

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

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WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

IN DREAMS AND DESIRES

(Excerpts from contest entries for subject number one: "What if")

PEACE EVERYWHERE AND FOREVER

...I can't read the papers anymore. The same cruel headlines all the time: "Bloody battle in Spain," "Fighting in China," "80 victims of bombarding in Barcelona," "Five halutzim killed in Palestine," "Great armaments in England..."

I often just throw the paper on the floor and dream about a time when peace will reign – in Palestine, in Spain, in China – everywhere and forever.

BOLEK from Nowolipki Street

GOOD GAS

"...gases are divided into asphyxiating, caustic, burning and toxic. All gases are chemical weapons"...

I put the book away and I daydream. What if I would invent gas that could influence the human mind and feelings?

I would walk the earth and secretly spray my good gas. I would be happy seeing that:

a man in despair didn't commit suicide;

a criminal had changed for the better; a wrong-doer can't sleep, he is thinking about how to make amends; politicians hate wars; all misery has been wiped out...

JERZY W.

I WILL BE A DOCTOR

It happened in 1936. I got an ear infection. The next day, when our school was screening "Bright Eyes," a film with little Shirley, I went to the hospital.

A nurse took me into the operating theater. Afterwards, once I got better, I helped the nurse. I performed every task with great enthusiasm. One time I didn't even notice when one of the assistants stood beside me. I was so happy when the nurse asked me for help.

I just loved medical work. I dream of taking care of sick children all the time.

LUSIA from Pawia Street

LINES AND COLORS

When I was four years old, I received a set of crayons. I drew dolls with big heads dressed in long coats adorned with buttons then. Already then, I knew what the names of the colors were. My friends were surprised and kept asking with curiosity:

"What color is this? What is the name of this crayon?"

And it stayed that way: I love colors and I paint all the time.

My parents say that I should not be thinking about it so much, because while "painter" sounds nice, you don't make any money.

DORA

THE KEY TO HAPPINESS

When I go to the countryside one day, I would like to find a lake in a forest with the ruins of an old castle on an

island. I wouldn't be afraid to peek into the dungeons of the old castle. My dream requires wines, suits of armor and jewels hidden in caskets to be there. I wouldn't touch them, as this is not what I am looking for.

During my visit to the castle, I would like to encounter an elderly man, who would entrust to me the secret of the ruins and present me the key to the gate of happiness.

I would walk around the castle for days, or maybe even years, looking for happiness and finally I would find it.

RYSIA from Kalisz

TO HOLLYWOOD

My greatest desire is to become a star. My mommy says that I am too young. But little Shirley is also young. I change into long gowns, I make up a movie and I act in it when no one is at home.

I have a crush on Nelson Eddy; I collect his photographs and I want to go to Hollywood.

R.M. from Białystok

A SCHOLARSHIP

Maybe you think that I want to be a sorcerer or a prince? Maybe you think that I desire riches or fame?

No, I just desire an education. This is the only thing I am asking for, that they don't send me for an apprenticeship in one year, that I receive a scholarship to high school instead.

DAWID K.

STUDY IN A JEWISH MIDDLE SCHOOL

I live in a small provincial town with no Jewish middle school or even an elementary school.

During breaks, students discuss plans of battles with the Jews and when we leave school, screws on strings fly our way. It does happen sometime that a Catholic or a Protestant will do something good for a Jew, then some voices are heard, asking "For a Jew?"

At times, I resent my parents for not having prepared me immediately for a higher grade in this small hole of a town in order to shorten my stay in this school.

Mom and dad talk about this subject often: "We need to think where to send him because a year will fly by fast." In their letters, our relatives from Warsaw suggest that my parents send me to stay with them.

I am already in the fifth grade. I hope that in one year my dreams will come true – I will attend a Jewish middle school.

BENIAMIN from Izbica Kujawska

MAY PARENTS BE HEALTHY

For several months, my father has been lying ill in bed. God alone knows how much I've suffered. Mom has been sick for a long time, but compared to

dad, she's healthy. Not only am I not allowed to laugh, but I can't even speak up. Sometimes five days will pass that I don't go out from the house. And if I do go out, I go to the pharmacy or to the pharmaceutical shop.

If my parents were healthy I would be the happiest person in the world.

FELA DELEWKOWICZ

MAY THE INSURANCE COMPANY BE SOCIAL

On the 20th of April, I felt pain in my throat. I went to a Social Insurance-funded doctor. The doctor noticed that a lump was growing on my neck. He sent me to a surgeon. The surgeon examined me and sent me back to the same doctor with a sheet of paper describing how to treat it, but he didn't know how to treat me at all. In the meantime, I couldn't sleep or eat. I went to see the surgeon again. I was assigned the number 19. I waited and waited, and finally the surgeon came out in his overcoat – the time for seeing patients was over. He didn't want to speak to me on the stairs.

The next day I went to the district doctor with a fever of 38 degrees. He sent me to the head doctor, but the head doctor sent me away and didn't refer me to the hospital.

Oh, if only the Social Insurance had good doctors and good medicine! If they saw the sick there quickly, politely, kindly. If only the Insurance company was truly social!

SARA from Czerniakowska Street

A PATH IN LIFE

If Mr. Editor were not busy then, Lejzor wouldn't have said categorically: next Sunday. And I wouldn't have left with tears in my eyes and sorrow in my soul. And maybe then, if I had said everything, some good advice would have been found.

...Maybe it's for the best because when I talk, I get a strange lump in my throat, I feel sorry about my fate. I haven't yet found a path to take in life.

ESTUSIA from Stawki Street

TO SCHOOL

I have lost a school year. I was dangerously ill. I didn't see anyone from our class and even today, I am not allowed to read yet.

I live in a small town in Pomerania. I don't have friends or a pastime (even handicrafts are forbidden).

May the convalescence period end already so that my nice school life can start.

HELGA GUTGOLD (Kcynia in Pomerania)

IF I HAD A YOUNGER SISTER

There would be three of us at home because I have a 17-year old brother. There would be so much laughter and frolicking. After school, I would go for

a walk with her. And once she turned six, I would prepare her for the first grade. She would attend the same school as me. And since I would already be in middle school, I would come down (our middle school is located above the elementary school) and ask her what was going on. I would boast in front of my friends about having such a pretty and smart sister (my sister has to be smart and pretty). I would take care of her at home, I would put her to sleep and help with everything.

HANIA from Wronia Street

MY OWN AUTOMOBILE

I am entering the contest because I am saving money for an automobile.

I always look at cars on the street. I like the machines made by the Chevrolet company the most.

One time I saw a chauffeur cleaning such an automobile. I noticed that it was upholstered with red suede inside and had a pointy engine. I am a connoisseur of automobiles, I recognize every make.

If I had an automobile, I would drive it first from Warsaw to Gdynia and then to the mountains. In general, I would know where to go – just give me the car.

SAMEK M.

TO THE MOUNTAINS

I have been reading about mountains a lot, about beautiful mountain forests and pastures, where herds of sheep graze under the watch of a shepherd. Various rivers have their source in the mountains, including the Vistula. I have also heard that mountains hide mineral riches inside them... If I only could see all that!

B. TENENBAUM

TO THE FARAWAY COUNTRIES

A grey, monotonous life of a student. Daily cramming of lessons, sitting

in school every day, over and over again... And afterwards? What awaits me after school? Standing in front of the newsroom every day, looking for work in the "jobs offered" section. In the best case, just as grey a life of an office clerk or an apprentice.

Faraway countries lure me and woo me. My heart says: "go... go... into the unknown"... And my mind sneers: Where will you go? With what will you go?

HENIEK from Łódź

TRUTH AND BEAUTY

...I can only dream that in the library books, at which I am looking at right now, there are always things for which everybody is striving, for which everybody is searching and about which everybody is dreaming.

SONIA KOCHAŃSKA (Łódź)

ABOUT DREAMING IN GENERAL

...Life consists in turn of failures and victories. Some dreams come true, others remain "intangible ideals" forever. Should this discourage us? Quite the opposite! A man needs to eternally desire and search, achieve and dream. To stop being active, to submerge oneself in happiness and contentment in gained benefits – that is the contradiction of life, it is death... Dreaming is and should be the engine of an ever-improving life; a life climbing higher. We should be walking the path of making our desires come true slowly and gradually, remembering to never be satisfied with that which exists, but to always fight and conquer.

May the desired "what if" not obscure reality but add to the will and power in persevering in the quest for the ever elusive dream.

B.L.

WHAT IF...

A violin is sobbing painfully but sweetly in the black silence of the room. A hollow "boom" floats through the black silence of the room: it is the clock striking the hours.

Fairies have sat down on oleander leaves. They have spread golden threads in the dark room. Now the clock is silent. The violin is complaining fervently and dolefully.

A yearning comes over me. The fairies who were whispering quiet spells have hidden in a dark corner. Because the clock has moaned again. Because a bag has softly fallen on the floor. A fluffy dickens has waived its paw, from between the leaves. Dreams – a cloud of little blue creatures with wings – were startled and dispersed softly.

...and silence unfolded over the bag.

And again, the sobbing sweet sounds poured through the darkness. So the fairies returned to the oleander leaves and unfolded their golden threads again.

I see an ocean: It spreads widely, it is heavy, yet gentle.

A slightly swaying ship arrives at the port. And I am standing on its deck. And I only know that I am going to Eretz, which I have dreamed of. And I only know that I am watching the sea and the sun of this land, that I am inhaling the wind coming from the coast.

And this is happiness. I already see from afar the white sand of the coast. I waded in it up to my ankles. I am already swimming in the sea, lifted softly by the green and grey waves. This is my sea after all – the sea lamenting the coasts of Eretz. And after swimming in my sea, I am a citizen of Eretz. And this is also happiness.

CONTINUED ON P. 2

WHAT I DESIRE THE MOST

The room is dim. On the table, everything is prepared for seder: matzoh, morod wine. The candles are not lit yet. Mom is busy in the kitchen. My brother, Jerzyk, who today has arrived from Warsaw, where he is studying at the university, went with daddy to the synagogue. We had been awaiting his arrival impatiently. My brother doesn't look good, he has lost his sense of humor, which always used to be his trademark. He is pale, depressed and doesn't speak much. When my mother asked, "How is studying going?" he only replied, "Not bad."

"So will you be always standing like that during lectures?" mommy asks.

Jerzyk has a strange character: he doesn't like when mommy asks him questions. He leaves to discuss things with our father, though, speaking Hebrew. I don't understand everything. Out of the entire conversation, I only caught that "it is not going to be always this way, you have to do your thing, study, work and believe in a better future."

Mommy has become extremely sensitive, she is full of protest, and she is unable to accept the state of affairs in universities.

"Has anyone heard of such thing," she says, "that my Jerzyk is being insulted just because he wants to study?"

Mommy is all taken with this matter, she hungrily reads all news about incidents at universities. The smallest mention about student fights in the newspapers is enough for her to dissolve into tears.

"Is this what I have brought him up for, so that at the threshold of his adult life others have contempt for him? My God, why have you chosen such a horrible cup of bitterness for my child!"

Mommy thinks that my brother is exposed to various insults every day. She can't sleep at night, she has horrible dreams: about how he is being beaten and pushed out of the lecture hall; or how he is being injured

and carried out of the university. At times, she wakes up at night screaming, "Help!" I press my face into the pillow then and I choke on my tears. I am afraid of mom hearing me.

Mom has become awfully weak throughout this year, since Jerzyk has entered the university. She walks around gloomy and pale, I can see how she suffers terribly. Sometimes I say to mom:

"Let's write to Jerzyk to tell him to come home. We will give him money, he will go to continue his studies in France. Jerzyk likes to read French books so much after all," I say, showing mom Jerzyk's entire French library. "You will see, mommy, how well he will do."

And mommy refutes my advice nodding her head with a short and sad answer:

"Studying abroad. That's easy to say... Where will we find money for such expenses?"

But later she herself reproaches my father for not wanting to send their son abroad. Arguments start and then dead silence reigns for the entire day, and I am sorry for having brought up this issue. I know how hard my father works, the money is barely enough to support the family. How can one dream about sending Jerzyk abroad?

But the things that were happening at home today surpassed the saddest moments that mommy had experienced. It seemed to mother that she noticed dark circles under Jerzyk's eyes and she started to cry spasmodically. My father and my brother tried to calm her down. How awful is that! I shudder at the very thought of what will happen after the holidays, when Jerzyk will have to go back to the university. I would rather experience the most horrible pain only in order to avoid such a horrible moment....

Now daddy and Jerzyk are in the synagogue. I think that my brother is telling daddy about all his experiences. Mom enters and lights the candles.

Her eyes are teary, she whispers a quiet prayer. I look at my mommy praying, and I remember the prayer by the happy Martin Marden, a child of a Jewish emigrant from Germany who received shelter in an American school. This child's prayer was disseminated all over the world. I would like to be praying like Martin:

"God Almighty, send us peace on our home. May the sorrow disappear from mother's face and may all pain be lifted off her heart. Make all evil disappear from human hearts, great God, so that people are brothers, not enemies to one another. God Almighty, who for all the years has surrounded our homeland with fatherly care and delivered it from enslavement, send us Your salvation and liberation also on these human souls that have stained themselves harming their brothers. Make them capable of feeling the blessings of freedom. Make, great God, all violence and harm disappear forever from the surface of our earth, so that all of its children become illuminated and warmed by the great light of the ascending glory of the Dawn of our Homeland."

I am writing these words in my diary and I am whispering my prayer, watching my mother who is standing in front of the candles, hiding her face in her palms. And I am thinking about Martin Marden again.

You happy boy, your prayer, your heartfelt wishes have been spread all around America. Under the influence of your prayer, more than one villain has abandoned his crime, more than one ill soul has recovered. With all my heart, I desire such a Polish Marden to be found in my homeland, one that would express the pain of the millions and the warmest wishes of all children would be spoken by him in an equally strong and noble prayer, the power of which would be huge: it would change all evil people into people of good will.

This is what I desire the most.

SABINKA from Płock

SILVER WINGS

The huge field of the airport is filled with the public. Wherever you look, you see a crowd squirming with curiosity. Everybody is fixed on one point – the middle of the field. They all want to see the protagonist of this grand moment.

"Another 15 minutes," shouts someone from the crowd.

And everybody passes this information from mouth to mouth: another 15 minutes, 15 minutes... The quiet murmur of curiosity and impatience is growing, intensifying. After a while cheering can be heard:

"Brava! Show her! Faster!"

Whom are they calling and demanding to see in such an insistent way? They desire to see the hero of the day – a girl in a plane.

Who is this little, modest blonde? Where did she come from? Oh, this is a long story.

She desired exploits and discoveries since childhood. Books by Verne, later works about Amundsen, Nansen, Chelyuskin's expedition, finally Piccard's exploits did their thing. At the beginning, it was a child's desire, born out of a rich imagination, but with time it transformed into a life's purpose. Pampered by thought and huge work, the achievement was standing by her side. A huge plane was shining with its silver surface in the sun. Like a huge silver bird giving shade to his creator.

And she stood there radiant near her "Dream." In a moment, she will give it life, she will set it in motion. Silver gleams flicker in the eyes of this girl – the

reflection of her masterpiece. She knows that her friend will not let her hopes down. After a successful trial flight, she will set out for a long, victorious journey.

The crowd is impatient. Suddenly silence falls. The young pilot climbs the small stairs. Last warnings for the engineers and pilots that surround her. The crowd goes wild. And again, there are hats thrown in the air. "Courage, courage, go!" they shout.

But she doesn't need to be encouraged. She smiles once again, she nods again, she scans the whole plane with her eyes and now, already serious, she enters the cockpit.

The machine budged. At first a quiet rustle. What is it? Isn't the machine moving? But no, here it is growing, increasing in power... The engine is roaring. The propeller is growling as it cuts the air. Another moment and the machine, after jerking slightly, is rolling away. Like a silver bird the "Dream" has lifted up into the air.

At the same moment, I felt a delicate touch. I open my eyes. My mom is standing beside me.

"Were you sleeping?"

I don't know what to answer. It seems to me I wasn't, but maybe I was. It doesn't matter all the same. I feel I wasn't home for a moment.

I am sitting on a chair near the window. The book lays in front of me. I am looking into the sky. Yes – that was beautiful: on silver wings... there, above the clouds, ever higher, ever farther...

MARYSIA P.

ALL TOGETHER

I live at my aunt's in Tel-Aviv
And my parents live in Poland
For sure Daddy and Mommy have the same dreams,
It is after all just a "What if"...
Just like that – for make-believe...

*

There is a house in Galilee, a beautiful homestead.
The sky is all blue, gorgeous weather.
The house is near Mount Hermon and Mount Lebanon.
I am the one to shepherd playful little goats up there in the mountains.
Once the goats eat till they are full,
I go home. Mommy greets me at the door,
Daddy feeds the canary
And the canary is warbling some joyful news to me.
The room is cheerful, nice, quiet.
Dad and mommy are relaxing,
And me, myself
I run to the hill with a book.
In the mountains, I am closer to the sky.
I love the mountains. Here one doesn't need
To search for peace and strength too long.
I go home. The stars are twinkling
The moon is smiling with honesty
And almond trees smell
In my garden, tiny crimson roses are sleeping
And my parents are waiting with dinner.

MIRIAM from Tel-Aviv

WITH A NEEDLE OR WITH A BOOK?

Every day, with a beating heart, I listened to the sounds of the conversation taking place behind closed doors and every day the same cruel sentence was passed:

"Unfortunately, my child, the times are difficult now, we can't afford you being educated in a middle school."

My sister, seeing my teary eyes, tried to comfort me by saying:

"You will stay home for one year (I wouldn't go back to the seventh grade for anything because everybody already knew about me going to the middle school), maybe the circumstances will improve."

And my mom, on hearing my sister's words, would add:

"It is better to sit at home for one year than to be sick."

The worst was however when one of the relatives would come and put it very plainly:

"What do you need all that schooling for? You will become a seamstress anyway."

My home became a real hell for me. I was restless in there. I resented everyone.

I wandered the streets. I would go to the School Council, visit various

schools to ask for discounts, sent my second sister wherever I was unable to achieve anything. I kept asking, searching, my eyes and ears were always wide open and vigilant to every word related to school.

And then, finally!

After a long and hard wait that had been full of tension, I managed to get accepted in a school where I received a discount.

New school, new people, new relations and many other things should have caught my interest, but now I was deaf and blind to everything. I had gotten my long-awaited school after all.

Paying tuition for the first month was easy. I just came to school with puffy eyes.

There was no question about buying books. I studied at my classmate's homes, borrowed books from anyone I could, but that was very rarely possible. My request to borrow a book would be met by the evasive answers of my classmates, among which the following saying was spread: "My mommy doesn't allow me to lend books." All that lasted until a clash with the German teacher enabled me to use the books of others and her

admiration at homework done well and without a book slightly won over my classmates.

It is difficult for me to study because I have no books. I pay for school with money I make from teaching, which takes a lot of my time.

My pupils' answers could make even more melancholic people laugh, but I try to stay serious, which I rarely manage to do.

After a good answer in school, after every move, I feel uplifted, invigorated to continue working at school and at home. I work till late at night, only to endure.

My mom, upon seeing the dark circles under my eyes, says:

"You are overworking yourself, this is more than you can take."

My sister comforts me:

"Maybe next year it will be better, then we will be paying for school."

And relatives, whose heads have opened up, rectify their old sayings with these words:

"A book fits her better than a needle."

What will happen later on – the future will tell. Yet I firmly believe that a strong will shall help me in getting my education.

IZABELA

WHAT IF...

CONTINUED FROM P. 1

And I am already working in the Land. Together with them. With the whole crowd of my brothers and sisters. Now I am one of them already. My "self" doesn't exist anymore – there is only a member of the kvutza instead. This is nice and strange.

And once the night arrives, I will become "Ania" again. Because my grandfather will come to me from the sky, which is huge, greater than the sea. And he will only say:

"It is good, Ania."

Later we both look at the fields, at the mountains, at our entire land about which you have told me so much... We are both standing under the sky, which is huge, greater than the sea and full of silver twinkles. We look at our beloved Eretz, the Eretz we have been praying for. And this is the greatest happiness.

And in the hard, exhausting work, when the heat is crushing me to the ground, I hear your voice:

"This is the way to go, Ania!"

ANIA GINCBURZANKA
(Brześć)

MORDECHAJ HALTER

WE GO INTO THE NEW LIFE

A BOOK OF HALUTZ WORK

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN ABOUT ABRAMEK'S ESCAPE

"You had, boor, a golden horn.
You had, boor, a feathered cap.
Cap is carried by the wind,
Horn sounds through the woods.
Now you're left with just a rope."

Abramek was incapable of looking into anyone's eyes, and nobody could look at Abramek, either. The days of his stay in the collective were numbered.

Everybody knew that Abramek was not good material. It would be better if he left earlier. Nobody chased him off, however. They respected his knowledge, his virtues and they were sorry that he had such weaknesses. Because the group had already grown a bit accustomed to him. If he only wanted, he was able to charm people and get their interest. With one little thing, he could patch up all committed sins – he was forgiven. Nobody would have anything against it if it were possible to accept the fact that there were also those privileged in the collective.

He got along only with girls. He would wink at Chana, he would hit on Szyfra and flirt with Menucha. He would smile at one girl, hug another; he did all that playfully as if it were nothing. All the girls liked him: separately, every one of them hated him for being on such familiar terms with the others and for ogling Chajka too much, but they comforted themselves in the fact that he didn't take Chajka seriously either...

Nobody really knew him. All day, he was busy with the patronage of the collective. At noon, he would come for half an hour for lunch. In his creased trousers and clean clothes he didn't fit in with the workers in greasy sweat-shirts. He would stand at the sink longer than others and wash his hands, whistling carelessly. At the table, he behaved like he was at a restaurant. He would nicely put down his fork, spoon and knife, take one pinch of salt and two pinches of black pepper to put in his soup, he would taste his food, meditate and eat slowly. The food was never to his taste, he would always leave some for the dog named Adolf.

Abramek saw that everyone was always hungry, they just demolished the food on their plates and he didn't understand why he wasn't eating in the same way. If he would have gotten his hands dirty, maybe he would be as hungry as everyone else. The collective, however, appointed him to do more delicate work. Although he belongs to the people who make the most money in the collective, he doesn't get satisfaction out of this.

He wanted to break free from the collective, but he didn't have the strength. He compared himself to a nervous man, suffering due to his teeth, who postponed a tooth extraction from one day to another: he has his plans for the future already prepared, but he doesn't want to leave because how could he leave everyone like that? Let the collective expel him, dismiss him, so he won't feel remorse. If they exclude him, hate will

veil yesterday for him, the yesterday that promised him a new life...

One evening everybody went to a Jewish workers May gathering. Only Chajka stayed. She was on duty. Everything was cleaned up. She just had to look after the apartment. She couldn't sleep (one doesn't sleep much in spring), she took a book to read. She understood every word separately, but all of them together – not at all. Why didn't they leave someone else with her? Even being bored is better with two.

Suddenly she heard knocking.

"Who is it?"

"Open up!"

Chajka recognized Abramek's voice. Abramek entered all nervous. He didn't even look at Chajka and went into the alcove. He pulled out his suitcases, he stopped in the dining room, considered if he hadn't forgotten anything. Chajka asked him, surprised: where was he going? Until now she had been his confidante and now – not anymore?

"I am abandoning the collective. I can't do this with everybody around. Now is the right time to do this," Abramek said to her.

Chajka's eyes filled with a moist mist. She was so attractive at that moment that Abramek stopped, perplexed.

He felt as if he was guilty towards her. He was searching for words, his eyes were wandering and stopped on the new curtains, which Chajka had managed to organize. He took her hand. "You stay. I can't, I have to leave!"

Chajka came to her senses. Slowly

yet firmly, she pulled free from his hand. For a moment she was angry: why doesn't he go already? But his helpless silence appeased her anger. After all, he was so weak, he should be the one to get help, to get advice. She was looking for words that could stop him from taking that step. If he absolutely wanted to leave, he should at least leave an open door for himself, so that he could return.

"I believe," she started, "that you are doing the wrong thing, sneaking out at night. Do it in a smarter way: ask for a vacation. You will go home for a few weeks, you will take a rest and return refreshed. You will see, everybody will approve. Remember what I tell you: don't burn your bridges, you have a future in front of yourself, you are a hard worker, you have talents, you will grow here among us. Listen to me and you shall not be sorry."

Abramek didn't even ponder her advice. He had thought about it all days and nights, therefore he had an answer ready:

"I have to leave because I have no faith, and without faith it is difficult to be in a collective."

"And what do you have faith in? What else do you believe in?" Chajka didn't let up.

She wanted to prolong their talk until their companions returned.

It was difficult for Abramek to answer a question like that, he was sorry about that entire conversation. It wouldn't have been polite not to finish it, so he said:

"I want to live despite all my flaws. I do not foresee a beautiful future. But I want the now. I want to abandon my whole philosophy in order to start an ordinary city-dweller's life."

After having said these words Abramek would have liked to take them back immediately. He saw that in Chajka's eyes, well, actually in the eyes of all the halutzim he had lost everything, he was falling, rolling into the abyss. But he didn't say anything. He just burst out laughing – somehow in a stupid way and a bit theatrically.

Chajka didn't want to show the impression that Abramek's words made on her. He kept his head high, she was serious and was just surprised at this curious answer. If she were to leave, she would choose a different ideal, but not him: he wants to go with the flow.

The door opened. Mendel, Jehuda and Szyfra came in, all perky.

"Give me vacation time, I'm leaving," Abramek told Mendel.

Mendel was not surprised. He knew that this was only an excuse.

"This is not the way to ask for a vacation," said Mendel coldly. Put your luggage away. Take your suitcases back and submit a request to the board.

"No, I have to leave now."

"All right, but don't come back."

"Too bad."

Abramek picked up his suitcases nervously, opened the door and disappeared.

Mendel bit his lip. He had been enriched by yet another experience, but it had cost him a lot of health.

(TBC)

A JOURNEY AROUND EUROPE

FROM CONTEST ENTRIES

"Here is Friedrichstrasse station," my traveling companion said.

And in front of my eyes there emerged a building made of one big hall. Stretching at its entrance, there was the famous Friedrichstrasse. We see a lot of wheeled traffic. Trams, double-decker buses, lots of trucks, private cars and taxis. Above the street there is a peripheral aboveground railway, and below – the underground railway.

We look at the famous "Unter den Linden" avenue (Under the Linden Trees). How much this avenue has seen... It remembers the times of kings and emperors. It remembers the dawn, the day and the twilight of Germany.

The Brandenburg Gate. With the famous quadriga on top. Four horses, stopped at full speed, want to escape from the stone wall of the gate and race ahead into infinity.

Suddenly all is green around us. It is the Tiergarten, the largest park in Berlin. Elegant couples slowly ride horses along narrow paths. It is green and beautiful.

"This city," says the guide, "grew out of four fishermen villages, it has been growing like a flood and always smells of nature – wonderful, soulless nature. This is the capital of civilization which has given us canalization, tooth-brushes, good manners, a policeman on the street corner, machines like people and people like machines..."

We are in Paris. Paris! The word is intoxicating. Everyone feels like a human here. Paris with its international ambience, like a quiet haven for those oppressed from all nations. Paris seems to be thoughtless and careless, but in reality, Paris is hardworking, conquering, eternally on the lookout.

What traffic and commotion. How efficiently and quickly hundreds of thousands of people pass each other here, disappearing in tunnels lit by ads. And above everything there stands the Eiffel Tower, like a modern Babel, like a symbol of aspiration.

How big Paris is! Even from that tower you can't see all of it. And it is so beautiful, like a piece of art: the longer you look at it, the closer and more understandable the city becomes.

We are visiting Notre Dame de Paris, as if taken straight from a Victor Hugo novel. It seems that Quasimodo is even now still talking sweetly to his bells. The monsters of the bell tower are horrible. The interior of the church – calm and majestic.

Oh, cathedral! How many revolutions, rallies and periods of ups and downs have you seen? It is not surprising that Victor Hugo chose you for the subject of his immortal novel.

Now we are in the Louvre, the largest gallery of paintings in the whole of Europe.

Stunned, I don't know what I should look at first. So much beauty and so many colors. Quiet and cozy like in

Notre Dame. Because this is also a church.

New wonders. The Arc de Triomphe. The grounds of the world's fair... Versailles. Pasteur's Institute... Great boulevards. Work and singing, the eternal chase after the joy of life and the eternal creation of ever more new values of art and science, love of the country and kindness for foreigners – all these could have converged only here.

"Paris, the most beautiful city," I said thoughtfully.

"The capital of culture," the guide remarked. "The culture that awakes our consciousness, our creative thought and the desire of freedom."

* * *
A fog is covering the coast of Albion. I can barely make out the shapes and figures. I see a great city again. The traffic is the same as in Paris, or maybe even greater. People gather sluggishly at 10 Downing Street, where the parliament has a meeting. This parliament had meetings already when in Europe an unrestricted monarchy reigned. Later republics emerged in Europe with such power of dictators that monarchs have never dreamed of and in England, as centuries ago, the king is preserved without power, equal to other monuments.

"The English respect tradition immensely," says the guide. "In their customs, in the law, in the system, they have preserved a lot of medieval

relics. But they somehow transform this old stuff unnoticeably, so that it always looks reasonable, comfortable and up to date. This is the strangest, the most characteristic quality of the English: to pour new contents into old molds."

The Tower. The bridge over the Thames is raised because a big ship is supposed to pass by. Maybe it carries raw materials for the war industry. England is not ready for war yet, so it confers, strikes pacts, delays the decisive game.

The British Museum leaves an indelible impression. These are not pyramids, where forty centuries are looking at us. Here you have exhibits looking back at you that are hundreds of thousands of years old. For instance, the skeleton of a dinosaur, an animal which was 18 meters long.

I examine it and think:

"You were huge, dinosaur and invincible. But the climate has changed – you became extinct. They had to collect your remains and put you together meticulously, bone by bone. Now the new master of the world – humanity – looks at you with astonishment. They run in machines with a speed you couldn't have dreamed of, they fly like birds, swim like fish. They have built buildings hundreds of times taller than you were. In the end, they will defeat themselves, overcome themselves and then, dinosaur, you, the greatest reptile, will have specimens of hate from 1938 standing at your side in the museum."

* * *
You poor, destroyed Barcelona! What have they done to you?

You used to be beautiful. You shined with your palaces, reverberating with songs. And today, what? Instead of palaces – ruins, instead of buildings – rubble, instead of songs – the moaning of the wounded and moribund. In the port where usually there was a commotion of trade, cranes were creaking, ship sirens were howling, cases of oranges were packed and loaded, today there are gloomy war ships, gleaming with cannon barrels. Terror, doom, wreckage. Bombers fly in every day like vultures.

I can't look at you, Barcelona. I am leaving. I want to see you reborn.

* * *
Hello, Saint Stephen's cathedral!
Hello Vienna, the capital of the former Austrian empire. I see you as you were two months ago.

Here is Prater, the famous park on an island; here is the Riesenrad. The beautiful buildings of theaters and museums, monuments and wells on plazas, gardens and lawns and everywhere smiling faces, cafes, flowers and music.

Vienna used to have the tastiest water, the most elegant furniture, factories of the most precise tools and the most beautiful waltzes. A hardworking, cheerful Viennese values sense of humor above everything else.

Now the Viennese have become gloomy, they have crawled into his shell. They doesn't understand the heavy Prussian humor and prefer butter over cannon oil on their bread.

The blue Danube is gone: the Danube which flows today is brown.
L. DUDELICZYK (Łódź)

READERS UPDATES

TO THE CHILDREN FROM THE SCHOOL IN RÓWNE

Shalom Rav!

We haven't written to you for a long time, but don't think that we have forgotten about you all. School break is over and we have a lot of work to do.

I want to tell you how we have spent our vacation. For the first month we went to a camp in Safed. For the first time in our lives we were so far from home. The air in Safed is much healthier than in "Ayelet HaShahar." In the camp, we also learned about urban life, about riches and poverty. Everything here looks completely different compared to our collective.

We often strolled on the streets of Safed, we also looked at old synagogues. It is difficult to get to them because you have to pass through narrow little streets. In these streets, you can see misery and poverty of Jews living there. There are no factories in Safed. There is only a matzoh bakery. The town becomes poorer and poorer from day to day. A few years back, 8,000 Jews used to live there and now there are only 6,000.

In the camp, we have been revising lessons. We took a defense course to be able to defend our life and property. After returning from the camp we set to work harvesting olives. We brought great benefit to the farm. During that period there is a lot of work with tilling and harvest; therefore, we spared adults a lot of work.

At the beginning of the new school year four children graduated from kindergarten to school. The school is expanding every year. Soon we, the students of the 8th grade of the school, will also start to work on the farm and build new settlements in Galilee and other parts of the country. Also, a group of youth from Germany that came to us two years ago has finished their training course. After them, others groups will come.

Our settlement has gone through some difficult trials. Twenty years ago, nobody believed that there would be a school here. There were very few children here. Many obstacles were overcome before the settlement had been built.

Work is in full swing here. A gardener works in the garden, a guard stands at his post, others work in the fields, in the camp and in the workshops.

Yours,

AMICA HOROWITZ

THIS WAS HER SPECIAL DAY

For several months I scrimped money I received for candy and movies.

On Mother's Day my brother and I bought a set of pots for the kitchen. We placed the package on the table at lunch. When mommy sat down to eat, she saw pots of various colors. Then my little brother stood up and recited a poem we wrote together.

Our mommy smiled kindly, she

kissed us and hugged us with her weary hands.

We are good for our mommy throughout the entire year, but on her special day we tried even harder and we did everything ourselves. Mommy was happy and smiling. She felt that this was really her special day.

NACIA from Nalewki Street

ABOUT VARIOUS CLASSMATES

We have 56 girls in our class. There are nice and unpleasant girls among them, kind and unkind, jolly and sad, wise and not so wise, just like all over the world.

For instance, there's Lonia. Since recently children called her "elephant lady" because they believed her hands and legs were elephant-like. And additionally, Lonia speaks slowly and reads books in class.

Her neighbor Hala is a small, nervous girl who still plays with dolls, tells her classmates stupid stories and is ready to fight over a piece of shiny paper. When the teacher calls on Hala, she has such a face that nobody knows if she is smiling or if she wants to cry.

Stasia's hair is dark, her eyes are roguish, her legs big as blocks. She is spiteful, cheerful and sly. I don't like her because she is capable of doing others great harm. She has learned bad manners recently.

Mania sits next to me. About Mania we say that "she wears glasses and she shakes like old masses." Mania indeed does wear glasses, but she doesn't shake at all. Recently she has been obsessed with drawing ladies and little heads. I could say a lot more about my classmates, but I know that Mr. Editor will not publish such a long letter.

LILI from Nowolipki Street

GREAT HARM

When Fela came to our school for the first time, we were just about to go to the movies. She didn't bring money with her and she was embarrassed to ask other girls to lend her money on the first day.

Seeing her situation, I came up to her myself, I told her my name and I lent her 10 groszy. She thanked me wholeheartedly.

Because my partner was absent, I paired up with Fela. On the way, we talked about school. It turned out that she lives very close to me. After the movies we went home together. And it also turned out that her sister and mine are best friends.

And so almost from day one we became close friends.

Now our teacher has done us great harm. She is leaving Fela in the same school and she will move me to another starting next year. We have both asked and our parents have also asked, but nothing helped.

I believe that a great harm has been done to us and I am very angry with the teacher.

SABCIA from Lubeckiego Street

A MYSTERIOUS MAN

One day I went with my friend to the park. Because we were tired, we sat down on an empty bench. We talked about our projects for summer.

Suddenly a man in a jacket passed by. He was as black as a devil, he had his hat stuck almost on his eyes and a lot of packages in his hands. He stared at me carefully for a long time.

My friend started to laugh.

"This man likes you," she said.

When the man sat down on our bench, we took to our heels and the mysterious man ran after us. We were really scared. Suddenly the man grabbed my hand and exclaimed with joy:

"Tosia, Tosienka!"

And only then I realized that it wasn't some evil man, but my uncle.

My uncle came from Kazimierz and he was so tanned that I didn't recognize him. He said that he came straight from the train station and since he was tired, he stopped by the park.

I was looking at the numerous packages with curiosity. My uncle smiled mysteriously.

We climbed into a carriage. At home it turned out that the packages were hiding: a ball, an umbrella, sculptures from Kazimierz and similar souvenirs.

This was a very funny adventure.

TOSIA M.

MY DOLLS

I had two dolls. One was named Anielka, the second one Hania.

Once mom took them down to the basement. I didn't know about that for a long time.

After some time mom and our hired girl went to the basement to clean up in there. They saw that the dolls were dirty and dusty. Then mom brought them home. At home, mom took a moist cloth and wiped the dust off.

Afterwards I received craps of cloth in various colors from my mom and our hired girl made silk dresses for my dolls. Anielka had a green gown and Hania had a red one. Hania received a red hat made of wool and Anielka a hat made of cloth. And I made a coat and a skirt for them.

And so the dolls have more and more clothes. In my free time I play with dolls even more eagerly than when I was four years old.

TANIA from Gdynia

ANSWER TO THE EDITOR'S QUESTION

Thank you very much for the letter published in the Little Review from April 22nd.

For omitting my name, Mr. Editor wanted to send me chocolate as consolation and he asked what kind I liked: milk chocolate with nuts or chocolate with a nougat filling?

I like every kind of chocolate very much, but maybe it will be better if Mr. Editor gives the bar that was supposed to be for me to a child whose parents are unemployed.

For summer I am going to the Medem Sanatorium in Miedzeszyn

and after I return, I will write about my stay there.

Kindest regards,

OLGA from Kraków

SCHOOL BOARD

I am in the first grade. In our class there are many bad students, only eight are good students. I belong to the good eight.

Our teacher likes to scare us. One time she told us that guests would come to visit us and she told us to learn how to read, write and count well.

At the beginning I didn't want to believe it, because I thought that the teacher is only trying to scare us.

In the morning, when we entered the classroom, the teacher was already there. After the bell, the principal came in with three people behind him.

The next day the teacher said that she was very happy with us.

MAREK from Pawia Street

STEFCIA'S NAP

My friend's Stefcia window overlooks our balcony. Stefcia stayed alone at home and after having locked the door with a key, she took a light nap.

Her mother was unable to get inside the apartment after she returned from town. She started to knock on the door, at the beginning quietly, then louder and louder, until the knock turned into banging, but Stefcia didn't budge.

Neighbors came upon hearing this noise and they started to counsel. One neighbor says:

"Maybe there is a gas leak and that's why Stefcia has not awoken?"

Another one adds:

"There is no other way, we have to break the window and if that doesn't help then a locksmith must be brought."

And Stefcia's mother who was reluctant to break the window, said:

"Let's try to knock one more time."

So, as if on command, everybody starts pounding on the door with fists and drumming on the window with fingers and Stefcia keeps snoring and snoring ever more loudly.

The janitor has ran out of the apartment and yells with all his might:

"What is this noise again?"

Just then my daddy arrived and upon seeing what was happening, jumped up on a chest and wanted to take the window pane out. Various helpful tools were brought from everywhere, including rope, wire, rakes, cleavers and similar, but it was not possible to take the window pane out. So they threw a metal rod through the window. A glass of milk, which had been standing there, broke and Stefcia, after having received a milky shower, finally opened one eye and later she decided to open also her second eye. And then she asked with surprise:

"What has happened?"

When everyone left for their homes, Stefcia was still unable to figure out where she was and what happened to her.

SZYMONEK from Prosta Street

FOR THE FIRST TIME

The following persons have written to the Little Review:

Gliksman Ryszard. – Jakobson Halinka. – Lederman Saba. – Migdałówna Estera. – Milman Mietek. – Rozenblum Sara. – Rubinlicht L. – Rubinsztejn Mosze. – Rudy Berta. – Śliwka Gusia. – Sklar Ruta.

We have received 20 letters from Warsaw, 35 from the province, in total 55.

Ryszard Gliksman and S. Szpigelman are asked to contact the editor on Sunday the 29th of May at 4 p.m. (7 Nowolipki Street).

JOKES

MOTORIZATION

A telephone rings in a big car showroom. The salesman picks up the receiver.

"Hello?" he hears a voice inside. "Last week I bought a sports convertible from you. Do you remember?"

"Yes, sir, I remember. How may I be of service?"

"Your company guaranteed me that it would replace broken parts free of charge."

"Of course. Please tell me what you need."

"I need a new right hand, two ribs and three front teeth. Please send all this to me at once to my home!"

A NICE RECEPTION

Jasio went to pay a visit at his schoolmate's house.

"Well, how were you received there?" his mother asks upon his return. "Did you arrive there on time?"

"Oh, yes," Jasio answers. "My schoolmate's mommy has opened the door for me and said, 'Who is this? Jasio? You were the last person we needed!'"

GOOD NANNY

"But nanny, before bathing a child you always need to put a thermometer in the water."

"I don't need a thermometer, madam. When a child turns red, it means that water is too hot and when the child turns purple, it means it's too cold."

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