

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

## VEVERICA

**P**OD oknom stoji  
v pozi možica —  
kakor klicaj:  
— Tu sem! Daj, daj!  
Vrzi mi jedro, ali pa dve:  
eno za v hram, eno za me! —

Pa spleza na okno  
in gleda skozi šipo —  
živi vprašaj:  
— Ali bo kaj?  
Jedrea, jedrea, tri ali pet:  
dve bosta zame, tri pa za v klet! —

Pa vzpne se po oknu,  
podrsa po šipi:  
— Vidiš me, viš?  
Kaj se mudiš?  
Nimaš orehov več? Drugega daj;  
vsaki dan pridem, pripravi mi kaj! —

Rabindranath Tagore:

## Neopaženi prizor

AH, kdo je pobarval to kratko suknjico, dete moje, in pokrili tvoje sladke ude s tem kratkim rdečim krilcem?

Prišlo si zarana ven igrati se na dvorišče, opotekajoč se in padajoč v begu.

Ali kdo je pobarval to kratko suknjico, dete moje?

Čemu se smeješ, ti moj življenja drobnji popek?

Mamica stoji na pragu in se ti smehlja.

Tleska z dlanmi in njene zapestnice zvenijo in ti plešeš s svojim bambusovim trsom v roki kakor droben, droben pastirček.

Ali čemu se smeješ, ti moj življenja drobnji popek?

O beraček, za kaj beračiš, objemajoč z obema ročicama materi tilnik?

O pohlepno srce, naj-li ti utrgam svet kakor plod z neba, da ti ga položim v drobne, rožnate dlani?

O beraček, za kaj vendar beračiš?

Veter radostno odnaša žvenkljanje kraguljčkov na tvojih gležnjih.

Solnce se smeje in te opazuje, ko se oblačiš.

Nebo bedi nad teboj, ko snivaš v naročju svoje mamice in jutro prihaja po prstih k tvoji postelji in ti poljublja oči.

Veter radostno odnaša žvenkljanje kraguljčkov na tvojih gležnjih.

Vila sanj prileta k tebi skozi somračno nebo.

Svetovna mati sedi pri tebi v srcu tvoje matere.

On, ki svira svojo godbo zvezdam, stoji ob tvojem oknu s svojim sviratom.

In vila sanj prileta k tebi skozi somračno nebo.

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 Tri dobe poezije

POEZIJA ima tri dobe, od katerih je vsaka taka, kakoršna je bila pesem človeške družbe: oda, epopeja in drama. Prvotno so imeli lirično, klasično, etično, sedaj pa imamo dramsko pesem.

Oda opeva večnost.

Epopeja slavi zgodovino.

Drama prikazuje življenje.

Značaj prve poezije je: naivnost, druge: prirodnost, tretje: resnica. Oda je sestavljena na idealih, epopeja na plemenitosti, drama pa na resnici. Ta trivrstna poezija je zlasti zajeta iz biblije, Homerja in Shakespearja. To so oblikovni izrazi misli v raznih dobah človeka in družbe. Oblike pa so: mladost, zrelost in starost.

Ko človek preučuje književnost, posamezno ali skupno, vedno pride do zaključka, da so bili lirični pesniki prvi, nato epski in nato dramski. Tako je bil na Francoskem Malerbree pred Shapelenom, Shapelen pred Cornejem; v stari Grški je bil Orfej pred Homerjem in Homer pred Eshilom; Mojzesova knjiga je bila pred knjigo kraljev in knjige kraljev pred Jobovo knjigo—ali če hočemo zopet vzeti poezije skupno: biblija je bila pred Ilijado, Ilijada pred Shakespearjem. Človeška družba opeva to, kar sanja, zatem pripoveduje ono, kar dela, in končno prikazuje ono, kar misli.

—(Victor Hugo.)

# Sanje in življenje

Ivan Jontez

JANEZEK je bil deček zelo bujne domišljije in je zato zelo rad sanjal o belem dnevu in z odprtimi očmi. Ko je čital lepe pravljice o kraljičih v žametu in kraljičinah v židi, ki so prebivali v zlatih gradovih prijetno zvenečih pravljic, je sklenil, da bo postal tudi on takšen princ.

V žamet bo oblečen, za žametnim klobukom mu bo vihralo veliko nojevo pero, ob boku mu bo visela zlata sablja in poleg njega bo drobno stopicala prelepa zlatolasa kraljičina, katero bo vodil skozi krasne vrtove okrog zlatih gradov, ki bodo njuni.

Toda Janezku se te kraljevske sanje niso izpolnile. Namesto žametne obleke je moral obleči zakrpane hlačke iz cenenege cajha in srajčko iz grobega domačega platna, na glavo je prišel preluknjan in razcefran klobuček na stožec, namesto zlate sabljice je moral vzeti v roke v grmu odlomljeno palico, namesto kraljičine je pa stopila edina domača krava Liska, ki jo je moral gnati na pašo, sicer bi ne bilo mleka.

Pozneje je Janezek dobil v roke povesti o Indijancih in jedva jih je bil prečital, že je sklenil postati slaven prerijski lovec. Toda namesto puške je moral vzeti v roke motiko ter iti z njo, namesto na prostrane prerije, na majhno domačo njivico okopavat krompir.

Nato je dobil v roke knjige, v katerih so bila opisana slavna dela slavnih vojskovodij in Janezek je bil brž prepričan, da je bil rojen za generala, ki bo vodil velike armade od zmage do zmage. Oče in mati sta bila pa drugačnih misli in Janezek je moral iti služiti za pastirja k bogatemu kmetu in namesto

velike armade pogumnih vojakov je Janezek vodil po travnikih čredo govedi.

Medtem je Janezek rasel, postal mali hlapec in drugi so ga začeli klicati Janeza. Namesto pravljic je ob prostem času čital romane, v katerih se je vsem dobro godilo in so bili vsi srečni. Tedaj je Janez sklenil postati velik in bogat gospod, ki se bo vozil v razkošni kočiji in živel v udobni palači. Ali se mu bo godilo!

Pa ni postal imeniten gospod in v kočiji se ni vozil. V medkrovju se je pripeljal v Ameriko, kjer se je moral dan za dnevom, leto za letom voziti v temne globine premogovnika, v katerem si je s trdim delom služil vsakdanji košček kruha. Namesto v palači je živel v borni rudarski bajti.

Tedaj je Janez zadnjikrat zasanjal. To pot je bila predmet njegovih sanj prijazna bela hišica, okrog hiše cvetje in zelenje, v hiši pa lepa mlada ženka in zdravi, rdečelični otroci.

Skromne sanje, toda kako so se izpolnile?

Janez je dobil ženko in dobil tudi otroke. Toda živeti so morali v črvivi bajti v zakajeni rudarski naselbini, cvetja in zelenja je bilo malo okrog nje in še tisto vse zanikrno, in sledovi trpljenja in pomanjkanja so vidni na njegovem, njenem in na obrazih njunih otrok, ki niso zdravi in rdečelični, temveč šibki, slabotni in bledih lic.

Janez je danes brezposeln rudar in on in njegovi so odvisni od privatne miloščine. Če danes sploh še kaj sanja, tedaj sanja o stalnem delu in poštenem zaslužku, ki bi njemu in njegovim omogočal človeka vredno eksistenco. Da bi se mu vsaj te sanje izpolnile!—



BESSIE POTTER VONNOK

PLESALKA

KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

## Trije Miklavži

Božična enodejanka

KRAJ: Slovenska naselbina v Ameriki.

ČAS: Današnji. Pod večer pred božičem.

OSEBE: Oče (štirideset let, bolan).

Mati (par let mlajša).

O T R O C I	}	Olga (15 let): prvi Miklavž
		Ray (13): drugi Miklavž
		Berta (11)
		Emil (7)
		Mary (6)

Miklavž—tretji.

(Soba z mizo in stoli; ob strani naslonjač; v kotu na levi predalnik s knjigami in časniki. V ozadju in na desno vrata.)

EMIL in MARY (sedita na tleh, kolikor mogoče v ospredju. Zaposlena sta vsak s svojimi igračkami).

OLGA (vstopi s cunjjo v roki, pogleda po otrokih): Kam naj zapišem, da sta enkrat mirna?

MARY (ki devlje punčko spat): Tiho! Pst! Punčka spi!

OLGA (se namuza): O zato! (Prične brisati prah.)

BERTA (vstopi, na rokah nese sukunjo in kapo): Olga, poišči očetu lanski Družinski koledar.

EMIL (med tem navija traktor, ga postavi na tla, nestrpno kretajoč z rokami, glasno): Tak gibljji se, gibljji! Polž počasni!

MARY (huda): Na, zdaj si pa punčko zbudil, vidiš! Tako kričiš! (Punčki nežno): Le tiho, bebica, spi! (Karajoče): Ako ne boš spala, ne boš rastla!

BERTA: Sebi reci tako, sebi! Tudi zate je čas, da greš spat.

MARY (se dvigne): O, jaz sem pa že velika! Glej! (Se postavi na prste.)

OLGA (ki je medtem poiskala knjigo): Velika za nagajat. To si! Na (ji daje knjigo), to nesí ateku.

MARY: Berta naj nese!

OLGA: Berta gre ven. Ubogaj, ali pa spat takoj!

MARY: Ne grem spat, čakala bom

Miklavža. (Vzame knjigo in odide na desno.)

EMIL (med navijanjem): Olga, ali ti verjameš v Miklavža?

BERTA (sune Olgo s komolcem).

OLGA: Rada bi verjela. (Briše dalje.)

BERTA (Emilu): Daj meni, bom jaz navila ta tvoj traktor. (Navija.)

OLGA: Preveč ga navijaš. Dokraja ga boš pokvarila.

BERTA: Pa naj! Saj ni zanič. Emil bi rajši imel vlak.

OLGA: Hm! (Zmigne z glavo). Vlak . . .

EMIL: Da, vlak. Tak, na električno. Pa bi vozil todle naokoli (kaže okoli sebe). Hej, to bi bilo nekaj!

OLGA: Kar nehaj misliti na vlak. Take igrače, kakor je vlak, ne rastejo za nas.

EMIL (začudeno): Ali vlaki rastejo? (Očitajoče): Saj ne rastejo!

OLGA: Ne, ne! Ko bi rasli kakor hruške na drevesu, potem bi ga morda dobil. Tako pa ne, ker je za nas veliko predrago.

BERTA: Oh, za nas je vse predrago. Vprašam mamo: boš kupila to, ali to, ali to? — Pa pravi vselej: kje, to je za nas predrago! — Nimamo, vidiš, nimamo! — Glej, niti božičnega drevesca ne bomo letos imeli. (Se oblači.)

OLGA: Morda ga bo Ray kupil; če bo toliko revij prodal. Daj, da ti popravim. (*Ji popravlja ovratnik.*)

EMIL: Hornyjev Charlie je pa imel vlak. Pa je vsega razbil. Jaz pa bi ga čuval.

OLGA: Ti bi čuval? Samo srajco poglej, kakšna ti je.

BERTA: Srajca ni vlak, kaj ne, Emil?

OLGA: Brez vlaka smo lahko, brez srajc pa bolj težko. Veseli bodimo, da smo na gorkem in da nismo lačni. In molčimo o vlaku.

EMIL: Charlie pravi, da mu je vlak prinesel Miklavž. (*Pazljivo*): Ali misliš, da je res?

OLGA (*zmigne z rameni*): Ne vem.

BERTA (*se obrne vstran in se smeje v pest*):

EMIL (*odločno*): Povej, ali je Miklavž ali ga ni!

MARY (*vstopi in se bavi s punčko*):

OLGA: Ah, je in ni. Kjer je denar, tam je vse, tudi Miklavž. Kjer pa denarja ni, ni ničesar, niti ne Miklavža. Ali pa je jako reven.

BERTA: Hm, če bi bila jaz Miklavž, bi samo meni prinesla, ne pa takim, ki imajo že vsega zadosti.

OLGA (*se smeje*): Zato pa nisi ti Miklavž, ker bi samo sebi nosila.

BERTA: Tebi tudi!

OLGA: Kaj bi meni prinesla?

BERTA (*nagajivo se smehlja oč*): Nekaj takega, kar ni predrago. Dolgo šibo.

OLGA: O, tako!

BERTA (*glasno se smejoč smukne skozi vrata, pa se takoj spet vrne in govori skozi vrata*): Naš "extra" prihaja.

OLGA: In nese drevesce?

BERTA (*pomahne z roko*): Oh, saj veš kako. (*Odide.*)

RAY (*vstopi par trenutkov kasneje*): V noge in roke me je zazeblo. (*Odloži revije na mizo in prestopaje se udarja nogo ob nogo in si drgne roke.*)

OLGA (*hitro prešteje revije*): Samo pet si jih prodal.

RAY (*prikima*): Samo pet. In še ti ste sem komaj urinil.

OLGA: Joj! Kakšen božič bo to!

MARY (*pristopi*): Si srečal Miklavža?

RAY (*v zadregi pogleda Olgo, ki mu naskrivaj pokima*): Srečal sem ga. In je dejal, da je v krizi. Razumeš?

MARY: Naj bo kjer hoče, samo da meni prinese novo punčko!

EMIL (*se ujezi in vstane*): Zdaj imam pa že tega dovolj. Povejte mi: ali je Miklavž ali ga ni?

RAY (*se postrani ozre v Olgo in zavije ustnice, nato potegne Emila v ospredje*): Vidiš, možiček, to je tako: Kar verjameš, je res; česar ne verjameš, ni res. Torej, ako verjameš v Miklavža, je Miklavž, če ne verjameš vanj — ga ni.

EMIL: Ali mi bo prinesel vlak, če verjamem?

MARY (*se približa in posluša*):

RAY (*silno začudeno*): Kaj? Vlaaak? (*Odmaje z glavo.*) Bolje je, da ne verjameš in da rečeš: ni Miklavža.

MARY (*skoraj jokaje*): Saj si ga videl, Ray, pa praviš, da ga ni.

RAY: Eh, mhm, videl sem ga. Ampak, če bo prišel k nam, ne vem.

MARY: Bo prišel, bo. Mora. (*Veselo poskakuje.*)

MATI (*vstopi, obložena s polnimi škrnielji, za njo Berta s torbico. MALA DVA priskočita in otiplujeta škrnielje*):

MATI: Nič ne tipljita. Krompir, solata, korenje. Na, Olga, odnesi v kuhinjo in daj vsakemu po eno jabolko.

OLGA: Bom. In potem odidem k sosedom za kako uro. (*Odide in za njo Berta, Emil in Mary.*)

MATI (*odloži klobuk in sleče suk-njo*): Nekako mrzlo se mi zdi tukaj. (*Pogleda okoli. Opazi priprto okno*): Jej, jej, poglej no! Sem rekla, odkod tako mrzlo prihaja. Pa ni okno dokraja zaprto. (*Ga zapahne. Maje z glavo*). Ta deca, ta deca, tctctc!

RAY (*se nasmehne*): Gotovo ga je odprl eden od malih dveh, da bo Mi-



klavž lažje noter zlezel. Saj veš!

MATI: Ježeš! Ali še zmirom opleta ta z Miklavžem?

RAY: Emil se je že napol podal, ne pa Mary. Za njo bo treba res Miklavža.

MATI: Saj ne bi nič rekla, ko bi ta presneta Miklavžarija nič ne stala. Pa so preslabi časi.

RAY (*prislukne na vratih, pa se približa k materi, smehljaje se*): Vem, kje bi dobil rdečo suknjo in brado in vse drugo. Pa bi igral pri nas Miklavža. Kaj praviš k temu?

MATI (*ga presenečeno pogleda*): Kaj ti ne pade v glavo! Ali sta se z Olgo zmenila?

RAY: Ah kaj še. Tudi njo in Berto bi presenetil.

MATI: Zastran mene lahko! Samo kaj: Miklavž brez daril, kakšen Miklavž bo to?

RAY (*zviije obraz*): Sem mislil, da bom kaj več revij prodal. Pa ni šlo. In zato —

MATI (*ga s kretnjo prekine*): Počakaj. (*Vzame izpod plašča zavitek.*) Za Mary punčko, za Emila piščalko. Nekaj je le. Boljše ko nič.

RAY: Imaš kaj za Berto in Olgo?

MATI: Za nobeno nič. In zate nič. Če ni, ni. (*Zmigne z rameni*): Spravi zdaj.

MARY in EMIL (*vstopita. Jesta jabolka*).

MATI: No, vidva moja ježa, ne gre sta spat? (*Ju stisne k sebi.*)

MARY: Čakala bom Miklavža.

MATI: In ti Emil?

EMIL: Jaz bom tudi čakal.

RAY: Miklavža? Saj ga ni.

EMIL (*vzdihne*): Oh, kaj jaz vem.

MARY: Pa je, pa je Miklavž! Kaj ne, mama?

MATI: Saj bo prišel, če je. In kmalu mora priti. Spat se mudi. (*Pomenljivo pamigne Rayu. Ray odide.*) In kje je Berta?

EMIL: Šla je ven, gledat okna.

MATI: Tako, zdaj se še malo pograjta in tiho bodita. Atek je bolan, vesta. (*Odide.*)

MALA DVA (*se igrata. Emil postaja zamišljen, končno se nasloni ob koleno in premišlja.*)

(*Zunaj zaropota, vrata se odpro in vstopi MIKLAVŽ.*)

(*EMIL in MARY se vsa zavzeta naglo dvigneta.*)

MIKLAVŽ-OLGA (*s ponarejenim globokim glasom*): Dober večer, otroka. Sta pridna?

MARY (*na desno k vratom na ves glas*): Mama, mama! Miklavž!

MIKLAVŽ (*veličastno*): Da, Miklavž. Z daljnega mrzlega severnega tečaja sem prišel— (*Emil se mu približa in ga natanko ogleduje. Mary strahoma, vendar veselo strmi vanj*) — sem se pripeljal, da vaju pozdravim. Rad bi vama podaril, kar si želita. Tebi, Emil, vlak. Tebi, Mary, veliko lepo punčko. Pa ker so tudi na severnem tečaju slabi časi, so moja darila letos zelo —

MATI (*vstopi, se smehlja*): O, dober večer, Miklavž!

EMIL (*razočarano*): To ni pravi Miklavž! Olgine čevlje ima.

MARY: Pa je. To je moj Miklavž! (*Se ga oklene.*)

MATI: Seveda je to Miklavž. Če je pravi, ne vem. Si pravi Miklavž?

MIKLAVŽ: Jaz sem pravi Miklavž.

MATI (*se naskrivaj nasmehne, potem*): Kje si pustil sani?

MIKLAVŽ: Pri sosedovih.

DRUGI MIKLAVŽ (*vstopi, tudi z globokim glasom*): Dober večer, pridna otroka. (*Opazi svojega tovariša in v zadregi umolkne.*)

MATI: Vesta, otroka, Miklavž ima brata. Pa sta prišla oba.

PRVI MIKLAVŽ: Jaz sem prišel s severnega tečaja. In moj brat z južnega.

DRUGI MIKLAVŽ: In sva se srečala tu pri vas. (*Vzame iz žepa dva zavitka.*) Ti deklica si želiš punčko: tukaj jo imaš. Ti fantek si želiš vlak. Pa vlake delajo samo na severnem tečaju. Na južnem delamo piščalke in

zato sem ti prinesel piščalko. Tukaj! (*Jo da Emilu, ki ga pazljivo gleda.*)

TRETJI MIKLAVŽ (*vstopi medtem*): Dober večer vsem skupaj!

VSI (*se začudeno ozro*).

TRETJI MIKLAVŽ: Pa kakor vidim, nisem sam.

MATI: Prav zares. Koliko pa vas je bratov Miklavžov? Ta je prišel s severa, oni z juga, odkod pa ti?

TRETJI MIKLAVŽ: Jaz sem Miklavž od SLOVENSKE NARODNE PODPORNE JEDNOTE. In kje je ostala družina? Za vse imam darila.

PRVI in DRUGI MIKLAVŽ (*se naglo približata tretjemu, navzdigneta brado in mu šepčeta*).

EMIL (*ki ju je opazil*): O, to sta Olga in Ray! Samo ta je pravi. Bom dobil vlak?

TRETJI MIKLAVŽ (*začudeno*): Vlak? To je luksus.

EMIL: Nočem luksus. Vlak bi rad imel.

TRETJI MIKLAVŽ (*prime Emila okrog rame in ga obrne proti občinstvu*): Poglej, koliko jih je, ki čakajo na darila. Tako dragih stvari, kakor je vlak, ne moremo podariti vsem. Smo veliko prerevni za to. A da bi obdarili samo nekatere, druge pa nič — ali bi bilo to prav?

EMIL (*pomišlja, potem pa odločno zanika*): Ne.

TRETJI MIKLAVŽ: No, vidiš. Saj sem vedel, da si pameten fant.

(*Na desni se vrata počasi odpro. Vstopi OČE, sključen in z boleznim obrazom.*)

BERTA (*vstopi s smrečjimi vejicami v rokah in začudena obstane pri vratih.*)

TRETJI MIKLAVŽ: Oho, oče. Pa vas res hudo drži!

OČE (*se s težavo nekoliko zravna, pogleda naokoli in kremži obraz na smeh*): Oh, oh, niti smejeti se ne morem. (*Proti materi*): Kaj pa pomeni ta miklavžja žlahta tukaj!

MATI: Na, sedi, Frank, sedi. (*Ga pelje k naslonjaču.*)

OČE (*se s težavo spusti v naslonjač*): Jej, jej, meni bi treba Miklavža, meni, da bi mi prinesel denarja za zdravila. A zame ga ni, čeprav so kar trije prišli.

TRETJI MIKLAVŽ: Kako da ne? (*Pristopi.*) Tudi za vas imam nekaj. (*Izpod suknje izvleče listnico.*) Evo! Ček! Bolniška podpora od SLOVENSKE NARODNE PODPORNE JEDNOTE.

OČE (*razveseljen hitro stegne roko, pa se naglo prime za križ in zastoka*): Jej, jej, jej! Skoraj sem pozabil, da sem bolan. Oh, oh, oh — torej od naše JEDNOTE. (*Pogleda naokoli.*) Kje sta Ray in Olga. Vsi morate biti tukaj, da se na svoje oči prepričate, kaj se pravi biti član NAŠE jednote. (*Materi*): Daj, pokliči ju!

PRVI in DRUGI MIKLAVŽ (*se zasmejeta*): Ni treba. Sva oba tu.

OČE (*začudeno*): O—Aha . . . Razumem, ubožčka, razumem. Kakor jaz nad vsem, tako sta tudi vidva obupala nad Miklavžem, kaj ne, pa sta se sama vrgla vanj. Ali tale (*kaže na tretjega Miklavža*) vas je le prekosil. Ali vama je žal zato?

PRVI MIKLAVŽ: O, tisto pa ne.

DRUGI MIKLAVŽ: Prav vesela sva ga. (*Se ga okleneta vsak od ene strani.*) Kaj ne, mi bratje Miklavži?

OČE (*kima z glavo*): Vidite, deca, ko sem mislil, da me je že vse zapustilo, je prišla pomoč. Ne od prijateljev ali znancev, zakaj ti so v bedi ali pa niso daleč od nje. Ne od bogatih kompanij, za katere sem garal skoraj dvajset let. Ampak od organizacije, ki sem ji bil in ostal na svojo srečo zvest. Zapomnite si to in ostanite naši jednoti zvesti tudi vi!

TRETJI MIKLAVŽ: Vi zvesti jednoti — jednota zvesta vam. To so prave besede. In zdaj tisto, kar že komaj čakate: DARILA. Najprej vam otrokom tukaj, potem pa vsej naši veliki družini tam doli.

(DELJENJE DARIL)





ANNOT

DEKLE S PARAZOLOM



## POGOVOR S KOTIČKARJI

### DRAGI BRATCI IN SESTRICE!

*Že zopet ste se postavili z dopisi! To je prav, ne bilo bi pa prav, če bi bili tako skopi z dopisi za to številko kakor ste bili za oktobrsko, ko ste napisali bore tri dopiske.*

*Sedaj pa veselo na delo za decembrsko številko! Napišite vse polno dopisov takoj, da bo lahko izšla prve dni v decembru in da jo boste gotovo tudi dobili v roke pred božičem. Pišite o šoli in delu, o nalogah in nadlogah, o veselju in rajanju, o zimi in snegu — sploh o vsem, kar vas najbolj zanima, ker to zanima vse čitatelje, pa tudi mene.*

*Baš ko je šla ta številka v tisk, sem prejel še par slovenskih dopisov; ti bodo priobčeni v decembrski številki. Potrudite se vsi skupaj, da bo zadnja letošnja številka Mladinskega Lista zelo bogata na slovenskih dopisih. Če vam gre trda pri sestavljanju slovenskih dopisov, pokličite svoje starše, ki vam bodo gotovo drage volje priskočili na pomoč. In tako, z združenimi močmi ter s sodelovanjem v družinski vzajemnosti, boste kaj hitro napolnili prazen papir z lepim dopiskom. Hitro ga potem zapečatite v kuverto, nato pa hajd z njim v pošto skrinjico!*

*Pričujoča številka se ponaša z lepim številom dopisov; potrudite se, da bo decembrska nadkrilila novembrsko.*

*Sedaj pa: Veselo na delo vsi!*

—UREDNIK.

### NA NOGE ZA VEČ DOPISOV!

Dragi urednik!

V oktobrski številki Mladinskega Lista sem videl tri slovenske dopise v "Našem kotičku." Pa sem rekel, da so (smo) postali precej leni, ali pa da imamo preveč dela s šolskimi nalogami. Zato sem se takoj pripravil k mizi z namenom, da napišem nekaj za "Naš kotiček."

Bratci in sestrice! Zakaj pa pogosteje ne pišete v "Kotiček"? Saj vsi radi čitamo naš Mladinski List, ki prinaša

vsepolno zanimivih povesti in poučnih člankov ter lepih pesmi. In urednik zelo rad vidi, če napišemo mnogo slovenskih dopisov; vselej jih je vesel. Večkrat nas opominja, naj pišemo, pa večkrat smo tudi res napisali lepo število slovenskih dopisov. Saj jih je bilo v septembrski številki nič manj ko ŠTIRI-NAJST! Toda to ne zadostuje. Treba je, da stalno vsak mesec pišemo in da vzdržimo veliko število dopisov vsak mesec. Vsi: Na noge za več slovenskih dopisov!

Glejmo, da se bo urednikova želja po več dopisih izpolnila. Sedaj je zima in mnogo časa imamo na razpolago, da lahko napolnimo "Kotiček" vsak mesec s številnimi slovenskimi dopisi. Priznam, da sem tudi sam len, kadar je treba kaj napisati, pa že gre—s pomočjo staršev. No, čitali pa bi že še, če bi kdo drugi pisal. Poskrbimo, da bo mnogo dopisov v decembrski številki in potem naprej tudi v vseh drugih prihodnje leto.

V nedeljo, dne 28. oktobra, smo imeli pri nas lepo proslavo pri društvu št. 19 SNPJ na Mineralu, Kans. Take proslave še nikdar nisem videl. Sedežev je bilo za 1,500 ljudi. Godba je igrala, ljudje so plesali in naraščaj je vmes veselo rajal. Imeli smo tudi govornike. Anton Shular iz Arme, Kans., je govoril. In Bendura iz Baxter Springsa, Oberžan iz Minerala, William Strah iz Cockerilla, Skubitz iz Minerala itd. Potem so dva mala dečka in dve mali deklici lepo zapeli slovenske pesmi. Nastopil je tudi moški kvartet, ki je prav lepo pel slovenske pesmi.

Ko bo ta dopis priobčen v Mladinskem Listu, bodo jesenske volitve že za nami. Slišali smo mnogo govornikov. Ker to pišem pred volitvami, lahko vseeno ugotovim, da bodo zopet ljudje izvolili take, ki jih bodo spet bičali. Ali sem v zmoti? Da bi le bil! Pa skoro gotovo nisem!

Prav lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem in tudi uredniku!

**Johnnie Potochnik (13),**

Route 1, box 47, Arcadia, Kans.

\* \*

## POLETJE, JESEN IN SEDAJ ZIMA!

Dragi mi urednik!

Namenila sem se, da napišem par vrstic za "Naš kotiček" Mladinskega Lista. Opazila sem, da v oktobrski številki ni bilo mnogo slovenskih dopisov. V septembrski številki pa jih je bilo mnogo—ŠTIRINAJST! Upam, da jih bo spet več v tej številki.

Minilo je gorko poletje in nastopila

je hladna jesen, tik za njo pa se je tudi prikradla mrzla zima, ki je že potrkala s svojo mrzlo roko na vrata.

Na vrtu sem imela zelo lepe rdeče nageljne. Zelo sem se bala zanje, da mi jih zima umori. Druge poti ni, kot da jih spravim pod streho, ali pa da jih pustim, da pozebejo. A pozebsti ne smejo! Cvetlice so moje največje veselje; ljubim jih najbolj.

Prosim, da priobčite to-le Gregorčičevo pesmico:

### Lastovki v slovo

Mrzel veter tebe žene,  
drobna ptičica, od nas,  
kjer z nad lipice zelene  
si nam pela kratek čas.

Zdaj pa iz zvonika line  
zadnjo pesem žvrgoliš,  
ker čez hribe in doline  
v tople kraje si želiš.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem!

**Mary Volk,**

702 E. 160th st., Cleveland, O.

\* \*

### POTRKALA JE STARKA ZIMA

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, dovolite mi spet malo prostora v Mladinskem Listu, da prispevam par vrstic za "Kotiček" kot po navadi. Mladinski List vsi radi čitamo, ker je vreden, da ga čitamo, zato pa smo mu dolžni, da napišemo več slovenskih dopisov.

Poletje je minilo in minile so razne zabave, ki so se vršile na prostem—izleti, pikniki in igre, plavanje in rajanje. Minile pa so tudi počitnice, ki smo jih bili tako veseli.

Nastopila je jesen, ki nam je prinesla šolo in delo ter skrb. Sedaj se moramo pokoriti v šoli vsak teden. To pa je dobro, da se kaj naučimo, dokler smo mladi. Kar se bomo mladi naučili, bomo tudi znali ko dorastemo. Jaz se učim igrati na harmoniko. Sicer gre počasi,

pa bo že šlo boljše, ker me veseli tako učenje.

Sedaj pa je minila tudi jesen, kajti potrkala je že starka zima in pognala lepo jesen v pozabnost. Upanje pa imamo, da bo zima tudi kmalu prešla in da bo prišla spet lepa pomlad. Toda do takrat je še dolgo, dolgo, predolgo. Pa jo bomo že pričakali.

Iskren pozdrav vsem skupaj in tudi uredniku!

**Albert Volk,**

702 E. 160th st., Cleveland, O.

\* \*

### NAPREJ Z DOPISI!

Cenjeni urednik!

Zadnjič je bil Naš kotichek res skoro prazen, tako malo dopisov so (smo) napisali. Prejšnji mesec jih je bilo kar ŠTIRINAJST, potem pa samo tri.

Morda je temu krivo to, ker prihaja M. L. šele zadnje dni v mesecu za tekoči mesec. Boljše bi bilo, če bi prihajal bolj zgodaj, vsaj v prvi polovici v mesecu.

Jaz sem hitro napisala ta dopis, moj bratec pa je pogledal, če je njegov priobčen. Pa je bil malo razočaran, ker ni nič napisal.

Starka zima je že potrkala na naše duri. Zvečer je deževalo, čez noč je pa vse pomrznilo. Še prejšnji dan so lepo cvetele rožice v vrtu, naslednje jutro pa so bile obložene z ledom in so seveda žalostno pozeble. Tudi snežilo je, pa ne dolgo, le toliko, da je sneg pobelil tla in nam pokazal zimsko suknjo. Dasi je pozimi mrzlo, vendar otroci radi vidijo sneg.

Dragi bratci in sestrice! Želim, da se boste odzvali uredniškemu vabilu ter da boste napisali več dopisov za Kotichek. Tudi če ne moremo pravilno slovenski pisati, saj nam bo urednik drage volje vse popravil, tako da bo za javnost. Urednik nam vselej pomaga, kar nam daje vedno novega poguma.

Prisrčen pozdrav vsem!

**Olga Vogrin,**

2419 N. Main ave. Scranton, Pa.

### MARION HOČE VEČ SLOVENSКИH DOPISOV

Cenjeni urednik!

Zima prihaja in nastopili so dolgi večeri. To nam daje dovolj časa za pisanje in čitanje in tudi za igranje. Zato pa, mladi dopisovalci, pobrigajmo se, da bo v našem Mladinskem Listu čim več slovenskih dopisov. Četudi imamo precej šolskega dela na naših rokah, vseeno lahko napišemo kakšen slovenski dopisek za "Naš kotichek." Naprej!

V naši šoli smo dobili mali mladinski šolski tednik, ki se imenuje "My Weekly Reader." Preskrbela nam ga je naša učiteljica, ki je zanj poslala naročnino, ki stane 20c do februarja. Je zanimiv list in nam pove marsikaj koristnega in kaj se godi po svetu.

V naši šoli prodajamo slaščice, zanje smo dobili precej denarja in s tem denarjem je naša učiteljica kupila knjige.

Na 17. oktobra smo prejeli naša prva spričevala (report cards). Jaz sem dobil pet A's, šest B's in en C. To pač ni preslabo, kaj?

Pozdrav vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

**Marion Mike Jereb,**

92 Lincoln ave., North Irwin, Pa.

\* \*

### DA, VEČ DOPISOV!

Cenjeni urednik!

V zadnji izdaji Ml. Lista so se slovenski dopisi precej skrčili. Ne vem kaj je temu vzrok? Morda šola dopisnike zadržuje od pisanja? Kar pa ni verjetno. Vsakdo bi si lahko vzel enkrat v mesecu toliko časa, da bi napisal par vrstic za "Kotichek".

Tu v Clintonu in okolici je dosti slovenskih družin, ki so vsi člani naše jednote, pa ne vidim nikoli dopisa od njih v "Kotichek". Morda vsi spijo.

Torej vsi na noge! Napolnimo s slovenskimi dopisi "Naš kotichek" do zadnjega koticčka!

Jesenske volitve so za nami. Republikanci in demokrati so se pridno pri-

pravljali na volitve v Clintonu. Obe stranki sta tekmovali med seboj katera dobi več volilcev na svojo stran s tem, da jih sta vabili na shode, kjer je dosti jedače in pijače zastoj. Demokrati so imeli 22. okt. shod, kjer so snedli kar štiri prašice, katere so zrezali na 2,500 vložkov in tudi pijače ni manjkalo. Ne-ki reliefnik, ki je bil na tej gostiji, je izjavil, da bi se morale take gostije prirejati tudi po volitvah, ne samo pred volitvami, vsaj 365-krat na leto, potem bi lahko izhajali brez relifa.

Ker nimam nič posebnega poročati, zato sklenem ta dopis, za nameček pa dodam še to-le pesmico:

#### Iz otročjih ust

Bil Urh je deček mlad,  
poreden kakor škrat—  
nelepo za otroka.

Zadene ga enkrat  
zato na zadnjo plat  
očetova močna roka

Pa vzdihne: "Ljubi Bog,  
ne dajaj več otrok  
očetu, ampak mami.

Ona je bolj nežnih rok,  
oče je prestrog,  
ne zna ravnati z nami."

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in Vam!

Josephine Mestek,  
638 N. 9th st., Clinton, Ind.

\* \*

#### POREDNI HALLOWEENARJI

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Snoči (31. okt.) je bil znani večer Halloween. Letos se nisem udeležil rajanja z drugimi, pač pa sem maske in pocestno maškerado opazoval z našega porča. Moja sestra se je "oblekla" in šla z maskami, jaz pa sem se zabarikadiriral na porču in sem jih škropil z mrzlo vodo. To je bilo zabave! Zraven sem pa imel mojega psička, ki sliši na ime "Snoopy".

Ko so halloweenarji prišli k naši hiši, so začeli peti in tudi razgrajati, naš "Snoopy" pa jim je pomagal basirati, ali pa je skakal po njih in se jezil, če so se hoteli z njim igrati. Vem, da jim je bil v največje napotje. Jaz pa sem se tega veselil, ker jim je tako lepo nagajal.

Bilo je že pozno, ko so se (krog 9. zvečer) moji prijatelji Teddy, Bobby in Cleg pokazali z drugo skupino halloweenarjev. Moja mama pa se je začela jeziti, zakaj vendar že enkrat ne mirujejo za ta večer. Tudi Snoopy ji je prišel na pomoč in se je zaganjal v prišlece. Ampak Teddy in Bobby se ga nista ustrašila, ne matere ne Snoopyja, ker oba dobro poznata. Mama pa ni vedela kdo sta. Spoznala ju je šele v kuhinji, ko sta maske vzela z obraza. Potem je šele razumela, zakaj ju je Snoopy tako lepo vohal in jima ni preveč nagajal.

Iskren pozdrav!

Felix Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.

\* \*

#### "ZAČASNA ODSLOVITEV"

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

Veste, sedaj pa nimam nič kaj veselega poročati, zakaj moj daddy, kot tudi dosti drugih, je bil odpuščen za "nedoločen čas." Pa je minilo že 6 tednov od takrat. Morda bo spet šest tednov predno dobijo delo nazaj.

Naša šola je okej. Imamo kar 9 učiteljev. Sedaj hodim v Smithfield šolo. Da bi nas le Vi videli ko se peljemo z busom v šolo! Vsi se tako modro in resno držimo, kot bi se peljali k papežu ali predsedniku. In vsi smo tako tiho, kakor se menda spodobi. Naši učitelji ali učiteljice so dobri, pa tudi dosti nalog nam dajo.

Prav lep pozdrav vsem dopisnikom in čitateljem M. L.!

Alice Strajnar,  
box 88, Piney Fork, O.



**DA BI LE KMALU SNEŽILO!**

Cenjeni urednik!

Ravno ko to pišem, pada zunaj dež. Prav lepo ga je slišati. Upam, da se bo spremenil dež v sneg, ki ga tako težko pričakujem. In ko bo res snežilo, bom naredila kepo, ko pa bo prišel Nace iz njegovega "brloga", ga bom prav pošteno nakepala. Potem mu bom pa ponudila moje sanke, da se bova malo popejljala po snegu.

Sedaj pa en srčkan pozdrav vsem dopisnikom M. L., uredniku M. L. pa izrekam lepo pohvalo za njegovo delo!

Virginia Strajnar,  
box 88, Piney Fork, O.

\* \*

**KAKO JE MOŽIČEK PREVARIL  
POLICAJA**

Cenjeni čitatelji!

Tudi jaz sem se namenila, da napišem par vrstic. Kako rada bi pisala pisemce za oktobrsko številko M. L., pa sem bila prepozna, ker sem imela pre-

cej dela — nisem bila lena. Mislila sem tudi, da mi ne bo več treba sedeti v šoli, ker sem velika, pa moram, ker sem še premlada, da ne bi več pohajala šole. Pa saj je lepo v šoli.

Dragi Kotičkarji! Tudi vam bom povedala eno zanimivo. Nekoč je imel neki mož konjička. Pa je prišel policaj in mu je konjička vzel, ker ni smel na cesti stati. Pa je rekel mož: "Daj mi mojega konja nazaj!" Trikrat mu je to rekel. Policaj pa mu ga ni hotel dati. Pa je rekel mož, če mu ne da konja, da bo nekaj takega naredil, da si nihče ne more misliti kaj. Policaj se je prestrašil in vrnil konja lastniku ter vprašal moža, kaj bi naredil, če mu ga ne bi bil vrnil. "Veš kaj," je dejal mož, "drugega bi kupil."

To je bilo pač smešno, kaj?

Vesele pozdrave vsem, ki točitajo, seveda tudi uredniku, ki bo ta dopis uredil!

Albina Kalister, box 77, McIntyre, Pa.





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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Mary Jugg:

## NOT ALONE IN HISTORIES

*JOHNNY* opened wide his history book  
And read about Hammurabi  
And Hannibal and Jengis Khan:  
Rulers, emperors, who mighty empires built.  
And he must learn the date their armies marched  
To such and such a place,  
And how much land they gained at each attempt,  
How many captives they brought home with them.  
All this he learn must that he may know  
Just where to mark the plus and minus signs  
That will determine whether he go out for grid practice or not.  
These were rulers of the by-gone days  
When pyramids were built from the blood of slaves,  
And castles from the sweat of serfs —  
When gods of Mammon muttered, "The poor have always been with us."  
How glad that Johnny was not born then!

(Johnny's father throws his pail  
And slumps into a chair.  
They got me now! They got me!  
They got me now! They got me!  
In the dark of the shops I was robbed of my youth!  
They threw me out! They jeered —  
They of the cottages down by the seashore —  
They of the shiny, streamlined cars —  
They of the boxes in Horseshoe Row.  
With a wave of the hand they dismissed me.  
"There's a relief station down on Polk Street, you know.")

## INDIAN SUMMER

By ELLIE WILCOX BURT

**I**NDIAN summer, autumn's glory, stepping high in  
 scarlet shoes  
 Over leaves of flame and copper, carpets wove in  
 myriad hues.  
 With her filmy purple mantle drifting in the spicy  
 air  
 And her scarf of white clouds, misty, floating 'cross  
 the heavens fair;  
 'Round her head the pale fall sunshine form a halo  
 —silver, gold.  
 Waking with its warmth late flowers, slumb'ring in  
 the verdant wold.  
 Leaves now dying shed their fragrance mixed with  
 odor of wood smoke,  
 In the air a sudden quick'ning, warning summer may  
 revoke,  
 And tomorrow's winter vanguard may replace with  
 icy gleam  
 Autumn's glory, Indian summer, passes like a fleet-  
 ing dream.

## HIS UNLUCKY DAY

**W**UNST I got mad at maw,  
 I don't remember why,  
 But I 'ist walked right off to school  
 'Thout tellin' her good-by.

A big ol' lump came in my throat  
 An' purt near made me cry,  
 For me an' maw is awful pals  
 An allus kiss good-by.

An' might near everything I did  
 Went wrong, looked like to me;  
 I stubbed my toe, an' tore my waist,  
 An' fell an' skinned my knee.

I missed in 'rithmetic, an' lost  
 A chanst to go up head,  
 An' in the spellin' class I left  
 A letter out of "dead."

An' that ol' lum growed, an' I says  
 "Spose if my maw should die  
 Right now, an' me a-leavin' her  
 'Thout kisin' her good-by?"

Now, never mind what happened  
 When I seen my maw, but I  
 'Ist bet I won't go 'way no more  
 'Thout kissin' her good-by.

—C. N.



JULIUS MOESSEL

AUTUMN

## Playing For "Keeps"

JACK MURPHY was the leading marble shooter on the old Boone-slick Road before it was paved and saw the great stream of traffic which now pours over it every day. Jack was a crack shot and he shot for "keeps."

Shortly after school was out, his cousins, who were twins, Jerry and Jimmy Jackson from the town of Spring Bluff, came out to visit him. The twins looked their part. It wasn't possible to tell one from the other. Both wore button shoes and red and white striped waists.

Jerry and Jimmy each brought along a sack of bright new marbles, most of them agates and glassies. No sooner had the twins landed at Jack's home than the latter proposed, "Come on, let's get out in the road and play marbles."

Jack had the pockets of his overalls filled with an assortment of old dirty marbles that were weather-beaten, chipped and faded. When these were placed in the ring with those of the new town marbles, the twins laughed and Jerry said, "Some marbles you have there, Jack. Nothing like ours!"

Jack was angry but managed to control himself, "Shucks, what's the difference? These old ones make the best taws. I wouldn't trade them for anything."

So the games were played. Jack said little, but was thinking much. "I'll get even with them for that! I'll have all those marbles in my pocket before they go home," thought Jack.

Jack played a careless game. In fact he purposely permitted Jerry and Jimmy to win most of the time. He led them to believe that he was a poor shot.

So matters went until the day before the cousins were to go home. "Today's my inning," thought Jack.

No sooner was breakfast over than Jerry proposed, "How about a few more games at marbles, Jack?"

"Okay, Jerry, how would you like to play 'keeps?'"

"What's playing 'keeps?'" asked Jimmy.

"Why, you keep all the marbles you knock out."

"Well, that's easy," cut in Jerry. "But what do we want with your old marbles?"

Jack was irritated again. He was almost ready to lick Jerry but he held his peace.

The game was on! Jerry was the first shot and knocked out three. "They're mine, Jack, you know."

"That's right," Jack replied.

Now it was Jack's turn. Crack! He knocked out two with his first shot. Then before he had finished his turn five more. He avoided shooting at his own battered pee wees, but singled out the bright new agates and glassies. The first game netted Jack fifteen.

"We're not done yet," said Jimmy.

"No, not yet," whimpered Jerry.

So they put a dozen more new marbles in the ring and Jack matched them from his old bag. The second game saw him take ten more of the proud lot.

But the twins still had hopes. "Let's put in the rest," said Jimmy.

"Here goes," answered Jerry.

By this time the twins were so nervous they could hit nothing, and Jack took them all.

"Give us our marbles back!" both boys yelled.

"Nothing doing, we played 'keeps,'" snapped Jack.

"You're just an old cheat," said Jimmy.

Little was said at the dinner table that day. Mr. Murphy thought the



fact that the boys were thinking of the soon-to-be-parting. Finally Jack asked, "Dad, isn't it all right to play keeps?"

"Well, most kids think it is O. K., but a dishonest dollar will always burn a hole in your pocket."

There the conversation ended. Jack studied his father's face, but said nothing.

After dinner he went out to the barn to water Billy, his favorite pony. As he was riding to the creek the new marbles were clicking in his pocket. He took them in his hand. They felt quite warm. "They are burning a hole in my pocket," thought Jack. "I'll throw 'em in the creek."

Then he decided that that would not be right; it would not be fair to his cousins who were his guests.

When he returned to the house his mother had put Jimmy's and Jerry's coats on the bed for them to wear on the train. When no one was looking Jack carefully divided the agates and the glassies and slipped them in the boys' coat pockets.

Soon it was necessary to say "good-bye." Jimmy and Jerry put on their coats at the depot. Jerry felt the marbles as Jimmy exclaimed, "Look, here's my marbles, but no they're yours, Jack."

"No, fellows, I don't want them, they're yours. They almost burned a hole in my pocket."

---

## Why Exercise Is Essential

It appears to be a law of nature that what is not used becomes wasted and useless. This is very true of muscles of the human body. Muscles which are not exercised finally reach the stage where they can not accomplish the uses for which they were designed.

Often we notice persons having round shoulders, hollow chests, uncertain steps, inability to lift ordinary weights and to do other things. The cause of all this is the lack of muscular development because some muscles have not been used as they should have been.

There are about four hundred muscles in the human body. Even in persons who are in good health some of these muscles are used very little. Some are used even less when no physical exercise is taken. Such disuse and dete-

rioration of some of the muscles weakens the whole body. In India the "holy men" often spend long hours in the same position; thus they finally lose all muscular strength to help themselves, as their legs become withered by a lack of exercise of the muscles. Some of them have their hands tied behind their backs for months and years, so that when the hands are untied they are unable to bring them forward.

We are getting almost as helpless as these men. Automobiles, telephones and radios result in less walking, which is the best form of all exercise. The best substitute is setting-up exercises, preferably in the morning, frequent change of position at work, deep breathing when out in the fresh air. Plenty of muscular action every day is quite essential to good health.

## Nothing Will Die

*Nothing will perish; it is only the form that changes. There is no death; there is only change. It is a truth as plain as the hills, and as old. We find it in science and in poetry. Here is the way Tennyson said it.*

WHEN will the stream be weary of flowing under my eye?  
 When will the wind be weary of blowing over the sky?  
 When will the clouds be weary of fleeting?  
 When will the heart be weary of beating? And nature die?  
 Never, oh! never, nothing will die;  
     The stream flows, the wind blows,  
     The cloud fleets, heart beats,  
 Nothing will die.

Nothing will die;  
 All things will change  
 Through eternity.  
 'Tis the world's winter;  
 Autumn and summer  
 Are gone long ago;  
 Earth is dry to the centre,  
 But spring, a new comer,  
 A spring rich and strange,  
 Shall make the winds blow  
     Here and there,  
 Till the air

And the ground  
 Shall be filled with life anew.  
 The world was never made;  
 It will change, but it will  
 not fade,  
 So let the wind rage;  
 For even and morn  
     Ever will be  
     Through eternity.  
 Nothing was born;  
 Nothing will die;  
 All things will change.

*And here is the way a scientist said it. He was Camille Flammarion, the most famous French astronomer of our time, who believed that only our thoughts are ourselves, and that the fading and changing of the matter of which our bodies are made leave the mind and soul of man immortal still.*

The laws of Nature regulate the movements of the atoms in living creatures as well as in inorganic matter.

The same molecule passes successively from a mineral body in to a vegetable body or an animal, and incorporates itself.

The molecule of carbon dioxide breathed out from the gasping bosom of a dying man on his bed of pain, incorporates itself in the flower in the garden, the blades of grass in the meadow, the tree in the forest. The molecule of oxygen that escapes from the last living twig of the old oak tree incorporates itself in the fair head of the child in the cradle. We change not a whit in the composition of natural bodies.

Nothing is born, nothing dies. Only the form is perishable; the substance is immortal. We are made up of the dust of our ancestors, of the same atoms and of the same molecules. Nothing is created; nothing is lost. The atoms travel from one being to another, guided by natural forces.

## The Battlefield Within A Man

THE mental eye can nowhere find greater brilliancy or greater darkness than within man; it cannot dwell on anything which is more formirable, complicated, mysterious, or infinite. There is a spectacle grander than the ocean, and that is the sky; there is a spectacle grander than the sky, and it is the interior of the soul.

To write the poem of the human conscience, were the subject only one man, and he the lowest of men, would be reducing all epic poems into one supreme and final epic. Conscience is the chaos of chimeras, envies, and attempts, the furnace of dreams, the lurking-place of ideas we are ashamed of; it is the pandemonium of sophistry, the battlefield of the passions. At certain hours look through the livid face of a reflecting man, look into his soul, peer into the darkness. Beneath the external silence combats of giants are going on there, such as we read of in Homer; struggles with dragons and hydras and clouds of phantoms, such as we find in Milton; and visions such as Dante introduces us to.

A glorious thing is the infinitude which every man bears within him, and by which he desperately measures the volitions of his brain and the actions of his life.

—Victor Hugo.

## The Three Butterflies

ONE morning three gay little butterflies, a red, a yellow and a white, were playing in the garden in the sunshine. They danced happily from flower to flower and never grew tired. Presently a cloud slipped in front of the sun, and the garden grew gloomy, but still they danced above the flowers. But when the rain began to fall and to wet their pretty gauzy wings, they flew home. But alas! the door of their house was locked.

Back to the garden they flew, and up to a tall white lily. "Beautiful lily," they said, "let us creep into your flower so that the rain will not hurt us." "I will take the white butterfly in," said the lily, "because she looks like me; the others I do not like." Then the white butterfly said: "if you will not shelter my sisters, I will not come in either." And the three flew away in the rain,

dancing no longer but looking sad and sorry.

It rained harder and harder, and they flew to a gay red and yellow tulip. "Open your blossom, tulip," they cried, "and let us slip in out of the rain." The tulip was haughty. "I will open for the red and yellow, they wear my colors, but the white I do not like." Then the red and yellow butterflies said: "if our sister may not come in, neither will we; it is better for us to get wet together than to desert one another," and they flew away.

The sun back of his cloud curtain heard and was pleased they were so unselfish and loved one another. So he pushed his way through the clouds, drove away the rain, and soon again the butterflies danced happily in the garden.

## Slivers Cause Many Injuries

A LITTLE thing like a splinter in a finger doesn't usually take on much significance, but nevertheless splinters have caused much pain and even death.

In a recent article Mr. Robert B. Northrup, safety inspector in the department of labor, State of New York, has the following to say about splinters and how much they cost in his state in one year:

"Splinters are no negligible phase of an accident prevention problem. They cost in compensation more than \$350,000 for the year ended June 30, 1929, in New York State.

"It would be exceedingly rare to find a person who has not experienced a splinter injury. Such accidents run from the most trivial to the most serious ending in death.

"A sufficient number of cases have been investigated to disclose salient causes, sources, remedies and preventive means concerning this type of injury. A splinter makes a punctured wound that can not be treated properly by laymen. This is the vital issue in such an injury. Prompt medical attention must be secured, or the result is a great tendency to infection. This is proved by the fact that 13 per cent of compensated injuries from all causes become infected, whereas 82 per cent of the compensated injuries from splinters are infected.

"The average person considers a splinter injury as of very minor importance and in many cases it is, but there is no certainty that it will not result in the loss of a hand or arm and it may even cause death.

"In the New York City district the average number of compensated splinter accidents is thirty-five per day; the total for the district, 10,500 per year; and for the state, 14,400 per year. Last year infections resulted in 6336 of this total of 14,000.

### Much Time Lost

"The severity of industrial accidents is judged by the amount of time lost by the worker. A table of splinter accidents shows that in one year fifty-seven days were lost from accidents in apartment houses; thirty days from bakery accidents; forty-eight from handling wooden packing cases; forty-eight in grocery stores, and forty-two in restaurants.

"Shovel handles seem a prolific cause of splinter injuries; mop wringing, box opening, carpentry, bundling newspapers with coarse fiber rope, pulling ropes of dumb waiters, picking bones out of fat, are occupations from which painful splinter accidents often result. Slivers (metal splinters) as distinguished from wood or fiber splinters, may lead to much the same results and may be encountered in handling steel or brass castings.

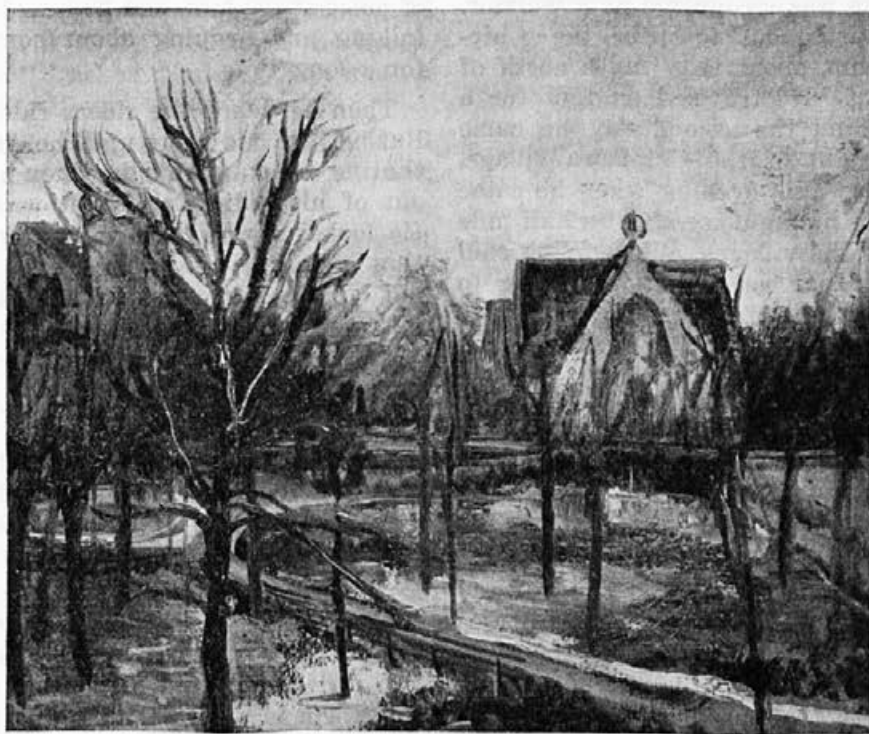
"A word of caution is necessary concerning wearing gloves and other protectives. Workers should wear gloves that are strong, not torn, and should fit well. Proper shoes, protective hand pads and aprons, for occupations in which the danger from splinters or slivers is obvious, should be provided, employers giving greater care to working conditions, to the quality of working material (such as fiber rope) for the avoidance of accidents in which the worker's carelessness is less frequently a factor.

In small isolated activities both the employer and worker are apt to know very little about accident prevention or the care of injuries. The message of 'Safety First' has probably never reached them, an ignorance for which neither is responsible; it is the responsibility of society. This is the difficult small-plant problem. There are many small plants scattered all over the state, in which the proportion of accidents is

very large, and it is difficult to teach them. Only the government can fully spread the necessary knowledge through its control and regulation.

The outstanding feature of the investigation was the fact that it led into the 'No Man's Land' of prevention

work; apartment house-cleaning with one or more workers; a two-man bakery on the outskirts of the city; small house builders and grocers with one or two men. The state can afford to undertake the education of such small and isolated units and to point out where accidents are likely to occur.



LAMA SLOBE

BLEAK SABBATH



## “Outwitting The Chippewas”

Andrew Yankton

“WHITE WING,” a friend of my grandfather was talking of the olden days when Buffaloes roamed the prairies of the Dakota territory, when he told of the incident that happened to him when the “White Wing” was old enough to become a warrior. It used to be the custom among the Sioux to scalp an enemy or take, or steal a horse before he was recognized as a warrior.

He started out towards the Chippewa camp, about fifty miles north of his camp. He traveled on foot for a day and on the second day he came within sight of the Chippewa village. It was towards evening when he came out of his hiding place about a half mile south of the village. White Wing said he knew that something was going to be on tonight, for the cry had gone around the villages announcing something to happen that night.

He went towards a hill just west of the village and laid on top of the hill watching the Indians go about watering their horses and getting the horses staked out.

He was selecting which horses to take. He went back over the hill and was sneaking over to where some horses were staked, when a boy by the river saw him and gave the alarm. White Wing saw that he was trapped for he was on foot and he would not get back to the river fast enough to get away, so he said he would die fighting. He

ran back up the hill and drew out his bow and arrows and came to a big rock to brace himself against it from behind. As he stood there ready to fight he saw some gooseberries growing along the rock. He slid feet first under the rock and fixed the gooseberry branches so everything looked natural. As he lay under the rock he soon heard a lot of noise above him, and he heard people talking and arguing about something for a long time.

Then he heard the riders ride away. But he just laid there until he was sure that no one was around. Then he came out of his hiding place; it was dark. He looked toward the village and saw that a dance was in progress. So he put his blanket over his head and came into the village and joined the feast. He ate with them and when the fellow next to him asked something he merely grunted out his approval of the food.

When he ate enough he started out toward the horses and selected three good horses and started on toward the camp. That is how White Wing got to be a warrior.

Later some Chippewas in peace time told of how the Indians saw a spirit run up the hill and disappear, and he told them in return that it was he who ran up the hill and hid under the rock and did not come out until darkness came.



# Topaz

By Elsa Barnes

"MOTHER! Mother!" cried little 8-year-old Nancy running into the room, where her mother sat. "Betty said I could have her little yellow kitten. May I? May I?" asked Nancy, getting excited. "Father said I may," she continued, "and it is so sweet."

"Well, I think so, Nancy, since you want it so much, but you will have to take care of it," said her mother. "I will, I will. May it sleep in the house, Mother?" asked Nancy. Her mother nodded, "If you will watch it."

"I will watch it. I will watch it. I am going to get it now." She kissed her mother "thank you."

A day or so after she had gotten her kitten, she was sitting in the yard playing with her. "I wonder what I must name you. 'Goldie' would be nice, but it is too common. 'Sunbeam'—I don't like that. 'Fluffy'—you won't be fluffy long." Suddenly, she thought of her mother's yellow ring. "Topaz. I'll name you 'Topaz.'" And "Topaz" purred softly.

The ring had been her grandmother's engagement ring, given to her by her lover from France. It was her moth-

er's now. She didn't wear it much, for it might get lost.

Topaz waked her from her day-dreaming by playfully patting her on the cheek.

"Nancy, Nancy," her mother called. "Coming, Mother." Then as she put Topaz in her bed she said: "Be good, darling."

At about 1:30 in the morning, Topaz was awakened by somebody walking. She knew it was not Nancy or Nancy's father or mother. It must be a stranger. She walked up to him and started rubbing against his leg and purred. He pushed her away and started walking toward the door. A loud cat yell! He had stepped on Topaz' tail. She ran into Nancy's father's room and jumped up on his face.

"What's this?" he asked, surprised. Then he saw the burglar. He got his gun and said, "Stick 'em up!" The burglar yielded and the police got him.

After he was in jail her mother said, "He might have gotten my topaz ring." Father said, "He might have gotten my stick-pin," and Nancy said, "He might have gotten Topaz."

And Topaz purred.

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*What the Sages Have Said*

## ABOUT MOTHER

*Oh, wondrous power! how little understood, entrusted to the mother's mind alone, to fashion genius, form the soul for good, inspire a West, or train a Washington.*

—Mrs. Hale.

\* \* \*

*The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom.*

—H. W. Beecher.

\* \* \*

*Maternal love! thou word that sums all bliss.*

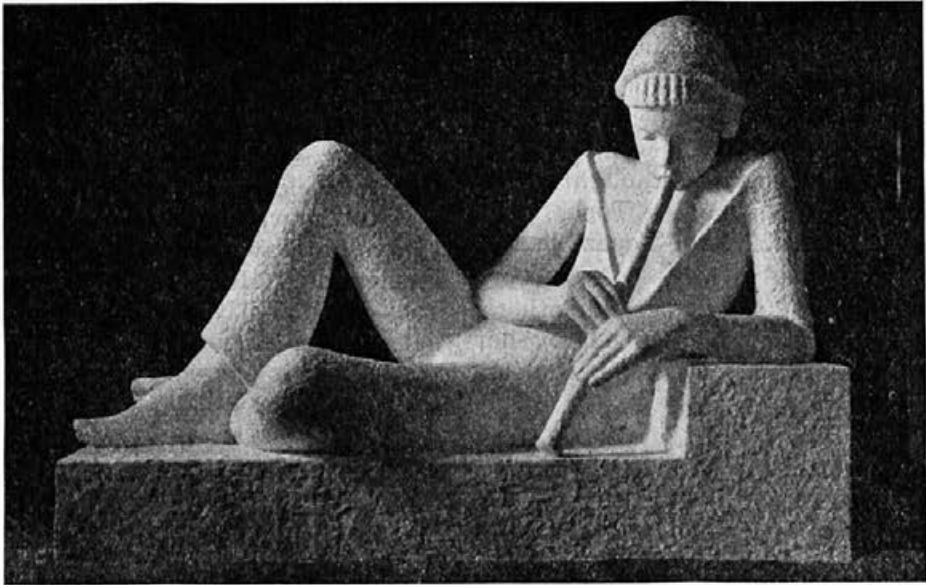
—Pollak.

## Man Must Turn Himself To Good Account

**M**AN'S greatest treasure is man himself. In order to turn the Earth to good account man himself must be turned to good account. In order to make proper use of the soil, of the mines, of water power, of every substance and every latent force in our planet, we need mankind as a whole.

If the entire globe is to be made the most of, white, yellow, and black all must work together. By decreasing, by reducing, by weakening a part of mankind we are working against ourselves. It is our advantage that the yellow and black man be powerful, rich, and free. Our prosperity, our wealth, depend on their prosperity and their wealth. The more they produce, the more they will consume. The more they profit by us the more we will profit by them.

Let them enjoy freely the fruits of our toil, and we shall enjoy freely the fruits of theirs.  
—Anatole France.



SYLVIA SHAW JUDSON

SHEPHERD



## Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

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

### BEFORE "THE LAST ROUND-UP"

DEAR CONTRIBUTORS:—

*Yes, we—you and I—are facing "the last round-up." I don't mean by this that we are engaged in gathering together cattle on some range 'way out West by riding around them and driving them in for branding or killing. Indeed not!*

*None of that; although most of you—and I, too—many times wish we could spend at least a few days 'out west' to see some of the wonderful things we so often hear and read about, about the "Wild and Woolly West," as one of our contributors recently referred to.*

*What I am driving at is this. With this number of the Mladinski List we are almost ready and prepared to conclude this year's work. We are just 'before the last round-up'—gathering material for the last number of the M. L. this year. Soooo, round-up your energy and spirit and write that next little letter of yours NOW and mail it at once, so that it will appear in the December number without fail.*

—THE EDITOR.

#### OHIO VS. PENNA

Dear Editor and Contributors:—

Thumbing over the last few issues, I have seen where the Ohioans are trying to beat Pennsy in the contribution of letters to the M. L. That's fine, but if only Pennsy doesn't fall asleep. Try to keep it up, Ohioans, as Cleveland has the most SNPJ boosters in the whole U. S., if they should all write. Then you may know that would make the Editor resign.

Now for the present. How often has it happened that we are struggling with a difficult task while some friend watches on? When you have completed your task and stop and survey your work and think that you have done a marvelous piece of work, when

your friend suddenly says: "I know an easier way to do it." It then develops that he wanted the pleasure of doing twice the work to accomplish your purpose. I know this has happened to most of you, and the majority of cases you have at some time or other been each of these. Why wait? Let us try to make the load for someone else—lighter if we can. I believe this will be a policy of casting your bread upon the waters, for your friends will follow your example and reciprocate, and recurrences of "I could have" will be minimized.

There is a saying which has always appealed to me in that connection, to the effect that if you think about a thing hard enough you are bound to get it.

The way that works is this: If you think

about a certain thing all the times, you are going to be working with that particular thing in mind, foremost above all else. Naturally every move you make is going to lead you towards a goal. Every decision you're called on to make is going to become one which will lead you on one step nearer the desired star to which you have "hitched" your wagon. Don't be afraid to "hitch" your wagon to a star—you may never reach the star, but the star will lift you to heights not otherwise within your sphere.

The best things are those nearest you, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hands. Do life's plain common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and that daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

After all—courage is one of the essential things we need today. For the rewards of tomorrow are going to fall, not to those who are wilting or showing the white feather, but to those who have faith, vision, and confidence enough to buck the tide. That means that we shall continue to strive.

A devoted member,

**Dorothy M. Eliz. Fink, Vendel, Pa.**

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#### DOROTHY'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 8 years old and in the 3rd grade. I like school very much. I go to Kirthand school. I have read in the M. L. that there lives a Slovene family on Chairdon road. I thought that we were the only Slovene family on that road.—I would like to see Helen T. Gricher. Best regards to all.

**Dorothy A. Lekan,**

R. F. D. 2, Willoughby, O.

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#### JOSEPHINE'S VERY FIRST

Dear Editor and Contributors:—

This is my very first letter to the M. L., and I am very glad to think that the Chatter Corner is getting bigger.—School has started and I don't think I'll be able to write to the M. L. very often, but I will try.—I was promoted to the 4th grade. I am an SNPJ member, Lodge 216. Next time I'll write more. And best regards to one and all.

**Josephine Samec, 241 Penn st., Verona, Pa.**

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#### MOVED FROM MORLEY TO LAFAYETTE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

We moved from Morley to Lafayette, Colo., Oct. 12, 1934. Boy! It's a long ride and especially in the night it seems like you'll never get there. It was kind of hard to leave Morley, because we lived there 8 years, and I

started school and was about to finish it, but didn't quite get to the point.

I live 2 blocks from school which is 3 stories high. I have 3 teachers; their names are: Miss Coats for reading and social studies, Mr. Billings for arithmetic, and Miss Gerstel for English and spelling. They are all nice to me and I like them. High school is about a block from grade school. There are 69 children in Lafayette public school.

The mine works three days a week; in case snow comes the mine will work five days. My father works in the State mine.

On our way out here we reached Castle Rock at 10 in the night, and Denver at 12:30 in the night. We went through Broadway ave. and we went by the Capitol, but the lights were turned off and it wasn't so interesting.

I wish that all the boys and girls that wrote to me would change my address in their addressing book. We live at 207 E. Main st., right by the Union hall.

On Oct. 21, we went to Frederick and there I met Elizabeth and Mary Stonich, and they had their pony down at my cousin's, Dorothy Milavec, and we rode the pony around Frederick. The next day I was sore from top to bottom. I'd like that every boy and girl would write to me.

Best regards to all.

**Julia Slavec, box 225, Lafayette, Colo.**

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#### CONDITIONS ARE VERY BAD

Dear Readers and Editor:—

I enjoy reading the M. L. and this is my first letter. I am 11 year old and in the fifth grade in school. My teacher's name is Miss Gregg. She is a very nice teacher.—Conditions are bad here, and if people will not get work, they will have to starve.—I will write more next month. Best regards to all.

**Helen Schultz, box 3, Barnesboro, Pa.**

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#### EARLY, THE FLOWERS WERE PEARLY

Dear Editor:—

I am 8 years of age and in the third grade in school. I am going to school at Reedsville, W. Va. This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read the letters in the M. L.

**Early**

I was up so tiptoe early  
That the flowers were all pearly,  
As they waited in their places  
For the sun to day their faces.

Best regards and good wishes to evrybody.

**Rosie Volk, box 11 A, Reedsville, W. Va.**



## FRANK'S AT AT AGAIN!

Dear Editor and Members:—

Slowly but surely "Vinotok" is rolling—"pouring for somebody"—away. In the meantime we "enjoy" Indian summer—that is, those that aren't just a wee bit weary of heat.

And in the meantime also, the Willock Social Ass'n (the "Granish hall" to you) club house, is getting a new dressing of brick-like shingles. I suppose the Gospodarski Odbor decided that a coat of one-eighth thickness was better than one thirty-second of thickness would be. According to comments I've heard the appearance of the hall is improved to the extent that it is the "most impressive building in Willock." So what?

Another thing going on here in Willock, is the improvement of "Willock boulevard." The appearance of a gasoline shovel, sent by the Allegheny county officials, the first day, to widen the "boulevard" in spots—certain spots, brought out three-fourths of the juvenile population to witness the initial efforts, or—sort of a christening ceremony or dedication—so it seems. Suffice to say, "the spots" have been broadened, and the "boulevard" is a distinct improvement.

Bruceton, I've been told, has had the pleasant moving picture producers from Hollywood. The picture being made is from a story (true story) written by the Hon. Judge Musmanno, of the Allegheny County Common Pleas Court. The story is called "Black Hell," which is concerning the life of coal miners.

While shooting a scene of picket lines in action during a strike, the miners as extras, playing the part of strikers and Coal and Iron police, were supposed to rush towards the cameras, clawing, heaving and fighting as in real life. But the director, after shooting the scene over and over again, with bad results, began wondering where was the reputed toughness of the miners. Because, all the miners could do, was rush towards the cameras laughing. It took a local union official to find the reason for the "bad acting" of his charges. And the reason was, the miners unemployed from one to six years, couldn't get mad, being paid five dollars per day for having their pictures taken. It was hard getting "mad" at their good luck.

Bruceton is a neighboring town. It and several other coal mining towns are being used for the picture. (Paul Muni is the star.)

Hon. Judge Musmanno is former attorney and state representative. He was counsel for the martyrs, Sacco and Vanzetti.

To "catch on" to Josephine M. E. Stonich's family tree idea, I asked my mother, and here's what she said: "My father lived in the same house and town. Ditto grandfather. So

did great-grandfather. And so did great-great—"That's enough," I said, "Miss Stonich will be satisfied—I hope."—(Write some more about the "Wild and Woolly West," Jo.—Y'done fine.)

Katka Zupančič, Mile Klopčič, Ivan Jontez, always write interesting poems and articles, which my parents never fail to read.

Anna P. Krasna also writes interesting articles in Slovene and English.

Latrobe must be an exciting place to live in, which is all in Mary E. Fradel's favor. She certainly can put it down on paper. I like the song, "Moje dekle je še mlado, še ni staro šestnajst let," too, Mary—but "Židana marela" is my favorite.

Frank Miklaucich, Lodge 36,  
Box 3, Willock, Pa.

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## NOT MANY LETTERS FROM W. VA.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I haven't written to the M. L. for quite a long time now. It seemed that I didn't have much to write about. I am writing again this month. I am writing to make the M. L. bigger and I just thought of something to write about. I like to read the M. L. so I am writing something. And I hope more members would write from here.

In the summer time not many members wrote to the M. L. and I thought they must have had the sun fever; I had it myself.

Our school started Sept. 4 and I was happy to be back among my school friends. I haven't missed a day from school yet. I go to a country school on a bus. If I had to walk I would walk about 1 mile. In school I have many playmates, and I enjoy going to school. I am in the fifth grade. Reading is one of my favorite hobbies.

Fall is here, Halloween passed, then come Thanksgiving and Xmas, all those happy holidays. Xmas and Halloween are about the most cheerful holidays we have. On Halloween you can dress up in masks and scare people. On Xmas you get presents from your relatives (but Santa Claus is "the one" you should think of). My mother is always saying that I'm not going to get anything from Santa.

Best regards to all.

Pauline E. Novak,  
box 113, Valley Grove, W. Va.

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## LEARN FROM THE BIRDS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

School started and home work is on our hands. Geography is my favorite study. I like to learn about the different nations and what they do. It is very interesting. Reading, writing and arithmetic are also very nice, but

I do not enjoy them quite as well. In our class period, we have programs, girls sing their national songs. These programs are very interesting.

I am interested in sports such as football and baseball. I think it is very interesting to talk about the Latrobe High school team. We have won over four towns. So far we've played Braddock, East Huntingdon and Ligionier. Neither of these teams made touch-downs on Latrobe. Connelsville made some touch-downs: Connelsville 6, Latrobe 31. I am very sorry that the Detroit Tigers did not win against St. Louis but I still think that the Detroit Tigers are best.

We are going to have Ethel Salisbury Hanely and her marionettes on the stage on Friday, at the High school. I think it is going to be very interesting.

I like to listen to the radio in the evening to Jan Garber's orchestra and also serial plays.

Our class room is very large, because the children come from 1st ward; they do not have 7th and 8th grade classes. I do not know all the girls' names.

I am glad that winter is coming, for I like to play in the snow and to skate although my mother does not allow me.

I like this little poem so I am sending it in so you can read it. The name of it is, "Learn From the Birds and Beasts."

Learn from the birds what food from the thickets yield;

Learn from the beasts the physics of the field.  
The arts of building from the bee receive.  
Learn from the mole to plough.

The worm to weave as pretty as nests of the birds and homes of the beast.

This poem was written by a famed poet, named W. W. Pope.

I will now close with best wishes to the Editor and Readers. "Another Proud Torch,"

Sylvia Rose Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

\* \*

#### WORKERS' PARTY

Dear Editor and Readers:—

School has started, so has home work, thus giving us little time for any outside work. I like high school very much, because there is always something new and students have better chances to get into different activities.

Several weeks ago, Grant Fullman, son of Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Fullman, was killed in the Explosive factory at Latrobe. Mr. Fullman was president of the Fullman Mfg. Co., but was laid off three years ago, making him unemployed for three years, so he had to send Grant to work. He had not been working

quite three weeks when he was killed. This certainly was sad.

I think that it is right for young children to think and write about politics and working conditions. Some contributor to the M. L. said that they should not write about the working conditions being bad. When everybody will work good, everybody will be glad to write that working conditions are good. Also, these children will become the voters of their country and if they vote the same as their parents did, hard times will continue and prosperity will not come back.

Winter is here and work is getting scarcer. What will we do for food, coal and clothing? Food and all prices are going up. The workers of this nation should wake up and realize they cannot prosper under this system, that they should vote for their own party, which is the working men's party or the Socialist party.

Be a Socialist! Not just a contented cow, following an old beaten path.

"A Proud Torch,"

Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

\* \*

#### BUSY WITH MANY TEACHERS

Dear Readers:—

I am busy in school with many teachers and subjects. I play football, I like to play rough and tumble. Once when we were playing a boy named Hayne Kesky was kicked in the head. I was not hurt yet.

Mr. Carlson is our sports and manual training teacher. Manual training is not so bad; I'll get along well for this year. I used to walk to school before, but now the bus comes and gives us a ride. The bus saves us a mile's walk. I walked two winters to school. It was very cold walking. It is not close to walk to school either.

John Vestich, box 243, Ramsay, Mich.

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#### LODGE NO 49

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to M. L. I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade. There are eight in our family and we all belong to SNPJ. We all like our lodge, No. 49, in Girard, Ohio. I like to read the Mladinski List very much. I wish it would come every week instead of every month.

I think I shall close now. I will try to write more next time. I wish some members would write to me, as I am fond of answering letters.

Best regards to one and all.

Edward Umeck,

R. F. D. 1, box 171 A, Niles, O.

## HOLIDAY SEASON

Dear Editor:—

Winter is coming closer and closer. Snow will soon be falling on the ground. I hope it's not a terrible winter like some say it will be.

Halloween is gone. Some schools had parties, dressing up, and many other things that go with Halloween. I think everyone had a good time. I wish none of you get sick eating candy and other delicious and sweet things on Thanksgiving.

I would be glad if the year 1935 would bring better times than this year. I like to see the M. L. get more letters next year.

Marion M. Jereb,  
92 Lincoln ave., N. Irwin, Pa.

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## SCHOOL, SCHOOL, SCHOOL!!!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I haven't written to the M. L. for a long time, so I decided to write. First, as you know, comes school! School! School! I didn't get such a good report card, because I only got eight "A's" and all the rest are "B's."

In Geography, Literature, Arithmetic and English I got a good grade. I got the highest in our class in Spelling, Literature and Geography. I got next highest in Arithmetic. I am chosen to take a scholarship test for all the subjects. Some are chosen to take just the one subject such as Geography, Arithmetic, English, etc.

In our school each home room or club has a set of officers. Our president is Sophie Chanak, our secretary is Jimmie Parker, our delegate to Council is Gordon Samules, our sergeant-at-arms is Lee Yarberrry, and I am vice president.

The delegate to Council and I go to Congress. In Congress we find out the news of the school and come back and make the reports to our class. Our president goes to Cabinet, and does the same.

In school we have a system called the "demerit" and "merit" system. The demerit is the bad part and the merit is the good part. If you get too many demerits, you go into a room that is called the "detention" room or hall. If you get into the detention room, you never go to any assemblies, parties or any enjoyable classes. Once a boy got three hundred and fifty demerits for starting a fire in the desk at school.

You get merits if you win a game of any kind.

In school we have a class that is called Oral English. Our teacher's name is Mr. Morgan. Once in this class two boys. Allen

Baird and Billy Johnson, sang this funny song (to the tune of America or My County 'tis of Thee):

My country 'tis of thee,  
I come from Germany,  
My name is Fritz.  
Give me my souer-kraut  
With wieners all about,  
Give me a jug of beer,  
And I'm satisfied.

I bet they're not the only ones. (How about it?)

Well, it's about time I'm closing.

Best regards to all.

"A proud Member," Elsie Pavlin,  
1519 E. Orman ave., Pueblo, Colo.

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## THAT WAS SOME CAKE!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Summer is gone, fall and winter are here. I didn't have any fun last summer, because I had to work. At first I was glad, but at the end it was different. All vacation my father was working, so I had to work more at home. He didn't work before or after, but just those two months. We were just cutting and drying grass at that time.

My birthday comes on Thanksgiving day this year. It's the first time that I remember that it comes on a holiday. I will be 13 years old then. I wonder what I'm going to get. Last year I got a big birthday cake. The baker came and gave us the cake. My mother said she didn't order the cake and that she doesn't want it. The baker said it was for us and my mother said it wasn't. So they kept arguing for a while, finally the baker left the cake and went.

I never saw such a decorated cake in my life, the price on it was \$3.75. My mother didn't let me taste the cake until we found out who gave it to us. My aunt sent the cake to me. Was I looking at that cake! When I did taste it, was it good! Mm, mm.

I don't have any good news, the work's just like it is every other place. One Sunday two bootleggers were fighting and one bit the other's ear. Now the one minus an ear, carries it around in a piece of paper and looks at it sometimes. But the ear-biter's waiting for the trial and is on a \$3,000 bond.

Best regards.

Bertha Jurjevic,

48 Arendell ave., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

## Our Trip Through Diamond Cave

By John Estes Whiting

THE Diamond Cave is located three miles from Jasper, Ark., and is one of the wonders of Arkansas — the Wonder State. Many tourists from other states visit the cave each year.

On Saturday, Aug. 25, we made the trip through the cave. We entered the cave at 8 o'clock in the morning and remained in it for about three hours. This cave is very beautiful, the formation being composed of many stalagmites and stalactites. The first room we

entered was the Red Room, a room consisting of walls of a reddish-brown color, which are very beautiful. After leaving this room one passes through the Garden of Eden, Sugar Bowl, and into the State Capitol. This reminds one of the Capitol Building because of the vast dome and the splendor of the architecture.

The next attraction was Fat Man's Misery, a crevice about 2 by 3 feet in size. If you are fat you must be helped through and if not, you may slide through easily. The most beautiful part of the cave is not seen until after this point is passed. Soon after this, you enter the Garden of Gods, in which is located the Goddess of Liberty and the Pipe Organ. After leaving this you next come to the Auditorium, where the cave expands to its greatest size. Here are seen two great pillars, resembling guards, which stand before the entrance of Solomon's temple. This is the last and most beautiful room in the cave and will long be remembered by all who see it.

Here we turned and retraced our footsteps to the mouth of the cave, where much to our surprise, we found that it was raining and thundering outside. We walked down the mountain-side still thinking of the beauties of the cave.



B. P. VONNOK  
ON THE SANDMAN'S TRAIL

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Teacher: "What is capital punishment, Johnnie?"

Johnnie: "It's when ma locks me in the jam closet."

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Socony: You were gone longer on your auto tour than you expected."

Skidmore: "Yes, it took an extra week to fold up the road maps."