

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

SUPER LA KAPOJ DE BLINDIGITAJ POLITIKULOJ, SUPER FORMIKEJO DE BRUTALECO TRANS LA LIMOJ DIVIDANTAJ NIN, ETENDIGHU JUNAJ MANOJ KAJ DE LANDO AL LANDO, KVAZAU DE JUNA ARBARO, IRU LA FLUSTRO DE SALUTE KAJ BONDEZIRO, LA EHHO DE RECIPROKA KOMPRENO DE KOMUNA SORTO KAJ IDEALO.

The 18th of May

FOR THE DAY OF GOODWILL

The story is very simple.

On May 18th, 1899, the first international peace conference was organized in the Hague for the representatives of 26 countries of the world. They deliberated on the ways to avoid wars, but their efforts failed and first the Russo-Japanese war broke out, followed by conflict in the Balkans and, finally – the World War.

After the latter – the most destructive war in the history of mankind – everyone focused their efforts aimed at maintaining peace, which at that point became a necessity. The League of Nations was formed, along with numerous associations and international organizations. The general will to avoid any and all conflicts was reflected in the sheer number of agreements, and memorandums signed by all the countries, regarding political and trade matters, as well as defensive alliances.

Naturally, both the organization of the League of Nations and the efforts to unite all the nations were not perfect. It was hard to uproot something that accompanied humanity since the dawn of communities. There are many disputes which may spark an armed conflict. Another war still remains a dangerous and terrible possibility; however, never before did the world want peace so much and never before did everyone work in order to maintain it like this time.

The young generation decided not to be a passive witness to adults' actions and efforts. On May 18th, 1929, on the 30th anniversary of the Hague

Conference, English youth were the first to broadcast a greeting to the youth of the world via radio. Since then, the day, known as the Day of Goodwill, proclaimed by the International Upbringing League in San Francisco, became a celebration which brings together youth of all nationalities.

Two years ago, when we released the first issue dedicated to the Day of Goodwill in Polish and Esperanto, we feel lonely in this campaign – there was only our voice, the press was silent and the teachers were indifferent. Before we released the second issue, we already knew that many Polish institutions were already doing the same thing, and we received many letters from all over the world – responses to our first issue.

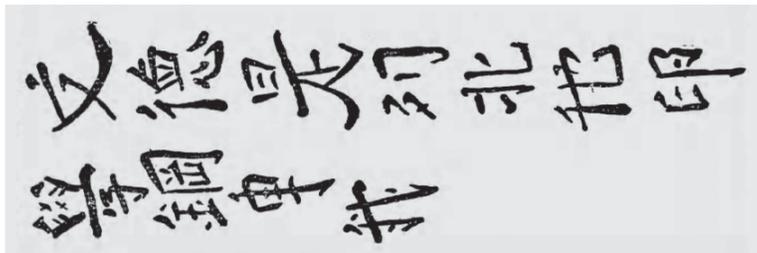
Today, reading all the letters from youth coming from almost every country in the world, submitted to the Little Review we can see that everyone is thinking the same and joining the global effort.

With greater faith and – in a way – justification, we may repeat the slogan from the first issue commemorating the Day of Goodwill – the translation of the opening sentence of today's issue:

“Let the hands of young people extend over the heads of blinded politicians, over the anthill of brutality and through all the borders dividing us in a friendly embrace, and let the sound of greetings and good will, the echo of understanding, shared fate and effort spread to all the countries.” ■

A LETTER FROM CHINA

Peace is a big word



May 18th, known as the Day of Goodwill is a symbol of peace, peace between all the races, all the religions and all the nations – all over the world.

Peace is a big word, and a grand idea, voiced since the dawn of time, even to this day. Nevertheless, the world was never so far away from peace as it is today. We can see it in Europe, but it can be seen even more here, in the East, where the word “peace” has been forgotten for many years, and where one war breaks out after another, with seas of blood spilled

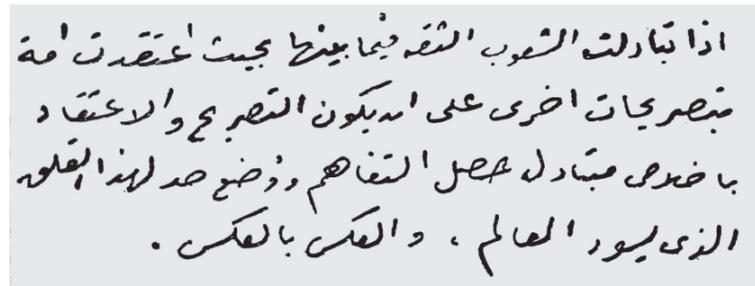
in fratricidal conflicts. Therefore, it is no surprise that youth of the Far East raised in such conditions take up arms to carry on with the traditions of their fathers as soon as they grow up.

I deeply regret the fact that the idea of the Day of Goodwill, known in Europe, does not reach the Chinese masses. I am, however, certain that it is going to change one day. Only love can rule the world, everything else will disappear over time.

Anatol Oglezniew from Harbin (Manchuria)

A LETTER FROM AN ARAB

If there was trust



Following the political events in the recent months we can notice that today the world is dissatisfied and moves toward war. The divisions are emerging between both great powers, as well as the nations subject to the rule of their “protectors” The reasons for such a situation can be found in mutual distrust.

*How much happier would our lives be if there was mutual trust, and a nation would believe in the other nation's words.**

All the time we have congresses, conferences, and assemblies in order to maintain peace. At the same time, when the representatives of these countries spout pompous slogans,

their nations get up in arms. The cause of all of that are first and foremost the great powers, who believe only in one kind of justice – the law of the strongest.

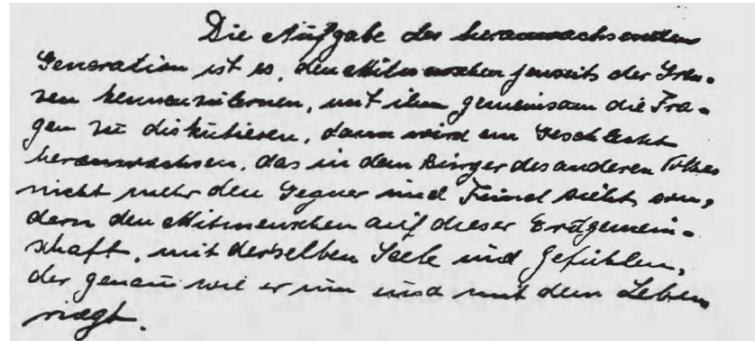
The English policy can serve as a perfect example for this. In need, they were able to promise a lot, but after that, their words turned out to be worth as much as the paper they were printed on. Thus, it is no wonder that no one believes them anymore, as trust is a result of fulfilled promises.

Rifat Andet from Nablus (Palestine)

* The sentences printed in italics are translations of the fragments of the submitted manuscripts, printed next to each letter.

A LETTER FROM A GERMAN

The mission of our generation



1914. The year the world went up in flames. The horror of war spread throughout the continent. Man fought man, nation fought nation, and the demon of destruction celebrated its triumph.

1918. All the soldiers with broken minds and bodies return home. No one really won, and the world was in despair. “No more war” was the guid-

ing principle of that day.

1935. Only twenty years have passed, and the world is once again up in arms. Nations spread the words of peace through the mouths of their ministers, but at the same time war factories are working day and night.

Where did that madness come from? Have we already forgotten 1914?

Where is the homo sapiens species? These are all questions which come to the mind of every thinking human in the world. We already know that just a bit of goodwill is enough to live in peace and friendship. How beautiful it would be if the nations could talk to each other in the words of a normal citizen and work together on their development and culture.

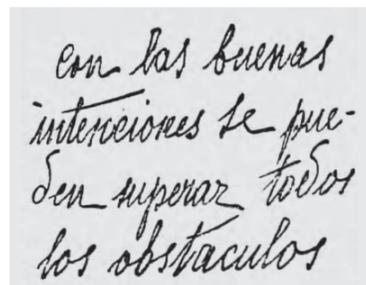
The mission for the growing generation is to get to know the people from the other side of the border and discuss any controversial issues, and only then the people who grow up won't see enemies in the citizens of other countries, but people who think, feel and struggles to survive just as they do.

Only then the humanity can finally move on towards the proper way – the way of friendship and brotherhood.

Alfred Dominitz from Breslau (Germany)

A LETTER FROM A SPANISH GIRL

Hand in hand, people of good will



I have to admit that I liked this idea very much.

Since the time of the republic, even we girls can speak up regarding public matters, hence why I will gladly say what my thoughts about the Day of Goodwill are.

We, youth, are the future, which is why we should all get together in order to fight the new Dark Ages threatening our existence.

As of now, we have the power of the words and the might of good intentions on our side, we just have to remember that *good intentions can overcome all obstacles.*

So let us go together, hand in hand, people of good will!

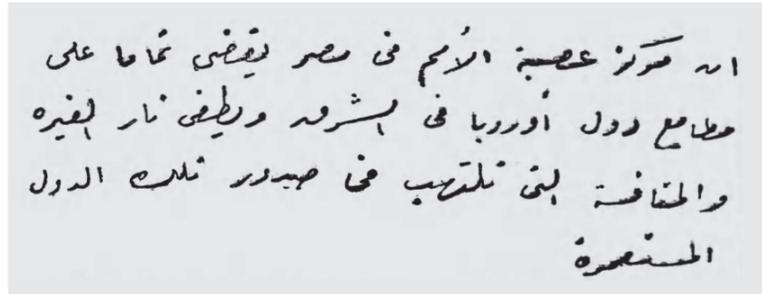
Conchita Romanes y Pequenos from Barcelona (Spain)

[text removed for political reasons by censorship]

I've heard about the Day of Goodwill for the first day in my life today.

A LETTER FROM AN EGYPTIAN

Association for the care of humans



Peace in our world is unimaginable without an organized world family in place, strong and always ready to get a nation willing to trample others in line. Only this may ensure the existence of weaker nations, who would then be able to live on their territory and enjoy the gifts of God.

In order to ensure peace in the world, the League of Nations was established – as we all know – in Switzerland. It is a beautiful and great institution; however, in current times it is not able to serve the duties it was entrusted. Let us now see how we can deal with that issue.

First and foremost, all the nations should have their representatives.

What kind of a family does not allow many of their sons to sit at the table? As a result, not everyone is able to voice their issues, and despite the fact that they suffer, the world does not know – or does not want to know – about it.

Moreover, the League of Nations should have a strong international army, made up of the representatives of all nations. It is hard to imagine a legislative body without any executive strength. Let's consider courts for example: they would be meaningless if it wasn't for the police carrying out their judgments. Thus, creating the international army is simply necessary.

Finally, it is obvious that the League of Nations needs to be moved to a dif-

ferent headquarters, after all, the world is more than just Europe! We need to choose a country between the East and the West. Egypt – the cradle of our civilization, with advanced culture formed centuries ago – is undeniably one such country.

If the League of Nations was based in Egypt, it would stifle the ambitions of the European powers in the East and extinguish the flame of exploitation in the hearts of the colonists.

Should the invasions of the powers on lesser countries and taking them over under the guise of civilization be tolerated in this world?

This is how I imagine the repair plan for an institution, the guiding principle of which should be "Good will."

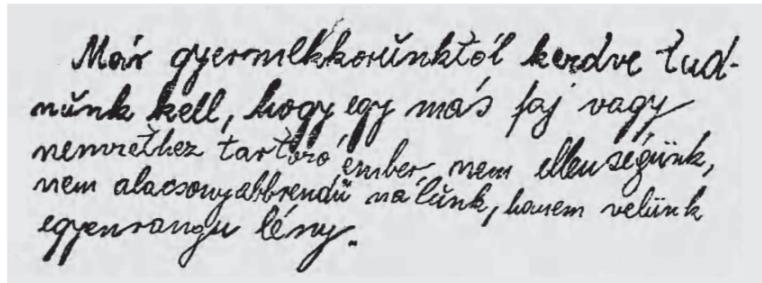
After all, there are "Associations for the Care of Animals" in the world, why wouldn't the League of Nations be the "Association for the Care of Humans"?

Taking care of each other and supporting one another is a fundamental law of nature. Otherwise we are going to see the times – as Anatol France said – where everything will disappear from the face of Earth and there will be only God.

Mohamed Allam from Cairo (Egypt)

HUNGARIAN

The only mean



The Hungarian poet Vörösmarty said: "Only those, whose strength of spirit did not perish, will never perish."

This is why we – the youngest generation – should take care of it and fight for global peace with it on our side.

The goal we want to achieve will be difficult, but we should not falter, keeping in mind that we are in the right.

I feel too insignificant and weak to solve the problem that the top minds of the world are griping about; however, I think that the only way is to raise our youth in a good way.

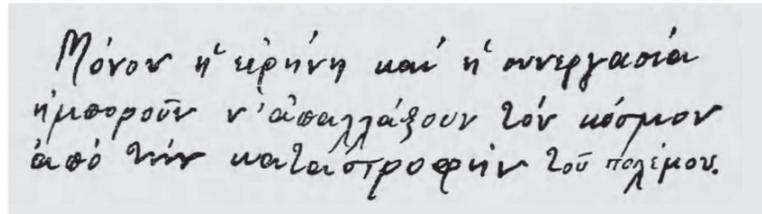
Starting from the earliest days we should know that a person of another race or religion is not our enemy or a lesser human being, but someone equal to us.

As soon as we have this idea in our blood, the hatred will be gone and we will make a happy global family.

Vilmos Arvai from Békéscsaba (Hungary)

GREEK

Words, not bayonets



Demosthenes, the great philosopher once said, "If you want peace, prepare for war." However, times have changed and that principle is no longer valid. "If you want peace, pre-

pare for peace" should be the guiding principle for the 20th century, as only true peace and mutual collaboration can save us from the tragedy of war.

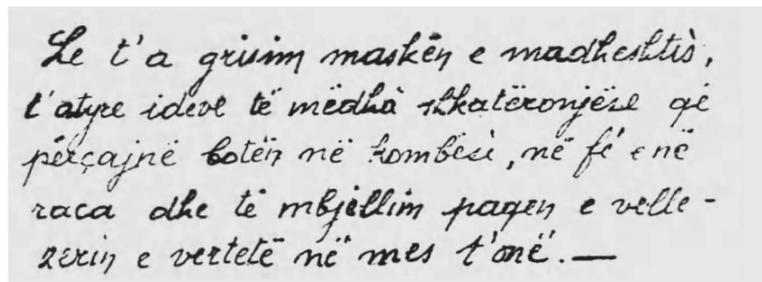
War! How much cruelty is hidden beyond this notion... After all, is war anything else than justified murder?

A question emerges: are we able to prevent it? Naturally. We can do this only if the youth from around the world – the youth of today, who are going to rule their countries in the future – will join their forces and strive for this beautiful idea, the happiness for the human race. Even if there are any tensions between our nations, they will be best solved with words rather than bayonets.

Christos Deligeorgis from Giannina (Greece)

ALBANIAN

It is easier – youth is everywhere



It was with great happiness that I saw your Day of Goodwill initiative and so I'm not delaying my answer.

Nowadays, we can easily observe

how some people try to make their life easier in a strange way – by taking whatever they need from others. The others, despite having an abundance

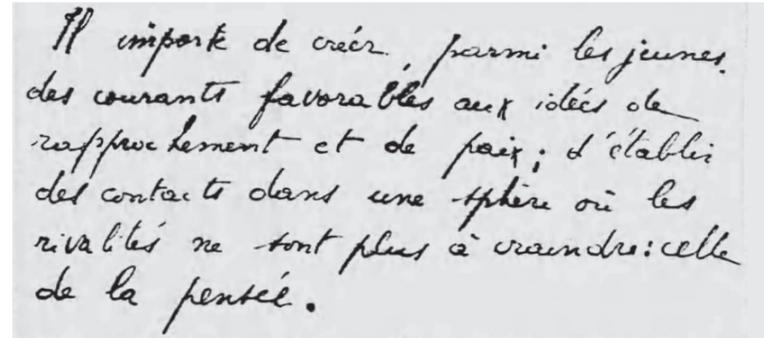
of everything are not satisfied with it, wanting to get more and more. These phenomena are relatively benign, as the smartest person wins.

It is, however, much worse when hatred between the nations sparks due to the reasons mentioned above. In this case, the effects can be much more dangerous. Blinded by hatred, people turn against each other and shoot. This time, the victory is taken by the strongest, who also loses at the same time, for every victory is paid for with the blood of thousands, especially young people, who was the future of the nation and could do much good for the society.

The peace is made and both sides are mourning, the only difference is that one side feels despair and happi-

BELGIAN

We are what will be



On this Day of Goodwill, I am not going to throw my hands up in despair seeing the current state of affairs, instead I am going to go directly to the corrective measures.

It is imperative that we put all our efforts, even the least significant ones, into establishing spiritual bonds between youth of all nationalities.

"La jeunesse prophétise, étant ce qui sera" (Youth are the prophets, being what will be) said Paul Valéry.

By trying to grasp the meaning of this concise statement, we will immediately notice that it contains a significant truth – the trends and efforts of youth precede the form that the society will have tomorrow.

People who brought about the French Revolution used to read Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot and Rousseau in their youth, and accepted their theories with much enthusiasm.

In order to create a government and ensure its survival one has to win over youth and get their support. The importance of that fact was un-

derstood by almost all nations, and currently youth is raised that way. Thus, if we consider that it is proper to familiarize youth with their social and national roles, why shouldn't the upbringing process cover even broader horizons? Particularly today, when international cooperation is a necessity in order to avoid one of the terrible calamities, which we already had seen in history.

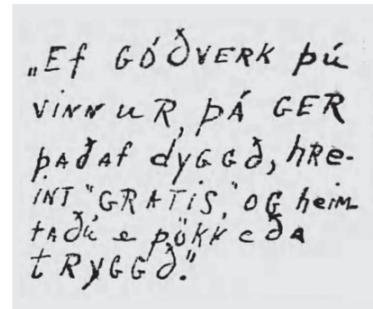
It is necessary to create incentives for youth in order to promote friendship and peace, as well as establish ties where there is no fear of competition – in the intellectual fields.

Getting to know each other promotes sympathy, while not knowing each other causes indifference or worse – enables hatred. Thus, there is hope that if we get to know each other, the black clouds on the firmament of the European politics will disappear in the future. All we need now is "Good will."

Dieudonne D'Aoust from Brussels (Belgium)

ICELANDER

Our folk proverb



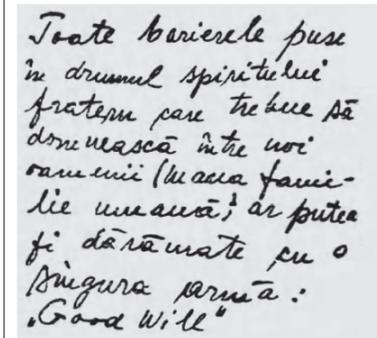
On the Day of Goodwill, I would like to remind everyone about our folk proverb, coined by Thorsteinsson:

If you want to do a good deed, do it today! Do it for free, do not think about payment.

This thought can be expanded further: be guided by good will, and the results will show up soon enough.

Fjola Marine (Iceland)

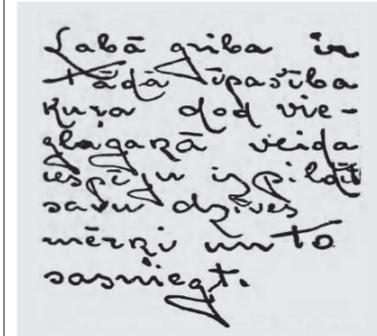
FROM A LETTER OF A ROMANIAN



All the obstacles on the way of brotherly union, which should exist among the great human family could be destroyed using just but one weapon: Good Will.

Livio Landes from Bucharest (Romania)

FROM A LETTER OF A LATVIAN

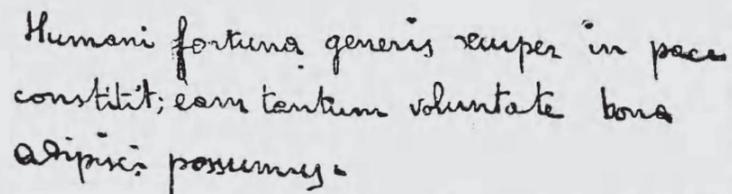


Good will is the way which allows us to easily solve our problems and achieve the goals we set to ourselves this way.

Alexander Krüger from Riga (Latvia)

Stavro Gjolma from Argicastro (Albania)

THE VOICE OF A PRIEST



"Love thy neighbor as thyself" said the Lord.

Meanwhile, some terrible things are going on:

[text removed for political reasons by censorship]

Satan, whose name is "Anti-Semitism" broke out from the shackles of civilization and runs rampant around the world. The Ark of Europe is on

a rocky road and in grave danger. The only thing that may save it is the love of our neighbors.

The happiness of the human kind was always connected with peace, and the only way to achieve peace is good will.

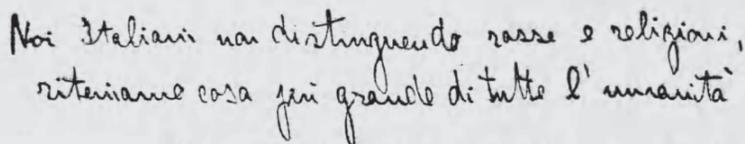
However, our captains do not see this safe haven and guide the ships straight onto rocks.

How is it going to end?

Father Guido Fasso Kasalecchio, Ph.D. (Italy)

ITALIAN

We believe in humanity



I admit that I used to laugh, hearing about religious or racial persecution. I considered it impossible, more of a delusion or a children's story. These days, when I hear about it more and more, I slowly started to believe.

I was overwhelmed with sadness and painful thoughts about the fact that there are still people in the world who treat others badly only because they belong to a different race or profess a different religion.

This persecution is in fact the result of a wave of nationalism, which was brought about by the war. We,

Italian youth, understand war very well – we don't condone war in any way, but if the need arises, we can be fierce. However, truth be told, we believe that one day we will have the time of peace, not as a result of war, but by uniting people thanks to the same ideals.

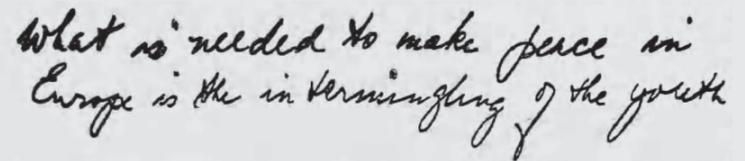
We Italians do not discriminate because of religion or race because we consider humanity to be much more important than that.

This is not a rhetoric of the old times, but a realistic approach.

Carlo Doglio from Bologna (Italy)

AMERICAN

We need intermingling of the youth



Recently, the European politics was very interesting: the Germans started to go up in arms after breaching the Treaty of Versailles, conferences were called and protests were organized. There was just only thing which I found surprising – why the protests were all about breaching the treaty? Couldn't you protest in the name of humanitarianism?

Meanwhile, the situation in the world is still tense.

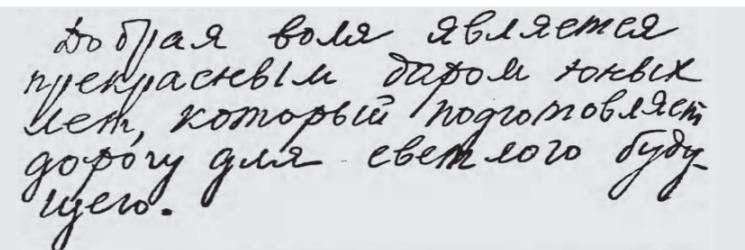
What is needed to make peace in Europe is the intermingling of the youth.

All the differences between different races and nationalities are

created artificially in order to stir up animosities. How beautiful it would be if 10000 German youth went to France and Italy, with the same number of French and Italian youth going to Germany. The results would be clear. They would see the country of their "enemy" with all its customs and traditions, thus discovering love and sympathy. Therefore, every initiative at achieving peace would succeed and we would finally have world peace. This is something that should be remembered by those who pull the strings of our fates.

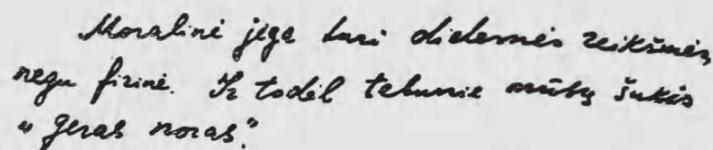
M. Damejek, New York (USA)

FROM A LETTER FROM A RUSSIAN



LITHUANIAN

Our weapon



More than 16 years have passed since the European powers signed the Treaty of Versailles. This was the final conclusion of the World War that, despite all the evil it caused in the world, taught us one thing. Both the winning and the defeated nations understood that war is not a solution to political and economic tensions. Indeed, in the post-war period, the situation in Europe got even more complicated with all the upheavals, regime changes, general dissatisfaction, and the crisis.

Some people think that war had some upsides, as it returned freedom to the countries which were suffering under the foot of their oppressors.

Right. Except we should also think about the price of it all, about the

many sons who died in their battles for freedom.

Here's where we can see the tragedy. We had to use war – the most horrible solution of them all – to achieve a just victory. Why weren't we able to discuss all the matters in a calm manner, trying to avoid this abhorrent way? How beneficial would that be to all of humanity. We wouldn't see so many wives becoming widows, and so many children becoming orphans.

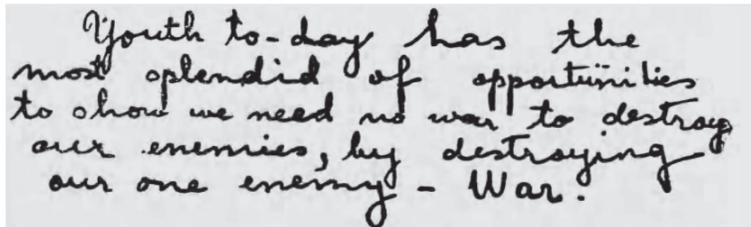
Enough of griping about the past, we are facing the future.

Let us try and make it bright and happy. Remember that *moral fortitude means more than physical strength. Let good will be our weapon of choice.*

Boris Rabinas from Kovno (Lithuania)

ENGLISH

Our one enemy: war



There are no borders for love, friendship and understanding. Our "good will" reaches, or at least should reach over the existing political frontiers.

The power of friendship and love destroys all obstacles in the way of progress towards better understanding of humanity.

The only way to live in harmony with other people is about promoting the idea

of good as much as we can, and about living by the principle of loving our neighbors as ourselves. People who live by this rule don't know the word "enemy."

Youth today has the most splendid of opportunities to show we need no war to destroy our enemies by destroying our one enemy – war.

Ralph A. Masson from Portsmouth (England)

THE YOUNG PRESS SERIES

"BENJAMIN"

Benjamin is the largest weekly paper for French youth, publishing a multitude of various articles and illustrations on eight sizable pages.

The first page is dedicated to miscellaneous topics. For example, the first page of an issue I have in front of me there is a funny story about Easter eggs, an interview with the head of an archaeological expedition to Easter Island, a report from a futurist exhibition, a report on construction of the longest tunnel in France and a humorous letter to the readers from the province (a regular column).

The second page contains continuations of some articles from the first page, club announcements and a youth column – all of which are regular.

In every issue, the third page is mostly dedicated to travels, just like the fourth and the fifth are devoted to humor only. The announcements published by theatres, cinemas and magazines can be found on the sixth page. The seventh page contains write-ups about the latest scientific developments (another regular column), while the eighth page contains an astronomy

column, abstracts of classic theatrical plays, "Bonjour" – the only entertainment column with texts written by youth, a poetry corner, brain teasers, and classifieds.

Every issue is rich in illustrations and funny comic strips. It is also worth noting that Benjamin was the first to publish the news of the new invention – stereoscopic film – as well as many other innovations, thanks to their editor, Mr. Jaboune, as well as their robust reporting organization.

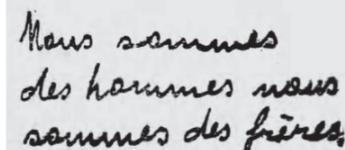
Now I would like to discuss the story and the current state of the paper.

Benjamin was established in 1929 and currently reaches 200,000 readers every week. Among the most noteworthy aspects of the paper is the large number of contests – there's one announced in every issue. Additionally, there is a "Bank for Good Students" – every first student receives compensation. Additionally, the editors also release notebooks which entitle the readers to discounts in a variety of stores – some companies even produce some special goods marked with Benjamin's logo, an elephant inside a heart.

Benjamin also created a special section for their subscribers in Racing Club de France.

However, a far more important role is played by Benjamin's clubs. These clubs, numbering anywhere from a few

TUNISIAN



Every human being has moments in their life when they experience some strange thoughts and feelings. Suddenly, they realize the facts they heard many times, but never fully realized their meaning or significance. They start thinking about human suffering, pain caused to others and many, many more issues.

And then, when one time I realized the weird ways nations use to solve their disputes, I was surprised and frightened at the same time. Just think about it: both sides mobilize their youth and create armies, which then promptly shoot at each other, and whoever kills more people is in the right.

For God's sake! Where is the civilization and culture that makes us so proud that we boast at every opportunity?

It is high time to get rid of this horrible nightmare of war that constantly hangs over our heads.

We are all human beings, we are brothers!

Are we actually unable to solve our disputes in a peaceful way? As youth, it is our mission to finally bring about a change in the existing relations and show everyone that 'homo homini lupus non est.'

Georges Uzan from Tunis (Africa)

THE UPCOMING ISSUE

WILL CONTAIN

A COLUMN

COMMEMORATING

MARSHAL

JÓZEF

PIŁSUDSKI

to a few dozens of readers, bring them together. Several of these clubs also exist in Poland.

The "Young Press" column is also an interesting one, dedicated to presenting other youth papers. It even had descriptions of school papers, handwritten on the pages torn from a notebook and published every month in just two copies.

When Miss Artowska, the representative of Polish school press arrived and presented how the school press works in Poland, the meeting of school paper editors was called and they decided to organize a campaign to change the way French school press works to be more similar to Polish school papers. Further developments regarding the campaign will be presented by Benjamin in detailed reports.

Soon after, an article about the Little Review was submitted, with information that the readers may contact me for further information about the paper.

It seems that the Little Review has garnered a lot of attention in France because right now I'm in despair – what to do if just a hundredth part of all readers writes? Can I respond to 2000 letters?

I shiver at the very thought and I dread looking at the ever-growing pile of letters.

Reporter Fred Goldstein (12 years old)
Paris (3me arrondissement)
3 rue des Quatre Fils

WHY I AM NOT AN ANTI-SEMITE

I used to be an anti-Semite last school year. I hated Jews with all of my soul. I was a fervent supporter of the most radical ways to get rid of them, for example by beating them. What was the reason for me to think like that?

I have never found a proper answer to this question. I heard something about "purifying the Slavic race" and the Jews taking the best jobs, but these convictions were not based upon my reasoning but taken without any criticism from my envi-

ronment. No wonder I couldn't justify them.

I have only now started wondering about the arguments put forth by the anti-Semites and responding to them.

Almost every single anti-Semite, perhaps even unknowingly, denies Jews basic human rights. According to them, every Jew should pay all taxes without any qualms (which is what happens here in almost every case), serve in the military, and should the need ever arise, defend

their new home country to the last breath. At the same time, a Jew cannot enjoy equal rights as a citizen, as they should give up their jobs for Poles – Christians (an example of which would be the outcry against the snow plowing resolution, which allowed the unemployed work on cleaning up snow regardless of their faith), and be humble in the face of insults hurled at them by various Polish pseudo-patriots.

We can often hear an argument that Jews are mostly rich people, capitalists or even millionaires, that they have almost all of the capital in their hands, they manipulate it and exploit the Polish masses.

Anyone who spouts that should go to Smocza or Gęsia Streets and look for the wealth there. The same people who accuse Jews of gathering capital will often move on to think that 90% of Jewish society believes in communism.

Meanwhile, the matter is very simple and clear, only some people wanted to exploit it to push their agenda and accuse Jews of being capitalists or communists and muddy the waters.

In today's regimes, there are higher and lower strata everywhere. There are the wealthy and the poor, the unhappy, the leftists... The same phenomenon can be observed in the Jewish community. I don't see any fault in them, Jewish capitalists "exploit" Polish workers as well as their compatriots, and this is something entirely different.

Someone else will say "but this is Poland, Polish bread should go to Poles." We live in the age of an economic crisis and huge unemployment. There are 4 million Jews in our

country, out of which 3 million and several hundred thousand are employed. If we decided to exile them from Poland, or only sack them from their jobs, we could probably give jobs to every unemployed person.

Perhaps. But is this really a solution to the problem of unemployment and the economic crisis? I think it's rather a short-sighted lie and we are trying to convince ourselves and others that it might be true. Let's just take the population growth into consideration, and we will realize that this opinion won't stand up to any criticism.

I would also like to discuss another issue regarding the ethics of Jews. "No one will deceive you like a Jew," people often say. I'm going to be a pessimist here and say that given the current decline of morality, the majority of people would deceive others if given a chance to do so.

We do not like Jews, we would like to get rid of them, they also dream about creating their own nation in Palestine. Thus, we should help them organize, even more! We should help the Zionists when they are too weak. Instead, on the one hand we cry, "Get out of Poland!" and on the other hand we are opposed to Zionism in general. Where's logic in that?

I asked many anti-Semites a simple question:

"What a Jew is supposed to do in Poland to make you happy?" The answers were rarely objective or logical. Let's think for a moment.

Assuming they decide to get baptized and change their names, they are still not protected from the cases where they will be confronted by people saying that, essentially, they are still the same Jew, only much worse

– trying to pass for a Pole in order to better exploit Poles and do them wrong.

Otherwise, if they openly admit their Jewishness, they are insulted at every single step. So what, are they supposed to become Zionists to get beaten or murdered?

What are they supposed to do?

I am not an anti-Semite, because I consider Jews to be equal to every Pole, Frenchman or Turk, and as human beings they should enjoy the universal human right to live. I also consider anti-Semitism (in this case the Polish one) a result of wrongly understood nationalism and short-sighted and unfounded economic slogans.

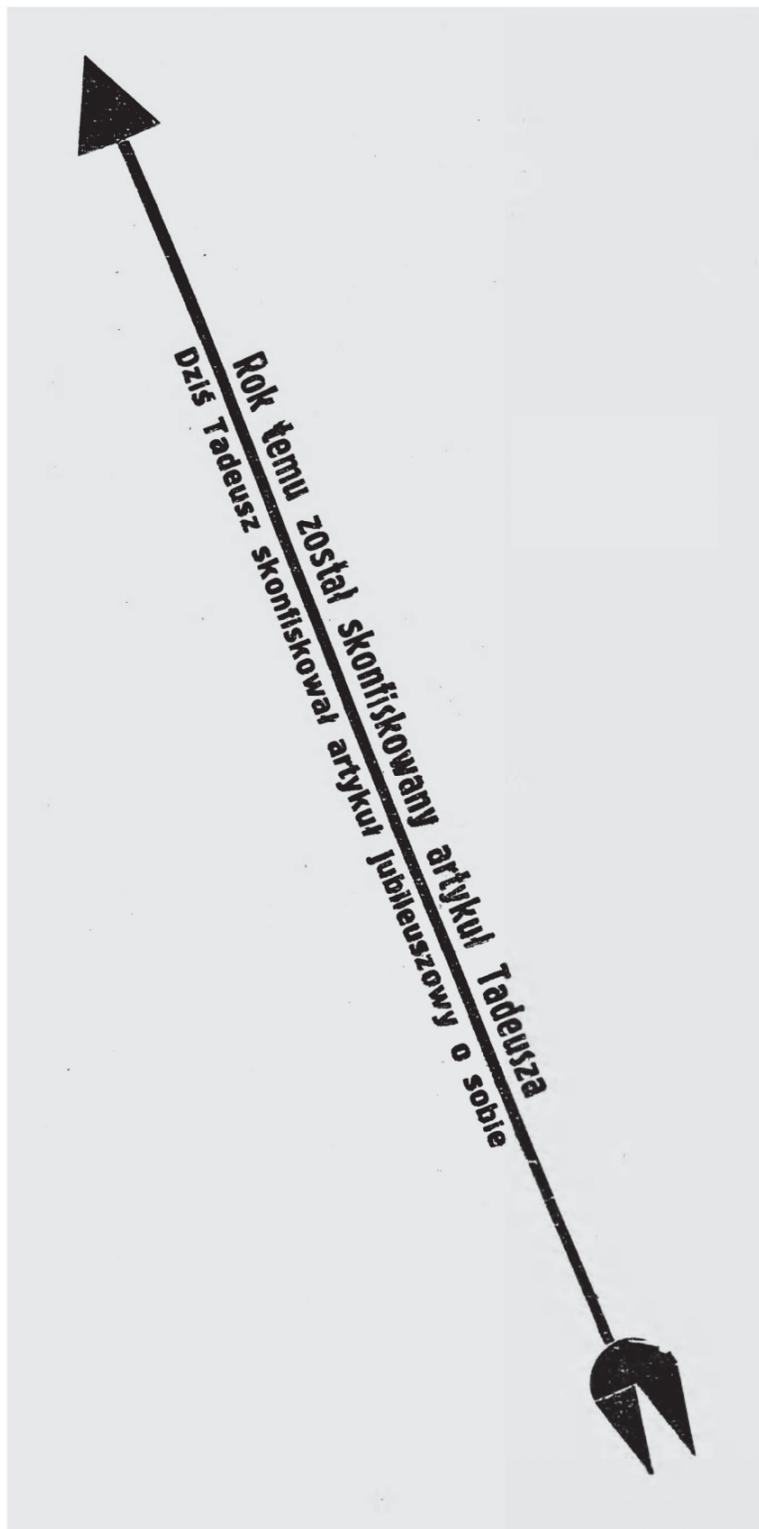
Like every human being, Jews also have feelings, so they can love Poland as a country where they were born and raised, where they worked and which became their homeland. The fact that such things happened, can be verified by studying our history. Who did not hear about Colonel Berek Joselewicz, about Jews fighting in the Legions who perished fighting for their new homeland. We don't even have to look that far back into history. I know many Jewish teenagers and I know for a fact that many of them love Poland with deep and honest feeling.

Some readers may now ask: am I a philo-Semite?

No. I don't feel any special sympathy towards Jews, and when it comes to masses, I prefer Poles. I cannot really justify that in any way, it's a matter of feeling. I only try not to divide people into Poles, Jews, and Ukrainians – instead I just refer to the inhabitants of Earth as Humanity.

Z. WILL

TADEUSZ B-SKI'S ONE HUNDREDTH LETTER



A YEAR AGO AN ARTICLE WRITTEN BY TADEUSZ WAS CONFISCATED.
TODAY TADEUSZ CONFISCATED AN ANNIVERSARY ARTICLE ABOUT HIMSELF

You forbade us from writing about you. You could do this. You did not give us your photograph.

Too bad. "I did not do anything special," you said. "I kept writing because I felt like writing, and I chose the Little Review because of the connection I feel with Jewish youth."

Fine. But it is our duty to write that we are celebrating the approval of the

hundredth article written by Tadeusz B-ski. And we consider it appropriate [text removed for political reasons by censorship] – to express our appreciation, respect, and good wishes. We are happy to do so, especially since it is the first time we see a Polish author among the ranks of our most seasoned writers. ■

MIRA

UPWARDS

It was summer...

The sky, the sun, water, and happiness!

The summer camp, despite all the stringent rules and strict organization, seemed to be a dream after spending the whole year spent working hard and strolling on Warsaw's cobblestones. Our tight-knit bunch numbered around ten girls.

We were painfully aware of the fact that for many of us, the summer was like a life inside a crystal ball, as we referred to it. The ball was going to break, shatter into a million pieces... All we would have left was a sad life filled with school and our parents struggling to make a living. Unknowingly, we grew on each other and connected, and soon we formed a tight-knit group.

We talked in the forest, in our beds, at the table – literally everywhere. We questioned almost every known idea on the glade under the sun, and we created new ones – full of truth and love. In a solemn and quiet pine forest, we built the United States of the World, based upon love.

The sunny glade, the solemn pine forest and a good dinner are all very conducive to creating new amazing ideas and saving humanity with just

a flick of a hand when the hot blood is pumping through one's veins.

Living in the strange world of ideals, we rarely were down to earth. With the whole world in our dreams we almost didn't realize that just behind our forest and our camp, there was a camp for Polish boys.

One day, when we went to the forest singing, out of a sudden a torrent of stones and insults fallen straight on our heads. Suddenly brought down from the world of dreams to this place of sorrow, we started fighting back with all we had...

The brawls repeated, and as it always happens, the dreams and beautiful words did not stand the test of brutal reality.

The end of summer was nigh and the rainbow bubble was just about to burst. We knew that the sunny and bright days were never going to return. We all wanted to absorb the final moments, as the memories had to last us for a long time.

On the last day, we ran to the forest at dawn. Our artist took her violin. "Idyllic," some of you might say, and I am going to admit that it was laughably sentimental, but back in the day it wasn't just a pose or a childish

game. Everything we did was honest.

We went into the woods, but it was still dark and silent in there. We didn't like it that way. We wanted more light, sun, and space! We went to the glade and saw something we knew from more or less posh poems. We saw the rising sun and dewdrops on the grass, and we could feel the cold breeze from the forest on our faces.

Suddenly, one of us said that everything that was written about sunrise in all the books and poems is a lie. She would describe it differently, but it is impossible, since she would need new words that don't exist. Every single one of us felt it perfectly, but we all didn't have any words. Language became flawed.

Out of nowhere, Irka started playing. Any artist would probably listen to her song with a smile, but we could understand it. On that very moment, "those" boys came. They appeared – as always – out of nowhere.

They were leaving on the same day and went for their last walk. They rushed onto the glade, making a lot of noise, but they stopped upon seeing a group of pensive Jewish girls...

CONTINUED ON P. 6

LEJZOR FROM GĘSIA STREET

FAITH

"I was made for love
– not for hatred,"
"Jan Krzysztof," volume VII

In the corner of our backyard, there was a hand-cart used by the local porter. We would often sit on the cart on quiet summer evenings. Sometimes we didn't talk at all, we could sit for a long time, watching the starry sky and not a single word was spoken.

Maeterlinck was right in "The Treasure of the Humble," saying that "silence is the true reflection of happiness." One beautiful summer evening we sat on the cart – as always – after playing all day long and dreamt.

I was only ten. We felt that we were connected, bound by love. Every single one of us craved friendship and love they couldn't find at home.

Suddenly, young Icek, son of the shoemaker burst out:

"How beautiful it would be if all people in the world loved each other!" All eyes turned on him in an instant. "How great it would be if there was friendship among the people" he continued. "There would be no wars, every nation would have their own land. No one would hurt each other anymore. I really want peace in the world."

Icek was a sickly boy. Despite being eleven, he only looked like at most seven years old. Only his eyes were

lively. He had a pair of black, dreamy eyes. He would often walk with his head in the clouds, daydreaming all day long.

His words left quite an impression on us all. "Love," "Friendship," "Peace" – all of these words felt strangely magnetic. Would it be possible?

"Why do people hate each other, even though they could love each other instead?"

I kept thinking about this question all the time. In my imagination, I saw my parents making amends with the family who hosted us.

One day I asked my father to tell me about what war looked like. He told me about long and exhausting marches, about dirt and mud in the trenches, decomposing dead bodies hanging on barbed wire... Terrible!

"Why did you fight? And why did the others fight with you?" Father just turned his head and a faint smile appeared on his sad face. "Because they told us to." This seemed to be the most terrible thing of them all. Humans killing other human beings – just because they are told to do so! I couldn't understand it.

"There are some evil people in the world" I thought. I remembered the man living on the 3rd floor who abused his wife in a terrible way. I could not get those thoughts out of my head.

* * *

I was walking through Nowolipki Street. I saw a crowd of people near a fence, and all eyes were turned towards one place. I knew something must have happened there.

I forced myself among the crowd. There was a corpse lying on the ground, covered with some material. His disembodied head was lying next to it, and the paint-like blood was soaking into the ground.

I didn't know what was going on with me. I broke out of the crowd and ran home. When I got there, I threw myself on the bed and cried. I still saw the ground sprinkled with human blood, and I kicked my legs in despair. Someone approached me and asked:

"Why are you crying?" I didn't want to answer. Then, my mother came and implored: "What's going on with you?" and I answered.

Everyone burst out laughing, and I got even angrier than before. Then, someone yelled:

"You stupid boy! Why are you crying? He was a gentile!"

"Does that mean he wasn't a human being?!" I screamed and ran out. I went to the Krasiński Garden. I sat on an empty bench in the remote corner of the park. My throat was coarse and I felt hatred towards all the people.

"People are evil," I said to myself. "I hate them."

It was autumn. I could hear the sound of wind among the tree crowns, and the leaves were red – just like

blood of the man covered with a piece of cloth.

* * *

I was older, about twelve. One summer night I went with Jakób on a walk on our favorite route towards Żoliborz. We sat on the grass. "Jakób," I asked him. "Do you believe in world peace, in friendship between all the nations and no wars?"

My friend, who was four years older than me looked at me puzzled and responded with a strong "No."

"How can you not believe in that?"

"I simply don't. People are evil. Look around you. There's no love around, just hatred, instead of freedom you have the worst suffering and slavery, instead of prosperity – poverty and hunger. Everyone exploits each other, and then they all fight. People die slowly, they work themselves to death. And the beautiful life described by well-fed poets? It's all in their imagination! The society is nothing but a bunch of maggots biting each other to death!"

For the first time in my life I heard words spoken with so much power. I didn't believe him. Life is beautiful. The world is beautiful. The sky is beautiful!

"Jakób... But love must prevail, it has to... Love will spread around the world, among all the human beings... only then we will become truly Human..."

He responded with the loud and forced laughter of a man who didn't want

to laugh, but had to – so that the youngster I was could understand that he didn't want to speak with me anymore.

I couldn't sleep that night, trying to convince myself that Jakób was wrong. Without that faith, humanity simply couldn't exist. Even though, I still saw Jakób in front of my eyes as if he was standing right next to me, and I still could hear the sarcastic laughter of the suffering loner in my ears. I felt pity for him, but I also knew that the seed of disbelief was planted in my heart.

* * *

"Humanity is Good" by Leonard Frank cemented my beliefs. Reading this book, I could feel immense faith in the resurrection of Humanity. I realized there are some wise and good people who think like I do, and we can already hear their voice: "Do you hear us, brothers?"

* * *

The music teacher sat behind his piano, opened the cover, and gave us a sign to start singing. It all happened before the celebration of

[text removed for political reasons by censorship]

One day, rummaging through the things in my drawer I saw an Esperanto textbook. There, I found the following passage:

"No human effort will be able to stifle the growing awareness of the fact that Earth is the homeland of all human beings." ■

AGNES (Tel-Aviv)

URCHINS FROM HAYARDEN

I sometimes think that the insult "You urchin!" often hurled at unruly and dirty children in Poland is absolutely pointless in Tel-Aviv.

There are no urchins in Tel-Aviv, or perhaps I should clarify myself – every kid is an urchin here.

The streets of Tel-Aviv are wide and only rarely covered with asphalt – new houses are built all the time, and the Magistrate cannot keep up with the speed of development – is a true and unquestioned kingdom of children. From dawn till dusk, every street is filled with noise – voices, laughter and screams of joy, they fill the sidewalks, streets, and fences of new homes... In a word, they are everywhere.

It seems that there is one place with more children than anywhere else, where the fun is better and children are merrier than ever – Hayarden Street, which despite being located in the city center is quiet and calm, with the sea bordering it from one side and the cinema and venue district on the other.

I've been observing the group from "my" street for half a year already, and slowly they stopped being only a nameless screaming bunch for me. There are around thirty of them, and I already know almost all of them by their names and I know various things about them.

They are all mostly "German" kids. There are two townhouses on Hayarden Street, connected by a long and beautiful garden between them. The houses were nicknamed the "German Corridor" by popular decision, and I lived there for four months. During that time, I counted and found five occurrences of "Hans" in all variants (Hans, Hansl, Hanny, etc.) three Hildas, two Kurts, as well as many other Bertolds, Luks, Puks, Mouses

and Lillas, Köthe, Sigi and so on.

Initially, all the games and discussions were in German, and filled with memories of "the old days," and so, for quite a long time we had the parades of "assault units" – long rows of children with armbands, with arrows painted diligently in white paint over the black satin background, marching like an army, waving their long sticks around.

The German drill could be heard from afar. Their commander – a girl with long legs, wearing blue shorts – yelled her commands, shouted at her soldiers, and demanded them to report, while trying to make her voice sound as deep as she could.

Their "Muttis" and "Pappichens" tried to call them home – but it was all in vain. They stood at attention, saluted and marched, always starting with their left leg: "Eins, zwei, links, rechts!"

Then, for a brief moment they went crazy for gymnastics, so they jumped over the fences or over each other countless times, climbed even the smoothest of poles and did even the most neck-breaking exercises.

At the same time, the intermingling slowly started to become apparent – Hans and Kurt were slowly joined by "sabras," or children born in Palestine. Dudi, Arje, Jakow, Pnina and many others.

Listening to how they were communicating was an interesting thing, as the German kids spoke only German, while the others spoke only Hebrew. And somehow, they found a way to communicate. There was a lot of laughing, screaming, eloquent gestures – but they were able to find a way.

One day I noticed something insignificant, but important at the same time. My "army" was marching to

a Hebrew song, and Berta – the girl with the long legs – acted as the conductor: "Achat, shtayim, smol, yamin! (One, two, three four!)"

One of the smallest German kids with red hair – Puki – and the black-haired Dudi were suddenly connected by sudden friendship, and they decided they will play "Binyan" (Construction), and the other kids followed. They all brought some boards, nails, lime, stones, and various construction materials just lying on the streets – and the work started.

They mimicked even the smallest details of adult work. First, they built a wooden skeleton out of boards, then they poured something like concrete, installed windows and doors... They spent hours knelt down, creating a stone floor in that old box, stomping them down with their tiny fists, washing it with old toothbrushes... After building it, they stood up with painful backs and with proud smiles on their faces.

The older boys went crazy and started installing phones and telegraphs. Cables were pulled between roofs and buildings, and the air was filled with the sound of hammers and little feet going up and down the stairs, dozens of times every day. I suspect that nothing really worked, but they were working for a month or so.

Then we had the first refreshing rain, and the whole bunch – every Hans and Ammons started dancing wildly around the trees with bare feet, screaming, "Geshem! Geshem! Geshem tov! (Good rain)."

No, not all of them. On the balcony on the second floor, one of the Hildas – a beautiful small blonde girl – stood silently. She didn't sing and play with others. Her father, Mr. "Geheimrat" from Berlin did not want this young tree to put any roots down in this new sandy homeland.

His heart and soul was still with his thankless Heimat, and the poor councilor simply could not and would not assimilate. Puffed-up and bitter, he walked around with hands behind his back, slowly using up his savings and telling anyone willing to listen that he wasn't going to stay. England or Italy, he's going to go somewhere one day. Meanwhile, little Hilda was forbidden from learning "this crazy language" and playing with "those wild children."

Mr. "Geheimrat" would sit for hours on the balcony and teach his daughter English. Around them, all the children would scream, "ima, aba," whereas Hilda obediently repeated: "goodbye father, goodbye mother."

The rain season – a blessing for the country, but a nuisance for the townsfolk – allowed children to invent new ways of having fun.

The street turned into a bog. The adults kept muttering and screaming obscenities, since instead of simply crossing the street they had to walk twice as far just to get where they needed to go, but for the children, it was heaven on Earth. They could build bridges, construct small boats, throw stones into water... And indulge in jumping into the mud with freshly washed socks like a piglet.

One day, one of the children came wearing long boots with shiny long uppers reaching up to his knees. On the next day, all the children from the neighborhood wore identical boots and played in the mud in the street.

Even Srulek from the colonial store, who delivered baskets with goods to the homes, bought the shiny boots from his salary. On that day, he didn't deliver any baskets, instead he walked slowly and carefully, looking at his new boots all the time, taking a handkerchief from his pocket and wiping the dust... He

was probably the only one of them who actually avoided the mud.

The rain season came to an end, and the mud on the streets dried out, but their imagination simply couldn't be stopped.

Purim – every child wearing fantastic costumes, shooting their cap guns, and lighting up sparklers. The Maccabi Games came – suddenly the streets were full of straw hats with blue and white ribbons, as well as green and grey clothes of the Hamaccabi – Hat-zair. Soon after there was the Hapoel meeting, with blue worker shirts and red handkerchiefs.

Everything flows through the streets and is reflected in the children like in water. But apart from all the special occasions, the game of "jule" became all the rage among children. I didn't manage to learn all its rules, but it's similar to golf, croquet, and the game of kukso. Children throw round marbles and do some complex calculations all day long.

On one of those days I stumbled upon a nice surprise. Walking down the street I almost accidentally stepped on... Little Hilda, our Alice from Wonderland, the perfect girl muttering "goodbye father" was lying down across the sidewalk on her stomach in a white dress with frills, counting the distance between marbles on her fingers "Achat, shtayim..."

Suddenly, someone stumbled on her and she yelled with her energetic voice: "Chamor, al tafriya! (Stop disturbing me, you ass!)"

I laughed out loud. I don't know what happened, and whether Mr. Geheimrat finally came to terms with his exile, but the fact was his precious Hilda had already become a part of the street. Suddenly she will become like the other sabras – maybe rude and coarse, but brave, persistent, and down-to-earth.

Hayarden Street got another new "urchin." ■

THE FOURTH HAPOEL CONVENTION

The sun is boiling hot and defiantly shines into our eyes. It's a true spring day. The streets are full of blue workers' shirts, red banners and posters.

Youth are marching on the streets in groups of four, holding their hands and singing. They are the representatives of all regions, kibbutzim, kvutzot and colonies. The elderly vehemently criticize shorts worn by the girls, while the city youth watches those healthy and strong boys and girls with jealousy, feeling proud and full of hope.

At nine o'clock in the evening, the official opening of the assembly will take place in the amphitheater in the exhibition square. We left the house at seven o'clock and went to the bus stop. The long queue, winding through four streets made me nervous.

Some young girls were waiting behind me, singing the horah enthusiastically, killing the time. Of course, I joined them and I barely noticed the moment when I was supposed to get on the bus. We set off, bidding farewell to the queue with loud screaming.

The bus drove softly on the asphalt road towards the exhibition.

"Stop, dear friend!" we screamed

to the driver and got off the bus in happy moods.

The gate leading to the exhibition was decorated with four black banners and beautiful posters announcing the Bialik Days, which are taking place here today. For a short moment we watched in awe, as they evoked the feelings of seriousness and solemnity, but soon after, our attention was captured by the long queue to the ticket office. Naturally, we didn't get a seat, standing room only.

Despite the fact that we were near the sea and the cold climate, I didn't feel any cold. We were pressed together so hard that a piece of paper I dropped on the floor couldn't even get there. The commands were given through the microphone. Everyone carrying their banners went to the stage. Next to young and lively faces I saw some old and tired ones.

First and foremost, important people welcomed the assembly. The audience loved the speech of Mr. Shertok the most, as it was clear, short and to the point. The absence of Mayor Dizenhoff, whose health did not allow him to welcome the participants in person left quite an impression. Benjamini spoke on his behalf.

The orchestra started playing the

Techezakna, everyone got up from their seats and all the banners were lowered, which was quite majestic. The anthem reminded me of the past years, my school, Lag BaOmer and my friend in Vilnius; however, I didn't have time to think about that, because soon after the acrobatics and shows followed, starting with eurythmics and gymnastics, through jumping over obstacles and acrobatics. The last show had only one girl, but she did a great job.

During the intermissions, the choir presented new songs, and the two orchestras (from Tel-Aviv and Haifa) also gave their concerts. Among others, they presented some Jewish songs, which was met with enthusiasm of the audience. Everyone was happy and I felt great, especially when I remembered that I won't have to wake up early for work the next day.

I didn't stay until the end of the assembly. My legs gave up, and my neck was so strained that I could barely turn my head any more. Anyway, I was also afraid that I wouldn't catch any bus later on, so I left "earlier" (earlier... It's a bit relative, as I returned home at 2 o'clock at night).

I was very, very happy, being able to take part of this collective demonstration of young, brave work.

Losia W. (Tel-Aviv)

POISON OR ANTIDOTE?

A quiet laboratory. A professor dressed in white is hunched over a single test tube, one out of many waiting in the cabinet. Cholera, plague, tuberculosis, leprosy... He surveys it, and his assistant notes everything down next to the microscope. They communicate and help each other quietly.

From a test tube to the microscope, from the microscope to another test tube. Silence shrouds their work in the white laboratory. What is their discovery going to bring the world? New life or... new death?

* * *

A beaker slowly fills up with a brown gas. The space above the bustling

liquid is slowly getting darker. Short-sighted eyes look at it from behind the glasses.

"Is it going to work? This discovery will bring..."

* * *

A tall pipe with mercury, closed at both ends. Two platinum plates in the mercury. The switch makes a noise and the laboratory is shrouded in darkness. Electricity starts flowing through the mercury, and the pipe glows with some strange red light. The scientist slowly pushes the lever. 1500, 2000, 2500, 3000 volts...

The light gets brighter and brighter, goes from red to orange, yellow, green, blue, violet... Suddenly it goes

out and all that remains is darkness. An agitated mouse in a cage starts scratching the bars. Silence. The lever quickly goes back. 3000, 2500, 2000, 1500, 1000, 500, 0. A sigh of relief, and the lights come back, flooding the room instantaneously.

The mouse in the cage is dead, and the scientist's head is overflowing with thoughts:

"You need 3-5 minutes to kill cancer, a man would die after 10..."

* * *

Medicines and poisons are made exactly the same way, just as scalpels and bayonets are sharpened the same.

J.W. (Katowice)

INTERNATIONAL OLYMPICS

The contemporary Olympic Games are not a new idea – they were already known in the ancient Greece in the 8th century BC. Recently, the tradition was brought back to life.

The contemporary Olympic Games were organized by Baron Pierre de Coubertin. Acting on the principle that sport is one of the best ways to achieve international collaboration, he spent ten years working on establishing the International Olympic Committee, which organized the first Olympic Games in Athens in 1896. The subsequent Games took place ev-

ery four years in Paris, St. Louis, London, Stockholm, Berlin, Antwerp, Paris, Amsterdam and Los Angeles. The two upcoming Games will take place in Berlin (1936) and Helsinki (1940).

Poles debuted at the 8th Olympic Games in Paris in 1924. The cycling team and Colonel Królikiewicz won three points for Poland, and the country ended up on the 20th place. In 1928, Konopacka won the Olympic gold medal in discus throw, and the late Skoczylas and Kazimierz Wierzyński won prizes. During the last Games in Los Angeles, the Polish

team brought back two gold, one silver and one bronze medal and ended up on the 13th place among 40 participants.

These Games saw the representatives of the most hostile countries, but the chauvinistic and nationalist instincts disappeared or were stifled. The spirit of noble rivalry dominated over hatred and hostility.

I wish there were more opportunities for the enemies to shake hands and call the other "brother" instead of insulting them.

h.k.

UPWARDS

CONTINUED FROM P. 4

They didn't understand a thing, but they expected something strange and seemed to be embarrassed. That was enough for us.

I don't remember how we started talking. Excited and fervent, it set us off like volcanoes, and we started talking about our repressed dreams that formed over the course of a month.

For an onlooker, this scene would probably be comical. On the one hand – a bunch of embarrassed boys, feeling out of place, on the other – a chattering group of girls.

Then it dawned on the boys. They understood that we wanted peace. Just as they did, as they realized how asinine were our fights throughout the month.

One of them, no older than 12, said in a shy voice:

"It's the last day. Let's play volleyball for the last time."

"Great, let's play!"

We played like never before, and every time we hit a ball we expressed the feelings that were bigger than us. The boys could understand us better through volleyball, rather than through Irka's music. It felt so good, and we went one step closer towards the Good – towards the United States of the World.

BRAIN TEASERS

Remember to always send the teasers with their solutions.

Regina Grynblatówna is asked to submit the solutions for her riddle, geographic question and teaser.

CORRECT ANSWERS TO BRAIN TEASERS WERE SUBMITTED BY:

Jerzy Adamowicz, Lidja Asorodybraj, Tola Becher, S. Brochsztejn, Lucynka Cygielman, Lucynka Felsen, Dawid Frydman, Benjamin Gartenstein, Josef Goldfarb, Mosze Goldfarb, Sylwusia Grynbaum, Mietek Haberman, Adzio Himelfarb, Josef from Kępna Street, Aleksander K. from Otwock, Sońka Krum, Kola Litmanowicz, Kuba Mielnik, Reginka Nisemkiern, Samek Parecki, Jerzy Przedecki, Lola Rajchman, Lili Rotblat, Stasio Rozenfeld, H. Silberhaft, Józef Skórecki, Lola Szejngros, Rysia Szmotkin, Andzia Tenebaum, Lola Toper, Lili Topór, Tadek Wajner, Wicher, Cesia Zygmunt, Felek Zygmunt. ■

The upcoming issue will feature

a regional column for

UPPER SILESIA and the DĄBROWA BASIN

JOKES

A FORGETFUL MAN

"Sir! I ordered my coffee 30 minutes ago. Did you forget to serve it? Or maybe I drank it already? Or did I forget to order it at all?"

SUFFERING

"My ears and teeth hurt at the same time. Can you imagine a worse coincidence?"

"Sure. It would be worse if you had rheumatism and Saint Vitus Dance."

POSH

A very elegant lady comes to the information office at the railway station.

"Please tell me where I can get a platform ticket... First class, of course!"

Enkonduka artikolo

"Tago de bona volo."

Leteroj de junuloj:

Hina

Araba

Germana

Egipta

Hispana

Greka

Albana

Islanda

Rumuna

Hungara

Belga

Amerikana

Itala

Tunisa

Latva

Pastro

Litva

Angla

La jubileo de korespondanto Tadeo B-ski, okaze de kvalifikigo por presigoliantan centan manuskription.

ARTIKOLOJ:

"Venemo chu antidoto" (pripensoj de lernanto en laborejo de sciencisto).

"Kial mi ne estas antisemito?" – konfeso de pola junulo

"Benjameno" (La plej populara semajna por junula gazeto en Francujo).

RAKONTOJ:

"Supren" (rememoroj de knabinoj el vivo en somerkolonio)

"Religio" (faktomuntajho de travivaĵoj de knabo, kiuj for mis lian mondkoncepton)

"Stratuloj el Hajarden" (korespondo el Palestino).

Komunikoj pri ekskursoj dum Lagbeomer festo.

Intelektaj distraĵoj.

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