

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

SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

Until now, in the anniversary issues, the editors have made reports, the readers have offered critique and made suggestions.

Today, you can write the report yourselves. You can see that the letters and articles are better, you know that 1000 more manuscripts have been sent in as compared to last year, and so the size of the paper was increased to six pages. At one point, you read that the newsroom saw 270 interested visitors, that the Little Review mailboxes have been hung out in four cities and correspondents responsible for them have been selected. What matters were discussed, what departments were introduced – you probably remember all that. We have also mentioned the number of postcards and books. There have already been reports about the survey, contests and tournament, and the reporters have written themselves about how they tried to set out into the world and what they brought us.

And so for the first time, a report in the anniversary issue turned out to be unnecessary. Critique, on the other hand, is needed, but there is none. Only Henryk and Seweryn, pointed out the faults of the Little Review – with Seweryn's article, written last year, no longer applies, since we have gotten rid of or changed what it criticized. Only Henryk's article, "I believe in the Little Review" remains. We are publishing it on the front page under a different title – "A conventional paper" – to call the readers' attention to its main accusation.

The lack of critique is not proof of the paper's perfection. It only shows that our correspondents and readers are so far satisfied with all the changes and surprises, and that they have not yet noticed their negative sides.

Eljasz sees a perfect Little Review in the near future. Let us not fool ourselves. This will never happen, for the simple reason that when we reach our goals, we always notice the unintended consequences.

We wanted to update the material, to raise the level of the paper, to broaden the scope of matters and interests discussed. We have what we wanted, but now we see two very dangerous phenomena:

1. From the enormous group of correspondents, a group of 25 useful and popular contributors has emerged, but sometimes, they drown out the voices of the group. And so we have new problems and tasks: how to maintain the mass character of the paper without lowering the quality we have achieved?

2. Our statistics show that the group of youngest correspondents and the group of young adults is growing. However, the group in the middle, who aren't writing short letters to the "Reader updates" department, but can't write long articles like the young adults do, have lost their heads and can't find a place for themselves.

"The younger kids probably don't appreciate that L.R. has become more serious, but I've become more serious and I'm glad," confesses Aneri with disarming honesty.

"It was a pleasure to see the Alusies gradually disappear," said Franka from Przyokopowa Street, speaking selfishly and frivolously.

Selfishly, because she would want the whole issue only for herself, frivolously – given the paper's mission and future – because Alusies grow up to be Aleksanders, whom she likes and admires.

We say this so that after reading the articles, which were unfortunately "special occasion" ones, you don't think that everything here is perfect and remain silent like Eljasz. He is only right when he advises a specific and cautious critique.

Together, we have overcome many troubles and difficulties. We hope that we can handle this, too.

The tenth anniversary will be a celebration. For now, we are closing the seventh and beginning the eighth year of our paper's existence. ■

WHERE THERE'S NO CRITIQUE, THE EDITOR GROWS LAZY

A paper is a youth organization when it has something youthful and natural in it. It should be a youth paper not through its title but through the work, through the articles.

There are quite a few doctrinaires among the readers and contributors of the Little Review, who, after reading the title, typed in neat letters, "a children's and youth paper," consider all the articles to be young, although they frequently do not deserve such an adjective.

Let us take a person without any doctrine, thought. Such a critic would only qualify articles full of verve and youthfulness to print in our paper.

I met a friend, a contributor to the Little Review. "I started a paper, it's really cool," he said.

"What about the Little Review?" I asked him.

"I've given up on that. I prefer my own paper, made on the mimeograph. Everyone tells me that it's only going to get better. I already have all the

essential sections: school life social life, and lots of young critique."

I asked him what he had against the Little Review. He said that he's still reading it all the time, but he's not writing for it anymore. He sees that articles by the same authors are constantly published, sometimes two letters per issue, while other letters rot in the editor's thick file.

"So what are you accusing the editor of?"

"He's not doing enough work!"

That makes me somewhat indignant.

"I don't know him, but I can see his work. I can see from the mail lists how many letters are sent in. He has to read them all, select them for publication, do the editing, prepare the issue, and what about seeing people in the newsroom?"

"That's not what I mean. The editor works diligently and quite intelligently, but why does he not answer letters from new contributors in the 'Current News'? Sure, it's a lot of work. He doesn't want to write."

"But then you'd have to take up half the issue for the answers. There would only be scraps left for articles."

"There's a way to solve that. There are many unqualified works, especially those from new contributors. They write a debut article, in the neatest handwriting possible (without any inkblots), they put it into an envelope and into the mailbox with bated breath. They impatiently wait for Friday. And then it turns out that there are no 'Current News'. They look for their name in vain, and finally they give up on contributing."

"All right, I'll agree with you on some of that," I said. "The editor should answer letters in the very next issue, invite people to the newsroom, point out the mistakes and correct them. It's possible that many contributors wouldn't give up on writing then, and everyone would be happy: they, the Little Review and the readers."

Seweryn

WHAT TO WRITE ABOUT?

I've written 12 letters now. I edited some of them after recopying and thought about whether they were worthwhile, whether they would be published.

I can see that my letters are written in the style of essays, as if someone gave me a topic and I'm elaborating on it.

I understand that letters should be written only when we feel a heaviness in our hearts and a need to express ourselves, when we have interesting impressions.

My letters aren't what they should be. They're different – I can't describe them. I compare articles published in the Little Review to mine, and I see differences. I try as hard as I can to make my articles be the best they can be, but I'm not seeing improvements.

This is one of smaller weaknesses of my writing. I guess I can overcome it over time.

But I have a worse fault. As a beginner correspondent, I had a lot of topics, which are running out now. I really want to write, but I don't know what about.

I have a friend who is the very opposite of me: he has a lot of topics, but he doesn't like to write.

The result will be that I will be forced to seldom write for the Little Review, maybe once a month, which I don't like at all. I don't know what to do. I'm in an unpleasant situation and I'm asking the editors for advice.

I think that we don't have to look for topics, that we should only write when we have really important news

or confessions. On the other hand, I have the constant urge to write. And so I don't see a way out.

I can tell you about summer camp, but that is not a current topic right now.

Sometimes I think I'm a failure because there are thousands of current topics, but I can't find them.

Stasiek

ANSWER: You're right in noticing that you should write about what's on your heart or mind. The essay style always appears when the topic is imposed on the writer. This is why the editors are not giving a list of "A thousand current topics," and only sometimes writes that this or that permanent section will be published soon, so there are fewer late submissions. Ludwik and Emkott, and later Renia and Stefa formed writing teams because they complemented each other. Perhaps you could try writing with your friend who has so many good ideas. ■

A CONVENTIONAL PAPER

The Little Review contributors and readers – they were my friends and loved ones. Today, they have turned their backs on the paper with words of contempt: the Little Review is a cowardly and conventional paper for people who only walk the well-trodden paths. There is no rebellion in it – nothing new and young. It's a paper for young-old people.

Young people are saying this – former readers. They are somewhat right. But that is not the fault of the editors, but of those people whose letters are so old.

I do not believe – I do not want to believe that the Little Review is a cowardly

and conventional paper. Many a rebellion has matured on its pages – it's very founding was a rebellion against the old, against the lack of freedom of expression.

I believe in the Little Review. What it is and what it could be – we are responsible for this, and it is up to us and only us. If our letters and articles are young and fresh, the Little Review will be, too.

The Little Review is in our hands. Let us keep them up, and it will be a true paper of thinking children and thinking youth.

Henryk

ONLY POEMS ARE MISSING

Issue no. 313 of the Little Review was more curious and interesting than the previous ones for me. In every issue of the Little Review, I look for something surprising and new, and in this issue, I found many such surprises. In the notes from the editors I found apt judgment and answers to questions I wanted to ask the Little Review. Other readers asked them for me.

I noticed that the Little Review does not overlook or forget any correspondent (I'm speaking of the good ones). Whoever writes once, but well, gets mentioned by the Little Review

even after a long time. Although many readers complain that the Little Review does not publish all the articles or does not judge all articles fairly, I don't think that's how it is. But I won't defend the Little Review, because it can handle it on its own.

I have often spoken of the Little Review with my friends, or thought about it myself. I always considered the Little Review to be an unserious paper. And although I read it, cover to cover, I did not see or tried not to see the positive traits of the Little Review.

I decided that I would never write again. But in my reading, I noticed that I liked it more and more. The Little Review moves forward with every week. The readers are becoming more attached to it, there are more articles about more serious subjects, things that interest us or literary ones; there have also been columns, etc.

Only poems are missing. Many readers, including myself, would like to see poems in the Little Review. And so I suggest that every now and then, there is an issue with a poetry section.

CONTINUED ON P. 4

FIRST LETTERS

I. I have been reading the Little Review for four years. Every Friday, after reading the paper, I thought: how do I write an article?

I thought about it for a long time, and then I decided not to write but simply read every Friday.

Last year on a Friday, I was sitting at the table and I heard a loud knocking. I ran to open the door and saw a friend standing there, out of breath.

"Tobcia!" She shouted. "Have you read my article in the Little Review yet?" "No," I said.

She quickly took the paper out of her pocket and showed me her article. I was jealous. After she left, I thought for a long time.

"No," I said to myself. "That's not how it's going to be. She gets to write and I don't? I'm going to write."

A few weeks later, there was an unhappy event in our class. Our teacher got sick and left. I decided to confide in the readers. After writing the letter, I showed it to my mother. Mother said that it was childish for my age. I wanted to rip it up, but then I thought, "no, I'll show it to the girls."

The next day, I read the letter to my friends.

"It's so good, you can go ahead and send it."

Happy about what I heard, I took the letter to mail it after school. After I put it in the box, I thought that maybe the teacher would read my letter, and she would know that we liked her.

One day, my sister came to me.

"You know, I want to write an article for the Little Review but about what?"

"Write about how mommy surprised you with the watch."

"All right," my sister said. "I'll

write that."

"But what will I write?" I thought to myself. "I know: about the incident that happened to me on Kupiecka Street."

We wrote the articles, and then we gave them to mother to read.

"You should be ashamed of sending such childish letters," mother told me.

I didn't say anything. My sister took the letters to mail them. I was embarrassed in front of mother for writing such childish letters.

After a while, I sent in another letter. I didn't give this one to mother to read, because I knew that she would say, "too childish."

One evening, lying on the settee, I thought to myself, "I write childish letters now, but later I'll write like Aneri and Stefa. I'll try to write more serious articles, and then I won't hear that they're 'childish' from mother again."

Tobcia from Muranowska Street

II.

My cousin lived across the street from us. It was there that I first encountered the Little Review. I was young then and went to kindergarten, but the Little Review was also young and not like it is today. The kindergarten teacher brought us the paper every Friday, and told us that all the articles she read us were written by children. We were surprised – children?

"May I also write something?" I asked once.

"You may," the teacher said.

So I wrote a short letter about going to kindergarten, that I knew how to read and write, and that my name was Ala. The editors evidently didn't like my letter, because it wasn't published. I got mad and didn't read the Little Review for two weeks. Afterwards,

I started reading again, but I didn't want to write anymore.

I tried again later. I wrote about a nasty aunt. It was published, but in the "Reader updates" section (I think it was called something else then). I thought that I was too old for the section, and I promised myself I wouldn't write anymore.

A few years went by. That whole time, I kept reading the Little Review, but I didn't write anything. I was in school, by then. One day, it was discovered in class that I have a good style. My friends started encouraging me to write an article. I did, and it was printed. The beginning was the most difficult – later on it was easier, but not always the way I would have liked.

After a few articles, I was called into the newsroom, and I found out that while they printed my letters, they were a little... dumb. The rest of the conversation was about how I had to make more of an effort because otherwise all my articles would end up in the trash.

After that conversation, I told my friends to go to hell and decided not to write again. I changed my mind later: better to keep writing, maybe I would acquire more skills and someday, write well.

I would like the editors to tell me if I have improved (indeed – Editor's note) because you really need a lot of patience to keep writing after swallowing such a bitter pill. It's not easy.

I suggest that the Little Review try and publish the first letter of a new contributor, even if it is not very good.

It will cheer them on and encourage them to keep working.

Ala from Zamenhofa Street

Aneri

THE LITTLE REVIEW AND I

The Little Review has changed. It has changed unconditionally. But is it for the better? I don't know. The youngest readers are probably not thrilled by it, because it's become more serious, but I've grown more serious, too, and I'm happy with the metamorphosis of the Little Review.

I treat it as a good Friend. Not because I confide in it. You can't really confide your childish cares in the Little Review – that your tummy hurts, or that your older brother beats you. No, I won't write about that anymore, because these things don't matter to me anymore and few people entrust their cares to the indiscretion of an editorial machine. Despite all our good will, what we pour onto paper with the awareness that everyone can read it loses much of its honesty adorned with the embellishments of style.

I know that I often write not because of an ache, but because I feel an inner need to write. That is why I like the Little Review, for satisfying this inner need (perhaps a graphomania), for giving me somewhere to unburden myself, and... I've grown attached to it.

I remember my wild joy when I saw my first article published in an issue. I was as happy as a child, and I am almost as happy with every new one, as long as the typesetter or some other devil doesn't mess it up. That's when I get upset. I impatiently wait for Fridays as if I were waiting for the arrival of a good friend.

That is when it pains me when the Little Review advertises itself. There were two advertisements. Two dry ads in Our Review, which reminded me that the Little Review is a paper and a business after all. Perhaps this

makes the paper for children and youth more grown-up, but why be like the grown-ups in this case? Perhaps the editors thought that we would like it, that we would be proud of it? I don't know. Perhaps there are those who were impressed by this, but as far as I am concerned, such an advertisement was a bit hurtful: I have put too much of my heart into this paper, and just like someone in love sees only the positives in their beloved, I hold the Little Review above the commonness of advertising and would not want to be disappointed. But then again, that is my view. I don't know what others think about this.

Nevertheless, I like the changes in the Little Review. First of all, expanding it to six pages means a lot. This was the most important thing: staying current. Reviews won't wait a month to be published, and current affairs won't stop being current. And there will be more room, which means more to read.

We should also note that the Little Review is not inspired by any similar paper, that it is the first and only of its kind, and that is its main advantage. And after all, we have all created the Little Review. Someone had the idea, someone else added another thing, and the paper improved. It is this united work that I am proud of.

When we were writing our articles, we didn't realize that we were creating together, and maybe only the editors can comprehend and see the enormous mass of heads and pens that created the Little Review for seven years.

We will celebrate the seventh anniversary of our paper. Seven years is a lot of time, after all. Dr. Korczak's fears of a "flash in the pan" have not come true. We have a lot to be proud of!

Perhaps one day, we will sit our grandchildren on our laps and point to the yellowed pages of old issues of the Little Review with trembling fingers.

"Look," we'll say. "See what young people thought about in our times." ■

WHAT I LIKE – AND WHAT I DON'T

I don't remember the period when I started reading the Little Review; I only know it was a long time ago. I didn't read it regularly then, because I didn't understand some of the sections. I thought the short letters were silly. In general, I considered mocking the Little Review to be something that was in good tone.

I only started reading the sections a few years ago, putting together the letters and comparing them. After a short time, I stopped mocking them – I started to be surprised.

After the Little Review published Benjamin's article "Into an unknown world," a storm of jeers poured out of my cousins, directed at Benjamin, for having something in common with a "pamphlet" for kids, as they contemptuously called the Little Review. I defended the paper and the contributors, although I did not like them all.

I could tell the regular contributors from the occasional ones, and I had an opinion about each one of them.

I was pleased to see, to quote Kaaa, the gradual disappearance of "Alusies." I leafed through and then carefully analyzed every issue of the Little Review. It was the subject of

discussion for me and my friends for the whole week.

We were not gentle in our critiques. We had our favorites, as well as contributors we didn't like. Among my favorites is Ludwik. I think he is intelligent, nice, and energetic. He did mock and ridicule girls, yes, but I do not think he is their enemy.

I like Norris for his sense of humor. Edwin bores me a bit with his tourist's enthusiasm. I liked Mendel and the author of "Redhaired Bluma's smile," but "Off the rails" left me feeling rather unpleasant. I do not sympathize with Le Zjon since he said that he considers the entire class to be brats. I also like to read Efraim's reportages very much, which, despite giving him away as an extreme cinephile, are very interesting. I recently saw Efraim's name together with Aneri under an article recently, and it made me mad because I am definitely not a proponent of Aneri. I find her articles to be pompous and fake, and Aneri herself to be a poser. Only her "Playing hooky" seemed a bit nicer.

I hope that you will share your observations with me and write about the same subject.

Franka from Przyokopowa Street

COMMEMORATIVE POSTCARDS

To commemorate useful collaboration in 1932–33, 260 contributors have been awarded postcards.

"I've only written 12 letters, and I have already received a postcard," Stasiak writes in surprise.

"I have not written for four months. Am I eligible for a postcard?" Niewiadomski asks.

Many would like to know who is receiving the postcards, what for and for what purpose.

This is explained by the writing on the postcard: ... "(name and surname) received the postcard as a souvenir." When a correspondent receives a postcard, they know that the editors remember them and value their contributions.

Postcards are issued for letters qualified for publication, even if they have not yet been printed. For how many letters? That differs. For one, for six, for ten – it depends on what letters or articles they are.

The youngest "postcard recipient" is 5 years old, the oldest 55. They are Miecio from Miła Street, and Dr. Janusz Korczak. Miecio received a postcard for 18 letters, dictated to his sister, and Dr. Janusz Korczak for

one very long "letter" titled "Kaytek the Wizard." As you can see, we have one grown-up correspondent. This year, for the first time, the ranks of valued correspondents were joined by a Polish student: Tadeusz B-ski.

After the postcards are delivered, a postman comes to the newsroom with a bag, filled with joy and tears. Some are very happy and send their thanks, others complain about unfairness, pointing out the "exceptions" – why did he get one, and not me?

It is time to do away with the legend of exceptions. Everyone has the same rights and opportunities, but not everyone is sensible, talented, and persistent in the same way. If we understood equality to mean that we would have to publish all letters, even silly and mean ones, things would be a garbage heap that everyone avoided. Those who write well and often will of course find their letters or works being published in the Little Review more frequently.

This year in Warsaw, Muranowska Street took first place with 13 postcards (last year, it was Nalewki Street – 11 postcards). Białystok didn't

let anyone get ahead of it this year, either, receiving the highest number of postcards as compared to other cities – 14).

Postcards which were undelivered, due to inexact addresses or changes of address:

Warsaw: Sz. Altenberg, H. Aszkinazy, A. Babic, A. Belin, F. Choimowicz, R. Chojna, S. Dobraszklanka, J. Dornówna, C. Fuksówna, A. Jęczmień, B. Hochglik, H. Horowicz, I. Mitman, Cz. Rakowska, M. Szwalbe, R. Tolczyńska, Zb. Walfisz, R. Wermus, T. Zajdman.

Province: Bajtnerówna Miła, Hirsberg Renia from Włocławek, Mocówna Lusja from Żuromin, Tchórzewska Stella from Włocławek, Mania from Pińsk ("Joint Diary"), Raja from Suwałki ("The Women's Legion"), Mała and Lusja from Bydgoszcz, Synmcha from Zamość and Dosia from Łódź.

Abroad: Charles Kurchard from Paris and Monacsy Józef from Budapest.

The above correspondents from Warsaw can pick up their postcards in the newsroom from 4 to 5 o'clock on Sunday. Recipients from the province should provide an exact address. ■

WHO WILL BE THE EDITOR OF THIS PAGE?

(instead of brain teasers)

In front of you are 11 first manuscripts from the latest, that is the 49th, mail delivery. They have been printed without any changes. If there is no title, that means the author has not provided one, so I've given only the numbers they have in our log.

Would you like to take over for me? First of all, read this whole page carefully. Then read it again, marking errors and unnecessary words and sentences with a red pencil – we have left them in on purpose. Check that the title matches the content – if not, pick a better one.

Send the following to the newsroom:
- this page (underlining in the text and notes on the margins);

- a list of articles you would qualify for print, along with a justification. Assess the manuscripts which, due to space constraints, have been printed partially, on a conditional basis: "if the rest of the article is the same, then..."

- a list of articles that should not be printed, along with a critique of them;

- answer: which authors should be invited to the newsroom and for what reason?

You can do this during the week. On Sunday, October 22, I will review the submissions of my successors.

The most talented editor will receive a prize: a coupon for books or school aids worth 20 zlotys.

The Editor

* * *
NO. 4028

Please excuse the horrid handwriting, but my hand is shaking; my malaria fever only broke today and I am very weak.

People who know me are used to constantly hearing stories about my hijinks and more or less nice adventures from me or other people. Indeed, something is always going on with me, because I rarely stay in one place for more than a week or two. But recently, it's been the same thing over and over again – there and back again. Palestine is just that tiny. Trains drag slowly here, as if they had asthma. The locals say that if they went faster, they would accidentally cross the border. That is why I ride only in cars.

But there are friends, who hold it against me that nothing special has happened to me this month. Out of courtesy, I can lie to them so well that they can't stop feeling amazed. And I lie so well, that in the end, I believe it myself.

But over the nearly two years I've been in Palestine and visited Syria and Egypt, I've seen quite a bit. I promise that I will write only the truth. If something is not true, you can take my ear. But I hope that the editor's censure will let through the nice and less nice truths because in the Diaspora, everything that is Palestinian must be shown in rosy colors and with a green frame.

(The first page of Harry the reporter's notebook from Palestine).

* * *

HOW I SPENT MY HOLIDAYS

I went to the synagogue and prayed for a long time. Then I went home. I ate dinner and went to play with my friends. In the evening, I went to the synagogue again, and prayed for a short

time. After prayer, I went home, ate dinner, and went to bed. That is how I spent the holidays.

Leib from Solec

* * *

MEMORIES OF THE FIRE

When we were at a summer resort in 1931, there was a fire in the second villa. It happened like this: one morning, about six o'clock, we were awoken by the caretaker's terrible screaming and a knocking on our windows. Father jerked awake and asked the caretaker what was happening. She said that the forest in our resort was on fire. After five minutes, everyone in our house was dressed. Father ran outside first to see what had happened. Then he came back a short while later (?) and said that a two-story house in the other villa was burning. When I had heard it all, I went towards the burning house with my brother. There were people sitting in the street with all their belongings, as well as the wounded, who had jumped out of windows or porches. It was heartbreaking to see all these people who had been left without a roof over their heads. Standing there with my brother, I noticed that the fire department had arrived. The first and second story in the house burned, only the ground floor remained. When I had seen it all, I went back home, feeling sad, and sat down to breakfast with tears in my eyes.

Dewi from Three Crosses' Square

* * *

NO. 4026

I went to the garden to fly a kite, and I saw a swallow sitting on the ground. I picked it up and took it home. At home, I took a cage and put the bird in. I put in some grain. It didn't want to eat, only cried pitifully. I took the swallow out and carried it to the gardener. I let it go there, because it would soon be flying south for the Winter.

Z.K. from Browarna Street

* * *

NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS

Every cultured nation has its own way of counting time, which starts from some important date. Christians, for example, count from the time of Christ's birth, Muslims from the prophet's appearance, and Jews from the creation of the world.

Yesterday the old year's reign ended, and the New Year is only showing itself to us. Today is dedicated to thinking about incidents the old man, the old year has taken with it. If we find mistakes we have made, we try to avoid them in the future. We are a year older. We have gained a year of experience and prudence. The New Year, an empty page of our conscience, opens its doors to us. It will fly by like an arrow again. Let us try to make our work bring a good harvest.

Rudolf from Vilnius

* * *

NO. 4028

I visited your newsroom with friends. Before entering, I thought a lot about the Little Review. It had presented itself to me as it is in reality. When I entered the

Little Review office, I was amazed by the beautiful pictures made by the Little Review contributors. I would also like to do something for the Little Review and join the group of contributors. I decided to write letters, articles, and poems, to also contribute to the development of the Little Review paper. And so now I enclose two poems with the letter, so that they can be published in the Little Review. I hope that the editors will not reject my contribution.

Sincerely,

Franka

* * *

Poem titled
"THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER"
The holidays are over!
The heart's call is heard everywhere,
To learning! Begone, holidays!
When it waits for us.
Textbook, notebook, pencil case, pen,
I keep dreaming about it all.
Oh, how quickly they have passed,
Those happy, blissful days.
Come back soon, fun and games,
I always dream about you all.
I feel all the fears again,
What will my grades be.
Oh, you glorious blue-sky days,
Bring us back those bygone times,
Because I want to see them again:
Fields, grain, meadows and forests!

Franka

* * *

THE EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS

One of the most horrible habits oppressing humanity is drunkenness. It leaves behind countless victims, ruins health, and destroys the morality of individuals, at the same time negatively affecting all of society. This disastrous habit wrecks the human organism, lowers its resistance, and makes it susceptible to various diseases. Drunkenness can take a person full of strength and leave them a complete ruin. The effects of drunkenness focus not only on those who surrender to the habit. They also reach further, they cause harm to the physical and mental development of future generations. In terms of morality, drunkenness lowers a person's dignity, lowering them to animal status. A drunk forgets about moral prohibitions and their actions are the effects of an addled mind.

From the social standpoint, drunkenness is very harmful. The number of drunks in a given society is the expression of the level of culture. The more drunks the lower the level of culture, and vice versa; countries which stand on a high level of civilization have less drunks.

I have to note that I have also noticed drunkenness among children and youth. I therefore advise everyone to try and eradicate this horrid habit, which is destroying youth for thousands of people. Let us all stand under the slogan: "No more drunkenness!"

Józiek from Otwock

* * *

MY SUMMER TRIP

Several weeks ago, I went on a trip to the Otwock area with my friends.

The trip took us almost three days, but we benefited a lot from it.

To familiarize our readers with the location of this area, I will describe our trip in a different style than others.

Seven kilometers from Otwock are the picturesque ruins of the castle in Otwock Wielki. The palace, built on an island on the lake, with a large old park with beautiful trees, is located half a kilometer from the Vistula. There are boats for swimming on the lake. On the other side of the Vistula, where you can get in half an hour by ferry or boat, lies the beautifully situated town of Góra Kalwaria, and beside it, the ruins of Czernsk Castle. In closer vicinity of Otwock, about 2 kilometers away, is Świder, with a beautiful view of a bridge over the river of the same name. Going downstream of the river, half a kilometer away, you can see the picturesque Brzezi, and further in that direction is Bojarów, from where you can see the Vistula flowing less than a kilometer away. That same day, after touring Śródborów and other towns, we headed home, where after supper, tired and breathless, we lay ourselves (?) to sleep.

Józiek from Otwock

* * *

A FALL DAY

I'm writing for the first time and I'm very worried, because I don't know how I'll be accepted. Maybe the Little Review will throw my letter into the garbage because they won't think it's good? I don't know, thought, and so I want to write, I want to join the large youth family.

The clock strikes. What hour? (Do we really say 'what hour'? – Editor's note) I didn't hear. Oh well, I won't think about it. My mind is running off elsewhere (?). My gaze stops on the windows, down which large raindrops are flowing quietly. This fills me with great sadness. Oh, how nasty the rain makes me feel! Leaning out the window and deep in thought, I didn't even notice the tears flowing down my face and mixing with the cloudy raindrops. Now they flow together, leaving a dirty streak on my face. Only now, I can see that I was looking out the window for such a long time, but didn't see anything. I feel the need to look at people, guess at their sorrows and joys. What would it be like, if you could read people's thoughts! I'm sure it would be good. But the next moment, I change my mind. No, it wouldn't be good, people would be unhappy, not free, they would be completely dazed, they wouldn't think at all, knowing that someone knew their thoughts. A shiver shook me, oh, how cold it is! Resigned, I close the window, realizing that it's completely dark, that there's no way to write, and oh, no, I've got a runny nose. Lazily, I undress and lay down to sleep.

Goodnight, Little Review!

Gina

* * *

THEN AND NOW

It's been almost five years since I last wrote and read the Little Review. Why? When I was 10 years old, I thought it was silly and uninteresting, I was bored by all the confessions of seven-year-olds or my peers, and so I completely crossed it off my reading list. Although it was

always in my home, I never looked at it. Suddenly I caught sight of one of the latest issues and... surprise! With great interest, I started reading, and I have to say, I spent a few carefree moments with it! It's completely not the same! I found many interesting articles in it, as well as world news, and so on. Oh, how I regret that I didn't contribute to its development. But if all is not lost, I will start contributing today, and I vow that I will keep working as long as I have time and strength! As proof, I am sending (?) a poem to start.

* * *

ABOUT MY HOMELAND

There... in that quiet, clear distance...
There... when the Jordan whispers quietly,
There... where the Palestine sun burns (?),
There... where you can see Canaan's roads.
There... where the desert sands turn white,
There... where the sun sends off thousands of sparks,
There... where innocent lilies bloom,
There... my homeland, the most beautiful under the sun!!!
The slender cypresses rise toward the heavens (?),
Palms with arms outstretched (?),
As if they wanted to embrace all these groves, wildernesses forests,
To stay together with them for the ages.
The moon looks down curiously,
And there... high... far...
The Lord watches over this land, where dreams are reality,
Where the fable is dressed in the sweet truth!!!

Sylla

* * *

AT THE POLISH CAMP

I.

I spent my summer holidays not very pleasantly (?) this year. Well, not the whole summer, because I was at the Polish camp for only four weeks. I wasn't happy there. I won't describe about the hygiene and about food (Is this how we say it? how should it be said? – Editor's note) but about the attitude of the Polish boys towards us, the "Jews" (do we need the quotation marks?). There were very few of us there. The camp was made up of 120 Polish boys and 10 Jews. On July 19, we left Warsaw. I feeled (?) right away that things would not be good with these boys. They looked out the train window the whole time and did not let us look even for a moment. Why? It's very simple. Because we're Jews. Mosiaks. When I asked one of them to let me near the window, he said, "Mosiaks and Iceks aren't allowed to use the window." In the second car, things were very happy. The oldest boys had come together and were singing songs about Jews. At 2:30, we arrived at the station. I saw a Jewish boy standing in a group of the younger boys and crying. I went to him and asked why he was crying. He said that they were bothering him. I calmed him down and went back to my place, sure that we would not be happy here. I first I thought that if we stayed out of their way, they wouldn't do anything bad to us. A couple of steps away from me was a boy who was crying. Why was he crying? The same thing had happened to him as to the first boy.

(The first two pages from Szmulek's notebook.)