



TO MY FUTURE READERS!

Our newspaper will be located in a great corner house. Beside it is a garden, on the right a huge sports field, on the left a pond and a boat: a skating rink in the winter. Of course, bikes, cars, and airplanes for the use of contributors and correspondents. An antenna on the roof, to make it easier to collect news from the whole country and the whole world. Wherever there is something important and interesting, our reporter and our photo camera will be there.

That will be the newspaper for children and school youth.

There will be twelve telephones, so that everyone, at any time, can call us and talk, ask a question, pass on a message, or file a complaint.

There will be two movie theaters (on the ground floor). In one, adventure and funny movies, in the other — moving and educational.

Everything will be interesting.

The paper will be printed on a rotary machine. I'm not exactly sure what a rotary machine is, but all big papers are printed on machines like that. Besides, it's got a nice name, very official:

"ROTARY MACHINE"

The newsroom will be located on the first floor. There will be a waiting room, or maybe two — one for the grown-ups, one for the kids. Because grown-ups will come to our newsroom with various matters, too. The paper will consider all of the matters concerning students and schools. And it will be edited in such a way that it will defend children.

The paper will make sure that everything happens

FAIRLY.

There will be three editors. One old (bald, wearing glasses), to make sure everything stays in order. A young editor for the boys, and a girl — an editor for the girls. So that nobody's ashamed and everyone speaks honestly and clearly what they need, what's hurting them, what are their worries and cares.

Whoever wants to can say whatever they want to, they can come in and write it down, right there in the newsroom.

Permanent correspondents will have **their own desks or drawers.**

If someone is embarrassed that they write messily or make mistakes, the editor will tell them:

"Don't worry. We'll fix it in editing."

Or if they don't want to write at all, the editor will call the stenographer and tell them, "Go on."

They'll go into a separate room and dictate.

People will be able to pass on news themselves, by phone, send by mail, dictate or write.

Just so that everyone's comfortable, so they're not embarrassed that someone will laugh at them.

There are many grown-ups who write only because they're not embarrassed. There are many children who have so many good ideas, observations, and comments, but they don't write, because they don't have the courage or because they don't want to.

Our paper will encourage young people to write.

It will encourage and embolden them.

Because it's not hard. It's harder to sell papers than to write them, but boys, even young ones, manage that very well. If someone writes something awkward or silly, nothing bad will happen to them. But if a newspaper boy takes a wrong turn, he can get run over by a car or a tram.

In the building of our paper, there will be a meeting room. We'll meet there together and talk about what improvements to make.

We'll have reporters from various departments.

Specialists:

football,
cinema,
trips,
jokes and pranks,
charades and riddles.

On the second floor, there will be a hallway with doors on the left and right, labeled soccer, sport, sightseeing, school (every department and every class will have their own reporter).

The paper will be published twice a day. In the morning for the youngest children — they have time to read in the morning.

IN THE MORNING EDITION, THERE WILL BE A LOT OF PICTURES.

As free extras, they'll get chocolates, gingerbread, and toys.

The evening edition will be serious, and the prizes will be different: books, pencil cases, watches, pocket knives, free tickets to theater plays.

There will be a library in the building, because if you want to write, you have to read books sometimes. There will be a large, well-lit drawing room.

Everyone will be able to comfortably read, write and draw.

When and where the house will be built, we don't know yet. We don't know what the paper will be called. This is only a project, a plan, an outline. It has to be filled in, altered, and fully worked out. We'll be grateful if our readers help us.

II.

In the Our Review newsroom, I was told, "We want to make a supplement for kids. It can come out once a week. We'll give you two pages a week. We don't want to bother you. Write what you want. You've written a few books for kids, it'll be easy for you."

I said, "All right."

But then I started to worry. There's a difference between books and papers. I write a book when I want to, but I'll have to write the paper like homework. A book is about one thing, but in a paper, you have to write about everything. In a book, I can make things up, but in a paper, you have to write the truth, or people get upset that you're lying. A book has to be interesting, but not for everyone. If someone doesn't like it, they don't have to read it. But a paper has to have something for everyone — one person reads about accidents, another reads the announcements, and another still the sports section. And I have to pretend that I know everything about everything.

I write books like a letter to a friend, but the paper is written for strangers.

When I was little, I was told to write a letter to my aunt. She lived far away, and supposedly I'd seen her sometime, but I couldn't remember.

"Here's paper, pen, and ink. Write."

"But I don't know her."

"It doesn't matter."

So here's what I wrote:

"Dear Auntie!

I am well and I wish you the same, dear Auntie. Auntie, I don't know what you look like. Please write me if you're fat or thin. And write me what kind of hair you have. And write me what your nose is like. And write me what your ears are like. And write me what your teeth are like. And write me if you like chocolates, Auntie, because I do. And write me if you collect stamps, because I do, and I have an album for stamps. And write me what your tongue is like. Auntie, please tell me if boys ride bicycles where you are, because I really want to, but I don't have a bicycle. I don't remember you, Auntie, do you remember me? And have you grown, Auntie, because I have. Please give my regards to your family Auntie. And please write back to me."

They told me that what I wrote was silly, and I'm worried that they'll tell me again that my writing isn't worth anything.

So I want to get to know my Readers, so I can write to them as friends.

I want to know what is interesting to a Reader, what they enjoy, what they like to do, how they spend their time, what their favorite games are.

I want to know what worries them, are they calm or do people call them trouble, are they good students, or do they say they're lazy, what schools they go to, what class they're in, what bench they sit on, and who sits beside them. I want to know if their teachers are nice and if their parents yell at them often and why. I want to know if they have older brothers and sisters, and if their older siblings are very bossy, or if they have younger brothers and sisters and if the kids bother them a lot.

Because I live in a house where there are a hundred boys and girls altogether. And I often visit a house where there are fifty boys and girls. In the summer, I spent time in a village, where there were two hundred of us. There are sometimes five or ten fights a week in our house. How many arguments, I can't tell you because we don't count them. It's easy to count the fights, but it's hard to count the arguments, because you often don't know if it was a fight, or just a talk, or if someone got mad. — Girls get mad more often than boys. — Once, Aron fought the most, and Lejzor argued the most. But Aron moved out, and Lejzor argues less these days.

We have more nice friends than not nice. We really like Szymonek because he jumps 135 centimeters high, and Sala because she's good. Of the younger ones, we like Chaskielek because he's part of the "Płomień" sports club and doesn't need to be coddled. In the forest in the village, we played matches. Hiluś is a good goalkeeper. There was a cricket match. There was a volleyball match that boys played with girls. The girls put on a show: there was singing, dancing, a funny sketch and little Sabina recited very nicely. In Pruszków, the boys put on a circus. There were magic tricks, jokes, trained tigers — Heniek was the wild animal trainer. It was a lot of fun.

In the summer, we had a reading race: who read the fastest. There were separate races for those who read more slowly and those who read quickly and fluently. There was a multiplication table race: in the girls' group, Dorcia won and received a pencil case. If Dorcia wasn't a slob, everything would be fine; but she's trying more these days.

I would write more about what's happening with us, but this is only the first letter, so I can't put everything in it.

Now I'll tell you about myself.

When I was little, they said I was a crybaby and a wicked boy.

When I didn't do well in school, they said I was lazy. I don't know. Supposedly if you don't have money, you're a dope. If so, then I'm a dope. And I really am wicked. If something doesn't go well for me, I get really angry. If this supplement for kids doesn't do well, it would be really bad. And I can be lazy, too, when I don't like doing something.

I never liked memorizing poems or playing the piano. And I had a lot of problems because of it.

And then I became a doctor. For seven years, I liked in a hospital, treating sick children. It was at the hospital that I noticed that children are smart and good. I remember Perla and Srulek — I'll tell you about them sometime — I remember Chaimek and Wladek, who were brought in by the Ambulance.

The Ambulance brought many children to our hospital because there are many unlucky accidents. In the papers for grown-ups, they write very briefly about these accidents. They'll write that so and so was run over by a tram, or that he burned himself — and that's it. We never know what happened with him. If the editor lets us, we'll write more about them in our supplement. Because accidents are interesting. Fires are interesting, too, and the adventures of various people, too. Just like a scary fairytale.

There are also funny adventures. When the children come home from school, they often tell us about what they saw on the street. Sometimes, it's a funeral with a band, or a policeman walking with a thief, or a drunk man arguing, or a man chasing a hat that was blown away by the wind.

We kindly request that our Readers send us descriptions of adventures and accidents.

When I stopped treating children, I didn't know what to do, so I started writing books. But a book takes a long time to write, and I don't have the patience, and it uses up a lot of paper, and my hand hurts. So maybe it's better to write a paper because the readers can help with that.

I can't do it alone.

So it'll be like this:

Everyone who writes to us more often, will receive the title of

CORRESPONDENT.

And if their news is interesting, after six months or a year, they'll be a

CONTRIBUTOR.

After that, they can become a

PERMANENT CONTRIBUTOR.

All letters will be graded. If someone wants to get an A, they have to write an interesting letter, without any errors, and write it cleanly and legibly. Letters should be written in ink so that the editors don't ruin their eyes. To become a correspondent, you'll need 10 or 20 fives, I haven't decided yet. I don't actually know how any of it will work yet. I'm still putting it together in my head to make it the best possible. If I was writing for grown-ups, I would have to pretend that I know. And I don't like to pretend, so I don't want to write for grown-ups.

I've also said I can be wicked. If I see that something isn't going well, that everyone just wants to read and nobody wants to write, I'll get impatient and stop writing. If you don't want to help, fine.

How can one person know what's happening in every city, on every street, in every backyard, in all schools, and what everyone wants to know?

To start, I'm opening a permanent section called:

"I WANT TO KNOW"

You can write in to the section using postcards. The address is:

**The Little Review Newsroom
Warsaw
Nowolipki 7**

All right. Meanwhile, it's the end. And then there will be a beginning. The beginning is always the most difficult. Please don't get mad if at the beginning our supplement is a little messy. Even when you're in school, at the beginning of the year, when not everyone has books and notebooks, when they change seats and schedules, there has to be a bit of a mess. I still don't have all the books and papers I need, either. On my editorial desk, there are only five issues of a paper called the Student's Voice.

In many schools, students put out papers; I have no doubt they'll send them to us.

Our organization will be apolitical and non-partisan.

I don't really know what that means, but papers usually say that in prospectuses. So why should we be any worse than they are?

Sincerely,

Janusz Korczak

THE LITTLE REVIEW

PAPER FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

EDITED BY JANUSZ KORCZAK

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

SCARLET FEVER

Scarlet fever is a sickness that grown-ups catch very rarely, and children very often. The sickness can be mild, heavy, or fatal. In Warsaw hospitals, there are nearly 1000 children sick with scarlet fever, and there are also probably a lot of them in private homes. Scarlet fever is an infectious disease, and if a lot of people get this kind of disease at the same time, then they call it an epidemic.

We have a scarlet fever epidemic now, and the papers are writing what people should do to not get sick or infected anymore.

We don't want to argue with the grown-ups starting in the first issues, so we'll only have a few remarks about what they're writing.

Yes, vaccines are very important, as well as having clean hands, washing hands as soon as you come back from school, or even from walking on the street. It's also important to rinse your mouth and brush your teeth, as well as carefully wipe your nose. It's important not to pick anything up off the ground on the street or in

the garden and to not put anything unnecessary in your mouth.

But scientists have proven that a hungry person will get infected more easily and be sicker. There are many hungry children in schools, but nobody's writing that the hungry children in schools should be fed.

Scientists have also proven that people need fresh air, and meanwhile, many schools are very crowded, there are few windows, and there's nowhere to play even during breaks. And even if the day is nice, you don't see children on field trips or walks. Nobody's writing that they should organize more walks and give less homework, while the epidemic lasts.

A happy and satisfied person is more resistant to plague, and as soon as you get bored or scared, you can get sicker more quickly. So there should be more fun, too. Children should always be happy, especially while there is an epidemic. That's what the papers for grown-ups have forgotten to write about, so it's our duty to remind them. ■

PROPER WORKING TOOLS

Parents and teachers demand that students should have their books and notebooks in order and that their handwriting be neat and careful. This is a reasonable demand — we want the same. However, there are many obstacles. One of the most important is the low quality of our working tools.

The working tools of a student — pen, pencil, paper, blotting paper, compass, crayons, paints, etc. And everything that's for the grown-ups, for offices and institutions, it's made different, more expensive and better, and everything for schools is low quality.

Who hasn't had a nib fall off just when we're in a hurry and have to be careful to make it on time and not make a mistake? Or one that's stuck so deep that the only way to get it out is with your teeth? Of course, it's bad for your teeth, but what are we supposed to do if there's no other way?

You can count yourself lucky when you get a nib that doesn't scratch, doesn't write too thick. Sometimes, you break it on purpose, to get rid of a bad nib, and other times, you can write for a month or longer, take care of it and enjoy it, and regret when it breaks from overuse or through your

fault or a friend's.

The paper of school notebooks leave a lot to be desired. We understand that everyone wants to pay less, but should factories keep making notebooks that everyone knows are good for nothing? You can't even erase something without putting a hole in the paper. But little hairs get stuck in even the best nibs, and then you have a few smudged letters that nothing can be done about. You wipe a nib like that on your hair, trying to get the little hair out, and get ink all over your fingers. And that gets you angry and makes it hard to think. Then people ask why you have ink stains on your school apron or in your hair. Why? Because of flimsy paper that frays, drags, and smudges the writing.

Sometimes a student manages to get to the end successfully. They look over their work with satisfaction, breathe a sigh of relief and apply blotting paper. Except instead of blotting paper, they were given just plain thin paper. Careful application won't help, all the effort will be wasted. They'll have a smudged, dirty, awful page. What are they supposed to do?

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HACEFIRA

The oldest Hebrew paper, Hacefira, is being published again since September 29. This is the sixty-fifth year of its publication.

Hebrew papers have almost always remembered children and young

people. For a long time, Hacefira published a supplement "for the kids." Reports from the Hacefira newsroom say the supplement for young people will soon be published again. ■

FROM THE PARLIAMENT

There is a lot in papers about the Parliament: "It was said in the Parliament." "An MP said in the Parliament." "There was a vote." "A minister spoke in the Parliament."

These articles are long and boring. What's worse, they're full of incomprehensible words. Although the smartest people in every newsroom always write about the Parliament, it would be better to replace these articles with news about various events and interesting things happening in the world.

I would also like to start with something else, but there is no way around it — until we come up with our own paper, we have to imitate the grown-ups. In all papers, there are introductory articles and so we also have to have an introductory article. And later we'll see what we'll do.

The Parliament is located somewhere in the district of Mokotów, and I live in Wola, so I don't really know what goes on there. But maybe I can manage somehow. And if it turns out that there have to be introductory articles about the Parliament in the Little Review, too, then maybe we'll do it that way.

Members of Parliament have children. Let the dad write for the grown-ups, and the MP's son will write for us. Or perhaps the editor can read the grown-up papers, and then write it again for children, in a

way they'll understand. After all, a little knowledge won't hurt.

And so, recently the government, that is, all the ministers, got upset with the Parliament. The government said that the Parliament was advising them badly, and the Parliament said that the ministers were governing badly. The Parliament is most upset with two ministers and told them that they should leave. The others could stay, but those two had to leave.

And the government said, that the Parliament should get stuffed and paint itself green.

And the two ministers stayed. So the Parliament got even more upset, and wouldn't let the government spend as much money as they needed for all the expenses. "The government has fallen. The cabinet has fallen."

When a student doesn't pass a grade, or fails an exam, they say he fell short, as if he tried to jump somewhere and missed, even though grades are written in pen. And when we talk about ministers, we say they fell. As if they were walking, walking, and someone tripped them and they fell.

"The fall of Bartel's government." Bartel was like a class monitor. He was responsible for the work of his ministers.

We just say Bartel, without the "mister." And that's very strange.

If you don't respect someone a lot, you just say his name without adding the "mister." That's how the teacher usually lists names in school. But also, if you respect someone a lot, you also don't say "mister." Because no one says Mister Kościuszko, Mister Mickiewicz, or Mister Bartel. And if you want to insult someone, say that they're not really a great figure, you write about him as "mister". This is all very strange, but it can't be helped.

This is how it is:

The Parliament holds a vote that they don't trust the ministers. Then the ministers write a letter saying that they don't want to govern anymore. And the President picks another class monitor, another minister to be the most important one, to choose whoever he wants.

President Mościcki has picked Piłsudski.

There are many people in Poland who like Piłsudski a lot and they write that things will be better how. And those who don't like him, write that "Mister" Piłsudski has been picked, and they're mad.

And what happens next, nobody knows.

k.

A FLASH IN A PAN

We call it "a flash in a pan" if someone starts to work on something enthusiastically and then gets bored very quickly and stops. It's like a fire in a frying pan — starts easily and burns out quickly. And that sort of thing is a hindrance when you're starting on something.

Everyone rushes forward, calling out, "Me!" "And me!" "And me!"

There's noise, there's a crowd, and then someone grows impatient, another one gets tired quickly, yet another gets mad, and then there aren't enough people left.

It's going to be the same with the Little Review. There will be those who'll say, "Ooh, we'll write for sure, every week, for every issue, we'll write a lot!"

And there will be a lot of letters, and then fewer and fewer. The first letter will be carefully written, the others, not so much.

A flash in a pan — here today, gone tomorrow.

But there will be those who'll last, those who have a strong will. They won't hurry — instead, they'll read a few issues, they'll think about it, make a plan, write a rough draft, read it through and correct it, and only then put the letter in an envelope.

Those who do not hurry and get to work carefully, they will surely win. Even if they do not really want to, they'll write. And it's important that we have news from all schools from different cities — from Łódź, from Vilnius, from Krakow, from Lublin, from Płock, from Kalisz, from Lviv, from Sosnowiec, and even from really small towns and villages.

One of our careful readers writes to us:

Dear Editors,
Before I start writing for your paper, I would like to know some things:

1. Can we criticize if we don't like something?
2. Can we write fairytales, poems, and dreams?
3. Can we submit illustrated articles?
4. Can we write several articles at once?
5. Can we write under a pen name?

Sincerely,

P.T.

Allow us to answer:

You can do everything you want. What is most important for the paper are new ideas. What someone writes may be not very good, but the idea behind it can be very good. You can't

do everything at once. We'll have to wait for some things. We might get one thing right away, and another in a month, or even a year.

Illustrated articles — that's a good idea, but Our Review already has illustrated supplements, and drawings cost a lot.

We often say, "when I have money, I'll do it, I'll buy it, I'll go there."

Fairytales, poems and dreams are important, but we don't want to start with them; there are plenty of fairytales and poems in books and various papers for children, so it's better to start by writing about things that aren't there yet.

How articles are signed is also important — whether it's a first name, or a full name, or not at all. There are people who like to see their name in print because they think that they're famous. It's not like that at all. If someone has a lot written about them, it gets boring.

One boy told me once:

"I really don't like Magister Klawe."

"Why?" I asked him.

"Because everyone keeps writing about his Hemogen and they think it sounds funny."

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AN ORPHAN'S DIARY

This is a diary, not a novel. A diary contains the adventures and events from a person's life. They describe it all themselves, not someone else. A diary is the truth. We are happy to print this diary, which was given to us with the title "the short history of my life."

* * *

Finally, at the age of 14, I have decided to describe my life's experiences.

I was an orphan at a very early age. I didn't know my father. To this day, I don't know whether what I saw was real or a dream. When father died, I was two years old and I don't know what he looked like. All I have left is one memory.

It was night. My sisters and brother were asleep, but I couldn't sleep, so I got out of bed and went to the kitchen. My mother was standing there. (I remember mother a little bit because I was three when she died.) Then I went back to our room and stood by the door to our parents'

bedroom. Across from me was a bed, on which father lay. I only remember his black beard and uncovered chest that was smeared with something. When I told my brother about this a few years later, he told me that that was indeed what my father looked like. And I think that was the first and last time I ever saw him.

What I did later, whether I went back to bed, I don't remember.

I often think back on that memory. It is nice to see myself in a nightgown, standing at the door and probably rubbing my sleepy eyes.

I know from stories that father died of pneumonia, and mother from grief for father.

There were four of us orphans left. The oldest boy, who was twelve, and three girls.

When we were left alone, we had no choice but to go live with relatives. That is when I came to live with my aunt.

I remember my brother and sister walking on the stairs. My brother went

to Warsaw, one sister to Lublin and the other to Minsk. I remember that my brother gave me candy when we said goodbye.

I slept in one bed with my aunt's servant, who was very dirty. I was homesick and cried that I wanted to go home. I remember when auntie had another baby, and how, when I was five or six years old, I found out from the children in the yard that school was free and I could learn. I immediately ran to the school with one of the girls. The teacher was a very nice boy, probably from the fourth grade. He accepted me and told me to come back tomorrow. I went back home very happy.

The next day, I went to school. I didn't say anything about it because I was very proud that I found the school on my own. I wanted to surprise my aunt with being able to read and write.

When I came back, instead of a mother, who would hug her child and praise her diligence, my aunt was waiting

for me with an angry face. She shouted at me, asking where I was, but I didn't pay attention to her anger and started telling her about my adventure. Auntie didn't want to hear anything about it, she was furious and threatened to throw me out if I went back there. From then on, I had to sneak out.

I remember that my aunt promised me a roll with butter if I didn't go to school. She went to town and I couldn't wait for her to come back, so I left the baby alone and the door unlocked, and ran to school.

Auntie, seeing that I was of no use to her, decided to send me to live with uncle. Perhaps she was right — she had taken care of me for so long, it was now uncle's turn to suffer a bit. But I didn't understand it — I lay on the floor and refused to go anywhere. I was used to being there, and I was very scared of uncle.

(To be continued in the next issue of the Little Review). ■

THE FIRST MAIL DELIVERY

I have received 47 letters — 31 from boys and 16 from girls. There were 40 letters from Warsaw and 7 from other cities. In addition to the full names, addresses were also provided in 32 letters. It's better to give an address because names can be the same. Thanks to the addresses I know that Adam and Helena M. live together, that Leon N., evidently impatient, first wrote a letter together with his brother, and then a second one by himself. Four letters were signed only with a first name without a last name, and one letter with a pen name. I received 27 letters in envelopes, 9 postcards, and 11 on pages from notebooks. Two letters were dictated by children who do not know how to write yet.

All the letters have been numbered and catalogued, so we ask you to sign them clearly. If a word is smudged, we can guess it from the content; but the letter is not clearly signed, it may be entered incorrectly into the book and will be lost.

We know that everyone wants to get a response to their letter right away, but that is impossible. We have to think carefully before answering, because the answers should be smart and not shoddy, like in many papers for children.

In those, the editors answer:

Your letter made us very happy. Your letter made us sad. We are glad you like our paper. We are glad you study hard. We're worried that your tummy aches. Write us if your tummy has stopped hurting.

They're either happy or sad. Or rather, they pretend to love all their readers and keep thinking about them, worried that, God forbid, someone is hurting.

We won't pretend and we ask our Readers that they don't pretend, either. Please don't write us who loves us, because that's just a waste of paper. We also don't have to say that you would like your letter to be printed.

Mozes writes briefly: "I would like to know about airplanes, about the telephone and the radio."

S. Najdorf writes: "I would like to know about the war."

Eluś Segal writes: "I would like to know if the Little Review will be printed in capital letters."

Henio Justman sent us a math problem, and nothing else.

A short letter can be interesting, while a long one can be boring. Sometimes, you don't learn anything from a thick book, but a lot from a thin one.

Those who wrote to the Little Review: Miecio Klajnerer, Samuel Mozes, Alinka Gerberbaum, Heniūs Edelsburg, Ludwik Sigalin, Mietek, Władysław, Felicja Zangerówna, Judyta, "The Old Man", Leon and Z. Nissenbaum, Musiu Seelenfreund, Ch. Lewin, Sara Foremówna, Z. Bodkier, Madzia Markuze, S. Bieżuner, Hanna Frydmanówna, Jadw. Sieradzka, Boluś Jonas, Cesia L., Józef Ratusznik, Lutek, Future reader, Marysia Bentmanówna, Adam Miński, Henio Justman, Blimcia Rozenperl, S. Najdorf, J. Grundland, Dorka Hirsfeldówna, B. Mozes, Leon Kornic, Helena Mińska, Leon Nissenbaum, Oleś Wertheim, L. Zysman, Marek Merecki, Tołczyńska, M. Rendel, Beni, Berenius, Jasio, Jerzy Silberman, Kuba Traub, G. Ber, Eluś Segal, Róża Gutmanówna.

J.K.

LITTERING IN THE STREETS

It is really annoying when someone is wrong and they keep arguing. For example, you can tell them, "Go away," or "move aside," and they'll reply, "What are you going to do if I don't want to? This is what I feel like doing."

They know they're wrong, and they do what they want anyway because you can't do anything to them. If they knew I was stronger, or that there would be a punishment, they would listen, but because there's no punishment, they do what they want.

Nowhere in the world are people allowed to litter in the streets, but people throw away papers, pits, food, they spit and blow their noses. They're not allowed, but there's no punishment. A polite person won't litter, but when they see that everyone else does it, they won't watch themselves.

The police did not intervene, because you can't lock everyone up, and besides, no one really knows if you can arrest people for littering.

People have slipped and fallen because

of pits and orange peels, watchmen got angry, the streets were dirty and no one can do anything.

But now there is a law that fines people 50 groszy or 1 zloty for littering. 20,000 people have already paid the fine, and now they watch themselves more. I saw a man holding a bag on Złota Street, and then he looked around to see if anyone was looking, and he threw the bag away. Plum pits fell out of it. I wanted to tell him to pick them up, but I was afraid he would argue, because it was in the evening. ■

PROPER WORKING TOOLS

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

Rip the page out and start over?

What about pencils that crumble? The wood is hard and the pocket knife is dull. You've worked hard, you're about to start writing or drawing, you don't even press it down hard and crack! The tip breaks off. Sometimes you end up cutting down a quarter of the pencil before you get to a more solid piece.

Those who are calm and patient will sigh and hold back their tears; but there are those who get angry. And in their anger, they stuff the school inkwell with flies, or scraps of paper, and make the pale ink so messy that it's impossible to say what to do next.

Then there are the school books, often bound so shoddily that even if you treat them gently like an egg, they won't last until the end of the year.

Crayons and paints that don't color, erasers that don't erase, compasses with loose screws, rulers made out of wood so soft it chips right away — all of these make it difficult to work, and make the already not too happy work hours even more unpleasant.

If there are regulations that prohibit making false bread, butter, or milk, should there not be a punishment for those who, in the name of dishonest competition, discourage young people from learning?

K.

THE SHOMER CONVENTION

There has been sad news from Palestine lately.

There is very little work. It is very difficult for many people, and they would like to come back.

Some are even coming back.

The shomrim pay no attention to

this; they have decided to go to Palestine, and many of them are learning to work in the field.

Last week, 300 older shomers from cities all over Poland gathered in Warsaw.

They decided to go to Palestine in the near future. ■

A FLASH IN A PAN

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

Just like enthusiasm can be a flash in a pan, so can fame. Last year, one girl kept talking about Breitbart. She even bought a postcard with his picture and cried when he was ill. And now she doesn't even know if it's been a year since he died.

Szmulek Rzeszewski, who played chess, was also famous, but now nobody knows anything about him. Staiger was famous, there were even songs written about him. And Coogan was famous, as long as he was little, and now the children of an American waiter are becoming famous. Not only people are famous, but also animals. Rin Tin Tin the dog is more famous than many scholars, and a few years ago, there was a famous trained monkey, but I've already forgotten what its name was.

People should try to be useful, not famous. It's better that a hundred people know I am a good person than

if a thousand or a million knew my name and what I look like.

The papers write not just about useful and decent people, but also about thieves. God forbid someone should become as famous as Zieliński; I heard two boys talking on a tram:

"So what if he's a bandit, look how much they write about him in the papers. The whole police force is after him and they can't catch him."

These two boys envied what the papers wrote about Zieliński, but they didn't even think about how unhappy he must be. He has to hide, has to run — maybe his legs hurt, he's probably hungry, has nowhere to sleep, and he's cold. He's probably hurt himself while he was running away. And he knows that they will catch him and hang him.

And that's it.

And then they'll write about others, and only his mother will cry after him

CHANGES AND IMPROVEMENTS

In every issue of the Little Review, we will write about the changes and improvements we have made. We will ask for the advice of various people; our readers will write to us what they don't like — if there is too much or not enough of something, what they want to know and what they don't care about. Of course, we will not be able to satisfy everyone. Some prefer fairytales, others true events, some like travel, others want historical information. The beginning is always the most difficult, because you have to think about everything; later, you can repeat what is good, and that's all right. And there is more time to introduce interesting new ideas.

We know that the Little Review is not very good yet. ■

that he wasted his life.

If a person is useful, he has friends and is happy, and nobody was ever made happy because they wrote about him in the papers.

So people shouldn't write for fame, but to say something interesting, to bring someone pleasure when they read it, or to say something important, interesting or funny.

Of course, it is convenient for the editors when they know who wrote a letter, because these letters are kept — every letter will have its number, so we know who writes often or not, who writes interesting things, who has been writing for a long time, or who has only started.

The letter signed "P.T." is an important and valuable letter from a boy who is not a "flash a pan," but who is thoughtful and inquisitive.

J.K.