

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

ANTI-SEMITISM IN SCHOOLS

Anti-Semitic speeches and gatherings in schools clearly show that we are dealing with imitation of and encouragement from older members of society, especially academics. This is the most apparent in the matter of benches:

"Jews to the left!" already came the calls in the classroom.

And at the same time, "National Self-Defense" was urging:

"Parents, demand that your children do not sit together with Jews in schools."

Anti-Semitism in schools is intended to remove Jewish students from school, organizational and cultural life. For example, there was a case in one school: when a certain event was being organized, the anti-Semitic students demanded that no Jews take part. When the teacher refused and declared that a Jewish student would be reciting a poem, they campaigned for a protest. After the recitation, none of those "in the know" applauded.

However, these are single incidents. More important is the influence of anti-Semitism in everyday school life and social life. From the point of view of purely educational value of living in a human group, in this case in a class, anti-Semitism causes irreparable harm to educational ideals which are intended to imbue youth with honesty, mutual trust and the feeling of brotherhood.

In this respect, I have been able to observe, the matter can be presented differently. Characteristic in every case is the fact that usually the influence of anti-Semitism focuses on one gathering, i.e. one school or one classroom. This confirms the opinion that anti-Semitism is not something innate but spreads depending on the ground on which it falls and on the "technical" conditions of agitation. The latter is very important.

First of all, there must be someone in the school that has a lot of authority and the trust of students, as well as a kind of inclination in this direction. The next important step is the tolerance of anti-Semitic propaganda in the school. I will not hesitate to say that this person who has authority among students, and thus the ability to provoke and spread hatred, is often the teacher and that frequently school authorities maintain a "neutral" goodwill towards them.

In primary schools, there are cases when teachers encourage students during classes to not buy things from Jews, etc. In secondary schools, the matters stand somewhat differently. Higher level of school brings a greater responsibility. However, if someone has taken up the noble mission of

"spreading national awareness," then we are dealing with something much more serious—a planned action. I am not saying this is the case everywhere but on the basis of my own experience, I can confirm the such facts.

In practice, things look more or less like this: the "national" teacher starts up conversations with a student or a group of students, which naturally begins to impress them very much, then expands this group of people "in the know," and the matter proceeds from there on its own.

As far as primary school authorities are concerned, in most cases they act passively towards anti-Semitic actions. In one of our middle school, where Jews were simply beaten and anti-Semitic leaflets were distributed, the administration, being very well informed, did not hold anyone responsible. What is more, wanting to hide the unpunished excesses, they notified the newsrooms of all local newspapers that no mentions of the middle school were to be published.

How else would the following fact be explained: when the principal of a Warsaw school had to, by virtue of his office, warned students not to participate in street fights, his only argument was that they could be arrested and risk their entire future life through this. Putting the matter thusly is, in my opinion, an unconscious or perhaps even conscious act of National Democratic Propaganda, since a student who heard the speech must have thought that risking an encounter with the police or sacrificing one's future for a cause was heroic, and so...

It would be an oversimplification, or even a significant error, to generalize this kind of position exhibited by the teachers and the school authorities. The latter, taught by the bitter experience of universities, if only to ensure a normal course of classes and due to public opinion, must stand against anti-Semitism. I am not even speaking of the cases when one does so out of principles and convictions.

[censorship]

And now let us move on to the students. Does the current anti-Semitic ideology influence future development? In my opinion, no.

The youth of secondary schools are of an age when their worldview is shaped, when they feverishly search for the solutions to all problems that bother them and the answers to the questions that beset them. When you try to convince these youths that Jews are the cause of poverty, unemployment, wars, etc., very often the youth are discouraged from anti-Semitism by the brutality of its methods and the hooligan nature of its followers. However, if someone decides that while the means are not pleasant, the cause is good, they come face to face with a ready picture of this "good cause" already put into action. Hitler's doctrine not only did not solve the most burning social issues, but also drove Germany into an even worse economic situation and deprived it of food products, in accordance with the idea that "we can do without butter, but not without arms." In Hungary, the anti-Semitic system also did not solve the burning issue of the peasants, which the local politicians had to admit and as a consequence, under the influence of social opinion, were forced to transition to a democratic form of government, tolerant of different nationalities and progressive social reforms.

Can such results of these policies in other countries serve as propaganda for Polish youth? Of course not. Especially given that presently more and more youth grow disillusioned with the National Democracy, even in universities—this after they have betrayed the fight for lower tuition at the Warsaw University of Technology, after even among themselves, there are increasingly serious fractures

[censorship]

evident (between the "old" and the "young") unlike the growing union of progressive academic organizations.

And so, if the fascist anti-Semitism cannot become the chief ideology of Polish youth, for the abovementioned reasons, the readers can ask themselves the proverbial question: "if things are so good, why are they so bad?"

Maria Dąbrowska answers this question, more or less, in her beautiful article, "The annual shame," and among others, she places the responsibility for what is happening on secondary schools. How should we interpret this? It seems that she is speaking about a certain neglect on the side of the teachers and intelligent, progressive students, work on shaping the character of young people while putting the sense of human dignity above the shaping of independent judgment and through this, making it resistant to all demagogic and perilous slogans.

I admit, this is very difficult work. But whenever there is a need, due to

some incident at school for example, the event that took place at the school or outside of the school and caused a certain response should be explained, either at a meeting of the school or class student council, or during lessons or privately, especially by teachers. Students are even less willing to make any effort in this direction. I have often heard my classmates say, "Oh, those little brats, getting egged on, they don't know what they want, it's not worth talking to them."

This is an unjust position. The fact that these "brats" have let themselves be egged on is partly the fault of those who did not work against it, even though they could.

I believe that Maria Dąbrowska's voice will not remain unheard. Those young people who in the chaos of today's world, in the thicket of tangled issues, in the face of the threat of horrific shocks are searching for the "truth of the bright flame," will understand that "this is not the way."

HELENA W. (Białystok)

**Monday, November 1st is the deadline for sending in
CONTEST SUBMISSIONS**

on the subjects of:

- I. OUR GROUP
- II. THE BOOK I WILL NEVER FORGET
- III. A STRANGER BUT SOMEHOW CLOSE
- IV. FREE SUBJECT

AT THE GREAT FORTIFIED CAMP

CORRESPONDENCE FROM GERMANY

I have been in Berlin for several days. This is the first time I have been here since the political upset that changed the face of the country of Goethe and Heine. One only needs to take a walk through the capital on the Spree River to gather an enormous amount of material to compare the state of Germany before the rise of the Third Reich, the new creation of the Germanic spirit.

My arrival coincided with an aerial and gas attack alarm in Berlin. One short signal was enough to make the city fall completely quiet in a few seconds, the people hidden in shelters. These days, every other house has a fantastically furnished safe location in the cellar or under the garden, since every home, whether in the city center or on the villa-filled peripheries, has a smaller or larger garden. The old slogan of "Ordnung muss sein" (there must be order) has not quite lost its validity and today, perhaps more than ever, faced with the dictatorship of militarism, takes on new, more vibrant colors.

All institutions, offices, factories and all citizens have been "Gleichschaltunged," subordinated to the slogans of military preparations. Every second or third store is a storage for new or used cars, trucks or motorcycles. And indeed, Germany has never been quite as motorized as today. Together with the improvements to technology and the manufacture of small, inexpensive cars, there comes a great demand for cars, sold at the most favorable conditions. Gasoline is cheap, the newly created highways practically perfect, so it is no surprise that people are buying more and more cars, whether on their own or due to

directives passed down from above. All on its own, a comparison between two slogans of neighboring countries comes to mind – the "rubberizing of wagon wheels" with the slogan of "Jeder Deutsche bewegt sich mit seinem Wagen" ("every German drives their own car").

When people appeared on the street after the alarm was over, I could hear words of delight with the excellence and military preparedness of the Third Reich's air force. People don't talk about anything else in German – only military formations, aviation, motorization and the education of young people.

From the age of six, children wear uniforms. There is an entire hierarchy in military formations of youth. However, all uniforms, no matter their style, color or fabric, have one thing in common – the swastika.

The swastika is everywhere in Germany today. You can see it on clothing, on lapels, on homes, on the streets and even on egg shells. An egg I was served at the restaurant at the Zoo train station had a stamp in the shape of the swastika.

"Because this is a German egg, from a German chicken!"

While the war and the preparations for it are slogans, carried out at terrifying speed and with the customary German precision, the swastika is a stamp, seen everywhere, on all creations of the Germanic spirit and body.

The Jewish issue is practically nonexistent. Jews have been allowed to vegetate and die out; the birthrate among German Jews is nearly three times less than it used to be, while the number of deaths many times exceeds the number of births. However, Jews have new rights in Germany:

AT THE HALUTZ FARM IN GROCHÓW

SIGHTSEEING

At No. 43 Witołńska Street, there is quite a nice building. It bears an inscription: "Agronomic farm for halutzim in Grochów under the protectorate of Mr. and Mrs. Doktorowicz."

I check in at the office and receive a note for the halutz who is supposed to give me a tour.

The halutz home – clean, orderly, tidy – makes a good impression.

I go outside and look around. I see no one. How is this possible, I think, that there is no one there? No, I was wrong, I see them, absorbed in their work. I find my guide, Szmeryl Wajngart. He asked at the start that we speak Yiddish because it will be easier for him to fully express himself.

We started the tour. The farm has 70 morgens of land and 200 halutzim. 60 of them work in the field, the rest in Warsaw, in various professions. It should be noted that only halutzim from the province are accepted at the farm

they are allowed to sit along the Kurfürstendamm, on special yellow benches labeled "nur für Juden."

There is a refined politeness towards foreigners. A foreigner is a welcome guest and is practically untouchable. A German recognizes a foreigner from a distance and gladly helps them with all sorts of information. Is this also part of the slogan?...

In spite of themselves, people grow more suspicious in this country. Because it is truly difficult to believe that in the great armed camp that Germany is today, there is still anyone able to move, think and act of their own free will rather than because they have been ordered to do so.

Almar

because a halutz should be separated from his family.

My guide then told me about the day's schedule: at 6 a.m., they wake, wash and eat their first meal, at 7, they go to work. 12-1 – lunch, from 1 to 5, work again, and after 5 o'clock, free time.

We enter the cowshed. There are 12 cows here, called "Dutch," and 3 calves. On average, the halutzim get 120 liters of milk per day from these cows. They deliver it to homes in Warsaw. The cows' names are written on special plaques hung above each cow, so there's Szoszana, Cipora, etc.

We enter the barn. There are 6 horses here. Each horse has its own, numbered harness. The horses are used for plowing and harrowing, delivering the milk, etc. I also had a chance to look at the workshop with gardening tools. Everything was kept in pristine order.

"Do you raise animals and cultivate plants?" I asked Szmeryl.

"Of course," he said.

He then took me to the rabbit farm, where I saw 45 angora rabbits, which are raised for the fantastic wool – the best sweaters, gloves and hats are made from their fur. Szmeryl told me that a female rabbit can have from 6 to 12 young in a month, but a good breeder doesn't permit this, since the mother, covering her young, loses wool with every birth. And so rabbits have young every three months.

Next, I visit the chicken farm – three chicken coops and a special house. Every hen has its number, so they can tell which one laid an egg. There are also machines for artificially hatching chicks, called incubators.

We then visited the apiary. I found out a lot of interesting things about

the life of bees. Szmeryl told me that they are so smart and friendly that you could write a whole book about them for people to follow their example. I saw the cells where the bees lay their eggs and honey. When there is no queen, none of the bees want to work. Lately, the farm has imported new hives from America.

Then I saw the plant farms – roses (in 120 varieties and colors), dahlias, carnations and other flowers, raspberries, currants, potatoes, beets, cauliflower, rhubarb, etc. The potatoes and beets are for their own use. I saw 400 cold-frame windows and two greenhouses. In the greenhouses, tomatoes are planted in the winter and in the spring, they're planted into the earth to ripen in time for the expensive tomato season.

After that, we headed to the workshops. The farm has an excellently equipped carpentry workshop, a coach house, men's and women's tailoring plants, a shoe repair plant and laundries where halutzim women wash sheets. I saw the kitchen, the bakery, the pressing room and the coat check room, where everyone has a number for their sheets. On the first floor, I even saw a hair salon and a provisional hospital.

From the dining hall, where I found halutzim eating a meal, I went to the reading room. There are books in three languages: Yiddish, Hebrew and Polish, and a rich periodical section: in addition to Our Review, there was Forwards from America and other European newspapers.

I'd like to thank Szmeryl for showing me around so patiently and explaining everything. I saw how much young work can accomplish together.

Moniek L.

AN ORPHAN'S DIARY

FROM THE ARCHIVE OF THE ORPHANS' HOME AT 92 KROCHMALNA STREET

And her sister danced. Not like everyone, who mindlessly spun there and back again. No, her sister – so beautiful in her white gown with a veil, stood with flushed cheeks in the middle of the room with a handkerchief and each man went up to her, picked up the end of the handkerchief and took a few turns with her. It was so funny! She wouldn't have had the patience to dance with everyone. Take that one, he's all sweaty and red. She wouldn't dance with him for all the treasure in the world. But her sister is better, she doesn't make exceptions.

She couldn't sit long and think. She was so tired that she fell asleep surrounded by the noise and entertainment.

* * *

She woke up on a ship. In Warsaw, she had never seen the Vistula, and here she was seeing it, riding like a queen on a ship.

It was so funny. She'd barely spit and there was a circle on the water, mixing with the waves. She liked it, so she kept spitting until her mouth ran dry.

No one pays attention to her; she did whatever she liked. She walked around the ship, looking at the people and then stood at the railing, looking

out at the water and the shores.

What a strange town – Dobrzyń. And yes: the wedding – the violin – the Vistula – the sun – the ship... It was so much nicer here than on Pawia Street or Wołyńska Street. There was no comparison.

IN THE HOME OF THE ADMINISTRATOR

After coming back to Warsaw, life on Wołyńska Street kept going in its own way. Winter had come, and nothing had changed in their house, except that they were cold.

One time, her father sent her on an errand to the administrator's apartment. She ran with pleasure. It was probably warm there, she would warm up a bit.

She went upstairs. And indeed, she could feel the warmth at the door. But for God's sake! Why is the servant working? It's Saturday, after all. She felt a dislike towards people who did not respect the Sabbath day and having taken care of her father's errand, she headed for the door. That's when the administrator's wife stopped her.

"Where do you go, little one, when everyone goes out for the whole day?"

"The neighbors' place," the girl answered.

"Maybe you could come here? It's warm here, you can play with the children, and we won't begrudge you breakfast. What do you say?"

The girl's eyes lit up. True, these people did not respect the Sabbath day, but maybe they were good people after all? Supposedly they eat meat, and they have a meal every four hours. And it's so warm and cozy here...

"All right, missus," she said. At the door, she corrected herself: "Thank you very much."

The administrator's wife smiled benevolently and the girl ran downstairs, making a lot of noise.

"Tate," she called out, "the administrator's wife said I should come over when you go to work."

"Fine, she's wealthy," father said, deep in thought.

The next day, when everyone had gone to work, she ran upstairs and shyly reached for the doorknob.

The servant opened the door and recognizing the girl, smiled, then took her to a room where she told her to sit on the sofa.

The girl touched the plush cover – it was so pretty, as if from a palace – and sat down proudly: she had managed to sit down exactly like a lady in a car.

She was served a tasty soup equally with everyone else and then meat with bread. In the evening, she was given a roll with lard. This was a true bourgeois home! In her home, such fantastic things were served only on holidays.

But she felt bad about coming there, sitting, eating and leaving, she wanted to be useful in the home. She started helping by sweeping up, then she moved to the kitchen and helped the servant peel potatoes and take out the trash. After a month, she felt like she was in her own home, running around, jumping and flipping. The servant, seeing that the girl was glad to help, told her to peel the potatoes by herself. It was hard work. The crate the potatoes were in was so high that she had to stand on a stool to look inside. And when the supply ran low and there were only a few potatoes at the bottom, she had to lean down so far that once she fell inside and couldn't get out by herself. On top of that, the potatoes at the bottom were frozen and when she peeled them, her fingernails would tingle.

She didn't keep track of the work, though. She likes the servant, she even introduced her to her sister. The servant likes her too and is always

good to her, except when her boyfriend comes over, then she gets nervous and sends the girl home.

THE MOON IN THE DARK STREET

Apparently, the thieves had their eye on their apartment. They found out there was nobody home all day and kept trying to get in.

One time, it was probably after 9 o'clock, a frightened neighbor ran into the administrator's apartment.

"Hey, kid," she called out, "there are some people at your door!" And then she ran back home.

The girl got very angry. She grabbed a cleaver and ran to the dark hall.

"Where are they, those thieves?" She asked angrily.

Just then, there was a thudding down the stairs and two dark figures, one after another, jumped over her like wild goats, and she sat down, scared, covering her head with the cleaver. When she came to, there was nobody there anymore. Oh, she thought, so they're more scared than I am, they ran to the yard.

She ran to the door; it was locked with a padlock. Then she turned to the window. God, half the glass had been taken out! She stood there in despair. What if they took something and ran?

She glanced into the hall. The darkness there was scarier than the thieves. She pulled her head back out. No, she wasn't going to go inside, she'd keep watch here.

FROM CRIME NOVELS TO ACTUAL CRIME

In the article "Let's burn the crime novels," I wrote about the perilous effects of reading this genre, which is going unpunished despite poisoning the souls of youth. Constantly experiencing incredible adventures and imaginary interactions with spies and bandits can ultimately lead to a boy wanting to experience it for real. In any case, such dirty reading materials clutter the imagination and make some youth groups turn wild, leading to them trying to get out their energies through some unusual, mysterious actions and if there are none, through anti-Semitic hooliganism.

After sending in the article, I found examples in the press.

Examples so eloquent that I will provide them here without comments.

Here is the first example:

"Municipal Judge S. Cukierman received a threatening letter, written in Hebrew, demanding that he leave 1000 pounds on a fence near his home, or else he would be murdered. The letter was signed 'Black Hand.' Police investigations showed that the letter was written by children, most likely under the influence of crime novels and films." (Our Review, October 15.)

Here is the second example:

"In Linz, Austria, an 18-year-old student of a trade school, Wilhelm R, came before the court, accused of armed robbery.

Along with his friend, 16-year-old Walter N, he attacked a cashier of the Credit Bank and wounded him grievously with a shot from a revolver.

Both boys, who were considered to be bullies and lazy in school, afraid of an unsatisfactory grade on their

report card, decided to run away to Romania before the end of the school year. Because they had no money, they decided to attack cashier Beer in the branch of the Credit Bank. They knew that there were times when he was the only clerk on duty. In an unexplained way, they managed to obtain two revolvers.

At six o'clock, Wilhelm R headed to the bank and asked for money to be exchanged. He was limping heavily and leaning on a cane. The cashier asked him to sit down and when he leaned down to look at the supposedly wounded leg, the boy hit him on the head with the cane with all his strength.

Beer got up immediately and a dramatic fight ensued. However, the boy managed to draw his revolver and fire two shots at the cashier, seriously wounding him. Terrified by his deed, he fled, without having stolen the money. His companion, Walter N, who was standing guard in front of the bank, also fled when he saw Wilhelm running. Passers-by chased after them; they caught Walter, and Wilhelm managed to escape.

Cashier Beer was taken to a hospital where, after a serious operation and months-long recovery, he regained his health.

During an interrogation, the young Walter N spoke with tears in his eyes, saying that he was encouraged to commit his crime by the novels he had read about gangsters and crime films he had seen. He also wanted to commit a great and heroic deed.

His partner, Wilhelm R, hungry and cold, managed to get to the border, where he was stopped because he had no documents. He drew his revolver

in front of them and cried out loudly. They turned to look and understood. Moving quickly, they left the yard.

She stood by the door again and guarded the padlock. These people would not be able to take anything from her home. Even if they came back a hundred times, they would always leave empty-handed!

The moon shone like it always did in dark alleys, a little brighter than elsewhere and a little sadder.

THE ARGUMENT

One night, she woke up frightened.

Her father stood at the window, with Srul nearby and her sister beside Srul, holding his hands. Srul was pale and his eyes glittered, while her father, her old, gray-haired father, was very upset. He spoke for a long time, his voice growing louder. Srul replied screaming, jerking his hands away from her sister, wanting to lunge at her father.

The administrator's servant showed up at the noise and in a gentle voice started to calm down the attacker. For a moment, silence fell.

What are they arguing about? The girl thought anxiously.

She knew that her father had looked askance at Srul for a long time, but he had gritted his teeth.

After a moment, Srul spoke again. Father was silent. Apparently, this made Srul even more enraged, because he started screaming and jerking away from her sister, but she kept holding onto him. Suddenly, he yanked out

HOW WE SUMMONED GHOSTS

The girls told me about summoning ghosts.

"You know," one of them said, "yesterday, my brother and I summoned ghosts, and we asked them about the past, the names of our teachers and friends, and the ghost answered everything exactly right."

"How did you summon it?" I asked, curious.

"When it got dark," she started explaining, "we went to our room in secret (because our mom thinks it's stupid and forbids the rituals) and covered the lightbulb with a newspaper so that the room was dimly lit. Then we laid a piece of paper with the alphabet written out on it on the table. Finally, we flipped a small plate upside down and drew an arrow on it. Then we sat around the table and put our hands on the plate. After a while, the plate started moving around and answering our questions by pointing to individual letters that made up sentences.

I stood there with a mocking smile on my face (which she probably didn't

and attempted to terrorize the official. However, he was so exhausted by his long escape that he was captured after a short fight.

During the interrogation, he admitted to everything, but added with remorse that he was so horrified by what he had done that he decided to give up thieving. He would have liked to undo his actions and wanted to make up for his deeds.

The court sentenced him to 3 years of hard imprisonment."

LOLEK D. (Łódź)

a post from the bed and threw it at the old man.

The post hit father in his side. He swayed and fell unconscious.

The girl never forgave Srul for this harm.

FATHER'S ILLNESS

A few days later, father fell ill.

He lay in bed and he needed someone to bring him his chamber pot all the time. She was sometimes amused by this, but never showed it, because father was suffering.

He was suffering so much that finally they took him to a hospital, far away, on the edge of the city. From that time, she didn't see him anymore. She only found out about his health from her sister and brother-in-law.

One time, her sister came back from the hospital very happy. Father was doing well, he had even asked Srul for a cigarette.

The girl was very upset.

Why was father such a good man, she thought, why did he forgive Srul so quickly? She probably wouldn't talk to Srul for the rest of her life after such disrespect.

THE MIRRORS

Father was sick. Earnings were growing smaller. What to do to get more money, to have enough for the family and for a package to the hospital?

There were a lot of small mirrors left in the house that her father had made. This is a good product, after all, the girl thought.

notice, because she was engrossed in telling her story), and when she finished, I told her, "You're lying."

"I'm not lying," she was indignant. "If you don't believe me, try it yourself."

"As if I'd rather go to the movies."

I told my best friend about this. We had a laugh and then we forgot about everything.

It was a week ago when we were sitting in my room with my best friend and her cousin, with nothing to do, and we remembered what Riwa had talked about.

"You know what," I said, "we've got nothing to do, so let's summon a ghost, maybe it'll work."

"All right," they agreed.

I remembered how Riwa had done it, and we did the same. When everything was ready, we sat around the table, put our hands on the plate and waited. But the plate didn't move. We were about to give up, but at that moment, the plate twitched slightly.

"Who moved it?" I asked in disbelief.

"Not us," Buzio and Lusía said.

"See, Riwa was telling the truth."

"Oh."

"Let's ask our questions!"

"Who are you?"

"Antoni Fukowski."

"Can you talk to us?"

"Yes."

"What was grandmother's name?"

"Chaja," the plate answered.

"Oy," Buzik cried, "I'm afraid. There is really a ghost talking to us."

"Quiet," Lusía shushed him, "or the ghost will get offended."

We asked a few more questions and the ghost answered them all, but then it didn't want to answer any more. Suddenly, Buzio asked an unexpected question.

"Ghost, can you show yourself to us?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, don't show yourself," we shouted in unison.

"Can you give us a sign that you are here?"

"Yes."

Lusía gathered up her courage.

"When give us a sign!"

At that moment, someone loudly knocked on the glass door. We got so scared that we sat there for a few minutes as if he had been nailed to our chairs and then ran screaming for the kitchen.

I don't believe in ghosts and I don't know what to think about this. Perhaps one of the readers can write in about the matter?

FRIDA ARTEZ

THE SAMPLE STAMP

"Do you have Chile?"

"I do. Do you have this stamp?"

"Wait, what kind of stamp is this, I can't figure this out."

"I don't know, either. Let's ask someone from seventh grade. But it's so quiet in their classroom. Did they skip class?"

"Nah, it's not the season for it. Not until spring... I remember one April Fools' Day, the whole seventh grade ran upstairs and hid with the first graders."

"And?"

"And they got expelled for a week. But it's the start of the school year, nobody skips class now. Look, they're there! Sitting and writing, probably a test. That's why it's so quiet."

"Those poor guys. The break is almost over and we don't know what stamp this is."

"Give it here, Dadzik, I'll take another look, maybe I can read it. Hmm, the letters don't look like letters at all, but the picture is nice. I'll give you two

Spanish or four Hungarian ones for it."

"Awrumek, are you crazy? I gave Szlamek a Uruguay for it only yesterday."

"Liar!"

"Nuh-uh. I can swear!"

"No need. Oh, look, the seventh graders are coming out. Ask."

"Hey, buddy, got a minute? We want to ask about a stamp."

"Let's see it. But quickly, I don't have time and I'm not in the mood. A test, you understand?"

"We do. Here is the stamp. Where is it from?"

"From Egypt. But see, there's no postmark. And a stamp without a postmark is a sample, which means it's useless."

The bell rings. Awrumek and Dadzik walk in a row to the classroom. Dadzik is sad and Awrumek – you can see it on his face – is struggling with himself. Finally, he speaks up.

CONTINUED ON P. 4

She took the mirrors and went out onto the street.

"Sir, would you like to buy a mirror? It reflects everything, here, let me show you, take a look."

"How much are they?"

"Five groszy."

"What, five? I won't pay more than three."

"What are you talking about? You want it for three groszy? All right, but this one is a slightly lower quality."

She didn't know anything about prices or mirrors. She only knew that that was what you said when you were selling things, so she took out a different mirror and got her three groszy.

She ran into a store with soda water, where the saleswoman was very nice.

"Would you like to buy a mirror? They're inexpensive, three or five groszy."

People stared at the little girl in surprise, not knowing whether she was just playing at being a seller or really selling things.

And the saleswoman, laughing, would encourage them.

"Go on, buy something, let the kid earn some money."

And so this person or that one, as if ashamed of something, would take out their wallet and buy a strange mirror. The saleswoman with the swollen cheek also picked out a mirror, the smallest one that was crooked.

"It's all right," she comforted the girl. "At least in this mirror, I'll have an even face."

The girl ran out onto the street with a satisfied look on her face and stopped passers-by.

"Madame, I'm selling mirrors..."

"Go away, child, I don't have time!"

With an uplifted heart, she went back home in the evening. She felt happy. She had made almost one zloty that day.

And well, was her old father not right, when he said that she would always manage somehow?

(TBC)

She looked around the yard. There was nobody there. Apparently, they had run away, and they would not be back that night. Suddenly, she saw something shiny in the mud under the window. She went over and picked up the glass the thieves had left behind when they fled.

She put the glass back in the frame and didn't move from the spot anymore. She put her hands behind her, leaned on the wall and waited for her father to come back.

She stared up at the pale face of the moon and thought about her poor father. For the first time, she felt angry with her sister. Since she had gotten married, her sister had become distanced from their father and even loved her less. No, that was impossible. It only seemed that way.

And so she waited for long hours, staring at the sad moon. It was 2 o'clock when she heard the familiar footsteps. Yes, it was them.

He sister, when she found out about everything, took her on her lap, hugged her and sang her a lullaby. But nothing changed. The next day, they all went out again at seven, locked the door and left her alone. The next days were the same – they didn't come back even a quarter of an hour earlier. And once again, in the evening, when the sun set, two men stood in front of the lock and communicated with gestures.

Mendele told her about it. Now she wasn't afraid anymore. She ran out, stood

10 Years ago – What the Little Review wrote about then THE NEW MINISTER OF EDUCATION

(Is it going to be better?)

If a new teacher appears in school – students, both boys and girls, show keen interest. Is he young, is he handsome, is he better than his predecessor, is he cheerful, should one or shouldn't one be afraid of him; will he be giving us bad marks, will it be possible to cheat. Will he be throwing us out the door (in primary schools they throw students out the door, in secondary schools they ask you to step outside or remove you from the classroom).

Such questions arise when a new, regular teacher shows up. Imagine what happens when the minister himself changes.

The minister of education is now a doctor – a senator – a member of

the Labor Club. This is all we know. We will try to guess the rest.

That he is a doctor – that's good. In order to please the new minister, teachers should start classes later. At 9 a.m., not at 8 a.m. Because doctors always say one should lie in bed. If for some reason they won't do it, they should at least allow for being late. Not often – every second day and not a lot – 5-10 minutes.

They should give less homework. Because doctors know that children should not be overburdened. An overburdened child gets exhausted – they are prone to anemia, sweats, anxiety – their eyesight, hearing, taste, touch and smell deteriorate.

Doctors recommend excursions and sports. So, one should go to Zakopane, Białowieża Forest, to the sea, Krakow, to the town of Kazimierz – even Łazienki or Skaryszewski Park could suffice, just as long it is not the classroom. In recreational halls, there should be skating rinks and sleds arranged, we will bring the snow ourselves.

A reason for concern is only that doctors sometimes prescribe castor oil. That's too bad – just as long as it is not too often.

What "a senator" means – the Little Review doesn't know.

It is a bit unpleasant that the new minister belongs to a party or a Labor Club.

READER UPDATES

A MOTHER'S LETTER

A teacher told his class the following interesting story:

I have a first-grade student named Felek. He is the biggest scoundrel in the whole school, he even fights with students from different classes and bugs everyone. During classes, they call him "jumper" and "wiggler," because he can't stay still for even a moment.

His mother is often called into the office. Felek loves his mother very much, and he worries. But then he forgets, and it's the same thing all over again.

One time, when I came into the classroom, I saw that Felek was exceptionally calm. Every few minutes, he took something out of his pocket, looked at it and smiled, staying calm again.

The same thing happened in several classes. I went up to him and asked: "What is it that you keep taking out and putting in your pocket?"

"A note from my mommy."

"May I read it?"

"You may, but quietly."

The note said:

"My darling son!

Your mommy asks you to be calm in school. Don't roughhouse, don't carouse – then everyone will love you.

Please, read this note often.

Your mommy."

Wańdzia K.

The bridge was built over three years and cost six million zloty. That is why this bridge is very strong and beautiful, made out of steel and concrete.

At half past nine, the military with an orchestra went to the station to welcome the Marshal. The balconies looked beautiful, decorated with greenery and colorful rugs, as well as the welcoming gate on the main street.

People stood in the street in rows. Everyone tried to get the best place possible to see the Marshal. I had a good spot on a balcony.

At 11 o'clock, cars carrying the state officials rode through town. The Marshal sat in the second car. I could see him very well. He was in a very good mood, smiled at children and saluted. The city was filled with joy.

At 3 o'clock, the Marshal and the other guests returned to Warsaw. I did not see the consecration of the monument itself because the crowds were too big. But in the evening, my daddy and I went out onto the new bridge, which made a great impression on me because it looks very imposing, especially at night, when it is lit up by hundreds of lanterns.

THANKS

I.

I was sitting at the dinner table yesterday when someone rang the bell. I jumped up, opened the door and saw a gentleman with a briefcase. He handed me a book and a commemorative postcard.

"This is from the Little Review," he said.

I was very moved and didn't know what to say. After all, I have only written two letters and wasn't expecting such a great surprise.

The gentleman also told me that I could use the postcard to go to the movies. Excellent!

And so, Mr. Editor, thank you very much.

Musio from Solna Street

II.

I had just come back from a walk and was washing my hands when I heard the doorbell. My mommy came in a moment

later and said it was for me. I was surprised that someone had come at this time because I wasn't expecting anyone.

I was even more surprised when I came into the room and found out that the Little Review had sent me a souvenir: a fruit postcard and a book.

I was so happy that I didn't know what was going on with me, I only wanted to find someone to share my joy with.

And so, I thank you, Little Review, for this pleasant surprise.

Dziunia from Nalewki Street

BECAUSE SHE WANTS TO BE FAMOUS

In our class, there are wealthier and less wealthy children. We will describe one girl, who is among the wealthier ones.

She wants to be famous and educated, she wants to be a poet and that is why we have to suffer because of her. She tells us made-up stories that are of no interest to the rest of us. For example, she says that her daddy won half the world. We don't even know what that means and how her daddy won half the world.

She copies out various poems, makes us listen to them and tells us that she wrote them herself. Her lies are very annoying. Nobody in the class likes her, except for two girls who are much like her.

Lila, Hala, Hanka and Danka

A GREEDY KITTY

You have probably read many books about birds and dogs, I will tell you about my kitty.

One day, I was walking down the street and saw a small kitten. It was squealing pitifully and trembling from the cold. I felt sorry for it and took it home.

There, I gave it some warm milk and put it on the sofa. The kitty got more and more attached to me. He was really wild and greedy.

One day, mom made some great meatloaf and put it in the pantry. The cat snuck in there quietly and ate the whole meatloaf.

Mommy got very upset and threw the cat out.

I was very worried, but I couldn't do anything about it.

Gutka J.

JOKES

A DANGEROUS SYMPTOM

"And how is your appetite?"

"Not good, doctor. I'd say that I don't even like those foods you said I'm not allowed to eat."

IMPROVEMENT

"Has the accused ever been convicted?"

"Fifteen years ago, Your Honor."

"And since then?"

"Not once."

"What has the accused been doing in those fifteen years?"

"Serving a prison sentence..."

WORRY

A group of bandits is waiting in hiding for a rich trader who is due to pass by soon. Time passes, an hour, two, four; finally, it starts to dawn but there is no sign of the traveler. The bandits begin to worry.

"What does it mean that he's still not here?" One of them whispers. "I hope nothing's happened to him!"

DECORATION

A man from Africa is being operated on. After the surgery, the surgeon grabs his head.

"Damn it! I stitched him up with white thread!"

A REASON

"Well, nothing to be done about it, I have to die."

"What? Why?"

"My pen, which had a lifetime guarantee, is broken!"

AN EXPLANATION

"Why is this lady in the painting holding a fan?"

"That's easy. Because the catalogue says 'Lady with a fan'."

GOOD POINT

"You should study English, my child," says a father to his son. "Two hundred million people speak this language."

"Two hundred million? And you think that's not enough?"

FIRST LETTERS

to the Little Review were sent in by: Arensztajnowna Genia – Bankierówna L. – Chęcińska Sabcia – Friedheimówna Lusja – Geller Łazarz – Gubarówna Dycia – Guzik F. – Jakubowicz Nina – Kagan Chaim – Klapper D. – Kleiner Leon – Leński Bobuś – London Piniek – Markusówna J. – Melmam Regina – Mordchelewicz Tamara – Ostrowicz Tulek – Pejsak Halinka – Pester Małgosia – Praszniak Zula – Rancewicz Alisia – Rosen Hela – Szejnfeld Henia – Sztark Karola – Sulkowiczówna Dorota – Szelubska Fajba – Tenenbaum Lea – Wajgarten Artur – Węgier Jerzy – Wiesiel I.

We have received 68 letters from Warsaw, 41 from the province, 1 from abroad; 110 letters total.

INVITED TO THE NEWSROOM

Cegiel Estusia – Cukier Adzius – Fajnlicht Maniusia – Faltenberg Mela – Folmanówna Ada – Grozamer Fela – Handelsman Idka – Hermelin Halinka – Kotlarski Ignas – Liberzon Bela – Wender Lola – Zylberberg Pepa – are invited to the newsroom for Sunday, October 31st, at 4 p.m., to receive their commemorative postcards and souvenirs.

Correct solutions to contest tasks 10 and 11 were sent in by:

S. Berlinówna (name, age, address! 10), Halinka Boruchin (10, 11), "Fom" (11, 12), Renia Frydman (10, 11), Ja-Sager (10,11), Edzia Jedwab (age – 10, 11), "Kostia Riabcew" (10, 11), Paweł Lapidus (10, 11), Motek Lichtenbaum (10), Olek Oltuski (10, 11), Daniel Poczebucki (age – 10, 11), Izio Repstein (10, 11), Lila Rotblat (age – 10), Sewek Rotenstein (10, 11), Maria Rozenwajnowna (10), Ruj (name, age, address! – 10, 11), "Ursus" (10, 11), Musio Zinger (10, 11), Henio Zylbertrest (10, 11).

Correct solutions to contest tasks 12, 13 and 14 were sent in by:

Halinka Bornelin (12, 13, 14), Franka Firszt (12, 14), "Fom" (12, 13, 14), Renia Frydman (13), "Jasager" (12, 13, 14), Paweł Lapidus (12, 14), Olek Oltuski (12, 14), "Ursus" (12, 13, 14), Musio Zinger (13, 14), Henio Zylbertrest (12, 13, 14).

BRAIN TEASERS EDITORS' ANSWERS

Franka Firszt – we considered your letter and awarded you the points.

THE SAMPLE STAMP

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

"You know, Dadzik, I like this stamp anyway – the picture is really nice. I'll give you three Spanish ones for it."

"All right. I'm going to give Szlamek a beating so bad his own mother won't recognize him. What a cheater! Selling sample stamps."

"He wanted to test you, to see if you knew your stuff. It's too bad, Dadzik, but every lesson has its cost."

ZELMAN (Vilnius)

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