

# THE LITTLE REVIEW

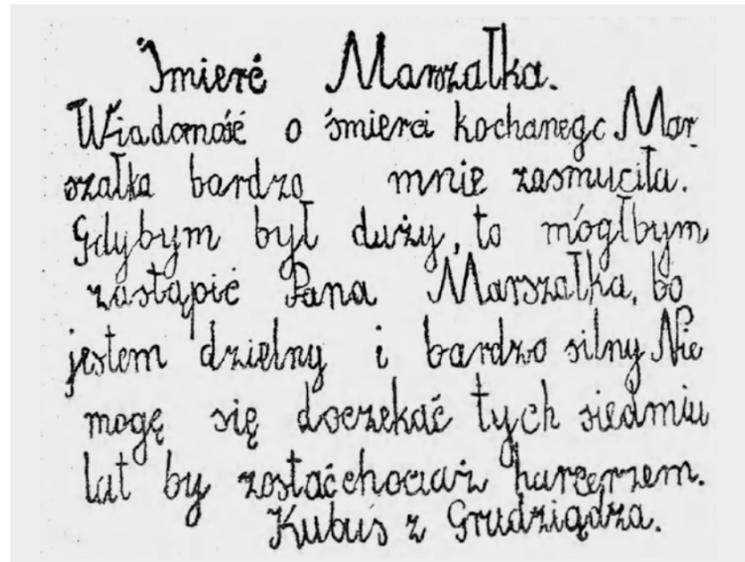
CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

## THE FUNERAL BELL ECHOES



### MARSHAL'S DEATH

The news of our beloved Marshal's death grieved me very much. If I were big, I could replace the Marshal because I am brave and very strong. I can't wait to finally turn seven, when I can at least become a scout.

Kubus from Grudziądz

### HIS HEART RETURNED TO HIS MOTHER

The streets are quiet. All that is heard are moans of children, women and men. The national flags are flying above every gateway: at half-mast and with ribbons of black crepe.

Every passerby shares the depressing news with the others. The Leader of the Nation is dead. This is a date everyone should remember.

The Marshal's body was laid to rest at Wawel Castle, his heart interred next to his mother and his brain left to science. As he cared for all in his life, so he endowed all in his death.

Icek from Świętokrzyska Street

### MAY 13TH

It was May 13th, a bright and sunny Monday morning. In my head, I ran through the day's lesson plan and concluded I should choose truancy. I went to breakfast and my father said: "The Marshal is dead."

"No jokes, please," I said.

I left for school. On my way, I noticed the red-and-white flags flying at half-mast, with mourning ribbons. I could not believe it yet. While passing by a newsstand, I saw the *Gazeta Polska* daily; a headline in huge bold print announced the death of Józef Piłsudski. Now I had to believe it.

I was reminded of a program broadcast some time before by the Polish Radio, which included a memorable statement to the effect that death ruled by means of a huge clock, its every stroke (and it measures time continuously) marking the death of another human being. This image spoke to my imagination most powerfully.

The Marshal's time had come!

It was time, humanity's worst enemy, that overpowered him, the

man whom three world powers were unable to defeat.

Immersed in such thoughts, I reached the school.

What struck me immediately was the silence, a curious and mournful silence, which had never before prevailed in our halls of our school. It felt like entering a sanctuary, a place that could be desecrated by the mere touch of a shoe sole on its floor.

On the entry steps, I saw the principal dressed in black; and was strangely overwhelmed by the sight. Then, my eyes fell on the commemorative plaque of the schoolgirls that had fallen in the war. Yes, you fought and nursed the wounded, to ultimately die by a treacherous bayonet or an even more insidious epidemic. Today, we no longer have the one you so trusted. You fought for what we value and love the most, freedom. Now, you have all been cradled by our one mother, the Earth.

When I entered the classroom, all the girls stood together around one table and talked about something in a low voice. They went quiet for a moment at my entrance and then they all at once asked one question: "Have you heard?"

"I heard," I responded.

A prayer was recited quietly, but no one dared to begin the morning calisthenics because that is something that must be done cheerfully, and there was no cheer in us.

After a while, the homeroom teacher walked in with an announcement that all lessons were cancelled for the day. At any other time, that message would have been met with peals of joy (nota bene, accompanied by the tossing of satchels, inkwells, etc.), but this time it made no impression on us.

We gathered in the recreation room, where the flag was brought in, now

covered with a mourning ribbon, and the principal read the message from the President.

I saw the eyes of many students well up with tears.

In silence, we went back to our homes. Occasional sobbing could be heard throughout the school building.

It was a bright sunny Monday, May 13th, but clouds had begun gathering above the horizon.

The city was the same as always, only the crepe-bedecked flags made for its mournful character.

Gina from Radom

### AS ABANDONED LITTLE CHILDREN

Could this be true?

He, the one recognized by every child, every Polish citizen, the whole world... the Constant Knight, who had suffered so achieved so much, has died?

I am holding today's copy of *Our Review*, with the well-known portrait and a single sentence on its front page. How is it possible that he is dead? Such people do not die.

Bells were ringing. Their echo carried the unhappy news into the world. The radio went silent. Only from time to time, the speaker delivered short announcements, clearly holding back sobs. Anxious cities, towns and villages listened.

The streets emptied. Covered with black crepe fabric, flags hung from their poles. Black armbands appeared on people's sleeves, and black ribbons on school and beret emblems, and people whispered one to another:

"Did you hear???"

They stood as if orphaned, without looking at one another.

Marshal Józef Piłsudski... is dead...

I guess, no one will mourn him like the young.

He was our Companion from the very first day of school. Even at the entrance to the first grade public school classroom, he greeted us with a friendly smile of his stern face. The teacher told us that this was Józef Piłsudski, the First Marshal of Poland.

The leader's bushy eyebrows, gray mustache and penetrating gaze, together with his plain and undecorated Commander's uniform, had all crept into our memory.

Many of us children also dreamed of courageous acts and often asked how Józef Piłsudski had become the Marshal. Over time, we learned that the Marshal lived at Belvedere Palace, where the former Russian rulers used to reside.

When the school celebrated the Leader's name day, many of us recited poems: about the gray horse, bravery, courage and sacrifice. Under the impression that the Marshal could hear our words in Belvedere Palace, we strove for ever more refined and clear diction.

We liked to frequent the history room, where we could study Marshal's life through many books and illustrations. We were also interested in where he lived.

I learned that he also honored Otwock with his presence. The Marshal spent several months in Mrs. Nestorowicz's guesthouse. Afterwards, he left our town for Vilnius, where he actually named a town Otwock, apparently to commemorate the nice moments spent in our town. The people of Otwock boasted of this event for many years. The plans to place a memorial plaque were unfortunately frustrated when the house in which the Marshal once lived burned down. Ultimately, a monument was erected in City Park and last year, on the Marshal's name day, a local Polish Language College was named after him.

And on the day of national mourning, when Chopin's "Funeral March" was played in front of the monument, we bowed our heads and cried like abandoned little children.

Szlamek from Otwock

### MEMORY

Since the day I learned about the death of this greatest hero of Poland, I have been living as in a daze. I cannot think of anything else. I recall the various minor circumstances in which I saw the Marshal, but the image of something that happened seven years ago stands out in my mind in the most powerful way. This image emerged today with strange expressiveness and stands out before my eyes:

The evening was approaching, on a gray rainy day in late autumn. As every other day, my mom and I were taking a walk down the Aleje Ujazdowskie boulevard.

The boulevard was deserted. It was close to dusk, and the street lights were not lit yet. I was sitting quietly next to my mum on a street bench. Silence overwhelmed me; I was sad.

At some point, we could hear the hollow sound of footsteps in the distance. Someone was walking from the direction of Belvedere Palace. I watched the approaching figure. It looked strangely familiar. Some man walked slowly, with his hands behind his back.

Sure, it was him, the Marshal. I was stunned breathless.

Right behind him, like a shadow, walked his aide.

The Marshal was now close by. I watched him captivated: he appeared so suddenly, so unexpectedly.

It was the first time in my life that I saw Józef Piłsudski, but I still recognized him. I recognized the bushy mustache and eyebrows and the characteristic face I had seen in so many photographs.

He walked past us slowly, and when he was a few feet away, I came to and shouted:

"Mom, that was the Marshal."

### LAYOUT OF THE ISSUE:

Page 1 – for everyone;

Page 2 – for older youth (15-17 years);

Pages 3 and 4 – for readers aged 12 and over;

Pages 5 and 6 – for children.

Józef Piłsudski turned, smiled at me, saluted and said:

"Yes, dear child, it's me."

And he went on while I felt as if I had unexpectedly received a lavish gift.

Basia W.

### IN THE CLASSROOM

It's a gray morning, the worst kind of a Monday morning, when getting out of bed is the hardest: the delightful reminiscences of the past Sunday are firmly attached to the warmth of the bed while the voice of duty is weak.

Suddenly, I hear my sister's voice: "Piłsudski is dead."

"What a dumb, idiotic and distasteful joke."

I reach for the paper with indifference. "What?"

He's dead.

I am flooded with hundreds of questions, conclusions, jumbled thoughts, astonishment, disbelief, horror and some feeling I cannot express: an emptiness and a terrible burden all at once.

My pulsating temples keep on hammering out: the one who died... for some was their beloved Commander, their victorious Leader, and for others their wise Commander-in-Chief and their Executive, while for us, the common people, he was human will, sacrifice and work personified.

I saw him with my own eyes only once, and yet a horrible sense of loss raises in me.

"Your obligation..."

Yes, I have a duty to go to school.

With a thoughtless, automated movement, developed over the school years, I near-subconsciously reach for my satchel.

On the street, seemingly nothing has changed. Every other moment, someone with their eyes fixated on a black broadsheet of a newspaper passes me, and every other moment, a black armband flashes by me.

Here and there somebody is wiping off a tear shed in private. I meet a friend, a seldom-met friend, on his way to school in the opposite direction.

A handshake...

"Dead..."

"That's right."

We go our separate ways.

I am afraid, I'm afraid of school. I dread the prospect of this great misfortune being reduced there to some superficial gestures, headshakes, pretenses or moralizing speeches.

The school makes a bizarre impression on me: no usual buzz, silence prevails, and only small groups of students talk softly.

Silence prevails. The Zionist, the leftist, all without exception and

CONTINUED ON P. 3

LEON K-CZ

**FOR MOTHER...**

"Changed! I think bitterly, yes, I have changed! – What is it you know of me now, Mother? A mere memory, nothing but the memory of a quiet, eager youth of the days that are gone. You must never know, Mother, never know of these last years; never even wonder what they were like" ...

"You, who tremble and are shocked by the impact of a mere word, one word that has been enough to shatter your picture of me."

(from "The Road Back" by Erich Maria Remarque translated from the German by A. W. Wheen, Little, Brown and Company, 1931)

Mom, I remember us riding a bus together and talking about whether it was possible for a son or daughter to express their lives' ordeals, uncertainties and sadness to their parents. I claimed that neither of the two sides understood one another. You said I was wrong. Well, here is a handful of my memories for you...

**THE SCHOOL UNIFORM**

How often was this scene played out because of that common, symmetrically cut piece of navy blue cloth, finely decorated with blue epaulettes and silver buttons. I just hate school uniforms; in fact, school uniforms are hated universally by all my school friends.

You always claimed that I did not like uniforms because I always wanted to be treated above my age, and that I wanted to please the girls. That's not true. Understand, please: a uniform is a prohibition, and a prohibition is something unbearable and suffocating for me. Why is it that purely by virtue of my sixteen years of age I should be subjected to some special restrictions?

We, the student masses, are not allowed to watch many artistically produced movies; we're supposedly scandalized by them. Well then, our beloved teachers, our parental caretakers, you herds of logically minded pseudo-pedagogues, do come one day to one of our friends' evening gatherings. You will witness our innocence. You will hear stories about the secrets of love – and you will hear them told in our picturesque jargon. The innocent sheep, may they not be offended by a nude chorus girl on a screen at a premiere movie theater.

Oh, cursed morality of the great moralists!

You do know, gentlemen, that the forbidden fruit is the most powerful lure and yet you are always surprised at the sight of a school kid at a prohibited movie.

That's a dumb method, oh pedagogues, and it's symbolized by the uniform: uniform equals provincial. After 7 in the evening in some and after 8 or 9 in other places, students are not allowed to walk in the streets.

That's because, my noble lords, it is a corruption of morality, and dating a girl is an offense against God. And what do you, "pure" moral educators, do? Where do you spend your evenings from time to time? Who gave you the right of supremacy over us?

Why is it that a shopkeeper, a ticket collector or a policeman treat me differently when I am dressed in my uniform and differently when I wear my "civilian" clothes? A student is a member of a separate disadvantaged social caste, outwardly identified by the uniform. And yet, you, Mom, wonder why I dislike the uniform so. Try, for just a moment, to reason and feel like

me and the masses of my friends. You will feel a disgust for the uniform. The uniform does not constrain a serviceman, a policeman, a representative of some organization. Just the opposite, it expands the person's capabilities. The school uniform is repulsive and sometimes simply impossible to wear.

And yet you, Mom, begin talking about it with phrases like: "a boy your age," "you shouldn't be ashamed of the uniform," "a middle school student should," etc. What banality, Mom; you will not convince me with such platitudes because a recalcitrant young boy will not be convinced through boring and false sounding repetition of worn out platitudes.

**GOD**

I have to – no, worse, I must – perform certain practices, whether I want to or not, whether I can perform them or not; I just have to... because I am a student, otherwise I will never get to my matriculation exams.

I fight, I fight for my rights, for the recognition of my own free will, and in the absence of doing so through ethically acceptable means, I lie to my superiors. Yes, that is bad, but by no means worse than the use of violence.

And you, Mom, insist that people should not lie. If I were to tell the truth, I would've been kicked out of school. Try not to violate the bans, you say. And what if those bans violate my will? You see how hard to resolve all this is? I have to lie and I will continue to lie until such time as the ridiculous and immoral orders disappear.

And God?... Oh, I believe in Him, Mom, very strongly, I believe with all my strength of feeling.

And would you know that there were moments in which God, for me, was becoming either a fiction or the infinite evil, and that's when I regretted that I couldn't get any support from you...

Too bad... That's in the past now...

**CONTRIBUTIONS AND FINANCES**

You will be surprised by this title, Mom. And yet, so many of our disputes, disagreements and quarrels had this purely financial source.

You must remember that quarrel over the 4 zloty and 50 groszy for the Society for the Advancement of Building Elementary Public Schools. Forgive me my anger, Mom, but the suspicion of taking money for that purpose twice was really hard to bear... particularly that you, Mom, know as well as I do that whenever I take money from you, I specify the purpose for which I take it. And the fact that you do not remember does not entitle you to voicing such suspicions. Is it my fault that there are so many compulsory contributions? Why does everything always start and end with me?

I feel sad, Mom, that as soon as I take money, I am made to feel as if I'm facing a court.

**SEXUALITY**

At one time, two or maybe three years ago, you warned me against masturbation. We were just then walking down Nowy Świat Street on our way to a shoe repair shop. You really scared me. But that didn't help. And you see, Mom, I have not gone mad.

You frequently continue to treat me like a twelve-year-old stripling. You tell me what I can and cannot do.

Sometimes you hide issues of "Literary News" because there is a lot of brutal eroticism in them.

That's when you forget, Mom, that this type of erotica, only a hundred times dirtier and more despicable pours into my ears and hits my eyes in the street, at school and from newspapers. You don't even know that we often spend our meetings discussing in detail just those "Literary News" articles you hid from me with such care.

You would answer that for a mother, her child will always remain a tot, even when they are 30 or 40 years old. But I demand nothing, I am only making you aware of this, so you can avoid cruel disappointments later on.

You hide from me some excessively naturalistic description of a rape, but you forget that I am not a delightful fair-haired child kicking a ball in the park. Anyway, a large part of my generation – the interwar generation – is physically advanced ahead of their age. You either don't know about this, Mom, or if you do, you do not let anyone in on it. Mom, you think me unfamiliar with life. What an uncalled for leniency. I know it all too well – frequently from its smuttiest side.

Last autumn, on my way home, still charged with some strange power, I thought about you, Mom. And then I burst out laughing, and do you know why? Because I realized you would surely greet me with the words:

"You should not come home so late at night."

It's as if I just played volleyball for too long. And, Mom... I regret I got to know all that too early in life.

Know that we are mature beyond our year, physically and mentally. I will not argue with you about whether that's healthy or harmful. I will just tell you one thing: treating me as a stripling has been the wrong tactic.

**LOVE – EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE**

It's true, Mom, that I have loved often. You may be cross with me over that. You recall your Uncle Jasza or Wowa, his life nearly wasted on account of girls. You are skeptical about my emotional experiences. You ridicule them by referring to them as my "Katzenjammer und Weltschmerzen" ("bewilderment and melancholy"). Mom, those ordeals of mine are not as small or as trivial as you might think.

I put all of myself into them. But afterwards, you are always surprised and you always laugh it off. Mom, this is very painful. I'll be honest when I tell you that I could use some warmth sometimes. It's just not enough for me to engage in discussions about Orzeszkowa, Prus or Balzac. You see, there are times when all I need is one good word. This word is not uttered. In contrast, I hear that I'm ruining my new clothes, coming home way too late, that I'm arrogant, etc.

You wonder afterwards why I get moody or peevish. A kicked dog will behave no better. You often have no time to hear me out. Maybe you don't want to. Maybe you consider my sufferings a mere trifle, Mom. Please, remember what happened after I broke up with Iza. I don't think I would have borne that as easily had I not spent that hour talking to you. But that happened only once. You had not spoken to me about matters of private life since then.

I know you are preoccupied with your work: job positions, account audits. You have no time for "Weltschmerz." However, I often feel the urge to speak to you frankly, on friendly terms. The opportunity does not present itself. Not so long ago, I was going through

a time when I could not stand staying at home. I was sickened with the atmosphere of constant quarrels, and the constant reminders that had not done my homework and was irresponsible.

At that time again, just one word and a willingness to speak sincerely would have sufficed. But nothing like that happened.

Such an atmosphere and prejudices seemingly fade away, but some mistrust and regret remain, like a thin film of nicotine that goes on to poison the human body.

**LEARNING**

Mom, you completed your middle school education with a gold medal. You love to learn. That is why you are surprised and mad at the reluctance which I exhibit toward my homework and school. Let me explain this to you:

Right from the first grade, I was served education in doses of coercion. I could not learn when I wanted to, but when the boarding school tutor was willing to: and that was from 5 to 9 p.m., year after year, for five years, through spring, autumn and winter, whether I was actually learning or not, whether I completed my homework or not. Year after year, from 5 to 9 p.m., I was made to sit over an open book.

I was fed up with such learning. I learned how to study superficially, to get by, to be able to pull out Wallace, Leblanc or Laroux from under my history textbook. Year after year, just before the summer recess, I would hear the flaming speech of the principal, praising the objectives, the necessity and the usefulness of learning. The obese Mrs. Bowa – who would berate us at the

slightest provocation and constantly badger us to read books – and her ever prayerful husband – who would throw abuse at the Jews and the Sanation movement at every recess – were for me the epitome of what learning stood for. I abhorred it to the extent that I preferred hours of mindless repetition ('der Herr' – a gentleman, 'der Herr' – a gentleman, and again 'der Herr' – a gentleman) to doing something useful in earnest. I developed a special kind of hatred for mathematics, to which the boarding school tutor drove me and my friends most.

I perceived school learning purely an abominable violation. I sought to keep away from it as much as I could.

That still remains. I fight it and, you should know this, Mom: I fight it with some success. But, I guess, I will never find pleasure or inner satisfaction in learning.

\* \* \*

I am almost done. Gray cigarette smoke rises over the paper. Yes, Mom, I smoke. I apologize for that as well. After all, I promised you I would quit; I somehow cannot.

I am very sorry. Together with the smoke, my dreams also dissipate in the air.

I am thinking about something good. Something that is long gone, the happy days, the short-lived days of my childhood mingle with my dreams. The radio is playing. There is this weird chaos everywhere: in thoughts and in dreams.

Mom, I would very much want you to understand me. I ask for nothing more, Mom. Just read this article carefully; you will find me in it. ■

**AN ANSWER TO THE SISTERS AND BROTHERS OF THE ORGANIZATION**

Why did I step out of the "nest"?

"Three years is more than enough. You could get sick of it," some claimed.

"There was no one else left to quarrel with," joked others.

"She's overwrought, bored, lacks companionship, chases after new sensations" – these are the slurs that fall on my head like plaster from a ceiling.

"Or maybe she has changed her mind," another one tries to joke.

No, my dear friends. I continue, albeit slowly, on the way of general Zionism because, in my opinion, that is the most rational one among the maze of paths leading to the gates of Palestine. However, I will try to cite the reasons which led me to revise my views on the issue at hand. Let me start with the bottom line.

Why do people actually become members of an organization? First, for personal gain, second, for pleasure, and third, for idealistic reasons.

I see no personal benefits in the organization. I do not need to go Eretz by way of "hachshara" (preparation) – I have an easier way. I'm sure you're smiling indulgently now, but let me remind you that I'm talking about personal benefits right now, not about ideals. In any case, I do not accept "hachshara" in its present Diaspora form. The various kibbutz ideologies are too contradictory and too far removed from what they really should be. However, I do not wish to pursue this concept any further as it may be too far, away from the main subject.

What are the other benefits then? Are they acquisition of Zionist knowledge and immersion in the spirit of scouting or rather inculcation of factional animosities and party blindness?

These are also superfluous. To a great extent, I gained my organizational knowledge and know-how by myself, with the help of books. Naturally, this organization was my incentive to do so, otherwise I would not have been interested in reading the material.

I am not saying the organization gave me nothing. That would not have been fair. I have gained a wealth of intellectual, spiritual and moral benefits thanks to it, which I will not write extensively about for the reasons mentioned above. Do remember that I do not identify the organizations with the people of the organization.

I came to you from a completely different environment. I was not in touch with people who had been pushed to the very bottom of the social hierarchy. Maybe that's why I didn't like them. In the organization, I became a democrat. I can proudly say that I was able gain the favor of the lowest element in the "nest," but unfortunately, I am still unable to understand our so-called "intelligentsia." It is through your perfidious behavior that you deter the people willing to work. Through your lack of insight, you discourage the most active individuals. Your presumptions only harm the "nest." You are incapable of bringing anything fresh into the tedious lifestyle, you are incapable of engaging people in the work.

If someone wants to get ahead, they do it by himself. Maybe you will say that that's the way it should be, that that's how people learn independence. But then, there are the more and the less intelligent individuals perfectly capable of doing something for the "nest" who just lack the energy to take the first step. (I'm not talking about myself here.) It's

## SALEK FROM ŚWIĘTOJERSKA STREET

# MOUNTAIN TREKS

### II. The camp and its vicinity

After giving it some thought, Prof. Jarząbek, the manager, decided organize a camp in Mszana Dolna, a town of 3,000 inhabitants located in the vicinity of Raba, with the Mszanka River flowing by.

This area is really worth exploring. On one side, it has the wild Gorce Mountains range, with the forest clad Turbacz presiding over it, on the other the Beskid Limanowski-Sądecki range.

To the tourist's eye, the Gorce Mountains present themselves as a sea of meadows, summits, brooks and forests. Their entire mountain ridges have been cleared, and numerous ribs run down their slopes toward the lowlands and rivers. The Gorce Mountains, though little known, stand as one of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of Poland. They are essentially a huge plateau, with its unique charm. They abound in meadows and glades, beautiful forests, and offer remarkable and rarely seen panoramas.

From one of Turbacz ridges, you can see the whole of the Tatra Mountains. Until recently, the Gorce Mountains range was covered with a primeval forest, filled with wildlife. Today, big game is a rare occurrence as man continues the mercilessly felling of the forest, so that at times entire slopes are denuded. In spite of all that, the landscape of Gorce Mountains remains spectacular.

The Island Beskids mountain chain can be divided into two parts: the Sądecki and the Limanowski parts. The first one is gentle and curvaceous, and its peaks closely resemble those of the Tatras. Its ridges are interspersed with meadows and forests, the latter greatly thinned. Beskid Sądecki is characterized by great beech and coniferous forests, which are a true ornament of those mountains.

The two great river valleys, of the Poprad and the Dunajec, where numerous mineral springs can be found, are also exceptionally beautiful.

The area nestled between the winding Dunajec and Skawa river valleys is referred to as Beskid Limanowski. The laboriously built Nowy Sącz-Sucha railway line cuts across that mountainous area. The Limanowa Mountains are largely isolated natural mounds, which do not form any chains or wavy crest lines: they are a characteristic group of "isles." As everywhere else throughout the Western Beskids, their forests have heavily depleted, with farmland extending high up the slopes.

Their population is relatively large, distributed through numerous villages and towns in the valleys. Their clay soil, however, gives very poor yields and does not reward the efforts put into it.

Mszana Dolna is well situated for excursions into the surrounding region and the nearby mountains. There is

no lack of objects for sightseeing. The Gorce Mountains stand out, presided over by their royal Turbacz.

Here is how W. Orkan, a student of these mountains, describes Turbacz in his "Roztoki":

"The nest of the wild Gorce Mountains stands elevated between the Nowotarska Valley and the serpentine Raba Valley, right opposite the Tatra Mountains. Solitary they stand above the hills. Higher up still, raises the parent of their dynasty, the gloomy Turbacz. No one knows who christened it that way or where the name comes from. Maybe it is because it wraps its bald head in a turban of fog before the rain, or rather that it seems eternally perturbed. Fate has dealt treacherously with it by endowing it with the pride of the summits and super summits, yet withholding from it the skyscraper stature. Surrounded by a crowd of its twins, it is dwarfed by them and appears a rather ordinary mountain."

The Turbacz is at the same time the highest mountain and the axis of the entire Gorce Mountains range. The range, which it presides over, spirals out from it – as from the axle of a cartwheel. Together with the Turbacz, these dozen or so arms form Gorce Mountains. The Turbacz summit provides a view of a huge patch of land and a dozen or so nearby mountains.

Nowy Targ can be easily seen from the Turbacz. This capital of the Podhale region has 8,000 inhabitants, a middle school, a courthouse, and some educational and humanitarian societies. Nowy Targ owes its rapid development to its magnificent views of the Tatra Mountains, substantial

forests areas, and its bathing sites on a creek and the Czarny Dunajec River. These attraction have also drawn throngs of hikers, who travel there from most distant places.

Another is quite interesting place to visit is Limanowa, a village which takes its name from a nearby mountain. Its most noteworthy landmark is the magnificent church built out of local sandstone in an Old Polish Gothic style. Since 1914, Limanowa has been a historical site, too, as that is where a battle with the Russians was fought, ending with the pogrom of the latter. A nice and tall obelisk was erected to commemorate that victory on Jablonieckie Hill.

Rabka is among the most frequently visited towns and villages of the Beskid region, famous for its strong iodine-bromide brine. Rabka is a very important tourist hub. The railway lines that reach it make it a convenient point of departure for trips to Babia Góra, the Turbacz and Gorce Mountains. The number of the health spa visitors and the tourists alone reaches up to 10,000 per year.

Wielki Luboń, a beautiful mountain of 1,023 m, as well as Tatra Mountains and Pieniny Mountains are all very popular destinations of treks setting out from Mszana Dolna.

(TBC)

D. HARN

## FIERA DI MILANO

FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT'S FILES

Everywhere in the world, spring is the most beautiful season of the year: the sun warms us, flowers bloom and people become romantic. This is time when Italy is seized by crazy commotion, as every city begins its preparations of own trade fair or "fiera." However, these fairs do not stand for just a handful of huts, where different products are sold. "Fiera" is actually more than a trade fair; it is also an exhibition. In an effort to attract as many visitors as possible, they naturally want to make it both interesting and original. When seeing that on top of all this 50% rail service discounts are offered, it is no wonder that folks just go from city to city to see all these wonders.

Italy's largest "fiera" is organized in Milan. As a highly industrialized city, Milan knows how to organize such events. Suffice it to say that compared to their fair, our Polish General Exhibition seems modest. In short, I spent two and a half days exploring the Milanese "fiera" and was not even able to see all its pavilions. Let us then take a tour around the exhibition. At the outset, I must make the point that we will only stop by the most original or... humorous places. We will get to that too.

A philatelic exhibition is located right at the entrance. It also advertises itself in a very interesting way. Imagine two large panels. On the first panel we can see a crying child, with a caption that says: "Father, buy me some stamps!" On the second panel, we see the same child smile happily while the caption states triumphantly: "Thank you for the present, Daddy!" The exhibition contains a number of postage stamps I had never seen in my life. It presents stamps of all countries and periods. The stamps can naturally be bought, and the place is swarming with small philatelists, who buy different Honduras or New Guinea marks with appropriate decorum.

Next to the stamp exhibition, there is a room dedicated to Esperanto. There is a nice young man on duty there, so I turn to him for information about the Esperanto movement in Italy. He explains that Esperanto is becoming increasingly more popular there and that young people represent 95% of the movement's members. He further politely tells me that Esperanto was developed by Dr. Zamenhof and that if he can raise sufficient funds, he will go to Poland in the summer to see

Białystok (you can imagine the difficulty with which he pronounced the name), where Zamenhof was born. I naturally remained composed throughout and kept to myself that I actually had heard a thing or two about that Dr. Zamenhof.

We now direct our steps to the toy exhibition. It is an enormously large pavilion packed full of the magic devices that filled our childhood years with so much delight.

First and foremost, an exemplary model railway station draws our attention. A train comes in, a red signal lights up, the train stops and continues the journey only once the light turns green. This is done so beautifully that it creates an illusion of reality and I – in spite of myself – wonder why no one demanded a platform ticket from me.

After looking at various games, such as billiards and croquet, we watch a complex building block system used to construct machines and houses, some up to a meter high. Then come the dolls: large ones, small ones, dressed in crinolines and otherwise. Some are poor and some rich, just like people in our world. Now come are vehicles: bicycles, scooters, motorcars.

I see an interesting horse-drawn vehicle, with a pedaling system and the third wheel hidden under the horse. There is also the war department, which sports machine guns and cannons. Right next to them the "Balilla" brand rifle is on offer. A special brochure advertises it as follows: "Our rifle is an authentic copy of the real weapon. It is a toy most suitable for children, as it educates and stimulates development. A rifle is your child's dream, a dream you should make come true."

At the pavilion exit, we stop to look at another interesting and sizable toy. It depicts a clown at the photographer's studio and is moved by a clockwork mechanism. The moment the photographer (a man with a long beard, naturally) leans over the camera, the clown puts on a pig's mask on his face. The photographer is surprised: he stops what he is doing to see what had happened. The clown quickly hides the mask. This gets repeated over and over again.

We are now proceeding to a cradle exhibition. On our way, we encounter a small donkey pulling an intricately painted wagon, a characteristic Sicilian vehicle. The visitors are thus reminded to stop by a nearby canteen for some Sicilian food.

CONTINUED ON P. 6

true that this has changed a little by now. But did that happen thanks to the "hanhaga" (leadership)? I doubt that strongly. As far as I understand, one of the "menahelot" (women leaders) had a hand in this.

As for me, I am discouraged by such treatment of things. Your pettiness and prejudices are also irritating. As an example, you criticize high heels and handbags. I assure you that the "shomer" spirit present in high heels and purses is at least equal to that in your senseless harassment. I normally store my ideals in my heart. My purse is for other, less valuable items.

Believe me, some criticism and self-criticism is not harmful. You might ask though why I am not discussing this topic with you within the organization, why I have been disclosing the painful wound before the eyes of outsiders. On that I need to give an answer based on the previous experience acquired in dealing with you. Unfortunately, I came to the conclusion that this would have fallen on deaf ears. Also, if hung on the bulletin board, this article would have triggered excessively forceful movements of the "censor's" pencil.

As for the last two questions about incultation of chauvinism, I will give you a straight answer: it is disgusting. Who could have persuaded me to this? My offended ambition demands that I ignore such a question. The aforementioned view is a mystery result of a lengthy analysis, if you do not believe me then that's too bad. I find no substantive evidence to back this view.

So then, if it is not for gain, it must be for pleasure, right? This time, forgive me my conceit, I am not that vain. I also hope you will not deem me so stupid as not to be aware of better and more radical sources of fun...

So then, what we have left are the idealistic reasons.

All people, even those with the most altruistic views, retain a certain degree of selfishness. You are not free of it even as you pose as martyrs in the fight for the "sanctified idea." Each one of you works with some self-serving purpose in mind: one for a high office, another to gain respect of others, the third one to gain an easier access to "hachshara," and the fourth one for lack of another occupation.

Let us, however, suppose that I would want to be a hundred-percent idealist and to commit myself wholly to the movement. What would happen then?

Should I – in my helpless despair – clench my teeth and hold back the torrent of words ready to rush out of my lips? Should I disregard your insults and just direct all your strengths towards working with the youngsters? Dedication, and more dedication... And what about it? Should I maybe organize performances, so that I can be accused of trying to boast of my talents; or edit the newsletter, so that I can have the opportunity of churning out poems and caricatures, or maybe I should manage a "kvutza," this to compete with someone who is no doubt more worthy to be offered that position "by fate"? Should I just sit quietly and not say a word at the "menahelim" (leaders') assemblies, like the rest of the newly appointed instructors? You clearly do not like the truth to be told straight.

I leave you with a sense of sadness and disappointment, and my heart fills up with bitterness at the thought of witnessing new symptoms of derailment and more tragic clashes in the onerous process reaching the goal.

I cannot stay because I cannot remain silent. I cannot speak because no one will hear me out.

However, if the above revelations are not enough for you, then take comfort at the end: I have been diagnosed

with a weakened heart and I must not overexert myself.

If that is not enough for you, then instead of harassing me, try to argue with me! Who knows, that may yield some benefit.

I do not think there are any reasons for mutual hatred. I just followed the voice of my conscience. Thus, shalom, my friends and 'lehitraot ba'aretz!' (see you in Israel).

CHAWIWA (Białystok)

## THE FUNERAL BELL ECHOES

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

regardless of their political convictions, share their feelings: he is dead.

Many have red eyes, some are still sobbing.

Instead of the morning prayers, a message from the President is read.

Then, the teacher speaks briefly. No words are needed: a minute of silence, mourners' armbands are handed out.

Now begins the messiest of all our lessons: math. Yet, deadly silence prevails. Our old teacher is crying. He stops himself. He speaks with difficulty. He presents his lesson. Someone knocks their pen to the floor. Other people hiss: shh... shh... quiet!

It all seems an uncanny dream. I think I will wake up, I'll recover in a moment. Unfortunately not.

The news travels from mouth to mouth: his final moments, his illness, his death, his funeral. We pay our tribute to his memory.

A terrible weight is hanging over us.

Lucek Ch.

**IN THE NEXT ISSUE: RESULTS OF OUR LITERARY COMPETITION**

# DOMESTIC NEWS

## BIAŁYSTOK

The moon climbed out from behind the clouds, it took a look at Białystok and staggered at the odor rising from the Białka river. It stopped up its nostrils and is staring at what was new in the city.

Then it saw white tents and a huge poster: "Harvey's Circus. Great program! A benefit performance of the entire ensemble!! Prices start from 25 groszy!!!"

"I've got it," it screamed and tiptoed to "the responsible correspondent." It arrived at Polna Street and beamed through the windows. "The responsible correspondent" woke up, climbed out of bed infuriated and asked, frowning: "What the hell do you want?"

"There is a circus in Białystok," hollers the moon from the street, "and young people are interested in it (the circus, not the moon), they besiege it from all sides, lift up the canvas walls to take a look inside. Thrown out on one side, they crawl up from another, they keep on trying to get in for free, what fun."

"I know about that already, you idiot... and I also know that an Indian couple and a trapper are riding around the city on horseback and distributing promotional materials, and that they are being chased by a crowd of "people" holding up their pants with one hand and wiping their noses with the other... and that Hanka Ordonówna and Igo Sym just performed here and... I basically know everything, and this idiot doesn't let me sleep, brings me antediluvian news and pull me out of bed."

"It's not my fault that you know things already. I had good intentions, and he offends me," the earth's faithful satellite bursts into tears, "and hurts me, the lowlife, at every step. He promised he would hand over Białystok to me back in December, but that remains just a promise to this day. Yet, when he walks in the evenings, he demands I light his way!"

The correspondent took pity. "Don't you cry any more, the 'With Białystok on the moon' was not my fault, our articles weren't very good and the Białystok issue had to be postponed. Patience is the greatest of virtues," he sighed in a pious manner. "But you keep away from my walks. But, coming back to the subject, what 'goodies' do you have for me?"

"I heard of basketball games for the championship of the city's Jewish schools."

"Ah,... yes? The championship was organized by the Hebrew Middle School which was the winner last year. They funded a nice trophy cup, assured they would get it; meanwhile they got beaten by Druskin Middle School. Four teams entered the games: Druskin Middle School took the first place and the trophy, the Hebrew Middle School took the second place, the Jewish Trade School won the third place, and the Jewish Students' Representatives of the Zygmunt August State School took the fourth place. Anything else?"

"A dance was also held at the Social Middle school. It was very successful. It ended after 1 a.m., to the adolescents' great regret, as they would've liked to enjoy themselves till the morning. This was the last solid party in this school year. All we can do now is to wait until the Ignatki dance hall is reopened."

The correspondent yawned. "Maybe you know what weather to expect on Saturday? The point is that the Białystok Little Review Press

Agency is organizing a trip to a forest, and we will be miserable if some rain should stop us."

"Good weather is certain, I will talk to Clime about it. Well, go ahead and sleep now. Cheerio!"

"Cheerio! When you are in Łódź, do not forget to congratulate the Łódź Agency, with Paweł at the helm, on my behalf, for their very successful launch of the Łódź Little Review. Good night!"

Wienio

## BRZEŚĆ

Spring brings with it not only pleasures, but also aggravations. I want to write to you about a regulation that came to us with spring, but unfortunately, it is not as nice or pleasant as spring.

One spring day, at the homeroom period, the teacher read the following: "Students are not allowed to walk on 3 Maja Street (the city's main street). Students are required to carry their student IDs with them and to present them at teachers' every request."

A discussion developed during that period:

"And what if I have to buy something," one of us asked.

"Well... then you will go," answered our homeroom teacher.

"I live there."

"And so do I..." "and I..."

The teacher hesitates.

"Well, that's too bad," she finally says.

I admitted - naturally only to myself - that there was some sense in that regulation. That's because if you go out at 7 or 7:30 at night, all you will see will be a mass of adolescents, practically flooding the place.

Two days passed. 3 Maja Street is deserted. The idyllic times have come to an end. There were so many bans before. Now, one more has been added. School-age teenagers have a tough time.

But on the third day, here and there you could already see navy blue berets and caps, and shields. On the fourth day, you could count three or four groups of schoolgirls, and on the fifth day, the now emboldened teenagers walked openly down 3 Maja Street.

Since the forbidden fruit is the sweetest, a walk down a forbidden street is considered the greatest of pleasures.

A few more days passed and an untold throng of adolescents once again bustles along 3 Maja Street. Apparently, there just isn't a force that can coerce students to cease taking those walks.

Such is the history of that prohibition, as indeed of many other ones like it.

Iza

## ŁÓDŹ

Being a diligent chronicler, I should highlight the three most significant events of the past week.

After much lengthy and severe suffering, we published the Łódź Little Review, which finally came out after five months of 15 correspondents working on it.

Because the achievement called for a celebration, we decided to have a party. The lucky or unlucky lot was drawn by our poor "musician," a professional poetess, the 14-year-old Hanka. This nice green-eyed girl consented to sacrifice herself and her two rooms. The decision was made: "Kids, we're partying at Haneczka's place."

Four days before the party and three before the publication of the Łódź issue, a bomb exploded: its splinters scattered all around; thankfully, there were no casualties.

"My children," wrote the editor, "you won't get any money for the

party from me, that's because stomach disorders are an unworthy form of celebrating your issue. I would also think such a sum as too modest a prize. That's why I hereby grant you a scholarship. You will be able to attend either a tourist camp in Beskid Mountains or a sailing camp (the choice is yours), all free-of-charge."

That was good and bad. Young people don't care much about the future. The party had to happen. The tongues of the Little Review contributors worked overtime calculating the number of oranges and chocolate candy stuffed with figs and walnuts.

Paweł ran to Hanka, Hanka to Halinka, Halinka to Mietek, Mietek to Zygmunt... Zygmunt also ran, but he took a fall on the way.

"I was weighed down by my thoughts."

"I wonder where you got those from?"

"I have my own head screwed right, don't I?"

"First things first: not a head, but half a head because it would be absurd to claim that a half-wit has a whole head."

Zygmunt went to Hanka and they decided that what Hanka would not manage to provide, I would deliver, and that the party would go ahead.

Saturday finally arrived. The young people came together and stuffed themselves. The raspberry dipped oranges and the stuffed chocolates disappeared. We asked Loluś which part of the issue published the day before he liked best.

"The caricature images of the correspondents."

It turned out that Loluś interpreted the mask graphics as images of the correspondents, and he even marked himself as the third one in the row. As is the custom of every decent home, the meal was followed by a nap. That was triggered by Zygmunt, who insisted on reading his satires to us. Then, we just enjoyed ourselves and nothing would have disturbed the peaceful harmony, were it not the infantile act of one 15-year-old coworker. As he explained later, he had drunk too much lemonade, and that could not be helped.

Another anniversary was that of May 1st. We were in schools on that day, but the march was delayed due to a snowfall. As a result, we were able to see it from the school windows. Let me describe to you a certain incident. The National Democrats ran around the city shouting: "Down with the Jews and their socialist stooges." In response to this wise rallying cry, the Socialists surrounded the NDs and gave them a thrashing with canes. The police, which both the groups hate equally, came running. Just one man remained in the square. He was hit on the head with a rifle and fell. After a while, he got up, flipped his lapel and said, "I'm an agent."

Let me also give short descriptions of our Łódź folk who will go to the Mszana camp, this to avoid any prejudices:

One is phlegmatic and logical, Another is kind and likable, The third one is your correspondent, Any more about him would make you despondent.

Then there is Hala with Wedel chocolates,

And Sara the brunette;

If we add Jerzyk to it, as planned, You'll have a picture of our band.

Paweł

## RADOM

Let it be known among all towns:

We in Radom, though not geese, have quills too, each a piece.

(paraphrase of a verse by Mikołaj Rej)

Radom celebrated this May Day solemnly. The parading workers sang the "Internationale," peering at the booklets they held in hand. The numerous banners they also held drew much interest. There were many that said: "Bread for the Masses" and "Down with Night Work." Then, the masses of workers gathered in Jagielloński Square, raised their enthusiastic cries of "Long live..." after the respective speeches of their delegates.

From the life of clubs and organizations:

After long and hard... meetings, the first issue of the inter-school "Student Voices" monthly magazine appeared. It enjoyed wide readership, in part because of its low price (not its low quality, God forbid), though one of my friends sighed over it with the words of Tuwim:

"Hoity-toity, gobbledygook.

The mag is good, were it not for..."

The initiated whispers were that the entire issue was published just for our colleague K. Komuła's one poem, a truly beautiful one (naturally, I'm speaking of the poem and not about our colleague, whom I have not met personally).

At one of the news reading sessions of Grosman's "Masada," they read a series of very funny messages that referred to individual members. A public announcement was made that film studios had just announced their plans to engage specific members to such and such films. This was a source of much laughter. Let me cite a few examples: the main treasurer was to star in "The Demon of Gold" while one of the instructors and his club in "Tarzan of the Apes."

From sports:

On May 9th, 10th and 11th, the Middle School Women's Volleyball Championship was held at two fields of the M. Gajl Middle School. The unpleasant surprise was that the Jewish Middle School did not participate. The championship was very well organized. The games were time-driven. The team that won against all the others was the winner. Our middle high school (public) won.

Biba and Gina

## ZAMOŚĆ

On May 4th at 7.30 p.m., the solemn evening for the students of public middle schools began at the Nature Park. Count Zamojski's monument was erected at the alpinarium. It was against the background of the subtle murmur of the fountains and the loud beat of his own heart, that our seventh-grade friend representing the middle school named after our city's founder delivered his speech. He spoke with enthusiasm and had fine diction. He linked the monument unveiling ceremony with the May action and then discussed the March Constitution. The speech closed with cheers in honor of the State, the President and the Marshal.

The torches burning in the depths of the garden create a wonderful effect. The solemn atmosphere rose at singing of the national anthem. A choir sang "Welcome, oh 3rd of May." The ceremony lasted until 8.30 p.m.

About the Nature Park: the second bear cub was sold to the military. We expect that there will be new cubs next year again.

Important: I watch the allowed movies for free. I just came back from "The Spring Parade," starring Franciszka Gaal. Her spontaneity is delightful. I am fond of Franciszka because my family say I look a lot like her. The "Ball at the Savoy" is a great comedy; I laughed myself to tears. Not a few

of us were surprised (!) that we were allowed to see that movie because Gitta Alpár sang "Toujour l'amour" and kissed her partner several times.

In the initial days of the holiday season, there was a lot of brisk barter trading; you could get two mazurek Easter cakes in exchange for one box of matzoth.

From the life of the correspondents' circle:

The faction of young correspondents fought a major battle with the adults' group. The subject of the dispute was the pressing issue of the forms of address. The young members of the Zamość Little Review correspondents' group wished to address their elders, including the Chair, directly: by name. In their righteous indignation, the elders attacked the young ones so violently that the latter could not achieve their goal, even though the noise must have reached Istanbul. The Chair announced to those present that the title of a "member" is the mandatory one, and that's that. A penalty of 5 groszy for five-fold use of an address other than a "member" would be charged. This law will have undermined the financial standing of the Chair, who repeated the words "Dycia (instead of 'Treasurer'), calm down" 11 times in a row and will pay 55 groszy (fifty five groszy).

Salomon, the new secretary, is to be commended in the press. He has been performing his duties honorably. His minutes are not only precise, but punchy and humorous; as a result we run a serious risk of the members' stomachs bursting in the course of the readings. I noticed that our club consists of family circles. With the sole exception of Member Dycia, all the rest are sisters or sisters and brothers. Members Nusia and Małgosia Wajntraub, who have been recently inducted into the club membership are sisters.

Miscellaneous:

We are preparing for the traditional annual mutual aid day. The agenda is rich. We expect substantial proceeds.

A track and field competition has just begun. We just had the triathlon for the championship of the inter-school sports clubs.

Dorka

## JOKES

### A DISASTER

"Why are you so mad?"  
"Because I lost my glasses and I can't start looking for them until I find them!"

### A PROFESSIONAL

An older man responds to a classified placed by the editors of a magazine who are looking for someone who can handle the Editor's Responses Unit.

"Do you feel you can manage answering impossible questions?"

"Of course. I am a father of eight."

### A DRUNKARD'S

#### LOGIC

It is two o'clock at night. Two friends sit in a bar and talk:

"Tell me... what... what time is it?"

"It's not eleven yet."

"How do you know?"

"B... because ... I should have been home by eleven and I... I am still here!"

# MOTHER'S DAY

## MY MOTHER'S EYES

Who will cheer up my mother's eyes,  
These sad black eyes?  
A single smile and back to grief.  
A silver tear will roll.  
I sometimes spy those eyes so sad  
And match them with a laugh,  
But with my game bekown to her,  
She swings to hide her teary eyes.  
Pure as pearls flow her tears,  
soon enough they'll disappear.  
Only Zyguś or Leonek  
can bring cheer to her.

Luśka from Krakow

## THE DEAREST WORD

What a dear word "Mother" is. I look  
at my friend who doesn't have a mom  
any more. She is not properly dressed,  
no one cares for her, all just rebuke her.

How much effort did it cost my mom  
to nurture me? How many tears did  
she shed, watching over my bed when  
I was sick? I sometimes recall the  
song she used to sing to me as she  
rocked me in her arms. She kissed  
and cuddled me.

My good mommy washes me and  
combs my hair, offers me books and  
sends me to school so that I grow up  
into a good person. That is why I love  
my mom, who bestows the same on me.

Pola from Pawia Street

## A SURPRISE

Mother's Day is approaching. I have  
to think about what to do for my dear  
mother. I have no money to buy an  
expensive item so this is what I came  
up with:

I will get to bed early so that I can  
get up the following morning at dawn.  
I will get to work quietly, when my  
mom is still asleep.

I will clean the rooms and the  
kitchen.

When everything is ready, I will walk  
out into the street and buy a bunch of  
flowers and put them in a vase. I will  
put a table covered with a cloth I made  
especially for her next to my mom's  
bed, and I'll put a lovely vase on it.  
When mommy wakes up, she will be  
very happy.

Felusja, a second-grader

## OUR EVENINGS

Our evenings at home are pleasant.

I naturally do my homework first  
and then the fun begins. We all enjoy  
ourselves the best we know how. Only  
mother proceeds to repair our clothes,  
which we continually rip and rend.

By the evening, mom is already  
tired. Her head falls to her chest, she  
doses off, but then remembers that  
we should have clean and complete  
clothes for tomorrow, so that none  
of us are ashamed at school, so she  
opens her sleepy eyes with difficulty.

Then, we usually ask our mom to tell  
us a story, and she does. She tells us  
how people suffered in the World War,  
she tells us about her own childhood  
and many other true stories.

The clock strikes nine.

"It's bedtime!" our mother calls.

In bed we remind ourselves what  
we'd just heard from our mom, and  
we fall asleep, and have a peaceful  
and sound sleep.

When we wake up in the morning,  
all that mom told us seems a dream  
to us and look at our dear mom with  
incredulity through our half-closed eyes.

Estusia from Stawki Street

## THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE WITH MOM

Summer had come. Warsaw became  
airless and muggy. People took flight  
to the country.

"Where are you going?" a friend  
asked me.

I told him I didn't know yet. I really  
didn't know. We leave every year and  
we were going to leave this year, but  
somehow it didn't work out. I am weak,  
I really need some country life, and  
so my parents decided to go visit my  
grandpa.

Grandpa is an older wealthy man  
with an unpleasant appearance  
and a bad character. He has a wife,  
a shrew 35 years younger than him,  
and a 10-year-old daughter, whose  
character is similar to that of her  
parents. I travelled to see these people  
reluctantly, aware of their characters.

At the beginning of my stay with my  
grandfather, I still felt welcome. After

a few days, they were indifferent to  
me, and then they no longer needed  
me. At home, even though my parents  
tell me how rude and disobedient I am,  
I don't hold it against them because  
they are teaching me something, and  
they love me above all.

It was only here, away from them,  
that I felt this lack of love. My grand-  
mother even gave me food as if out of  
charity. I wanted to let her understand  
that that's not the way it is, that  
I was not a stranger, I was their flesh  
and their blood. There were many  
times when I shed tears in hiding,  
where no one saw me. Afterwards,  
my heart always felt a little lighter.  
I felt best when I could go afar, leaving  
the house where I experienced so  
much distress.

Several times I was nearly ready to  
run off back home, but Warsaw was  
poison for me. I thought: maybe this  
would pass, maybe they will think again:  
"after all, he's our grandson." And so  
the days passed. I wanted to write home  
about how I was at my grandfather's  
house, but... I thought it would be better  
not to alarm my parents.

I did not want to write the truth. But  
the truth was evident. My appearance  
testified of it. Upon arrival, I looked  
very miserable. I felt my mother's  
wise analytical look upon me.

I understood that at that point she  
knew everything. Without any explana-  
tion or story being told to her, she knew  
the ins and outs of the situation. How  
nice and good it felt in my mother's  
arms, how warm and loving were her  
words and her intermittent kisses.

Leon from Twarda Street

## SCHOOL CELEBRATIONS

I would like to write a few words  
about Mother's Day celebrations at  
our school. I collected and saved money  
for Mother's Day, but as I didn't have  
enough, I turned to my dad. It turned  
out that my dad added three times  
more than I already had.

One day, the teacher said we were  
to meet at the photographer's studio.  
I informed them at home that I was

going to school for an assembly. My  
professor assigned a Hebrew poem to  
me. It took me a long time to learn it.

Last week, we wrote an essay about  
Mother's Day, but I wrote a ten-line  
poem instead. The best essay was  
to be read in public on the day of the  
celebration, but the teacher said that  
none of the work of our class would  
be read out.

Meanwhile, our entire class was  
working overtime: dusting the pho-  
tograph frames and hangers. On the  
next day, we wrapped the photographs  
in tissue paper and tied them with  
gold-colored ribbons.

On Mother's Day I was handed  
a bunch of evening stock. The cer-  
emony began: the professor delivered  
a speech and some of the boys recited  
poetry, including me. Then, one boy  
sang a solo, after which the professor  
read the essays. Afterwards, more po-  
etry was recited. A third-grader read  
out a chapter from a book entitled  
"My Mother's Town." Some boys  
were selected from among the choir  
members, including me; those now  
sang a song. The professor continued  
with the essay reading and then we  
were in for a surprise. The teacher  
announced that he would now read  
the work of a first-grade student and  
that the work was a poem. I realized  
instantly whose work that would  
be. When I heard the words "To my  
Mommy," I was very pleased.

Once all the students' work had  
been read, we handed our gifts to our  
mothers. Mom said she would enlarge  
the class photo and have it as a portrait.

Szajuś

## AN OUTING

On the occasion of Children's Day our  
whole school went on an outing to  
Maccabi Square. Plenty of surprises  
and fun awaited us.

At half past eight, indifferent to the  
changing weather, we lined up and  
were about to set off when the rain  
started, and held us back. All teachers  
and school personnel were present. We  
went back to the classroom and waited  
out the rain there. After 30 minutes,  
the school administrator came in to  
tell us that it was now all right to go.

Before we could line up again, it  
rained once more. Boisterous, laughing

and joking, we went back to the class-  
room, where we danced the horah. At  
last, the rain stopped. We went down  
the second time and finally left after  
another long wait.

Each of us held a cup and a food  
packet. We didn't even know why we  
made to take the cups. All we knew  
was that the teacher told us to do that.

"We are here," one of us called out,  
and the others passed that on.

Maccabi Square is a huge sports  
field, where matches are always held.

We dispersed like a flock of goats,  
released to the wild. Our class took  
along a few balls, including two soccer  
balls. We divided into several groups.  
Some of us played basketball, and some  
volleyball and the ambassador game.  
The first-graders played snake, wheels  
and so on. Other girls just opened their  
breakfast packages and ate the food.

Suddenly, one of the girls exclaimed:  
"The storks, the storks are flying!"

All the heads turned up, where we  
actually saw storks in flight.

Then, we heard a brisk order from  
the teacher:

"Stop playing and stand in a line.  
Take your cups with you."

We stood waiting; laughing and  
singing all along. Finally, our turn  
came. We stood and waited for what  
they would pour us. Before we knew  
it there was milk in our cups and we  
each held a cottage cheese cake in  
our hands.

Some, who didn't like milk, gave  
theirs to a poor woman, who was very  
happy that her children would get some  
warm milk.

That was the end of the first sur-  
prise. We were eagerly waiting for the  
second one. Meantime, we played and  
sang, in a word, we enjoyed ourselves  
to the utmost.

Were made to stand in line once  
more. Some said we would be served  
lunch while others that it would be  
cake, but no one really knew what it  
would be. But when the first pair got  
theirs, we found out they were giving  
out fruit and candy bags.

Then there was a real downpour.  
Packages in hand, we got home all  
soaked to the bone. Yet, we were all  
very satisfied with that first outing  
in the school year.

Hela and Mala from Częstochowa

## BASIA

# DZIECIAKOWO

Tuesday, July 10th, 1934

The day was very hot, but we did  
not go to the beach because the sand  
was still wet. After breakfast, I played  
checkers and got instruction on how  
to play chess.

After tea, we took a bike ride: Chil,  
Geniek, Tolek and I. The ride was great.  
We found a path that took us far into  
the forest. The bike went really fast,  
but it was getting hotter. I had to take  
off my blouse, but did not know what to  
do with it, so after a brief consultation  
with my companions, I put it on my  
head. Now all was fine. Suddenly, my  
blouse flew into my face and I could  
feel I was falling. A moment later, they  
took my veil off. I was lying in a ditch.

After dinner, as usual, the older girls  
and boys stayed behind. We played the  
secretary. Mr. Nowogrodzki walked  
in on us:

"Look, we have to bring in a kayak."

In response, we gave a loud "hur-  
ray"! There were earlier develop-  
ments attached to that kayak: we  
wanted to have one for a long time,

we even planned to build it ourselves,  
but didn't have the right materials.  
Finally, Chil offered us his own kayak.  
It stood on the neighboring property,  
not far from the guest house. We went  
over to get it. We all took turns in  
dragging it until we brought it into  
the residence.

The kids will be so happy, when  
they see the kayak tomorrow.

Wednesday, July 11th

Today we finally had the long-  
awaited trip. It was discussed last week  
at the counselors' staff meeting. For  
the past two weeks, we have been  
gleaming with delight thinking of that  
trip. Finally today, we set off.

The weather was beautiful. Some  
of the kids were to take a ride while  
others were going to walk. I turned  
out that we all had a ride. Four horse-  
drawn wagons were rented. We were  
taken to Morskie Oko (not the one in  
Zakopane, but the one beyond  
Falenica). In the carts, we sang and  
played the baccalauréat game.

Mr. E sat in our cart, up at the  
front. Jerzyk kept on groping around  
the counselor's pockets until he finally  
cried out:

"Auction, we'll auction this!"

He drew our Mr. E's watch, wallet,

cigarette case, buttons, handkerchief,  
and many more things. He lifted it all  
up and shouted:

"For auction!"

Mr. E grabbed his stuff so comically  
that we nearly burst with laughter.

At Morskie Oko, we had our breakfast  
right away. We were all hungry. We each  
ate eight pieces of bread, 2, 3 or even  
4 eggs, cottage and Swiss cheese, and  
we drank buttermilk and tea.

After that, the older children and  
their counselors took a walk to Zbójcka  
Mountain while the small ones stayed  
behind. We first of all went up to Morskie  
Oko. It was such a small pond with such  
fetid water that we backed out from  
there immediately. There used to be  
a beautiful pond there, but now it is not  
just unremarkable, but... yuck!

Zbójcka Mountain was another let-  
down, just a low mound with height  
of maybe 50 m. Ms. Pola claims that  
it's 1000 m. She defends the mountain  
because she was the one who proposed  
the trip. The story goes that some  
robbers once lived on that mountain.  
We looked for their traces, any rem-  
nants – in vain.

Suddenly Geniek called out:

"Ms. Pola, I got it!"

There, in the wood, among bushes

at the top of the mountain, hidden  
from the human eye (but not from  
Geniek's; he can spot everything),  
there was a chamber pot. It was so  
huge that Sewek ruled right away:

"Only a giant robber could sit on this."

Next to it lay a pile of stones. Here  
again Geniek exclaimed again:

"Honor and glory to you."

He claims that that was their grave.  
Among the bushes we finally found  
some wild strawberries and blueber-  
ries. Having all picked cupfuls, we  
went on to eat them. As we sat on  
the grass, Sewek got up and cried:

"Look at this mushroom I am sit-  
ting on!"

"How strange," Geniek responded  
calmly, "It's grown so fast. You only  
just sat down."

Naturally, everybody burst out  
laughing.

I asked Chil to take a picture (he  
has a great camera). Chil took eight  
photos, Dziunia six. I am in almost  
all of them: I had three taken up in  
a tree. It was very hard to climb up  
it, but because the boys said I would  
never make it, I resolved to get up  
there. When I went down, I had bloody  
scrapes all over my legs, but I did climb  
up a tree.

At 1 p.m., we went back to the small  
children. Everyone screamed: Let's  
eat! Well, so we did.

Then, the boys played Indians. Mr.  
E insisted it would rain any moment,  
and Ms. Pola said it the rain would fall  
an hour from then. The kids split into  
two camps over this too. I would've  
liked it to rain because I like such  
adventures. Unfortunately, the Doctor  
and Ms. Anka dressed the children  
quickly, we got into the carts and  
drove off. But clouds followed us,  
getting closer and closer. It was only  
in Dzieciakowo, when we have already  
got disembarked, that the rain fell.  
It rains for a long time, almost the  
entire day. But the trip worked out  
well, everybody was happy.

Thursday, July 12th

Today the children of the fourth  
table held a meeting. We talked about  
who should go to bed when. So all the  
small kids go at eight p.m., the group  
of twelve at eight thirty, and the seven  
of the oldest ones at nine thirty.

After this meeting, the editorial  
board met. The editors include: Ms.  
Pola, Władek, Mania and I. So far,  
we published our paper's first issue  
(I wasn't there yet). We have many

CONTINUED ON P. 6

## ALL THE WAY TO MŁOCINY...

The moment I bought the paper, the trip announcement caught my eye. People asking me to take them along also appeared right away. I took this to Chaim.

Chaim was 45 minutes late. Everybody wanted to ask him a question, one trying to shout over another, so the poor Chaim nearly lost it having to decide who to answer first. Finally, I got my ticket and went home. From under the closet, I pulled out a backpack, which was still in usable condition, after couple of months of holiday adventures. But its appearance was appalling! All that recreation wore it out. I gave it a bath and a scrub and patched up its holes.

It took me all day to prepare for the trip, though there wasn't that much to do. I kept counting how much time I had left before it would be 9 p.m., so that I could get to bed and cut short my waiting time. But guests came over, and I had to entertain them until 11, in spite of all efforts not to. It wasn't my fault that I did not heed the insightful tips of the editors. Then, I couldn't get to sleep the entire night; I kept thinking about the trip. At last, I fell asleep, but at 4 a.m. I was awake again, and at 5 a.m. I was ready. Accompanied by my mom's pleas that I not drink water or eat ice cream or lean over railings and so on, I marched out of the house.

I had to knock at the gate, which was still closed because of the early hour. I woke up a discontented caretaker, who muttered something under his breath: it could have been a curse or a prayer. He didn't want to open the gate for me, but finally had to.

The early ominous experience did not unsettle me at all. I continued with my head proudly held high, undaunted. On the way, I met a friend and we reached the rallying point together. The front of the synagogue was teeming with girls and boys in glistening starched white blouses and shirts. We had difficulty finding the other Little Review correspondents.

Of course, Chaim wasn't there yet, though he promised hand on heart that he would get there by 5 a.m. He came at last, dressed in a gladiator-cum-baker's outfit.

All along the way, Chaim – proud that was leading such a regiment – shouted at the top of his voice: “achat, shtayim, shalosh, arba! (one, two, three, four!)” We had as our flag a small red banner (not unlike Chaim's face), with an inscription saying “The Little Review.” On reaching the bridge, we noted

with some dismay that our ship, packed with other youth, had already set off. In their despair, some began lamenting the situation and some began praying. But all these fears burst like soap bubbles because the ship we were to take, together with the Hanoar Hatzioni organization youth, was still moored at the pier.

Our appearance caused a stir among the mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, etc. who began pointing their fingers at us, saying, “Oh, the Little Review.”

A small misadventure occurred before we go to the pier, as Chaim lined us up in rows of four. One of the participants felt something flow down her back. With the assistance of her helpful friends, she took down her backpack and found that one bottle stopper had disappeared without a trace, and that the tea poured out. Finally, all was taken care of, we joined the shomrim and waited together. The shomrim began to sing, and we were happy for that because the waiting time ran passed quickly. Our legs hurt us so much that we were glad to finally sit out on the boat deck. We pass the Citadel and its buildings. From a distance, we saw the Beitarkids, whose ship had run aground; We pass them in solemn silence (as well-mannered people should). Finally, we saw the outlines of Młociny from a distance and a few minutes later, we disembarked the ship and inhaled the invigorating clean air of Młociny.

\* \* \*

After we assembled and held our ceremonies, it turned out we were out of water. Our throats were so dry that it felt like we were on a desert. Suddenly, a thought popped into Chaim's head.

“We will send people for water to the first inn they encounter. I'm setting a 50 groszy award from the editor's budget for the purpose. So, who will volunteer, who is going?”

Many stepped forward. Heniek, Jerzy, Minia and I were chosen, but we were soon joined by a group of six more, who – though asked not to – insisted on coming along with us. Heniek was supposed to watch over us, especially that we not get lost or drink up the water, but he forgot the way we were to go, and turned us back to the camp. Once he got detailed directions, we went off. On the way, we encountered hills, and of course trees and bushes, which the second Heniek (not one of the counselors), a guy endowed with a great imagination, later presented as

the Himalayas, trees as impenetrable forests, and us as adventure seekers. We passed through a barbed wire fence. The first ones passed without as much as a scratch, only Minia tore her skirt, which worried our counselor Heniek so much that he broke one bottle. Finally, in spite of Heniek's attempts at preventing anything bad from happening, one girl got a couple of bruises, and she climbed over that fence in such a funny way that Jerzy rolled on the ground laughing like a crazy person.

Finally, we all got through. We continued until we come across an inn, or rather a villa. The owner was standing in front of the gate, so Heniek approached him politely asking him for some water.

The host kindly allowed us to take water and quench our thirst, and the thirst of our correspondents. Just the boys went in, the rest of us waited in front of the villa. Finally, we too were able to drink, to wet our dried up throats. The water had magical powers: right away, our strength increased tremendously. Heniek hastened to the proprietor, who was then sitting on the porch and swallowing the remaining pieces of a meat dish. Heniek thanked him sincerely, to which the man responded by saying that it was all a trifle not worth thanking for and introduced himself as Boleslaw Zdzarski.

The covered the rest of the way back without any further adventures. Suddenly, Heniek remembered that we had 50 groszy, and suggested that since the water cost us nothing, we could treat ourselves to ice cream, and there being 10 of us, each could get a 5 groszy ice cream scoop. To our misfortune and luckily for Chaim, there was no was ice cream around.

We took a shortcut and walked along another organization's camp. We were compassed by boys who begged us for a sip of water. When we refused, they ran after us, even though we said the water was poisoned.

And so, playing the chasing game along the way, we reached the camp breathless and tanned. Here, the thirsty children had a feast. The bottles passed from hand to hand accompanied by cheers and grateful shouts.

Taking advantage of the confusion, Heniek caught one bottle and hid it in his backpack. To our indignation, he responded in a low voice:

“That's for later.”

But I heard nothing of that bottle later.

BEES

## A TRIP TO THE COUNTRYSIDE

Chugga, chugga, chugga, chugga, faster and faster. I stand by the window. I am getting close to my destination. I recognize everything, hurray: the brook, hurray, our house! Everything rushes and flies by in front of my eyes. Then I see the newly planted groves, which means we are just coming into the station. The train sounds a terrifying whistle and interrupts my thoughts. Heavy and hissing, it rolls into the station. Yes, it looks the same; nothing has changed.

“Ma'am, maybe I can take you somewhere? Where to?”

“Oh, she's an old friend,” calls one. “Well, are you going with me or what?” Another one calls.

Such were the calls we heard, when we entered the platform with my grandmother. Finally, we chose the cart. The driver loaded up our things and we drove off.

Yes, everything is the same. I recall that along the way there is a terrible ditch, which has caused more than one cart to overturn. We approach the precipice, I embrace my grandma so as to alleviate her fear, even though – by the way – I am terribly frightened myself. We drive around the ditch without an accident. We pass by the woods where I picked blueberries and mushrooms the year before. Further down, there are the blackberry bushes that I stepped into and got badly scratched so many times. Then came the chessboard-like

land arrangement: it is potatoes and rye, rye and potatoes.

We only need to pass around a hill and the house comes into view. We are in front of an inn.

“Good morning, dear ma'am, what's new and how is your health? And the little lady, look how she's grown, ho-ho, a young lady by now! Hey, Wanda, have a look where father is.”

“Here, here, I have already brought in straw. Everything in the best order. And the young lady will have lots of flowers this year.”

Now, the unpacking will start. It is both hard and boring.

That day, I was busy as a bee. I did everything (my mother stayed behind in Warsaw, my brother went on what we call a “flower hunt,” for his herbarium).

The next day was great. I enjoyed myself wonderfully. I awaited the arrival of my mother and anticipated that I would then be as free as bird. Finally, it was Sunday. I picked three peonies in the garden and went to meet my mom. The locomotive rolled into the station and my mom alighted the carriage. She naturally couldn't do without commenting on my appearance. We took the cart and covered the same terrain again. We stopped at the front of the house.

The next day brought something completely different, as if a rebirth. After breakfast, I was free!

Halinka

## A CAMP ANNOUNCEMENT

In order to avoid any misunderstandings, I remind all the Little Review Tourist Camp attendees that:

1) – you need to respond to any letter from Camp management immediately because any delay in your response hinders the preparations;

2) – those who failed to mention in their applications whether they were signing up for just one month and which month should do so immediately, otherwise, it may happen in the process of compiling the lists of Camp participants for the respective months, that a correspondent who wants to come – let us say – with the first group, will be assigned to the second group (for July to August);

3) – medical certificates are a requirement; thus, those who have not submitted the doctor's consent forms,

must send them in as soon as possible;

4) – by June 1st, you need to pay the second fee installment in the amount of 10 zloty.

I would like to take this opportunity to inform you that we are able to accept a few more camp participants. The terms remain unchanged: 1) – age of 12 to 17 years; 2) – a medical certificate 3) – payment of the first two installments totaling 20 zloty – the correspondents will be expected to pay the remaining amount of either 45 zloty in case of a one-month stay or of 110 zloty in case of a two-month stay upon their arrival in Mszana Dolna (detailed information was published in the May 10th issue).

All correspondents will be notified in the June 14th issue of the Little Review about the departure dates and any possible rail ticket discounts.

Camp Manager D. Jarzabek  
Address: Warsaw, 26A Ogródowa Street, apt. 1

## FIERA DI MILANO

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

Now we have reach our destination: the cradle show. This extraordinary exhibition opens up with the cradle of a “royal baby,” the daughter of the heir to the throne of Italy, Princess Maria Pia, which was gifted to her by the people of Naples (I have written about this previously). Next, we see a whole line of modern cradles, some of which look like boxes of chocolates, and finally stop over at a Japanese cradle: a baby covered with mantles is sleeping in a comfortably large bed, in which even an adult could fit easily. The German cradle from 1825

looks small and hard, and the child is attached to it with colored ribbons. The next cradle comes from Hungary and is of microscopic dimensions: it is so tiny, narrow and cramped that I wonder how a baby could fit into it. The ladies of Tours Val de Loire made some practical arrangements as they went to work. They put their babies into boxes, which they covered with fitted lids. This way they could at least be sure the baby would not fall out.

In turn, we look at a collection of cradles used in different parts of Italy: Sardinian children are put into richly decorated cradles, their brothers and sisters from Pistoia sleep in baskets, the small residents of Milan sleep in

coffins of sorts, while Sicilian children rest in red strollers, usually attached to a wall with two ropes. The Venetian cradle is the most beautiful one of them all; it is built in the shape of a nest, with a tree branch above it. On that branch hangs a piece of fine Venetian lace, which covers the entire cradle, protecting the child from insects.

At the end, there is a small African scene. We see a straw hut with a long stick protruding from it; on it hangs an oddly packaged baby. At finally realize why the Negroes are so black: they are exposed to direct sunlight in their childhood.

(TBC)

## DZIECIAKOWO

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

articles now. We read through them all and considered which could be printed and which needed editing. Apparently, the first issue took a lot of work; there is quite a lot of work this time as well.

We had another Szymek-related incident today. He is on an weight-loss diet, and he still eats the equivalent of ten people. Szymus is only 12, but he already weighs 50 kg.

“Szymek,” says Ms. Pola, “you ate a loaf of bread again. Your mother will be furious if you gain additional kilograms, won't she?”

“But, ma'am, it's whole-wheat

bread, you can't gain weight from it.”

No wonder he eats so much because he likes to work. Szymek does everything. When the kayak needs to be carried over to the river, it's Szymek who does it. When you need to pack the soil or to fill and carry watering cans, Szymek again will do it for you. He also doesn't rest, but rides his bicycle all the time. But in spite of this, he continues to gain weight.

Today, Szymek ate 15 donuts. The people in the guesthouse were shaken. You should have seen how funny he looked while eating. He was red in the face, he was sweating profusely, but he was eating like crazy!

(TBC)