

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

ON A WINTER'S DAY

Today, the teacher advised us that we do as many winter sports as we can, especially skating. That's why we agreed we would meet in Cielętnik Park after school.

As I am not punctual, I was late as usual by 10 minutes. Leon and Motek were already sitting on a bench.

"And where is Maks?" I asked.

"Probably having his dinner."

Forgetting about Maks, we talked about this and that. Leon was the first to notice him.

"Oh, here he comes now. But look... What's he carrying?"

"It's ice skates," Motek called. "After all, he said he was a great skater. Well, we'll see; we'll see if he can actually skate down from Zamkowa Hill."

We went up Zamkowa Hill: Maks and Leon with skates in hand, Motek and I with our sleds. The path was steep and slippery. We climbed up slowly, pulling the heavy sleds behind us.

But the view from the top was worth the trouble. We beheld the entirety Vilnius down below.

"Oh, how nice it looks," whispered Maks, who had arrived from Latvia only recently.

"Sure thing," said Motek with pride, "there's a reason that our city is known for its beauty. Maksio, you must know that even the foreign press has been reporting on the beauty of Vilnius."

"Enough of the talking, boys," Leon called. "Let's ride!"

We formed two pairs: Maks and Leon on skates and Motek and I on sleds.

The first ride went swell. The sleds flew downhill as if into an abyss.

We go up the hill once more. Suddenly Maks exclaims:

"The day is so nice and the course is great: let's have a race!"

Of course! We accepted this with a Great Lakes' Indians war cry.

"Maks and Leon will start straight down from here," Motek ordered, "while we circle round and down the hill. Are you ready?"

"Ready!"

"On your marks! One... two... three."

We took off like swooping birds. The wind whistled in our ears, snowcapped bushes flashed by, the sleds bounced off bumps in the trail causing our hearts to jump up with them – partly out of fear and much more out of pleasure.

"That was good," said Motek when we reached the bottom, "but why can't we see them? They should be here already."

"Let's wait. They'll probably arrive here any second now."

We waited: five, ten minutes... No sight of them.

"Maybe they just hid. Maybe they've agreed to play a trick on us."

"Hello! Leon!"

Silence. Only an echo responded.

"That's no joke," said Motek.

"Something must've happened to them."

We set off in search of our missing friends.

After a while, we spotted two human figures at the bottom of a deep gorge. I say "human" though as we looked at those scrambling snow-covered figures, it was hard to guess whether they were people or bears. We came up closer.

"Leon!" I shouted in astonishment. "What happened to you two?"

"Well, we lost it. We didn't notice we were skating down at the edge of a crevasse. And Maks lost his balance. I tried to catch him by his coat, but he is hefty; he pulled me behind him and we rolled down to the very bottom here. We've been calling out to you for a good half an hour now."

"But I called you too. Only an echo responded."

"Fine, we'll talk about this later. Guys, help us scramble out of this wolf's pit."

Our rescue expedition began its cautious descent into the Valley of the White Death, straight at two red-cold noses pointed upward and pleading for a lifeline, which was ultimately formed out of three scarves and one sweater.

"What a story," snapped Motek feeling out the slippery ground with his foot. "If my leg slips here, I will fall on your heads."

"This is crazy!"

"It's worth describing!"

"Let's send it to the Little Review. I can write it down if you guys want me to."

"I'll give you 15 groszy for the postage stamp."

"And I'll donate 10 groszy."

"You'll get an envelope from me. It's a lucky envelope, I promise: my aunt received a lottery ticket in it and a week later, it turned out to be a winner."

"Was it a big prize?"

"It was okay: five thousand."

"Huh, you never told us about it."

"Because it wasn't worth telling about: all my aunt was able to buy with it was a dress."

"Just one dress? For five thousand?!"

"Groszy, my lad, groszy. What she won came out to five thousand groszy."

This is how on one cold winter's day, among adventures and laughter, we came up with this article, which we now send in a lucky envelope, with a stamp we bought together.

Akiwa from Vilnius

LONG NIGHTS AND BIZARRE DREAMS

A DREAM ABOUT A MIRROR ROOM

I usually fell asleep with my head sloping to the lower edge on my soft pillow. The delightful lethargy would not allow me to move higher up the cushion. That's why my head heavy with thoughts and musings rested somewhere at the pillow's edge, even if my sore neck called out for change of that position.

I did not close my eyes. With delight, I watched the windowpane, by then dark blue as the clear winter skies behind it. It seemed to me that the sky – imprisoned in the glass pane – begged me to remove the glass so that it could rush into the room with its fragrant blue stream.

The slumber closed my heavy eyelids, which still held the image of the sky trapped in window glass. My drowsy imagination forced me to drape the pane in a transparent, lightweight curtain. The curtain swayed with soft and quiet movements and blushed with its wonderful pinkiness. In my dream, I saw how the mirror, which had just reflected the pink fabric, suddenly melted into a silver mist. I felt myself absorbed by that mist and found myself in a mirror room.

The curtain sways lightly donning its pinkiness against the windowpane, behind which the dark blue sky howls its cold, moon-cast lament.

I am in the mirror room. Do you remember? You dreamed of it whenever I spun for you the tales about the mirror world.

I cozy up, with my head in my grandma's hands, and we both enter the room's mysterious depths. Huge potted philodendrons don their foliage, and a tiny silver boat looms in the middle. Great white flowers bloom in its depths.

The two of us move slowly through the solemn, fragrant stillness of the room. We carefully brush aside green rushes. A boat rocks lightly under our weight. And suddenly...

Grandma's willowy apparition melts slowly in the air. The huge dark blue eyes I loved so become the night itself. I remain alone. The little boat rocks gently. The rushes rustle.

"Grandma," I call out with desperation. "Grandma, I'm afraid!"

The mirror room is a void.

"Grandmaaaa!"

I feel the fear grabbing me by the hair and pervade me.

I open my fear bewildered eyes and immediately note there is no mirror room. Only the sky behind the window gleams with the cold light of the stars and the moon. And the heart is regretful for not being able to leave on the silvery boat.

Ania Gincburżanka (Brest)

LONG KNIVES AND AN ABYSS
This was a Friday evening. Electricity suddenly went out, so we went to beds earlier than usual. My father opened the window to air the room out for the night. We mentioned my mother's departure, we talked about the aunts and maybe the uncles.

I fell asleep. In my dream, I called out and shouted with all my strength, and ever louder:

"Catch them!"

They showed me their knives and told me not to talk or they would kill me. My crying got even louder, until I woke everybody up. That is when everybody began waking me up. I was grateful for that and told them about my dream.

It turned out that the window had stayed open. Father fell asleep and forgot to close it. As our place is on the ground floor, anyone could climb in. We searched the premises for any strangers. We looked everywhere. Nobody was there. We went to our beds, but could not get to sleep any more. We had this strong sense of someone hiding in our home.

Another time, I dreamed I was skiing and admiring majestic and captivating mountains along the way. The farther I go, the more beautiful the landscape becomes. I climb peaks and ride down, and suddenly I fall into an abyss.

I slowly regain consciousness. I call out for help. I hear no answer. What will happen to me? Will I remain lying here? Won't anybody come to my rescue and will I perish here? I start crying out loud: "Help, help!"

I awaken suddenly. I am overjoyed as I realize I am not lying alone at the bottom of a crevice. I have everybody around me. There was some sadness in that awakening too: sadness for not being out skiing.

Idzia

ONE FRIDAY NIGHT'S DREAM
Some superstitious Jews believe that everything a man dreams of on a Friday night is sure to come true.

It was on a Friday that I dreamed of some strange things.

It was a beautiful fall morning. Having jumped out of bed, I stood by the window and thought about how I would surprise my parents on my birthday. After all, December was coming soon and I hadn't yet come up with anything.

Suddenly I heard a voice behind me: "Szmulek, what are you doing? It's time to go to cheder."

I was angry that my father had interrupted my meditations, but that's too bad: father must be obeyed. I went running to my cheder.

In cheder, my classmates informed me we were going to the Paderewski Park. The rebbe came up. In a new

gaberdine and with a cane in hand, he looked like the district rabbi himself. He greeted us and said:

"Listen boys, I will take you for this trip provided you behave well. Any of you unwilling to obey will get the cat."

And then (as in a dream everything happens right away) we were in the park. We formed two factions: the Jews and the Egyptians. The Egyptians were supposed to hide, and the Jews were to catch them. Those who caught the most Egyptians would get candy from the rebbe. I search and search for Egyptians; then I hear something splash behind me. I turn around, and see my brother drowning. People try to save my brother, and I just stand on the embankment and pray that they save him because if he drowned, my father would spank me hard.

With this prayer, I woke up.

The next day, I told the rebbe about my dream. The rebbe fell silent for a long time, and I waited apprehensively as if for a court sentence.

Finally, the rebbe said this:

"Listen, son. The fact that your brother drowned is a bad omen. Some misfortune will be visited upon your family. But you can turn that misfortune around: only pray every Saturday throughout the day, from morning to night. Come to me once a month passes."

Every Saturday I would pray earnestly. One time, as I stood bent in the synagogue, an elderly man approached me and asked why I wasn't out playing with my friends, but continued to pray. I told him the whole story. He praised me for listening to the rebbe.

"God will take pity on you and turn the misfortune away from your home."

My spirits thus raised, I prayed even more zealously.

After a month, I came to the rebbe for further guidance.

Just as the month earlier, the rebbe was silent for a long time, before he finally asked:

"When is your birthday?"

"On the 6th of December," I replied.

"Listen then. That's two months away. Over that time, you have to raise 2 zloty and buy a mezuzah with it. When the family sits down to a supper, you will take out the mezuzah, put it down on the table and recite the appropriate prayer. You will hand the mezuzah to your younger brother asking him to kiss it. Then, you nail it in the place of the old one on the doorpost. That way, you will prevent any misfortune.

I did everything the way the rebbe told me to and yet my mother got cancer and nothing helped, neither the mezuzah nor prayer or the advice from the rebbe: my mom died a year later.

Szmulek El.

THE HOLIDAY OF TREES

THE EVE OF HAMISHA ASAR
BISHVAT

We had been walking for a good hour. It was cold outside. We both longed for warmth and light. "Where could we go in," we thought.

"You must've forgotten it is BiShvat today," I exclaimed.

My friend was surprised I remembered what day that holiday fell on. Not minding her dumbfounded face, I continued.

"We will go to Basia and Henia, we will pull our resources together, buy some goodies and we will come back to your place."

We rapidly reached an agreement with our friends and proceeded to the store. Tucha (that's what I call my friend) ordered some carob, figs, halva, some crackers and seeds. I, as the minister of the treasury, financed all of this. Now, with a bagful of those "goodies" we went back to Tuška (Tuška and Tucha is the same name).

In her room, we pulled out a table, covered it with a cloth and laid out our goods. Meanwhile, Tuška negotiated with her brother to gain access to his dominoes. The brother was strongly against it. "I will agree," he said, "if you include me in your game." In the absence of other games, we had to agree to those terms.

We distributed the remaining money between us in a fair way. We used them as stakes. When we were out of those, we continued playing with the leftover seeds and carob. I was somehow out of luck, so I looked with jealousy at my every friend enjoying her lucky stars in the form of a fig or a few seeds.

Then, we all sat down on the couch.

What did we actually talk about? That's hard to describe. What a medley of things: jokes (always followed by peals of laughter), riddles, reminiscences of the previous party, plans for a new one (I ask the reader not to be offended with the manna-like abundance of parties; in the absence of other interesting entertainment in our town, we are forced to occasionally organize parties by ourselves), preparation of materials for the paper telephone game, gossiping (a standard with us girls) and many, many other things. There was also some more serious talk about books and films.

The conversation preoccupied and engaged us so much that we completely lost track of time, when the clock began striking nine.

After cleaning up and the traditional chat at the door, lasting solid 15 minutes, we all went our ways laughing and satisfied because even though that wasn't a real holiday meal, we ultimately spent that evening well.

Éncia from Łomża

A LETTER FROM EIN HAROD
The editor of the Little Review has this ugly habit of storing any late-coming letters with descriptions of a holiday or celebration until the following year, but I want to be an exception because my description will be short and tasty.

It so happened that I had to go to Haifa for a few hours on the eve of Hamisha Asar BiShvat. This is essentially a children's holiday. I spent a long time standing in front of stalls and shop windows in the narrow streets of that old town. There were coconuts and peanuts, roasted almonds, fried and

salted pumpkin and melon seeds, dried and baked peas, seeds and raisins of various shapes and colors, hard candy and caramels in colorful, bright and shiny wrappers, the way the people of the East like it. And as it was a Friday, a holy day for Muslim Arabs, the traffic was huge because not only the Jews were out shopping.

And in Ein Harod? There was a long parade of all the kindergarten and school children that set out to plant trees. I am glad I don't have to describe to you why the New Year of trees is held and what they sang about and said here, because you have often read in the Little Review about how the Palestinian children celebrate this holiday.

I will only tell you that at the border of Ein Harod and its neighboring village, they have built a big stage, one that is taller and bigger than in any of the big theaters of the capital. They have concerts and shows there for the entire area whenever a theater or an artist from across the world tour there. So far, they completed the stage, and for now the audience will be sitting under the open sky.

Workers devoted many of their free days to the construction of this stage. So now, some 400 cypresses were planted around that stage; and it was the kids who planted them, as the sun was shining after the rain, and the blue chain of the Gilboa Mountains could be seen from afar.

The teacher reminded the children that it was not enough to plant the trees, and that you had to care for and protect them to ensure that strong trees would grow out of these frail seedlings.

You will not guess what I liked the most on that day. As we walked slowly in a long line through the village, the workers came out of the kitchen, the locksmith's shop, the carpentry shop and of all the other workshops, these were the parents of these children and not only the parents, the young and the old, many of them tired and troubled and ... they smiled. But how they smiled and observed the colorful procession... that I am unable to describe.

You asked me what kinds of issues the young student council deals with here. They are very similar to ours; even the mistakes they make at the beginning are the same, for example: Aja, the hotspur, took on the difficult job of assigning duties and was soon ready to quit. Josef needlessly undertook to edit the daily wall paper; he had not calculated the time it takes and now complains he cannot cope.

But everyone is happy with the new organization. Every week, on the day following the student council meeting, the representatives of the 2nd and the 3rd grade report back to their respective class with such engagement and integrity. All the resolutions adopted at the meeting of the representatives require the approval of the general meeting, i.e. by simple majority of all the children.

That is the order here, for both the children and the adults in the kibbutz. Recently, the adults held a general meeting on the question of whether to buy a flock of sheep for the farm. The children were very much interested in that and urged their parents to vote. One of the boys even went to his father's office, walked in on a meeting and said with bitterness: "You are sitting here without a care while there, at the general meeting, they are discussing the question of buying sheep. Please, go there and vote for the purchase."

Children have their own flock here: 15 sheep and goats, always accompanied by two donkeys. This is the favorite duty for many. When those on duty return from the cote, no one needs to ask where they were. You can guess by the odor right away. They are happy to be honored by the duty of herding the flock. And imagine the whistles and other sounds they use while watching their flock. The first time I heard it, when they were passing by my window, I was frightened; I did not know these were the teachings of the Bedouin herdsmen. But now, I've gotten used to everything, even the howls of the jackals, who give their concerts almost every evening.

You ask me what I do here. Among all the varied activities, I have recently been assigned to preparation of lemon and orange juice for children. You know the feeling of thirst in the summer season, how you search out which store will give you a bigger – 5-groszy – ice cream scoop. Here the summer is long and hot, so the matter of fruit and juice is very important. Lemons are extruded here using an electric machine. There is a motor in the kitchen to which you can hook up a potato peeler or a slicer for carrots and other vegetables, and you can whip egg whites, make noodles and pasta, or squeeze juice out of lemons with.

As I throw away the lemon peels, I remember the expression: squeezed out like a lemon. I also reflect that you can do a good job squeezing out a lemon manually, and you can do a shoddy and careless job doing so with this smart electric machine. A machine performs as the person does. A solid worker will sew up well by hand what a bungler will botch up on a machine.

That is enough for today because the more I write, the more topics come to mind.

S.W.

B. A CONSUMPTIVE

He joined us in the middle of the school year. Initially, no one paid any attention to him. He was skinny, with blush on his cheeks, which looked like two red blemishes, and he was probably the weakest in the class. Just an ordinary wimp. It was only during his first gymnastics lesson that he drew attention to himself.

He entered the gym and sat himself on the pommel horse and had no intention of changing into gym clothes.

They asked him: "Will you exercise?" "No."

"Then run off because when the gym teacher sees you, there will be trouble." "I couldn't care less; I have an exemption."

"What's wrong with you?" "It's consumption," he said in a tone I would use to say I had a hole in my shoe.

I looked at him with involuntary respect. A man with consumption who talks about it is a somebody.

At the moment, the gym teacher walked in.

"Attention!" The Consumptive (as that's how we by then named the newcomer) did not get down from the horse.

"Why aren't you practicing?" asked the gym teacher sharply. "Get off the horse."

Still quiet, the Consumptive remained seated.

"I have an exemption," he shouted back.

"From whom? Get off the horse this instant."

"From a doctor. I am sick with consumption," the Consumptive shouted from the other end of the room, still sitting on the horse.

"Get off that horse!" the by then angry gym teacher roared at him.

"Why are you shouting at me? I'm getting off now."

In no hurry, he slowly got down from the horse.

The gym teacher looked at him but apparently came to the conclusion he was powerless here because he did not say another word.

Later, I talked about this with the Consumptive.

"Why did you argue with him?"

"Why did he shout at me?" he answered with a question of his own.

"You provoked him. Think of what would come out of this if he reported this to the principal."

"What? Nothing would have happened."

"They would've kicked you out of the school," I tried to scare him, now growing impatient with his calm.

"So what! The doctor said I would not live through this year anyway."

I could not find any good answer to that.

After this incident, the Consumptive and I became friends. He was a middling student, neither good nor bad. He

disdained the teachers. He constantly played pranks on them and argued with them about every little thing.

One time, the geography teacher called him out. The Consumptive came forward, handed the teacher his notebook, stood by the map and began talking about the economy of Germany, unprompted. The teacher listened with surprise, but finally exclaimed:

"Look, did I ask you to do that?"

"No, but the teacher had asked about that same thing three students before me, so I thought you would ask me about the same thing too."

"Sit down. That's an F!"

"Why? Was my answer wrong? What mistake did I make?"

"Get out of class; what nerve!"

"Could you not shout at me, please? I'm leaving right now."

He calmly walked out of the classroom. Such incidents happened on a daily basis. The Consumptive was not afraid of anyone. He picked fights with everyone, but no one would strike back at him. Everyone was afraid: what if you smack the wimp and he starts hemorrhaging? It was better to bear these provocations in silence.

On one occasion, as we – meaning the Consumptive and I – were walking to school, I asked him:

"Tell me, why aren't you being treated? Your family are rich enough to take you somewhere where you would feel better."

"By now, I am nearly consumed by my consumption," he tried to laugh it off, "and there is nothing else that can help me. Anyway, I am not interested in extending this by another two

years or a year. Just think of what will be happening. I will have to continue visiting the doctor, I will continue having hemorrhages, which is so terribly exhausting, I will have to continue taking my medication and hearing my mother say: 'Saluś, take care of yourself! Saluś, don't go out! Saluś, take your medicine.' I prefer to die a year earlier than to live this way. The heavens will not rend once I am dead."

"Does your mother let you go to school this way? This is killing you."

"You think I ask her? I just go and that's that," he cut the conversation short.

From then on, I had even more respect for him. He was the only man I knew who was truly not afraid of death.

* * *

The Consumptive's health deteriorated. He coughed during class and had a hemorrhage one time. He looked ever more emaciated and the blush on the cheeks turned deeper red.

"Hey, I won't go on for much longer," he told us, "but at the end I'll show you what I am capable of. I will play a prank such as you've never seen before. How can the teachers hurt me? I will die soon, anyway."

And he did exactly as he promised.

That day right after lunch, we had common room time. We sat around – the Consumptive, Lolek and I – watching a chess game. Suddenly, one of our boys jumped into the room.

"Guys," he hollered, "our tests are in the teachers' room, still not marked up. And there is nobody there. Who will go?"

We looked at one another. Nobody

really wanted to. If caught by a teacher, you could be kicked out of the school. But the Consumptive stood up, his eyes wide with joy.

"Well, gentlemen, dear menagerie! This is going to be my final prank. Who has some correction liquid?"

"Here you go. But what happens if they catch you?"

"They won't catch me. Anyways, what can they do to me? I'll be dead soon."

He took the correction liquid and left. We sat there as on hot coals.

Suddenly we heard steps from the direction of the teacher's room. Who is it? Maybe there was someone in the teachers' room and the Consumptive is coming back?

A moment later, the Consumptive appeared in the doorway with... a bundle of notebooks in his hand. We were all dumbfounded, but immediately went to work and within half an hour the notebooks were corrected.

The Consumptive calmly took them back to the teachers' room. When he returned he sat down to play a game of chess, as if nothing had happened.

* * *

The following day, the Consumptive did not come to school. He was absent one day, two days, a week... he just faded into oblivion. Sometime later, we learned that he died.

The class quickly forgot about him. It was only on the day we got our report cards that we all looked at the empty seat the Consumptive used to occupy and saw his frail form and heard the words he repeated so often:

"What can they do to me? I will die soon anyway." ■

DOMESTIC NEWS

THE TRIAL OF JOSEPHUS FLAVIUS

On November 26, 1937, through the efforts of a group of youngsters, the premises of the League were the scene of a trial of one Josephus Flavius, the protagonist of Lion Feuchtwanger's two novels, "Der jüdische Krieg" ("Josephus") and "Die Söhne" ("The Jew of Rome"). The public filled the hall to capacity. The young people who participated in the court proceedings completed their tasks perfectly, for which they were rewarded with tempestuous applause. The speeches everyone liked best were those of the defense attorney and the prosecuting attorney, and particularly that of the defense attorney, who won the case. The presiding judge, Niusia, who conducted the entire hearing in an impeccable manner deserves commendation.

The (court of appeals) trial agenda was as follows:

1. The presiding judge's introduction.
 2. Reading of the judgment passed by the court of primary jurisdiction.
 3. The motives for the appeal of the prosecution and the defense.
 4. Witness testimonies:
 - a) Aleksas, glassmaker and a friend of the defendant;
 - b) Gamaliel, the first doctor of the academy in Yavne (Palestine);
 - c) Titus, Emperor of the Roman Empire;
 - d) Domitian, Emperor, successor of Titus;
 - e) Paulus, son of the defendant and Dorion, an Egyptian woman;
 - f) Justus, a Jewish writer and friend of the defendant;
 - g) Phineas, a liberated Greek slave, the defendant's secretary and Paulus' teacher.
 5. Testimonies of additional witnesses.
 6. Voices of the public and presentation of a legal and historical analysis.
 7. Summations of the prosecution and the defense.
 8. Reading of a letter from Feuchtwanger.
 9. The court ruling.
- As I mentioned before, the judgment the court passed was that of acquittal. It is also noteworthy that Lion Feuchtwanger, notified in advance of

the upcoming trial, addressed a letter to the young people. In the letter, he expressed his appreciation, wished them success and at the same time announced the upcoming publication of the third volume of the trilogy, in which he would deliver his verdict to his hero, Josephus Flavius. Finally, he asked to be notified of the outcome of these court proceedings, a request that was fulfilled immediately upon delivery of the judgment in the case.

We are now looking forward to the judgment to be passed on Josephus Flavius, a citizen of the world, by his creator, Lion Feuchtwanger.

Lucyna from Poznań

A BOYS' UNION MEETING

We just established a Boys' Union in our school. On Wednesday after school, we held a meeting of the Union under the slogan of "Hurray for ping-pong."

"Friends," I said in my opening speech, "our dream has come true. We will have a ping-pong club in our school."

"Hurray! Cheers!" Everybody cried out as if they just learned they were the holders of the winning lottery ticket.

The choir master barged in like a bombshell. We had completely forgotten there was a choir practice in the adjoining classroom.

"You professional dumbbells," the teacher hollered.

When we calmed down a little, he explained he was on the edge after practicing a single song with the sixth graders for the past two weeks. They were finally on the verge of singing the song well when our shouts spoiled everything.

We felt sorry and began apologizing to him with such intensity and noise that all the teachers came running, with expressions on their faces so menacing that our entire Union just hid under the benches.

"What happened? What is going on here?" asked the school principal.

Maks got out from under a bench and squealed:

"This was all out of great joy!"

"What joy?"

"That we will have a ping-pong club in our school!"

At that point, the Union's supervising teacher, a great guy, stepped out from among the teaching staff present, gave us a brief order in low voice because he never raises his voice:

"The entire Union, you go home now!"

Then he turned to us:

"The Union Board stays. Come to my office."

MOTEK from Vilnius

WE ARE ERECTING A NEW BUILDING

The press conference held at the Medem Sanatorium in Miedzeszyn brought together great many guests. They were amazed by everything they saw:

"Look how clean this place is!"

"It's the children who keep things in order here, all by themselves!"

An atmosphere of cordial friendship permeates the life of the sanatorium in its entirety.

One of the conference guests posed a very important question:

"Don't the children returning from the sanatorium to their damp, dreadful living quarters feel their situation that much more acutely than before staying in the sanatorium?"

The sanatorium manager said that the educators present to the children a better, more beautiful and cleaner world and life the way it can be without envy, all in the belief that everyone should strive toward such a life and actually build it.

... On one occasion, a nurse took a six-year-old boy back to his home, located somewhere on the outskirts of the city. The boy was very well-behaved all through the journey, he even longed for his home, but the moment he stepped over the threshold and beheld his parents and his former life, he sat down on the floor and wept bitterly.

... Ms. Wasilewska visited one of the former sanatorium beneficiaries in her home. The floor consisted of several broken boards and clay. In the middle, the girl stubbornly scrubbed those few boards.

... One boy was supposed to go to the sanatorium. Apart from his grandmother, he had no other relatives. Just before he was to leave, his grandma wanted to give him something for the road, and since the only thing she had was seven groszy, she gave him five groszy and kept the remaining two.

One as the children were playing, a teacher played beautifully on a harmonica. The boy approached him with his outstretched hand and a five-groszy coin in it, and when the teacher finished playing, the boy said to him:

"Let me play the harmonica for a while; I'll give you 5 groszy."

He was not aware you could get something for free.

... It is only in the sanatorium that the child learns that teeth should be cleaned with a toothbrush and mint and that it is appropriate to keep things tidy. The manager relates further:

"We had a case where a child that came to us lived in a room occupied by three families, numbering 24 people in total. It is hard to believe that.

There is so much space and air here, the plots between the train stop and the sanatorium are all vacant, uninhabited, and there a room of a few meters square, with 24 people living there!"

In Warsaw, the sanatorium established what is known as Kinder - Heym (Children's Home) for its former patients. There they spend entire afternoons; they do their homework with the help of teachers, receive food and have fun. So far, Kinder - Heym has no premises of its own; it is located in the folk school at 36 Krochmalna Street. The Medem Sanatorium is one of the few happy islands on the sea of misery of the Jewish children.

The sanatorium is now proceeding with the construction of a new hundred-bed building. The times are very difficult, but that building must be erected, against all odds, through collective effort.

AD

RECEIPT FOR JOSEPH FROM VILNIUS

Collected at the winter camp of the "Jehudyjah" primary school 10.00

Collected by children among children at Feldgrasowa's	
Guesthouse in Świder	6.50
Eli Halpern, Łódź	5.00
1st grade of the Secondary School of the Middle School Society in Grodno	4.65
Madzia from Sierpc	1.00
Eugeniusz Dawidowicz	1.00
Bunio Jonas from Łomża (in postage stamps)	1.00
<hr/>	
Total	29.15
Including the previous weeks' contributions	243.32
<hr/>	
	272.47

JOKES

A DELIGHTFUL CHILD

"Please, give me a pot of marmalade," says eight-year-old Jasio as he hands the dish to the grocer.

The grocer fills the small pot, hands it back to the boy and asks:

"And where is the money?"

"It's at the bottom of the pot!" says Jasio with a sweet smile on his face.

THE CAUTIOUS ONE

A father took his son for a walk through the village. He stopped in front of a big apple tree, heavy with fruit. The father looked at the big ripe apples with interest.

"They have to be picked now," he said in the manner of an expert.

"No, daddy, not now," his son whispered back. "Don't you see the farmer is watching us?"

We received 55 letters from Warsaw and 51 from the province, 106 altogether.

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.

"THE GOOD EARTH"

I have thought hard and long on the movie which made the greatest impression on me and came to the conclusion that the best movie I know is "The Good Earth." What are the reasons?

Now, this movie familiarized me with the life of a Chinese peasant. It showed an exploited and destitute man.

"A Chinese peasant bought some cheap land. He bought as many as five fields. He planted them and was rich. Before long, a drought came. With his eyes sunk and his lips cracked, the peasant inspected his fields. Everywhere he saw the effects of the absence of life-giving water. Suddenly his eyes lit up. He saw a small patch of the mother earth, his sole provider, that held some moisture. The Chinese farmer got hold of this last chance for survival; he brought bowls and buckets, and filled them with the moist soil. He was only able to drag home a single

bucket. As he came in, he saw his wife sitting on the threshold, with the small corpse of their baby in hand. All their other children were lying down, unable to move."

People in the village were dying like flies then. News that Lu (the film's main character) had food spread quickly among the handful of the surviving peasants. They rushed wildly to Lu's hut and found there his wife stirring the damp soil her husband found. Around her stood her children staring greedily at the cooking soil.

Lu wanted to sell off his sole provider, the land. The merchant offered him a mere 12 pieces of silver. Though that could have put food on their table for many weeks, Lu understood that when that money ran out, he would become a pauper. He did not sell his land.

Lu and his family traveled south. Along with him on the move were

thousands like him, human skeletons, barely alive. Finally, he reached some city and here he kept himself alive through begging, he would even take the place of a horse for a measly salary. But Lu did not steal, and when one of his children stole something, he nearly killed the child. When Lu miraculously came into some money through his wife, he remembered his provider and took his family back north. But he changed in a strange way: here he desired to possess a living room, noble robes, and trappings of prosperity. Lu became a Chinese landlord. He despised his wife and children. However, he retained the sense of duty toward his mother, the land.

When the steward of his fields came and showed him a large insect - a locust - which was found in the field, Lu understood that a disaster was imminent, and he decided to act.

His peasant's blood quickened in him, and he became a true peasant again.

Swarms of locusts appeared on Lu's fields. Lu was not schooled, but his son studied in a big city. That son said:

"We need to burn part of our crop. We have to! The locusts will extinguish the fire with their bodies. We will dig ditches and fill them with water. And whatever survives that, we'll squash and trample upon. Let us get to work!"

The peasants standing at the door ran in all directions. Some hastened to set fire to the crops, other began digging ditches and the rest filled those with water. Meanwhile, the locusts fell upon the fields. Their numbers were unimaginable. Suffice it to say that if the locusts were to be put into bags, counting those bags would take at least 20 years.

Millions of insects fell, only to be replaced by billions of new ones. Finally, in spite of the obstacles the miserable peasants put in their way, the locusts extinguished the fire with their own bodies and came across the ditches. Many drowned, but

others went over their carcasses. Then the real drudgery began. The peasants thrashed masses of insects with their shovels. Lu worked with greatest zeal. Sweat flooded his face, his hands started giving out, but he paid no attention to that. From time to time, he would pick up another man fallen among the locusts.

Suddenly, smiles appeared on the peasants' faces. They felt the blessed wind, which chases locusts away from the land.

This is how - more or less - the movie presents the life of the earth's most miserable peasant. We see his attachment to the land, his ambition and downright honesty. A Chinese peasant would not live without work.

But he committed one shameful mistake: he hungered after wealth. He sought to move into the realm where there is no more work. The peasant, however, realized he had land. And when the good earth was threatened by danger, he hurried to "her" rescue.

Marek from Franciszkańska Street

READERS' UPDATES

HAMISHA ASAR BISHVAT
(letters of second-graders
from Ein Harod, 7 years of age).

TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE DIASPORA

Come to us, because it is beautiful here. We plow and plant fields and forests. It is very good here, in our country. In the spring, anemones bloom and the almond tree blossoms. In the winter, oranges grow. We have lots of fun during the Hamisha Asar BiShvat. We plant seedlings. It's beautiful here, very beautiful. We go on trips, we pick flowers. Our garden is full of flowers and greenery. Where you are, snow is probably falling; our neighborhood is drowning in vegetation. Come and we will all live together.

JORE

BLESSING FOR THE TREES

Oh, trees, throw your roots into the soil, expand your branches upward! And don't allow yourselves to be cut down. Have a good year, oh, beloved trees.

JAEL

TALKING TREES

A cypress and an almond tree grew around the barracks. And they talked: "I am better looking," said the cypress tree. "No, I'm the prettier one," said the almond tree. The Sun heard their conversation and said: "Don't argue, you trees! You both are nice looking and pleasant: the almond tree blossoms beautifully and the cypress tree provides shade."

AHUWIE

A DREAM OF A TREE

There was a tree growing in the grove that dreamt that it would be cut down. And it beseeched the woodcutters: "Do not chop me down!" But they wouldn't listen.

When it woke up the next morning, it saw its green, high reaching branches and birds singing among them.

CAFIR

A THANKSGIVING FOR THE OLIVE TREE

You give us tasty olives. We make good olive oil out of your fruit. We use this olive oil to fry and cook with.

A wanderer weary with his journey sits down and rests in your shade. For all that, I thank you, dear tree, and I wish you live for many, many years!

RUT

THE EUCALYPTUS TREE

The eucalyptus tree helps dry the marshlands, provides shade to weary travelers and heals the sick. We also make cradles and build barracks out of the eucalyptus wood. We value this tree very highly.

JUWAL

HISTORY OF ONE TREE

An angry Arab cut off one tree's branches, but the tree did not die. It sprung new branches and lives on. It is still a beautiful tree, and to sit in its shade is a pleasure.

URIE

FAILED VACATION

Right at the beginning of winter holidays, I went to Otwock, but the very next morning I fell ill. My father called in a doctor, who told me to stay in bed for a few days.

I rested quietly, though beautiful trips beckoned, and sledding and skating tempted me.

Unfortunately, this year's winter holidays were a complete failure for me. I intend to make up for what I lost now in the course of the summer holidays.

HENIEK from Graniczna Street

WHAT GOES AROUND...

My teacher primarily attends to the weak students and the better ones come later. He talks to them, takes more time to explain the lessons to them, and when any one of them cry over their report card, the teacher says:

"A student without an F is like a soldier without a rifle."

I liked those words very much. I envied my classmates who received so much of the teacher's attention. I wanted to have the same rights as they had, at least once.

And here I was in luck. At the end of the first half-year grading period, I got three B's, but that wasn't a happy occasion. Instead of calling me a "soldier," The teacher addressed me as a slacker. The friends that used to like me, now are moving away from me little by little. Only father, from whom I was expecting nothing but a spanking, said:

"Just improve on it because should you get any F's at the end of the second half of the year, things will get bad."

I cheated myself only once. I wanted to become a "soldier" without putting in the work, and I did not realize I was hurting myself. I won't play that foolish game again.

LUTEK from Jeziorna

I AM NOT A PERSEVERING PERSON

My name is Nusia G. The editor probably remembers my brother, who wrote an article titled "The radio installer" two years ago.

When I was younger, I wanted to write for the Little Review, but all I wrote then were sheer stupidities and put all my articles in the trash, the way you will surely treat this one, Mr. Editor. Even if I wrote something nice, it never occurred to me to rewrite it and send a clean copy to the editor.

I am older now, and I still cannot overcome my lazy demeanor. I am not a persevering person at all. For example, there are many novels in my head, all my notebooks are filled with novels, which are not all that bad, by the way. But that is not enough: I will write down five chapters, but when I think that I should write another dozen or so chapters to finish the novel, I put my pen away with aversion.

I often cannot sleep at night and think up my novels. When I am bored and have nothing to read, I write novels. I recently wrote a novel entitled "Bands of the Black and the White Land." I was about to send that novel to the Little Review, but no, just forget about it.

I wrote the initial three chapters, and I cannot go on any further. I will

fill blank pages with scribbles, and then I cast the notebook aside, unwilling to continue my writing.

Mr. Editor, can you advise me what to do to improve myself and willingly engage in work?

NUSIA G.

A CURIOUS KIND OF DOCTOR

The "Baj" Theater came to our school and gave a beautiful performance for us. It was a story about a curious doctor, who preferred treating animals to treating people. He had some animals in his house, including a duck, a parrot, a hedgehog and a dog, but he still dreamed of a lion or a crocodile coming to him for treatment.

The doctor had a sister, who was not happy with the arrangement. She kept saying:

"My scholarly brother, you treat animals, who do not pay you for it and you lose real patients."

One time the doctor received a circus director with a monkey and a crocodile. Animals complained about the circus director; he was bad to them and did not give them food. The doctor got angry at the circus man and took the animals under his care.

One desire of all the animals was to go to Africa, their homeland. Finally, the doctor was able to go to Africa with them to treat other ill animals there.

I loved the entire play. I liked the doctor the most because he understood that animals suffer more than people. People can at least tell you that something hurts them whereas animals cannot, and that is why they need our love and understanding.

BELA from Niska Street

HOW I WAS THROWN INTO THE LIWIEC RIVER

Last year, I was in Urle. Daily I came to Liwiec to spend a few hours there. I bathed, caught fish and played with the other children.

One day it was very cold. Some people came to the beach, but no one was bathing in the Liwiec.

On the other side of the river, there was a group of boys. They may have been 15-year-olds or so. At that moment, I noticed that they threw one of their group into the water. I was curious and wanted to approach them to see who they threw into the water. It seemed to me that it was a young lady.

In order to get to the other side of the Liwiec, I had to cross a small bridge. Having reached the middle of the bridge, I stopped suddenly as I noticed that the boys I was approaching aligned themselves on the bridge in an odd way. Not suspecting anything wrong, I went ahead. I was close to the other side, right by those boys, when all of a sudden somebody pushed me, and I fell off the bridge into the water.

The Liwiec is a very shallow and safe river, that is why children play in it the same way as on the beach. But on its other side, near the bridge, there is a place that is quite deep, one children stay clear of. That's where I was pushed off the bridge.

Fortunately, I grabbed on to a bridge pillar and miraculously got to the water surface. The next moment my mom ran up and took me out of the Liwiec and put me in dry clothes. I had scratches all over my legs.

"SPARKLE"

BRAIN TEASERS

The following sent in correct solutions to the contest tasks nos. 4, 5 and 6: "ABA" (4, 5, 6), "Awadiusz" (4, 5, 6), Artak Biezuński (4, 5, 6), Lila Birenbaum (4, 5, 6), Lila Borensztajn (4, 5, 6), Marysia Borensztajn (age - 4, 5, 6), Zdzisław Bornstein (5, 6), Halinka Bornelin (4, 5, 6), Alfred and Ryszard Brandszteterowie (4, 5, 6), Perla Brum (age - 5, 6), Nina Marim (5, 6), Zygmunt Cukier (4, 5, 6), Naum Dyskin (4, 5, 6), Elza Edelszejn (4, 5, 6), Ludwik Eljaszberg (4, 5, 6), R. Feldman (name - 4, 5, 6), Franka Firszt (4, 5, 6), Józio Frydman (4, 5, 6), Renia Frydman (4, 5, 6), Michał Gelblum (4, 5, 6), Miecio Glasman (4, 5, 6), Josef Goldfarb (5, 6), Rysio Goldszal (4, 5, 6), Izrael Goldszpigiel (4, 5, 6), Sewek Goldsztejn (age - 1), Zosia Gothardówna (4, 5, 6), Celina Grasberg (4, 5, 6), M. Gryn (age - 4, 5, 6), Aleksander Grynberg (6), Ida Grynszpan (4, 5, 6), Zdzisław Gurko (4, 5, 6), Symek Hajtler (4, 5, 6), Motek Hochman (5, 6), "Jalda" (4, 5, 6), Idzia Jedwab (4, 5, 6), Sarenka Judkowska (5, 6), Lusia Kaplanówna (age - 4, 5, 6), Liliana Karolicka (age - 5, 6), Srulek Karpman (4, 5, 6), "Ring" (4, 5, 6), Felicja Kossowska (4, 5, 6), Włodzimierz Kronholz (4, 5, 6), Sz. Krypel (age - 4, 5, 6), Iszaje Kuliński (5), Paweł Lapidus (4, 5, 6), Efrysz Lejberg (5, 6), Roma Lewi (4, 5, 6), Maria Lewin (4, 5, 6), Zygmunt Lichtensztejn (4, 5, 6), Dorotka Lichtszajnowa (4, 5, 6), Mira Line (age - 4, 5, 6), Ala Loescher (4, 5, 6), Władzio Lubeinfeld (4, 5, 6), Dorota Mozes (4, 5, 6), Alfred Mulawski (age - 6), Izio Nieczuński (4, 5, 6), Nacia Niemiec (4, 5, 6), Olek Oltuski (4, 5, 6), S. Ostrajch (age - 5, 6), Lola Perlówna (age - 4, 5, 6), Halinka Pinkiert (4, 5, 6), Daniel Poczebucki (4, 5, 6), R. Poliszuk (name, age - 4, 5, 6), Fela Rajchenberg (4, 5, 6), Mira Rajchertówna (4, 5, 6), Dusia Rajzman (4, 6), Lusia Rajzmanówna (5), Rita from Otwock (last name, address, age! - 4, 5, 6), Lila Rotblatówna (age - 4, 6), Sewek Rotenstein (4, 5, 6), Tosia Rotsztejn (4, 5, 6), Anna Rzechte (5, 6), Frania Rybińska (4, 5, 6), Mieczysław Sapersztejn (age - 4, 5, 6), "Sapiens" (4, 5, 6), "The Vulture beak" (4, 5, 6), Michał Stern (4, 5, 6), "Check" (4, 5, 6), Dudek Szklar (address - 4, 5, 6), "The Scot" (4, 5, 6), Tolek Szlik (4, 5, 6), Adam Szpilman (4, 5, 6), Srulek Szpilman (4, 5, 6), Madzia Szpiro (4, 5, 6), Miecio Szurek (4, 5, 6), Stanisław Szwalbe (age - 4, 5, 6), Halinka Tobiłowska (4, 5, 6), "The Secret" (4, 5, 6), "The Mind" (4, 5, 6), Andzia Wajgenszperg (age - 5), Izio Wajsenblum (age - 5), Józef Wolteger (age - 4, 5, 6), M. Zankier (name, age - 4, 5, 6), Musio Zinger (4, 5).

The following sent in correct solutions to the contest tasks nos. 10, 11 and 12: Jankiel Ajzenszmid (age - 10, 11), "Awadiusz" (10, 11), Izaak Bilder (10, 11, 12), Lila Borensztajn (age - 10, 11, 12), Halinka Boruchin (10, 11), Tobiasz Chłudniewicz (address, age - 10, 11, 12), Natan Dyskin (10, 11), Róża Figa (10, 11), Halinka Finkielkraut (10, 11), Renia Frydman (10, 11), Michał Gelblum (10, 11, 12), Miecio Glasman (10, 11, 12), Tobiasz Glikowski (age, address - 10, 11, 12), Józef Goldfarb (10, 11), R.G. (10, 11), Celina Grasberg (10, 11), M. Gryn (10, 11, 12), Ida Grynszpan (10, 11, 12), Idzia Jedwab (10, 11), Felicja Kossowska (10, 11), Włodzimierz Kronholz (10, 11), Paweł Lapidus (10, 11, 12), Roma Lewi (10, 11), Zygmunt Lichtensztejn (10, 11), Lucynka Lipszyc (10, 11), Ala Loescher (10, 12), Władzio Lubelfeld (10, 11, 12), Olek Oltuski (10, 11), Halinka Pinkiert (10, 11), Daniel Poczebucki (age, address - 10), Eliaz Przysuski (age, address - 10, 11, 12), Rachela from Józefów Biłgorajski (10, 11), Fela Rajchenberg (10, 11, 12), Lusia Rajzman (12), Ryszard Robak (10, 11, 12), Sewek Rotenstein (10, 11, 12), Frania Rybińska (address - 10, 11, 12), M. Sapersztejn (name - 10, 11, 12), "Sapiens" (10, 11), Dudek Szklar (10, 11, 12), Adam Szpilman (10, 11), Srulek Szpilman (10, 11), Madzia Szpiro (11), Lola Szrajzman (10), "The Secret" (10, 11, 12), Halinka Tobiłowska (10, 11, 12), "The Mind" (age - 10, 11), Józef Wolteger (age - 10, 11), Musio Zinger (10, 11).

The following sent in correct solutions to the contest tasks nos. 13, 14 and 15: "Aba" (13, 14), "Awadiusz" (13, 14, 15), Izaak Bilder (13, 14), Halinka Boruchin (13, 14, 15), Tobiasz Chłudnicki (address, age - 13, 14), "The Secret" (13, 14), Dobrunia from Praga (age - 14), Liza Edelszejn (13, 14, 15), Ludwik Eljaszberg (13, 14), Ernus

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN SKATES

Ice skating is one of the greatest pleasures of the upcoming winter season. Not everyone can afford to buy a pair of steel skates, but also, the things we make ourselves give us most pleasure, so let me describe for you how at a cost of few groszy you yourself can make skates, which are particularly good for skating on softer ice and packed snow.

First of all, you have to get hold of two pieces of softer wood (linden or poplar) because the processing of harder wood calls for more effort and skill. In addition, we need some thick wire, say used in telephone lines, a length of 50 to 70 cm.

From the wood, you need to carve out the skates like shown below.

Now you need to shoe the skates with the wire. Use a piece of string to measure the distance between both ends of the skates, add a few centimeters more for the bends, and then use the string to measure the length of wire you need. You need to carve out a rut for the wire to go through, its depth should be equivalent to half the thickness of the wire. Now sharpen the end bits of the wire, then bend and hammer them in as shown.

The only remaining thing to do is to fix the skate straps. If you have a drill bit, bore two holes in the places indicated in the first drawing. Pull the straps you will tie over your boots through those holes. If you do not have a drill bit, you can use screws to attach the straps to the skates.

As you are looking for screws, rummage through your household junk to find two suitable buckles; fastened straps are better than tied straps, and they look better.

(i.g.)

FOR THE FIRST TIME

The following wrote to the Little Review for the first time: Ajzensztajn Rachela, Aleksandrowicz Ryszard, Birenbaum Hela, Blatt Hania, Bursztyn Heniek, Cwajfus Jerzy, Czarnobroda Mania, Ferster Ewa, Finkelstein Ruta, Forma Anka, Frydman Pola, Goldkorn Zosia, Goldman Adam, Guterman Nusia, Hamburger Hanka, Jedwab Idzia, Joselewicz Dawid, Kamioner Lutek, Kałużyńska Stefa, Klein Rachela, Kolberg Jenta, Korentajer Sulamita, Lastman Dawid, Lewin Anka, Lichtenbaum Bronka, Lichtensztejn Felka, Losca Irena, Łuński W., Machlis Leon, Pindek B., Pozner Felicja, Próznak Marysia, Rafałowicz Pola, Rozenberg Henryk, Rozenblum Dorka, Szymanczyk Małka, Unger Lea, Wajman Nomi, Warhalt Lili, Wejder Judyta, Werthajm Hania, Wołyńska Dora.

from Pińsk (last name, address, age - 14), Renia Frydman (13, 14, 15), Tobiasz Glikowski (age, address - 13, 14), Josef Goldfarb (13, 14, 15), R.G. (13, 14, 15), Celina Grasberg (13, 14), Ida Grynszpan (13, 14), Jadzia Jedwab (13, 14), Liliana Karolicka (age - 14), Felicja Kossowska (13, 14, 15), Paweł Lapidus (13, 14), Zygmunt Lichtensztejn (13, 14, 15), Ala Loescher (13, 15), Władzio Lubelfeld (13, 14), Izio Nieczuński (13, 15), Nacia Niemiec (13, 14, 15), Olek Oltuski (13, 14), Halinka Pinkiert (13, 14), Sylwa Przeczpówna (14), Eliaz Przysuski (age - 13, 14), Fela Rajchenberg (13, 14), Sewek Rotenstein (13, 14, 15), Frania Rybińska (13, 14), Dudek Szklar (address, age - 13, 15), Adam Szpilman (13, 14), Srulek Szpilman (13, 14, 15), Madzia Szpiro (13, 14), Miecio Szurek (13, 15), Halinka Tobiłowska (13, 14), "The Mind" (address - 13, 14), Beniek Wajnsztejn (age - 14, 15), Józef Wolteger (13, 14), Musio Zinger (13, 14).