

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

PAPER FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH

EDITED BY JANUSZ KORCZAK

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CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

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## TOPICS

There are people who do not like to write at all. There are also people who want others to tell them what they should write about, as well as those who like to write about whatever they like.

If someone wants to write and doesn't know what to write about, they can now choose topics for the whole year. For example, choose 20 topics, and every two weeks, submit something to the Little Review.

If we get several replies to a given topic, we will announce a contest so that there's more of it, and then we will print everything here together. The topics listed here were collected over several years; some of them were suggested by adults, but the majority were submitted by boys and girls. Among them are some that the editors of the Little Review did not like, but we don't want to change or alter anything, because maybe they are necessary and interesting to the audience of the Little Review.

We did not put them in any order, because it was very difficult thing to do. We did not divide them into topics for younger and older writers, because we now know that everyone can write about anything, only a child will write things differently than someone older.

Topics:

1 — Write your signature 100 times (name and surname) and put a grade next to each signature — F or D or C if the signature isn't that great, B or A if it's written nicely.

2 — Write down your full name, address and date of birth 10 times.

3 — Write down your full name and date of birth, followed by those of your brothers, sisters and cousins (along with their ages).

4 — Write a list of the names of your school friends.

5 — Do the same thing, but next to each name add "I like them / I don't like them" or "I know them well / I hardly know them / I don't know them at all," you can also grade your friendship with them.

6 — How many people do you know and who are they? (Brothers, sisters, family, your friends from school, garden and outside).

7 — A list of people you like and people you don't like (you can also write a few words about the reasons).

8 — Write 10 or 100 (as many as possible) names of boys and girls — Jewish, Polish, Indian, any names you want.

9 — Names of the streets in your city.

10 — Names of various cities in Poland and abroad.

11 — Words that start with "K," "P," or any other one. Or words that end with "A" or another letter.

12 — Strange and funny words.

13 — Various delicacies (tasty things). You can write down 20 or

more things that you like to eat.

14 — Things you can buy in the marketplace, something to eat, to play with and other things. Write down as many things as you can.

15 — What do you have: in your pockets, in your drawer, in your table, in the cabinet.

16 — Your things — all the things that are yours. Write down a list of everything that is yours, all things that you can do whatever you want with, give to someone, exchange, lose, throw away, and that won't make anyone angry.

17 — What would you like to have but don't? What would you buy if you had 5, 10, 20, 50, 100 zloty?

18 — What would you take if you were allowed to take one thing from each display at one of ten stores? Which stores and what would you choose?

19 — If you want, you can also write about more stores than just ten.

20 — Write down 30 animals (or birds, fish, plants, flowers) that you know (you can do more if you want).

21 — Write down 20 various crafts and jobs. If you cannot, just write down fewer.

22 — Various illnesses, all ailments that you know or have heard about. You can also write about your own diseases and hospital.

23 — Titles of all the books, songs and poems that you have read.

24 — Write down 30 names of famous people (poets, scientists, painters, travelers, kings). You can write down more if you want.

25 — Proverbs (as many as you can). Riddles (as many as you can).

26 — Various games (you can describe one in detail).

27 — Words of wisdom.

28 — Drawings.

29 — 20 current events.

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ON THE PAST AND THE FUTURE

30 — What did you do when you were young, what do you remember: the first event that you remember, when you were 2 or 3 years old. Your first memory.

31 — Your nannies.

32 — Your first pants.

33 — First doll or another important toy.

34 — How did you learn to count? Your first letter.

35 — First notebook, first book, pencil case and backpack.

36 — First pocket knife or a watch.

37 — Your first time alone on the street.

38 — Your first travel by tram, car, train, boat or ship.

39 — Your first time in the cinema, theatre or a wedding.

40 — Your first time swimming in the river.

41 — Your first time buying something at a store.

42 — That time when you were lost on the street or in the woods.

43 — Your first big punishment (when you were grounded or spanked) and the reason.

44 — A description of fight you got into or a fight that you witnessed.

45 — Stories about your cuts, scrapes, bruises, and bumps (at least 10).

46 — Describe an illness: when did it happen, where, what was it, for how long? Was the patient hospitalized? Was it serious?

47 — The most pleasant day of your life.

48 — What did you lose? What have you had for a long — or the longest — time?

49 — Your souvenirs.

50 — A short story of your life (with three horrible accidents).

51 — How do you imagine your future: your living place and your job.

52 — In which country, city, and on what street would you like to live?

53 — How are you going to arrange your own apartment and your own room?

54 — Write something as if you were already living in that room.

55 — What are you going to do in three or five years?

56 — Is it better to be young or a grown-up? Why?

57 — Your future job.

58 — What kind of a caregiver would you be if you were to take care of a child?

59 — Your dreams about future?

60 — A page from your diary.

WHAT I LIKE, WHAT I DON'T LIKE, AND WHO I AM

61 — Five of the most beautiful names, both boys' and girls' names.

62 — The most beautiful flowers and animals.

63 — Which one of the letters — capital or not — do you like the most? What is your favorite letter to write? How about numbers?

64 — What games and pastimes do you know? What are your favorite ones?

65 — What kind of entertainment do you find the most enjoyable and why?

66 — Your favorite place to go for a walk (it can also be about a trip).

67 — The most beautiful store or the most enjoyable store display.

68 — A merchant whom you know.

69 — Whom do you like the most? Whom do you like a little bit less? Why?

70 — Who is better — boys or girls? Pros and cons of boys and girls.

71 — Who is better? The old or the young, children or adults?

72 — Why you don't like boys or girls (their pros and cons).

73 — Why do boys like girls, and why do girls like boys?

74 — Why you don't like Christians (whom among Christians do you like?)

75 — How many worries did you have and who caused them? (10 examples)

CONTINUED ON P. 2

## ABOUT SPORTS FOR THE YOUNGEST

I often go to Ujazdowski Park, where I see a lot of handcars, bicycles, scooters, and children's bikes. I came up with an idea that we could organize children races. Such races would be great fun for all participants as well as the audience. It would also be a great way to get people acquainted with sports, and people are talking about this a lot.

Such competitions could include:

I — Bicycles:

A short tricycle race for the smallest children.

A short tricycle race for older children.

A long race for both.

A short and a long bicycle race.

A tricycle race with a passenger in the back.

II — Handcars:

The races would be exactly the same as for bicycles and tricycles, but there would be two of them: one for single-person handcars, and another one for teams.

III — Scooters: same races as for bicycles.

IV — Children's cars: a short and long race.

V — Hoop rolling

Short and long races for younger and older participants, as well as hoop maneuvering.

The numbers of races can be changed.

Wat

## ANTI-GAS DEFENSE

I went with my friends to the airport for the gas war. Despite the crowds in the tram, we arrived there and followed people to the ticket office. After getting our tickets, we went to the airstrip. There were lots of people there already, in spite of the fact that it was only 2 p.m., and the fight was supposed to start at 3 p.m. We stood in line — I was disappointed to learn that we were supposed to stand, as there were no chairs to sit on. The first row was formed by the students of men's schools, who held hands together and formed a cordon, preventing the audience rushing on the field. We were satisfied with our spot and everything looked fine, but as soon as people started gathering and the machine-gun equipped cars drove into the field, the crowd started to push. The poor boys from the first row did the best they could, but it was

all in vain. However, we managed to defend our spot.

Finally, three planes took off from the field and darted into the air. They flew right over our heads, while the soldiers prepared their rifles and waited. Then, I noticed some small packages falling from the planes. Suddenly, we heard the explosion of a bomb. The women started to scream, the children cried. Then we heard another boom... boom... boom... Suddenly someone screamed, "Open your mouth!" You open your mouth when the cannons start firing, so that your eardrums won't rupture, and you won't go deaf. More and more bombs were falling, and the sky was in flames. Everyone was covered with a thick layer of dust. The cavalry rode through the field at full gallop. Then the gas was released, and the soldiers put on their gas masks, **CONTINUED ON P. 2**

## MUSIA THE DANCER

It was Saturday. In the Friday issue of the Little Review, I read that Musia Dajches, a 6-year-old dancer will perform at the Philharmonic at 3 o'clock. I glanced at the clock, it was 2 o'clock. I wanted to see the little dancer, so I quickly got dressed and ran to the Philharmonic. Getting dressed and eating my dinner took me 15 minutes. At first, Mom was angry, but then she let me go. So I ran like a mad man, and finally I got to the ticket office, out of breath. It's too bad that little Musia did not see how tired I got to see her, and I did everything for her. After grabbing my ticket, I ran to the coat room and ran upstairs, where I took my seat, still breathing heavily.

The hall was full of children and

adults, it was hot and noisy. Then, suddenly, there was silence, and everyone took their seats. Mr. Henryk Makowski appeared on the stage and told us what an amazing child Musia is and how great her talent is. Then, he announced the dances she would perform.

From the side, the grey-haired pianist came up and sat behind his instrument, and everyone was waiting for Musia. I grew impatient. Then she finally came out to a tremendous applause. She was dressed in a light tutu and looked like a doll. The man hit the keys, Musia went to the center of the stage and knelt down, waving her small hands slower and slower, raising **CONTINUED ON P. 4**



## TO THE DIRECTOR OF CITY TRAMS IN WARSAW (3 letters)

### I.

Dear Mr. Director! We are writing to you to express our great disappointment. We would like to know why you gave student cards to the students of private schools, while we, the students of public schools, don't have any discounts? Why should public schools be in worse position? You probably already understand that the students of paid schools are more well-off than those attending public schools? We hope that you will change your plan.

A student of the 5th grade,  
Mania

### II.

The management of the city trams should give us all student cards. The management asserts that all high school children receive their student cards, despite the fact that they can pay for the trams, and we, the poor kids who attend public schools, won't get any. Is this fair? We would like to address the readers, editors and the Warsaw councilors.

Rózia

### III.

A great injustice has been done to public schools. Starting with the 5th

grade, every year our class received student cards, and today they were given back to us, sparking an outrage. Why do public schools, whose students are less wealthy than those in high schools, not have any discounts, even though they cannot pay for the trams without them? We go to physics lectures, we visit the cinema. I am sure that high schools would deal far better with the lack of discounts. I would like to ask whether the magistrate's ordinance is justified?

Regina

## TOPICS

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

76 — Whom are you the angriest at and why?

77 — With whom did you argue and why? At whom were you angry and for how long?

78 — Who teased you the most in life and why?

79 — With whom did you fight and why?

80 — Your longest grudge (how long it lasted, what started it).

81 — Your friend (how many friends do you have?)

82 — Your discussion with a friend.

83 — What is good and what is bad, what does happiness and sadness mean? (sorrows, trouble, worries)

84 — What is happiness?

85 — 10 worries.

86 — Your worries, things you lent and lost, or borrowed from someone and lost.

87 — What time of day is your favorite?

88 — What do you think about in the evening when lying in your bed, and what do you think about when you wake up at night?

89 — What did you dream of? Describe a pleasant and nice dream, or a nightmare.

90 — What dishes do you like and how often do you eat them (a perfect dinner).

91 — Your daily schedule — what does it look like now, and what would you want it to look like? (You can write it as a joke).

92 — A week spent exactly as you would like it (you can also describe a month or a year).

93 — List your positives and negatives.

94 — "I want to be better" — fighting your negatives.

95 — You have to have a strong will.

96 — What makes you angry (5 or 10 examples).

97 — What makes you sad, stressed, upset?

98 — Whom or what are you afraid the most?

99 — Whom or what are you ashamed of?

100 — Who makes you jealous?

101 — Your tears. Write about several times you cried and what was the reason?

102 — 10 strange things. What amazes you the most, what are some of the things that you don't understand, what answers would you like to get?

103 — List 10–25 strange and scary things.

104 — God, angels, the devil, sin, ghosts.

105 — Witches, wizards, miracles.

106 — Death, afterlife.

107 — What holiday do you like the most and why?

108 — What Jewish and Christian holidays do you know?

109 — Describe how do you exactly spend your Saturday.

110 — The story of the Jews in 200 lines.

111 — Hebrew and Jewish poets and writers.

112 — Legends and superstitions.

113 — Are people good or bad?

114 — Different looks, smiles, ways to bow and to shake hands.

115 — Honesty and lying.

### ON ADULTS AND CHILDREN

116 — How to prevent grown-ups from yelling at their children?

117 — Uncomfortable questions from the grown-ups.

118 — Can you speak openly about everything that you feel and think about to the grown-up?

119 — Do you like talking with grown-ups?

120 — A discussion with an adult.

121 — How many times and why were you spanked?

122 — Kisses and hugs.

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123 — What is your home like — good or bad — and why?

124 — What is forbidden, even though you like it? What do you have to do, even though you don't like it?

125 — Your little brother or sister. What sort of brother or sister would you like to have?

126 — In what ways do children annoy older people?

127 — An interview with my mommy.

128 — What are some of the things your grandpa or grandma always say?

129 — Are you worried when you don't get any money from your parents?

130 — What should aunts and uncles be like?

131 — Older sisters, older brothers..

132 — Domestic staff, friendly and unfriendly servants, my attitude towards servants.

133 — Is spanking helpful or not, or does it make things even worse?

134 — Dolls, dogs, canaries, toys, picture books, household, etc.

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### MY SCHOOL

135 — Your way from home to school and from school to home.

136 — What kind of adventures did you have on the street (list 10

adventures).

137 — Teasing, where and when do people tease each other the most.

138 — What do you do when someone teases you on the street (ways to avoid being teased).

139 — The fear of coming late to school and why were you late for school?

140 — Do you like learning at home and at school?

141 — Your class.

142 — The best desk and the best spot.

143 — Your school supplies, a detailed description of how many stains you have, what is broken and why.

144 — Which day do you like the most and the least — why?

145 — Calligraphed list of teachers and colleagues.

146 — A list of colleagues with their positives or negatives written next to them.

147 — A list of school nicknames.

148 — A boy (or a girl) in your class — description of a colleague.

149 — Whom would you like to sit next to, in front of and behind? Why?

150 — Who is the leader of your class and why?

151 — Three lists: colleagues you like, colleagues you dislike and those you are indifferent towards.

152 — Boys and girls.

153 — Rich and poor students.

154 — Students' breakfasts: gluttons, delicacies for breakfast.

155 — Complaints, who is bothering you?

156 — Rascal, lazybones, boot-licker, slob, huffy, bossy, teasing, shy, etc.

157 — The best and the worst friend.

158 — 10 examples of being stuck up or butting in.

159 — Your friend.

160 — Favors towards others, and how did they repay you.

161 — Selfish and selfless school mates.

162 — Suck-up and tattletale.

163 — What angers you the most (teasing, bothering, boredom, or laughing at someone).

164 — Your weekly schedule.

165 — School, teachers, and subjects that you like and don't like.

166 — Scolding and punishments that you experienced (standing in the corner, being thrown out).

167 — The most important affair at your school.

168 — Damage that you caused.

169 — To whom do you not want to lend anything and why? How many times did people not return your things, who doesn't return things and why?

170 — What did you lose at school?

171 — What have you lost?

172 — The history of your pens (list

## THROUGH THE CRACK

The house trembled with Hebrew chants, loud, cheerful and vibrant. The soldiers are going to the sukkot. Rabbi Colonel Mizes arranged several mess halls for the Jewish soldiers who don't have families in Warsaw.

I thought, I should write to tell the readers of Little Review not to worry and to tell them their grown-up brothers and uncles were not sad during the holidays in Warsaw, as they thought they would be.

I decided to get inside, but the door was guarded by the bulky Srul from the 21st Regiment. He held a cup in his hand and asked for some wine for

kiddush, while his friend from the regiment said, "Don't bring him any, he's tricking you, he wants the wine for himself, not for kiddush!"

Fat Srul smiled pitifully. He remembered his mother taking care of him at home and giving him some wine. In the meantime, there was some commotion inside the sukkot. Szama Swaryński from the 36th Regiment led the bass choir, with some help from Benjamin — a Litvak.

You are perhaps curious how do I know their names? Sure, the sukkah was crowded and I couldn't get to the choir, but there was a crack in one of the boards, and through that crack I communicated with the soldiers. And when I told them I was writing to a paper and that's why I was asking them for their names, everyone started shouting to write something about them as well. Then, they were all silenced by the corporal, who screamed:

"Calm down, you bastards!"

They ate some delicious food, and outside I — the poor reporter — kept looking through the crack, salivating.

The host's servant divided the challah. When she brought fish, the host came and scolded the soldiers for not washing their hands before eating. They got the fish only after washing their hands. When the lokshn mit ioykh was brought to the table, a ravenously hungry soldier came to the hall. He couldn't get into the kitchen without the ticket, but he entered without asking anyone and started to eat quickly. When he finished, his colleagues finally saw what was going on, and the angry host threw him away from the sukkah. He left, wiping his mouth with his sleeve.

The hungry soldier glances at the meat and wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

Oh, hungry soldier, isn't it a shame? Seeing this made me very happy.

Harry

## ANTI-GAS DEFENSE

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

which they carried in pouches on their necks. The planes were flying in all directions, the soldiers were falling down. The Red Cross medics got to work. There were two Red Cross tents on the battlefield, in one of them there was an operating table and bandages, in the other one there was a bed to the side and a table with medicines. The wounded and poisoned soldiers got up on their own, because it wasn't a real fight, but just a game. However, there were two boys in the crowd who were injured. The nurses took care of their wounds. One of them had a cut on his lip, and the other one's leg got crushed and he couldn't walk at all. Then, a photographer came and took a picture of the tent and the nurses who were holding a stretcher. Then the tents were brought down, along with the kitchen — which offered soup and tea. We went back home dirty, bruised, and tired, and we had to wait for three trams to pass before we were able to find one we could take.

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Reporter Maksio, please answer honestly: whose report was more detailed, yours or this anonymous correspondent's?

### A THOUGHT

A person has as much wisdom as they have patience.



# MORE ABOUT BIRDS

## Beiteinu No. 2

### (continuation)

In the eucalyptus forest, behind the barn, there is a tiny nest at the end of two intertwined branches, and in the nest, there are three small eggs. We have no idea whose nest this is, so we are going to observe it and wait for their mother, watch her hatch the eggs and feed her offspring. Maybe we'll find out then? The nest is small, made of straw and thin roots and lined with horse hair. The egg is 16.5 millimeters long and 19 millimeters wide, it's grey and blueish, with some black dots and rings.

#### THE SHRIKE. A CRUEL BIRD

Before Pesach, Imanuel discovered a small nest on a lonely tree growing next to the road while he was picking peas. In the nest, he found six eggs, four of them belonging to one species, and two of a different one. After Pesach, when we went to harvest corn, we found two rather big hatchlings. After a few days, there was only one hatchling left. The nest was deep in the dense part of the tree and it was very difficult to reach. It had the shape of a bowl, the walls of which were made of thin branches and rotten pieces of bag twine. The entire nest was covered with smooth clay. The hatchling was already jumping on the branches and we couldn't catch it, so we scared it with a stick, it spread its wings and flew away. We ran after it and finally managed to catch it. It was gray, with black wings and tail, and a black stripe along the head and under the eyes. The beak was crooked, with yellow accents in its corners. When we caught it, it started chirping bitterly, and its mother must have heard it. She flew toward us from the field and started circling around us, chirping as if she was pleading with us. We eventually took pity and released the hatchling, which flew away together with its mother. Since then we've never seen it again. The mother bird we sometimes saw in the tree also disappeared when we removed the nest. On the day when we caught the hatchling we also found a small snake, impaled on a thorn in a bush. After looking further, we also found a lizard impaled on another thorn; half of it was already eaten. When we were returning after work, the lizard and the snake were nowhere to be found. That's what a shrike does to its prey.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE. UNSUCCESSFUL PRIZES. A SUDDEN DISCOVERY. CARING FOR THE HOMELESS

We have been taking care of the birds for several weeks now. We keep finding new nests, of which there are a lot in our neighborhood — swallows, larks, goldfinches, redwings and others. But ever since we took an interest in the nests, we have been looking for the nest of the nightingale that we love for her soft color, beautiful voice and tail, which she flaunts as if it is some kind of a fan.

We organized trips to the river bank, to the hills, forests and vineyards, and yet the search for the nightingale nest was in vain. Mosze promised to reward anyone who finds the nest, which prompted everyone — those interested in the reward and those who did not care about it — to look for the nest, but no one succeeded.

And one time, while the grown-ups

worked with machines, a small nest was discovered with three hatchlings in it. They jumped out of the nest immediately and started prancing in the grass. The grown-ups ran after them and tried to catch them, when a pair of nightingales appeared and started wailing sorrowfully. They suddenly realized and ran to tell us. All the children gathered in the barn. The hatchlings were covered with soft, grey feathers. We made a large cage with big holes in the net and put them inside, and then the cage was put up on a machine, where the young birds were found. After a while we saw a pair of large nightingales — their parents — circling the cage and chirping. One of them flew to the vineyard, and the other one stayed on the fence or circled the cage, guarding the offspring. Soon, the other one returned from the vineyard with food for the hatchlings in her beak. "He" climbed to the roof of the cage and chirped, the birds extended their little necks and their father put the food into their beaks through the holes in the cage. Then they switched — "he" remained on guard, while "she" flew to get some food. That is how the parents fed their hatchlings in captivity. We weren't satisfied with what they brought them — we caught some bugs and fed them, then we gave them something to drink. We filled our mouths with water, then put their beaks in our mouths — and they drank. (Erela and Geula)

When we took the nest out from the machine, it fell apart. We had to put the hatchlings into a cage with large holes in the mesh. Their mother and father cried loudly. We took pity on them. At first, we wanted to release the hatchlings into the wild, but then we thought that if we set them free, they are going to be hunted by cats or foxes. We observed the parents through a telescope, that's how we learned what kind of food they brought, so we would be able to do the same. We take care of them, as if they were orphans. (Immanuel)

#### CHILDREN AND BIRDS RAISING HATCHLINGS TOGETHER. A MOTHER WAITS FOR THE CAGE WITH HER CHILDREN. YOUNG NIGHTINGALES SET FREE

14th of Sivan. At first, the cage was in the barn, and with every single day we move it several meters closer to the school. The parents can still easily find the cage. When someone comes up close to the cage, the parents start wailing, flying around in fear, waving their tails and wings. When they are calm, they also flaunt their beautiful tails. We are very happy that we managed to bring a family of nightingales closer together and saved three hatchlings from certain death — we hope that one day we will be able to enjoy their beautiful songs. Whoever wants to enjoy watching the birds can do so on the window of our school.

18th of Sivan. The hatchlings are growing rapidly, we and their "parents" are very happy. They already raise their small tails and chirp. Today, Israel noticed that their mother brought them a black grape. We also started bringing them some, they swallowed and fought over them.

19th of Sivan. Every night we bring the cage inside and cover it with a coat.

At 4 in the morning, when the birds wake up, we hang it outside our house. After a while, their mother comes with food in her beak. Sometimes she comes earlier, circles the school and wails fearfully. When this happens, we hurry and hang out the cage as quickly as possible. Their father rarely comes to see them and doesn't sing that much.

24th of Sivan. Today we released the biggest hatchling into the wild. We tied a piece of red string to its leg and waited for its mother. When she came, we put the hatchling on the fence next to the classroom. It chirped at its mother, who came quickly. Suddenly, the young bird spread its wings and flew towards the barn. It could be seen there all day long because that's where it was born. At dusk, we saw it together with its father.

26th of Sivan. Today was the last day of living in captivity for the remaining birds.

First of all, we thoroughly described each bird. After doing that, we went to the barn, the birds' birthplace. From among the branches we heard the chirping of their free brother. We opened the cage door and backed away. The captive birds chirped, and their free brother flew over and landed on the cage, reached towards them with his beak and they jumped happily. Then their mother came and went straight to the cage. She got inside, and her offspring jumped around her and looked for something in her wings. Then, the mother flew away, followed by her children... Shalom, shalom, dear nightingales!

A letter to us was also attached to the Beiteinu — We would really love to read your paper (even though it's printed in Polish, but some of our friends understand and will translate it for us. We want to learn more about your lives. We got your paper only once. We would like to ask you to make sure that all issues are sent to us as soon as they are published. Shalom. On behalf of the children of kibbutz Ein Harod.

The editors of Beiteinu.

Dear friends!

We are deeply sorry that you weren't receiving our paper. Last year we made a deal with Our Review, but something got mixed up and they sent you just one issue.

A boy from Warsaw sends you his photograph as a proof he likes you very much. We don't know what are you going to do with that photograph — it is up to you.

We send best regards to the children, teacher, Mosze, Estera and everyone else. Shalom!

Jawan

## A LETTER FROM MOJŻESZ

*I've never been a writer. I did not write papers, I did not give speeches. Every assignment I wrote was short, concise, and well thought-out, and the teacher wrote a remark saying "telegraphic style" on one of them. Only in the 7<sup>th</sup> grade, I found the inspiration when I started to write class assignments, as they were far better than my homework.*

*Since a year and a half, I had a tendency to be overly talkative. I started writing long letters to my friends, I also wrote some to Little Review, but I did not send them. I've also been reading a lot, including scientific books on various topics. I did not read things that were forbidden. I thought: there will be time, I will read it one day. When I was fifteen, I started 7<sup>th</sup> grade. I worked a lot, I also learned Hebrew, English, stenography, and the Talmud outside school, I also gave lessons, in the 7<sup>th</sup> grade, they lasted even up to four hours a day. I made some good money.*

*Then, suddenly in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade, I felt that I was reading too much. I felt confused and decided that I wasn't going to read for some time so as not to think about someone's sick ideas. Now I read only scientific books. Everyone keeps laughing at the intelligent man who doesn't like books, but that doesn't faze me. I also started working out and drawing. When I was at a summer resort, I never stayed in one place, I*

*walked a lot whenever and wherever I could. Now I want to go on a journey into the world of books.*

*I've always thought a lot. Instead of playing and running around, I kept learning and thinking. I didn't speak much, and what I said was always concise, and only now my thoughts erupt and go out into the world.*

*Sometimes my head is full of music and visions, to the point it feels cramped, and I have many novels in my mind — I am a protagonist in all of them, but in these stories and adventures I am either far stronger or far weaker, far worse than I am or far better, full of nobleness and selflessness; sometimes I picture myself as a wise hero, almost a genius, sometimes as a cripple. I feel a strong rhythm and singing in me. Sometimes I walk down the street and hear tremendous music in the clacking of horseshoes, the drumming of carriage wheels and the grating noise of the trams, the music of the street. Sometimes I sit in the barn and hear some trees singing solo, and then form a choir. Recently, the music of the street has become more rare, but I hear it often in myself — it can be happy or sad, sometimes even very annoying, but in the majority of cases it's good and sublime, as if it was holy.*

*I would like to be strong. I can be determined — this is something I really like and the staple of my hopes.*

## A LETTER FROM DORA

*I am not going to write the thoughts I poured out straight from my heart once again, even though they are messy. I would like to ask for advice, even though I don't know why this is so difficult for me. In the wake of important affairs, mine seem to be nothing. I also did not say a word about many things, because I see that new things are constantly coming up. I am waiting for my thoughts to either flourish or rot away. I am shiftless, I cannot deal with myself, and I am trying my best not to delve into myself so as to avoid going over the top and into finality. My will is so weak that I am not able to make even the smallest decision, and when I suffer a defeat, it tips me off my balance, my will falters, and I let go of myself and everything around me. This is caused by my imperfect character. From time to time, which is to be honest quite rarely, after I get emotional, I rebel and feel the urge to get revenge. Maybe it is all caused by the rules governing this part of my life? Sometimes I think about the results and effects of what is now, sometimes I think about the causes of things that were, sometimes I think only about my own feelings. I cannot get close to people. Discussions are embarrassing, they seem to be pointless, as if people were talking for the sake of talking. I wish to act, but I lack initiative to*

*do so. Maybe one day. Sometimes I no longer believe in that "one day." I am too weak physically and emotionally.*

*When I was young, I dreamed and imagined grandeur and strength, and now in reality I am as weak and feeble as all the people whom I criticized as a child. I can feel that the ideal is really far away, and I feel lost. I know that many things that I wrote above are barely comprehensible and messy. There are times when my thoughts and emotions are balanced and I start believing in myself, I can feel strong then. I am constantly worried about something and angry at my cowardice as I cannot make any obligations over those I can surely manage to carry out, I am afraid of the thought of moral or spiritual bankruptcy. I would feel relieved if I could get rid of everything that limits my will and disturbs my thoughts. I don't know whether anyone will be able to find any logic in this labyrinth, since I am lost in it myself. Perhaps that's enough. The paper, the style and the punctuation leave much to be desired, but I did not have any other paper on hand and I don't want to write this again, because these are my words, straight from my head and heart. I'm sorry for taking your time and good will.*

## WHO WILL HELP MANIA?

I am writing for the first time. I wanted to write long ago, but I did not have courage to do so. Now I finally brought myself to do it. The Little Review prints articles about so many sorrows, so maybe there will be some place for mine. I'll go straight to the point. I would like to join the Hashomer

Hatzair, but I don't know how to do it. I don't have any friends to support me, and I'm afraid and embarrassed to go to their kin and tell them.

"Will you accept me? I want to be with you because I feel bad alone." I cannot deal with that. I would like to become a shomer, but I don't have

anybody who would help me in realizing my dream. I ask you for your advice and help.

Mania



## CURRENT NEWS

Polcia pinches and hits others in the back.

Celinka asks who found out that Adam and Eve were the first people in the world?

Geniek bet Rachelcia that it's better to be a Jew.

Chańcia wants to raise her chickens to become good people, she doesn't want to pamper them and brings them out to the sun so that they get a tan.

Sabcia caught five grasshoppers in her hat and wanted to keep them in a box but then took pity on them and released them on the grass.

Jakób attended someone's birthday, everyone had great fun but the host forgot about his guests at the table and was very unpleasant.

Pesa was given a croissant instead of a roll, so she got angry and refused to eat.

Zosia decided to lose her cap because she wanted her mom to buy her a new hat. On her way home from school, she kept dropping the cap on the ground, but every time someone picked it up and gave it back to her.

Celinka did not want to go to school, so she pretended to be sick, her mom laughed and told her to lie in bed.

During the elections, Wunia saw a hundred-year-old lady, a madman, and some other terrible things that made her head hurt.

Manusia doesn't want to get older because if she grows older, she's gonna die more quickly, and she would like to live for a long time.

### MISCELLANEOUS

On the street, Rózia found a 50-centimeter ruler, signed Lucyś Lajczyk. You can get it back in the 3rd grade of the school at 42 Ogródowa Street.

Dawid saw a tram run over a young coal carrier on Chłodna Street, and his wife cried loudly.

Harry saw a funeral of a pilot; the casket was placed on a broken airplane.

Ewelina saw a barn going up in flames, the villagers tried to control the fire, but they weren't able to save the grain.

The men who carry baskets with the press allow to read and watch the pictures on the side, but there are some stingy ones who don't want anyone to read for free, so they chase us away.

There is a store on Bielańska Street, which sells lottery tickets, on the display there is a bag full of money. Heniek saw the store worker fill the bag with sawdust and put some money on top.

Regina is angry at rich people because they think that money can buy everything.

Marylka read a book that was bound incorrectly — the 9th chapter was right after the 4th one. That's not how books should be bound.

Elżbieta was upset at the fact she couldn't come to the Little Review conference because she did not have a commemorative postcard, in her anger she was unjustly upset at her little sister.

Basia is concerned with the fact that the Little Review wants to introduce a section devoted to fights and gossip. She asked not to do it, as it is going to make the paper ugly.

Herszek proposed a ping-pong or a flying ball match between the readers of the Little Review and Di Kleyne Folks-Tzaytung.

Regina did not want to enter the gate, when some strange woman called her to help her clean her coat, hat and shoes.

## RADIO FOR THE CHILDREN

On Wednesday, October 12th the Polish Radio broadcast a program for kids, where Wanda Tatarkiewiczówna told the listeners about the adventures of little Maciuś. Very funny adventures, to say the least: he fell into a bowl full of dough, then chased sun on the roof to dry his jacket, and got stuck in a chimney, from where he was rescued by his mother.

Then, she also told another story about dirty Hipek. Hipek did not want

to bathe, wash his teeth or brush his hair, and ate only sweets and candy. His father tried to make him change, so he took Hipek to the city and signed him up for school. However, Hipek ran away to the forest, since he was afraid that they were going to force him to wash himself at school. "In the forest, no one's going to force me to bathe!" he thought. But alas, he was caught by some dwarfs who tried to wash him, yet he did not budge, so

they threw him in prison and gave him only three berries to eat. Hipek promised that he was going to wash himself and pleaded with them to set him free. And so, they did, and he upheld his promise. Then, he stayed for some time with the dwarfs, who did not give him any sweets. When Hipek returned home, the parents were very happy that he was now a better boy.

## A CONVERSATION

"I am very curious about the upcoming school year and how it goes."

"Well, nothing special. It will be just like it always was, sometimes better, sometimes worse. Praises and reprimands, As and Fs... Sometimes we will be in bad moods, sometimes our teacher will be. Some shouting, some gossips, insults and friendships. What is more interesting is that what will come in a year, after we finish."

"I'm going to keep studying and try to take the exam for the 5th grade."

"What will you do if you don't pass?"

"Why wouldn't I pass if I'm going to study for it?"

"It's always easier to dream about something that will come in many years, rather than something that will come soon."

"You are right. We know that we will have to work and earn our living. However, working isn't pleasant enough to think about it in advance."

"What do you think, are we going to see each other often when we finish school?"

"No. There will be new friendships, new and stronger emotions and you will think 'What do I need my old friends for?' — especially you, you're easily influenced."

"I don't know how you can accuse me of something like that."

"No one can really be sure of what will happen in the future."

"I can. Maybe I'm fickle, but I'm not thankless and resentful."

"Sure, but can you really predict what the future will bring? I'm always afraid about what awaits me in life, what will it do to me. The adults often scare you with that, but they never really say how people change when they get older, and what kind of dangers await them in life."

Sara

## ANNOUNCEMENT

At 12:30 p.m. on Sunday a lecture about tuberculosis will take place at the Splendid cinema, followed by a screening of comedy titled Historic Vision.

Tickets will cost 50 and 75 groszy.

All proceeds from the tickets will go to Brijus Association for fighting tuberculosis.

The Academic Esperanto Association opens sign-ups for a course in the Esperanto language for schoolchildren. Information is available on Sundays and Thursdays at 8–10 p.m. in the Jewish Academic House at 21 Nowy Świat.

## THIRD MAIL DELIVERY

We already received 29 letters from those who have already written. The following children wrote to Little Review for the first time:

Renia Erlich, Miecio Hufnagel, Alina Goldówna, Mania Grünberg, Mania Krell, O. Liwzyc, Mery, Rutka Musal, Benjamin — Jakób Schreiber, Jaś Steinkeller, Lolek Urbeitel, Alfred Wierzbicki, a collective letter from the Mutual Aid of the 6th grade of the Tarbut school, two letters were not signed.

Cevi

## A POLEMIC

*I noticed the letter written by Nacia. In the letter, she wrote that some people experience the smile of fate earlier, and some later in life. This, however, is not exactly true. Many people don't know happiness, because they are not satisfied with what they have right now, instead they keep waiting for something that the future will bring. Nacia recommends being hopeful, but what to do in the meantime, before achieving the goal? Especially given that many people will never reach their goals.*

*Life — it is not about day and night, summer and winter. Suffering is not that dark, since every cloud has a silver lining, you only have to know how to look for it.*

*Those who don't go to school should be worried, because they have a treasure that the school would take away from them: solitude. When you go to school, all your thoughts are bound by it, but when you don't, you can think freely and exercise your mind.*

*Thinking is my favorite activity. It's a hard, yet very pleasant work. Sometimes you have to spend a lot of time on one issue, before you find yourself exactly where you started. It is best to think when the darkness falls and your room is completely silent because even the smallest distraction can break your concentration, and the thoughts fly away, often never to be found again.*

*A well-thought-out issue resembles a tunnel — and I can always see it whole, from the beginning to the end.*

*People laugh when I tell them that I'm happy, but it's true! In every situation, you can find a glimmer of hope, and then expand this good and build your own happiness.*

*I will end this letter with a quote from Maeterlinck: A wise man disarms fate.*

Gienia

## CORRECTION

In the announcement for the competition, we omitted the following names:

Estusia from Nowolipki Street

Harry the Reporter

Szear Jaszow.

Instead of "and many other things" it should say "Encouragement postcards" ("flowers").

## MUSIA THE DANCER

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

them and letting them fall down. I was enthralled.

Now Musia will dance "The Orphan," a dance performance she created, with specially-composed music. We heard the first notes of the piano and Musia came out in sparse clothing, with her head hung low, visibly sad. In her hands, she held a small drum, like the ones used by street magicians. The pianist played a sad melody, while Musia danced and held out her little hand, like she was begging for money, but nobody gave her anything. She tried to dance once again, but the drum was still empty. She left the stage, covering her eyes with her little hand. Applause started, people started shouting and asking for an encore. Someone threw a bunch of flowers on stage. Musia returned and bowed prettily while holding the flowers to her chest.

Then, she danced the Hungarian dance and got a basket of flowers for it.

Then, Mr. Makowski returned to the stage and said that the little dancer needed a break. The intermission was short, and quickly ended with

the ringing of a bell. Everyone took their seats again, and Musia came to the stage to perform "Spring."

She was dressed in a pink dress with wreaths of flowers in her hands, and danced so happily that one could even say that the flowers and grass grew in the concert hall. For this dance, Musia was given a doll, larger than herself.

Then Mr. Makowski told us a story which made me laugh very much. Then Musia performed a Hassidic dance "To the Cheder." The white-haired man started playing his piano, and the little dancer, dressed in a black cap and sandals, with a coat under which she wore a tzitzit. People applauded, and Musia danced, showing the happiness of Hassidic children when they go to cheders. At the end of her performance, she curled her side locks and kissed the holy book. This time the round of applause was very long. Mr. Makowski told us that Musia had to get dressed, and in that time, he would tell us a story. The story was nice, and then Musia performed "Death of a Doll."

There was a girl sitting right next to me and she said he had an identical doll.

Musia entered the stage, hugging a doll. The doll was sick, and the dancer sorrowfully placed the doll on the floor, looked at her and stroked her hair. The pianist played a very sad melody. Suddenly, Musia stood up, grabbed her head and started dancing in despair. The doll died, and the dancer wanted to bring it back to life. Then she grabbed the doll and rushed off the stage. That performance left me very sad, but Mr. Makowski told us a cheerful story to disperse the sad thoughts. The last performance was the sailors' dance. Musia, dressed in long trousers pretended that she was climbing a ladder and pulling some ropes, stamping her feet to the rhythm and presenting the happiness of sailors who finished their work. At the end, she bowed nicely and put her hand to her visor.

That was the end. The audience rushed to the stage to get a closer look at the small dancer. When I was leaving the place, the applause was still going on. I returned home captivated, and on my way back I thought about the little dancer Musia.