

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

Uredniška miza

TO JE dobro, to je dobro,
da papir molči,
ker sicer bi uredniki kmalu oglušeli
in gotovo, prav gotovo še zblazneli.
Le pomisli, kak semenj bi to bil,
če papir bi spregovoril:
Ta bi kričal po slovensko,
oni drl se po angleško;
ta bi o vremenu pravil,
oni bi uganke stavil;

ta obzirno: Oprostite—,
oni: Hej! Odgovorite!
In kako bi ta in oni cvilil,
kadar bi ga svinčnik pilil . . . !
Je premalo še nadlog?
Iz koša se razlega jok in stok!
A vrh vsega naj bi pesmice se pele . . .
Pa se ne bi glave razletele—?
To je dobro, to je dobro,
da papir molči.

ANNA P. KRASNA:

Rožo bi rad

(Iz zbirke "Babilonski stih")

ROŽO bi rad za mater, ki bolna leži,
pa imam le dva niklja —
kakšno se za to dobi?
. . . Tako majhno?!
In še brez cveta?
O! mati ni imela nič cvetja
že dolga leta. —
. . . Bo zrastle?
In bo cvetela?
Mogoče, a kaj, če bi mati tega ne doživela?—
Mati je bolna — zelo, hudo —
zato bi rad rožo s cvetom,
da bi ji bilo pri srcu še enkrat lepo . . .

Milan Medvešek:

Otrok prirode

VIKI, ki je bil živ ko živo srebro, vesel in brezskrben otrok, ni nikoli slišal klica svoje matere.

"Viii-kii! Viiik-toor!" je odmeval v bližnjem gozdu njen dolgo zategnjeni glas, toda odziva ni bilo odnikod. Sinček je bil že daleč od doma, ali pa je klicanje namenoma preslišal.

Vsak dan se je ponavljala enaka zgodba: Ko je prišel iz šole, se je najprvo v eni sapi najel, nakar se je izmuznil iz hiše, še predno ga je mati opazila.

"Ti presneti paglavec, izpred oči mi izgine kakor kafra!" je vzkliknila mati, kakor že tolikokrat. "Saj ne bi nič rekla, toda otrok je praveč predrzen in sem v neprestanem strahu, da bo pal z drevesa ali utonil."

"Otrok je otrok!" ga je stara mati zagovarjala, ki je na zapečku pridno pletla nogavice.

Dečkova mati je odhitela na dvorišče in ga pričela klicati s tistim skrbečim glasom, ki ga razodevajo matere nad svojimi otroci.

Ne, Viki se ni oglasil, za vse na svetu se ne bi oglasil. Morja žita, travniki nasejani z živobarvnimi cveticami, deroča reka in gozd, poln žvrgolečih ptičev, so ga silno vabili v svoje kraljestvo, tako vabili, da je materin klic nekje v daljavi žalostno utonil.

Kakor hitro je ušel iz hiše, je zdirjal kakor neugnan veter preko njiv, skozi koruzo, pšenico in deteljo, čez strnišča in strmine in se je ustavil šele tedaj, ko je bil že ves upehan in ko je bil gotov, da je že daleč od doma.

Često ga je pot zanesla k reki. Ena, dve, tri—bil je že slečen in nato—štrbunk v vodo. Plaval je ko riba: se popljal, prhal in grgral, se usekoval in kašljal, ker mu je voda silila v nos in usta.

Posebno gozd je speljal dečka v svoj pravljčni svet. Po cele ure je ta-

val in se izgubljal v njem. Več kilometrov naokoli je poznal vse steze, ki so se vile kakor dolge kače skozi goščavo. Iz vsakega še tako skritega studenčka je že pil vodo, ki je bila kristalna kakor diamant in mrzla kakor led, vsako sumljivo luknjo je preiskal in čakal pred njo, da pokuka iz nje lisica zvitorepka ali dolgouhi zajec. In ko se je tega naveličal, je plezal na visoka drevesa, se vzpenjal z veje na vejo, iskal ptičja gnezda, se veselo gugal v vršičkih ter predrzno gledal na tla. Včasih se mu je posrečilo ujeti mlado veverico, seveda ona ga je prav pošteno ugriznila v prst.

Nekje se je oglasila hudobna ptica kukavica — kapitalist med ptiči — in ga pričela dražiti. Bil je silno radoveden, kakšna je hudobnica, ki je tako lena, da si niti svojega gnezda ne zgradi, marveč podtakne svoje jajce v tuje gnezdo, in ko se zvali njen mladič, je on tako požrešen, da požre vso hrano, ki jo prinaša njegova mačeha za svoje mladiče. Pastorek se zredi v velikega ptiča, medtem ko drugi ptički od lakote pomro.

"Kuku, kuku, kuku!" je kukala visoko na drevesu. Viki je prisluhnil na vse strani, nato pa se je pričel plaziti v tisto smer. Prihuljil se je že čisto blizu drevesa, nato pa, frrr, in kukavice ni bilo več. Čez nekaj minut se je ponovno oglasila in še bolj izzivala radovednega dečka: kuku, kuku, kuku!

Šele pozno popoldne se je vračal domov. Bil je raztrgan, lačen in izmučen, zato se je na poti zleknil v mehko travo in se sanjavo zazrl v jasno nebo.

Zemlja je drhtela in puhtela sladek, opojen vonj; polja zlatega klasja so se skrivnostno gibala; čmrlji so mrmrali in murenčki čričali; cekinast lastovi-

čar je zaplaval nad njim, toda Viki je bil preveč utrujen, da se bi pognal za njim. Potem je velika muha zabrenčala in ga pričela obkrožavati. Sitnico je komaj odgnal. Visoko v zraku je letela jata vran in glasno kvakala kva, kva, kva, kva! Viki jih je štel, toda preštel jih ni, ker je medtem že sladko zaspal.

Solnce je že zdavnaj zatonilo, toda deček je še vedno spal. Prebudil se je nočni gospodar neba, svetli mesec, iz katerega se je režal "kovač" in zdelo se je, kakor da bi pomežikoval spečemu dečku na zemlji in govoril: "Viki, Viki, zbudi se vendar že, doma joče mamica, ker misli, da si pal z drevesa ali utonil. Pojdi, pojdi in jo potolaži!"

Doma je bila vsa hiša pokoncu. Ura je bila že enajst, toda o dečku ni bilo ne sluha ne duha. Mati je vsa prestrašena trepetala, prepričana, da se je malemu porednežu kaj hudega zgodilo, bratje so pa tekali na vse strani in ga iskali. "Smrkavca bom nažgal, da bo pomnil vse življenje!" se je hudoval najstarej-

ši brat. Samo stara mati se ni razburjala, marveč je mirno pletla nogavice ter si mislila sama pri sebi, kako ta mladi svet po nepotrebnem rogovili in skrbi. "Bo že prišel, saj ni prvič in ne zadnjič, da je tako pozno zaostal," je tolažila svojo hčer, Vikijevo mater.

Končno se je deček prebudil iz trdnega spanja, toda ko je videl, da je čisto sam sredi polja v pozni noči, so se mu lasje naježili in ucvrl jo je kakor srna proti vasi.

Ko je vstopil v hišo, so se vsi obrazi razjasnili, takoj nato pa so ga pričeli pestiti, posebno najstarejši brat, dokler jim ni že stotič obljubil, da se bo poboljšal, toda naslednji dan — čitatelj je že sam uganil — je deček zopet pobrisal v naročje prirode, mati pa je vzkliknila, kakor že tolikokrat: "Ti presneti paglavca, izpred oči mi izgine kakor kafra!" in takoj nato je v bližnjem gozdu odmeval njen dolgo zategnjeni glas, ki je sosede že kar dražil: "Viii-kiii, Viiik-toor!"

Katka Zupančič:

OVINKANJE

GOSPODINJO mucek vpraša:

— Žejen sem. Kje je kaj vode?

— Mucek, to ti psiček naj pove!

— A kateri? Psičkov mnogo je.

— Zajčka vprašaj, zajček ve!

— A kateri? Zajčkov mnogo je.

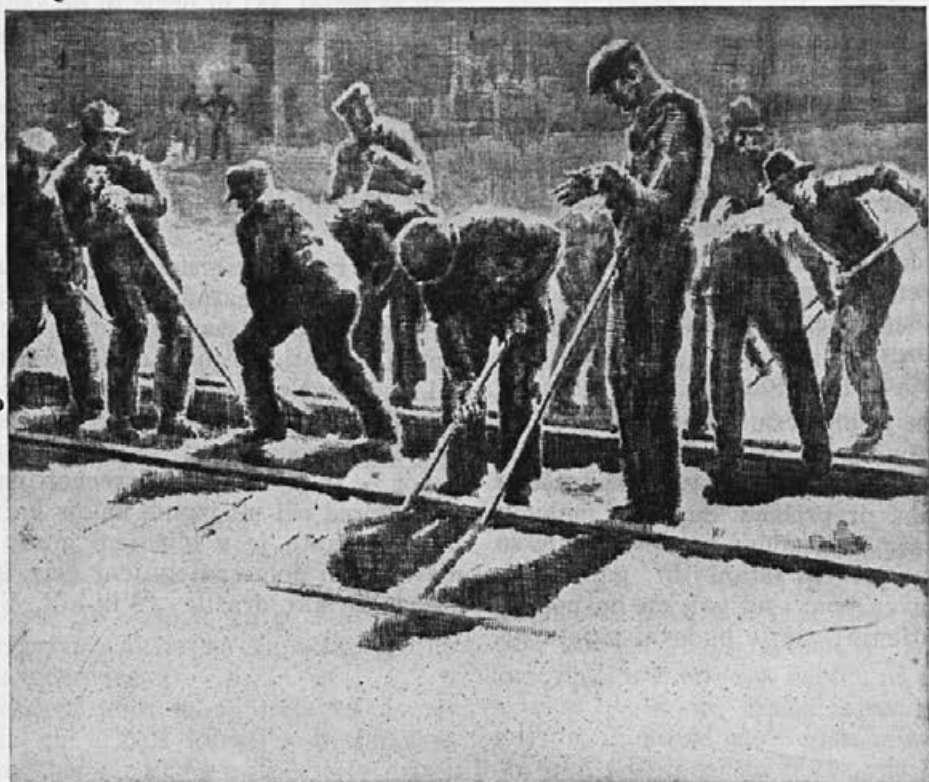
— Grm povprašaj, grmek ve!

— A kateri? Grmov polno je.

— Vrabca vprašaj, vrabec ve!

— A kateri? Vrabcev polno je.

— Vprašaj tistega, ki v tebi je!—



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

HUBERT MORLEY

ŽELEZNIŠKI DELAVCI

Ivan Jontez:

Sovražnik ječmenove jedi

DESETLETNI Stanko je priden deček.

Rad hodi v šolo. Posebno nagajiv ni in tudi pri jedi ni izbirčen. Le ješprenja ne more videti. Morda se ga je bil некоč preobjedel. Ne vem. Pribito pa je, da Stanko sovraži ješprenj na vso moč in da ga naposled niti drugim ni več privoščil.

Ne, da bi ga komu zavidal — kaj še! — ampak, kadar je prišel ješprenj na mizo, je to pomenilo post za Stanka: ker ješprenja ni maral, je moral lačen od mize, kajti mati mu ni hotela dati kaj drugega za pod zobe, pa če je Stanko še tako šobil usta, grbančil čelo in godrnjal. "Če gre v slast drugim, bo šel tudi tebi, ali pa bodi lačen!" je menila ter obrnila hrbet njegovi nejevolji in jezici. In Stanko je vsakokrat pri sebi mrko obljubljal, da se bo ob prvi priliki grdo maščeval nad ješprenjem in njegovimi ljubitelji. Stankovi bratci in sestrice so bili namreč kar zaljubljeni v jašprenj, zato je njegova jezica veljala tudi njim.

Nekega dne proti koncu šolskih počitnic je Stanko opazil, da mati zopet kuha ješprenj za kosilo. Dečkov obraz se je zmračil in v njem je vzplapolala nalik plamenu maščevalna želja. Prva njegova misel je bila, da bi prevrnil lonec z ješprenjem, potem pa svoj greh naprtil veliki sivi mački na prbo, ki je bila zares hudo neročna in je večkrat prevrnila kaj na štedilniku. Toda, ali ni bil lonec z ješprenjem malo prevelik, da bi ga mogla mačka prevrniti? Nekaj drugega bo treba ukreniti, je modroval maščevanjaželinu Stanko. sovražno motril lonec z ješprenjem ter se oziral po kuhinji, da bi uzrl kako stvar, s pomočjo katere bi se lahko znosil nad ješprenjem in njegovimi prijatelji. Njegov pogled je naposled obtičal na kosu mila v izlivku.

V Stankovi glavi se je zablislilo in v očeh so se mu vtrnile iskre škodoželjnosti. "To se bodo pačili!" se je hudob-

no vzradostil, se previdno ozrl, kakor tat, ki oprezuje, da ga ne bi kdo zasačil pri tatinskem poslu, po prstih odhittel k izlivu, pograbil milo ter stopil k štedilniku. Hip nato je reklo: čof! — Stanko se je pa jadrno umaknil iz kuhinje.

Ko je prišla mati z vrta v kuhinjo ter s kuhlenco premešala ješprenj, se ji je zdelo čudno, da se je ješprenj tako penil. "Saj sem ga vendar dodobra oprala!" se je čudila s penami pokriti jedi, nato pa zmignila z rameni, češ, nemara je kupila to pot slabši ješprenj. Nato je šla in pogrnila mizo in poklicala otroke k obedu.

Nato se je začelo.

Najprej se je skremžil obraz štiriletnemu Ivanu, ki je imel tudi to pot prvi žlico v ustih. Takoj nato je sedemletni Jožek zazijal, debelo pogledal z belino svojih oči in napravil tak obraz, da bi pred njim skoro moralo počiti vsako ogledalo. Trinajstletna Minka si je pa nenadoma z rokami zatislila usta, vstala ter stekla k izlivku.

Mati je debelo pogledala. "Kaj pa vendar je, otroci?!" se je zavzela, ne vedoč, ali bi se smejala ali jezila.

"Fej!" se je medtem odkašljala pri izlivku Minka ter se vsa rdeča v obrazu hudih oči obrnila proti materi. "Kaj si nam pa skuhalo danes? Milnico? Fej!"

"Kaj neki!" se je čudila mati. "Ješprenj s krompirjem. In kaj je narobe z njim?"

"Pokusi!" ji je svetovala Minka ter si z vodo izplakovala usta.

Hip pozneje se je spačil tudi materin obraz in tudi ona je hitro stopila k izlivku. "To je pa res čudno . . ." je govorila sama zase ter si izplaknila z vodo usta. "Po milu ima okus, po milu . . ."

Tedaj se je spomnila Stanka, ki ga ni bilo pri jedi. In takoj nato je videla,

kako se je odmaknil od okna škodoželjno nasmejan Stankov obraz. Kakor da jo je nekaj vščipnilo, je planila proti vratom in skozi vrata — za grešnikom. "Ti bom že pokazala, mrcina nemarna!" mu je obetala. Ampak Stanko je ni čakal, temveč jo urhnih nog ucvrnil na cesto.

Ko se je zvečer vrnil z dela oče, se je čudil, da ni našel pri večerji Stanka. Mati mu je nato povedala, kakšno si je bil Stanko privoščil z njimi in da si zdaj ne upa domov, ker se boji, da bo tepen. "In se pri tem prav nič ne moti", je pristavila. "Tako ga bom našeškala, da bo pomnil."

Oče se je nasmejal do solz. "Prav ti je, kaj ga pa siliš z jedjo, ki je ne mara!" Potem je vzel svoj časopis ter se ustoličil v naslanjač pri oknu v družinski sobi in se zatopil v branje.

Stanka ni bilo domov tri dni. Matere se je bal. Čez dan se je potikal po vrtovih sosedov ter si tešil glad s sadjem, prenočeval je pa v sosedovem — kokošnjaku. Četrty dan pa ga je začel glad le preveč kriviti in proti večeru se je priplazil na domače dvorišče.

Ko ga je ugledala mati, se je čudno prijezno zasmejala. "Glejte no, naš Stanko! Kje si se pa držal tako dolgo? Gotovo si lačen, sinko?"

Stanko je otožno posmrkaval.

"Nu, le stopi bliže, nihče te ne bo pohrustal!" ga je prijazno bodrila mati, ko se je obotavljajoč začel pomikati proti kuhinjskim vratom. "Večerja je že na mizi. Štruklji s sirom."

Stankova usta so se napolnila s slino. Štruklje s sirom je imel posebno rad. Najrajši bi bil planil v kuhinjo k mizi kot sestradan volk na tolsto ovco. Ko bi le ne bilo v kuhinji matere, kate-

ri vzlic njeni prijaznosti ni prav nič zaupal . . .

Mati se je zasmejala Stankovi nezaupnosti. "Ali si neumen, sinko, mar res misliš, da nimam drugega dela, kakor misliti na tvoje neumnosti!"

S temi besedami ga je prepričala, da mu ne misli storiti hudega in Stanko je počasi pricapljal v kuhinjo.

Jedva pa so se vrata za njim zaprla, že so ga držali materini prsti za vrat, da se je stresel kot piščec v jastrebovih krempljih ter se ves stisnil vase. "Tako, sinček, zdaj bova pa pošteno obračunala za tisto milo v ješprenju!" mu je zagrmelo v ušesa in nekje visoko nad seboj je videl nekaj ogromnega, ki je pretilo vsak hip treščiti ob njegovo sedalo: kuhalnica v materini roki.

Treščilo je. Stanko je tiho zajecal. Materina roka s kuhalnico se je zopet dvignila. Stanko je po tistem zmerjal svojo nespamet, da se je dal tako zlahka preslepiti. Tedaj se je med vrati oglasil oče:

"Dovolj, mati! Pusti fanta in daj mu jesti! Drugič ga pa nikar ne sili jesti nekaj, kar se mu upira! Tudi otroci nimajo vsi enega okusa, veš? Sicer se je pa fant že dovolj spokoril za svojo porednost s tridnevni postom."

Mati je nekaj godrnjala o dajanju potuhe, vendar, udarila ga ni več in Stanko je smel k mizi in k štrukljem, katerih se je lotil s tako vnemo, da ga je moral oče opozarjati, naj pazi, da se ne zadavi z njimi.

Sicer je bil pa tako lačen, da bi bil nedvomno jedel tudi ješprenj, če bi ga bila mati postavila predenj. Toda na mizi ni bilo ješprenja, temveč štruklji s sirom, kar je bilo krivo, da Stanko svojega slabega mnenja o ješprenju niti za pičico ni spremenil.

Anna P. Krasna:

Očeta ni več

KAKOR daleč nazaj sega naš spomin,
tako dolgo je bil oče z nami — —
in tako dolgo je hodil pod zemljo kopat premog.
Enkrat mu je skala zmačkala nogo,
nakar je dolgo polegal na solncu za hišo,
s časopisi okrog sebe in domačim pivom
ob hruškinem deblu.
Ko je ozdravel, se je vrnil k premogu
in je spet nosil materi dolarje,
da nas je redila.
Potem so ga nekoč stisnili vozički
in je zopet ležal.
A tudi to je prebolel in se vrnil
k premogu kot prej.
Zdaj je hodil počasi in v spanju je stokal.
Njegov obraz je postal star, lasje so mu osiveli,
od čela se je pričela kazati pleša.
V tistih časih je privedla požrešnost dobičkarstva
krizo v deželo.
Očetovo majno so zaprli.
Oče pa, namesto da bi se zadovoljno odpočil,
je poparjen hodil okrog
in si ni upal več vprašati matere,
da bi skuhala pivo.
Čez čas so premogovnik odpri, a dela je bilo malo.
Tako je ob večerih postajal oče na koncu
lote,
ter strmel proti majni, da bi videl,
če bodo užgali žarnico, ki je naznanjala,
da bo jutri delovni dan. — —

Zdaj očeta ni več . . .
Kakor da se je naveličal čakanja in vsega,
je legel oni dan v posteljo
in ni več vstal.
Pri njegovi majni še zmirom zdaj pa zdaj
utrnejo žarko luč — —
Nad našo loto sijejo zvezde s poletnega neba,
mi pa se pogovarjamo o očetu,
ki je bil zmirom z nami in nam je bil tako drag — —
zdaj pa vasuje v naši sredi samo — —
njegov spomin . . .



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

VALERIO FRASCHETTI

PADLI HRAST

Anna P. Krasna:

ČE SE VRNE

PRI VODI sediva, moj očka in jaz,
mojo barčico spuščava do daljnih oaz.

Pravi očka:

Glej, fante, zdaj je že na novi poti,
a če se vrne,
jo pošljeva zopet novim naporom nasproti.

Potem gledava v dalje, moj očka in jaz,
da uzreva vračajočih se jader obraz.

Jaz vprašam:

Očka, kajne, takole se čaka v življenju
na vse?

In ne treneva z očesom, ne očka ne jaz,
le očka pojasni:

Fantek, odmev dopolni v daljo
oddani glas.

Jaz dvomim:

Očka, ti oddaš včasih razsodno besedo
komaj do soseda,
pa se ti vrne dopolnilo scefrano
in vse iz reda — —.

Temu se smejiva, moj očka in jaz,
in očka odvrne:

Sinko, razumu in resnici so zmirom
trgali obraz.

Zdaj se resno drživa, moj očka in jaz,
Sila kljubujoča mora biti resnice obraz?

Pogledava se, moj očka in jaz.
On pravi:

Fantek, kar srečuje viharje, mora imeti
kljubovalen izraz.

In če se vrne še bolj razdejano na prod—
mora misliti zmirom na novo borbo,
na novo pot.

Bondonus:

Lev zakonodajalec

NEMOČ se je kralj vseh živali, lev, odločil, da obdavči vse svoje podanike.

Dal je razglasiti zakon, po katerem je bila vsaka žival dolžna plačati za vsak palec svoje višine, merjene od tal do temena, cekin davka. Kdor pa bi v petih letih davka ne plačal, zapade hudi kazni.

Lev je bil prepričan, da se bodo cekini zlivali k njemu kot zlat veletok in je nestrpnost pričakoval prvih davkoplačevalcev. In res ni dolgo čakal. Že drugi dan privihra k njemu žirafa. Toda mesto da bi levu plačala svoj davek, se mu jame ogorčeno pritoževati, da je zakon krivičen. "Ali je pravično," mu de, "da sem samo radi svojega vratu tako visoko obdavčena?! Nisem kriva, če imam vrat enako dolg, kot je visoko vse ostalo telo!" Lev je moral priznati, da ima žirafa prav in je dal razglasiti, da je zakon spremenil in da se odslej meri višina od hrbta. In je zopet čakal zlatega veletoka. Toda nič takega! Pač pa prijadra k levu naslednji dan kamela in se pritoži, češ, kako pride ona do tega, da mora plačati radi svoje grbe višji davek?—Tudi kameli je moral dati lev prav in, čeprav že malo nejevoljen, je zopet spremenil zakon: višina se ne meri od hrbta, temveč od ramen. In pričakoval je nato zopet zlatega veletoka.

Pritekel pa je še noj in za njim cela vojska dolgokrakih ptičev in vsi so vpili, da ne bodo plačevali visokih davkov samo radi svojih visokih nog, ko pa njihovega trupa nič ni. Ker so imeli tudi oni svoj prav, je lev še enkrat spremenil svoj zakon: "Bodi," jim odvrne, "noge se odslej ne merijo več!" Toda tudi ta sprememba ni imela zaželenega učinka: Prišle so kače v dolgih vrstah in se pritoževale, ker jim zakon odmerja prav tolikšen davek, kot njihovim

daljšim sestram. Da se reši neprijetne družine, lev takoj zapove, da je višina davka odvisna ne samo od višine, ampak tudi od dolžine trupa. Toda nova sprememba je rodila nove težave. K levu prideta krokodil in kuščar in ponižno vprašata, kje se jima pričinja rep. Lev nekaj časa preudarja, kje bi potegnili mejo med trupom in repom, ko pa spozna, da je ves njegov trud jalov, se razjezi in v jezi doda zakonu določbo, da se k dolžini trupa prišteje tudi dolžina repa. Da ni tega nikoli storil! Kajti sedaj pridrijo k njemu vse živali, ki jih je narava obdarila z dolgim repom, pred vsemi pa veriverica, kenguru in seveda tudi dolgorepe opice in kralj je moral zopet preklicati določbo.

Pa prišli so drugi in zopet drugi in vsi so imeli svoj prav in zakon se je neprestano spreminjal in lev je vedno bolj izgubljal potrpljenje. In vse to je trajalo pet let. Čez pet let in en dan pa je prilezel k levu polž. Bil je ves zasopel in prašen. Dolgo je lovil sapo, preden je lahko pričel govoriti. In gorjupo se je jel pritoževati: "Mogočni kralj," je dejal, "tako, ko mi je bil naznanjen tvoj zakon, sem vzel popotno palico v roke in odhitel, kakor sem mogel hitrih nog, k tebi, da se ti pritožim. Tvoj novi zakon namreč določa, da zapade kazni kdor ne plača davka v petih letih, in to je njegova glavna pomanjkljivost: Blagor mu, kdor lahko v petih letih pripotuje s svojega doma na tvoj dvor in ti pravočasno prinese davek—jaz žalibog tega ne zmorem, ker stanujem predalet ali, če hočeš, ker hodim prepočasi. Zato te ponižno prosim, da zakon spremeniš!"

Ko je polž končal svojo pritožbo je vse okoli kralja utihnilo, da bi sli-

šalo njegov odgovor. Temu pa se je le grozovito naježila griva in dolgo ni spravil glasu iz sebe. Očividno je bilo konec njegovega potrpljenja. Nazadnje pa je zarjovel, skočil na polža in ga požrl s hišo vred. Tako je napravil hiter konec vsem pritožbam.

Odtlej se je zlato obilno stekalo v njegove zakladnice in lev bi bil prav židane volje, če mu ne bi bilo žal, da je dal svojim podanikom svarilni vzgled prav s smrtjo onega izmed njih, ki je bil najponižnejši, najnebogljenjši in ki se je bil najbolj po pravici pritožil.

Vravec

VRAČAL sem se s sprehoda skozi drevored. Moj pes je tekel naprej. Naenkrat se ustavi in voha v zrak, kakor da čuti v bližini divjačino.

Ozrem se doli po drevoredu in zapazim na tleh malega vrabca, z rumeno obrobljenim kljunčkom in obraščenege z mehkim puhom. Padel je iz gnezda—močan veter je stresal breze v drevoredu—in je sedel nepremično na tleh, svoja, komaj pojavljajoča se krilca, brezpomočno razprostrta.

Počasi se mu je pes približeval, ko se z bližnjega drevesa bliskoma spusti stari temnoprsi vravec in se kakor kamen vrže psu ravno pred gobec in se ves zmrušen in razburjen, ter z obupnim vriščem zaleti nekajkrat proti odprtemu in z močnimi zobmi oboroženemu pasjemu žrelu.

Hotel je svojega mladiča rešiti in ga je ščitil s svojim lastnim telesom . . .

ves njegov drobní životek se je tresel strahu, njegov glasek je bil srdit in hripav, ni se bal smrti, žrtvovati je hotel sam sebe.

Kaka velikanska pošast je moral biti zanj pes! In vendar ni vzdržal tam gori na varni veji. Neka sila, ki je bila močnejša od njegove volje, ga je odtrgala od nje.

Moj pes je obstal in se nato umaknil. Očividno je moral tudi on priznati tisto silo. Poklical sem ga in se oddaljil z njim z občutkom nekega spoštovanja.

Da, le smejte se, res sem občutil spoštovanje pred tem malim, pogumnim tičkom, pred strastnim izbruhom njegove ljubezni.

Ljubezen, sem si mislil, je vendar močnejša ko smrt in strah pred njo. Le po nji, le po ljubezni se vzdržuje in giblje življenje. **Ivan Turgenjev.**



Neme prošnje

CREDA ovca se je nemirno stiskala v gručo.

Stara ovca je pripovedovala.

“Moja babica je sama videla,” je rekla. “To je nekaj neverjetnega, strašnega. Nihče ne ve, kaj je. Ona tudi vsega videla ni. Šla je mimo na pašo. Bila so velika vrata, ki so vodila v temen prostor. Videti ni bilo ničesar, ali slišala je tam notri krik jagneta. Tedaj je strahu se tresoča zbežala k svoji čredi.”

Vse je obšla zona.

“Ne ve se nič gotovega,” je nadaljevala ovca. “Ali nekaj mora gotovo biti na tem resničnega. Na vsak način pa je nekaj grdega.”

“Ali tvoja babica več ne živi?” je vprašal mlad jagnjič.

“Ne vem,” je odgovorila ovca. “Tega je že dolgo—nekoč so jo odpeljali.

“To je začetek, nihče se več ne vrne,” so menili nekateri.

Ovčarjev pes je začel grozeče bevskati in je nagnal čredo na drugi konec pašnika.

Tu je stal ovčar v pogovoru s tujim možem, ki ni bil nič podoben ovčarju. Pogajala sta se. Naenkrat gre tuji mož trdih korakov sredi črede in ogleduje posamezne ovčje komade s strokovnjaškim pogledom. To ni bil pogled pastirja. Nato pa seže njegova roka po jagnjiča, ki je malo prej vprašal. Jagnjeta je oblila kurja polt. Roka se je čutila čisto drugače kakor roka pastirja.

Jagnje je dobilo vrv okrog vratu.

“Tega bom vzela,” je rekel tuji mož in izvlekel umazano mošnjo iz žepa. Plačal je. Živo življenje je bilo sedaj njegovo. On ga je kupil.

Prijel je za povodec in vlekel jagnje s pašnika na cesto. Čreda se je za odhajajočima ozirala prestrašena in ne-

umevajoča. Jagnje je okrenilo glavo. Njegove oči so iskale sorodnike in sovrstnike pri igri. Nekaj se mu je krčilo v prsih—nekaj mu je prigovarjalo, naj se itzrga in zbeži.

“To je začetek,—odpelje se ga,” se je domislilo.

“Saj še ni treba misliti tako strašno,” se je tolažilo jagnje. “Saj so še drugi pašniki, najbrž me tja peljejo.”

To je bilo zaupanje, ki ga imajo živali, katere je človek ukrotil.

Na ovinku sta zavila krog griča. Črede se ni več videlo. Pašnik je izginil. Le z daljave se je še slišalo lajanje ovčarjevega psa in glasovi pastirjeve piščali. Veter jih je odnašal.

Bila je dolga pot. Tuj mož je brzo stopal. Najbrž se mu je mudilo.

“Trudno sem, rado bi malo odpočilo,” je prosilo jagnje.

Bila je nema prošnja.

Šla sta dalje. Vroče je bilo in cesta je bila prašna.

“Žejno sem, rado bi vode,” je prosilo jagnje.

Bila je nema prošnja.

Nazadnje sta prišla v neko mestece. Šla sta po ozkih, vijugastih ulicah, kjer ni bilo pašne. Jagnjetovi upi se torej niso uresničili.

“Jaz bi rado nazaj, domu!” je zastokalo jagnje in pogledalo tujega moža.

Bila je nema prošnja.

Neme prošnje se ne slišijo.

Tedaj je pa jagnje naglo odskočilo, se utrgalo, se preokrenilo, se pognalo v divji beg nazaj na svoj pašnik, k svoji čredi. Tuj mož ga je zaman skušal dohiteti. In čeprav je bilo trudno in žejno, teklo je lahko in naglo po cesti, preko travnikov, nazaj domov. Našlo je sedaj pašne in vode in našlo je spet svojo čredo.



KDO BO PRVI, DEČKI ALI DEKLICE?

DRAGI DEČKI IN DEKLICE!

Veseli me, da ste se odzvali mojemu klicu. Napisali ste več zanimivih dopisov, zakar se vam toplo zahvaljujem. Le tako naprej!

Značilno pri vsem tem je to, da so se odzvali le dečki in samo ena deklica. To je pač izredna redkost. Prej so namreč vedno deklice prednjačile. Vedno so one prekosile dečke s številom dopisov. Sedaj so se pa postavili dečki in prekosili deklice! To je vsekakor lep pojav, deklice pa ne smejo dopustiti, da bi ostale daleč zadaj za dečki. Zato sklenite vsi skupaj, da odslej se bo vršil nekakšen kontest med dečki in deklicami v dopisovanju za M. L. Videli bomo, kdo bo napisal več dopisov—dečki ali deklice.

Kdo bo imel več dopisov v "Kotičku" v avgustu—dečki ali deklice? To morate odločiti sami. Zato pa vsi veselo na delo! Pero v roke in napišite dopis za M. L. takoj! Mati ali oče, ali pa oba, bosta rada pomagala pri sestavi dopisa, jaz bom pa poskrbel, da bo gotovo priobčen!

Veselo na delo!

UREDNIK.

Kontest ga je razočaral

Dragi urednik!

Ne — kontest me ni utrudil, pač pa razočaral, da odprto govorim. In mislim, da nisem bil edini v razočaranju, četudi mojega pisma ni bilo v kontestu in se torej ne tiče mene.

Razočaran sem bil vsled tega, ker so dopisovalci v angleščini odnesli prvo nagrado. Lahko si mislite, kako porazno je to vplivalo na nas, kateri pišemo v slovenščini, v kateri se ne moremo tako dobro izražati kako se v angleščini. Kajti angleščina je bolj lahka za vse nas, ki pohajamo srednje šole. Ako tudi drugi dopisovalci in čitatelji čutite isto, pišite in povejte uredniku, da bo imel več dela z našimi pismi in dopisi. Če ne bodo zagledali luči sveta v Mladinskem Listu, pa se bodo gotovo znašli v uredniškem košu.

Naše šolske počitnice so se že začele.

To je bilo 19. junija. Takrat sem izdelal izpit za deveti razred. Moj povprečni red je bil 97 in moji priljubljeni predmeti ali subjekti so računstvo, latinščina in znanost.

Ob koncu šolskega leta smo imeli tudi zabavo ali party, pa le za one, ki smo člani štaba šolskega lista (School News Staff).

Pozdrav Vam, urednik, in čitateljem!

Felix Vogrin, 2419 N. Main ave.,
Scranton, Pa.

(Dragi Felix! Upam, da boš še dolgo nadaljeval z dopisovanjem v "Kotiček", ker Te zelo potrebuje. Pa tudi Tvoja sestra Olga naj se oglasi, da bo "Kotiček" bolj zanimiv. Tisti kontest se tudi meni ni preveč dopadel, toda v njem so odločali trije glavni odborniki, ki jih je pooblastil gl. upravni odsek in njihovemu sklepu smo se morali vsi pokoriti.—Ured.)

Justina rada piše slovenski

Cenjeni urednik!

To je prvo moje pismo, namreč slovensko pismo ali dopis za Mladinski List.

Slovensko lahko berem, pišem pa še slabo. Vzame mnogo časa in učenja, da se človek nauči dobro pisati po slovensko, ako hodi v angleške šole. Zato pa prosim vse one, ki pišejo dobro slovensko, da vselej pišejo po slovensko v Mladinski List. Mene zelo veseli, kadar čitam slovenske dopise in povesti.

Jaz znam slovensko pisati le toliko, kolikor se sama doma naučim. Poskusila bom napisati še več slovenskih dopisov.

S tem zaključujem in pozdravljam vse člane SNPJ!

Justina Stopar, 21250 Tracy ave.,
 Euclid, Ohio.

(Draga Justina! Veseli me, da se zani-
 maš za slovenščino. Rad bi videl, da
 bi sleherni mesec napisala kratek dopi-
 sek za "Kotiček". S tem bi vzpodbudila
 tudi druge deklice in dečke, da bi tudi
 oni pisali v M. L. Precej dobro se si že
 naučila slovenske pisave. Zato pa kar
 nadaljуй!—Ured.)

* *

Naš obisk v Penni

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Tudi jaz se moram brž oglasiti v "Na-
 šem kotičku", da me čas ne prehiti. Kar
 nekam pozabili smo na "Kotiček" zad-
 nje čase, kakor je pač naša stara nava-
 da. Smo prezaposleni z igrami in drugi-
 mi zabavami.

Dne 30. maja smo šli v Pennsylvani-
 jo. Peljali smo se skozi Pittsburgh po
 tistih zvutih potih v hribe in nazaj v
 doline. To je pač nekaj zanimivega, ta
 vožnja. Le da je v nižinah še sedaj vse
 bolj žalostno, kajti še sedaj se poznajo
 sledovi velike povodnji, ki je v okolici
 Pittsburgha in v mestu samem naredila
 veliko škode.

Clairton, Pa., je malo mestece, je pa
 zelo lepo, prijetno. Tam imam pet bra-
 trancev in teto. Hudo pa je, ker jim
 je pred desetimi leti ata umrl. To je pač

žalostno, ostati brez očeta. Videl sem
 tudi hišo, v kateri smo nekaj mi sta-
 novali. Sedaj tam gradijo cesto. To je
 blizu Willocka med Large.

Najrajše bi bil kar tam ostal, ker na-
 selbina Clairton je tako prijazna in v
 nji je lušno, bolj ko v Clevelandu. Me-
 ne so menda pozabili vzeti s seboj na
 avto, da bi videl Herminie, kjer imam
 strica, ki se piše Božič. Sem pač bil pre-
 zaposlen v Clairtonu. Želel bi, da se bi
 kaj oglasila v Mladinskem Listu v "Ko-
 tičku" tudi Frank in Henry Drnach. Če
 slovensko ne, pa vsaj angleško. Tam
 otroci nič slovenski ne govore. Toda
 vsak otrok mora znati materin jezik,
 če le mogoče. Seveda, tu v Clevelandu
 je s to stvarjo drugače kakor v malih
 naselbinah.

Dne 27. junija so v Clevelandu otvo-
 rili veliko razstavo. Tako so fabriške si-
 rene tulile kakor na novo leto. Za otro-
 ke bo vstop prost v septembru, drugače
 ne bomo nič videli, ker je treba preveč
 cvenka. Torej bratci in sestrice SNPJ,
 ki dopisujete in čitate M. L., le pridi-
 te v Cleveland pogledat razstavne zani-
 mivosti. Veselilo nas bi tudi, če bi na-
 še dopisovalka in sotrudnica **Marija Bi-
 zilj** mogla priti iz starega kraja in bi kar
 pri nas lahko ostala, ker moja mama i-
 ma samo mene in mojega brata Josipa.
 Iskreno jo pozdravljam in me veseli,
 ker se zanima za Mladinski List. Njena
 pripovedka je bila zanimiva. Oglasi naj
 se tudi Arley iz Pittsburgha.

Frank Krancevic, 1047 E. 61st st.,
 Cleveland, O.

* *

Veselo—na noge!

Dragi urednik!

Tudi v junijski številki Mladinskega
 Lista ste lepo priobčili moj dopis in po-
 pravili napake. Ker sedaj nimam nič
 posebnega, o čemer bi pisal, pošiljam
 naslednjo pesmico o barčici.

Barčica

Barčica po morju plava,
 drevesa se priklanjajo.
 O, le naprej, o le naprej,
 dokler je še vetra kej.

K tej pesmici, ki je zelo znana med našimi ljudmi, bi lahko dodal tole:

Jaz pa pri jezeru sedim
in ribice — lovim.

Kakor vidite, je moje pisemce to pot zelo kratko, ker pričakujem, da bo v juljskem M. L. vsepolno slovenskih dopisov od drugih dečkov in deklic. Ako jih ne bo, zakaj ne? Na noge — vsi dečki in deklice! Dopisujte in obložite urednika s svojimi pismi, da ne bo vedel kam z njimi!

Mnogo pozdravov vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Joe Rott, 18815 Chickasaw ave.,
Cleveland, O.

* *

Prirodoslovje in znanost

Cenjeni urednik!

Hvala Vam za popravke in priobčitev mojega dopisa. Lepo ste ga uredili.

Na 18. junija se je končala šola in v jeseni bom šel v višji razred. Sedaj nam ni treba hoditi v šolo. To je nekaj posebno dobrega za vse šolarje in šolarice. Pa ne za mene. Jaz rad hodim v šolo, da se kaj naučim. V šoli se učimo o prirodoslovju in drugih zanimivostih. Učitelj nam je pravil, če bomo še naprej sekali drevje, da bo v petdesetih letih prišlo tako, da ga ne bomo več imeli. In kaj bodo imeli ljudje, ki bodo do takrat dorasli? Nič jim ne bo ostalo.

Ker se vedno bolj izsekava drevje in gozdovi, se opaža, da je tudi vedno manj ptic pevk, pa tudi gotove gozdne cvetice izginjajo. Vsekakor so zadnje čase ljudje to pričeli spoznavati, da je treba nekaj ukreniti. Zato je vlada pričela zasajati razne planote z mladim drevjem. To bo vsaj nekoliko pomagalo.

Zadnjič sem poročal o stavki časopisnih delavcev pri Hearstovem listu Wisconsin News. Ta stavka se še vedno nadaljuje. Dobro je, da imajo tukajšnji delavci svoj dober list, namreč Milwaukee Leader, katerega bi moral imeti in čitati vsak delavec. Potem bi Hearst vedel,

da delavcem je treba dati pošteno plačilo za življenski obstoj za njihove delo.

Pozdravljam vse dopisovalce in čitatelje Mladinskega Lista!

John Poklar ml., član društva št. 16
SNPJ, 609 W. Virginia st., Milwaukee, Wis.

* *

V posetih v Clevelandu

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Sedaj imam tudi jaz nekaj zanimivosti, da jih sporočim "Kotičku", katerega radi čitajo stari in mladi.

Dne 28. junija je moj ata dobil počitnice in dne 1. julija smo se podali na obisk v Cleveland. Ustavili smo se pri naših sorodnikih, pri družini Anton Kramar na 801 E. 154th st. in tam smo prenočili.

Naslednje jutro smo se pa odpravili na poset velike clevelandske razstave ob jezeru Erie. Tam smo ostali ves dan — od 9. dopoldne do 6. zvečer. Potem smo pa šli spet nazaj na 154th st. Bili smo vsi zelo utrujeni, zato smo se kmalu podali k počitku.

Drugo jutro smo se pa podali proti domu v Sharon. Iskrena zahvala Kramarjevim za dobro postrežbo in prenočišče!

Pozabil sem še nekaj. Obiskali smo tudi največji Slovenski dom, ki se nahaja na St. Clair ave. Kaj imajo vse v tem Domu, vam ne morem opisati. Svetujem pa vsakemu, ki more oziroma ki se bo mudil v Clevelandu, da gre pogledat to veliko slovensko stavbo. Mr. Taučar, tajnik SND, rad vsakomur vse razkaže.

Da ne bo moj dopis predlog, ga moram takoj zaključiti. Želim vsem članom SNPJ vse najboljše! Pa ne pozabite, kadar ste v Clevelandu, da obiščete SND na St. Clair ave. in pa SDD na Waterloo rd.!

V mojem prihodnjem dopisu bom pa opisal naše potovanje po Pennsylvaniji in še kaj drugega.

Frank R. Kramer (star 10 let in član društva 262), 999 Cedar Sharon, Pa.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XV

CHICAGO, ILL., JULY, 1936

Number 7.

Anna P. Krasna:

Our Daddy

Mother says he used to be handsome
And gay;
Now his shoulders are a little stooped;
His hair is turning gray.

And we are waiting in vain to hear
Once more,
The happy songs, tuneful whistling,
The Yuhuhu! of yore.

Yet, there is still the old-time Daddy in
The corners of his eyes,
And we all know he can still sing,
But he never tries.

His mind now ponders about the way
Things should be — —
His heart sings but one song:
Unite, brother-workers, and set your-
selves free! — —

* *

Mother's Songs

Whenver mother sings a song,
It comes from far away,
And we know just how things look there,
How trees in breezes sway.

We hear the cuckoo calling
Through the groves of old oak trees,
The song of nightingale, the drone
Of busy honey-bees.

We see the brooks, the lanes,
The paths that run this way and that — —
And a little girl running fast
Without a shoe or hat.

She runs, she skips, she dances too,
And weaves a posy chain — —
She sings—and, well by now she is here
With another old refrain.

Nocturne

By MARY JUGG

STAR

TWINKLING star in the full, black night,
 You are a wee kerosene lamp
 On a table near a window in a miner's shack,
 A flickering ray from a low-trimmed wick,
 Peering through the bulky blackness.

You may light the room for the miner's wife
 Who sews the buttons and patches on the gray Pit clothes;
 You may be the light in a sick child's room;
 You may be left burning for the son who works on night shift
 And comes down for a hurried lunch of salami and bread;
 And every night the wick is turned down
 And the light blown out.

CLOUDS

Clouds across the moon-face,
 You are washing hung on a line,
 Blown by the wind, rolling a shadow.
 Mrs. Clancy hung you there;
 She will take you down, but not for long;
 Tomorrow you'll be there again.
 Mrs. Clancy takes in washings.

TREES

Giant trees, you are nightwatchmen.
 Can you smell and see and hear all?
 Choking gases can kill many men;
 Rotten props will let rocks fall.
 Can you sound a warning, trees?

GARDEN

Garden walls—four-cornered — —
 You are a city factory by night.
 You are a box; you keep out the moonlight;
 Are you afraid to lighten up dark places?
 It is only the darkness that makes you so.
 Listen: when the sun shines, your hardness melts.
 Why can't you always let in the sunshine?

CROWS

Your calls in the forest are distress signals.
 You are lost in the dense, black thickets;
 You are scattered; I can hear you now there and now here;
 You are groping, you are stumbling, but your calls are distinct.
 Won't you come together?
 Won't you raise your voices
 In unison?

The Fable of The Rabbits

(Combined Force)

ONCE upon a time, when the creatures of the forest could talk, there lived a thriving community of rabbits in a big clover field. The field was so large that it took a rabbit a long, long time before he crossed from one end to the other—so big—that few knew the boundary, or cared about it. The clover was sweet to smell and taste; what more could rabbits want? They were extremely happy. Of course, they had their troubles, such as—well—they had to die some time, even as any other living thing. And then, the wayward youngsters received their deserved spankings, after a rabbit fashion. But, on the whole, life in the rabbitdom ran along a happy vein.

The little tots would play games as in the way of youngsters. They delighted most in playing house and making mudpies; ever looking forward to the time when they should become majestic, austere and all-wise, as were their elders who solemnly basked in the sun, doing very little of anything, but discoursing among themselves, rather enviously, how pleasant it would be to be young again, and free of responsibility as the tots playing and thumping about their circle.

The beaus and maidens of rabbitdom were a happy lot. The lovers would sit together in the moonlight dreaming and scheming. Oh yes; they would build a little home and raise tots like the tots they noticed and then contemplate over them as was the nature of their elders.

It came to pass, that upon a certain sunny day, when all the rabbits, young and old alike, were friskily enjoying the bounties of mother nature, that a wolf—a large, bad, ugly wolf—intruded upon the rabbit's clover world. The wolf was so scrawny and skinny that you could count his ribs through his un-

kempt fur. He was so starved that, as he regarded the prospective feast, his mouth began to drool and his teeth to click. "Ah", thought he, "Ah—these many days have I been wandering about, seeking food to stay this gnawing pain in my vitals, but not a morsel did I discover: But—ah! This must be paradise—or—perchance, a mirage, which this slow process of starvation is playing upon my mind."

As he stood contemplating the ingenious rabbits, they began to encircle him—this strange creature—whom they had never seen before. The sages as well as the tots were unaware of the evil portents of their strange visitor.

A sympathetic maiden broke from the circle of dumbfounded and curious rabbits. She desired to know his wants—little did she know the doom to come, by her eagerness to extend the stranger courtesy. Her hospitable efforts were only successful to the extent that she served to fill a little of the space in the yawning cavern of the wolf's much starved stomach. Her lover, astounded by her sudden disappearance, thumped indignantly toward this ungrateful guest, and demanded the whereabouts of his lady love. The wolf, unmindful of the mournful wails, snatched up the crestfallen, and in as much time as it takes to tell about it, disposed of the lover—bones, fur, thump and all.

The rabbits finally aware of the mission of this terrible monster began to scurry to and fro, seeking for places of safety wherein they could avoid the unhappy fate of the lovers. Many unfortunates lost their lives unwillingly, to nourish the pursuing wolf, as it was difficult for our once happy and safe rabbits to find cover from danger they had never known before. From that time on, rabbits have had to dig holes in the ground to keep safe from the

wolf enemy, and in these holes they spent most of their unhappy lives.

The clever in the field grew and glutted the once happy feeding place, but the rabbits dared not venture out to partake of it as it would mean almost certain disaster at the fangs of the wolf. Bitter bark, from trees close at hand, replaced the daily fare of clover which had become a much coveted delicacy. Scarcely any weed dared grow near the rabbit hole-abodes, as the famished rabbits would devour it root and all, even though such a bitter repast was invariably followed by terrible pains in their stomachs.

Such was the state of affairs in rabbitdom—pain and privation reigned. It came to pass that one bold youngster dared question why the starving rabbits should not eat of the abundant clover which the wolf could not, but rather preyed on the daring rabbits if they chanced to nibble at the clover. He searched and searched, but the answer was not forthcoming even from the wisest of the wise who only gave excuses which he thought very silly. Finally, coming to the conclusion that if the wise elders lived in this method, truly they knew not how to get out, therefore he decided to risk his life and consult a wise old owl who lived in the hollow of a tree nearby. He set out on his mission on a very dark night. On meeting the grand sage he pleaded the question of how to chase the wolf from rabbitdom. The owl blinked and answered, "Many of you have come to ask my advice. My advice, I repeat and repeat,

is that one rabbit alone can not accomplish this task. Aye—consider the small birds that attack an eagle. Think you that only one small kite could conquer the master of birds? Never! It is their combined force which the eagle dreads. Do you not know that the king of beasts dreads the ant—that wee insect—more than any other creature greater by far in size? — But why—because the army of ants can quickly put to death any creature, regardless of its size. Their forces are combined—nothing is greater than combined force! Your answer is combined efforts—combined force! It is the law of the jungle—it is the law of civilization—it is the law of life itself! Go—I have no further advice to give you! Remember! Combined force! There is no force but combination! Individualism here only serves the wolf!" As the bold youngster turned away he heard the sage mutter, under his breath, "But, as long as you rabbits behave as rabbits, rabbits always will be rabbits!"

* * *

It was told to me, by those who were told by those before them, that the rabbits, upon hearing of the wild wisdom of the brave youngster, began to cry from their holes, "No! No! This has never been done before!" Alas!—Silence the upstart!—And so, they just killed the little rabbit with his wisdom, and the wolf to this day reigns supreme.

Louis Jartz (Cleveland, O.)



A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

Did you see "Phil Fumble" in last Sunday's funny paper? Do you remember how he and his girl friend were practicing their dancing steps in a zoo and right before a cage of monkeys? When they turned around, what do you suppose they saw? The whole cage of monkeys was imitating their dancing around and around in the cage.

Didn't this remind you of something? Think hard about what I wrote you about two months ago. Yes, that's it. Some people, yes, many of them are just like the monkeys in the cage. They only imitate. They imitate everything generation after generation—especially ideas. They think just like people ages and ages ago used to think even though there has been so much discovered since then that it ought to open their eyes.

But, then, many people read things only half way. I hope you read my letters thoroughly. I wonder if you would look up the letter in the May Mladinski List. That was the one in which I told you about Charles Darwin. Somebody who reads only halfway objected very much to that letter, because they said that I am no authority on Darwin. Now, Edward, I admit that. I admit that I know only what I read in his books and what other scientists read and wrote about him. And I don't even want you to believe that without asking questions about it. But I want you to notice that when I wanted you to know something that everyone who reads and thinks **knows**, I quoted an authority for you. That happens to be A. Gowans Whyte, who is a British scientist and who has studied all these things for a good part of his life. Do you remember the quotation that said: "He (Darwin) listened quietly to all they had to

say against his answer to the question, and he never let himself be annoyed when ignorant people called him names"? And so it is today.

Only ignorant people will call you a "red" when you try to prove a scientific fact to them. Was Darwin a "red" for being one of the world's greatest scientists? Was Louis Pasteur? Was Einstein? Was Huxley? Are any of today's living scientists, mathematicians, chemists, doctors, etc., who are trying to discover and to find the truths?

That goes to show you how some people think you can be easily scared by calling you names. I hope that when someone tries to call you a name for asking a question or telling a truth, you will not show the same ignorance but try to instruct him where he is wrong. Furthermore, wouldn't you think it was a bit silly if a person called you a fool, and then said, "You can't argue with fools," and **then** wrote a whole page of argument against you. I hope, dear Edward, that if you ever really and sincerely believe that anyone is a fool, you will do like Darwin and "let ignorant people call him names." Of course, all people are not fools. They know that you are right, but they will call **you** a fool hoping that no one else will listen to you. With that kind of person, let nothing stop you from proving your point!

I will ask you now to reread the last letter I wrote to you (June). There I gave you a long chapter on how the world was made. Of course, even though it may have seemed long to you, it was really very, very short, because if you wanted to know more and more details you would have to read many, many books. In there you read that our sun and all of the planets belong to one great big family. I hope you

will reread what the word "nebulae" means. And then don't forget the statement that "the earth was made, like the sun and the planets, out of an enormous nebula that whirled in space millions and millions and millions of years ago."

Now: you can see that when we think about our earth and how it was made, we must think about all of the other planets that belong to our family. How many such families there are in the whole of existence nobody has yet dared to say. If you would try to think about such an enormous thing, it would probably strain your mind too much, because thinking only about our own planetary system is enough to stagger you sometimes.

Think about this: wouldn't you (after trying to study all of these marvels of evolution) have someone's head examined if he told you that there was one "Supreme Being" who came and made the earth, and that he put here seeds for everything to grow out of? What and where would he get stuff for the seeds? And who made him? And how is it that we have today so many different kinds of plant and animal life that we've never had before? And, the same way, how is it that we don't have many of the plants and animals that used to exist centuries and centuries ago? Were these seeds all hidden somewhere so that a certain time they would sprout (that is, after millions of years) and live so that we'd have different kinds of plants and animals than ever before?

Look at your science book and see how different the horse used to look a long time ago from what he does today. Didn't the changes in his body take place gradually step by step for thousands upon thousands of years? Look at the pictures of prehistoric man. See how his head is shaped, how his legs and arms look different from what they are today, how he was covered with

hair. Would this person who talks about "seeds" tell us that God made all of these different kinds of seeds at once, only some of them he stored away for a future time until man should look like he does today, and still others for a time still in the future when we know that people will look still different from us? I would say that such a Being then deserves no praise, because why then did he let man suffer through ages and ages by being savage and ignorant? Why did he make him go through all those painful experiences of having to guard himself against animals so as to live, and then hitting upon things that step by step placed him higher than the other animals. Wouldn't you think that a "God" would have omitted all those millions of years of hardship and foolish blundering and made man right away what he is today or even much, much better like we expect the people thousands of years from now to be?

I know you have read Mark Twain in school, and that you have the idea that he writes only funny stories. But a lot of the things that he has written they never let you in on. I want to give you a quotation of his. Here is what he said:

"A God who could make good children as easily as bad, yet preferred to make bad ones; who could have made every one of them happy, yet never made a single happy one! . . . who mouths justice and invented hell; . . . who created man without invitation, then tries to shuffle the responsibility for man's acts upon man, instead of honorably placing it where it belongs, upon Himself, invites this poor, abused slave to worship him."

Now since my space is almost taken up, I will ask you to learn well what I sent you in last month's letter, because you cannot be ready for the next "installment" before you do.

Luminous Animals



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

MONET

CLIFF WALK

The painting is a study of light and color. It captures a moment of tranquility on a rocky shore. The brushwork is visible, giving the scene a sense of movement and texture. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

This painting is a study of light and color. It captures a moment of tranquility on a rocky shore. The brushwork is visible, giving the scene a sense of movement and texture. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

Luminous Animals

THE production of light by animals is a phenomenon which occurs more widely than is generally realized. It is known in no fewer than thirty-six orders of animals, and there does not seem to be much rhyme or reason in its distribution. It is seen in various Infusorians like *Noctiluca*, the Nightlight, which makes the sea sparkle in the short summer darkness; in numerous Stinging Animals, like the fixed Sea-Pens and the Portugese Men-of-War of the open sea; in sundry marine worms; in star-fishes and brittle-stars; in many crustaceans and insects; in some squids and in two or three mollusks; in compound Ascidians, like the Fire-flame, by whose light one can see to read; and in many fishes, especially from the deep sea.

Animal luminiscence (light-showing) does not occur above the level of fishes. There have been records of light-showing in a few freshwater animals, e. g., in the larvae of one of the harlequin-flies, but it is usually maintained, that "animal lights" occur only in the sea and on dry land.

What is the nature of this animal light? Robert Boyle proved in 1667 that air is necessary for the luminiscence of decaying wood and dead fishes. This implies that what occurs is of the nature of an oxidation (union of substance with oxygen chemically) or combustion (union of chemicals so as to produce heat or light). In 1794 the not less ingenious naturalist Spallanzani showed that when dried parts of luminous jelly-fishes are remoistened they will emit light as before. This implies that what occurs is not in the strict sense vital. It is a chemical process. But it is possible to go further. The theory may be stated thus: Luminiscence occurs in the presence of oxygen and water, and is due to the

interaction of two different substances. One of these, the luciferase, acts like a ferment on the other, luciferin, and oxidizes it or accelerates its oxidation, with the result that light is produced, as in some other rapid chemical processes.

A body that gives off light-rays because of its high temperature is laid to be incandescent. But when the emission of light is due to some other cause we use the term luminiscence. All animal light is "cold light," for not only is it produced apart from high temperature, but it is all light without any heat. Thus the luminiscence of the fire-fly has been called "the cheapest form of light," for none of the energy is lost in the form of heat, and it would be great gain if man could learn the firefly's method.

Moreover, the animal light is all visible light; it has no infra-red or ultra-violet rays. Yet it behaves in general like ordinary light—it affects a photographic plate; it can produce phosphorescence (light without heat) in fluorescence (light caused by external light) in various substances; it causes plant seedlings to bend towards it; and it stimulates the formation of chlorophyll (the green-coloring matter contained in the plants; leaf-green).

The Marquis de Folin, who lead one of the French deep-sea expeditions, describes the surprise and delight of the naturalists on board the exploring vessel when they first saw the dredge brought up in the darkness from a great abyss. There were many coral animals, shrub-like in form, which threw off "flashes of light beside which the twenty torches used for working by were pale. Some of these corals were carried into laboratory, where the lights were put out. There was a moment of magic, the most marvelous spectacle

that was given man to admire. Every point of the chief branches and twigs of the coral Isis threw out brilliant jets of fire, now paling, now reviving again, to pass from violet to purple, from red to orange, from bluish to different tones of green, and sometimes to the white of over-heated iron. The pervading color was greenish, the others appeared only in transient flashes, and melted into the green again. Minute by minute the glory lessened, as the animal died, and at the end of a quarter of an hour they were all like dead and withered branches. But while they were at their best one could read by their light the finest print of a newspaper at a distance of six yards." In the corals the luminescence was diffused, in other cases it was localized in organ. Thus one of the cuttle-fishes had about twenty luminous spots, "like gleaming jewels, ultra-marine, ruby-red, sky-blue and silvery."

When a living creature simply exudes a luminous secretion, or glows as it oxidizes certain complex substances in various parts of its body, it is quite possible that the luminescence is not as much of any importance in the everyday life of the creature. It may be no more than the by-play of something more vital, a side-track in the metabolism (the sum of of the constructive and destructive processes) of the body. Thus no one feels bound to search for a use of the luminescence of certain bacteria or of the eggs of fire-flies. But the case is wholly different when an elaborate lumious organ has been evolved. Then there must be a use. But most of the suggestions in the field are highly speculative.

(1) In some cases the luminescence may possibly serve to scare away in-

truders, or, if it is intermittent, to distract predatory animals. Perhaps a sea-pen suddenly illumined may warn off intruders. (2) In some cases the light may be a lure attracting booty in the darkness of deep waters, and it is striking that the luminous organ of an abyssmal fish is sometimes pendent on a tentacle hanging down in front of the mouth. (3) In other cases the light may serve as a lantern, enabling deep-sea squids and fishes, for instance to find their way about in the darkness. But this interpretation is only applicable when the hypothetical lantern is hung in an appropriate place, which is far from being generally true. (4) In many cases the luminous organs have a very definite pattern, e. g., on the side of the body of the fish. In the dark waters this pattern may facilitate the recognition of kin by kin. (5) In some cases the facts certainly suggest that the light is used as a sex-signal. It is noteworthy that the toad-fish, *Porichthys*, is luminous only during breeding season.

In the meadows around Bologna the female fire-fly may sometimes be seen in the evening among the grass. Numerous males fly about overhead. It looks as if the approach of a male served as the stimulus to the female to let her light shine forth. It looks as if he saw the signal—these things are difficult to prove—at any rate, he is soon beside her, circling around like a dancing elf. But one suitor is not enough. The female attracts a levee. Her suitors form a circle around her on the ground, and flashes pass to and fro. The luminous rhythm of the males is more rapid, with briefer flashes; while that of the female is more prolonged, but with longer intervals.—("The Nature of Animal Lights," by E. Newton Harvey.)

Johnny and The Three Goats

A Norse Tale

NOW you shall hear!

Once there was a boy named Johnny, and he had three goats. All day long those goats leaped and pranced and skipped and climbed way up on the top of a hill, but every night Johnny went to fetch them and drove them home. One evening the frisky things leaped out of the road and over the fence and into a turnip-field, and, try as he would, Johnny could not get them to come out again. There they were and there they stayed. Then the boy sat down on the hillside and cried and cried and cried. As he sat there a hare came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the hare.

"I cry because I can't get the goats out of the turnip-field," answered Johnny.

"I'll get the goats out of the turnip-field," said the hare. So he tried and he tried, but the goats would not come. Then the hare sat down beside Johnny and began to cry, too.

Along came a fox.

"Why do you cry?" asked the fox.

"I cry because the boy cries," said the hare, "and the boy cries because he can not get the goats out of the turnip-field."

"I'll get the goats out of the turnip-field," said the fox.

So the fox tried and he tried and he tried, but the goats would not come. Then the fox sat down beside Johnny and began to cry, too.

Pretty soon along came a wolf.

"Why do you cry?" asked the wolf.

"I cry because the hare cries," said the fox, "and the hare cries because the boy cries, and the boy cries because he can't get the goats out of the turnip-field."

"I'll get the goats out of the turnip-field," said the wolf. So he tried and he tried and he tried, but the goats would not leave the field. So the wolf sat down beside Johnny and the hare and the fox and began to cry, too.

After that a bee flew over the hill and saw them all sitting there crying away for dear life, "Boo-hoo, Boo-hoo, Boo-hoo."

"Why do you cry?" said the bee to the wolf.

"I cry because the fox cries, and the fox cries because the hare cries, and the hare cries because the boy cries, and the boy cries because he can't get the goats out of the turnip-field."

"Much good it does to sit there and cry about it," said the bee. "I'll get the goats out of the turnip-field."

Then the great big wolf, and the great big fox, and the great big hare, and the great big boy all stopped boo-hooing a moment to poke fun at the tiny bee.

"You get the goats out of the turnip-field, indeed, when we could not. Ho, ho, ho, and hah, hah, hah. Ridiculous little creature."

But the tiny bee flew away into the turnip-field and lit in the ear of one of the goats, and all he did was say, "Buzz-z-z. Buzz-z-z. Buzz-z-z."

And out ran the goats every one.



VACATION TIME ALMOST OVER

Time flies with a tremendous speed. It seems only yesterday that school was out. And now we have almost arrived at the end of vacation time. Yes, vacations are nearly over. A month from now you'll all be back in school again, and at work again.

Many of you—especially many boys—are spending most of your time swimming in the "old swimming hole" or wading in the brook. Others, living in large industrial centers, have to be satisfied if they get a chance to go out in the country for a breath of fresh air, now and then. Street and alley pavements are their playground. Not at all a suitable and healthy place for growing boys and girls, who need plenty of fresh air, sunshine and wholesome food.

In many states the drought has devastated many farmlands and completely ruined all crops. Suffering has been great among people and cattle. It is hoped that the government will at least partly come to the aid of the drought-stricken farmers.

We are sorry that this (July) number of the M. L. is late again. Alterations and repair work on the SNPJ building necessitated this delay. We'll try to speed up the work in the future and strive to print and mail the August number earlier and the September M. L. much earlier. It's a promise. That is, we'll do our part provided that the printing department does its share of cooperation, and we hope it will.

THE EDITOR.

Julia's With Us Again

Dear Editor:—It's been a long time since I've written the last letter to the M. L.

Our school was out May 29, and I was promoted to the ninth grade with a good average. I passed all the final examinations ranking high in all of them. My brothers passed, too. Tony was promoted to the seventh grade, and Rudy was promoted to the fifth grade.

Our class color was purple and gold. We picked a pansy for our class flower to go with our colors. Our motto is: "Not at the top, but climbing."

They don't have graduations from the eighth grade out here. We got our diplomas when we went for our report cards. The eighth and seventh grades went on a picnic May 21 to Bowe's farm, about three mile walk from the school building. The high school gave three class plays, the juniors gave "Huckleberry Finn," the seniors gave "Mummy and the Mumps," and another play—I don't remember the name.

I agree with Margie Sternitz about the frost killing fruit trees. It killed all our cherry trees, so we won't have any cherries this year, but we will have a few apples.

I have been busy working since school let out. There's always a lot of work on a farm. It looks as if there won't be much crops this year; the grasshoppers are eating everything up.

Summer this year will be very hot. In June the thermometer showed 102°, but it's still a privilege of living in Colo.

Best regards to the Editor and all the members.

Julia Slavec,

Box 153, Louisville, Colo.

* *

Production for Use

Dear Editor and Readers:—No more pencils! No more books! What a relief! Three months of rest after a hard sophomore year which concluded on June 3.

May 30 has come and gone and with its passing come memories of a grand and glorious affair where every single person enjoyed himself to the fullest extent and not a complaint was heard. The singing by the "Savica" singing society of West Newton and the "Slavček" singing society of Cheswick was wonderful. The play "Vedež" proved to be an overwhelming success. Only favorable comments were received but there was one general regret which was that the play was too short. Naturally, Bro. Frank Zaitz' speech was liked by everyone. Mr. Zaitz mixes humor with facts and conveys to the audience ideas which, if they were followed by the masses, would bring better living conditions to the workers of this nation. The young Klun children played marvelously on the accordion and banjo, and Mary Lou Povirk, another young SNPJ member, sang very well the song "En hribček." All in all the program was a success.

Regardless of the good times we have, we must consider the serious problems of today's life which constantly keep confronting us. The economic wilderness in which we live is causing the present generation to face the task of reorganizing society so as to distribute to the workers the goods they produce. Every year the workers have produced a smaller share of the products of industry, though the total product has been increased. Of course, this cannot go on indefinitely, since someone has to consume the goods that are turned out. If all those who produce, could be paid for their services the equivalent of all they produced, they would be able to buy with these increased earnings all that they produced. This would immediately start the wheels of every industry in motion and furnish a market for the products. These markets must be developed within the borders of

the United States. The capitalists cannot consume more goods regardless of how much money they have. One capitalist can purchase a hundred suits of clothes but he cannot wear more than one suit at a time. A man may have four or five mansions and yet he cannot occupy more than one at a time. So we must conclude that the only place to increase markets is among the masses, and markets may only be increased through increased wages without an increase in the price of goods.

The best known plan by which the wealth produced by labor can be returned, is through the establishment of a new economic system, namely, Socialism, which holds the only hope for the workers.

"A Proud Torch,"

Mary Elizabeth Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

Olga Likes the M. L.

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to this wonderful magazine. I enjoy reading it. I wish it would come every week instead of every month. I am in the 6-B grade and am 10 years old. School is out now and I have more time to write to this wonderful magazine.

In Detroit The Slovene National Home Society had a grand opening on June 20.

I enjoy reading stories, plays, riddles, jokes and poems in the M. L. I will have to close now and will write more next time.

Best regards to all. Olga Gorup,
17806 Wand st., Detroit, Mich.

* *

Mary's Pen Pals

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to the Mladinski List for quite a time and have decided that the month of July is a good month to start off with again.

The first time that I wrote to the Mladinski List, I asked for pen pals—and I surely got them. But for some misfortune that has befallen us at the present time I am not able to answer these letters. But I assure you that I will, soon.

I want to thank these people for their wonderful letters; they all proved to be very good pen pals: Pauline Novak of Valley Grove, W. Virginia; Mary Tursich of Boswell, Pa.; Anna Marie Salvia, Boswell, Pa.; Pauline Krino, Akron, Ohio; Annie Niksich, Thornton, Illinois; Jennie Mestnik, Ely, Minnesota; and Herbert Hribar, Bessemer, Pa.

I haven't had the opportunity of answering Anna Marie Salvia's letter yet, but I will in a short time.

The weather out here hasn't been any too warm. I think we could stand a little more heat.

Best regards to Editor and Readers.

Mary Poderzay, Box. 94, Gilbert, Minn.

* *

Vacation Time—Writing Time

Dear Editor and Readers:—School is out and vacation time is here. There should be many letters in the M. L., for the children have time to write now. So, here I am writing a letter to this wonderful magazine. I was promoted to the 8th grade. My sisters also passed.

On June 14, we went to Idora park in Youngstown, Ohio, to the SNPJ Day. It is about 85 miles from here. We had a very good time there. We went on the rapids, we rode on the airplanes, we rode on the small dips, and we rode on the merry-go-round. We met many of our friends there, that we never saw for a long time. We had a wonderful trip and we hope we have more like it.

Best regards to all.

A proud member,

Anna Mihacic,

Box 113, Windsor Hts., W. Va.

* *

"Industrial Tour"

Dear Editor:—A group of fifth, seventh and eighth grade of Roslyn school pupils made an "Industrial Tour" to Seattle, April 30, May 1 and 2, under the care of Mr. Miller, our Social Science teacher. We left Roslyn at 6 a. m., but were delayed because of flat tires. We stopped at the Snoqualmie Falls. When we arrived in Seattle we stayed in the Olympic hotel, the finest in Seattle. We then had lunch at Manning's cafeteria and then began our tour. Our first place was Frye and Company, a large meat company which chiefly works with pork. Next we went to the Boving airport, where we saw different airplanes and some pupils took a ride. We then went to the Smith Towers and Oriental Room, then back to the hotel for a rest. We next went to the KOMO and KJR broadcasting stations and saw how broadcasts are operated. We had dinner at Manning's and then went to the Fifth avenue theatre and saw "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Friday morning everyone was up at 6:30. We had breakfast at Manning's, then went to Colman dock to go to Bremerton on the Kalakala, the only streamline ferry. We arrived in Bremerton and went through the Bremer-

ton Navy Yards and on board a battleship. We started back to Seattle and had lunch on board the ferry. When we arrived in Seattle we went to visit the Crescent Manufacturing Co., a spice factory. Next we went to the Seattle Times plant and saw the printing of the Seattle Times newspaper. We went to Shoenfeld Manufacturing Co., a tie factory, and saw the different steps in the making of a tie. Next to the Northern Life Tower to view part of the city. We went shopping in Seattle stores and then a rest period. After dinner we had a visiting period in the lobby with our Seattle friends. At the Liberty theatre we saw "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

Saturday morning we had to pack our suitcases the first thing, then down to breakfast. We went to visit the port of Seattle, Frozen Fish Exhibit and the Ballard locks. We next went to Woodland Park and the University of Washington. We stopped at Aurora bridge. After lunch we placed our suitcases in the bus. We visited the Seattle Art Museum and Volunteer park. On our journey homeward we stopped at the Carnation Milk farm, whose milk is known the world over. We left the farm and went to the falls and through the Puget Sound Power and Light company.

We arrived in Roslyn a group of tired, but satisfied pupils.

Sincerely yours,

Ruby Kanyer, Box 269, Roslyn, Wash.

* *

School's Out

Dear Editor:—School is out again and vacation is here. I wonder why Dorothy Lekan doesn't write to the M. L. (Are you sleeping, Dorothy?) We just had a rain last night and the plants are happy. Last week we got all of our hay in the barn. Sometimes I go and play in the hay with Penny, my dog.

Here are some riddles and jokes: What has a trunk but can't put clothes on it? Ans.: An elephant. What has an eye but can't see? Ans.: A needle. What has hands but can't write? Ans.: A clock. What has a shell but is not a nut? Ans.: An egg. What has a tail but it's no animal? Ans.: A kite. What has roots but is not a plant? Ans.: A tooth.

First boy: My father helped to build that big building.

Second boy: That's nothing, my father helped to kill the Dead Sea.

Teacher: How many days are there in each month?

Johnny: Thirty days has September, all the rest I can't remember. The calendar hangs on the wall, why bother me with this all?

Here is a poem:

Surprise Package

My uncle Ferddie says that when
My daddy ordered me,
A boy was what he bought and
What he expected I would be.
But when he buys pink pinafores,
Blue socks, and ruffled things,
And when he buys big satin bows
And wants my hair to curl—
I think it's sort of lucky that
He only got a girl.

Best regards to all. Helen Gricher,
RFD No. 4, Chardon, Ohio.

* *

Writing Again

Dear Editor and Readers:—Well, here I am writing to this dear magazine again.

It sure has been hot here. Saturday, June 20, the mercury went up to one hundred ten degrees. The heat is drying everything up.

I like to read books. I liked the story about **Young Kate**, in the June issue of the Mladinski List.

Here is a joke:

"Mother," said a little boy coming from a walk, "I've seen a man who makes horses."

"Are you sure?" asked his mother.

"Yes," he replied. "He had a horse nearly finished when I saw him, he was just nailing on his back feet."

Antonia Gabrsek,
RR No. 2, Pittsburg, Kans.

* *

SNPJ Little Comrades

Dear Editor:—I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade, and have been a member of SNPJ Little Comrades for 8 years. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I want to tell our readers what a grand time I had on my first outing with the Little Comrades on May 16, 1936.

We all started from Slov. Nat'l. Home on St. Clair ave. about 11:30 a. m. We took a St. Clair car to the end of the line. From there we walked to Metropolitan park. Miss Betty Bogatay was our guardian and guide. We found a baseball diamond and had a lot of fun playing a few games. Then we all got hungry, and off to lunch we went.

In getting to our eating place we crossed many little streams. In some places the boys made bridges with stones. In the rush for lunch Miss Betty's sweater was lost. So back she went and found it, too. For our lunch we roasted wieners, toasted marshmallows and ate and ate and ate.

After lunch we climbed 'way to the top of the highest hill there with Miss Betty. As we were walking thru the park Mr. Louis Jarc, who helped Miss Betty, made whistles for as many as he could. By this time it was late afternoon and everyone was getting tired from so much fun and excitement we had. So we went back to pack up and get ready for home.

We almost forgot to have our little meeting. We had a little meeting and talked about a place for our next outing. We then met Mr. Frank Barbich who packed us all in his auto and took us to a car-line. There the boys got off and took the street car home. But we were lucky and stayed with Mr. Barbich. And so we finished a day that we enjoyed very much. Violet Jean Svigel,
5809 White ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

P. S.: I almost forgot to tell that once in crossing a stream, Mary Vehar, my cousin, Mildred Marn and I got our shoes quite full of water, but we didn't really mind.

* *

Wonderful Vacation

Dear Editor:—Another school year is over, and nearly everyone is looking forward to wonderful vacations. Many of us will stay at home and go swimming, hiking, to picnics and entertain ourselves in other ways.

Here in West Allis, everyone is looking forward to the Jolly Allis' Picnic, which is to be held August 2 at Kozmuth's park. There will be much in store for all, especially the kiddies. Games and races will be held with plenty of prizes to be given to the winners.

For the adults there will be a horseshoe contest. We would like to see all last year's champs come out to defend their titles.

There will be beer, bingo, dancing, and a very good baseball game between the Jolly Allis and the Chicago Pioneers.

While on the subject of picnics, I mustn't forget to say that the West Allis and Milwaukee Federation of SNPJ lodges' picnic at Segadin park, 38th and West Burnham, on July 19, was a success.

Miss Yousty Yamnik,
1011 So. 62 St., West Allis, Wis.

* *

In Seventh Grade

Dear Readers:—This is my first letter to this wonderful Mladinski List. I have always wanted to write, but was too busy. But now that school is out, I have more time. If this letter doesn't find its way to the wastepaper basket, I will write more often. I always read the stories, poems, and riddles in the Mladinski List.

I am 13 years old and I was promoted to the seventh grade. I've never seen any letters from Jerome. Hurry up and write.

There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge. My brother Frank was promoted to high school. My brother Jack is taking lessons on a Hawaiian guitar.

The mines in Jerome now are working five days a week.

I wish someone would write to me. I would answer every letter.

Mary Urbas,
Box 303, Jerome, Pa.

* *

Lodge 141

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List and I hope it won't be the last. I am 11 years of age and in the 7th grade. There are 6 in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 141.

I noticed nobody from Universal has been writing lately, so I decided to write. I think it would be a good plan for Universal to wake up.

This is all I have to write this time. Will somebody kindly write to me? I will gladly answer them.

Florence Bregant,
Main st., Universal, Pa.

* *

On Vacation

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I was on a vacation. I went to Raton, New Mexico, that is my mother and I went there. We went over on the bus. My uncle brought us back home. I had a swell time when I was over there. My cousin, Elizabeth Katkonich, was staying with us for about two weeks. We had a swell time when she was here. I would like to see Arthur Prijatelj's letter in the M. L., and also Elizabeth Cash's.

Well, that's all I have to say this time. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Rose Sinkovich, Box 191, Aguilar, Colo.

* *

Too Busy

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my fourth letter to the Mladinski List. I have wanted to write more often but I was too busy. Since school is out, we have more time to write. If this letter is published, I will write every month.

I am now thirteen years old and in next September I will be a freshy in High school.

There are four in our family, and my father is now working five days a week.

I wish to thank Evelyn Komac of Montana for the bracelet she sent me. I know Mary

Pokus is having a good time in Milwaukee. I think Mary Poderzay of Minnesota has forgotten to write to me.

I am longing for some pen pals; I wish someone would write to me. I already wrote to many people. I will answer any letter I receive.—I am taking lessons on a Hawaiian guitar. It's fun taking lessons.

Mary Tursich, Box 257, Jerome, Pa.

* *

My First Letter

Dear Editors and Readers:—This is my first letter in the M. L. I am twelve years old and am going to be in the sixth grade. I play the violin; my sister also plays a violin.

I have seven sisters and three brothers. Three of my sisters work in Grand Junction.

All of my friends go swimming and I do, too.

We all belong to the SNPJ lodge.

Best regards to all.

Josephine Penko,
Box 164, Somerset, Colo.

* *

Mildred's Second

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. Last Saturday, I went to library and got a book called "The Scotch Twins." In this book is a good example for the members who do not write to this beloved magazine. The example is, the girl (Scotch) gets up on Saturday morning early. She tells her twin brother to wake up, too. He doesn't, so she spills water on him to get him to get up. This is what we (the members that always write) will have to do to you members who do not write.

Best regards to all. Mildred Stopar,
21250 Tracy ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

Mary Helps Mother

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I am very sorry that I didn't write for such a long time. We will soon be out of school. We are making things to bring home at the end of school. I am glad to help my mother. I will be glad to help plant things in the garden. We had a party on the end of school. I have two sisters and one brother going to school. We had a cold week in May. My brother's name is Jerry and my sisters' Alice and Jenny. My mother was sick and I had to stay home a week from school. I missed a whole test in school.

Mary Shemerl,
423 Fairfield ave., Johnstown, Pa.

Oh Me, Oh My!

Dear Editor:—I think it is time for me to write to the Mladinski List. I am 8 years old. I was going to write to the Mladinski List many times, but I did not have time.

Before I did not know how to write, and now I do not have time, because I have two sisters and three brothers smaller than I am and I have to help my mother. That is the reason I did not write to the Mladinski List. All of us six belong to the SNPJ.

Our school was out May 15. I passed to the Third grade. April 18 I went to the Spelling contest in Raton and I won the first prize. I like to read the Mladinski List very much. I would like for the Mladinski List to come every week.

Well, there is nothing new here to tell you. The mine work is very slow. My father works two to three days a week.

Hello to everyone who reads this letter.

Best regards to all.

Zorka Gostovich, (Lodge 416)—
Box 769, Van Houten, New Mex.

Snow on the Hill

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. At our place there was a mine on fire. There were lots of miners who lost their jobs. This summer they're going to build a new tiple. The mine that my dad works in doesn't work very good. It works 2 or 3 days a week.

We had a picnic here recently, and had a good time. There was some snow on the hill. We had free ice-cream there.

I like to read nice stories in the M. L. I wonder what is wrong with the Rock Springs children. I know there are many in my lodge that could write to the M. L. Our Lodge number is 10. I am 12 years of age and in the sixth grade. I have two sisters and one brother. There are six in our family.

Mary Pershin, Rock Springs, Wyo.

From an Ex-Member

Dear Editor:—This being my first letter to the Mladinski List there is not very much I can say.

I am an ex-member of the Juvenile Department, but I thought I would write. I sure loved the Mladinski List when I got it, but now that I am away from home, I sure miss it.

My mother and two brothers are still members of the SNPJ. I am eighteen years of age, have blonde hair and blue eyes.

I wish some of the members would write to me—I would gladly answer all letters.

My best regards to the Editor and my mother and friends of Adamson, Oklahoma.

Leo Yeglic, Seiad Valley, Calif.

No Fruit

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. Our school is out now. I passed to the sixth grade. We ended school on June 11 and we will start in September. We went for a hike, walked about two miles and saw many fish.—I don't think there will be much fruit this year. The frost killed everything.

That will be all for this time. I will try to write more next time.

Mary Yuko, Box 161, Cairnbrook, Pa.

Tony Found Out

Dear Editor:—I so wanted to write to the Mladinski List every day, but kept putting it off. Now I am writing. — I am getting older every day and every day I learn more about different things of interest to me. I have found out that the SNPJ is a good and dependable organization. My father and mother told me so. Our Jednota is our second mother because it always helps people when they need her help. — I wish my brother who is in Wisconsin would write to the M. L. also. — Best regards to one and all.

Tony Dolenc,
Box 156, Adena, Ohio.

