

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

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CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

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IN FUJIADIAN

Correspondence from Manchukuo

I have long had the desire to visit Fujiadian, the Chinese district of Harbin. On my way to school, I see the outlines of homes and red brick chimneys of factories rising to the sky from the bridge under the viaduct – that is Fujiadian.

And so I made an agreement with two friends and along with my brother, we decided to head there on Sunday after dinner. At the appointed time, we met at the corner of Kitajska and Konna Streets. From there, we headed towards the large Tunfawun warehouse, next to which is the stop for buses going to Fujiadian.

Next to the bus stop, we saw a crowd of Chinese men in narrow, long black robes and hats on their heads. We didn't have time to stand there and wait for the bus and then not be able to find a place to sit inside. And so we left the Chinese men at the stop and went up to a chauffeur. Boria, one of the boys, bargained with him in Chinese, and finally after shouting from both sides and attempts to leave (the chauffeur pretending he didn't want to have anything to do with us), we put our lives in the hands of the Chinese chauffeur with his cap twisted so that the brim was on the left side. He was supposed to take us to the Fujiadian theater on Fifth Street.

The border between Harbin and the Chinese district is an iron bridge, under which is a large, unpaved opening, grandly called a "street."

After we got out of this "valley," full of billowing clouds of dust, we rode slowly over the streets of the suburb. The traffic was enormous, both on foot and in vehicles. Our chauffeur had to use his horn very often to stop or move Chinese people walking calmly in the middle of the street. You should know that there are no penalties for crossing the street improperly here.

From the suburb, we turned right, and found ourselves on a street that certainly equals Marszałkowska Street with how busy it is, or perhaps even surpasses it. There were beautiful stores with huge displays and a lot of products.

We finally arrived at theater on Fifth Street. The huge entrance doors were covered with a black cloth. It reminded me of the entrances to travelling circuses.

We were in a hallway, where the ticket office was located. The hallway was also part of the audience section.

I didn't like this small theater, stuffed with people, and so we headed to the large theater on Sixteenth Street. We didn't know the way, so we wandered around the small streets, between

stores that sold metal and iron, opium smoke dens, and finally we got to theater from the back.

The stage was completely open on all sides and didn't have any curtains. It cut into the audience in a deep semi-circle. Around the stage was a row of chairs, with another one behind it, a third and so on. Between the rows of chairs were tables. Waiters with all sorts of dishes, sweets and fruit walked between the tables. Whoever wanted to buy something, could get some food, set it on the table and just eat in peace.

The theater was quite tall, decorated with sculptures and paintings. The floor was littered with shells, papers and cigarettes. The audience sat with their hats on, shelling nuts and seeds.

The orchestra was not to the side but on the stage itself, off to the side. The musicians sat around a table set with glasses, teacups, mugs and plates with food and drink. If one of the musicians felt hungry, they would take something from the table and, disregarding the fact that they were supposed to be playing at the moment, eat or drink. In general, there was no order of any kind on the stage. In one corner, there were spare tables, and on top of them, piles of folded chairs. Children wandered among the decorations and artists, wiping their noses on their sleeves. They looked around a bit and then headed back to the audience, sitting among the viewers.

The decorations were set up by helpers, constantly located on the stage. At one point, when an artist was going to sit down, a helper approached him, not looking much different from an audience member, and held out a chair. I nearly burst out laughing when I saw a tray, purposefully dropped by an artist, taken away by another helper. The artists stood out from their surroundings because they were wearing old costumes, like the ones we saw in the movie "Marco Polo."

The end was probably the most interesting. The artists left the stage, and the help ran in and went around the stage, signaling to the audience that everyone should leave immediately. In a moment, the audience was completely empty.

We headed backstage. Others would not have been allowed there, but we Europeans can do everything. Behind the stage, we saw ancient Chinese weapons, spears, shields and swords, all kinds of banners, horns and shirts, embroidered with lots of Chinese symbols. One of the artists, who had already managed to change his clothes, showed us all of this. His face

C. KARMAZYN

HITCHHIKING TO THE RIVIERA

Correspondence from France

MARCHING OUT

The day dawns nastily.

Outlined in the heavy rain are two hunchbacked figures, with stuffed backpacks. Their feet rhythmically pound the suburban pavement, following the tempo of an inner order: "to the sun, to the south."

On the first day of the holidays, we, two members of the Youth Hostel Association, found ourselves at the exit of the last stop of the Paris metro, at the start of a national road.

I have a 10-franc coin in my pocket (about 1.5 zloty), my entire fortune, and my friends' ominous warnings rang in my ears: "you won't get far on that."

ON NAPOLEON'S ROAD

In a wheezing and stinking truck, we reach the wide road of the old royal forest of Fontainebleau. It's not the best start because after 60 kilometers,

paint hadn't been washed off his face yet. He told us what each thing was for, picking his nose the entire time.

We were very thirsty, so we went into the nearest fruit shop and bought a couple of mandarins.

We wandered the streets for a few minutes, and then my brother wanted to see the port in this part of Harbin, on the Sunggari River. To get there, you have to know the way. We stopped the first "hey you," that is, a regular Chinese man, asking him for directions. There was more shouting than any sense. The Chinese man looked at one of us and then the other, and he didn't know if he'd been surrounded by evil spirits or white chucnuzis (bandits). Finally, he covered his ears, and didn't want to even listen to what we were saying. For such an insult, we left him alone and kept going. We saw a porter and wanted to ask him, but he was running so fast, carrying huge baskets on his head, that he turned his head away when he was 10 meters away. There was no use asking him because he wouldn't even stop.

Finally, we got the information and started our journey toward the Sunggari. We had to go through the suburbs of Fujiadian. These were huge villages, simply horrible to go through. Clay huts, surrounded by piles of trash and sandy ridges that served as protection against the river floods, were not very aesthetic. Thousands of flies, mosquitos and other insects floated in the air. Here and there, filthy children sat in the sand and played with rags they had probably pulled out of their home trash heaps, usually located right by the entrance.

(TBC)

with creased sides and half-suffocated by the fumes, we give in, shouting "enough!"

From then on, things follow a certain order:

"Look, there's a car on the horizon." We raise and lower our arms. The car slows down, and we run up with the traditional formula, "would you mind?"

"Not at all!"

Naturally, two eccentric misses are an unusual entertainment.

Usually after only a few minutes of conversation, there is a thread of sympathy, and we part with regret to continue on our way.

We eat up the kilometers, passing through cities and provincial towns.

After Lyon, the first rest station – cold and inhospitable – we reach Grenoble. In the beautiful town, as if to show off to foreign tourists, every street heads straight towards tall, snowy mountains.

Starting at Grenoble, the wide road twists and turns, rises and fall, pierces tunnels and sneaks along canyons – this is Napoleon's famous alpine road, the road of retreat and final defeat.

We leave the last human cluster and make our way to the historic road around 6 p.m.

Unfortunately, many cars give us the same answer: a wave of the hand backwards, meaning "to the train station with you, vagrants!"

Night falls quickly in the Alps.

In the thick darkness and in heavy rain, we push on for meters and kilometers. On both sides of the road are vague outlines: just trees and locked, uninhabited sheds.

Sometimes the yellow eyes of cars piece the dense curtain of darkness. A moment of mad despair and then, splattered with mud, we're left behind.

Suddenly, from far away, we can hear the faint barking of dogs. Finally, people!

Under the roof of the hospitable alpine villagers, we quickly drown the memories of Napoleon's infamous road in hot soup. We remember nothing of it, falling asleep buried to our necks in hay, in the dubious company of rats, the rightful inhabitants of the barn.

IN A NICE MESS

On the third day, we finally arrive in the capital of the South: Nice.

With relief, we jump out of the 15th car we've been in, our stiff legs carrying our bruised sides and flattened bottoms.

The sea!

The bright blue sea foams along the entire shore, contrasting sharply with the lighter sky on the horizon.

Parallel to the beach is the famous Promenade des Anglais, a famous landmark in Nice.

The international crowd of professional seekers of entertainment has spread themselves on beach chairs and sunbeds.

Older, distinguished gentlemen and ladies with hair dyed all sorts of colors warily observe us, strange figures with dusty boots and huge backpacks. The contrast is indeed comical: they – lazy and wealthy, made for unending pleasure, and we – devourers of kilometers, incomprehensible seekers of risk.

In the Old Port, we finally find the Hostel. The unhappy Père Aubergiste can't control the unchecked influx of young people. Whether on bikes or hitch-hiking, members of the Association have come from England, the Netherlands, Switzerland and Belgium. A few Frenchmen have completely melted into this veritable tower of Babel.

We can't quite communicate, but nobody cares: smiles and joy in our eyes bring us together into a harmoniously messy crowd. There is no end of scandals – we dance in shorts in the center of the city, across from the Casino Roulette.

THROUGH

THE 24-KILOMETER COUNTRY
From Nice until the Italian border, the road falls toward the sea on one side, and on the other, rises to the rocky decoration of the Alps.

The southern spring is full of the green of palms, cypresses, lemon trees and the violet and pink flowers of peach trees. Hidden among this rich vegetation are luxury villas and hotels.

Of course, in these rich surroundings, we do not use elegant limousines. Not because of our disdain, but because of their dignified indifference. The three of us (we have been joined by a Hostel Association member from Canada) journey through this wealthy country solely using trucks.

A moment later, we freely cross the "border," which is a vertical line on a bridge, separating France from the Lilliputian Principality of Monaco. La Principauté is nothing more than a city built upwards, over an area of 24 kilometers. The pride of Monaco is the Exotic Garden, containing 200,000 species of plants, collected in all the tropical corners of the world.

Not stopping, we pass through Monte Carlo and finally reach Menton, the last French station before the Italian border.

In Menton, among trees covered with ripe oranges, there are many drunk English sailors: it is the anniversary of the unveiling of the statue of the English Queen Victoria.

(TBC)

ADVENTURES ON A WAY BETWEEN PUŁAWY AND WARSZAWA

Life at the summer camp in Majdany was happy and carefree, but the time had come for one of the groups to depart, and I was part of the group. We had to leave our cordial friends and the charming place. The camp administration provided us with food, the other campers escorted us to the dock, bid us farewell with a Horah, and went back home. And we waited for the ship.

Instead of arriving at 7 in the evening, the delayed ship crawled in at midnight.

We crowded in on the deck, where we spread out our things and lay down to sleep. Mirka slept with me on a bench, Sroka and Reginka on the ground, and Jerzy napped standing up.

While we slept, suddenly a voice rang out in the night.

"Get up off your beds and to the boat, now! Get up, servants of God, or I'll drag you out by the legs.

We get up, look around, the deck is bustling like crazy, but there is even more going on beyond the ship, on the "peninsula" sticking out behind us. Everyone has been chased off to the boat. As it turned out, our beloved ship, the Kościuszko, had stopped at around 1 in the morning, and had stayed like that until 6 o'clock, so to lighten the load, we were chased off onto the boat, to "catch certain cold."

Finally, the ship got moving at 7 in the morning. Without exaggerating, we had to get onto the boat 15 times during the day.

The next day, after a sleepless night, with empty stomachs and pockets, we had to get onto the boats again, but unfortunately, we got separated. Mirka and I were

on one boat, Sroka and Jerzyk on another, and Reginka stayed on the ship. We sat on the boats for six hours, hungry and cold. The first food we had were the apples Sroka and Jerzyk had brought us.

Meanwhile, the Kościuszko, was stuck in the shallows for good, and wouldn't move even an inch forward.

As we sat on the boats, we saw a ship coming up from Warsaw. It also came around next to ours. It was called the Raclawice. After getting to know the passengers of the Raclawice, it turned out that our friends were aboard, on their way to the summer camp in Majdany. We exchanged letters, greetings, etc.

Finally, the Kościuszko gathered up its energy and decided to push on through the shallows. What, the Kościuszko was to dishonor itself? No, definitely not. With a long whistle, it recalled all the boats, gathered its passengers, and majestically, triumphantly, it moved forward.

Our outlook on the whole things was not at all rosy. We had exhausted all our supplies of food, and we had no money. Despite this, we sang the whole time, for two reasons. First: when do people sing? When they're hungry. Second: there was a group of children from a camp on the ship; they were starving, but despite this, their good spirits did not falter, which also affected us.

We had to think about a way out of the situation, because when we asked the captain how long we would drag on, he said, "maybe a day, maybe a week." It would be best to get off in Kozenice and make our way back from there to Warsaw by bus.

This suggestion, put forward by Sroka, found many proponent. And money? Nobody had any. We were hoping that after getting back to Warsaw, we could leave our luggage on the bus, get the money, and then come back for our things. The bold plan was accepted and put into action.

Ten people got off the ship in Kozenice. For the four złoty we scrounged up, we rented a wagon to take us to town. I will never forget that ride. It was 10 at night, we were riding through fields and meadows, on a road lit by the moon. Our happy singing echoed far around us. Dogs ran out of the cottages to welcome us. The horse kicked up clouds of dust. Everything around us smelled so fresh.

While we were riding, a man jumped up onto the wagon, and as it turned out later, he knew Sroka very well.

After we arrived in Kozenice, this acquaintance took us home, gave us supper and a room to sit in – in other words, he took care of us. I was the laughingstock of everyone because I was falling asleep where I stood – so much so that everyone wondered if I had the sleeping sickness.

The next day, rested, full, with extra food supplies, we headed to the bus stop and bought tickets with the money Sroka's acquaintance lent us. Mirka and I had half a ticket each, so we had to sit hunched over on other people's laps and pointing to everything with a finger, ask, "what is that?"

In this fashion, we arrived in Warsaw; we welcomed its first homes with a loud hurrah!

BELA from Miła Street

KAYAKING TO OSTROŁĘKA

In July, when the weather was beautiful, we decided, along with my older brother Danek and his friend Geniek, to take a kayak ride to Ostrołęka. There, outside of the town on the Narew River, lives our uncle. The journey there is 65 kilometers long, and should take one day.

We decided to leave on Wednesday, at 6 in the morning. We lived in impatient anticipation for a few days, and then finally Wednesday came. We were at the river before six. After brief preparation, a few minutes after 6, we left Łomża.

About 8 o'clock, after two hours of travel, we reached Biała Góra. The picturesque surroundings of the town made us stop to take a look and eat breakfast in the pleasant place. After breakfast, we set out again. At 11 o'clock, we reached Nowogród. It is the only city on the Narew between Łomża and Ostrołęka. After touring the Kurpie Museum and eating lunch, we left again at 1 o'clock.

Before evening, a strong wind started up and clouds appeared on the horizon, which soon covered the entire sky. It looked like a storm was coming. We decided to make every effort to reach Ostrołęka before it started.

The wind blew in our faces, making work difficult. Suddenly, a lightning bolt cut across the sky and moments later, rain started falling, turning into a downpour. Thunder struck again and again, lightning flashing in the sky.

We decided to go towards the shore and wait the storm out, but just then, the wind overturned the kayak. We fell into the water, and all metal items – boxes, the alcohol

stove, etc. – sank to the bottom. The current and the wind made saving ourselves difficult. Two paddles went in the water. Because I'm not a very good swimmer, I clung to the kayak, and not only did I not help my brother, I only got in his way.

After much effort, we finally reached the shore, soaked and cold, pulling the kayak and one oar with us. Frozen stiff, we waited for dawn.

At dawn, the storm calmed, and the sun came out from behind the clouds. We kept going. I was shaking from the cold, but I put on a brave face to show how tough I was. But when we reached Ostrołęka, as soon as our aunt saw me, she sent me straight to bed.

IZIO from Łomża

A JOKE

ANSWER

One sunny day, the teacher went with the children to the park. He also wanted, by the way, to check the students' knowledge concerning nature. He asked them:

"Can you see these two birds sitting together?"

"Yes, we can."

"Who will tell me which one of them is a siskin and which one is a lark?" Silence. No one can tell. Finally one of the boys said:

"I know!"

"Then tell."

"The one that is sitting next to lark is siskin!"

FRANIA FROM NOWOLIPIE STREET

"FAGRIH"

I. HOW IT ALL STARTED

It all started when Fania was supposed to move to the school on Spokojna Street. The teacher had not yet given her final answer because she had to speak to the principal.

"So I'm supposed to stay in school today?" Fania asked.

"Yes, for now, find yourself a seat."

Fania asked herself where best to sit. The best place was in the last row, beside Hanka and Ada. She wouldn't pay attention to the lesson anyway. She didn't care about anything. One thought bothered her, though, that now, in fifth grade, she would have to leave all her friends and go to a different school, where she didn't know anyone, somewhere on the other end of Warsaw, on Spokojna Street. And she'd have to leave Guta, too. It was pure misfortune. So Fania prayed to God to help her and make it so that she could stay in the school.

The loud sound of the bell startled her out these sort-of prayers. Was the lesson over?

"Listen," she asked Hanka, "is there any homework?"

"Didn't you hear, we're supposed

to make a reading plan."

"Do you have a Polish book?" She kept asking.

"I do."

"Can I come visit you with Guta to do our homework?"

"Of course."

"Why do I even have to do homework?" She asked herself. "I'm going to be moved anyway. But I guess it won't do any harm."

After dinner, she went with Guta to Hanka's place, and Ada was there, too. They did their homework. They agreed that Fania, as the second-best student in the class would dictate, and the rest would write it down.

The next day, Fania found out that God had listened to her after all because she was told that she would stay in the school. Oh, what joy! That day, she arranged to meet with them all again, and that was how they became friends.

II. THEIR EVENINGS

They became diligent students. Before, they had also been diligent, but now, even more so. They met every evening at Hanka's home. They were there nearly every evening, and it was

paradise. Homework didn't take them long, so they did it quickly, and then... Then it was time to play.

One Wednesday, after doing their homework, they were talking about what they should play, as usual. Finally, they decided on "the inn is on fire." Three of them sat next to each other and Fania a little farther away.

"One beautiful spring afternoon," Fania started, "when the sun was setting and it was nearing the evening, despite..."

"I'm not playing like that," Hanka interrupted here. "No philosophy, make it interesting."

Fania, not very happy about the others not liking the story, looked for other expressions that were not "philosophical."

"It was the end of summer. I was supposed to go to a friend's house for a certain book..." And so on, and so on.

The story became more and more interesting because Fania could sometimes come up with the most incredible things no one had heard of. Our trio were so absorbed in the story that they forgot to clap when the word "inn" came up and had to

forfeit more items. Finally, Ada was left without her slippers and socks, one of the others without her hair clip, apron and scarf – in other words, each of them was wearing only a dress, which, in a moment, could also be considered up for forfeit.

But it happened differently. In her story, Fania said, "I noticed a strange glow, and thought that the inn was probably on fire..." At the words "the inn is on fire" they were supposed to trade places, but none of them moved (they were all barefoot).

"What's going on?" Fania asked, upset. "You forfeit!"

"No, how can we run barefoot?"

"I don't care, if we're playing, then we're playing. You lost, you forfeit."

"No, give us our slippers."

"No, I won't."

"But we're cold," Hanka shouted, upset.

"I don't care, you shouldn't have started playing then."

"Are you going to give them back?"

"No."

"Give them back!"

"I told you, no."

No? Now they didn't care about bare feet, and instead, they all stood

up as one, ready for a fight. A true battle for the forfeits started.

Suddenly, the door opened. The fighting girls froze. In the door was a friend of Hanka's father. He stared at them in surprise, smiled, and then left without a word.

They stood there for a while, speechless, not sure what had happened. They looked at each other, and then they all burst out laughing because they really looked funny. Scratched up, their clothing scattered, their hair a mess. Horrible!

From that day on, they didn't play forfeits anymore. There were many other games, and their favorite was "letters." Just letters, or really, post office. They sent questions; one of them was a postman, who delivered them. Each one had to answer honestly, and there were different kinds of questions.

In this way, they had conversations in letters, very interesting ones. Sometimes, a word would slip out for one of them, and they switched to talking about certain subjects or friendships or ideas – all kinds of things.

(TBC)

IN DRUSININKAI

I went on a bike trip with a friend. We left at four, and our intention was to travel twenty-three kilometers in one hour, and reach Uciecha in time for the changing of the guard (Uciecha is where the border crossing between Poland and Lithuania is).

We took all the accessories needed, food for the road and 2 zloty for small expenses. Our fathers frowned and reluctantly gave us our allowance for two weeks in advance.

The road led through the forest. We started out at a furious pace. We were joined by two more friends, and then there were four of us: Mietek, Niutek, Kazik and I, that is Witek.

We rode like mad, and so we got tired very quickly. Finally, the first stop came up. We were pleased to discover that we had completed the first stage, that is five kilometers, in eight minutes and 35 seconds. Our rest stop lasted two minutes and 65 seconds, and at 4:11, we were on our way again.

We rode much more slowly because we didn't manage to get enough rest. When we arrived at the second stop, it was 4:24, and we had 13 kilometers to ride in 36 minutes. Mietek, the leader of our trip, gave a fiery speech about "perseverance and persistent pursuit of our chosen goal." Thanks to this, the stop lasted six minutes, and at 4:30, we got back on the road.

Overjoyed and amused at Mietek's speech, and even more by the long stop, we sped through 8 kilometers without a break, covering them in a record time, i.e. 13 minutes. The next stop lasted three minutes, and at 4:46, we started again. Traveling the last stage took us 11 minutes, and at 4:57, we were in Uciecha.

We watched the changing of the guard and started on our way back. Along the way, we stopped by Ilgis Lake. There was an interesting piece of equipment on the lake, called a paddle boat, powered by a mechanism similar to a bicycle. As cycling enthusiasts, we examined it carefully. It consisted of two boards lying on the water with something like a carriage mounted on them. Attached in the very center of this carriage was a wheel-less bicycle. Chains for steering were attached to the handlebars, and a bicycle chain ran from the pedal to the propeller that moved the vehicle.

We wanted to try it, and after a long while bargaining, we rented the paddle boat for half an hour for 40 groszy. Right away we got stuck in seaweed and couldn't get the boat free. Finally, we got to the middle of the lake. I stopped pedaling and took a few pictures. The view was truly beautiful. Looking around, we didn't realize that the boat was moving farther and farther away from shore. When we finally noticed, the dock was almost out of sight.

Mietek, as the strongest of us, took the seat and started pedaling like crazy. And that's when misfortune struck. The old, rusted pedal broke and fell to the bottom of the carriage and the chain fell into the water and sank. We were stuck, helpless. Suddenly, as if things weren't bad enough, the sky turned dark blue and rain started coming down.

Pushed by the wind, we were moving farther away from the dock. No attempt at maneuvers helped. Without the pedal, we were helpless. We were in danger of overturning in water 10

The best memories of my summer holidays, which I spent in Rabka, are from the trip to Podrąbane.

First, we rose in carriages that shook horribly. I had the honor of riding in the carriage with Stach Leśny, the best carriage driver in Rabka, and on the driver's bench at that. After an hour's ride, Stach Leśny stopped the horse and said, mixing elegant language with his heavy accent:

"Young masters and misses, this is where you get out."

Our guardian, Miss Chana wants to go with us for a short walk around the beautiful area. At the same time, we give a cheer in her honor – the echo answers us for a long time.

Because one of the girls had already found a large saffron milkcap mushroom, I left Miss Chana and ran to pick mushrooms. After a few minutes, all my pockets and my arms were full of

meters deep and a kilometer away from shore. People at the dock were shouting something at us. The situation was really dangerous.

Niutek, the most religious of us, was reciting the krishme lainen prayer. Kazik kept firing the cap gun for help. And Mietek and I fiddled with the rudder.

Finally, the weather improved. A boat was sent out from the dock to tow us back to shore. We were soaked through and our teeth were literally chattering. As if that wasn't enough, they took all of our money for the broken bicycle, so we couldn't even get a cup of tea.

We paid for the trip with a two-week cold and 8 zoty.

WITEK from Leszno Street

IN THE MOUNTAINS

all sorts of scaber stalks, chanterelles and pine mushrooms. When I realized I wouldn't be able to go far with such a load, I threw them away and ran towards the stream. The stream, according to the highlanders' stories, should be very near.

Suddenly, as if at the touch of a magic wand, a beautiful view appeared – the stream meandered in front of me, far on the horizon on the right I saw a young cowherd girl and her charges; and somewhere near the top of the mountain, there was a small cloud of smoke, where the highlanders must have started a fire.

The sky was light blue and matched the color of the stream. I ran down the steep rocks to the stream, where I sat down and "started daydreaming" as my friend Dziunia would say. After a moment, I felt lonely for someone to share these impressions with and started to call out:

"Dziunia, Dziunia!"

After a moment, I heard the sound of feet. It was Dziunia, running. Following behind her with majestic steps was Marek, who, having heard me calling, was curious as to what I wanted from Dziunia. We tried to chase him away in vain. Running after the mushrooms, I forgot that I was leaving our group, but now Dziunia would lead me back to where Miss Chana was.

After many difficulties, we managed to cross the stream. I saw the place where our camp had visited previously. Far off in the distance, we could hear Miss Chana calling. We answered that yes, we could hear her, but we didn't want to come back, and we kept going.

Half an hour later, we lost all direction. None of us knew where the carriages were waiting, where the stream was or

where our venerable camp was. Well, tough. Marek and I resigned ourselves to our fate, but Dziunia, coward that she was, got scared.

"Don't worry," I consoled her, "if worst comes to worst, we'll spend the night here."

A little later, Marek started running, and we followed. We were running very fast. Marek changed direction every few minutes. He ran so quickly that we couldn't catch our breaths, so we stopped and then ran even faster.

"Finally!" Dziunia shouted when we reached the road.

Just a few more minutes of running really fast, and it happened so quickly that I thought it was some kind of mirage. There on the road were our carriages, standing there as if nothing had happened. Dziunia breathed a sigh of relief, but to be honest, I would have rather spent the night in the woods.

Near the carriages, our highlander farmer hosts had started a fire and were eating potatoes. When they saw us, one of them stood and said:

"Come sit with us. Stach Leśny is here. Would you like some potatoes, misses?"

We thanked them for their hospitality and set out on our way. Unfortunately, it was too late. Miss Chana was approaching the carriages quickly.

"We're in trouble now," Marek whispered.

But Miss Chana was so happy to see us that she forgot that we were supposed to be in trouble.

"It's time to go home," Stach Leśny said, and we got into the carriages and set out on the way back.

Farewell, lovely Podrąbane, until our next stay in Rabka.

NINA

AT THE SHOMER CAMP

We had a scouting game that day, with two teams participating: those doing the guarding and those doing the sneaking. The guards hid in the bushes and guarded the flag. The other team wanted to capture the flag and of course not be noticed by the guards.

If a guard saw someone from the other team, he would say "amod," which means "stop," and would take away his tie. The ties collected would be given back to Szmuel, our director, who was in Dąbrówka, in a certain village near Kazimierz.

With a few friends, we ran to Dąbrówka, to give the ties collected to Szmuel. Instead of Szmuel, we found the watchman. When we asked where Szmuel was, he said that Szmuel went to see the boys to take care of something (I think it was some money matters), and that he would be right back. And so we went back. After about an hour, we realized that the game should be over, because it was after 6 p.m.

"Hey, Szmuel will probably come by and end the game."

But Szmuel was nowhere to be seen.

Another two hours passed, and we were really worried. Finally, the watchman said, "Let's go to the camp. Szmuel will come alone."

That night, late after curfew, we told stories of the horrible misadventures that could have befallen Szmuel.

The next morning, we were woken up at 4 a.m. by horrible shouting; I thought

the building was on fire.

"How can you sleep, when Szmuel is not here!"

"Szmuel is not here?" We shouted back, jumping out of our beds.

"No, he's not... Hurry! We looked for him all night. Get dressed, quickly!" Director Mosze shouted.

We got dressed in such a hurry and confusion that there were mismatched stockings, brown on one leg, black on the other, left shoe on the right foot, and the right shoe on the left foot and the front of the shirt in the back.

Mosze ran ahead, and everyone after him, following breathlessly. I felt like I had to stop, that I couldn't go any farther, but I mustered what strength I had and kept going. After all, we had to find Szmuel.

I heard quiet crying next to me.

"Don't cry, that's not going to help."

We stopped at the forest where the game had taken place the night before.

"Scatter through the entire forest and look for tracks," Mosze ordered.

Not wanting to be alone, I joined a group. And the things that were going on there!

"He wore silk stockings," said Miriam.

"He had my watch," added Ester.

One of us found something and called Bat-Ami.

"A grey shirt!" Bat-Ami shouted horribly.

We saw the tatters of a grey shirt, stained with blood.

"They killed him! They wounded him!" Ideas came from all around.

Because Szmuel was supposed to pick up money from the boys, we thought that he was attacked and had tried to defend himself. Indeed, the ground was kicked over a little farther away.

"They fought here. Here, look."

Nearby was Szmuel's broken puukko knife.

"The peasants probably tied him up."

Someone said that Szmuel was probably thinking about us when they led him away. Maybe he left some secret marks for us with his foot? We started searching. Over and over again, someone would shout, "an arrow!" and the directors would run in that direction, looking for Szmuel. Some people cupped their hands around their mouths and shouted "Szmuel!" hoping to hear even a moan in response.

Finally, the directors decided that we would go home and lie down, and they would look for Szmuel themselves. We tried protesting, but regretfully, we had to go back.

We lay down in our clothes, and nobody slept. And even if they did fall asleep, they had scattered and strange dreams. I remember one of the girls shouting in her sleep, "Szmuel, go get the ducks!" It was funny, but no one laughed.

The boys endured a bit more than us girls, so they didn't lie down and walked around instead, waiting for news.

We asked them to bring us news as soon as they heard something. An hour later, one of them came running, out of breath and red in the face.

"Szmuel has been found!"

We all jumped to our feet and ran to the directors' cabin, breathless. We all saw two directors carrying a stretcher, on which Szmuel lay, covered in blood. He was white as a sheet.

"Where did you find him?" We asked with trembling lips.

"He was in Kazimierz, with one of the peasants. The man told us he found Szmuel in the forest while picking berries. He was covered in blood. The man ripped up his shirt into narrow strips and bandaged Szmuel.

We were terrified. Would Szmuel die?"

"Assembly!" I heard the voice of the watchman.

We ran for our pennants. A moment later, we stood in hakshev (at attention). They carried Szmuel, who was now conscious, on a stretcher to the front. Szmuel was very pale, and all bandaged up. They handed him the book to read the plan of the day, and he took it in his hands.

Quietly, slowly, Szmuel read in a broken voice. After every word, there was a long pause. His strength was leaving him. And then he spoke the last sentence:

"Habirim... hevei... mu..." He didn't finish the last word, the book slipped

from his hands and his head fell back onto the pillow.

It was silent all around. And then, after the silence, everyone suddenly started crying. I'm telling you, from one end of the row to the other, everyone was crying like a baby. The directors ran to Szmuel calling for water, and we were thinking, "He's dead, he's not going to be with us anymore."

And then... Were we seeing things? Standing in front of us was Szmuel, healthy, alive, smiling, with a trumpet in his hand:

Everyone attention!

Lies!

And then we started crying even more – furious that it was all lies. That they had deceived us.

And now you'll probably ask: how did they prepare the deception? Let me tell you:

The directors led Szmuel into the woods at night and bandaged him up.

The next morning, they started running loudly and stomping their feet to wake us up and scare us. And then they ran into the girls' room, out of breath and upset, and told us the horrible news of Szmuel's disappearance.

And who suffered the most?

Our director, Meir, because his shirt was ripped up; Szmuel, because his knife was broken and Harira, because the cherries she received were used for the blood.

NOEMI

SUMMER THAT WASN'T

When I was little and summer came, I wanted to go to camp because I'd had enough of the cheder. But I didn't dare ask my parents.

Every Saturday, someone from the family would advise us on where we could go. Sometimes even our neighbor would give us advice. But daddy only ever nodded and said "all right." I sat there on pins and needles, waiting until daddy would say "all right, then rent a place."

The first, second and third Saturday after the holidays passed, and the matter had not progressed. I could barely stop myself from crying.

On the fourth Saturday, mommy said that when she was little, she would go to the countryside. She still remembers the smell of fresh hay and the sound of the forest. She would like to go there with the children. Maybe father could go on Sunday and rent a place. Then daddy said:

"You know I don't have the time. Rent the place yourselves, and I will join you on Saturdays."

We stopped talking about it. After supper, when daddy went to sleep and no one but mommy was in the house, I went to her and shyly asked whether we would really go, how long the trip would be and when mommy would go to the village that smelled like hay to rent a place. Mommy promised me that she would go on Sunday.

I went to the cheder, but my friends were not there anymore, I only got a spanking from the rebbe. I ran out into the street, slammed the door behind me, and yelled to the rebbe that I wasn't afraid of him because we were leaving on Sunday. The rebbe told me that for every day of absence, I would get a lash on bare skin. Well, I thought, he'll forget over the summer for sure.

I ran to the meadow where my friends were playing. I told them everything and added that they would be able to visit me for the holidays, that they could even walk there, since it wasn't far to the village. There is a river and we'll swim in it, and there's a forest, so we'll go berry picking. My friends were jealous and told me that they would start a rebellion in the cheder to make the rebbe only teach them until four in the afternoon. You can't spend the whole summer bent over a book. They should at least leave us our afternoons free of learning!

We daydreamed in the field until evening. I held onto the hope that we would leave the next day.

I woke up at 5 o'clock and I couldn't sleep anymore. When mommy got up, I asked her a bit shyly, muttering a bit, whether we were leaving today. But mommy shouted at me, why was I bothering her? I cried bitterly and told her that I had a hole in my shoes and so I wouldn't go to the cheder that day.

In the afternoon, the rebbe sent a boy to find out whether we had left. Mommy told him that we weren't going anywhere.

MY ORDINARY SUMMER DAY

FROM THE LIFE OF WORKING YOUTH

It is one of those summer days that give people fevers and bring anxiety. Outside the window, the irritated city hums, boils and spills between the signals of trams, cars, and carriages. In the room, there are several girls, bent over their work. Needles flash between their fingers, sewing dresses and children's clothes. The girls talk and laugh out loud.

I sit at the sewing machine, squeezed into the corner of the room. The steel spike dips into the blue fabric over and over again. Legs move rhythmically: legs... rattle... wheel... needle...

I see the parade of children for whom we're making the clothes. Large, sparkling bows, short, light-colored dresses, a row of heads, smaller or larger, poor and rich children, sad and happy.

I think about the girl who was here a moment ago. She's about four years old.

The girl's mother keeps repeating the same thing: "isn't my daughter a phenomenal child?"

"Lizenka, darling, tell me, who is Hitler?"

"Hitler is..." The child stammers.

"He's a barba—" the mother gives her a hint, and the girl finishes, pleased with herself.

"And what does Hitler do?" The mother asks.

"He beats Jews."

"Didn't I tell you?" The mother exclaims triumphantly. "She even knows politics."

Then there is a whole series of stories, in which the girl's wisdom is supposedly shown.

"She's a fantastic child," nearly all the girls tell her.

The machine I'm working on falls silent for a moment, and then the large wheel starts to spin, the other one smaller and duller, the white spike punctures the blue fabric, but it seems slower, more sluggish.

A beam of light rests on the blue fabric. I only now realize how much sun is in the room. I think that the window is a way to lock away human life. Outside, the city's inhabitants wander the streets. The air vibrates with laughter.

The large wheel spins slowly... slowly... the needle pierces the fabric and repeats the horrid word:

"Liiife... Liiife..."

Memories flood my mind. My thoughts whirl, pressing on my temples. Old, familiar facts are revealed, memories scattered by reality, and like clouds of smoke, they start to converge and animate.

My back hurts. My throat is dry.

The next day, when I went to the cheder, I was so scared of the rebbe that I stood outside the door for maybe an hour, until someone came to see the rebbe and pulled me inside.

The rebbe beat me for being late and teased me mercilessly for not going.

Jakub from Lublin

Oh, to just give it all up and go. I really don't want to, I can't anymore.

A friend has come to visit my nearest neighbor, also a student. At first, we didn't pay attention to her. But now she's talking about us, working youth.

"You should be envied for your decision and your strong will," she says to all of us. "You should serve as an example, to society, not to the impoverished intelligentsia, but there are no intelligent experts..."

"Why is she saying all this?" I think, bent over the garment made of blue cloth.

Six months ago, I thought the same. I was more honest than she is, I conducted the experiment on myself. It didn't work, but at least have enough willpower to stay here, to not abandon the work that, to be quite honest, I can't stand. What's the use of all this talk? Should I "love" my job just because I don't have an education? Is that the only reason?

"You are, if I may say so, naïve," a young girl sitting at the other table tells her.

We look at her, surprised because she nearly never takes part in the group conversations.

First, let me say," she continues, without stopping the work of pinning a dress on a mannequin, "that we owe our decision not to, as you think, our own will, but to the pressure of necessity. We simply have no other way. You think that the appropriate qualifications are enough to get a job. Hmm, that would be nice. Understand," she adds intensely, "I have my youth, health, a school diploma in my pocket, and I know how to do the work I really enjoy, but will I get a job? How many unemployed experts like me are out there?"

I finish work before supper. I breathe a sigh of relief. I run through the streets quickly. Their appearance rarely changes – the objects in the store window displays are arranged as carefully as ever.

I look at the people almost indifferently. It used to be different. I see a blurred image before my eyes. I'm a little girl. I stop on the street, full of hope and anticipation. Because any moment, someone could come out of the crowd, it would usually be a heroine, but I never wandered in what sense she would be a "heroine." She would take me by the hand and we would go far away out of the city. There would be a forest and birds there.

Or in the evening, we would walk and hear our steps ringing in the street. We would walk between the lanterns and intertwine our steps. What a beautiful ornament it would be: light and footsteps. I can even see the woman's face, neck and hands.

When I enter the doorway of our home, the picture fades away. I laugh out loud and run up to the fourth floor.

ESTERA N.

FIRE

This happened in Falenica. It was getting dark. I lay in bed, and mommy moved around in the room. Suddenly, she said, "I'll be right back. I'll bring some hot water from the kettle."

I believed her. I was little then. Mom's absence grew longer, and I was worried, so I called to her. Mom came back and told me the truth: across the street, there was a house on fire.

Mommy told me to get up and put some clothes on, while she started to pack up bedsheets. I got up and looked out the window. I saw a ball of fire. It seemed like the trees under our window were burning, because at night, fire looks to be close.

I ran to the other side of the house, where my aunt lived, because there was a better view of the fire from her veranda. The panic faded only when our downstairs neighbor who was coming back from the train station, told us that it was nothing serious and that it wasn't as close as it seemed. We watched the fire, shivering in the cold.

Three fire department trucks came to the fire. The crowds were enormous. Everything was saved from the milkman's house, but in the confusion, thieves stole nearly half of it.

After the fire, I told mommy: "Tonight, I will probably dream about the fire, since I always dream about the things I worry about during the day."

I went to sleep, but I didn't dream about the fire.

When I went to see the location of the fire the next day, I saw a horrible sight: ruins, ashes, broken balconies, torn down by firemen and finally a few brick walls that didn't burn.

Some people said that they saw the owner of the house escaping through an attic window. There is a suspicion that he set the fire, wanting to get the insurance and make the milkman unhappy. The firemen said it was arson.

W. RDILAJ.

In order to avoid confusion related to late solutions, we remind readers that they need to send their solutions at the proper time and through the proper mailbox, i.e. the Little Review mailbox. The final deadline for submissions is 4 p.m. on Thursday of the week following the publication of the task.

All solutions sent late will be peremptorily rejected.

We are not responsible for solutions sent through the wrong mailbox.

NOTE! If someone has received a prize in another tournament, they cannot receive it in the next two tournaments, even if they score the highest number of points.

JOKES

FOR SURE

A plane passenger asks the pilot: "I'm going to get down safely for sure, right?"

"For sure, sir. To date, not one passenger has stayed up in the air!"

NOISE COMPLAINT

A tenant complains to the building manager. "The neighbors who live next to me made noise all night. They pounded on the walls until the morning. I couldn't work because of them..."

"Were you writing something?"

"No, I was learning to play the trombone."

BRAIN TEASERS

Today, after the summer break, we are starting the 16th Entertainment Tournament. It will be based on the following rules: for solving each of the 24 tasks, a number of points, most likely determined in advance, will be assigned. Readers who send in tasks, which are then published in the "Brain Games" section during the tournament, will receive the same number of points as is assigned to the solution. Participants who get the highest number of points will receive six prizes, three of which will be presented to winners 10 and younger, and three for winners 11 to 13-years-old. Solutions should be sent to the Little Review newsroom by 4 p.m. on Thursday of the week following the publication, in envelopes marked "16th Entertainment Tournament." In addition to the solution, please provide your full name (which is necessary even if the participant sending in the solution uses a pen name), age and exact address.