

EXHIBIT 6

TALES FROM
MANY LANDS
collected at Fort Ontario

Doc. 97

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P R E F A C E

218 The collection of stories, folk - tales and experiences contained in this little book was compiled in an English class at the Fort Ontario shelter during the winter 1944-45. None of the tales is a translation the student who contributed each tale recalled it from memory and then wrote it in English. Some members of the group chose to write legends of their native city, while others have recounted personal experiences.

We hope you will find our attempt at English composition both interesting and entertaining.

Mary R. Jones.

A TRIP INTO THE UNKNOWN.
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We sailed on a sailing-boat 130 of us mostly children with parents and old people. We started the trip soon after sunset. It was hardly midnight when the boat started to roll up and down - up and down, with a terrible force. The surface of the sea was as motionless as a mirror. We were informed that it is "dead sea", the roughest sea that can ever occur to a sailor. The sailors decided to turn back immediately to Curzola from whence we have come. It was impossible to proceed the voyage. Curzola was already surrounded by the Germans. It was only a question of hours when they will take it. What now? Behind us the pitiless enemy-, around us the hell of the furious element- before us the uncertainty. But the sea grew so rough from minute to minute that we could not even turn back.

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The Adriatic-Sea is full of little Islands. We cast anchor at the nearest. It was Lagosta.

Till the morning we did not know by whom it was occupied. In the twilight of the daybreak a sentinel of armed soldiers came to see us. They were Italian soldiers, completely isolated and uninformed. They asked only a few questions and our captain answered as laconically as possible. ~~They asked~~ No water and no food for us they had here. The Island was rocky and sinister, no telephone and no liaison with the outer world. They didn't let us sail out. We had to wait for information. What information? They didn't know. So we stayed for 5 days. Over us German planes were constantly flying. The only hope was that our "Jastreb" was so little and shabby and the German bombs precious to them. After 5 days bargaining with the sentinel they let us sail out. One should mention that they plundered us of all that was best in our little trunks during the days we were hidden in the rocks. The night we sailed out was like in a happy ending movie. Moonlight, stars and sparkling sea. But we did not notice it. We were for days nearly without food and water. When the day broke out we were on the open sea. The danger from German

planes was nearly over but now we were in danger from the anchored and of floating mines. The captain was informed of some big minefields, and avoided them. But there was no safety from floating mines. Next morning we saw in a silvery mist the outline of South Italy which we supposed to be partly occupied by the Allied forces. Then over us flew a British plane, the first one we have seen in years, then some motor-boats - British motor-boats. Then we sailed into the Bari harbour and cast anchor. We were the first Yugoslav refugees the British had to protect. The sentinels in the harbour came to see us. They brought us warm tea, big tins with biscuits and jam, then sat on their heels with crossed arms on the breast and watched us, half curiously and half phlegmatically.

We swallowed the biscuits and drank the tea eagerly.

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"No, not at all, but you know - what can you do with a single cup of water- drink it or wash your face with it? We are as white as you - only terribly soiled.

Lavošlav Arnstein.

THE RAT - CATCHER OF HASELN.

There was once in the small town of Haseln in the German province of Westphalia a great trouble because of a dreadful plague of rats. The population was desperate, for all means attempted were useless. The municipal council not knowing another way promised a big amount of money to him who could relieve the town from this great trouble. Next day a stranger man appeared in the street and began to play a magic tune on his flute. From all houses at once came out a great lot of rats which joined in a big procession. The street-player taking the lead and playing the flute led to the river Meer, so that the rats ran into the water and all were drowned. The stranger went to the council demanding the promised reward for the work done. He was disappointed for the mayor refused to pay the promised money. The player swore vengeance. He began again to play his flute and from all houses children came running to listen his strange playing. They danced a nice dance according to the tune of the flute and didn't note, that the stranger led them to a dark cave, where he locked them in. In the evening the anxious mothers searched for the children but they were not to be found anywhere and nobody knows until now where the stranger as well as the children disappeared.

THE HOUSE OF THE PLAGUE.
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The little village dreamt quietly in the moonlight. From a hill Mara saw it and hurried her steps. She was in the town on business, and it has taken her a little longer this time. It was nearly midnight, and she was still walking on the road. Mara was a widow, and lived in this village with her little son, Nado. She left him in the house alone this afternoon, and promised to bring him beautiful presents from the town, if he would stay home and wait for her.

When Mara reached the crossroad where the big crucifix stood, she saw a motionless figure wrapped in a gray blanket standing behind the crucifix. The figure made a movement as if it would like to go. But it seemed that the crucifix stopped it. Mara shuddered at the sight of it, and wanted to hurry away.

"Stop" the ghastly figure addressed her in a coarse voice. "Help me to pass this crossway. I am strocht".

"I don't know you-let me go" answered Mara, and wanted to hurry away.

"Stop" repeated the strange woman, "and I will tell you who I am. I am the power before which the kings and emperors bow their heads. Where my foot steps there is death and horror. My name is Plague. If you won't help me, nobody else shall do it. But I warn you- if you help me, I promise you to spare your house - if not - your child will be the single one I shall take in your village".

"Oh no" cried out Mara in pain.

"I can't lose him ! I have nothing in the world but him. Never see him more and never kiss him - no, I can't. Here's my shoulder, lean upon it and come."

When they passed the crucifix, the figure vanished. Mara ran alarmed the rest of the way. When she reached the village, it was silent and dark. Only from some houses she heard weeping and mourning. She hurried breathless to her

house. It was silent and dark - too. "He is asleep, my little darling" she thought. But when she came to his bed, it was empty.

"Hide, my little boy, where are you?"

Oh, I see, you have hidden yourself, you little joker. Come quickly, I brought you candies and beautiful toys". But only the echo answered her - the house was empty.

Then icy sweat ran down her forehead, and horror filled her heart. She stumbled across the street to the house of her goodmother.

Here, among the dead children of the goodmother was her child - cold and dead. The child was lonely and frightened this evening, and fled to the house of the goodmother and fell asleep with the rest of the children.

In agony Marc hurried, to find the Plague. She found her quit down, on the end of the village. She fell on her knees and lifted the hands to her. "Oh, terrible woman, you have taken my child. He was in the neighbour's house. You promised me not to take him, give me back my child!".

"To give you back your child, you silly woman?! Don't you know that I never return what I have captured? I promised you not to enter your house. It wasn't my fault that your child was out doors" and she vanished.

Many years passed since this day. People has almost forgotten the Plague. Merry children laugh and play in the streets as in all other villages. But when one of them approaches one certain house, which stays lonely, old and neglected, than they flew all away frightened. It is called "The house of the Plague" Marc lives still in it, as old and lonely as this house and somehow insane and blind. In moonlight nights the passers-by can heare her lamenting voice sing mournfully into the night: " Oh, good people, hear my sad story and listen carefully to me. What you don't want to have happen to you, don't do it to your neighbor. Don't be blind and selfish in your love. Bear in your mind that if somebody digs a hole under his neighbors feet he can never be sure if it isn't the grave for his most beloved.-

THE "STICK IN IRON-PLACE" IN VIENNA.

Old Vienna has very many legends, one of them, is the tale of the "stick in iron", which because a sign of Vienna, well known, also beyond the frontiers of the country.

Once in the good old time, when there were not yet so much machines as there are today, and nearly all kinds of work were made by hands, good workers were wanted everywhere. The young workmen liked to join the useful with the agreeable, to become acquainted with some other parts of the country. They wandered from one place to another, a sack on the shoulder, they worked everywhere, they were needed. For their work, they received food and some place to sleep, even it was only a stable, but they were always of good cheer and singing on their way. They were called wandering journeymen.

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In old Vienna there was a custom, when those young journeymen wanted to leave the town, each of them had to hammer a nail in a big stick, which was put on the border of the town. Eventually the whole stick was covered with nails and looked like an iron stick, therefore they called it "stick in iron". The town became larger and bigger and today the "Stick in iron-place", one of the nicest places of Vienna is in the very center of the town, just a few minutes from the well known St. Stephens-church. Then ever a foreigner visits Vienna, he does'nt fail to look at this old sign.

Kitty Kaufmann.

TREES

When I came to America, The thing I wondered about the most was the trees. The trees, which follow the streets, surrounding the little white houses , covering them. We see the sky through the green leaves. The trees are big with straight branches. They are like strong, healthy men.

In our country the trees seem old, too. They are empty, bare with deep holes. They are old and sick; only the leaves and blossoms seem young. They are like an ill old man with beautiful hair.

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The trees in America are free. They are in front of the little houses. I have the feeling that they are walking and stretching the arms. Our trees are forced in behind the houses. On the streets you can see only the white walls. There is nothing to protect us from the burning sun in summer.

I believed America to be composed of skyscrapers and factories with much dust and smoke and I found it to be the loveliest and most unlimited garden of the earth.

Dr. Lenka Svacenski.