

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

Ptički

PTIČKI tuji in vseh barv
s severa na jug potujejo;
danes tu, a jutri že drugje—
Pa i naši že zborujejo—
kajti megla že se vlačí
in sledila bodo jutra, ko bo
kakor v pajčevino vse zatkano.

Ptički drobni in vseh vrst
na vrtovih naših se ustavljajo;
danes ti, a jutri drugi—
Pa i naši se odpravljajo—
kajti drevje se že slači
in bo kmalu golo stezalo roke,
vse v sivo meglo zakopano.

Ptički nežnokljuni pač vedo,
da težko na golem je živeti,
in še teže v slepo meglo peti . . .
Zato hite,
na jug beže—
ptički tuji in domači.

Danilo Gorinšek:

Velikan

Čez hribov pet in pet poljan
prebiva takšen velikan:
če le zakašlja—primaruha—
takoј so ti ušesa gluba.
Če vate on upre oči,
na mah oko ti oslepi.
Če pa po malem le zakihne,
te precej kar na luno pihne.
Kdor torej lune je željan,
vanj naj brž kihne velikan.
Če ne verjameš, ne odlašaj,
poišči mene, pa me vprašaj!

Iz ljubezni do očeta

JANEZEK je že hodil tretje leto v šolo, a bil je silno boječ dečko. Bal pa se je samo teme, drugega ničesar. Tema se mu je zdela strašna pošast, ki komaj čaka, da bi ga pograbila. Zaman so mu pravili, da je strah v sredi votel, a okoli kraja ga nič ni. Ko se je zmračilo, si ni upal več sam na dvorišče.

Prigodilo pa se je, da je Janezov oče nenadoma hudo zbolel. Ko je prišel pozno zvečer iz gozda domov, je težko sopel in tožil o hudih bolečinah med pleči. Mati je bila silno razburjena. Hiša je stala na samem in bilo ni nikogar, ki bi šel v bližnji trg po zdravnika.

“Kaj naj storim,” je zdihovala mati, “ali naj pustim očeta samega in grem po zdravnika ali pa naj čakamo zdravniške pomoči do jutri, ko bo morda že prepozno?”

Tedaj je zaklical Janezek: “Mama, pojdem pa jaz ponj!”

Pređen mu je mogla mati kaj naročiti, je izginil skozi vrata v noč. Kar so ga nesle noge, je tekkel proti trgu. Prav nič ni mislil na strah, ampak samo na ljubljenega očeta.

Tako je pritekkel do zdravnikove hiše, toda vrata so že bila zaklenjena. Dečka je obšla groza. Zaropotal je z vso silo. Zdravnik je še na srečo bedel. Prišel je odpirat in vprašal je dečka, kaj želi. Janezek je povzdignil roke in rekel samo dve besedi: “Naš atej — — —!” Zdravnik ga je umel in se hitro opravil. Med tem si je Janezek toliko oddahnil, da je mogel povedati, kako je očetu. Razumni gospod je takoj uganil, da bo najbrže pljučnica. Vzel je nekaj zdravil in se napolnil z Janezkom k očetu. Po poti je pohvalil dečka, da je tako srčen.

Ko je preiskal bolnika, je naročil materi, kako naj mu streže. Preden je odšel, je rekel: “Upam, da ne bo nič hudega, ker ste poslali še o pravem času po pomoč.”

Oče je res v primeroma kratkem času ozdravel. Kako so bili vsi veseli, ko je šel zopet prvokrat na dvorišče! Najbolj vesel pa je bil Janezek.

Od tega dne se ni več bal teme. Iz ljubezni do očeta je premagal strah.

L. Černej.

Kameljna dedščina

Arabec je umrl in zapustil trem sinovom sedemnajst kamel. Teh sedemnajst živali naj med seboj razdelijo tako, da jih starejši dobi polovico, drugi tretjino, najmlajši pa devetino.

Sinovi si niso vedeli pomagati. Kaj naj počne starejši s polovično kamelo, in ostalima dvema pritičejo tudi le ulomki! Šli so pred kadija, pred sodnika, in mu povedali, kako je s to rečjo. Rekel jim je, da jih bo popoldne obiskal doma in rade volje pomagal vse skupaj razvozlati.

Prijezdil je na kameli. Prišel je svojo žival k skupni dedščini. Tako je zdaj stalo na dvorišču osemnajst kamel, ki jih je bilo treba razdeliti med tri sinove. Starejši je dobil polovico: devet lepih kamel, in je bil zelo zadovoljen. Drugi tretjino: šest zdravih živali—kar požvižgal si je od veselja. Pa tudi tretji ni bil nesrečen s svojo devetino, dobil je dve dobri kameli. Ostala pa je še ena kamela in ta je bila sodnikova. Nanjo se je povzpel kadi, ponosen, ker je spet enkrat presodil tako pametno, kakor bi to znal menda malokdo na svetu. —A.

Katka Zupančič:

Presneta Meta Trn

PREKORACILA sem šesto leto svoje-ga življenja in misli so se mi jele vse bolj pečati z odraslimi.

Posebno ženske, ki so prihajale k nam na delo, so me zanimale in to starejše bolj, nego mlajše. Kajti starejše so mi bile prijaznejše in so me kolikor toliko vpoštevale. Mlajše pa, to je dekleta, so vedno le stikale svoje glave in si pravile skrivnosti. Jaz pa jim nisem bila nič in kakor da me ni.

Tako se me je že takrat prijela misel, da dekleta niso še ženske, pa tudi deca ne več. Sploh niso nikamor nič, dokler jih ne bodo razbrali in odbrali, kakor na primer odbirajo jeseni zelne glave: ta bo dobra za veliko kad, ta za malo, to pa na stran — za sproti. Ali kakor odbirajo trgači grozdje: rdeče posebej, belo posebej; lepše in boljše v to, slabše v ono posodo.

Starejše pa so takorekoč bile že v kadi in so že vino. Sploh so, kar so. In razpredelila sem si jih še nadalje, po svoje seveda. Tako sem imela vse Katarinke za nekoliko prepobožne, Mice za zgovorne, a osate, Anke hudo žive za delo, Neže za počasne in modre—premodre za deco, Fane (Franciške) za frfrave in take, ki nič ne veš, kakšne volje bodo naslednji trenotek. Edino Mete so se mi zdele nadvse dobrodušne, ljubeznive, za otroke kakor nalašč ustvarjene.

Imeti kako Meto za teto—ali bi bila še kakšna večja sreča kje zame?! Saj tete so mi bile vse, toda prava nobena. In sem se največ in najrajši smukala okrog Met—dokler mi ni spodneslo pri Meti Trn.

Zdravomarijo je že davno odzvonilo, ko so delavke pred hišo sedeče čakale, da jih pokličejo k večerji. Meta Trn—dekle sicer, a po obrazu že davno ne več dekle—je sedela sama zase, proč od ostalih. Bila je menda z njimi do kra-

ja sprta. Zasmilila se mi je in tuhtala sem, kako bi jo razvedrila, kajti bila je Meta.

Zjasnilo se mi je: svoj zaklad ji pokažem—svojo punčko, narejeno iz cunj. Majhna je bila ta moja punčka, tako majhna, da sem jo v sili mogla spraviti v žep. Predobro sem že vedela, da velika večina odraslih nima za take stvari pravega očesa. Še norčujejo se in se žaljivo smejejo.

Toda Mete so vse drugačne in ta je povrh še žalostna. Pricapljala sem k nji s svojim zakladom in ji dejala šepetaje, da ne bi slišale druge:

“Poglejte, teta, kaj imam! Potipljite, če ne vidite dobro . . .” Vsa blažena sem ji potisnila punčko v naročje. Od same sreče sem komaj dihala in najrajši bi ji bila zlezla še jaz v naročje.

Ona pa: “Kakšno pasjo nogo si mi to prinesla?” In še: “Uuuh! Taka deklica si mi!? V šolo že hodiš, pa se igraš s pužo? Lepa reč!”

Mislite, da so bile njene besede zaupno tihe, kakor prej moje? Ali da je bila v njih trohica hudomušnosti? Ne in ne! Zato pa so me zadele tako v živo in me je surovi glas tako potrl, da se mi je vse zazibalo pred očmi. Kaj se ne bi! Saj je bila to zame prava strela z jasnega!

Dobila sem se za hišo in k zidu se tiščecho. Mesečina je sijala in strah me je bilo neznansko. Toda razočaranje, ponižanje in tako dalje, vse to je bilo večje in hujše, nego sence, ki jih je drevje metalo po vrtu in na zid, groznejše, nego zatleglo lisičje lajanje, ki me je tudi pričelo plašiti, dasi sem ga bila slišala mesece in mesece prej in ga ni bilo slišati zdaj od nikoder.

Vsa trepetajoča sem prisluškovala ter komaj čakala, da je zadnja delavka voščila hiši lahko noč. Tedaj sem si kar

s punčkinim krilcem obrisala oči ter si s tem tudi za vselej izbrisala vse Mete iz srca.

Poslej sem se oklepala bolj Než, ki so bile počasne in modre. Toda punčke svoje nisem pokazala nobeni in nobene-

mu odraslemu več. In tujim žalostnim obrazom tudi nisem zaupala več kar tako. Nič ne veš, ali se skriva za njimi res ranjeno srce—ali pa samo prepoln žolč, pripravljen, da se slepo izlije na kogarkoli in karkoli.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

DELO V IZBI

Za kruhom

Fran Voglar

“PRAV čudno se mi zdi, da Reberščakovega danes ni v šolo,” pripomni učitelj, ko prečita imena učencev iz razrednice po abecednem redu. “Kaj mora biti vzrok, da danes Rudolfa ni? Saj je dosihdob prav redno prihajal v šolo in vselej je vstopil veselega obraza v učilnico. Kdo ve, kje je?”

Učenci molče, nihče ne ve odgovora učiteljevemu vprašanju.

O, da bi vedeli pridni součenci, zakaj Rudolfa ni bilo v šolo! Kdo li je marljivega učenca oviral, da ga ni bilo v šolo, kamor je korakal sleherni dan poln radosti, hrepeneč po zlatih naukih, ki mu jih je za mladino vneti učitelj polagal z očetovsko skrbjo v srce?

Prav priljubljen je bil nadarjeni učenec med svojimi součenci. Ni bil takšen, kakršni so tisti poredneži, ki se spotoma v šolo in iz šole grede zlobno preganjajo in hudobno pretepavajo, da se pošteni ljudje zgražajo nad njimi, temveč delal je čast šoli. Navzet zlatih naukov, kakor čebela sladkega medu, je vselej domov grede zbral součence-sosedo okoli sebe ter se z njimi pogovarjal o vsem tem, kar so slišali v šoli. Večkrat je na tak način njegovim zvestim spremljevalcem potekel čas, da so se prijetno čudili, ko so dospeli tako hitro domov.

Ali danes ga ni bilo. Jako so ga pogrešali.

Rudolf je moral ostati doma. Vselej ga je bolelo, kadarkoli ga je zadela ta nepravilna, dasiravno le redkokdaj ni prisostvoval pouku. Če je le mogel, je vselej skušal preprositi starše, da so ga pustili v šolo. A če sama prošnja ni pomagala, je poizkusil še z drugim pripomočkom, ki je navadno vselej učinkoval. Ganljivo namreč je prebral ljubim staršem mladim čitateljem znani berilni stavek o “Pridni Roziki”. Za šolo tako vnetemu otroku so starši naposled

privolili v prošnjo in ga pustili v šolo. S solznimi očmi mu je večkrat rekel oče, ves ganjen od takih pretresljivih prizorov: “Ljubo dete! Vidiš, koliko pomanjkanja trpimo, kako ubožni smo, da celo glad že sili v sobo! Preživljamo se s tem, kar služi moja desnica. Ker je obdelovanje polja zaradi materine bolezn zaostalo, sem te hotel obdržati doma, da bi pomagal materi pri težavnem delu. Ali tvoja prošnja me je ganila do srca. Prav rad te pustim v šolo, ker vem, da se boš pridno učil in da boš le tem potom prišel do blaginje. Saj drugega ti ne morem dati. Bogastva nimam. V tem času, ko nas je obiskala bolezen, te komaj preživljam. Sedaj ti naj bi pa vzel najdragocenejšo, kar ti nudi šola! Ne, ne! Le idi!” Tudi materine rosne oči so nedolžnomilo zrle na ljubo dete kakor bi hotele tudi pritrditi očetovim besedam, rekoč: “Le idi, sinko da boš kdaj srečnejši nego so tvoji starši!”

A danes Rudolfa ni zadržalo domače delo doma, temveč zadržala ga je najbridkejša usoda, ki more zadeti mladega človeka. Preljubi oče namerava namreč za več dolgih let ostaviti svoje drago domače ognjišče in oditi v daljno tujino za kruhom, ki ga bo pošiljal iz bogate tuje dežele ubogim ostalim svojcem. Res, jako bridka usoda za mladega Rudolfa, ako še pomislimo, da je očeta najbolj ljubil. Pri otrokih je že tako, da imajo nekateri očeta rajši, a večina otrok ljubi mater nad vse. Tudi Rudolf je imel mater jako rad. Gotovo bi storil vse zanjo. A oče se mu je s svojo ljubeznivostjo tako prikupil, da je nekoč očitno pokazal, da ima njega nekoliko rajši od matere. Nekega dne so mu namreč starši dali na prosto voljo, jeli hoče iti z materjo v mesto, kjer ni bil še nikoli, ali z očetom v gozd po drva. In veste, kam se je odločil? Z očetom v gozd. Jako ga je mikalo v mesto, a ko

se je spomnil, da mu bo dobri oče pustil goniti vole, je bila odločitev kaj hitra.

Zato je bil pa danes tem žalostnejši, ko se mu je jela uresničevati bridka slutnja, da ga bo morda za vedno ostavilo skrbno očetovsko oko.

A priti je moralo tako. Ni bilo druge pomoči. Sila kola lomi. Treba je iti za kruhom.

Rudolfovi starši so bili jako ubožni. Sreča ni jim bila mila, odkar so si ustanovili lastno ognjišče. Nesreča za nesrečo jih je obiskovala. Imeli so tedaj, ko se jim je rodil prvi sin, Rudolf, še nekoliko posestva s hišico. A prigodilo se jim je skoraj prav tako kakor mnogim delavcem trpinom, ki delajo in ustvarjajo—za druge. Povrhu pa še nesreča. Malone da niso izgubili vsega. Ko je pri sosedu nastal ogenj, jim je upepelil borno hišico. Pozneje so jih zadele še druge nesreče. Nekoč jim je poginila živina. In ni dolgo temu, ko je komaj ozdravila mati od dolge, mučne bolezni. Vse te nesreče in vrhutega še bolezni so stale mnogo denarja. Ubogi mož ni mogel vsemu kaj. Da bi lažje preživel svojo rodovino, se je odločil, da gre k rudarjem. V bližini njegovega doma je bila visoka gora, ki so izpod nje kopali premog. Sosedje Rudolfovih staršev so bili izvečine vsi rudarji. Težavno je delo v rudokopih. Kdor ni poizkusil tega naporenega dela sam, temu se niti ne da dopovedati, kaj se pravi delati pod zemljo. Z besedo se niti ne da približno opisati, kakšne težkoče prenašajo rudarji. Človek mora poizkusiti sam, potem šele dobi pravi pojem o rudarstvu. Tudi se človek težko privadi temu delu, ako že od mladih nog ne okuša trdega kruha rudarjevega. Zato je pa Rudolfov oče opravljal svoj novi posel jako težko. Toliko, da je živel. Opustil bi že zdavnaj to delo, a smilila se mu je družina, ki bi morala prijete za beraško palico, ako bi jo ostavil še on. Tudi nikakršno drugo delo mu ni nudilo toliko zaslužka kakor le-to. A zaraditega je moral pa tudi bolj trpeti. Ženi se je ljubi mož večkrat smilil v srce, ko se je vrnil časih zvečer,

zopet drugikrat zjutraj domov, ves izmučen in legel takoj k počitku. Dostikrat se mu ni niti ljubilo jesti. A svoje ljubeznivosti do sina ni izgubil. Večkrat ga je vzel k sebi v prostih časih ter se z njim pogovarjal prav po očetovsko. Izpraševal ga je to in ono, kaj je delal podnevi, če je bil priden, kaj se je v šoli učil itd. Kako vesel je bil oče sinovih jasnih odgovorov! Le-ti so ga časih pomladili tako, da se je čutil v svoji tugi večkrat prav srečnega. Kako lepo mu je bilo videti, kadar sta si sin in oče privoščila takih srečnih uric. Časih sta se v svojih razgovorih tako razvnela, da sta popolnoma pozabila na svoje gorje, ki ju je tlačilo dan za dnevom. Da, to so bile najsrečnejše ure za očeta in sina. Nekega večera sta kramljala še posebno veselo. Oče je namreč vprašal sina, kaj se je lepega naučil v šoli. Takoj mu dečko začne pripovedovati, da je učitelj govoril o gori, kjer koplje oče dan za dnevom premog. Učitelj je pravil, koliko morajo trpeti rudarji v rudnikih. Tam ne vidijo ves dan ljubega solnčeca. Večkrat jim preti nesreča, da celo v vedni nevarnosti so, da jih gora ne zasuje in jih ne zagrne v prezgodnji strašni grob. Ubogi rudarji morajo v vroči globočini, kjer je navadno blato in mokro, v tesnobnem rovu, na hrbtu ležeti ali drugače sklonjeni, kopati rudo. "Vedel je tudi gospod učitelj," nadaljuje Rudolf, "da so naši vaščani skoro vsi rudarji. Ljubi ate, tudi ti si rudar! Ti gotovo veš," nadaljuje sinko skoraj z rosnim očesom zvečer pred očetovim slovesom v tujino, "je-li res tako naporeno rudarjevo delo."

"Da, da, ubogo dete," odvrne oče, ki so mu šle otrokove solze in besede do srca. Komaj se je premagoval ubogi mož, da ni pokazal notranjega duševnega boja otroku. Dejal mu je kratko: "Rudolf, pozno je že, in jutri se jaz odpravim na dolgo pot, pojdiva spat." Molče sta šla h počitku. Kako hitro je Rudolf zaspal in kako rajskosladko je spal vso noč ter prijetno sanjal, kako se vozi z očetom čez hribe in doline in



SLOVO OD HČERKE

celo po širokem morju, po tujih krajih! Toda oče ni mogel dolgo zaspati. Odšla je že davno enajsta ura, ko se ga je polotil spanec. In na vse zgodaj je že bdel. Mučile so ga skrbi, kako bo potoval z domenjenimi sosedi.

Zmenili so se namreč sosedje-vaščani, da odidejo daleč v tujo zemljo, kjer lahko služijo, kakor so čuli, mnogo več denarja nego doma. Tudi Rudolfovega očeta je misel na boljši zaslužek prisilila, da se je odpravil v tujino za kruhom.

Zato pa ta dan ni bilo Rudolfa v šolo. Dejal je, da gre z očetom. Nikakor ga ni hotel ostaviti. Slednjič se je vendar vdal toliko, da ga spremi do kolodvora, ker mu je oče obljubil, da se kmalu vrne.

Toliko solza menda ni pretočil svoj živni dan in toliko bolečin še ni prebil Rudolf kakor ta dan, ko je odhajal oče. Že prejšnje dni je bil ves pobit. To so opazili tudi njegovi sošolci. A na dan ločitve je pa žalost priklopela do vrhunca.

Ko je zapazil, da oče resno misli in ko je mati pripravljala očetu popotnico, tedaj so se mu vlile po vročem licu solze, debele kot kaplje. Pretresljiv prizor se je nudil, ko so se oče, mati in sin morda zadnjič pod domačo streho v solzah objemali ter ihteli, ne da bi izpregovorili le besedice. Le zdajpazdaj si čul pretrgane besede: Ate — mama — Rudolf!

Prišli so sosedje, in z njimi je odšel Rudolfov oče. Pogledal je še enkrat nazaj na ljubo svoje domovje in ko si je obrisal solze, je korakal ob strani sprem-

ljevalca sina in sosedov v svet za kruhom. Tiho je stopala družba ubogih vaščanov po ozki poti do vlaka, ki jih v nekoliko minutah odpelje od predragih svojcev. Tiho, vtopljen v misli, je zdajpazdaj kdo izpregovoril besedico. Tudi Rudolf je izpraševal očeta, in ta mu je prigovarjal, naj bo priden, naj sluša mater ter ji pomaga. Iz tujine mu pošlje kmalu kaj lepega. Tudi v šoli naj se pridno uči ter mu naj ob koncu šolskega leta pošlje šolsko naznanilo. Jako ga bo veselilo, ako zve, da lepo napreduje. Vzel je oče košček listka ter nanj nekaj napisal in naročil Rudolfu, da odda listek gospodu učitelju.

Kmalu so dospeli do kolodvora. Tu jih je že čakal vlak. Težko sta se ločila oče in sin. Dolgo sta si slonela v objemu. Zadnjič še poljubi oče Rudolfa ter skoči na vlak, ki zažvižga in zbeži z neznanško hitrico.

Dolgo je gledal Rudolf za vlakom, ko se je ta že zdavnaj skrnil za ovinkom.

Drugi dan je Rudolf zopet prišel v šolo. Oddal je očetov listek gospodu učitelju. Na listku si čital:

“Rudolf Reberščak me je spremljal na kolodvor, ko sem odpotoval v Nemčijo na Westfalsko. Prosim lepo, imejte potrpljenje z otrokom, skrbite zanj, kolikor je v Vaši moči, ker sedaj nima očeta.

Vedno Vam bom hvaležen.

Zdravi! Leopold Reberščak.”

Pozneje je pravil Rudolf gospodu učitelju, da je oče srečno dospel tja, kamor je bil namenjen in da v kratkem pošlje materi nekaj denarja.



Francek in učitelj

(Pogovor o zdravstvu)

SOSEDOV Jožek je zbolel za davico in Francek je radoveden vprašal učitelja, ko ga je srečal, odkod pridejo boleznini.

Učitelj: "Večina boleznini se naleze in te nalezljive boleznini so najbolj nevarne. Med nalezljivimi boleznimi so n. pr. griža, davica, koze, ošpice, španska influenca in druge."

Francek: "Kako se pa bolezen prime?"

Učitelj: "Ako se človek nahaja v bližini na kužni boleznini obolelega človeka in ako se ga celo dotika, je nevarnost, da se te primejo bolezenske kali in da oboliš. Včasih se človek naleze, da sam ne ve kako."

Francek: "Kako se pa potem boleznini ubranimo?"

Učitelj: "Najlaže se skušamo ubraniti boleznini, ako ne pridemo v dotik niti blizu takega človeka, ki je okužen.

Potrebno je, da se v času, ko je kaka kužna bolezen razširjena, čim manj dotikamo predmetov, ki jih prijemlje vsakdo. Ako smo pa že prisiljeni, da moramo prijemati za take stvari, kakor n. pr. kljuko v šoli, si moramo potem skrbno umiti roke z milom in jih zelo izplakniti. Sploh je dobro, da si vedno, preden primeš kos kruha, umiješ temeljito roke. Snago je vobče treba vedno čislati."

Francek: "In če človek zboli, kaj moramo napraviti?"

Učitelj: "Takrat pa je treba nemudoma po zdravnika, ker le ta more dati navodila, kako se je treba zdraviti. Nesreča je gotova, ako ljudje v takih slučajih poiščejo kakega mazača ali celo kakega "coprnika," ki boleznini zagovarja. Taki mazači in coprniki ne vedo ničesar, ker se niso ničesar učili, dočim mora zdravnik, preden zdravi ljudi, študirati dolga leta."

Srna in orel

NA visoki skali je stala skočna srna. Ko jo ugleda požrešni orel, prileti k njej in ji pravi takole: "Pač je res, da si skočna, oj srna; vendar ne bi hotel zamenjati svojih peruti za tvoje noge."

"Jaz pa svojih nog ne za tvoje peruti," se mu odreže srna ponosno.

"Hm," de nato orel zaničljivo, "pa skoči čez tale prepad, ko se tako hvališ s svojimi nogami. Bomo videli, kdo bo prej čezenj, ti ali jaz!"

Srna ujeze te besede. Hitro se požene in zaleti čez prepad. Toda prepad je preširok in srna trešči vanj tako nesrečno, da pri tej priči obleži mrtva. Orel se pa veselo spusti navzdol in si odnese plen brez truda v gnezdo.

"Da, da," pravi še, ogledujoč mrtvo žival, "kaj bi sam ugonabljal, ko vas pogubljata častihlepnost in jeza!"

Dragotin Kette.

ANNA P. KRASNA:

Po zračnih valovih

OB ZGODNJIH urah noči privalovijo po radiu uspavanke
in mamica pravi:

Izberi si eno, otrok, in ko bo končana
pojdi v deželo sanj.

Tako izbiram. Od črtice do črtice pomikam kazalec,
ki ujema čudovite reči:

Besede, melodije, utripe oceanov, furije tornadov,
pesem vlačilcev po Volgi, piščal pastirja
s samotnih visokih planin.

Obrnem se k mami in vprašam:

Mamica, ali je vse to resnica ali le igra
na velikem odru?

Ona se nasmeje in pravi:

Nekaj je resnica, nekaj je posnetek resnice — igra.
Zdaj poskušam novo črtico —
grmenje topov, klopotiški glas strojnic, vzdih, jok,
hropeče besede se sunkoma vrste po čudoviti cesti
zračnih valov.

— Mamica, pravim, to mora biti igra, mar ne?

— Ne, to je resnica.

— Torej ti topovi zares morijo ljudi?

— Ljudi.

— Torej oni, ki stokajo in hropejo, ne igrajo?

— Ne.

— Ali, mamica, to je potem strašno! —

— Vojna je.

— Vojna! vzrojam, zakaj pa gredo ljudje v tako grozno vojno?

Mamica me gleda hladno in mirno, njen glas pojasni:

— Za pravico, za košček kruha, za ideje —
v resnici, v glavnem za one, ki vojne kujejo.

— Ubili bi jih!

— V tvojih letih, ko sem slišala in gledala topove in kri,
sem mislila tudi jaz tako.

— A zdaj, mamica?

— Zdaj vem, da se v čredi, ki ne misli, zmirom najdejo
novi vodje-mesarji . . .

— Mamica, jaz ne razumem, pravim brezmočno.

Mamica se ozre na uro in pravi smehljaje:

— Majhen si in zaspan, kako bi razumel—še veliki ne razumejo—
toda po zračnih valovih bo prišlo še mnogo . . .
in polagoma boš razumel vse, moj mali, vse—

Na divjege petelina

Nikolaj Pirnat 1916



NIKOLAJ PIRNAT

Don Kihot in Sančo Panza na ekvatorju

Don Kihot in Sančo Panza na ekvatorju. Don Kihot je bil zelo pameten in je vedel, da je svet raven. Sančo Panza pa ni bil pameten in je mislil, da je svet ukrivljen. Don Kihot je bil zelo pameten in je vedel, da je svet raven. Sančo Panza pa ni bil pameten in je mislil, da je svet ukrivljen. Don Kihot je bil zelo pameten in je vedel, da je svet raven. Sančo Panza pa ni bil pameten in je mislil, da je svet ukrivljen.

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Na divjega petelina

Andrej Rape

KAKO si veličasten, gozd, ko te gledam v svečani tvoji molčečnosti, ko te poslušam v hropečem bučanju tvojem, ko se divim rahlemu tvojemu šepetu! Rad zahajam v tvoje okrilje, v tvojo bujno goščavo, pod baldahin tvojih listov, v tvoj hram, kamor brani morje listov zvedavam solnčnim žarkom. V tvoj hram rad zahajam, kjer odmeva vsak glas kot v prostranem sveetišču. Srce mi je lahko tam, svečano-lepo je, ko me objame b r e z k o n č n o šepetanje svojega življenja, ko me objame molčečnost tvojega snovanja. Diven si, gozd, ko pade nate noč in se zazibljejo v tebi krila nočnih ptic, tihih in mračnih, kot je tiha in črna noč sama.

Krasan si, veličastni gozd!

In pogovarjam se s tabo, in tvoja drevesa mi šepetajo: Imamo sovražnikov; majhni, a grozni so. In pogledam po drevju. Vrhovi nekaterih tvojih sinov, gozd, so orumeneli! Otožno povešajo glave: zaznamenovani so za smrt. Milijoni lubadarjevih ličink so se naselili po najkrepkejših tvojih sinovih. Napadli so jih z neodoljivo silo. Ta drevesa gledam, in srce me boli. Z vsemi silami se branijo smrti. Življenski svoj sok izpuščajo, da bi se rešili. Moč jim uhaja s sokom, a bore se, bore. Cele reke smole joka drevo ter jo razliva po lubadarju, ličinkah in jajcih, ki se nahajajo za njihovim lubom. Zaman! . . . Življenska sila jim gine počasi, a gotovo . . .

Duh mi zapade otožnosti, ko premišljam ta tih obupni boj, to žalostno slovo tvojih sinov, gozd, od krilatih pevcev, tihega šepetanja vetra po vrhah, slovo od drugih še zdravih bratov in sestra, ki so se z njih vrhovi nekdanj bratili, se poigravali in si pošepetavali. Sedaj padajo v smrt. Gori med vrhovi dreves zija plašna praznosta.

Srce me zaboli, kadar ugledam v jeseni ordečelo listje bukev kakor bi bilo v pozni jeseni. Ta bolna rdečica me spominja rdečice mladih, jetičnih ljudi —in žalosten sem.

Veselje in žalost, navdušenje in hrepenenje pijem v tebi, ljubi moj gozd! . . .

In jutri, prijatelj moj, te obiščem zgodaj, zgodaj, ko boš še spal in sanjal. —

* * *

Noč spi nad n a r a v o. Tiho in mirno je selo. Iz vasi votlo done udarci ure. Poltreh zjutraj. Nikjer ni luči. Povsod še vse v spanju. V hiši na griču se sveti luč, a pred hišo stoji in čaka mož z lovsko torbo in puško na rami. Lovec je. Lov bo danes na petelina. Lovec si je v svesti dobre sreče, saj je že tri jutra zapored pazil na petelina in dobro ve, kje je njegov stan.

Vrata se odpro. Tiho koraka lovec po vasi proti gozdu.

Kolikokrat sem si že želel opazovati ta lov. Danes sem se pridružil lovcu, in tiho sva korakala navzgor.

Kako tih in miren je gozd! Le tuintam zašumi kaj v vrhovih dreves kakor bi se jim zasanjalo, a potem zopet tiho-ta in tema. Više in više greva.

“Pazite na veje,” mi večkrat reče lovec, “da vas ne oplazi katera po očeh.”

“Ali bomo kmalu na mestu?”

“Kmalu! Še en ovinek. Tam sem čul včeraj petelina,” in pokazal je v ono smer z roko.

Obstala sva. Tiho sva se razgovarjala in čakala. Vrhovi smrek so šumeli v jutranjem vetru. Ta veličastna godba, šumeča nam v uho, nama je ustavila razgovor. Veter je izpreminjal šumenje svojega dihanja. Zamajal je veje smrek, in zašumelo je kakor peneča se voda. Po vejah brez se je čul nekak zvoneč trepet: zvenelo je listje v

tisočerih, uho božajočih melodijah. Sem od bližnje reke se je čulo pridušeno mrmranje valov, doli pod nami pa je zvenelo ločje v močvirnem jarku, poljubljajoč se v polsnu. Tam na vzhodu se je polahno jela vleči sivobleda svetloba. Gozdnega življenja ni še nič čuti.

A čuj! Prav zaspano, prav tiho se je oglasil ptiček. Ej, sedaj čujemo probujenje gozda. Tam na vrhu smreke se odzove drug glas. Ah, tako je zaspan, tako nežen! Potem pa je nekaj časa zopet vse tiho. Kmalu udari na sluh krepkeji glas: Čiv-čiv! Fiču-fiču-ček!

“Dobro jutro nam voščijo ptiči,” izpregovorim jaz. “Da bi le nam bila tudi na lovu sreča mila,” dostavim.

“Ta je pa lepa! škoda, da ste šli z menoj,” je zagodrnjal lovec.

Jaz pa bi se bil najrajši ugriznil v jezik, zakaj spomnil sem se, da ne smeš voščiti lovcu sreče na lovu, sicer je po starem lovskem pregovoru sama nesreča isti dan.

Nad nama zašumi perutnica. Nad gozd se razlegne hripavo krakanje vrane, ki sede na vrh smreke, in zopet je vse tiho.

Vedno bolj se izgublja tema ter izginja v neznan nama dom. Razločujeva že posamezna debla in veje. Živahneje se oglašajo ptički.

“Tiho!” šepetne lovec.

Tamkaj od desne začujemo z visoke smreke šum.

“Na oni-le je!” de zopet tiho lovec. “Nisem se motil. Od včeraj si ni nič prebral.”

“Oprezno! Čujete li?”

Čudni glasi so mi udarili na uho: Tk-tk-tk—ckckek . . .

Vedno razločneje: Tk-tk-tk . . . ckckek . . . Svetleje je in svetleje.

Na smreki ugledam petelina. Semintja se premika. Pripognil je glavo, in iznova čujem: Tk-tk-tk—ckckek . . . Ob teh glasovih se pomikamo naprej. (Petelin namreč ne sliši, kadar poje).

Malo sem premaknil nogo, ker sem nerodno stal. Malenkostno je počila vejica pod nogo in že je jel oprezno gledati, kje sumljivo šumi.

Pomiril se je. Bila sva tiha; da si še dihati nisva upala. Zopet je pel. Na streljaju sva. Tk-tk-tk — — ckckek . . . Bum!

Po gozdu je zagrmel strel. Po vejah je padal s smreke divji petelin.

Lovčev strah zaradi moje želje in mojega voščila je bil prazen.

* * *

Veličastni gozd! Kako lep si vedno: pozimi, spomladi, poleti — v jeseni pa človeka omamiš, ko stopa po padlem listju zgodnjega jutra v zgodnjem novembru . . .

Mravlji

ZVEČER sta se sešli mravlji tovaršici v mravljišču.

“Joj,” kako sem zdelana,” reče prva, “ves dan sem prevlačevala košček sladkorja, pa ga nisem mogla spraviti do doma; na sredi poti sem ga morala pustiti.”

“A tako, misliš drobtinice sladkorja, ki ga je razsula neka deklica tam na

cesti? Pa kako je to, saj je bilo polno majhnih kosov tam . . .”

“Polno, ali lotila sem se največjega.”

“Brezumnica!” reče druga. “Vidiš, jaz pa sem nosila le manjše kosce. Le pojdi gledat, kakšen kup jih je! Seveda, ti hočeš vse naenkrat. No, pa imaš. Boš vsaj vedela za drugič!”



POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI"

Dragi "Kotičkarji"!

Vsaka letna sezona ali doba je lepa. Vsaka nam prinese novega veselja. Vsaka ima svoje zanimivosti. Vse štiri—zimo, pomlad, poletje in jesen—pa moramo sprejeti, če se nam dopadejo ali ne. Tako je določila narava.

Jesen nam nudi obilo lepote s svojim spreminjanjem v naravi. Rastline in drevje se prikaže v stoterih barvah. Listje postane rmeno-rdeče-zeleno in več drugih barv obenem. Obilo lepote je v naravi vsako jesen. Pa prihrumi mrzel veter, slana in mraz. Listje odpade in pokažejo se gole, puste veje. Naenkrat začne snežiti. Pride Thanksgiving day in kmalu božič in novo leto. Potem pa že pričakujemo krasne pomladi in toplega poletja. Tako se vrstijo letne dobe ena za drugo. Mi pa uživamo, če znamo in kolikor nam razmere dopuščajo . . .

Mladinski List se lahko postavi, da prinaša obilo zanimivega gradiva v slovenskem in angleškem delu. Sedaj pa tudi redno izhaja. V roke ga dobite takoj po prvem v mesecu ali še prej. To je vsekakor razveseljivo, četudi ni glavno. Je pa važno, da list vselej redno izide. Glavna stvar vsakega lista je, da prinaša dobro gradivo, točnost izdajanja je pa tesno zvezana z dobrim gradivom. Tudi vaša pisemca so važna! OLGA in FELIX VOGRIN sta spet postala naša redna dopisovalca. Tako tudi JOHNNIE F. POTOCHNIK. Oglasili so se tudi sledeči: MIRKO NEMEC, LOUIS NOVAK, JOHN POKLAR, MARY A. BAN, ALBERT TOMSIC, JUSTINA STOPAR, MARY RENKO in JOE ROTT, ki je naš stalni dopisovalec. Le tako naprej! Želim, da se bi to število še pomnožilo!

UREDNIK.

Veselje z dopisi in v šoli

Dragi urednik!—Seveda se Vam moram najprej zahvaliti za popravke v mojem dopisu, ki je bil priobčen meseca avgusta. Bila sem zelo vesela, ko sem v Mladinskem Listu zagledala moj dopisek. Posebno pa še zato, ker je bil ta-

ko lepo urejen in napisan. To me veseli in mi daje veselje in korajžjo, da še pišem. Poguma pri pisanju slovenskih dopisov nam je treba, tako da se večkrat kaj oglasimo v M. L.

Spet smo v šoli! Naša šola se je začela dne 8. septembra. Sedaj pa hodimo dan za dnevom v šolo, samo ob sobotah

in nedeljah ne. Tudi moji dve sestri hodita v šolo, pa mnogo drugih deklic in dečkov. To je veselja za vse!

Na Labor day sta nas obiskala stric in teta, pa tudi naša bratranca Charlie in Frank in družina Peles. Bili smo jih veseli. Naša teta nam je prinesla lepo darilo, katerega se zelo veselimo. Želimo, da nas spet kmalu pridejo obiskat.

Pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem M. L.!

Mary Renko,
123 No. 20th st., Olean, N. Y.

* *

Felix se veseli M. L.: Točno dostavljanje, parada in zvesti pes

Dragi urednik!—O, kako sem vesel, ker se je uresničilo, da smo prejeli M. L. že 8. oktobra. In kakor sem čital v "Našem kotičku", drugi mesec bo M. L. izšel še prej. Upam, da bodo vsi dečki in deklice hitro napisali svoja pisma.

Tukaj v Scrantonu so imeli "Anthracite Week" od 5. do 10. okt. Videl sem floto, ki se je pomikala proti mestu. Na floti je bila slika stroja premogovega "železnega lomilca". Prihajali so od vseh strani mesta ljudje in avtomobili ter flote, ki so oglašale Anthracite Week. Obenem so nagovarjali ljudi, da si naj kupijo premoga kolikor je največ mogoče v tistem tednu.

Videl sem tudi, da je neka deklica bila oblečena v obleko iz trdega premoga. Pokazali so tudi, kako so kurili s trdim premogom pred tridesetimi leti in kako kurijo danes. Velika razlika je od takrat do danes.

Na čelu parade je bil tudi velik pes mongrelske pasme, ki ga kličemo "Jack the Bum." Na tega psa smo vsi Scrantončani zelo ponosni, najbolj pa železničarji, ker je njihov resnični prijatelj. Ta pes se vozi po železnici od Scrantona do New Yorka. Kdo ve kolikokrat se prepelje sem in tja. Med potjo pa točno pozna vse železniške postaje. Na različnih postajah ta pes izstopi iz vlaka in gre k svojemu kosilu, kjer železničarji kosijo. Zato ga kličejo "Jack the Bum." Obenem tudi ni samo prijatelj železni-

čarjev, temveč tudi rudarjev in gasilcev. Sploh pozna vse one, ki nosijo delovno obleko. Točen je zelo. Neki rudar je rekel, da mora biti v našem mestu dotičnega dne, kadar bodo imeli rudarji svojo parado. In res, "Jack the Bum" je prišel točno iz Elmire, New York, da je prisostvoval paradi.

Pozdrav Vam, urednik, in čitateljem!

Felix Vogrin,
2419 No. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

Jožkovi kanarčki

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!—Navada je, da se Vam najprej v naših dopisih zahvalimo za popravke v prejšnjih dopisih. Zato se Vam tudi jaz prav lepo zahvalim za moj dopis, ki ste ga tako lepo uredili. Upam, da ta dopis ne bo prepozen za oktobrsko številko. Če pa bo, vem, da ga boste priobčili v novemberški številki M. L.

Šola se je spet pričela. Počitnice so nas prehitro zapustile. Pa tudi sedaj je lušno. Saj se vedno zabavamo. In v šolo moramo hoditi, da se bomo kaj naučili. Za otroke je vedno mnogo veselja.

Sedaj pa Vam moram povedati, da imamo pri nas lepe kanarčke. In kako jih imam rad! Saj so pa tako prijazni, lepi in pridni. Pa kako znajo peti! Prepevajo vsak dan. Začnejo zjutraj in nehajo zvečer. Pri nas se jim dobro godi, ker vselej ustrezemo njihovim željam. Taki prijazni ptički so res pravo veselje.

Prihodnjič bom spet kaj napisal. Pozdrav Vam in vsem šolarjem!

Joe Rott, Cleveland, O.

* *

O pikniku kansaške federacije SNPJ

Dragi urednik!—Vreme v tem kraju okrog 10. okt. je bilo zelo deževno. V šolo se vozim z biciklom in predno pridem do šole, sem vedno moker.

Na 6. sept. sem šel na ball game v Mulberry. Peljal sem se z mojim kole-

som čez Armo, osem milj daleč. Seveda nisem prišel tako hitro kot bi z avtom.

Piknik kansaške federacije SNPJ na Labor day je bil velik dan za stare in mlade. Udeležba je bila jako velika. Sestali so se menda vsi "oldtimerji", kar je pač nekaj redkega. Program je vodil Anton Šular, katerega vsi poznamo. Glavni govornik je bil E. Harlwig iz Pittsburga. Njega bi človek poslušal kar naprej. Škoda, da se mladina ne briga za drugo kakor le za "fun." Na programu so bile razne tekme in dirke za mlade in stare. Vse to se je vršilo na farmi John-a Jorgerja. Stara korenina, kakor pravijo, S. Dudaš, predsednik društva št. 434 SNPJ, je odnesel prvo nagrado. Pa tudi ženske niso zaostajale za moškimi. Tekle so kakor blisk. Kdo je dobil gate prize, ne vem, ker sem majhen, pa so me kar na stran potisnili.

Zvečer je igrala godba, mladina je plesala in vsi skupaj smo imeli obilo zabave. Tisto noč nismo šli doo, ampak smo ostali tam. Mama in ata sta prišla domov ob 4. popoldne v pondeljek. Tega piknika ne bomo zlepa pozabili, tako lepo

smo se imeli. Prihodnjič bom spet kaj napisal.

Lep pozdrav vsem skupaj!

Johnnie Frankie Potochnik,
R. 1, Box 47, Arcadia, Kans.

* *

Drevje v jeseni

Dragi urednik!—Danes (12. okt.) je prav mrzlo tukaj, toliko, da ni snežilo. In veter je pihal tako mrzlo, da so uboga drevesa začela izgubljati svojo lepo obleko.

Mislím, da smo otroci skoro bolj srečni kakor pa to lepo drevje, ker mi dobimo zimske suknjice in se toplo oblečemo. Naša drevesa pa jih morajo sleči. Škoda, ker sedaj v jeseni so njihove suknje v najlepši barvi, njim sirotam pa mraz in ostri veter odnese listje in ga uniči.

Včeraj (11. okt.) sem bila v Tunkhannocku pri moji stari materi. Med postajami sem videla tako lepa drevesa po hribih, da jih bi ne mogel nobeden slikar tako lepo naslikati.

Z mojo novo šolo sem zelo zadovoljna. Pozdrav!

Olga Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.



L. N. Tolstoj:

Vrtnarjeva dedščina

Vrtnar je premišljeval, kako bi naučil svoje sinove vrtnarstva. Pa mu šine v glavo dobra misel. Ko je umiral, pokliče sinove k svoji postelji in jim reče:

"Dragi otroci, kadar umrem, poiščite v vinogradu, kar je tam skritega!"

Sinovi so mislili, da je oče tam zako-

pal zaklad, in so hiteli po očetovi smrti kopati zemljo, in v nekaj dneh so ves vinograd prekopali. Toda o zakladu ni bilo ne duha ne sluha. Zgodilo se je pa nekaj drugega. Ker so tako dobro prekopali zemljo, je rodila mnogo več kakor kdaj poprej, in tako so se dobro imeli.



JUVENILE



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Anna P. Krasna:

Flute from The Street

EVERY Saturday at ten,
Half hushed in the clang of the street,
The flute-voice steals up to the windows
On the wings of melodies that are tragic,
And yet sweet.
The wings soar high with spring,
Youth, love, and flowers —
Then drop as though through chasms,
To pick up change from hard concrete
Beneath majestic towers. —

* * *

Tenements Sleep

AFTER midnight until dawn
Deep silence envelops tenement town.
Through open windows flutter curtains
In and out —
Behind closed doors only dreams
Tiptoe around.
From here and there escapes a tired groan,
Or stifled cry,
Soft wind takes on the sighs
As it passes by.
Heavy cross of struggle
Rests against dark walls of night —
Until daylight. —

(From *Sighs of Babylon*)

My Brother's Schoolmistress

HOW much patience is necessary with those boys of the lower first, all toothless, like old men, who cannot pronounce r's and s's; and one coughs and another has the nose-bleed, and another loses his shoes under the bench, and another bellows because he has pricked himself with his pen, and another one cries because he has bought copy-book No. 2, instead of No. 1. Fifty in a class, who know nothing, with those flabby little hands, and all of them must be taught to write; they carry in their pockets bits of candy, buttons, corks, pounded brick—all sorts of little things, and the teacher has to search them; but they conceal these objects even in their shoes. And they are not attentive. A fly enters through the window, and throws them all into confusion. And in summer they bring grass into school and horn-bugs, which fly around in circles, or fall into the inkstand and then

streak the copybook all over with ink. The schoolmistress has to play mother to all of them, to help them dress themselves, bandage up their prickled fingers, pick up their caps when they drop them, watch to see that they do not exchange coats, and that they do not indulge in cat-calls and shrieks. Poor schoolmistress! And then the mothers come to complain. "How comes it that my boy has lost his pen? How does it happen that mine learns nothing? Why is not my boy mentioned honorably, when he knows so much? Why don't you have that nail which tore my Pietro's trousers, taken out of the bench?" And at the end of the year when the little boys are with the masters, they are almost ashamed of having been with a woman teacher.

Written by Edmondo De Amicis.—
Taken from "Prose Every Child Should Know."

PUMPKIN TIME

SAY, maybe we're not ready
For Hallowe'en—oh, boy!
We've got the biggest pumpkin
That ever was a toy!
Our daddy carved the features
And set it 'mong the leaves,
And that it really grew there
'Most everyone believes.

We've practiced with the goblin—
Our daddy made him, too—
That's fastened to a broom-stick,
And knows just what to do.
Bad boys and girls, I tell you,
Had better watch tonight,
Or else when not expecting
They'll get an awful fright!



Shrieks in The Night

By Frank Fatur

QUITE inescapably it seemed, whenever Jackie Gaser wanted to read or go to a movie, the following things always came his way: a true detective, sometimes but seldom a western thriller, and of course, a murder mystery movie. Jackie accepted these things as real and true to life too. One thing that most persistently forced itself in front of his eyes were the newspapers of the Samion's syndicate. Almost all the neighbors at whose house Jackie frequented had them lie around. He liked to read these newspapers, but he always got a funny sensation whenever he did.

Once Napoleon, the neighbor's dog, slept on these newspapers. When suddenly Napoleon jumped and began to whirl, as if awakened from a bad dream, then he looked at the papers he lay on and began to run like it meant his life.

Anyway, Jackie Gaser and Mary-Ann Kollar were coming from a movie, "No Story in Months." Mary-Ann said: "What a grewsome picture that was, all full of murders!" Jackie approved with an "I'll say" and continued himself:

"Sure there was lots of murders toward the end of the picture, but not from the beginning. Did you see how the editors were sore about not having anything to put in the paper, until bang! — along came a murder? From then on there was enough murders to keep the paper going. I sorta hoped myself that something would happen, so they would have something to put in the paper. Didn't you?" Mary nodded. "The way one of the editors was happy about it I thought he had something to do with the murder."

After a short silence Mary-Ann resumed to discuss the "picture" in a protesting tone: "But there wasn't any reason for killing those people," she

said. "Why, the murderer just sneaked behind one of them, stuck a knife into his back for no reason at all and ran away. Are there really such people living?"

"I'd like to know myself," confessed Jackie.

"Dou you think the editor really meant it," queried Mary-Ann, "when he said to the reporter: 'Do something! Get a story if you have to kill somebody yourself!'"

"Don't be silly! Of course he didn't mean it—that's only in the movies," enlightened Jackie.

"But why are they so happy about murder?" continued Mary-Ann. "Isn't murder supposed to be horrible? Don't they give people electric chair or life for murder?"

"Well, I think they sell more newspapers," replied Jackie.

Then they walked for blocks without saying a word. When they reached their respective homes that stood beside one another, Mary reminded Jackie of his silence.

"You know, you didn't speak a single word for a mile."

Though he liked her, Jackie was hardly aware that Mary-Ann was beside him. There was some kind of a muddle that dominated his thoughts. It was the mystery tales about murders and shrieks in the night, which he had seen and read, that he couldn't get off his mind. Neither did he know whether he liked them or despised them. All he knew was that he wished he didn't even think about them. When he snapped out of that trance he went into the house. Mary-Ann was already gone.

It was only ten o'clock. His parents were still up talking to a friend who came over to see them. Jackie's father and the man were discussing unions—

a subject that always seemed dry to Jackie. He knew, however, that unions had something to do with getting more wages, but he couldn't understand why they wouldn't get more wages without having a union. Another thing that puzzled him was the fact that the newspapers always labeled union men as trouble makers.

His father was president of a union local and Jackie was certain that he wasn't a trouble maker. Maybe all union men were like his father, he thought. The last thing he heard the visitor say, as Jackie was leaving for his room, was that: the night riders of reaction were murder lusty.

Jackie couldn't fall asleep. He was turning over and over in his bed, thinking of the mysteries he couldn't name himself. All that came to his visual mind were scenes of mystery stories he had seen and read. The scenes of murders, ghosts and detectives on the job. Somehow he would've liked to have a part in some such mystery. Not in a movie but in real life. Of course movie would be all right too, but . . .

His father once told him that all "them mysteries" were bunk. But Jackie had his own mind too: "There must be some truth in them," he thought to himself, "but it may be altogether different." Not that Jackie didn't believe his father . . . He did. But couldn't his father have been wrong?

He remembered how his father always preaches to him. He remembered him saying that the working man does not need to worry about getting murdered if he is willing to starve. The working man does not need police protection either. Police are to protect the rich from the poor.

But Jackie's thoughts always came back to the tale-mysteries. He disliked the idea that he couldn't be even an amateur detective.

After a long time, as he lay there, he thought of an idea. It wasn't very

attractive, but it was an idea: "Why couldn't he just roam around shady places late some evening? That would be like being an amateur detective."

Before he fell asleep he thought, in admiration, of Mary-Ann.

The following evening, even before it got dark, Jackie set out walking toward Venice avenue. It took him about twenty minutes to get there. By then it was dark. On Venice avenue he slowed down to a snail's pace. Slow, that's how he could observe everything—if anything should happen. He looked over the tall, ancient looking structures. He looked at every window and fire escape, every exit and entrance. In short, to Jackie the whole atmosphere about there seemed haunting.

If a person came out of a tenement, Jackie gave him a close scrutiny—lest he be one of those shady figures he was on the lookout for.

When he came to the end of Venice avenue, he went on the next street that ran parallel to Venice. Here too were many tall buildings.

Whenever he gave the thing a close thought he shuddered: What would he do, supposing he had laid his eyes on a murderer or a gangster red-handed with his deeds? Should he yell for the police or trick the villain into submission with some neat stunt, like they do it in the movies?

It was getting very late already and nothing had happened yet. His parents would be worrying if he didn't go home pretty soon, he thought. So he went home that night.

Next evening Jackie was on the "job" again. He walked through the same streets as the night before for nearly an hour without a result. Then he came to the conclusion that it wasn't on the outside where one could see such things, but inside of some building.

(To be continued next month)

A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

How many times you said to your mother or to one of your schoolmates, 'How do we know that plants and trees cannot really **feel**'? You have wondered whether they were conscious of the heavy rain falling upon them or "felt" the strong winds that swayed them. Because these questions came to your mind, you must have been certain of one thing about plants, and that is: that they **lived**.

During these past two months you have been aware of a very marvelous change in the plant life about you. You noticed that for a long time (except where the severe drought made it impossible) all the trees were heavy with leaves and plants were thick about you. Then all of a sudden, the leaves began falling in great numbers, and they had lost their bright green color. It wasn't very long before the limbs of the tree stretched upward — bare — and the whole tree looked as if all life had gone from it. Well, if you could have looked inside the tree during this time, you would have stared at what was going on. You would have seen as many "goings-on" inside the tree as on the busiest street of a big city. Everything was house-moving, and every little cell was carrying a truckload. That was because everything had to be moved from above the ground to beneath the soil. Cold weather is coming on, and things must be stored away to where they cannot be damaged by the cold. I know you will say immediately, "Why, I can name animals that do the same thing. They sleep through all the cold weather, and we say they 'hibernate'."

When you do that—start comparing plants with animals, you come right back to what our last discussion was

about. We had said that all life is only of two kinds: plant and animal, and that in the very, very early stages of their growth it was, and still is, difficult to tell the difference.

We will now go to where we left off. In the warm waters of the earth, these early life forms (as we talked about already) had begun. There was ocean over everything. But in time, this stage of the earth changed, and land began to appear. Very gradually there came more and more land; it was gaining on the water. Now it would be foolish to think that this land was just like we know it today, wouldn't it? It is only natural to think that it was a great steamy swamp just filled with material that was good for living things. So—life crawled from the oceans and fastened itself upon the land. We had said before that the life that continued to fasten itself upon the soil and get its food by having roots in the soil became known as **plants**, and life that continued to devour other life developed into all the different kinds of **animal** life.

Now there are many "tales" about the giants and giantesses of the past. There are all kinds of imaginary stories made up around them — what they were supposed to have done, and how big and strong there were supposed to have been. But none of these stories can compare with the real story of Nature at about the time we are describing. And they're not made up! Just imagine: these ferns and mosses (which are a lower order of plant life) had just the kind of rich, warm earth that they needed for their growth. And they took advantage of it. Scientists tell us that the little "mare's tail", which grows beside streams today, then grew to a height of forty or fifty feet, and some-

times to nearly a hundred feet! Club mosses grew as high as a hundred and fifty feet.

And what was happening to the animals? Do you remember, in the last letter, the talk about the "lancelet"? Do you remember how I explained why most students believe that the fishes really developed from wormlike creatures? I suppose you know that in South America and Egypt there are fishes which have lungs as well as gills. In our aquarium there are some of them. There must have been a reason for this. There is. The rivers in which they live dry up in the summer. So their gills are useless. The fishes have to live in the dry mud. For this they must have lungs until such a time as the waters come again. This is a fish that can live out of water.

Now by looking at the fossil remains of the fishes that lived in this age of which we are talking and comparing them with these fishes that can live both in and out of the water, we find that they are very much the same. This has made scientists conclude that when life came from the oceans—animal life, that is,—they must have developed in much the same way as the present "lung-fishes".

This would have been all well and good if our earth had been at a standstill. But always, always it was changing. Very slowly there came a time when all the land was no longer a warm, rich swamp. Land began to rise. The waters cleared and became more swift. All the shallow waters that were left became very much overcrowded. And you remember what happens when there is just so much to live on and there are hundreds and hundreds of lives trying to get it for themselves? Just what you would expect: a fight.

You can then imagine the situation of these animals that had been used to swamp life. They began to fight

for food and for oxygen in the air. In fighting for oxygen, their lungs had to develop more and more. As they had been used to living partly on land, devouring the great ferns and mosses that we spoke about, they couldn't altogether go back into the ocean. And more than that! In the ocean there were again great, giant fishes that would devour them if they lived there entirely.

A very amazing thing happened! These fishes, finding that there was nothing as yet on the land to devour them, began using their fins for walking. The more these fins were used, the more they developed, and, in time, they became stronger, and finally the pairs of fins became legs. Did you ever notice fins closely? They have rays. Out of these rays developed the toes. All the while the lungs were continuing to improve, and a new kind of land animal had developed! We call them the "quadrupeds". Do you know why?

All of this time, what was the earth like? Well, we had spoken about the giant mosses and ferns. They continued to grow. They had a most suitable climate. And there was another thing we must understand about this period. There were no changing seasons as we have today. There was no summer and then winter and all of the in-between seasons. It was summer all the time! All over the earth it was warm—tropical. How can they make such statements? Well, all of the fossils that they find of plants and animals show that they are of the kind that live only in tropical climates. And think of it! What we are writing and talking about in one paragraph really last millions of years. Yes, millions! There were millions of years of summer-time with no winters. Can't you see why with so many years of favorable climate and food to live on, the plants grew and grew. This brings us up to one of the

most interesting periods of the earth's development. I will tell you about it in the next letter.

The time to close has come again. But we covered a lot of ground today.

In fact, we took up, and briefly touched upon, so many years of our earth's development that it has really sounded like a fairy story. I shall send you another letter.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

PABLO PICARRO

ANDORAN PEASANT GIRLS

A. P. Krasna:

"Shine!"

I had just come out of the Central Library, where I was viewing the Mark Twain exhibition. My mind was still occupied with Huckleberry Finn, Puddin' Head, and many other Twain characters when an earnest "Shine, ma'am?" darted through my thoughts.

It wasn't the usual "Shine!" By no means. There were dozens of black and white shiners in a row yelling the same thing. I never even looked at my shoes. In fact I seldom indulge in the luxury of having my shoes shined. I brush them off myself.

But this particular "Shine!" was arresting my attention. I looked at the boy's face. He looked at my blue shoes and repeated:

"Shine, ma'am?"

I smiled. He returned the smile. It was an engaging, sincere, delightful smile. He was a typical boy.

I sat down on his rough little stool. He examined the leather of the shoe expertly.

"Pretty dry," he ascertained. "Haven't seen a shine in a long time, have they?"

"Only a home shine," I said humorously.

"That's no good," he said; "women can't shine 'em right. It's a man's job." I liked the way he said that. So sure already of his position in the human society as a man.

— What a man! I thought amusingly, while I watched him work and studied his face. After a bit, I decided to try my curiosity on him. To see whether my mental conclusions will click with his inner personality. And I didn't want to ask him any of the time-worn questions. Letting the brain spy around for a proper interrogative phrase I finally dared:

"Going to enter High in September?"

He looked up, a bit skeptically, judged my countenance in one glance then replied very politely:

"Yes, I am —, but how did you know it?"

"I didn't know; I merely guessed at it."

"Good guesser," he laughed.

"I'll bet I can guess more about you," I offered.

"For instance?" he queried.

"That you are a Slav—perhaps an American Balkan boy."

He dropped the shining cloth and gave me another once-over with his beautiful long-lashed dark eyes.

"Now, how did you make that out? Do I look like a Balkanite?"

I said: "You do in a nice way."

He became interested.

"Do you mind telling me in just what ways, is it —"

He didn't know how to express himself minutely, and I could see he did not wish to ask anything meaningless. He resumed the shining and with slightly arched brow weighed his question for a brief time then came forth with the conclusion to his query:

"I meant to say, ma'am, is it something worthwhile keeping—that is, can I be proud of my Balkan ways?—I can't do anything about the looks," he added with a smile.

I liked him tremendously. And while he continued with shining I told him that he reflected all that is admirable in his race. Health, braveness, honesty, natural politeness and hospitality. His eyes lighted with pride.

"Do you know," he said, "my mother used to tell me that about her people. She said I could always strive to be like them in those ways."

It seemed to me that the light in his eyes twinkled sadly at the mention of his mother. I asked:

"Is your mother dead?"

"Yes," he said quietly, "she is dead."

"A long time?"

"Three years."

I felt the restraint in his voice and knew that the thought of his mother hurt him. I led his mind away from it.

"What after the shoe-shining and high school?" I asked him.

He smiled broadly.

"I am decided on electrical engineering," he asserted with the same surety he displayed at telling me that shoe-shining was a man's job.

"Giving us plenty light and power of all sorts," I joked.

He laughed:

"I hope I'll be able to do more than that."

"Inventions, perhaps? — Another Tesla in the making, maybe," I kidded.

But that wasn't to his liking. He had finished his task, put away his tools, and straightened himself to his full boyish length. Then showing a perfect line of strong teeth in a healthy, character-revealing smile he said determinedly:

"I never kid myself with daydreams about my future as an engineer, and I know I won't become another Tesla, but I will invent just the same, because I have a mind for such things."

Laughingly, I handed him some change and shook his hand:

"There is no sense in wishing you luck, Boy, but do keep your Balkan spirit alive always, and it will take care of your ambitions and inventions."

He grinned and gave my hand a good shake.

In the next second I was lost among the hurrying crowds on Forty-second street, but amid all the noise I could hear that unusual thought arresting:

"Shine!"

The Lotus-Eaters

NINE days and nine nights we were driven about on the sea by a violent storm, and on the tenth we reached the land of the Lotus-eaters. These men eat flowers that look like water-lilies, and they have no other food. We landed on the shore and my comrades took their evening meal close to the boats.

When our hunger was satisfied, I sent out two of the best men to explore the country and find out what sort of people the Lotus-eaters were. I sent a herald with them, whom they might send back with the news.

They soon found themselves among the Lotus-eaters, who were gentle and friendly, and gave them the lotus plant to eat. This food is pleasant to the taste but dangerous; for anyone who

eats of it loses all desire to return to his home. He forgets the cares and troubles, but he forgets his friends also.

As soon as my comrades had eaten of the lotus, they became attached to the Lotus-eaters, and desired to remain with them. They wept bitterly when I commanded them to return to the ships, and I was obliged to force them to go. I bound them down to the benches in the ships, and the whole company went on board in haste lest they should never think of their homes again.

Each man bent to his oars, and the waves were soon white with the beating of the ships against them as we sailed with all haste in the direction of our own land.

—Written by Homer, adapted from the *Odyssey*.

The Chief's Daughter

ONCE upon a time there lived a beautiful Indian lady. She was the only girl in the family, and also was a chief's daughter. As all the Indians lived in a circle they had her to live in the middle of the circle. Every night a boy used to come to see her. One night he asked her to go home with him and marry him the next night. So she said she would; but she didn't tell her folks she promised him that.

When the evening came, as she was sitting in her tepee waiting for that boy, somebody called her from outside. So she thought it was the boy that called her. He was standing by her door, and when she went out he asked her to go home with him. As she thought he was that boy, she went with him.

She had a little young beaver for her pet, and took him along with her. They went away after everybody was asleep. They went quite a distance and they came to a wide river. The man told the girl to get on his back so he could carry her across the river, but she didn't want to get on his back or either cross the river. The man said if she didn't get on his back he would drown her, so she said she would. When she got on his back she saw another face on the back of his head.

This man was what they called "Anonk-ite," which means "Two-face."

These men were very cruel, and everybody was afraid of them.

After the "Anonk'ite" and the girl crossed the river they came to a big tepee where this man lived. When they got home the man told the girl to look in his head. He had a few hairs but they were very long. When she looked in his head she found some little toads. As she found one she would kill it with two stones.

While she was looking in his head he went to sleep, so she tied all his hair to all the poles in his tepee. She tied just a few hairs to one pole and a few on another pole. She did this until she tied up all his hairs. Then she ran away from him. When she came to a wide river—wider and deeper than the one they crossed first she saw the man coming after her. As she couldn't cross the wide river the little beaver made a bridge for her. As soon as she went across the river the little beaver took the bridge down. The man was half way on the bridge down, and as the river was deep the man was drowned.

The lady and her pet, the little beaver, got home safe. Her folks were very glad to see her as they did not know where she had gone. She married her lover and was always happy.—(From Indian Legends.)

Three Bigger

Once there were three Bigger—Mr. Bigger, Mrs. Bigger and the Little Bigger. Who was the biggest?

Answer: The Little Bigger, because he was a little bigger.

Then Mr. Bigger died. Now who was the biggest?

Answer: Mr. Bigger, because he was still bigger.

Then Mrs. Bigger married Mr. Bigger's brother. Now who is the biggest?

Answer: Mrs. Bigger, because she was twice bigger.



CHATTER CORNER

EDITED BY JOYFUL MEMBERS
of the S.N.P.J.

TALKING IT OVER

Dear Readers:—

You have been going to school now nearly two months, and of course, you like it. (Or don't you?) Those of you who are continuing school have long become accustomed to the daily routine work in school. Those who started school this year—the beginners—have also by this time adjusted themselves to the discipline and other requirements. And those of you who entered high schools, be it in the city or in the country, still find the new assignments at this time a bit difficult. The beginning is the hardest, then, gradually, it becomes easier.

In the early days of the old log schoolhouse, the three R's, and the birch rod, children had a much harder time of it than now. Children, for instance, who for some reason or other were backward in learning were severely punished without investigating the cause. Little thought was given by the parents or by the teachers to the fact that the pupil receiving the punishment was partially deaf, that his eyesight was poor or that he was otherwise physically defective which could easily be corrected. But—as you know—time marches on! Things and ideas change. The advancement of science and education has to a great extent brought about the recognition of this condition—various defects—in school children. And so steps have been taken to remedy this condition.

Yes, things do change! We know that it is now the duty of school authorities to discover and correct this condition in children who are of school age. But this is not the end. There are a great many other evils, physical and social, which in the future will have to be corrected. Time marches on and with it science and education!

THE EDITOR.

A Pennsy SNPJ Day

Dear Editor and Juveniles:—In my mind memories linger on of the SNPJ Day celebration near Universal, Pa. Due to a "mis-hap" I could not arrive at the scene to see the athletic events. Although I have gotten there in time to hear the speakers give their fine talks about the SNPJ organization. The speakers were Supreme Pres. Vincent Cain-

kar; Supreme Board Member John Tercelj of Strabane, Pa.; Oscar Godina, President of the Chicago Pioneers, Lodge 559, SNPJ; John Lokar, 2nd Vice Pres. of SNPJ; Henry Lamuth, chairman of the SNPJ Day and A. Zornik, Pres. Westmoreland Fed. of SNPJ Lodges.

Toward evening, dancing was the main activity. Accompanied by the Moonlight Serenaders, also the popular "Frank & Jos",

dancers jammed the floor to its capacity. "Everybody on their toes, as around the music goes."

All sorts of refreshments were available. A huge crowd gathered at this Pennsy SNPJ affair, although I venture to say that it was far from 10,000 person as expected. All was for the best. So I hope Milwaukee, Wis., has a better and bigger success of their SNPJ Day in 1937. We want each one to progress!

It is now fitting that I should thank Mrs. Mazina and her daughters for the kindness and liberality they displayed to Dad and me during the Labor day celebration. The same gratitude is due Mr. & Mrs. Kalik and Mr. Andy Dekleva, all of Center Pa., the latter, my uncle, deserves mention for his "taksi" service rendered us.

With vacationing ending, most of us are confronted with another nine months of school. Many frown upon the prospect. Such should not be the case, as school days can be the most enjoyable days of life. We should mix study with pleasure, and take the course of subjects which will benefit us most in our prospective life work.

This year at school I am taking the commercial subjects consisting mainly of book-keeping, shorthand and typewriting. I find them very interesting.

Until again, I remain, A proud Juvenile,

Dorothy M. Fink, Wendel, Pa., Box 1.

P. S.:—I have met Mr. and Mrs. Schealhead of Cheswick, Pa., also their lovely daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Penko and their daughter at the Jones Pleasure Grounds. A friendly visit was paid to us by Mrs. Butala and family of Library, Pa. I wish to say "Hello" to "Emma."

* *

Clinton on the Wabash

Dear Editor and Readers:—School sure came with a bang and a load on my head, because now I always have lessons to do in the evenings. Even if school is here I must find time to write to this magazine.

As I settle down to write I don't know about what I should write. I hardly ever run out of things to gossip about, but this time I did. As I look through this magazine I see letters from many different places. I would like to know something about those different places and I think that other people would like to know about the place where I live.

I live in Clinton, Indiana. Clinton is on the Wabash River, and it has a population of about 7,000 people. The banks of the river are kept in good order. They have steps leading down to the river, and there are trees, grass and flowers all around it.

There are many other nice spots in Clinton. For instance, there is a whole block of school buildings. On this block there are three high schools, one grade school, a house (the administration building) used as the school office, a fire department building, and a new gymnasium is being built now. Two other grade schools are in a different location of Clinton. Across the street from the schools is the Public Library donated by Andrew Carnegie, the late "steel magnate." The library is rather large and it contains many good books.

The main section of the city is on Main and Ninth streets. There are four parks, two not completed yet, one swimming pool, four movie shows, and there are so many cafes that there is one on every block. There are four churches, a Bible vacation school, and also a Catholic school. There are many different kinds of stores in Clinton. There are three rather large hotels, about five bakery shops, one packing company, and the office of the Daily Clintonian. The county seat is at Newport, a small town about 12 miles from Clinton. Mr. Bingham is the judge, and Dr. C. M. Zink is the mayor of Clinton.

Oh! wait a minute now. I'll be in politics pretty soon, so I better stop writing for today.

Mary Potisek, 949 Bogart st., Clinton, Ind.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. School is here and I am glad of it. There are many girls who play with me. I am in the 5th grade in school and am 10 years old. My brother is 8 years old and in the 4th grade. I know Lilly Tegel of Euclid, Ohio, who visited us last summer. I hope she returned home safely. If she reads this letter, I wish she would write to the Mladinski List, and I will write more next time.

Mary Grom, 1612 Tenth st., Waukegan, Ill.

* *

At a UMWA Parade

Dear Editor:—Since school started I almost forgot to write to the M. L. I am in the 3rd grade this year. I don't know how many letters I wrote to the M. L. but I'll never forget the second prize I won last year in the contest.

On Labor day, I went to Raton, New Mex. There I saw a big parade in which five locals of the UMWA were represented. The parade was about one mile long. Two bands were playing. I surely had a good time, and I enjoyed the five speeches delivered after the parade in Raton park. The best speech was that delivered by J. J. Dempsey, congressman of New Mexico.

All of us children had a free show given by the UMWA. There sure were many people in Raton that day. And I noticed that some old people were crying. I asked my Daddy why they were crying, and he said because they have never seen anything like this before.

Best regards to all.

Milka Miletá, Lodge 416,
Van Houten, New Mex.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old and in the 7th grade in school. My teacher is F. J. Rouck. I am in the Somerset band and play an Eb alto sax.—The mine is working quite steady.—I have a brother, John, who is 10 years old.—Our school started Sept. 21.—This is a bit early, but I do hope that Santa is good to all of us.—Best regards to one and all.

Frank Taush, Box 83, Somerset, Colo.

* *

Kansas SNPJ Picnic

Dear Editor:—I want to take this opportunity to tell all the youngsters of our Juvenile Department of SNPJ, how successful the Labor day picnic was at Joger's farm on Sept. 6. It was sponsored by the Federation of SNPJ Lodges of Kansas.

Four other boys and I walked several miles to the picnic grounds. We arrived there at about 2 p. m. Many people were there and many more were coming. About 3 p. m. the program began. Mr. Anton Shuler greeted the audience in his speech, following him was Ed Hartwick. His speech was political (which I don't understand yet). All the SNPJ youngsters got free ice cream. Following the free ice cream we attended races, dash races for boys, girls, women, and men also. We watched the grownups dance and their rush after refreshments. The heat was 100°. The picnic lasted until one the next morning.

Thanks to the adult SNPJ members for trying to encourage and teach us what the SNPJ stands for.

Rudy Kumer (Lodge 65),
R.R. 1, Box 371, Mulberry, Kans.

* *

Colorado Rockies

Dear Editor and Readers:—Here I am back again with you, and I think it's about time! No doubt, we all have reasons for being late.

During August—from 26th to 29th—Louisville held its annual Fall Festival. The Festival was a great success and was composed of dancing, bingo, exhibits, fortune-telling, merry-go-round, and many other things. The

four nights were enjoyed by everyone who attended.

Everyone probably talks of school and the homework that is heaped upon us. I am taking up shorthand, geometry, bookkeeping and English III. We have several new teachers this year—namely, Mr. Stiles for English, Miss Nass for home economics, and Miss Wickham for music.

The weather was simply grand here in Colorado up to this writing, Sept. 24. The days were warm and sunny and the nights cool. Several parts of Colorado are dried out, but still it is smart to be seen in Colorado, to enjoy the scenery, climate and sports. It is just this time of the year when a person can really enjoy the Colorado Rockies. So I must repeat, "Tis a privilege to live in Colorado!"

The mines are working from 4 to 5 days a week. A new mine is progressing about a quarter of a mile from our home. It is said that it will be the largest coal mine in northern Colorado.

The road officers finally decided to oil the highway running past our home. It is terrible walking on it going back and forth to school because it is so dusty.

It is now time for me to conclude my letter. I am wishing the Editor and Members good luck.

I remain, a Mladinski List reader and writer,
Helen Hafner, Box 624, Louisville, Colo.

* *

A Letter from Utah

Dear Editor and Readers:—I was sure happy when I saw my letter in the September M. L.

Last time I wrote that we had floods around here, but on Sept. 2 the flood almost washed us away. About 6:30 in the evening my Mother and I were home alone; my Dad had gone to work. Soon it was raining and hailing, and then a great big mass of water came down. It went through all of our rooms. After, we had to shovel the mud out and wash the floors with a hose. Our neighbors and we had to work all night to get it cleaned out.

And then, in the morning, about 3 o'clock, another flood came, but it wasn't so big.

The mine was closed down for one night and one day, because all the tracks were flooded. Half way up from our house and neighbor's house was full of rocks and mud. We sure had plenty visitors, because they all came to see the flood.

Before the flood we had pretty flowers all around the house, but now we have plenty of rocks. We are all waiting for winter to hurry and come, because then we won't always be afraid of floods.

Now that school has started, I am sure busy. I have 5 teachers, and almost all the time we are playing baseball. We play against the other towns in our vicinity.

The weather is very nice now (Sept. 26).

Best regards to all the Juvenile members.

A Proud Member of SNPJ Lodge 689,

Angeline Yakopich, Castle Gate, Utah.

* *

Dear Editor and Members:—It has been a long time since I've written last to this wonderful magazine, the M. L.

First of all, I shall write about the large celebration in Frontenac, Sept. 18, of Frontenac's own Olympic star, Archie San Romani of cinder track fame, who smiled about his home town yesterday as the town gave a large celebration in his behalf.

The program was opened at 2 o'clock with a parade (through the downtown district) which was very interesting to see. Then followed the high school Alumni football game, with Archie, Olympic star, doing some exhibition running at the half time intermission.

There was also a band concert, with two uncles of the young Olympic star leading the band. His uncles are August San Romani, director of music in McPherson schools, and Archie San Romani, who holds the same position at Arkansas City. At the night celebration several congratulatory telegrams were read, one of those telegrams was from the governor of Kansas who sent greetings to Archie. The telegram read: "As governor of Kansas it gives me great pleasure to extend my greetings to you on this occasion. Kansas is proud of you and the record you have made. All of us take real pride in the elements of sportsmanship which you have displayed." After the telegrams were read, a commemorative medal from the City of Frontenac was presented to Archie. Films of the 1,500 meter run in which Archie placed fourth at the 1936 Olympics were shown. There was also free lunch and refreshments were served.

The festivities closed with a street dance. Archie was to make three appearances in the Midland theater, 10 minutes each, telling of his experiences abroad. We are all proud of him.

I now want to ask for some pen pals, as I would answer their letters as soon as I could. I like to write letters, so please someone write to me.

It seems as if I'm the only one from Girard that has awoken. Let's all wake up and boost this wonderful magazine. I wish Julia Slapshak, Rudy Gabrasec and Dolly Gabrasec would write to the M. L.

I will have to close, for my letter will probably see Mr. Wastepaper Basket before it's published.

A proud member of SNPJ,

Olga Knapich,

R. R. 3, Box 714, Girard, Kans.

* *

SNPJ Picnic at Delegua

Dear Editor and Readers:—On Sunday, Sept. 13, 1936, my Dad took us to Hasting and Delegua to visit some friends. My Father, Mother, brother and I went. While at Delegua, my Dad attended the SNPJ lodge meeting. In the afternoon the lodge gave a big picnic for their Juvenile Members. We were invited to go along. The picnic was three miles above Delegua in a lonely canyon. My friends, Paul and Willie Fatur, were there. They took my brother and me around and we met the other members and played around with them.

There the Adult SNPJ members served sandwiches, pop, ice cream and all-day suckers. There was beer for the grownups. The rest of the time was spent walking and playing.

We wish to thank them all for the lovely time. Some day our Lodge may have a picnic like that. Here's hoping.

Billie Tomsic, Box 121, Farr, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. There isn't very much to say. I am in the 9th grade of the Roosevelt high school. I am 13 years old. I had a good time on my vacation this summer. I went swimming a lot. I have two brothers, one has graduated from the Thomas Jefferson high school. My other brother is going to graduate in June. I will try to write more often.

Wish you all good luck.

Frank Pasarich,
723 Clarkson ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

* *

School's Here Again

Dear Editor and Readers:—At last I got ambitious enough to write to this swell magazine. This is my first (and here's hoping not the last) letter to the Mladinski List.

I sure do like to write letters and that means I'd like some pen pals. So come on and write to me, everyone is welcome.

School is here again, and am I glad! I am 13 years of age and in the eighth grade. My favorite subjects are history and arithmetic. I go to the Universal Jr. high school. We

play basketball at our school and Miss Klinar is my gym teacher.

I went to Burke's Glenn with the members of the SNPJ on the 9th of September. I had a good time roller-skating there.

The Girls' Mushball team of Universal has formed a club in order to buy slacks next summer. The girls in the club have elected Frances Pavlik their Secretary, Julia Bregant, Treasurer, and me as President.

I wish some of the readers would write to me and I would gladly answer.

Tillie Puskarich, Universal, Pa.

* *

Another First Letter

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am sorry that I did not write sooner. I will try to write more often.

I went to Chicago for my vacation and had a very nice time. There are many interesting things to see.

School began September 8. I am a freshman plus. I would like some pen pals and will answer every letter I receive.

I have a little sister whose name is Alice. She is seven years old and in third grade.

This is all I have to write; will write more next time.

Best regards to all. Frances Otorepec,
9 E. 11th st., Peru, Ill.

* *

School Days Are Here Again

Dear Editor and Readers:—I read Mary Turich's letter in the Sept. issue of the Mladinski List, and decided to make her wish come true.

I am 14 years old and am a freshman in high school. I have a brother in the eighth grade, a sister in the seventh, and another brother in the fourth grade. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 141.

Wake up, Universal! Why doesn't Florence Boyt and Joseph Girdick wake up and write to this wonderful magazine!

I wish someone would write to me and I will gladly answer their letters.

Best regards to one and all.

Julia Bregant,
51 Main street, Universal, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. Reading it continually has made me wish that I had written sooner. This fall I started high school, and everyone is calling me "Freshie."

Last summer I have spent many happy days with my associates.

Akron, Ohio, is the greatest rubber manufacturing center in the entire world. I live but a few blocks from one of the most productive factories of its kind. My two oldest brothers and my father all work in the rubber plants.

In closing I would like to say that any of you who wish to correspond with me please do so. I assure you that I will answer. Mary Poderzay and I have written quite a few letters to one another. So please all of you proud M. L. readers, write to me.

Pauline Krino, 420 Kline ave., Akron, O.

* *

Thirty Years of Lodge 442

Dear Editor:—A few months ago, I became a member of Lodge "Slovenske Sokolice", No. 442, SNPJ. This lodge celebrated its thirtieth anniversary on October 17. The officers of the lodge worked very hard for their great celebration. They had a program and a dance.

Two weeks later, on October 31, the Lodge "Vodnikov Venec", No. 147, SNPJ, to which my father belongs, sponsored a dance and other entertainments. Both affairs were held at the Slovene National Home on St. Clair ave. in Cleveland. I had a good time at both affairs and I found out that the adults are very generous to the juveniles, on such occasions.

In my next letter I will write of other doings and happenings in Cleveland.

Elvira Petric, (13 years old),
1231 Addison rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

Going to School

Dear Editor and Readers:—This summer I joined the 4-H Club of sewing. I sewed a little, worked a little, and had some fun. I couldn't find time to write to the M. L. but I finally found some.

School has been going on out here for several weeks. I don't like school but this year it isn't bad just yet.

I generally went to school with Queenie, the pony, but it died. Gee, I miss it. I have to walk to school, but sometimes my father takes me with the car. Or sometimes I walk to my girl friend's house and go with the bus.

I was in Cleveland for a week for my vacation. I had a lot of fun and I wish I could have stayed longer. I didn't go to see the Expo, yet. I don't know whether I'll go or not.

I would like my cousins Mary and Sylvia Prelc and Josephine and Stanley to write to the M. L. and would also like my girl friend Helen Gricher to write, too.

Anna Prelc, RFD 2, Painesville, O.

Annie Will Write More

Dear Editor:—Since this is my first letter to the M. L., I haven't very much to say. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 139, except two of my sisters.

I wish the Mladinski List would come every week instead of every month, then we would not have to wait so long, for I enjoy reading this wonderful magazine. I am going to try to write every month.

Best regards to one and all!

Annie Magdalene, (16),
10713 Prince avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am ten years of age and in the sixth grade. I like to read the Mladinski List. I also like to read the English part of the Prosveta and the Proletarec. My mother thinks both are very good papers. I think it is important to read them, especially now because they tell how the people should vote to have better times than we have now.

We used to live in Oglesby two years ago. We now live in the country. Our farm is near

Starved Rock. Our ground is adjoining the woods of Starved Rock. I enjoy country life very much. We also have very many pets. There are many things to do and to also have very much fun.

I have two brothers and one sister. My two brothers still go to grade school with me, but my sister is going to high school, this being her first year.

I will try to write every month telling about life in the country.

Best regards to Editor and Readers.

Helen Pohar, R. 6, Ottawa, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my very first little letter that I am writing to the Mladinski List. I am 8 years old and I am going to the third grade in school. Last summer I was on my vacation. I have a sister and a brother and we all go to Noble school. I belong to the Singing Club "Škrjančki" (Little Larks). I think someone said we were invited to sing at the Great Lakes Expo. Next time I will write more.

Stella M. Slokar (Lodge 312),
894 E. 237th st., Cleveland, O.

A Good Game

SPEEDING.—A large circle is drawn on the floor, fifty to sixty feet in diameter. This circle is a town or city. A Mayor and Chief of Police are chosen. They each choose one policeman. The other players are divided into groups of two. Each two are an automobile. One stands in front of the other. The rear player puts his hands on the shoulders of the front player. Thus they form an automobile. There are two small circles drawn within the town or city, about three feet in diameter. One is the office of the Mayor and the other is the office of the Chief of Police. These officers stand within these offices and the two policemen stand anywhere within the town or city. The automobiles run through the town. When they

do so they are breaking the speed laws. The two policemen run after them. If any automobile is caught, that policeman takes it to the office of the Chief of Police, who takes it to the Mayor. The Mayor gives the owners some forfeit to pay. In order to get this forfeit back, the owners are given some stunt to perform which must be within reason. Their forfeit must be redeemed before the automobile can be run in the city again. As many automobiles may run as wish through the city or town at once. Any automobile is safe when over the boundary of the city—the circumference of the circle. If there is an extra player he may be an extra policeman or a motorcycle cop.