

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

PAPER FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

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CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

## THE SCHOOL ISSUE

(Work — sorrow — joy — concern)

### IN DEFENSE OF PRIMARY SCHOOL

In issue no. 30, we published a letter written by a boy who complained that a primary school doesn't teach much and brings children up badly. In the letter, he gives several examples of bad manners, such as improper conduct of primary school students on the street and at the cinema, intrusive demands for gifts (rattling on, squirting).

We published this letter without a signature to spare the boy unpleasantness, because although we considered these charges unjust, they were presented in good faith, i.e. not out of viciousness, but to prevent bad things. Quite often sharp criticism brings good effects, and the paper provides an opportunity to rectify untrue statements.

We asked our readers to defend primary school, if they want to and if they can do it.

Of the many letters regarding this subject which we received, only Samek agrees that a public primary school is worse than a middle school, that students there are less intelligent and only a lack of money forces parents to send their children to public primary schools.

Moniek — a primary school student from Kleczew — is of the opinion that since last year everything has improved: fewer exceptions, failing grades and horsing around. The worst thing is that in a primary school there are also groups, such as aristocracy, intelligentsia, wise ones, fools, the poor, etc. A higher grade doesn't speak with the lower one. To put it briefly: it's worse than in middle school, but not totally bad.

Doba from Zgierz writes: "Please tell the boy who doesn't like primary schools that I pity his schoolmates."

"Each homeroom teacher of a high school and primary school attempts — in the opinion of Estusia from Nowolipki Street — to wean children off bad behavior. An unjust teacher makes exceptions, but the school is not to be blamed for it."

Two public high school students — former middle school students — Benjamin and Heniek tell: "We will refer to the fact from our life in high school; after three lessons, we went out to the schoolyard as usual. A poorer schoolmate asked a richer one: "Lend me a piece of bread, because I have forgotten to bring my breakfast." The rich one replied: "You squirt; you should take it with you." In a public school we are not ashamed when we don't bring breakfast with us.

Halina from Twarda Street is "sure that this boy must have experienced

something unpleasant from his schoolmates, because otherwise he wouldn't have written things which are not true. I don't believe that boys whistle on their way to the movies — the teacher would forbid it immediately."

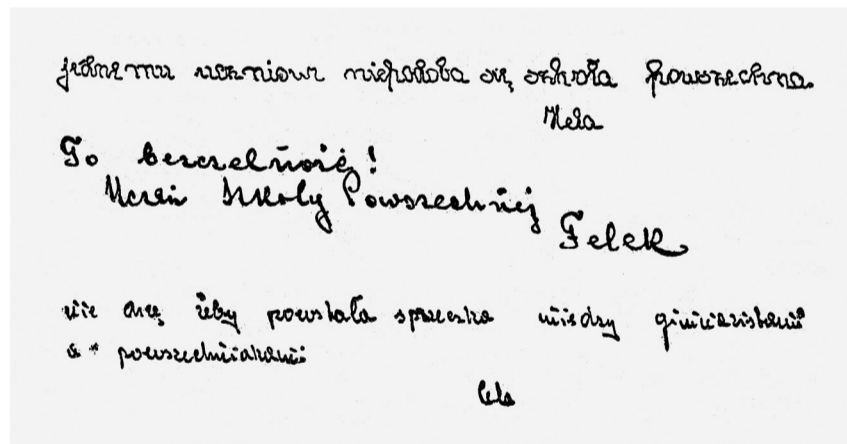
SABCIA'S LETTER

I spent seven years in a primary school. Now I am a middle school student. I can tell you that it was nicer in the primary school. In a high school, false shame stops the poor kids from admitting that they are poor, and when their friends ask them, they try to weasel out. In a primary school, everybody takes part in entertainment: an excursion or the movies; those who can, give more, and the mutual aid organization supplements the shortage. The same applies to clothes and all other things. I suppose that this student was angry about primary school because on that particular day some schoolmate made him feel bad.

GUZIA

I graduated from primary school. I have many friends among high school students and I can firmly state that the girls from primary schools are usually more intelligent, and they give more thought to everything than the high school students, where frivolity and thinking about fashion, clothes and entertainment prevails. Life conditions result in differences in ideas and opinions. I like my memories from the nice years spent at primary school. I would be happy if they came back. I want to add that in a primary school, there is more equality and solidarity.

As far as education is concerned, it isn't the fault of the primary school that many students are a bit older, because their life conditions prevented them from earlier start at school — primary school should be finished when one is fourteen.



One student doesn't like primary school

Hela

I don't want an argument between the middle school students and the primary school students.

This is insolence!

A primary school student

Felek

GENIA

I am a middle school student; I began to attend it after a few years in a primary school. I absolutely can't agree with the author of the letter. It is true that in primary school, there is less homework, but one can benefit from lessons in class. As far as upbringing is concerned, primary school probably pays more attention to it, because the financial situation prevents mothers from cooperating and facilitating this task by careful home upbringing. In middle school, the homeroom teacher has rather formal relations with students, doesn't analyze their needs and doesn't try to get to know them better. The author of the letter should not delude himself that everything is fine in high schools, because he would be deeply disappointed.

RENIA AND HELA

I don't go to primary school, but I have many friends there and they behave very well. My mommy often tells me to follow their example. It's true that there are bullies in primary schools but are there really none in middle schools?

I would also like to ask whether the author of the letter knows a private school since he praises it so much.

\* \* \*

One student doesn't like a primary school because there are bad students and bullies there. I don't think it is right, although there are such students as he describes, but there are also very well behaved boys in primary school, who can be an example for others. I know several such boys. As far as the girls are concerned, almost all of them are models of good manners.

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### TWO SCHOOL PERFORMANCES

At the high school on Miodowa Street

The program includes comedies and Hebrew and Polish recitations. I'm not a musician, so it's hard for me to evaluate them; I form my opinion based on the listeners, not the performers. The audience, especially the young people, was moved. There are few Jewish schools in Warsaw which have orchestras. Organizing an orchestra is difficult because musicians change all the time — either they graduate from school or they perform elsewhere.

Particularly successful was the staged Hebrew poem "Bat Heshamash" (The Schammes' Daughter) by Frug. A popular rabbi got very ill. There was no hope for him, people prayed at the saints' graves, but it didn't help. There was despair in the schammes' house; his daughter loved the old rabbi very much; he was her mentor. She trembled while waiting for the news. Only one very old Jewish piece of advice remains:

two educated young men are sent to the town to write down the life handouts for the pious tzaddik on parchment.

People offer the rabbi what is dearest for them — their own life: an hour, a day, or even a week. The messengers appear at the schammes' house with the sheet for handouts:

"And how much do you offer to the old rabbi, schammes' daughter?"

She got pale and whispered quietly but firmly:

"I give up my whole life for him..."

At the same time the rabbi got up from his bed and the schammes' daughter died.

The old rabbi lived for many years, all his friends died and he was left lonely and forgotten. He was worried that he had deprived a young girl of her life. He kept thinking about her. One night he heard wedding music;

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### IN OUR NEIGHBORS' COUNTRY

When the Germans beat the French 60 years ago, they boasted about it and said, "We won the war because we have better teachers than the French. Children have been taught order and love for their homeland at school. A primary school teacher won the war."

After the victorious war, Germans began to build even more schools and ordered teachers to make even more educational efforts, but teachers could not handle some students, so they decided to beat them if they didn't obey the teacher.

They issued such laws:

1. The teacher has the right to beat students. This right stems from their official rights. They can beat students of another grade but not of another school; they can beat students for offences committed outside the school. The teacher has the right to beat students not only at school, but also outside school and out of lessons.

2. Since the right to beat students is the official right of the teacher, it is governed by the code and regulations of relevant authorities. These regulations describe in what cases the teacher is allowed to beat students and when.

3. If there are traces of beating (bumps, bruises or scratches), but they do no harm to the student's health, the teacher is not liable.

4. If the teacher deliberately punishes a student, but by carelessness hurts them badly, they are liable based

on the Penal Code (par. 223-230-240).

5. The teacher breaks the law if they beat parts of the body other than the allowed pursuant to the regulations. According to the decision of the Reich Court (of May 4th, 1904, V, Penal Senate) in case of hitting the face, the teacher's liability depends on whether they hit so hard that the student's health could be affected.

6. If the teacher beats the student unjustly, deliberately beats innocent students or beats a student because they refuse to do what the teacher has no right to demand, the teacher is subject to penalty.

7. The teacher cannot beat students if the authorities take away their right to beat students permanently or temporarily.

8. A beating that doesn't exceed the limits set out by the legal regulations, is not punishable, if the person who applied it was authorized by an entitled person.

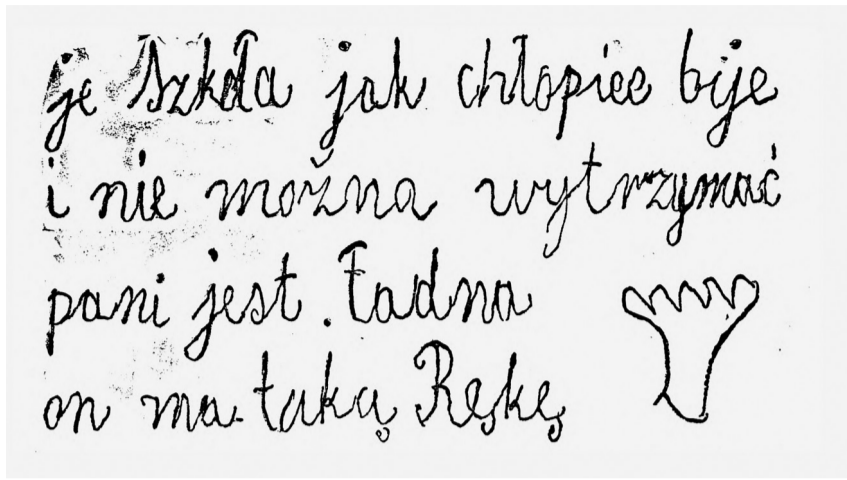
9. Priests can beat students only as teachers, not as clergymen.

10. Parents are not entitled to file a complaint against the teacher with the court; only the prosecutor is authorized to file applications for punishing the teacher.

The Germans issued such laws and were happy that they had the best order in the world in their schools. But the new, latest war came, and the

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## THEY BEAT PEOPLE UP



[...] School when a boy beats / and one can't bear it / the teacher is pretty / he has a hand like this [drawing of a hand]

In almost every mail delivery, we get letters with complaints about beatings. The students of lower grades complain that the older students beat them, the weaker and peaceful complain that one schoolmate picks on them or several boys provoke the whole class. Sometimes they provide the boy's name, but since we can't check it, we prefer to be cautious.

"I am calm by nature," writes Rafał. "I have a gentle character,

I don't provoke anyone. There is a boy in our grade who picks on me terribly and beats me, especially when I go home. I told the teacher about it but she doesn't want to accept my complaint. I would like the editors to advise me what I am supposed to do. My address: No. 8 Wołyńska Street.

We are including a reprint sent by a boy from a small town: he even drew a hand, with which the bully beats him. ■

## SUMMER IN CIECHOCINEK

### I.

I went to Ciechocinek with my mommy and my brother. We stayed in a nice house; on one side of it there was a garden, and a clearing on the other. Yellow flowers grew there; I don't know their name but they smell nice. I was running in the clearing with my brother, and when I got tired, I sat in the grass. My brother brought flowers and I made wreaths. At noon, we took off our tops and we sunbathed. We used to go to the park, where music played. I saw many unhappy people. They were riding in wheelchairs because they couldn't walk. These wheelchairs were pushed by boys. I thanked God that I was in good health and no one had to push me in a wheelchair, but I felt sad. I saw a girl: she was as tall as me, but her face was pale, and I felt like crying. Not everyone goes to Ciechocinek for fun. I would be happy if all people were healthy and in good shape.

(MANIUSIA)

### II.

I have been to the summer camp in Ciechocinek twice already. I felt good. We had a doctor and hygienist. Each child had their own bed. We played all day, we ate 5 times. At the beginning, I missed my family and I even cried, later I got used to it, but I was happy when it was time to go home. I would like to go to the summer camp every year, but in the period when there is no school, because I don't want to miss lessons.

(ANUSIA)

### III.

The doctor prescribed me baths. I went to Ciechocinek, where I saw an accident. A deaf and dumb boy was crossing the street, when a cart appeared. The cart driver began to shout to the boy to go faster, but he couldn't hear him, a speeding horse ran into the boy and the cart ran over his leg. People began to shout and they took the boy to the hospital. Later I went to Warsaw because it was the beginning of the school year. I would like to write

more, but I have no time, because I have a ultraviolet lamp session.

(ELISZO)

### IV.

I had the following an adventure in Ciechocinek. I was standing next to the ditch, and I wanted to pick up some shells; my long-legged and long-armed sister promised to help me. She stood on a piece of land surrounded by the marsh and picked up the shells. Suddenly, the earth moved down under the weight of the tall girl. She grabbed me because she didn't want to be eaten by the frogs. She caught me so unexpectedly that I also fell into the marsh. We managed to get out but it was difficult. When I looked at my sister I started to laugh, because she was black as a Negro. She said: "Don't laugh and don't think that you look different." We went home. Mommy was frightened when she saw that we were so dirty, she bathed us and put to beds. This was the end of my adventure.

(EWA)

## A DISAGREEMENT

(A 3rd grade student)

There is no consent in our class. One girl protests against all projects. Just like when in the times of John II Casimir, the deputies contested all projects using one word — "veto". If someone wants to work in the students' council or to do something for the class, they can be sure that this girl will criticize them. She gossips and ridicules everybody and suspects them of being conceited. She wants the whole class to always do what and how she wants. The same applies to voting. If someone is against her as a candidate, she says: "because you want to be the candidate" or "you want your friend to run."

Her strange way of thinking has resulted in several girls crying and the class was upset. ■

## A VISIT WITH TURNER'S MOTHER

We know very little about Icchak Turner's life. After our feature (the Little Review no. 32) some readers have many questions and they would like to get to know his life in detail.

Two shomers from Łódź — Elimelech and Meir — undertook, at our editors' request, the task of completing Turner's story. They found his family.

"We met Turner's oldest sister.

She told us some details about his life in Łódź.

Then we went to Icchak's mother. She is old and ill. When we arrived, she was reading the Tseno Ureno (the Women's Bible). Each word or memory about her son is painful for her, so we must be very tactful in asking questions. We didn't even dare to ask for his letters. She only has one photo of

## IN DEFENSE OF PRIMARY SCHOOL

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

### HANIA

After finishing primary school, I studied in middle school, but only for half a year; I had to leave it due to illness and financial problems. Although it was a short time, I managed to get familiarized with the school and students; earlier I didn't believe there was such a difference, I thought it was better in middle school. Now I've changed my mind.

At the primary school teachers often had talks for us, and they talked with us during breaks. The professor behaves in a different way: he comes to the classroom, gives homework, explains, listens, and that's all. He never talks warmly with the students. Lessons are boring and gloomy.

Among the girls there is a clear division between the rich and the poor. There are two groups, something like two camps. One invites only the members of one's group for a birthday party. The same applies to everything. Poor girls don't feel comfortable here.

### ESTERA

If a primary school student says "you swine" to his classmate, it is not right, but don't middle school students use the same or even worse expressions? Don't we see middle school students horsing around in the street? They don't behave better than the boys from primary schools. Is there no weaseling and cheating (in the school meaning) in middle schools? If the educational levels of classes differ, the same happens in middle schools — it looks better in one grade and worse in another. It all depends on the abilities of a given grade and on the diligence of the teacher. In primary school, the same as in middle school, there are more and less intelligent students, and ones who are not intelligent at all. A primary school student has nothing besides school, so she respects it more. She wants more, and being experienced by life, she can work better. A child from middle school, surrounded by wealth, is less eager to learn, and their education proceeds only due to the help of governesses.

### BASIA

The boy is not right in his accusations. Primary schools teach and bring up. Maybe his class is exceptional and there is no harmony, but the same may happen in middle school. People are people, and they have their weaknesses.

I respect primary school because thanks to it I can read, write and think. This boy should not pity us; he suffers from too much ambition — It sounds good to say one goes to high school.

SZOSZANA

The author of the letter is either embittered or is a man about town, and this is why he attacks primary schools. I'm a shomeret, and I know both rich and poor children. It might seem that the children whose parents work hard to make living and have no time to bring them up have the worse upbringing. But it turns out that a number of rich children behave much worse as if they never got any upbringing. I will quote a Jewish proverb: evil words result in evil answers. Maybe the author of the letter provoked his schoolmate with an evil word and the latter replied in the same manner. You can't divide children into these or those, but you can't say that they all are identical, either. This would be nonsense.

FELEK

As primary school student, I feel obliged to reply to the thoughtless scowl of a student who complains about primary school. If his grade is awful, it doesn't mean that all grades are like this. Each grade is versatile; it has bullies and easy-going students, the good and the bad, the diligent and the lazy. Why, instead of complaining and scowling like a spoiled child, doesn't he join the good ones? Anyway, if he doesn't like public schools, let him go to middle school instead of turning us against the school which we like, because this is impudence.

\* \* \*

And it will be better if instead of thinking about what happens in all schools, everybody takes care of the order and wellness in their small grade, which is their place in one of these schools. ■

## A TEACHER SLAPPED A STUDENT IN THE FACE

(A student of school No. 27)

Our school was at the city cinematograph on Tuesday. An unpleasant event happened. The homeroom teacher slapped two girls in the face for the following reasons. These girls left their seats and went closer to the barrier. This happened during the break. The teacher slapped them in the face and yanked them to make them go back to

their seats. The girls were ashamed and began to cry. Let's say that they deserved a reprimand, but should the teacher behave in such uncivilized way? She should be an example of good manners. Please, publish this sad letter. ■

Icchak — we made a copy and we are sending it to you.

We learned that in his youth, Icchak was strong and athletic. He was a good student. He was friendly and people liked him. He hated injustice that happened at school. He felt best with his schoolmates in Jaffa. When he was in middle school, he sometimes stood watch and he left the 7th grade to become a regular shomer.

The Arabs liked Turner very much. They remembered him for a long time after his death. They used to say with respect: "These are Turner's parents! This is his mother!"

The following incident speeded up his death. Once he lent his shoes to a friend who had the night watch. The same night there was an alarm — an attack by some bad neighbors. Turner ran out barefoot and he got lung disease.

He died on the evening of Pesach. His grave is cared for by the workers.

\* \* \*

We cannot publish the photo because the black background makes it not possible to print it on the plate. ■

## BULLIES

(Ludwiś)

I am informing you that mommy bought me a new cap. It is round, and children are ill-bred: they grab my cap and throw it into the road. Once the whole group of bullies provoked me on the stairs.

During the lesson, I suddenly feel that someone is rummaging in my desk, he takes out my cap and says, "Give me this pot, I will cook soup for you," and he spits into the cap. I went to complain to the teacher, and she only said: "Don't do it again," and that's all.

For me this is a serious thing, and for them it's nothing. Please, tell me what to do because they destroyed my cap and my dad has no money to buy me a new one. ■

## A FAUX PAS

A very unpleasant incident took place in our class. One of our friends was a victim. The hygienist checked the cleanness of students and she punished one of the unclean girls in a very nasty way. In opposition to the opinion of the students and the girl's resistance, the homeroom teacher ordered to take off her shirt, the janitor brought a brush and basin with water, and the teacher washed her in the presence of all the girls.

Was the teacher, who should be an example, right to do something like this? Such conduct shocks the class and causes discontent.

(The school number and surname are written down in the letter). ■

## IN OUR NEIGHBORS' COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

Germans lost this war. They threw out a silly emperor and said that now everything would be different.

Everybody was satisfied because they thought: "If teachers who beat students lost, now they would probably stop beating children."

But we read in the paper that children are still beaten in German schools. It's strange how silly they are. ■

# LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

(Matys' diary)

When Pietrek gave the sign, I came out of the water and put on my clothes. Then we called the girls but they were embarrassed and didn't want to bathe because they didn't want everybody to see their figures. They asked a man where one can safely bathe. He showed them another pond, but a deep one, so they didn't bathe. In bed, I thought about the bath for a long time, and then I fell asleep.

**July 4th** — I didn't describe how I spent that day because I had no time.

**July 5th** — After breakfast I went out to the yard. I was there the whole time and I was very bored. I was bored until lunch. After lunch, I went to the forest, and then to the pond to bathe. The boys quarreled with the girls again: the girls said that the boys looked when they were bathing and it was not true. At 6 p.m. I received glockenspiel and a letter from my brother. After dinner, we talked about the news from Warsaw. We told fairy tales in the dormitory, and later I played the glockenspiel.

**July 6th** — After breakfast, I went to Mr. Wygocki to ask him to go and bring water. I waited for a long time until he harnessed the horse. He put me on the horse and I rode from the stable to the well. When he brought the water, he took the harness off and I rode to the stable. Then I went to write. When I was writing, Abramek came and said that the gentle boys wanted to break the raft. I had no time, and when I finished writing and ran there, the battle was already over. On my way back home, I picked some currants, which we are not allowed to do. I rode a horse. When I was near the well, the bullies began to shout: "Get off, kike!" and made me get off the horse. After dinner, I cleaned the kitchen and went to bed. When it was quiet, I played the glockenspiel. I fell asleep.

**July 7th** — I got dressed and I washed myself. I helped in the kitchen, then I bought a pound of bread; I didn't eat lunch, because I felt full. After lunch I lay down for a while. An hour later I went horseback riding and I bathed. The water was warm. And it was very nice.

After dinner, I went to bed. I felt sick to my stomach.

**July 8th** — I stayed in bed until lunch. Cesia brought me zwiebacks and cocoa for breakfast. Then I read a book until noon. For lunch, I got groats with milk. I got up and I stayed at home. Mr. Szymon's wife came and brought products. After tea, she was going back to Warsaw. I asked her to let me go to Grójec. It was very nice.

**July 9th** — Today I got up at 8 a.m. and I went to wash myself. When I came into the kitchen, Bluma told me to leave because she didn't have any work for me. I didn't want to leave, because Miss Cesia would later give me a reprimand. Bluma said: "If I tell you to leave, you don't have to be afraid." After breakfast, I sewed on some buttons, then I wrote in my diary and read a book. Before tea, Józiek came, and Jojne gave him a whip to beat me. They began to fight with me. I hit Szymon and Aron, because they provoked me the most. During the fight, they hit me in the eye with a stick and my eye swelled. Miss Cesia came back from Grójec and we had to carry in the things that she brought. Abram was very hungry. He told us in the dormitory, what happened in Grójec. Miss Cesia put a dressing on my eye and I went to bed. The boys sang Jewish songs. Srul sang in Polish.

**July 10th** — When the girls saw me, they said: "Look, how swollen he is." I was very offended but I didn't show it. While we were cleaning, Bluma said, "You are not handsome, because your eye is swollen." I said, "You may not fall in love with me." She went away. Later we stood and watched how to make dumplings. We invited two gentlemen from administration for lunch. They only ate dumplings. After lunch, they sold us cherries. I bought half a pound and I shared it with Gerszon. After tea, I played Old Maid and I won 20 groszy. Miss Franciszka told a very nice fairy tale in the dormitory, but I didn't hear it because I fell asleep.

On 12.7 I didn't write anything because I was copying things into a clean notebook.

**July 13th** — After lunch, Abram, Józef, Pinkus, Motek, and I went to the forest. We were told that there are

so many wild strawberries that you didn't even have to look for them. As soon as we got there I got pricked. At the beginning, there were few wild strawberries, but later — a lot. I picked them for nearly two hours. I gathered a whole can. On my way back, I met Mr. Wygocki, who was on his way to get wood, so I jumped on the cart and went with him. On the way back I walked, because horses were tired. I hurried because I thought it was late, but it turned out that the tea wasn't served yet. After tea, Kubek, Srul and I went to bathe, but we met the director, and he told us to take care of the horse. We looked after it for nearly half an hour before he came back. Later we went to bathe. Tomorrow I will go to Grójec. I was very happy to hear this, because my visit there had been planned for a long time. I cleaned the kitchen and I went to bed. ■

## SZMULAK'S OPEN LETTER TO THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

Dear Honorable  
Mr. Minister,

If the temperature in winter falls to minus 12 degrees, children don't go to school so as not to get frostbite on their ears, even though their way to school lasts, at the most, a dozen or so minutes. But when it's plus 30,

we have to sit for five hours in stuffy classrooms. Teachers are tired and often give us tests, and we are dizzy. Please issue a law stating that if it is more than 20 degrees in June, lessons are suspended, and if that's not possible, that there are only three lessons. ■

## AT A PRIMARY SCHOOL IN THE PRAGA DISTRICT

The children liked it very much that after the first songs sung by the choir the teacher asked:

"Do you want them to continue or is that enough?" The choir sang nicely so everybody agreed they wanted more. The "Kittens" looked like they were covered with white cherry flowers. The 2nd grade danced and now all children hum:

"We are kittens — purr, purr, purr!"  
In the comedy "Stasio's dream,"

Felka pretends she is five and she can't read; she gets a book on her birthday and asks: "Is it the one with the story about Little Red Riding Hood?" When she fell asleep, she dreamed about different fairy tales because her brother, a young worker, often told her fairy tales. The audience liked the "Storyteller" best because he wore a colorful robe made of paper, beautifully played the violin, and called up fairy tales to appear. ■

## TWO SCHOOL PERFORMANCES

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

the violin sadly played a Jewish canopy song. He understood — if she had been alive, it would have been her wedding. A bit later he heard a lullaby: "If she had been alive — she would have had a baby now."

Years passed and the old rabbi each night listened to the strange singing of a studying person: "Hoy, tanu rabinen!" "It's her son studying. Why did I deprive her of life?"

Then he heard a speech during her son's bar mitzvah. Wedding songs again. And one dark night he heard crying at a funeral. He understood that it was the last hour of the schammes' daughter, who died prematurely. He was happy that death would also end his tortures. The next day, the old man was found dead, but looking as if he were asleep and smiling.

This difficult ballad was very well directed. Pronunciation was a weak point because the artists did not decide

# JONATAN'S LETTER

Recently, in the Prussian Parliament, deputies said that children at schools should not be beaten anymore. Others replied that they must be beaten because they don't obey teachers. So those MPs who were against beating, said that there was no beating in Denmark and France and students were as obedient as those in Germany. In Denmark, there are no penalties at all and no grades, and if someone misbehaves, they persuade them not to do it anymore. When the teacher who wanted to beat students, heard this, he said that in Germany, students were used to a firm hand and they didn't understand other

punishments. Then they began to shout that they wanted to wean children away from a firm hand. When this teacher heard this, he got up and said: "It was parents, not teachers, who accustomed students to beatings."

Finally, MPs decided that beatings would still be allowed!

This argument took place between adults, and there were no children, whose bodies they quarreled about. Little Review should protest against the barbarism of German educators, because our peers are being beaten.

(Jonatan, a student of class 4-B)

## AN AGGRIEVED STUDENT

I want to describe unpleasant things that a new student faces. It happened on the day when I had a history exam. My dream and goal is to thoroughly study this discipline in the future. I answered well, although I was nervous. I made one stupid mistake. The teacher, instead of correcting me, painfully mocked me by bursting out laughing. What did the class do? Following the teacher's example, all the students began to laugh.

Oh, teacher, you know the textbook but you don't know the student's soul. It's easy being a teacher; but it's hard

knowing young people.

I would advise you to deal with this matter and then the school won't be a hard desk but will become the center of youth's life.

A year has passed since this exam, and it still is vivid in my memory. I cannot forget and forgive it. I was painfully hurt at the very beginning. Whom should I blame: the girls, for their lack of solidarity, or the teacher, who made a joke at my expense?

Please don't write how the teacher joked, because I don't want all others to know who wrote this letter. ■

## THE TEACHER'S LETTER

(Reply to the article "Don't make promises")

In connection with the issue of keeping one's word dealt with by the editors in the article entitled "Don't make promises," I would like to state that I felt hurt by it in my human and teacher's honor.

It happened because the editors too rashly relied on the student's complaint as a pretext to write the article. The complaint related to his homeroom teacher. The editors should have communicated with the teacher to check whether the child's charges were justified. The elementary rules of justice require this. A temporary failure to keep a promise, or rather

shifting the date of the fulfilment thereof, was clarified and justified by me to the children. The accuser proved that he is careless not only by sending the complaint regarding a temporary disappointment (which, I admit, I caused), but also by the later silence on his part.

Anyway, not holding a grudge against the student, I would like to inform the editors that the children went to the movies and saw *The Thief of Bagdad* (so the promise wasn't just idle talk); and please, in the future look also at the other side of the coin. ■

grades performed it. Small children didn't know why the beautiful maiden wanted to have a rose and why the student wanted to dance with her. They said: "If she is so difficult — it's no use trying." The children felt pity for the nightingale, which sacrificed itself and gave its blood to the pale rose to make it red. The children were angry with the beautiful maiden that she didn't want even the red rose and preferred diamonds. Finally, the student said that he was going to return to philosophy. The children didn't understand where he returned, but they guessed that it must be far away, and that it's very sad there. The saddest thing in the whole fairy tale was the beautiful violin playing by Chumek from the sixth grade. Music was understood by everybody.

The programs were nicely drawn, especially silhouettes — totally black. The money was designated for the summer camp.

Jawan

## THINGS GET LOST

(Roma)

In our class nibs, pencils, or even money and books often get lost. For a long time, we didn't know who took all those things. Recently our suspicion was focused on one girl. We told the homeroom teacher, who promised to sort it out. I don't know if we did the right thing — maybe it would have been better to tell the girl not to do it anymore, because if she didn't stop, we would tell the teacher. She would surely improve. I don't want to write more because my letter is very sad.

We read in the Little Review that in one school, they organized a union of goodness. I like this union very much. I would like to have one in our school. I left the best news for the end: our middle school was granted rights. It happened like this. The geography professor ran into the classroom. He was very happy. Then the principal came in and told us this nice and important news. ■

## PARENTS AND CHILDREN

(Stella)

We mentioned the issue of parents' attitude towards the child and vice versa several times. Recently, during a meeting, we spoke about it very honestly and openly. Suddenly someone asked: why do children respect strangers more than their parents? So many times I saw children doing their best to do a favor to the teacher, they say "please" and "thank you," and go where the teacher tells them. And when their parents say the same, children are reluctant to obey. Why is it so?

I find many answers. This is an unexhausted subject. At school children talk to their teachers about lofty aims, whereas with their parents, at home, they don't. When a child gets older, parents want them to be pious and anger begins. Why did the same people who are angry now not teach them in childhood, didn't imprint a sense of duty in their children, but just said, "when they get older, things

will work out somehow."

When a child wants to learn something, to ask about something, the mother is busy and has no time to answer, she just growls and the child won't ask her again. Quite often, when a child sees or listens to conversations, it hears and sees things that shouldn't take place.

There are many other reasons and the most important is that parents first only spoil their child and don't see a soul in it, and later they make demands.

Parents are loved but not always respected. Parents don't let their child learn and requests bring no effect. To have an ideal child, parents have to be ideal themselves. Even if the teacher is not better than the parents, a child doesn't know her bad sides, idealizes her and is more frank with her than with the parents. Parents think that children have no worries but they don't know child's soul. ■

## RESPECT FOR PARENTS

(Sala)

Recently, I have thought a lot about the important thing that is respect for parents. Do all children respect their fathers and mothers? Many of them almost insult them. Is it really so difficult to muster up continuous attachment and respect? If one overcomes anger or offence once, it is much easier later on. I didn't think about this problem until this year. I probably respected them earlier, but not because I understood, but because I was taught respect. We never discussed this problem at school.

I don't mean that school is to blame, I'm just mentioning it. Thinking about this matter, I eventually understood that I'm very satisfied with it.

I'm an 8th grade student and I have already written 8 letters. In some of them, I signed myself the same, and in others — differently. Now I have decided not to change the signature because I see that the editors are in a difficult situation of not knowing to whom and how they should reply, because all letters are connected with each other. ■

## SCHOOL IN SPRING

(Fela)

When spring comes, I'm not very eager to go to school. I want to go to the country and listen to the birds' songs. I'm not the only one who wants to get free from the narrow city walls — everybody likes spring. Spring has

some kind of charm, which makes all souls happy, erases sorrows, and brings relief from longing. Even an unhappy person smiles at the sun.

Schools organize excursions. People become better; they are embarrassed about their anger as compared to the goodness and beauty of nature. ■

## A TWO-HOUR LONG TEST

(Edward)

We had a two-hour long math test. I wasn't happy about it because I don't like subtraction. I reluctantly began to work. I worked slowly and the teacher kept giving us new problems. I didn't feel like solving these problems anymore because it looked like a never-ending story. The teacher asked why the desks squeaked. The students answered: "Those who cannot solve the problem fidget around and that's why desks squeak." I got tired and I thought: now I will just pretend

to work. At last — the bell!

The next period was supposed to be a natural science class. The same teacher teaches natural science and I was worried to hear her say that instead of natural science, we would have another math class, because we have to finish the test. The whole class began to yawn with fatigue. We didn't know when the end would come. After two hours of waiting we heard the rescuing bell. The class monitor collected the notebooks and gave them to the teacher. We go home. I will send the end of this story when I get my grade. I am the pupil of the introductory grade. I got an A for the previous test. ■

## BOYS AND GIRLS

(Mania)

I want to mention the following subject: Why do boys harass girls? Are the girls inferior to the boys? I had such an incident. On Thursday, I was walking down the street with my friend. A boy hit us with his fist. I called him a bully and said I would call a policeman. A policeman stood a few steps from us and laughed. He probably

didn't understand that when you are upset, you say whatever crosses your mind. If he reprimanded the boy, maybe he wouldn't harass people anymore. Why is it that if you throw a paper on the street, you pay a penalty of one zloty, and a boy can beat the girls and go unpunished? Let Little Review do something to make boys pay a penalty for poking girls. The policemen will surely agree because they would collect a lot of money. ■

## A BROKEN RULER

(Students of the 4th grade)

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. ■

## THE FIGHT

(Heniek)

A performance was planned. Rehearsals took place every day. Today, two boys, Mietek and Lutek, started to fight during the rehearsal.

Mietek is a quiet, serious and hard-working boy. I don't know why they call him a dweeb. Lutek is gifted but he doesn't like to learn; he pays no attention in class and kids around. I don't know what this fight was like, but I found out that Mietek, deliberately or by accident, kicked Lutek in the forehead.

The teacher was leading us to another classroom where we had a rehearsal. During the rehearsal Lutek hit Mietek in the chest with his fist, Mietek began to cry, and the teacher told Lutek to go out into the hallway and told us to go into the classroom, and said that this part of the performance would not be shown unless the class made peace between these two classmates. They didn't want to apologize to each other. The algebra professor asked about it. Mietek said that Lutek had the right to hit him, but not during the rehearsal. Lutek murmured something. ■

## THREE JEWS

(Tadzio X)

There are three of us Jews in the class. Two of us live in harmony with our Catholic classmates, we play with them, make homework together, visit each other, participate in union life, we belong to clubs and the mutual aid society. The third one is a contrast. He's always alone, silent and gloomy; he doesn't play with us or talk to anyone, especially to the Catholics. All of his behavior shows aversion and wish to avoid the gentiles.

I present this classmate as an illustration of my problem: why do some Jews imprint a hatred toward gentiles in their

children, which grows with time? I myself (as my mother says) used to be threatened: "Sleep or a gentile will come and get you" or: "Be quiet, or I will sell you to gentiles." Why? Aren't we the same citizens of Poland as others, shouldn't we love Poland the same as Palestine? We were born here and we live here. Jews should be Jewish only in religion.

I am against khalat smocks and side locks. This was good in the Middle Ages and not in the 20th century and the surrounding contemporary culture. Let's not be a laughing stock for other nations. Let's participate in the life of community. I ask the readers of our dear Little Review to present their opinions on this issue. ■

## NO SOLIDARITY

(Fela)

I think that there is no solidarity in the whole world, because if there were solidarity, people would work together and would not kill each other. This is what I think; I don't know what happens in the whole world because I'm too young, but I know very well what happens at school.

A lot is said about schoolmate solidarity, but in fact there is no solidarity and everybody thinks only about themselves.

Once such an incident happened in our class. The teacher explained a new math problem. It seemed that we

understood it. The teacher provided examples illustrating this rule. Many girls couldn't do it, and the rest of them also had problems with understanding. So we agreed that when any of us is called to answer, the whole class will say that they don't understand and ask the teacher to explain it once again. And this is what happened. When one student came to the blackboard, she said she didn't understand it and the whole class didn't do it. The teacher asked: who does not understand? Silence, no one said a word. I don't know if the girls were cowardly, or they completely didn't understand the notion of solidarity. ■

## NO WATER

(Chaim)

I go to school, to the 5th grade. I want to ask you if it is possible to withstand five hours without water. The janitor sits in his headquarters and

gives a quarter of the pot to everybody and if someone wants to rinse it — he shouts. When we complain during class, the teacher is angry, because she drank tea during the break. They don't think about us at all. Please, Mr. Editor, don't publish my surname. ■

## THIRTY SIXTH MAIL DELIVERY

We received 42 letters from those, who had already written to Little Review: Alka, Bronisław Aszerman, Wolf Bereźniak, Mietek Berkman, Marylka Czarnożył, Henryka D., Justyna D., M.Dąb, Musia Dajches, Jakób Einfeld, Bela Finkelsztejn, Doba Fiszówna, D.Frydman, M.Fryszówna, Michaś Gold, Alinka Goldman, H., Bronia Jakubowicz, "Kfira," Mania Krakowska, Ewa M., Hela Majman, Helena Nikielburg, Gucia Perelberg, Saba R., Józef Rabinowicz, "Rachela," Mietek Rochman, Maryla Rosenberżanka, Ruteczka, Rozengartówna, "Sael," Helenka Segal, Rachel Sperling, Gienia Szajnię, Jakóbek Szafadajewski, Frania Szejndówna, Heniek Szenberg, Tamar, Celinka Wajngarten, H. Warhaftig, Tamarka Wasilkowska.

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## NICKNAMES

(Beniek)

I am a student of the 4th grade of primary school. There are 49 students in our grade. A weak side of the school is giving nicknames. This results in many conflicts, fights, quarrels, even in inter-class wars. I could quote several examples but the number of nicknames is too large to be counted. I think it shouldn't be like this. Each class should have a peer court, which wouldn't allow nicknaming. ■