

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

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MY IMPORTANT MOMENTS (A page)

Every person has many important moments in their lifetimes. Every single one of them is important in its own way, every single one is different, and there are no identical ones. Some of them are changes or spiritual transformations.

When I was six years old, I fell gravely ill and I was sick for a long time. My mom took care of me.

One night was the most significant of them all. Everybody thought that I was going to die. Mom held me on her lap, there was a doctor and I don't remember who else. A tiny night lamp was alight. Everyone was whispering and moving around on their toes. Mom says I was unconscious, but I remember everything.

My head hurt terribly, and Mom put cold compresses on my head. I don't remember what the doctor was doing.

I clearly see my room, filled with mysterious light, full of mysterious shadows. The room was always bright and happy; there was a lot of sun and flowers. Behind the window, there was an apple tree, white from all the snow in winter and all the flowers in spring, green in summer and colorful in autumn with colored leaves and ripe apples. Beyond, I could see only fields, meadows and gardens.

My eyes were closed; I often opened them and looked at everything. The most important thing was – and I remember it the best – that Mom was holding me on her lap.

After that night I slowly started regaining health. And something really strange happened – I did not remember anything from my childhood before I fell ill. Often the adults have memories from when they were four, three or even two, and my earliest memory is that fateful night. I only remember everything that happened since I was six.

This night is important for me, because it took part of my childhood away and threw me into dark oblivion.

Another important moment was my birthday, when I turned ten. It was a cloudy winter morning, and large snowflakes were falling from the sky. I woke up and got dressed, slowly and lazily tying my shoes. Only then did I remember that it was my birthday and that on that day my eleventh year on this world started. I thought:

"Yesterday I was still nine, so my age had just one number in it. Today I'm ten – two numbers. And from that moment on, I'm always going to have two numbers: 11-12-14-17... Never again am I going to be six, seven or nine years old.

And I will have to study all the time. I will be serious; I won't be able to

play, because if someone's ten, they are not nine or eight anymore."

I started thinking about organizing my life and how it was going to turn out.

I had my hair tied with a wide red ribbon; I wore a green wool dress with a red pattern on it, high boots and a red velvet coat and a similar red cap. I can clearly remember the little girl who used to be me, and did not expect that one day...

I met a girl, who later became my friend. I'm not going to describe our life together. The year was full of important moments. In spring, I started writing poetry, and in the summer we started writing a novel together.

The project of the novel was created in the field during one of our trips to get some forget-me-nots. The sun was shining bright and hot. I remember tall grains and grass, a ditch full of frogs and snails, water plants, lilies and forget-me-nots.

The novel I started writing is buried somewhere deep in my drawer. There are two chapters, strangely true. I strongly believed in that childish novel.

I left my town and went to Warsaw. It was autumn. On the day before I left, we sewed the last dress. I was supposed to keep it forever, but I lost it. Back in the day we used to sew little dresses for dolls.

They walked us to the car, and off we went. I did not say a tender goodbye to Bronka, because I thought I was going to visit her and see her soon. Mum told me that Warsaw is not at the end of the world, and that I could come to Wieluń from time to time.

The car started. I looked out the window. Bronka was running after the car, calling my name. I stood on my seat, because the window was really high, I stuck my hand out and waved at her, but soon we turned, and everything – the market square, the street, the houses and Bronka – disappeared. We got to the road with stubble on both sides.

My head was filled with void and lazy thoughts. This was an important moment of Thoughtlessness and Fore-sadness. I wasn't even sad. I was just empty, strange, devoid of any feelings.

I wasn't enjoying the trip to Warsaw, and the city did not leave a lasting impression on me either. I left the train and heard the city noise, I saw the tall houses, brightly lit streets and shop windows, but that did not leave me speechless in the slightest.

Grey, colorless feelings and thoughts. Beautiful moments of my life, come and gather together, stand in a single line in my soul. Let me see

your colors – red and scarlet, blue and purple, green and aquamarine. I want to see you all, my moments. I call all of you beautiful, both the bad and good ones, sad and happy, grey and emerald... Every single one of you left a deep mark on my soul. Invisible to everyone but me – you, fleeting moments, you belong to me and only to me. No one will take you away from me.

Float towards me, beautiful moments, and if any of you doesn't want the world to know about you, fear not, for I will leave you alone, hidden in the confines of my soul.

There were moments of boundless longing. I missed Bronka, the field, the apple tree, the ditch with forget-me-nots, radishes from my garden, the bright, silent thoughts and white dreams. I missed the old fair hair, blue aprons with flowers and starched fabric dresses, my old spring poems, the long-forgotten beliefs and trust...

One day, going down the street I saw something that was as lonely as I was, surrounded by darkness just like me and strange, weird like me. It was a small window, lit up at the top of a tall, gloomy wall of one house. The evening was dark and misty. The wall could not be seen, blending into one with the sky, and only this small, lonely window hung up there, looking at me in a friendly way. That was a beautiful and solemn moment. Ever since, when I felt sad, lonely and longing, I went out to the street and looked at that small, strange window. And I felt good when it looked back at me...

New feelings appeared, and with them came a wave of new moments. I started thinking in a different way than I used to think before. I formed new dreams – and suddenly I could understand all the pretentious people. Back in the day, I could not understand those who cried when everyone could see, loudly admiring the beauty of the setting sun, telling everyone about their feelings and experiences. I thought that they were pretending, that everything they did was fake. They bored me to no end and I felt irritated looking at them. I wouldn't tell anybody what was going on deep in my soul if my life depended on it. I showed people my poems, but I could not talk about them.

One day I received a letter from my friend, written over 12 pages in red ink – a hopeless and boundlessly sad letter. Bronka just recovered from an illness, she missed me and she was unhappy. I stood by the window and cried. For the first and only time in my life I was not ashamed of my effusive tears.

I found many new friends, and they all gave me many beautiful and great moments. When we walked together, we talked about one interesting matter. The evening was cold and windy. We got to a corner and said our goodbyes, shaking our hands.

"Your fingers are crying," she said.

I looked at her, and she was telling the truth. My fingers were trembling, and so was my soul.

I had many bright moments, with unsung songs and hymns sounding in my soul like a magnificent fire and powerful rhythm in my chest sounding like a bell. I believe that I could lift up the entire world and bring it up to the tall and impossible heights.

I feel blooming love, great love to everything that is beautiful and good, bad and ugly...

Snow was falling. It was spring, and snow was still falling. It was white, soft and it smelled like spring. I remembered the "Jungle Book" and the "time of new speech." I walked down the street. There wasn't much snow on the sidewalk, so I walked down the road, right beside the sidewalk. It was ankle-deep and I was very happy.

Spring revealed itself to me in white winter snow.

The rain and the wind are vastly important in my life. So many times I used to walk slowly, breathing in the tiny droplets on rainy days in autumn.

Every time I have so many strange, abnormal and uncommon thoughts and feelings. I feel and love stronger, or I don't feel anything at all and every feeling I have is reduced into one undefined lump of feelings...

Today in the morning I had yet another important moment. For the first time I heard how the antique peddler yells "Altwork! Altwork! (Old things!)" Until now, I only had some auditory experiences, but today in the morning I really heard her. I distinctly

heard some kind of a through in her throat, through which she passed her voice – "Altwork!" – with the same tone, unchanged even after several years, still hoarse, deep and monotonous voice with its own melody. If only I could write sheet music, I would jot down her yelling, since I heard her so distinctly that it still sounds deep in my soul.

In those screams I see the eternal worry of a monotonous life of the peddler... After all, is there anything that breaks the monotony of her everyday life? Maybe from time to time she will buy something at a bargain price, or sell something for more than she expected. Every day in the morning she takes her bag and starts wandering around the backyards, announcing to everyone with her monotonous voice that she is buying antiques...

I would like to describe more of my moments, since what I wrote here is just a small part of everything. There are also those that I cannot describe, and there are more of them.

Murky streams flow along the beds of the rails,

A dirty sky stretches above the street,

A tram squeals mournful songs on the turn,

The corner lamp spreads deceptive gleams.

In the rainy gloom, in the mud, a car rushes along madly,

And sprays brown droplets onto the passers-by.

From up above, a small window, brightly lit,

Gleams and shines with a brave look in the darkness.

A drunk, hunched-over vagabond sleeps by the wall,

Tightly wrapped in a tattered coat. A wet dog sneaks by, cowering,

Hungry, lost, unwanted, alien, bent.
Madzia

MENDEL'S DIARY

IN THE TOWN

31 VII – On Monday we went to Paproc with Aron. At first, I didn't want to go, but when Debora joined us, we decided to go. The school there has four grades, and the teacher is a German. We talked to the pastor, who's 88 years old. He was very nice and told us many interesting things. We spent the night at a German man's house, and the pastor asked him to let us stay. We slept in a barn. The night was cold. We woke up at 4 o'clock in the morning. Our host did not want any money for the supper. On Wednesday, Aron

went to Zakopane. The photographer is working already.

A boy from America came with his father to visit the family. He is very nice and talks about interesting things.

6 VIII – I'm writing in the field. I'm reading novels by Maupassant, one book per day, and I bathe several times a day. I talk a lot with the American boy. He doesn't know the life in a small town at all. I saw a boy get caught stealing peas. The son of the landowner killed a duck and wounded another one for getting in the oat field. That's barbaric.

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THE STREET

TEASING

I will write about what happened to me.

One day I was going to school with a bottle of tea in my hand. I was passed by a group of girls who laughed at me that I was going to school with a bottle.

I didn't respond, I just went my way.

I'm writing this to show everyone that it's not only boys who tease the girls, but that girls also tease the boys.

Kubuś from Karmielicka Street

* * *

WORRY

I took 15 groszy from my mum and I went to use a phone. The local confectionery had a "phone is working" sign on the door. I entered the store and asked whether I could call. They told me I could, but when I called, the line was busy. I called twice, and they had me pay 30 groszy – but I didn't manage to call anywhere.

Celinka

* * *

A PRANK

One day, I went on a trip with my cousin. He gave me a tram pass and told me I could ride a tram without my school ID card. I believed him and we got on a tram.

My cousin immediately showed his ID card, and the conductor asked me to show mine. I just stood there and I did not know what was going on with me. The conductor looked at me, and I kept looking at him. Thankfully, there was a stop and I quickly ran away... Otherwise I would probably have to jump out of the tram.

Jakób

* * *

STUPID PRANKS

I got on a tram in Krasiński Square. Near the Saxon Garden, a man boarded the tram. He took a destroyed pass, rolled it up and started to prod me with it, and when he was getting off, he tore it into pieces and threw them down my shirt.

I don't think that was very smart.

Judyta

* * *

AN OLD MAN

When I left school, I saw an old man in the corner. He sat at the stairs leading to the grocery store. On his chest, he had a sign saying that he's blind and a big can with some coins in it.

I looked at him for a moment, put 5 groszy in his can and went home.

I saw many rich people who passed him by and did not even look at him.

Mania from Kupiecka Street

* * *

A LAME MAN

When I was going home from school, I saw a poor lame man, who was begging for money. It was cold. I had 80 groszy that I needed, but I could not look at him holding out his hand, so I gave him all the money.

When the man saw that he had 80 groszy, he stood up at once, but he was cold and he could not walk. I took him by his arm and started guiding him across the street. When we were crossing, there were trams passing by, and he fell on the tracks after dropping his cane.

I picked up his cane, gave it back to him – and returned home.

Chaim from Gęsia Street

* * *

WHY?

I went down the stairs on my way to the backyard. I saw an old lady, carrying a bunch of wood.

I let her go first, and then suddenly I had a thought:

"I should help her! I'll carry the

wood for her. It's nothing for me, and it will be great help for her."

I took a step forward and I was about to speak to her, but I couldn't. Something held me back, as if I was ashamed or embarrassed, like I was going to do something evil.

I couldn't muster up the courage, and I felt uncertain. Finally, I decided to say nothing and just wait. I saw how difficult it was for her.

I kept thinking about this situation for a long time, and I kept berating myself. I couldn't do even such a small thing. Why couldn't I find any strength and courage, why couldn't I control myself?

Jerychonka from Rypin

* * *

AN EVIL FATHER

There is an unfinished house at the back of our school. On Saturdays, local boys gather here and we play together. One Saturday we were also there, but suddenly some older man came to one of the small boys and said:

"Gay arub fun danet. (Get away from here.)"

The boy, almost crying out of shame and fear went to him, and the man grabbed the boy, took some telephone wire out of his pocket and started beating him relentlessly, murmuring some strange words.

Then he pushed him towards the gate, hearing our voices of disdain and disapproval.

A few minutes later, we all went home, thinking about this unpleasant event.

Stasiek from Gęsia Street

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TO HORSE OWNERS

People should respect horses, but sadly, no one really does. The carters beat them relentlessly.

One day, when I was going down the street with my friends I saw a carter beat a horse. I pitied the poor animal and shouted at the man, but he threatened me with his whip.

I wanted to go to the policeman and tell him about it, but I didn't manage to, because the cart turned into another street.

I returned home, depressed. And now I want to address all horse owners to have mercy on the poor animals, which are so gentle and useful.

Beniek

* * *

VENDING MACHINE

In Bankowy Square, a group of boys surrounded the vending machine. I also decided to hang around, and they started telling me:

"Put some money in, you will get an R!"

I put 10 groszy in the machine, I pulled the lever, but the chocolate never came out. They started laughing out loud, saying:

"Nothing's going to help you now! We didn't get anything as well!"

They didn't know I already knew this trick. I put my hand in the opening and pulled a piece of paper they used to cover it. When I pulled it out, I got my chocolate. Seeing that their plan failed, they started asking me to give them the wrapper, but I told them:

"You're not going to get anything, because you tried to rob me of the chocolate and the wrapper!"

Moniek from Miedziana Street

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DRUNK DRIVER

On Sunday evening I got in a car with my mum. At first, the car was driving smoothly, but then the driver started

to hit all the curbs. It was obvious that he was drunk. We drove like that to Nowolipki Street, when suddenly the car hit a huge pile of snow and two wheels became stuck in the pile, while two other stood firmly on the road.

If the pile collapsed, the car would certainly fall over on its side. We sat like that for several minutes, afraid of moving or even breathing, while crowds of onlookers just stood around, as if they were witnessing something beautiful.

Then we were pulled from the car, and the driver started trying to disperse the crowd in order to avoid attracting the police to the scene.

Wacław

* * *

AN ACCIDENT

On my way to school, I saw a girl trying to cross the street, slip and fall, and then almost get run over by a cart. Only then people started shouting, the cart stopped and some people helped the girl back to her feet.

At school, I could not focus on whatever the teachers were saying, because I could not stop thinking about the girl.

Please print my letter, and I will always write to the Little Review

Henia from Ciepła Street

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A RUN-OVER WOMAN

I was crossing Bielańska Street, when suddenly a car swerved onto the sidewalk and hit a woman. The people gathered around because everyone was curious about what was going on.

The woman was pale and could not move from where she had fallen. Some men helped her sit on the stairs to the Polish Bank, where she regained consciousness.

A policeman stopped the car and wrote a note, and the poor woman was taken to the hospital by ambulance.

When I returned home, my head hurt and I could not stop thinking about it.

Zosia from Kapucyńska Street

* * *

A CART ACCIDENT

I had been waiting for the 0 tram for fifteen minutes, it was late and I was in a hurry because I didn't do my writing assignment yet. On the corner of Smocza and Dzielna Streets, I saw a cart pulled by two horses, filled with bags of flour, and the tram clipped its wheel.

The driver's side windshield of the tram shattered and the right side of the cart was ruined, some of the bags fell to the ground and flour went everywhere.

The tram driver explained to the policeman that the engine was damaged and the tram first could not start on Żelazna Street, and then it went very slowly.

As a result I was late to school, and I'm angry at the management for letting damaged trams leave the depot.

Jehuda

* * *

A FIRE

I was walking with my friends, and then suddenly we heard the sound of a trumpet. A fire brigade was rushing to a fire somewhere. We ran to the corner of Grzybowska and Żelazna Streets, and there was a crowd, surrounding five fire department cars.

In the background, we saw fire in the windows. We stood there for a moment and watched, and then I returned home with clouded thoughts.

Marysia from Twarda Street

PICKPOCKET

While with my friends, I stopped in front of a shop window on Leszno Street. Suddenly I felt someone taking 30 groszy from my pocket.

The boy who stood next to me tried to escape, but my friend went after him, managed to grab him and threatened him with the policeman who stood on the corner.

People gathered around, and the boy tried to pretend that he found the money and asked me to swear that it was mine.

At first I didn't want to agree to that, but I really needed the money, so I swore.

Embarrassed, he had to give me my 30 groszy back.

Itka, Salusia and Hania

* * *

A SAD INCIDENT

When I was going home from school on Friday, I saw a large gathering around the store with galoshes and snow boots.

I didn't know what it was all about. Only later I saw a woman's boots on the sidewalk and I learned that the thief had tried to steal them.

A mounted policeman was passing by and gave chase – it turned out to be successful. The thief was short, hunchbacked and dressed rather poorly.

When the policeman tried to take him to the station, he tried to escape, but the officer could easily catch him again.

Out of a sudden, the wife of the thief appeared with their child and started screaming:

"Let him go!"

I don't know whether he did it out of poverty or something else. I pity that poor man.

Szlamek from Krochmalna Street

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THERE ARE DECENT

PEOPLE OUT THERE

While going home from work, I saw a 40-year old man in the Saxon Garden. He was rummaging through an open suitcase on the ground.

It was dark, and only some electric lamps cast some lights on the scene.

A man approached with hands behind his back and asked:

"Did you lose something?"

"Yes, I lost two pairs of children's uppers."

Then, the man showed his hands and gave him the two pairs of uppers that the other one lost.

Just think about what would happen to that man if he wouldn't have the uppers returned to him? Perhaps he is an apprentice working for someone and he would get fired? Suffice to say, he was happy as if he just won a dollar coin.

I will remember that incident for a long time, because I liked it very much.

Lola Róg

* * *

SECRET ORDER

During today's assembly, the rosh of our kvutza wrote a secret order:

"At 6:40, be at 1 Trybunalski Square."

We fulfilled the secret order and waited in the entryway. It was very cold, but we did not care. We waited for the rosh impatiently. Suddenly, two scoundrels appeared and one of them said:

"What are you looking for here, you Jews?"

We didn't respond and kept waiting, even though one of them hit Jakow. At that moment, rosh came and the scoundrels ran away.

Then we went to the kin.

Heniek from Piotrków

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BRAWLS AND GAMES

I live on Krakowskie Przedmieście, opposite of the Royal Castle. I often go to the Old Town market square to play with others.

We played football there, ran around the mermaid statue and biked together.

All the time, we had to fight with Polish boys, who constantly attacked us. Sometimes they won, sometimes we were on top. Whoever won the fight stood on the stones near the mermaid, basking in glory, and then we bought each other ice cream.

Sometimes we fought for real, sometimes just for fun. When there weren't enough boys on Polish side, they took some Jews to join them, and when there were too many of them, some Poles joined us to fight on our side.

In the winter, we had snowball fights.

In the spring, they started renovating the houses around the Old Town, and everything was painted. We came to watch the works.

The worst thing is that they took the mermaid and the market square was left without our assembly point.

Our group broke apart, and the rest meeting in the reading room on Piekarska Street.

Moniek from Zamkowy Square

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GLORY TO THE HEROES

A young lady boarded the train from Lviv to Warsaw. She had a heavy suitcase, but no one was willing to help her.

Suddenly, to the surprise of the people there, a priest took the suitcase from her, lifted it up to the shelf and gave up his own seat for her. The lady was so embarrassed, she didn't even know what to do.

There's more! At the end of her journey, she did not call for a porter, because she did not have any money. The priest wanted to lend her some, but she did not accept.

Sadly, we don't live in a world where it is possible to help each other without getting embarrassed.

Then the priest paid the porter and pointed out the Jewish girl, so that he would pick up her suitcase and boxes.

I'm sorry, but for certain reasons, I cannot sign the letter with my name.

Young Jewish girl from Będzin

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KINDNESS

When I read the article "Kindness Week in Japan" in Our Review, my heart started racing and thoughts started crowding in my head.

"What about us? Here, the people are different..."

Last week, when I went to see my friend, Chańcia, she wasn't at home. Her father just said, "She's not here!" and slammed the door. I was shocked at being treated that way and I will never go and visit her again.

When I went to summer camp in Ciechocinek, I met Miss Edzia, who worked as a secretary.

Whenever anybody asked her about something, she responded as if she hated children. It was the only stain on the beautiful memories from the summer camp.

The janitor at our house? I suffered a lot, when he called my sister "garbage."

Will our country be like Japan one day?

Syma

FROM A TOWN TO WARSAW

I was just 8 years old when I came from a small town of Baranów to Warsaw.

My father perished during the war and my mother wasn't really doing that well. I lived with my grandpa, but he died as well.

My oldest sister lived in Warsaw. When she heard that I have problems and nowhere to go, she wrote me to go to Warsaw, as she thought it was going to be better there.

I was still very young. I was happy that I was going to ride on a train and see carriages that can go without horses in Warsaw, but it was sad to leave my rabbi and my friends from the cheder behind.

After saying our goodbyes, we went to the train station and mother bought two tickets. There was a crowd waiting for the train, and when it finally arrived, everyone started pushing in order to get the best seats. We did not manage to get in, and so we had to wait. Mum was worried that she spent money for nothing, but she explained our situation and they gave us a stamp allowing us to wait for another one. We waited all night long for the next train.

It was difficult to get on the next train, but somehow we managed to squeeze in. It took us all day to get to the Praga district in the evening.

I was amazed by the Kierbedź Bridge. Then, I kept looking at trams and tall houses.

Finally, we got to 13 Pawia Street. I took two pumpkins for my sister, but

I lost one on the way. I was tired and very sleepy, so I quickly went to bed.

Mom was looking for a job and she did not allow me to go out, because she was afraid I would get lost. It was before Purim.

I was surprised that I didn't see any kids making masks. For a second I thought no one celebrated holidays here. I even saw some Jews smoking on a Saturday.

In Baranów, for Purim, I'd buy colored paper, glue and cardstock and do everything myself, here in Warsaw I spent all my time at home, sometimes I'd get out with my mom.

After the holidays, mom said I would go to cheder again. I was happy that I would be able to see the streets again. I liked Dzika Street the most.

The cheder in Warsaw was better, because I came back home at 4 o'clock instead of 10 in the evening, as it was in Baranów, but I was beaten more here. The rabbi from Warsaw beat us so hard that we almost fainted. When someone was late, he didn't send us home, instead he would smack us.

I had a friend at the cheder, who lived across the hall from us. He showed me around in the city and often bought me candy. One day he got on the 0 tram with me and we toured Warsaw together.

Finally, I asked him where he gets all the candy. He told me he earns money by selling candy. I wanted to do the same, but I did not have money to buy any, and my mom didn't want to give me cash.

Then, I saved up some marks and bought 40 candies. My friend from the cheder didn't want to tell me the location of the factory, he just bought them for me. I also had to get a box and some twine.

The boy didn't want to stand with me, because people wouldn't buy anything. I agreed and moved to the Dzika Street, where I was screaming in Yiddish:

"Tzvay karmelkis far ayn mark! (Two caramels for one mark.)"

At first, I was very embarrassed to scream loudly on the street, but other boys did the same. When I earned 20 marks, mom was proud and gave me 50 marks, so I could buy a whole wooden plank box.

When I told my friend how much I earned on that day, he was very angry, because he didn't earn as much, and he did not want to buy candy for me anymore. He refused to help me, and I couldn't sell anything for several days, so I was angry at him.

Then, I asked the boys who stood on the street. For one mark, they showed me the chocolate factory, where I bought a box of toffee candy.

Meanwhile, I was doing badly at the cheder, because candy occupied my mind all the time. I kept thinking about what was better to peddle, where to go with my box and how to sell the candy.

After several weeks, I already knew many streets and factories, I also learned where the police rarely

patrolled. Everything I earned went to my mother.

I did not know how to count very well, so it always worried me that something was always wrong with my money. I thought I was losing it somewhere, so mum made a big pocket for me. It was the most difficult to sell anything when it snowed and when it was cold. I couldn't open my box and no one bought anything. I didn't like to stand with other boys, because when someone wanted to buy from me, they would start screaming that they had better candy, and when someone bought from me, they threw snow into my box and the chocolates would melt.

On the other hand, it was safer to stand with other boys because someone would always notice a policeman and alert others, so everyone could run. After a while, I had a group of friends.

Sometimes no one noticed the police from afar and we had to run. I would often lose my goods on the way and end up with a big loss. Once I was also caught and the policeman wanted to take my box and take me to the police station, but I started crying, so he let me go, and another one took the box with candy from me.

One day a passer-by gave me 10 marks. I thought he wanted to buy something, but he didn't take anything and just went his way. I was very worried that I couldn't say thank you to this man.

My friend from the cheder was mad at me and he ratted to everyone that I was selling candy on the street, as if he wasn't doing it as well. The others told the rabbi, and he realized that this was the reason for my poor results. He was angry at my mom, asking her why she allows me to peddle on the street and have bad grades, so she forbid me from selling candy and I didn't have money any more.

I will also tell you about my first trip to the Skala cinema on Dzielna Street. When we got in, my friend bought the tickets, I sat in my seat and waited until the text and images would appear on the screen. I didn't know how to read back then, so I was bored, but then there was a family on the screen and some other images. I thought everything was happening behind the screen, but then I saw a street, a train and other things, and it was impossible to fit everything in a single room.

No one was able to explain this to me, even my friend, who already knew how to read. I would often go to cinema, but I didn't understand anything and only looked at the moving pictures.

Later on, I learned how to read. I got older, and now I know what's interesting from the pictures on the cinema building.

I go to elementary school and I'm in the 6th grade.

BENJAMIN

I DON'T BELIEVE

I was overcome with a sense of doubt.

I no longer believe in friendship and it seems that I will never believe in it anymore. Many times I realized that friendship is but a delusion like everything else in the world.

I had several friends, and I parted ways with all of them with much pain and bitterness. After several disappointments, I decided not to get close to any more classmates, and for quite a long time I lived alone, apart from everyday school life.

Suddenly – my life took a sharp turn. I found a friend.

It happened without my will, we just became close all of a sudden and being together felt just great.

I didn't hide anything from her, we did everything together because I loved her so much, I loved her pretty face and intelligence.

I still love her, even though the ties of friendship that kept us together were cut.

I cannot blame myself for that, it was all her fault. Perhaps she thinks she can do anything because she's pretty and so on.

For too long I had to deal with her shenanigans, in the same manner a loving mother deals with the whims of her beloved child, but then I snapped... On the day we ended our relationship, she teased me terribly about something, and even though I asked her to stop and even though she knew how painful it was to me, she did not cease her teasing, saying that she was enjoying it.

I didn't say anything to that.

Then, turning everything into a joke I said something nasty to her – far less nasty than what she said, so that it would not hurt her pride too much.

I thought she was going to laugh at it or disregard that just like I did before.

I was wrong. Oh, how disappointed I was in you, my dear.

Your pride was hurt, and you went away, saying a cold goodbye, leaving me astonished, angry and devastated.

Did it cross your mind that your actions hurt me? Did you spend just a moment to think about the consequences of your actions?

Oh, I know you. I know that you sail through life with no regard towards anything or anyone, never looking behind.

But maybe, just maybe you also regret the end of our relationship? Would you deal with the pain of our divide so easily – you, who shared the happiness and sorrow with me?

Is it possible that you would let me doubt the honesty of the Friendship that we discussed so often?

If you love me like you used to do, come back to me, my little black-haired friend. Come back and you will find a heart ready to accept you back.

Only if you want to return unwillingly or reluctantly, you better not come back at all, and I will keep our loving relationship in my fond memories as pure and undefiled even with the coldness of your goodbye.

Our friendship brought me a lot of happiness, for which I'm eternally thankful.

I don't blame you for what happened. Nature has made you beautiful, light and adventurous. Be honest: you were bored by simple, sincere and loving friend?

I have one word for you: Godspeed!

I only wish you would think about me from time to time, but don't think about me badly – just as an honest and trustworthy person.

ANKA

MENDEL'S DIARY

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

I can't write more, because my pencil is too short.

9 VIII – A cousin came to visit us, and he stayed for a week. I like him very much. He's nice and smart. I discussed many things with him. Yesterday we walked around with girls and talked about love. The American boy photographed us in the garden. I'm going to write a letter to Aron and go to sleep.

12 VIII – Friday. They are calling people to the synagogue. I finished reading Mastboim's "Three Generations." The night was beautiful. I spend time mostly around boys, because I'm bored with girls. I don't know what Szymon saw in them.

14 VIII – I just returned from Ursanki, where I saw three brothers who had drowned. It shocked me. The burial will take place tomorrow. The entire town is talking about that, and I still see them right in front of my eyes. I especially remember the middle brother with black hair. They drowned in the Bug River. They came for the summer from Warsaw. The oldest was 17, the middle one 15 and the youngest was 12 years old. I saw the oldest brother several times when he was around here. He was a Polish scout, and completed seven grades of middle school. When the oldest brother started drowning, the middle one wanted to save him and plunged to his death. The locals didn't want to help. The youngest one looked like he was sleeping. The oldest brother was very bloated. They had a very young mother. The funeral ceremony was this morning. No one was hysterical, even their mother – very religious and brave – didn't cry. They still have one daughter and one son. Many Jews

attended the funeral. It was the second time I saw a drowned person. Last year a student perished the same way.

Such images deeply affect the human mind. The more dead people you see, the less afraid you are of your own mortality. We cannot comfort ourselves the same way our grandparents used to do. We aren't brave enough to tell ourselves that it's all in vain and nothing will be left of us. We talked about this with the boys.

15 VIII – A dog hurt our cat. We bandaged its leg, but the cat tore the bandage off and just hops around on three legs.

I didn't read anything today, because I didn't exchange the book yesterday. The streets are dark, it's a sad night.

16 VIII – The American boy left with his father. They are going to be in Paris, visiting our relatives. He promised he would write. He doesn't know Yiddish and understands just a bit, but he's still very young. I liked talking to him. His father isn't proud and haughty at all, even though he's rich. I'll miss him.

17 VIII – It's rainy and I'm sad, but somehow I like that sadness. I have been walking around with girls. I wrote a lot of letters. While I was writing, it dawned on me that nothing ever changes in the world. Life is like a cog, it turns in one way only, and cannot return to its previous position. What already happened will never return. A young person doesn't believe they will grow old and die. Today, Bińcia and Sura are getting together. In seven years another Bina and Sura will walk around. Another generation will come, and they will think about us the same we think about the old generation, and they will criticize the unfair and unpleasant world. The old suffering will go away, and new reasons to suffer will appear.

I have a strange sensation when I see a mother walking together with

her daughter on the street. I would like to still live in 100 years' time, but not as an old man, rather as a young boy.

I asked an old Christian whether he remembered what he was doing when he was 20. He told me he didn't remember a thing. Everyone should have their own diary to remember the past in order to understand youth.

23 VIII – On Monday, our town was visited by Mastboim, the Jewish writer. He gave a lecture titled "The Modern Jewish Woman." I wanted to talk to him. I met him near the bridge and asked him for a pencil, he said he didn't have any. I didn't know how to start a conversation.

I attended the lecture and honestly I was expecting more of such a famous writer. Perhaps he disregarded our small town, did not prepare anything and just said whatever came to his mind. At the end, he recited a poem. This was the second Jewish writer I saw.

Why am I walking around with girls? I don't know. I don't know what I'm going to do next year. I spend most of my time on reading, and I'm bored only when I don't have a book handy. The long evenings are starting. The street is sad – and my soul is sad as well. It's hard to believe that summer has passed, along with the will to live. Sometimes it seems that the whole life is but a big joke. A large city doesn't see the sun, the moon or the clouds, and people don't think about many things in life.

30 VIII – I didn't do anything for a whole week. I was looking for a book, but I didn't find it anywhere. I wrote a long letter to Szyje and Herszel. I'm not going to go to Warsaw. They told me I can complete the 7th grade of elementary school here. They blame me for everything. I am jealous for the people who can learn. I keep hoping and waiting for what the future will bring. (TBC)

DOMESTIC NEWS

KALISZ – Irka's brother likes potato pancakes very much. – Sula got a piggy bank on her birthday and saved up 7 zloty. – Jadzia's parents traded their small flat for a large and comfortable one; Jadzia wrote about her adventure with a boy and sent three jokes. – Zuzia wrote a nice report from a school ball, where three prizes were awarded for the best costumes. – Guta is bitter, because her teacher addresses her as "Miss", even though she graduated just half a year ago. – Lutek dreamt for a long time to write to the Little Review but he couldn't muster up courage. – Renia wants the correspondents of the Little Review from Kalisz to get closer together and asks the editors to help.

KALUSZYN – Chaim doesn't know where to look for justice, when Jewish boys were beaten by the police and Christian boys were let go for the same infraction.

KAMIENIEC – Hanka sent us a fantastic story about an old oak tree.

KATOWICE – Anusia wants to become a doctor and treat only poor people.

KAZIMIERZ – Mitka asked why the Little Review did not print the photographs of Miss Europe and Miss Polonia.

KIELCE – Henryk likes to learn, but often comes late to school. – Andziunia is angry at her father for not keeping his promise to buy her toys. – Eścia dreams of being an admired movie actress. – Bala regrets that her dream of Palestine was not a reality. – Leja believes that those who suffer should have strong will to fight evil. – Sala pities a young boy who was killed while trying to earn a living. – Kubuś says that people can never be satisfied. In summer they want winter, in winter they want summer.

KLECZEW – During colder days, Sala felt like she was exiled to Siberia. – Halina couldn't wait for real spring.

KŁODAWA – Abracek likes it very much when his aunt Idzia reads the Little Review to him.

KOLNO – Elias thinks that the goal of friendship is collaboration and supporting each other with words and actions.

KOŁO – Zosia's birthday was on the 24th of March. – Halina visited Feluś on his birthday. – Rutka is happy that it's not cold outside anymore and that she doesn't have to sit at home, bored out of her mind. – Mira doesn't go to school, because she's sick. She misses her teacher and friends very much. – Geniek is now seven years old and he's going to go to the 2nd grade after summer holidays. – Pawełek is already writing to the Little Review.

KOŃSKIE – Regina cried many times because of the Little Review as her friends laughed at her that her articles are not published.

KOSÓW – Shomer Ryśka tells the author of "What to do?" to find a common

way, in line with the idea and with what the parents think.

KOWEL – Fira wants to have a brother. – Niusia's cat ate some liver, got sick and died. – Wowik read a funny story about dirty Fipcio. – Gryśza's mother is going to Warsaw. – Mareczek's birthday was fun, there was a barrel on the table and every child was drawing lots. – Szajndla got a beautiful bag with a mirror and a handkerchief from Mareczek for her birthday. – The dark and silent night makes Mojżesz think about a lot of things. Only then he is able to write in his diary.

KNYSZYN – Heniek was very happy when the teacher got better and returned to school.

KUTNO – Heniek gets ready for the middle school, and when he passes, he is going to get ice skates from his mother. – Jehuda submitted an article about human suffering and a poem about spring. – Mita wants the Little Review to announce a competition for the most beautiful child.

LESZNO – Zygmunt regrets that the Little Review is a paper for children and doesn't cover any issues of youth.

LIDA – Fańcia's soul lightens up when she thinks about spring.

LIPNO – Henia is surprised that books about Zionism are nowhere to be found and she thinks that people collaborating with "Haynt" should publish booklets about that. – Class 5A responds to Izaak that he didn't act like a gentleman because instead of helping, he only hurt someone who was weaker than him.

LUBARTÓW – Dad promised Edek and Staś to buy them bikes – on two wheels for the former and on three for the latter. – Dawid dreamed about a white angel who spread his wings and led the Jews to Eretz Israel.

CURRENT NEWS

– Seweryn doesn't have time for writing, because the teacher won't give him a break. – There are no bad teachers at Tosia's school. – If Mietek was a teacher, he wouldn't yank even the rudest child. – If Mania was a teacher, she would punish the rudest children. – Ludwik doesn't have the calling to become a teacher. – Syma is worried that someone took her two pencils at school. – Girls decorated Genia's classroom with ribbons, but they were torn down by boys. – Ruta is angry, because the first-grade girls want to pretend they are all grown up. – Lili is angry at her friend. – Ida is angry because Anka quickly came to terms after they ended their relationship. – Mania has a friend, she's poor but very happy. – Lili gets along well with her friend, because they both dance well. – Henia and Cesia are spring lovers. – Aleksander's soul wants

to go to the countryside in spring. – Lucia enjoys spring together with the sparrows. – Boluś is worried that the Pesach is over already. – Józio was proud that he knew kashes this year. – Dad promised to get Blimcia a watch for finding a matzoh. – Cesia helped her mother with everything for the holidays as much as she could. – After an interesting dream Lolek woke up under his bed. – In Frania's heart, a spark of hope starts a great fire. – Szlamek's heart pounded near the end of "Palestinian Nights." – The plebiscite in Otto's reading room was won by "Marjorie's Quest," followed by "In Desert and Wilderness." – Felek condemns beauty pageants, instead he would like to see hard work pageants. – Edzia is mad that her letters aren't being printed.

SUBMISSIONS:

Celina, Mila, Estusia, Paweł and Tosia – poems about spring; Efraim, Jakób, Sewek and Ignas – poems; Anka – poem about school; Henia – about winter in the city; Gucia – a short story; Guta, Srulek – about the Pesach; Marek and Lola – about Purim; Reginka – a short story and drawings; Mania – a dream; Henio – a joke; Heniek – a 'thank you' for a book; Reginka – a colorful drawing of knights; Maryla, Marek, Heniek, Stasio and Sala – drawings.

The following children brought their drawings to the Newsroom: Anka, Izaak, Hadassa, Heia, Henia Judyta, Lonia, Mietek, Reginka, Saba, Szlamek, Celinka, Estusia, Fela, Guta, Halinka, Izio, Jadzia, Mendel, Roma, Stefcia, Adek, Harry, Edzia and Zosia.

The following children brought their creations to the Newsroom: Lucia – a cardboard ashtray; Bela – curtains; Adek – a pen and a shelf; Edzia – a house and a flashlight; Irka – a pillow; Mala – a doll hat; – Hela framed the pictures.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Jerzyk cried because he was scammed and given a fake watch.

Stasio drawn his goldfish.

Irka has had a single doll for three years.

Mita does not like sad stories.

Jerzyk regrets that Ceška has left.

Jurek was at the synagogue and prayed to the Lord.

Tusia was at Maccabi's performance.

Little sister teases Irka.

Micia had pleasant birthday.

LITTLE REVIEW

We received 29 letters from children who already wrote. The first-time submitters were:

Kisiel Feji, Genia Groblass, Hela Kapłan, Jurek Karo, Pola Korczak, Cesia Lebensold, Zosia Lederman, Irka Lichtenstein Mińcia Malberg, Rafałek, Pat, Boruch Poczteruk, Edward Pragier, Jakób Prawda, B. Rugier, G. Szmuszkowicz, Heniek Wermus, Chana Winokur, Józef Zekcer, Emanuel Złotkiewicz.

We received 26 letters from the province, 37 from Warsaw and 1 from abroad.

JOKES

MECHANICS

"I don't know what happened to my watch. It doesn't work anymore, it's probably dusty. I'll have it cleaned."

"Don't do that. We tried to give it a starting kick for two hours this morning."

BRAIN TEASERS

Correct solutions to the 17th Brain Teasers were submitted by:

Irka Abramowicz, Szmul Bejbe, Chaja Bejmlat, Tania Bielinko, Lola Blumental, Moniek Boksenbaum, Dawid Edelist, Józef Edelszejn, Michaś Fajwisz, Lilka Feldblum, Sala Feldblum, Dawid Frydman, Lewek Glikman, Tola Glikman, Izaak Grynbaum, E. Heyman, Zosia Hochbaum, Szymon Kaper, Piniek Kossowski, Sala Licht, Marek Majngarten, Berek Margines, Józio Mazurek, Heniek Mühlstein, Mirek Nisenhauss, Z. Rajzman, Sala Rozenfein, Mika Spiro, Klara Szapiro, J. Szleistein, Dawid Sztern, Dawid and Jadzia Tyrman, Bela Wajcentreger, Henryk Winograd, Leoś Wortsman, B. Zamek, Mieczek Zapolski, Zunia from Konwiktorska Street.

Late solutions for the 16th Brain Teasers were submitted by:

Irka Abramowicz, Mirka Spiro, Dawid and Jadzia Tyrman.

READERS' REQUESTS

Jerzyk begs all the mothers to have mercy on their children, to be less angry and more forgiving towards them.

Rachel asks for advice, because the shomer group is really alluring, and the director threatens anyone who joins with expulsion.

Irena asks for advice about what to do in order not to read that much, because the teacher is angry at her and calls her a "bunch of nerves."

Henia asks everyone to have heart for the orphans.

Heniek asks the editors to do something so that Miss Judea will come and visit their school.

Gutek asks us not to "cut" his letter. Sewek asks for a postcard, because he reads the Little Review on a regular basis.