

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

HOME

THIS AND THAT

Dear Editors, what Józio from Radom has written – that was not his dream at all, because the same dream is in the “First Reading Book” by Falski. It is written there that Ala had a dream how she was going to plant pansies, and there was a toad sitting on every pot staring at her.

The only difference being that there was no gentleman with a bear...

Yesterday I brought some willow from school and put it in water. I think that the catkins will fall off and leaves will grow out. I will plant it in a pot and a tree will grow.

My brother says that money from the new year is lucky. So when I see that someone has new money, I ask them to give it to me. I hide this money so that nobody can see.

Saluniek from Brukowa Street

LONGING

I have a brother in France and I miss him very much. I count the days left till he comes.

Unfortunately, he will not come for four months.

Bela from Zawiercie

FIRST ADVENTURE

It happened in the summer. Mommy was busy. I was bored at home. I opened the door quietly and ran out to the backyard.

My aunt (the one who lives in the same house) was passing by and said: “Jerzyk, come to me.”

So I went. I played a bit with little Stasio and I returned home.

There I found out that mommy had been looking for me. I got distressed and I cried.

And when mommy came I promised that I would never go anywhere again without asking.

Jerzyk from Nalewki Street

NOBODY KNOWS

Once our tenant went to see her cousin. She was waiting in the kitchen for a phone call because her friend was supposed to call her. She called. The tenant left her handbag in the kitchen and walked up to the phone.

She returns to the kitchen and she sees her handbag is gone. Nobody knows if a servant took it or maybe a patient did.

Jurek from Wielka Street

ENLARGED COOKIE

A strange lens lies on daddy's desk. It is convex with a metal frame and has a handle to hold it. Daddy often looks through it at small objects, because this is a magnifying glass.

The other day daddy couldn't find the glass on his desk. He searched in the drawers and pockets, not a sign. So he calls on my little brother, who likes to play with the glass.

“Miecio, come, help me find the magnifying glass.”

Miecio doesn't come so daddy goes to the children's room and sees... Guess what!

Miecio is sitting at the table. In front of him there is a piece of cake with cream on a little plate. Miecio is holding daddy's glass and looking through it at the cake.

“What are you doing, Miecio?” asks daddy surprised.

“I am eating the cake, daddy. It is so good... I want it to be bigger.”

Ewa from Dzielna Street

JEALOUS

I have decided to ask Mister Editor for advice.

I have a sister two years my senior. Her name is Maria. I don't like her, because she is jealous.

She goes to school, which doesn't give her any proper education.

Please answer my letter.

Abram from Franciszkańska Street

“THE PIPE”

My brother Janeczek is 9 years old and he already attends middle school. He is very handsome and polite (I am exaggerating a bit).

When he was 4 weeks old he started to smoke a pipe, which means he kept his thumb in his mouth. He got used to his “pipe” like an old sailor.

When he was little, nobody held it against him. He will grow – we thought – and he will break this habit. That was not the case.

Janeczek wore a pageboy style with bangs until he was 6 years old. He didn't look like a boy at all. He was smart. When he was three years old, he would go out on the street and come back home by himself. He would also ride the bicycle with our neighbor and look after the bicycle when the neighbor went inside a store. Janeczek was the chief in the yard. Although he often participated in fights, he never cried, when he was beaten. It should be underlined that he cried without tears. He cried with tears for the first time when parents smeared his thumb or his “pipe” with fish bile. He managed to handle it: he wiped his bitter thumb with a hand-washing stone.

He was 6 years old when he went to school, and he still smoked his “pipe.”

Adults would say:

“He is going to keep his finger in his mouth until his wedding day.” And children would yell:

“Pipe, pipe, from porcelain – do not bite it.”

Only last year Janeczek has stopped “smoking the pipe.” He decided to break the habit and, having a strong will, he succeeded.

Ela from Częstochowa

REPLACING MOMMY

I don't have my mommy anymore, but I have my sister Fela, who takes care of me. She is very kind to me. She helps me with my homework, goes on walks and talks with me a lot, and tells me about very interesting things.

Besides me, Fela takes also care of two more sisters. Sometimes she yells at us, but only when we really annoy her. The youngest sister, Rywcia, is plump like a roll, and Henia is older than me and already a shomer.

I want Fela to know how much I am grateful to her and how much I love her.

Czarna from Rypin

MY BIRTHDAY

I.

I was waiting for guests for a long time, I thought they wouldn't come. But they didn't disappoint me and they came.

I received nice presents. My nanny made dresses, hats and flags out of paper, so we put these outfits on. We played various games: ring around the rosie, Old Maid, London Bridge is falling down, the tomato question game and Chinese whispers. We said poems and performed a short comedy.

At 7 p.m. we had a tasty dinner.

The next day I went to the park, I met my guests from yesterday. I asked them how they felt after my birthday. They all answered that they felt well.

I don't know how to write yet, so I am dictating this to my nanny.

Rachelcia from Nowolipki Street

II.

On the first of March I was invited to my friend's birthday together with my little sister. We had a good time. I came back home with a sore throat and now I have to stay at home.

My little sister Romcia is 4 years old. I would like her to write to the Little Review as well, but she doesn't know how yet, so she is dictating to me.

This is dictated by Romcia:

“I am a little girl. I asked my mommy to sign me up for kindergarten because I know a lot of nice rhymes. I know how to draw little houses and dolls, I am sending you two of my drawings.”

Halinka from Muranów

A WEDDING

My sister got married on the 19th of February. That day, my sister didn't go outside at all, she stayed at home until the evening.

I went to school in the morning. After I returned, I ate lunch and I changed my clothes. My sister didn't want to take me into the car, because there were too many people. I started to cry, so my sister took mercy on me.

In the evening guests came to look at the bride. At 9 p.m. two cars arrived.

The bride (my sister Cela) went in the first car together with the groom's sisters and me. Mommy, my sister Mania and my aunt rode in the second car.

We got out. Once we entered the hallway, my aunt ran upstairs and warned everyone that the bride was coming.

Then the music started to play loud and the bride was taken to the throne.

At the beginning, we drank tea and ate pastries. Afterwards, the dances begun. My brother had distributed serpentine streamers among the guests who threw them at the dancers. It looked so nice when streamers of various colors unfolded and entangled the dancing couples.

Afterwards, candy was offered. Once we ate, there was more dancing and throwing of streamers.

At midnight, a march was played and the groom came in. When he walked up to the bride to say hello, people tossed multi-colored confetti at him. Afterwards, he went to the adjacent room where he was served food and drinks. Half an hour later guests came up to the bride and tossed confetti at her. Next, the canopy was lifted; it was held by the men. The groom was brought in and one man was reading in Yiddish. When he finished, the canopy was taken away, the bride returned to her seat, and the waiter brought out the tables with food and the wedding feast begun. Guests left at 5 a.m.

Bela from Zamenhofa Street

MY TREASURES

I have a lot of objects that don't have any value for others but they are treasures to me.

So first of all – a collection of foreign post stamps. I have very many of them, but without an album, so they have to stay in matchboxes. There is a card glued on each box with an inscription saying where the stamp is from, for instance: Austria, Russia, Belgium etc.

My film postcards are the main reason for arguments with my brother. I received all these postcards from my former friend. I also cut photos of male and female artists out of the “Dobry Wieczór” paper.

Dried leaves and flowers come from Mrozy, Marymont, Czernsk, Warsaw and from a park next to the Polish Bank.

I have shells from Józefów, from the Vistula River and the Baltic Sea.

I have a lot of pretty postcards, books and photos, which I used to collect in the past, but I have stopped, because people laughed at me. – For now I don't have anything else.

Kazia from Dzika Street

OUR SHOP

My mommy runs a women's hat making studio. I am 9 years old. We have three girls who work at our place: Dorka, Salka and Renia. I fancy Miss Dorka the best because she has black hair. We have a maid, her name is Andzia. She is always angry.

I like to sit in the shop and make little dresses, hats and shoes for my little sister's dolly.

Frania from Targowa Street

OUR FARM

We have a leather factory. There are horses, a sulky cart and a carriage.

Besides that, we have a farm with a field, a meadow and a garden. There are horses too and also cows there.

There is a lot of work in the factory and on the farm. In the evenings, the horses are so tired that they barely reach the stables. The coachman is also worn-out, he can't take care of the horses. Then we have to go and feed the horses.

The horses sleep for the whole night. In the morning, the coachmen come and give them food. Once they shout at the horses – they set out to work. They take skins to the station, they work without a rest.

There is a lot of work with cows as well. Cows have other uses – they give us milk and meat. For 5 days, they graze in the meadow and on Saturday and Sunday, the horses come to the meadow, as this is when they rest.

The garden is very useful because we have fruit, vegetables and flowers.

Janas from Radom

AT THE SHOEMAKER'S

I go there often because we bring shoes to be repaired. These people are still young and have one tiny baby.

The small room where they live is only two meters long and one and a half meters wide. A small gallery with two beds and a cradle for the baby has been fitted under the ceiling.

There is a tiny kitchen in the corner near the door. The young mother keeps busy there.

The room looks very modest. But people who live there love each other very much. They lead a quiet life, without complaining or envying anyone. Every time I come, I stay longer than I need to because I feel good there and it is nice to chat with them.

It is not a great achievement to live in a big residence and be joyful. Anyways, what do we need them for? Doesn't boredom and falsehood reign in them?

No, I desire to have a calm, nice life, and what is the most important – life filled with work. Because riches do not bring happiness.

Cesia from Dzielna Street

CURIOSITY PUNISHED

On Monday mommy went to town and left me at home to look after my little brother Monius.

Suddenly a man came to our backyard and showed us some tricks with a dog. My friend Lonia ran up to me and said, “Estusia, let's go to the backyard, we will take a look.”

But I said:

“I will not go, because during that time Monius might do something to himself, and anyway mommy has forbidden me.”

And Lonia said, “But my mommy also left me with the baby and I am going”

“I will not go.”

“So sit here alone then.”

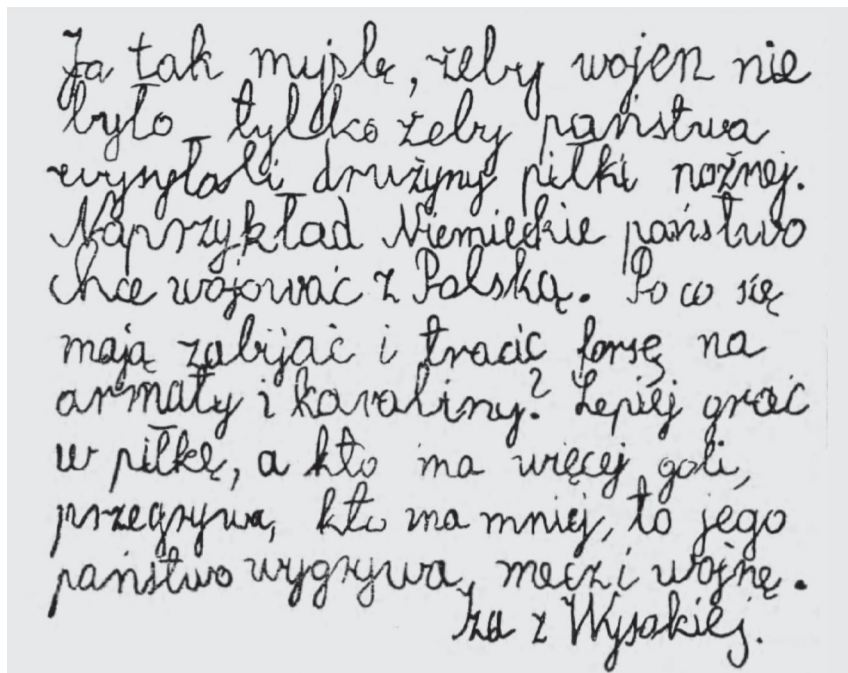
Lonia ran out to the backyard, and it turned out that the dog was not yet fully tamed. Lonia was standing too close and the dog bit her leg.

Now she is lying in bed, and I am thanking God for having stayed at home.

Ewcia from Brukowa Street

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THE FREE TRIBUNE



I reckon that there should be no wars only that the states would send soccer teams. For example, the German state wants to go to war with Poland. Why should they be killing each other and lose money on cannons and guns? It is better to play soccer, and whoever has more goals scored against them, loses; whoever has fewer – then their state wins the game and the war.

Iza from Wysoka

ANSWERS

1. Mieczysław, you write that you don't understand why the Little Review still publishes "Children's corner" despite protests.

What would you say if Our Review demanded we get rid of the Little Review, justifying it by the fact that they don't understand the need for a paper for children and youth? Surely, you would be greatly appalled.

So why are you demanding we eliminate the "Children's Corner"? The Little Review isn't a paper just for youth after all but also for children.

It even seems to me that we are unfair to children because we take more space than we should.

You are also wrong about "Current News." We write there about current matters. Because we can't print a letter immediately, therefore we mention the letters in this column.

2. Postcard no. 611, you ask, "why do people tell lies?" Well, it is very simple.

Among lies, you need to differentiate between lies out of good will and egoistic lies.

We all lie – at school and at home. For instance: I didn't learn the lesson, because I felt a bit strange, a bit sad. I can't tell the teacher the truth, because they will not understand, because they will laugh at me, so people say that they had a headache or another problem. And thus, we have the lie out of fear of being ridiculed.

It is the same at home. We tell lies out of fear of punishment or when they ask about things dear to us, which they can't understand. Sometimes people lie to dismiss insistent questions.

I rarely reproach myself for having lied, because I know that I had no other choice. I don't deny it – lies could cease to exist, but only if there was more understanding for us in school and at home.

You have also surprised me by saying that you had heard a phrase:

"I will be educating myself and you will be working."

I have never heard anything like that. Young people believe that getting an education is the same type of work as obtaining a profession.

Emanuel from Częstochowa

THANK YOU

Someone brought the Little Review home. I peeked inside. My gaze fell upon the title:

"Ugly – pretty (answers to Anđzia's letter)."

I covered my face with my hands. I understood that I would be largely criticized. I didn't have the strengths to read it. Finally, with trembling hands, I picked up my dear newspaper and I delved into reading.

I was not mistaken. Almost everyone criticized me for being vain.

Dear peers – how am I to thank you for your answers?

You don't know what your words have caused. I achieved a victory over myself: I have stopped thinking about myself.

It didn't come easy. I wondered for a long time if you are right. There was a moment – when I already admitted that you were right. Then it was as if someone deceitful and evil would whisper:

"You will never gain friendship among people, because the world judges people only by appearances – not by experience."

I was crushed. Suddenly an unknown girl has emerged from darkness, the same girl who had written:

"Would you believe that in a smallish town someone has stronger feelings for you than sympathy? If you want, we can be friends."

Dear, or perhaps even darling, Renia! Why wouldn't I be your friend, me, who desires friendship so much, who has never experienced it. Just give me your address...

I am cheerful, jubilant. Suddenly I again hear the same hostile voice:

"You silly girl... So what will you gain out of the fact that readers have understood you? You will not be liked by the rest of the society, because those who are ugly, although good, seem evil to people."

Again, sadness and bitterness. Suddenly I see tears dropping on the lines:

"It is not true that ugly is unkind, unpleasant. Be good, have a beautiful soul and you will see that they will like you."

I am looking at these words, I am surprised I didn't notice them before. One more moment of doubt and it's done – I don't deny it anymore.

And I have already won, but it is not a full victory – some doubts remain. Luckily the following words have dispersed them:

"The world is not divided into classes of beauty; and the young and strong will

have the right to reach for anything."

I have won! You don't need to comfort me anymore saying that one day I might become pretty, because now a beautiful face has no significance for me. I have become serene and free.

And I owe all that to you, my unknown friends. I will never forget your words.

Anđzia from Będzin

MORE FOR ANĐZIA

The article under the title "Ugly" has made a great impression on me. Anđzia is complaining about being ugly; that because of this she has no company and feels unhappy.

I am also ugly. I have no company either and I don't go anywhere. I feel very, very lonely.

This idea occurred to me that maybe we could become friends? I am sure that spending time together, going to the movies, reading books, etc., we will have a lot of fun, and what is most important – we will forget about our grievances and we will not feel so alone.

I can sense from the letter that you are good and nice, Anđzia. As for me – after we meet you will see for yourself. So, let's lift our heads up high and say: "Ugly with ugly, pretty with pretty."

Summer is coming. I am not going anywhere. We can spend vacation together – in Łazienki Park, in other parks and gardens. I promise that I will try to be an honest, loyal and devoted friend for you.

Bela from Dzika Street

WHY DO PEOPLE TELL LIES?

In the last "Free Tribune" I found wise and interesting thoughts. I was pondering the article "Why do people tell lies?" the most, because the author was asking readers explain it to him.

I know that people usually lie because they are defending themselves. However, I consider lying to be the worst of flaws.

I don't want to say by that that I don't have flaws. Quite opposite, I will list them: I am irresponsible, absent-minded, I am also a stinkpot, but I don't know how to lie. If I can't say the truth – I am silent.

I will give you two examples. Teachers forbid us to do our homework in the mornings. One day we had to make a cuboid as homework. I glued it together in the morning because I didn't feel like it in the evening. I came to school. The teacher looked at the cuboid, she noticed it is crooked, so she asked:

"When did you make it?"

"In the morning," I replied.

And because I told the truth, I was not punished.

And now the second example. I was doing my math homework in the morning, and I was writing in an untidy manner. Again, the teacher asked:

"When did you write it?"

I wanted to lie, but I stopped myself, I kept silent. And again, I was not punished, just the teacher asked if I was going to do this again and I promised that I would never.

I am speaking from my own experience:

"People should not lie, there will be no good for them from that."

I would like to see this letter in the Little Review in two weeks, but I am not sure if the editor will give me this pleasure.

Halinka from Zduńska Wola

TWO COALITIONS

The Little Review contributors split into two coalitions: youth and children.

The youth say that the editors devote too little space to them, and children, without saying anything, send letters to the editors.

I understand that if the youth wrote more letters about how they live, what they think about, they would have more space in the paper, because after all, the editors will not write letters in our place.

No, us youth, we are capable only of complaining. One person writes that he is feeling bad, another doesn't have the time, the third one doesn't feel like it, and afterwards everybody together complain that letters from youth are not being published.

We do not have the type of vacations where you're not allowed to write because you're supposed to rest. For us, every day is a working day. For us, every day is a twin of the next workday.

Whoever works is able to write in the evening. And those who do nothing are so lazy that they don't even feel like writing pages in their dairies.

I write a few things every day, about what I have done on that day, what I saw, what I have experienced. Therefore, we can send dairies. Whoever doesn't write one, they should simply write letters as if they were pages from a diary. Let's write, and we will check if the editors are publishing our letters.

I have heard that some people complain that the paper should be run differently. I think that the editors are better experienced with this undertaking than we are, so let's leave this business to them.

Hersz K.

A YOUNG WORKER

Łódź, May 14th – I came back from work, as usual, tired – with a pounding of raging machines in my battered head.

I would like to escape these iron wheels and transmission belts so much! Even when I was ill, I was hallucinating about machines and machines endlessly. They have become my misfortune.

There is still daylight outside. It is good to walk outside of the city now, to lie on green grass and breathe fresh air filled with springtime. But I will not be going anywhere. I will lie down and sleep heavily after an eight-hour workday, until morning, when I awake to the lingering howl of the factory siren. It seems to me that I might sleep through my life together with my youth...

May 17th – My day is as follows. At 7:30 a.m. I am awoken by the howling of sirens. I get up, I put on my work sweatshirt. I manage to swallow a cup of tea, I take the food with me and – off to work.

There are a lot of people on the street like me, in grey sweatshirts, with the traces of sleep on their tired faces. These are the working people – you almost can't see any others at this hour on the streets of Łódź. I pass by multiple factories, bristled with high, red chimneys. Finally, mine appears.

There is a signboard above the gate: "Cotton products factory"

I enter the main building through a narrow front yard cluttered with bricks and freshly brought material. This is where the weaving and spinning

mills are located. Huge rooms are connected with a corridor and with openings in the walls with transmission belts and cylinders going through them.

My spot is in the right wing of the building. I stop at one of the machines that are arranged in long rows. In the adjacent rooms, work is already in full swing, huge machines are knocking in a humdrum rhythm. Cases with spools of yarn slide in through the opening in the wall. Everyone receives several such cases daily.

My work is not too hard, it only requires skill and speed. I take out one of the spools, I wind the thread over one of the fast-moving cylinders. Once the spool ends, you have to stop the cylinder with your left hand, and immediately catch the end of the thread

from the next spool to make a so-called weaver's knot. Then you need to set the cylinder in motion again, but the spools have to be put back in their place so they don't damage the machine.

And I have to hurry like that in order not to fall behind or waste the material. The work is boring and weary. And around me there is the roar and whirl of machines, grey dust obscures the figures of people who are working and there is a semidarkness reigning inside. Only when the machines are slowing down, one can hear voices of the workers and the overseer shouting:

"Faster! Stop lolling about!"

Everything is as if one wanted to surpass the other. Workers don't look at each other, they seem to be parts of the machine.

There is a boy working next to me whose voice I haven't heard yet. His face is scrawny, indifferent to everything and his eyes have a dull expression. He has gotten so

used to performing his movements in a uniform manner that when the machine stops, his hands shake and he gives the impression of a person who is losing his balance.

On the other side, there is a pale Jewish girl who winds endless threads of wool on fast-turning spools. Her white complexion is covered with dust, her hands can barely keep up with the spinning wheel.

There is a break at noon. I wipe the sweat off my forehead, I take out my bread and eat it. We all gather in the hallway. One of the workers unfolds a newspaper. They ask him if there is any hot news. Those who are more talkative start to chatter. Jokes and bullying of the younger ones. One time a boy went on the roof for a prank. Older workers took away the ladder, and although the boy was crying and pleading, they only laughed at him. This boy lost one hour of work, so he was laid off from the factory. Nobody cares about anyone else here. When a machine cut a worker's hand, nobody

