in Zakopane.” She talked for quite some time and received her portion of the applause. Then, the ushers, who had so far stood idle, took out the benches, the orchestra was brought in and the dancing began. Everybody had great fun. Generally speaking, the Druskin Middle School is very popular here; the fun events organized by that school have a well-established good opinion among the local teens, and so this event was relatively well attended. All the proceeds went towards equipment purchases. – **Wienia**

CZĘSTOCHOWA – The recent correspondents’ meeting – these are mostly girl correspondents, with only two boys in attendance – elected the editorial board of the Częstochowa Little Review. The editorial board is composed of: Ewa B., Ewa H. and Genia S. It seems that we will have sufficient material for the next issue, its quality yet to be determined. – **Lusia** – The Toruń based Polish Red Cross Fraternity sent us genuine Toruń gingerbread cookies in a gesture of developing friendship. We were very pleased with this. On that occasion, we arranged an afternoon tea on February 10th. This lasted from 4 to 8 p.m. We had a great time. We are grateful to

the Toruń Polish Red Cross and our teachers for their kindness. – **Ewa H.**

The performance given at the Beis Yaakov school has been the talk of the town, so I went. The even ended at 1 o’clock at night, and I returned home unable to gather my thoughts; my head full of pictures, especially those of the life of Cantonese, and the teacher’s speech still in my memory, because it was so alien to my feelings. I believe that we should not underrate cultures of other nations, and that we should not accept something as beautiful simply because it was old. History is not asleep. He should hold on to our traditions, but cooperate with others in one field of cultural exchange, and strive forward. – **Fenia**

GRODNO – In response to a letter sent by Szura from Vilnius, Basia explains that corresponding with young people in other countries is possible and often gives very good results. As an example, the state girl’s middle school in Grodno has been in correspondence with young people in Czechoslovakia. The Friends of Czechoslovakia Society active in that school is the most numerous one in Poland and has often taken up issues of mutual interest to the youth of both the countries, and it continually receives expressions of kind understanding from both Poland and Czechoslovakia. Letters can be sent via the School Correspondence Commission, the Staszic Palace, Warsaw.

KALISZ – Our school was also visited by Natan Bystrycki and I welcomed him! Thank goodness I managed not to stutter, and my friends looked at me with envy when the poet shook my hand. Then, he told us a story about a boy named Dan. – **Salek**

ŁÓDŹ – Everywhere he went, Natan Bystrycki made the most favorable impression, possibly even better than Presidents Sokolow and Bialik did. He sang along with us and gave talks (in our school, at the Philharmonic Hall and at the Hashomer Hacair). We had a fun time sharing stories. – The Łódź cinemas have been showing a number of good movies recently: following “The World is Beautiful” with Chevalier, the Grand cinema now offers “The Grand Duchess Alexandra” with Maria Jeritzka; Muza proposes “My Weakness” with Lilian Harvey; Capitol presents “His Majesty;” Casino presents “Parade of the Reservists” with Walter Dymysza and Sielański, and announces “Romance in Budapest;” Teatr Miejski presents “The Sailor,” for the youth, as well as “Ivar Kreuger.” Discount tickets can be purchased at KulturLiga, 68 Zachodnia Street. – **Paweł** – I made a mistake when describing Natan Bystrycki as a poet. He is someone much greater than that: a man of selfless commitment. He is pale, he speaks with a smile, he sings, he teaches how to dance the horah. He has a pretty curly bob with bangs and his voice is getting increasingly hoarse. Doesn’t a man working incessantly endanger his health? Maybe it is time to think about yourself too, Mr. Bystrycki? – **Halina** – On February 7th we held the tuberculosis prevention day in our Kacnelson Middle School. Interesting talks were given. – **On**

Saturday, February 10th, the Józef Piłsudski Middle School opened its doors to an event for the members of Military Defense of all the city schools. – On February 11th, we greeted the school’s founder, the eminent Hebrew poet Isaac Kacnelson, who returned from Palestine last week. After a speech of Mr. Jakubowski, the poet shared his Palestinian impressions with us. – At the most recent meeting of the class Student Council Boards active in our middle school, it became clear that the 1st and the 8th grade have the worst organizations. – **Zygmunt** – This week we began our outings to Piła. Piła is an estate near Sulejowo, on the Czarna River, which our school leases and has established a colony there. The estate has a pond with boats (currently a skating rink) and a tennis court. Nearby, there is a building where girl students sleep while staying in the colony. Next to it there is a garden and an orchard. That is the paradise which the fifth grade with two teachers have just gone to visit. Next week, the sixth grade will be going there. – Last Thursday (which is a day reserved for school excursions), we visited an exhibition of Polish and Soviet woodcuts at the Institute of Art Propaganda. In the USSR section, we looked at book illustrations to the works of Gogol (“The Government Inspector”), Tolstoy (“Anna Karenina”) and Chekhov. In addition to that, there were various landscapes and interesting postage stamp prints. In the Ukrainian section, we found images of the Russian Revolution of 1905. The most beautiful woodcuts in the Polish section included: “The Łazienki Palace,” “An Arab,” “A Port,” “Wet Monday,” “Raftsmen” and several landscapes. – **Hala and Ziuta**

PABIANICE To the students of the 5th and the 6th grade of the Darchei Noam school, we provide not so much a description of the city, but rather of the life of the Pabianice youth, those enrolled in schools and working in factories.

VILNIUS There are about 80,000 children and young people living in Vilnius. Thus, we have three state middle schools for the boys, two state middle schools for the girls, several private secondary schools, convent-run schools, business trade schools, various seminaries and about 100 elementary public schools. As you know, the schools are different and the languages of instruction in them are also different: they include Polish, Hebrew, Yiddish, and even Russian, as for example in the Pushkin Middle School. Among the school associations, those developing most dynamically are: tourist clubs, the Front Guard organization, scouting organizations and fencing clubs. – **Postcard No. 144**

THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM CAN BE REACHED BY PHONE ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS BETWEEN 1 P.M. AND 2 P.M., PHONE 11-99-17. THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM WELCOMES VISITORS EVERY SUNDAY BETWEEN 4 P.M. AND 5 P.M. – NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET.

FOR SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH, WE INVITE THE FOLLOWING: EWA NUTKIEWICZ, CELA KAJZEROWICZ AND M. ZAJDENWORM.

FILM SHOW

On March 4th at 12 noon, in the Atlantic movie theater, the editorial staff of the “Forge of Youth” School Youth Magazine, together with the “Start” Artistic Film Fans’ Association have organized a screening of a documentary entitled “The Possibilities of Film,” which illustrates the new developments in the directing, acting, photography, etc., of the talking pictures.

The program will include selections from full-length features, complete short films, grotesque genre films, etc.

Tickets at 50 groszy (reduced price for the youth) and 1 złoty can be purchased in the editorial office of “Forge of Youth,” 32 Krakowskie Przedmieście Street, daily between 4 and 7 p.m.

INTERSCHOOL GAMES

The ping-pong match between the sixth grades of the Engineer Finkiel and the “Spójnia” middle schools ended with the victory of the Engineer Finkiel school, with the overall score of 6:4. Detailed results follow:

Erlich (Finkiel) – Skoryński (“Spójnia”): 21:18, 19:21.

Kilberg (F) – Kowarski (Sp.): 19:21, 21:19.

Kleinrerem (F) – Lewin (Sp.): 21:16, 21:19.

Gerechter (F) – Wolf (Sp.): 23:25, 21:11.

Bleifeder (F) – Kołobielski (Sp.): 22:24, 21:11.

It should be noted that this is a second leg match. In the previous meeting, the sixth grade of the “Spójnia” school won 8:2.

Kuba H.

P.S. – I learned that the “Spójnia” school’s sports club is now organizing a sports tournament for Jewish middle school students at the Physical Education Center. One of the girls’ schools could organize a similar event for girls’ middle schools.

18TH MAIL DELIVERY (February 2-9)

A lot of mail, but gray mail.

There are many articles that deserve to be printed, but none deserves the name of “the best article.” As you know, the weekly mail delivery leads to a small contest. Every week we have a handful of champions, several dozen honorable mentions as well as those who are not mentioned, because that time they wrote badly. The editors notify the “winners” that their articles will certainly be printed, because of

the content or the subject matter of their writing, and this will be regardless of the possible outcomes of any future competitions. There are no such “winners” in the 18th reporting week. There are some honorable mentions though. The Little Review may publish their letters or articles, provided the editors do not receive better pieces on the same subject. Last week, this category of correspondents included:

Heniek and Sonia from Będzin, Heniek from Białystok, Ewa, Fela (a letter and a drawing), Genia, Mala, Szlamek from Częstochowa, Mietek and Dawid from Lublin, Halina and Regina from Łódź, Tala from Otwock, Roman from Sierpc, Mirjam from Więcbork, Jurek from Zamość. Moreover, from Warsaw: Awigdor, Tadeusz B-ski, Celina G., Eljasz S., Jechosua Bejtarczyk, Jur from Mokotowska Street, Fiszel, Mieczysław from Miedziana Street, Rafek from Kupiecka Street, Rena, Rita, Salek from Świętojerska Street, Szmulek from Freta Street, Sztubaczki, Wita.

The article by T.Z. will not be printed simply because it was signed with initials only.

Those writing for the Little Review for the first time included:

Berezowska Basia, Blum Fredzia, Bocian M., Borensztejn T., Frajdenrajch Abram, Garber H., Herr A., Jofe Róża, Kadłubowska Fryda, Koliksztejn A., Majersdorf Eljasz, Neugoldberg Bela, Pinchonson Jerzyk, Rozenberg Moniek, Rubinsztejn Rafek, Rybier Józef, Salbe Jehuda, Śniadowski Z., Sztrajt Jerzy, Ukiert R., Wiórowna Bela, Wirgin Irka.

We received 74 letters from Warsaw, 72 from provinces and 5 from abroad, a total of 151.

BRAIN TEASERS

Correct answers to brain teasers were sent in by:

Bala and Bea, Bronka and Gutka from Nowolipki Street, Henia Cukiert, Jakób Fajn, Hanka Fejginówna, E. Gutmer, Jur from Mokotowska Street, Józef from Kępna Street, Zygmunt Knoblich, Genia Korenówna, Szlamek Landsztajn, Ludwik Lipszyc, Renia Majner, Moniek Openheim, Bolesław Rozenfeld, T. Rozenwein.