

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

JUVENILE

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Anna P. Krasna:

MATI BERE PISMO

SE še kdaj spomniš, mati,
tistih lepih dni,
ko smo bili vsi še tako majhni in otročji,
da si z nami razpletala prijetno-lepe misli
v poletne noči?

Še veš, kako se je vračal oče ves sajast,
s trudno-težkim korakom—
nam pa je bilo,
kot bi nas obsijalo svetlo solnce
s toplim zlatim trakom—?

In ob večerih se ti li še kdaj
tiho v duši zdrami,
da bi zaklicala čez hrib ter prisluhnila,
če se vrača upehana mladež
k zlati mami!?

Se domišliš pogosto,
kako smo te včasih jezili?
Pa pozabiš trenutno in deš smehljuje:
O, kaj to, če bi le še zmirom okrog mene
rajali in vpili!—

A potem, ko se spomniš, da smo že veliki
in vsak zase skrbimo—
li še zmirom s skrbjo ugiblješ,
da li se kot oče ponosno in uporno
z življenjem in krivico borimo? . . .

Kotka Zupančič:

OBA BOSA

PRODAL je kužka za dolar.
Dolar je vzela prodajalna
in dala dečku čevljev par.

Obut je deček, res obut,
in čevlji se privilegajo;
a vendar žalosten je, hud.

Saj čevlji poškipavajo:
—Cvi, cviii! tako tvoj psiček cvili;
ljudje ga tuji karajo . . .

In deček čevljev več ne mara;
bo rajši hodil bos do zime.
—Jih vzamete nazaj? pobara.

Z dolarjem brž po kužka šel je.
Vrnila sta se trudna, lačna . . .
A kdo izmeril bi veselje?

—Oprosti! deček psičku govori,
to dobro je, to dobro je,
da čevljev tebi treba ni—!

 TOVARNA

URO za uro se gibljejo kolesa
motorjev in pasovi transmisije
pojo otožnomračno melodijo,
da v ritmu njih se klanjajo telesa

ljudi, zakletih med te vlažne zide,
kjer ginejo moči jim mlade
daleč od življenja in naslade . . .
Tam čakajo, da iz daljave pride

drobna mati, ki vsako bol uteši
in vse jih pekla na tem svetu reši . . .
Joj, kolikokrat sem jaz jih gledal take,
zaman proseč: "Pospeši, brat, korake!"

JANKO SAMEC

Anna P. Krasna:

K svobodi

IZLETNIŠKA ladjica lagodno plove po mirnem vodovju. Nedaleč pred nami dviga boginja Svobode svojo bakljo v vedro ozračje. Večina izletnikov strmi vonjo molče. Nekateri hitijo snemat slike. Par mladih ljudi jo pozdravi čisto po ameriško: Hello, there, Liberty!

Medtem pristanemo. Mirno brez vsakega rvanja se izkrcamo in zvrstimo v dolgo procesijo, ki se pomiče v notranjost podstavka. Jaz pravim svojemu staremu:

— V starem kraju smo romali na svete gore, k mamkam božjim, tu romamo k Svobodi — vseeno nekaj napredka, kaj praviš?

— Da je v obojem velika iluzija . . .

— Shaw . . . samo brade ti manjka.

Končno prilezemo do dvigala in narodni brambovec pojasni, da nas potegnejo samo gor, nazaj moramo peš.

— To se pravi dvanajst nadstropij, fant moj, brez plezanja gor v kip. Ali gremo?

— Zato smo prišli sem, ne?

Ob robu krila nas stresejo z dvigala in odrbze po druge gruče. Pred nami se vijo navpično ozke stopnice.

— Strmo zgleda, pravim jaz.

— Pot do svobode je vedno strma.

— Filozof!

In da mu pokažem, da me malo strmine ne plaši, se prva osučem na stopnišče. Z lahko dušo dvigam pete in sempatja rečem kakšno. Moj cinik pa pazno ogleduje strukturo. Pred menoj se veselo poganja navzgor par deklete. Na vdelenih sedežih ob straneh čepe upehanci in sopihajo.

Nekako vrh kolen moramo biti . . . moja duša zgublja lahkost.

— Tule bi se dalo lepo posedeti — potem pa spet naprej.

— Ha, ha, ha!

To mi prežene vso utrujenost, čvrsto se povzpenjam do vrha . . .

V glavi smo, na cilju.

— Tako, glej, se nalezesh svobode — v glavo ji splezaš.

— Ha!

Ljudje, ki so priplezali pred nami, dvigajo otroke k odprtiam. Majhno dekletce vpraša:

— Daddy, v kateri smeri pa je tvoja old country?

— Tam, pokaže možakar s težko roko, daleč za tistim obzorjem.

— Mhm! se čudi otrok, I bet it's nice there.

Ko dobimo prostor pomolimo glave in zijamo okrog sebe.

Razgled je nepozabno lep. Prostrane vode, nizki griči New Jersey, nebotičniki, morje hiš; spodaj ljudje, majčkeni ko potlačene figurice, v luki mogočni parniki, vlačilci in tovorniki. Gor in dol po zalivu Hudsona drsijo pestre izletniške ladje, tu pa tam se ziblje v lahkem vetriču belo jadro . . . na levo otok solz, Ellis Island . . . stotero spominov stopi živo pred oči.

Prostor je treba prepustiti drugim.

Nekdo bi rad splezal v bakljo, pa dobi pojasnilo, da ni več dovoljeno. — Ni posebno dolgo tega, ko se je duhovit, morda ciničen, brezposelnik pognal od tam v smrt . . .

Z bakljo ni torej nič. Pričnemo se spuščati navzdol.

— Vidiš, svet se tako prička zaradi tistega repa, ki ga je baje sukal pračlovek — pa v takemle slučaju bi prišel presneto prav.

— O, tvoje šale — meni nagajajo te le visoke pete . . . gosh, kako se mi zibljejo kolena.

— Jaz pa se prav imenitno počutim.

— Me veseli.

Ah! — smo že pri boginjinih nožicah — hvala boginji. Dvigalo stresa vedno nove gruče in vsi se z navdušenostjo

vzpenjajo po prvih stopnicah. Mi, ki lezemo dol z otrplimi koleni, se smejemo.

Spodaj ob vhodu se stiska v kotu nekaj postarnih ženic. Niso jim pustili gor, pa so užaljene. Koliko strmin so že preplezale v življenju, pa da ne bi zmogle tele navpične poti gor v glavo sestre Svobode? Zelo so nejevoljne.

Preden se poslovimo, se je treba vpisati Materi Svobodi v knjigo. Čakanje. Okrog knjige se gnete mlad svet, ki čeka različne nesmiselnosti. Nekateri, posebno tuji izletniki, kupujejo spominke. Skupina mladeničev glasno čita verz na vdeleni tabli. Oddelek Boy Scouts iz raznih držav z živim zanimanjem in navdušenjem ogleduje vse podrobnosti.

— Mladina zares veruje v ideale.

— Počakaj, da jo ideali lopnejo po glavi z velikim loparjem — kakor so nas od vojne generacije.

— Well, tako se pač rine svoboda in napredek naprej: ob vsaki bunki se malo posveti v glavah.

Ladjice še ni, pa šetamo okrog po otočku in si ogledujemo ženo svobode od vseh strani. Valovi pljuskujejo s šumečo melodijo, trgajoč mah z obrežnega kamenja.

— Glej, to je večno —

— Da, plijša, oseka in — čas.

— In Svoboda, h kateri se človeštvo vedno znova zateka pa je preozkogrudno in prešibko, da bi zajelo tudi le delec njene veličine.

Ladjica prihaja — pozdravljena Svoboda! —

KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

NETKINA TOŽBA

KAJ bi ne tožila?!

Hlebčkov pet sem naredila:
tri za sestre, dva za brata.
Pravijo, da so iz blata —,
pa jih nihče jesti noče!

Res sem moko z grede nakopala,
vodo v jarku zajemala,
sladkor od zidu strgala,
da sem testo osladkala.

Ali preden sem mesila,
sem roke si še umila;
kajti snaga je le snaga!
vendar, vendar kaj pomaga —
saj jih nihče jesti noče . . .

Vse se smeje: hehehe,
Metka sama naj jih sne!
Taka hvala za usluge —
pa se trudi še za druge!

Ivan Jontez:

Naša Nana

BASEN pripoveduje, da se je nekoč medvedu zahotelo spoznati človeka, o katerem mu je vedela povedati njegova znanka lisica, kako premeten in močen da je. Medvedova radovednost je bila tako velika, da je morala lisica naposled iti z njim, da bi mu pokazala človeka. In zgodilo se je, da sta na tej svoji poti najprej srečala triletnega otroka, ki se je ob cesti igral s svojim tovarišem, majhnim kužetom. Ko ga je medved uzrl, je junaško vzbočil svoje kosmate prsi, zamolklo zarenčal ter se iskrečih oči obrnil k svoji sopotnici: "Ali je to človek?" Lisica pa je modro odkimala z glavo: "Ne, prijatelj, to ni človek; otrok je in bo človek šele postal . . ."

Te basni se spomnim mnogokrat, ko opazujem odrasle ljudi, kako sodijo in presojujejo naš naraščaj. "Otrok je otrok!" pravijo v istem tonu kot lisica v basni in kot bi hoteli reči, češ, otrokom ne smemo zameriti njihovih napak in pomanjkljivosti, so pač otroci in ljudje—kakor pravi lisica v basni—bodo šele postali. Saj otrok ne ve, kaj je dobro in kaj slabo, kaj prav in kaj ni prav; tega se bo moral šele naučiti. Komaj pa ugotovimo to dejstvo, že lopnemo sami sebe po zobeh ter tega ali onega otroka enostavno uvrstimo ali med dobre, pridne angelčke ali med poredne, neubogljive hudičke, kakršen vtis je pač napravil otrok na nas. Da med otroci, kakor tudi med odraslimi ljudmi, ni ne angeljcev niti vragov, temveč da smo vsi skupaj mešanica obojega, dobrega in slabega, ne pomislimo. In tako delamo otrokom največkrat krivico, pa naj jih že prištejemo med "dobre" ali "slabe."

Med otroki ni ne angeljcev ne hudičkov. Vsakega nekaj je v njih, nekaj dobrega in nekaj slabega, in od sto različnih vplivov je odvisno, kaj bo postalo

iz otroka, ko odraste. Če je otrok nemiren, svojeglav ali poreden, to še ne pomeni, da bo prav takšen tudi ko odraste; enako ne pomeni, da bo otrok postal miren in ljubezniv človek, če je v zibelki miren in priden. Otrok je vosek in šele vzgoja in življenje napravita iz njega to, kar naposled postane.

Vzemimo na primer našo Nana, kakor jo kliče njena mama in mi drugi, ki jo poznamo, odkar je pred dvema letoma privekala v new deal s starimi kvartami: pri najboljši volji je ne morem uvrstiti ne med slabe niti med dobre otroke in prav tako ne morem reči, ali bo zrastle v pridno ali neubogljivo dekle. Nana je namreč kakor aprilovo vreme: zdaj pridna in ljubezniva kot angelček, zdaj sitna in neznosna kot muha pred dežjem. In kako je včasih tiranska: vse od matere in očeta, bratca in sestre pa do raznih stricov in tet se mora baviti izključno z njo, posvečati vso pozornost izključno nji, sicer gorje! Svet se mora sukati okrog nje! Če se v takih trenutkih ne zgodi vse po njeni volji, zaveka, nato se začne dreti na vse grlo in če to ne zaleže, se vrže za nameček na tla, tolče z vsemi štirimi po tleh in zgodi se celo, da si gre s prstki v svetle mehke laske ter si jih začne puliti. Marsikdo, ki bi jo videl v takih trenutkih, bi zmajal z glavo ter kratko in malo in brez pridržka zaključil, da je naša Nana hudiček, iz katerega ne more postati kaj prida.

In uboga Nanina mama! Prala bi rada, likala ali kuhala, pa ne more, ne sme, ker ji Nana tega ne dovoli, ker Nana hoče, da se mama ukvarja samo in edino le z njo. Komaj se poloti kakega dela, že se oglasi Nana s svojim presunljivim: "Mami!"—in če mama brž ne skoči k nji ter jo vzame v naročje, se ji že usteca kremžijo v joku, ki kmalu postane tako pretresljiv, da

mama rajši pusti vse delo v nemar, kakor bi poslušala Nanino presunljivo muziko.

Nana hoče to, Nana hoče ono in dobiti mora, pa če je dobro zanjo ali ne, sicer gorje ušesom vseh navzočih! Nana noče tega ali onega in bogme, nihče ne sme storiti ničesar, kar nji ni po volji!

Mama ponudi Nani sočno breskev. "No!" jo odkloni Nana ter se zmrдне. "Jo bom pa stricu dala," pravi mama. Nana se samo zmrдне. Nato mama izpolni svojo obljubo in stric zasadi zobe v breskev. Nana pa v jok! Ker sama ne mara breskve, bi je tudi kdo drugi ne smel jesti! "Ti, ti!" zagrozi stricu s svojo majhno pestjo in po ličicah ji lijejo solze užaljenosti. Pa je ne vzame dolgo in pomiri se. In kmalu pricaplja k stricu z breskvijo v vsaki roki. "Na, tic, papi!" mu jih ponudi s sladkim nasmeškom. In ko stric je breskve, ga opazuje z očitnim zadovoljstvom. Dobro ji dene.

Zgodi se, da je Nana kak dan izredno pridna. Nič ne joka. Vesela je, prijazna in na moč ljubezniva. Seveda moramo biti tudi mi izredno ljubeznivi in uslužni proti nji ter ji posvečati vso svojo pozornost. Če zapoje, ji moramo vsi ploskati. Če se smeje, se moramo vsi smejati. Nana je namreč najmlajša v družini in je bila vsled tega od prve minute svojega življenja deležna izredne pozornosti; in tej predpravi se noče pa noče odreči. Če ji je v tem pogledu ustrezno, jo je navadno en sam sladek nasmešek. In smehljati se zna! Pogleda te, ti pomežikne s plavimi očesi, se ti sladko nasmehlja in ne moreš si kaj, da je ne bi imel rad vzlic vsem

njenim včasih neznosnim muham. In vsi, ki jo poznamo, jo imamo radi, čeprav nam pogosto trga ušesa z neprijetno muziko svojega joka.

Taka je naša Nana. Kadar se dobro počuti in je ne mučijo zobje, želodček ali vročina, je pridna in ljubezniva—angelček, bi rekel človek, ki bi jo poznal samo takšno. Ampak, kadar je kaj narobe z njo, pa naj jo mučijo želodčne neprilike ali karkoli, je pa pravcati tiran in gorje vsem, ki ne plešejo po muziki njenih želja in muh: kaznuje jih z ušesno mreno trgajočim vekanjem in drenjem. Dobra je in muhasta, poredna in pridna, trmasta, ljubezniva ali neznosna, kakor pač nanese in kakor se počuti. In pri najboljši volji je ne morem uvrstiti ne med dobre niti med slabe otroke, ker ni ne eno niti drugo, temveč oboje, kakor mi vsi. Včasih jo vodi angelček, drugič hudiček, kar je odvisno v veliki meri od njene telesnega razpoloženja: zdrav otrok je lahko priden, bolan otrok pa je rad siten in muhast. V tem si niso podobni le otroci, temveč tudi odrasli ljudje.

Ne verjamem ne v dobre ne v slabe otroke. Takih otrok po mojem sploh ni. Namreč otrok, ki bi bili rojeni dobri ali slabi in obsojeni, da to tudi ostanejo brez ozira na dobro ali slabo zdravje ali prehrano in vzgojo. So zdravi otroci in bolni otroci, siti in lačni otroci, ki imajo skrbne starše in otroci, ki imajo zanikerne starše, otroci, ki jim ne manjka solnca in zraka in otroci, ki poznajo samo mrak in dim; in to dela razliko in rodi posledice, dobre ali slabe. Drugače pa so otroci vosek, iz katerega življenje zgnete boljše ali slabše značaje—kakršno srečo ali smolo že ima posameznik pri tem.

VERGA PIRVOCI



CEZANNE

FRANCOSKA VAS

Katka Zupančič:

VSEGA PREVEČ?

MAMICA, rad bi bil velik in močan,
 blisk bi rad imel v očeh in grom v besedi,
 pa bi—odpravil bi zlo, ki na laži sloni;
 odpravil bi krizo, brezdelje — —.
 Smehljaš se in si misliš: dobri bedaček—,
 ali počakaj, da vse ti povem.

Zbral bi otroke, vse lačne in bose in gole napol,
 njih sestre in brate, ki sram jih je bede,
 njih starše izgarane in zaskrbljene,
 na beraštvo obsojene starčke in starke.

S tolačno, razcapano, boso vojsko obiskal
 zaloge bi žita in drugih živil.

Pa bi dejal: Pravite, da je vsega preveč?
 Glejte nas, leta in leta že stradamo—.

Dajte nam, da se nahranimo danes in jutri in dalje . . .

Kmalu premalo bo vsega.

Vodil bi boso razcapano vojsko pred oblačilnice.

Pa bi dejal: Pravite, da je vsega preveč?

Glejte nas, leta in leta v taistih smo cunjah—.

Dajte nam, da se oblečemo . . .

Kmalu premalo bo vsega.

Peljal bi boso vojsko pred skladišča z obuvali.

Pa bi dejal: Pravite, da je vsega preveč?

Glejte nas, leta in leta že hodimo bosí . . .

Dajte nam, da se obujemo.

Kmalu premalo bo vsega.

Vodil bi vojsko še marsikam.

Vem, denar bi zahtevali povsod in za vse.

Pa bi dejal: V mošnje svoje pogledjte,
 notri denar je tudi naš:

odtegnjen pri skopo odmerjenih plačah,

uropan na bankah, privaran na lažnih vrednotah—

pa si odštejte

Ah, mamica, če bil bi velik in močan,
 če blisk bi imel v očeh in grom v besedi . . .

Fratinovec:

Velikani

(Kavkaška pravljica)

NEKJE na Kavkazu je pred davnim časom živel gospodar, ki je imel znansko velikega bika. Pravijo, da je bil ta bik taka zverina, da je pri enkratnem napajanju popil vode za celo reko. Tako se je zgodilo, da mu je zmanjkalo vode na suhem. In kmet je moral odslej goniti bika napajat v Črno morje.

Nekoč je naročil svojim trem sinovom, naj ga oni ženejo napajat. Sinovi so zlezli na bika in ga pognali proti Črnemu morju. Najstarejši je sedel biku na glavo med roge, srednji na sredo hrbta, najmlajši pa zadaj nad rep.

Spotoma jih je srečal jezdec in se čudom čudil takemu biku-velikanu. Pa se oglasi najstarejši brat, ki je sedel spredaj na bikovi glavi, in zakliče jezdecu: "Hej, človek moj! Pozdravi mojega brata, ki sedi na sredi bikovega hrbta!" "Dobro," pravi jezdec in odskaklja dalje. Od jutra do poldneva je jezdil, preden je prijezdil do srednjega brata. Že od daleč je zavpil nad njim: "Ho-hooj! Tvoj brat, ki sedi spredaj na bikovi glavi, te pozdravlja."

"Hvala," pravi ta. "Zadaj nad bikovim repom sedij moj mlajši brat. Ako ga srečaš, mu sporoči moj pozdrav."

In jezdec je odskakljal dalje. Od poldneva do večera je jezdil, preden je prijezdil do tretjega brata in mu sporočil pozdrav.

Srečno so prišli bratje z bikom do Črnega morja. Ko so ga napojili, so ga odgnali na bližnji travnik past, sami so pa legli v senco počivat.

Nenadoma priplava izpod neba velikanski orel, se spusti na travnik in zasedi svoje ogromne kremplje biku v hrbet in ga odnese v zračne višave. Bratje so se prestrašili in čudili, pa niso mogli pomagati. Bika ni bilo nazaj.

Peš so jo morali mahnuti čez gore in doline proti domu.

Čez dolgo časa je prignal na travnik kozji pastir svojo čredo. Ker je začelo deževati, je pastir šel vedrit pod košato brado največjega kozla. In je vedril, vedril, da je dež ponehal. Stopi izpod kozlove brade in se ozira proti nebu, če bo še kaj dežja. Ta hip mu izpod oblačnega neba pade nekaj v oko in ga zaskeli. Pomane si oko in meni: "Eh, neka smet mi je padla v oko in me malo ščemi." — V resnici pa je bila ta smet lopatica tistega bika, ki ga je bil orel odnesel v zračne višave, pa je zdaj ogledano lopatico spustil na zemljo.

Kozarja je smet v očesu bolj in bolj dražila, zato je pognal čredo domov. In doma je naročil svojim sedmim snaham, naj mu preiščejo oko in vzamejo tisto smet ven, ki ga tako draži.

Snahe so šarile po očesu, pa niso ničesar našle. Ena izmed njih se domisli in pravi: "Našega fantiča bi poslale v očesno duplino, da vse krog in krog dobro preišče." In res, snahe so vzdignile fantiča in ga posadile v starčkovo očesno votlino. Fantič je v očesu vse prebrskal od konca do kraja in nazadnje res našel smet — bikovo lopatico.

"Trešči jo ven!" veli starec, kozji pastir.

"Ne gre, prevelika je. Treba je vrvi in volov, da jo bodo ven potegnili."

Zgodilo se je po njegovem. Prinesli so vrvi in prignali vole iz cele vasi in so vsi skupaj, ljudje in voli, z veliko težavo privlekli bikovo lopatico iz očesa kozjega pastirja. Taka je bila.

Potem so menili ljudje, da bi bilo dobro, če bi to kost zavlekli kam daleč, da se še komu ne pripeti taka nesreča. In so jo vlekli ven iz vasi in jo tam pustili v neki grapi.

Od tistega časa je minilo mnogo let, morda stoletij, ali celo tisočletij. Vremenske izpremembe in naravne sile so delovale tako, da so bikovo lopatico — popolnoma zasule z blatom in prstjo in drugačno navlako. Napravila se je ruša in vse skupaj je prerasla trava in ne duha ne sluha ni bilo o bikovi lopatici. Nov rod se je tamkaj naselil, si postavil vas in obdeloval polje; pa niso ljudje vedeli, da prebivajo na zasuti bikovi lopatici.

Kar se vam pritepe od nekod lisica zvitorepka in izvoha na nekem kraju zakopano bikovo lopatico. In ta spaka noč za nočjo prihaja in gloda tisto kost v zemlji. Kost se je seveda potresala, z njo vred se je zibala tudi zemlja in vas, ki je bila postavljena na lopatici. Ljudje so se prestrašili in mislili, da je potres. Ker so bili pogani, so prosili svoje bogove, naj jim prizaneso; prinašali so jim razne žrtve in opravljali njim na čast daritve, da bi potolažili jezo božjo.

Toda nič ni pomagalo. Zemlja se je zibala in vas se je tresla noč za nočjo. Vaščani so spoznali, da mora biti tukaj nekaj drugega vmes. In so začeli stražiti vas vsako noč. Lisico so zasačili, jo na mestu potokli in pobili na smrt. Drugo jutro se je zbrala vsa vas in občudovala lisico-velikanko, ki je zleknjena ležala pred njimi.

Možem se je škoda zdelo lepe lisičje kože, da bi jo zavrgli, zato so sklenili, da jo oderejo. Odrli so polovico lisice-velikanke, potem jo je bilo treba prevaliti na drugi bok, da bi še z druge strani sneli lisičji kožušček. In se je zbrala vsa vas in se na vso noč napenjalo, da bi prevalilo lisico na drugo stran. Pa ni šlo. Lisica je bila pretežka, vaščani preslabotni. Odrezali so polovico odrte kože in jo odnesli domov; napol odrto lisico so pa tamkaj pustili.

Čez nekaj časa pride tam mimo neka ženska. Ko zagleda napol odrto lisico, jo prevali na drug bok in odere še ostalo polovico kože. Zviije jo in vtakne pod pazduho in odnese domov. Doma doda

še tri sto ovčjih kož in iz vsega skupaj sešije kučmo svojemu sinčku.

Tako! Lisica pa je tam ostala in strohnela; le njene kosti so se valjale po planjavi, kamor jih je razmetal stepni veter. Lobanjo pa, ki je najbolj okrogla, je veter kotalil daleč daleč po pusti stepi, dokler ni obstala v neki kotlini.

Pa so šli tam mimo možje kalmiki s svojimi vozovi in voli v primorsko vas po sol. Štirideset jih je bilo in vsak s svojim vozom in volom. In so romali po stepi ponoči; vozniki so ležali in spali po vozech, voli pa so sami šli svojo pot drug za drugim. Nesreča pa je hotela, da je prvi vol zavozil v odprto lisičjo lobanjo, ki je ležala v kotlini. Za njim so v lobanjo zavozili vsi ostali voli, tako da se je nenadoma znašlo v lisičji črepinji vseh štirideset voznikov. Nastala je gneča in voli so se bodli in mukali, vozniki so se prebudili in se čudili, kje da so. Izhoda niso mogli najti. Začeli so vpiti in klicati.

Nastala je prava zmešnjava v temni noči. Vpiti in šum in ropot pa mukanje živine so začeli psi v sosednji vasi ter začeli na vso moč lajati. Prebudili so se ljudje in se jim je čudno zdelo vse to. Končno so se psi pognali v tisto stran, odkoder je prihajal ropot in vpiti je. Zaganjali so se v lobanjo in lajali na vso moč. V lobanji pa je ropot še bolj naraščal, čimbolj so psi lajali. Navsezadnje zagrabi največji pes tisto lobanjo in jo z vozniki vred odnese v vas. Zda jele je zagomazelo in se skotalilo po lobanji drugo čez drugo. Vpiti je, šum, ropot in mukanje je postajalo vedno hujše.

Zjutraj so vaščani prišli in poslušali in niso vedeli, kaj to pomeni. Poslali so v lobanjo nekega pastirja, naj pogleda, kaj je prav za prav tam notri. In pastir je stopil v lobanjo ter pripeljal na prosto štirideset vozov z voli in vozniki.

Vaščani so strmeli in se smejali. "Kaj pa delate v lisičji lobanji?"

“Po sol smo šli k vam, pa smo ponoči zašli.”

“Ha-ha-ha!” se zagrohota vaški starosta, “vi ste pa res kot ustvarjeni za prevoz soli, če se zgubite v lisičji lobanji in ne veste iz nje.”

In je potegnil iz čepa košček soli ter jo vrgel pred voznike. Ta košček je bil ogromna skala soli, katere niso mogli premakniti. Vzeli so kladiva in solnato skalo razdrobili na manjše kose. Od

teh so nekaj malega naložili na svoje vozove, plačali, se poslovili in odšli domov.

In jim je ta sol zadostovala za več let, pravijo.

Tako! Zdaj pa, dragi moji, povejte, kdo je med temi velikani največji? Kdor ugane, naj sporoči. Za plačilo dobi košček soli pa raztrgano kučmo od nadobudnega sinčka velikana.



RUTH S. FORD

IVANKA

NAŠ KOTIČEK

Petdeset dolarjev v gotovini za dopisnike Mladinskega lista!

NAGRADE DOBI 10 OTROK ZA NAJBOLJŠE DOPISE V SLOVENŠČINI ALI ANGLEŠČINI

**Prva nagrada je DESET dolarjev;
dve nagradi po SEDEM IN POL dolarja;
tri nagrade po PET dolarjev;
štiri nagrade po DVA IN POL dolarja.**

PRAVILA KONTESTA

Kontesta se lahko udeleži vsak član (članica) mladinskega oddelka SNPJ.

Naloga vsakega kontestanta je, da v največ sto besedah slovenskega ali angleškega jezika napiše, zakaj hoče biti aktiven član (članica) SNPJ, ko doseže predpisano starost, in kaj pričakuje od SNPJ.

Kdor to pove najbolje, dobi PRVO nagrado; ostalih devet dopisnikov, ki povedo najbolje za prvim, dobe ostale nagrade, ki so gori označene.

Sodniki, ki določijo zmagovalce, so: gl. predsednik Vincent Cainkar, gl. tajnik Fred A. Vider in urednik Ivan Molek. Večina odloči.

Upoštevan bo le en dopis vsakega kontestanta.

Kontest se začne z mesecem oktobrom in se zaključi z decembrom 1935.

Dopisi kontestantov bodo objavljeni sproti v Mladinskem listu in sicer v jeziku, v katerem bodo spisani.

“B—a-e-i-o-u—l”

Cenjeni urednik!

Šolske počitnice se bližajo h koncu, in ko bodo te vrstice zagledale beli dan v “Kotičku”, bomo šolarji že zopet pohajali šolo.

Prav je tako! Za počitkom in zabavo mora priti spet učenje in delo. To velja tudi za odrasle ljudi. Človek ne more neprenehoma počivati, pa tudi ne delati. Ko bi se delo in počitek ne vrstila

po pameti drug za drugim, bi eno kot drugo zgubilo vso privlačnost in nas preveč utrudilo. Le škoda, da se v tem oziru danes mnogo greši. Dokaj ljudi v raznih industrijah je prezaposlenih, da nimajo časa za počitek, medtem ko na tisoče ljudi stalno počiva, ker ne morejo dobiti dela. Prvi stradajo na počitku in zabavi, drugi stradajo, ker ni dela in kruha. To je narobe svet.

V tedniku Prosveta sem brala, da se v glavnem uradu pripravljajo neke ak-

tivnosti in kontesti tudi za dopisnike Ml. Lista, kar bo objavljeno pozneje. Radovedna sem, kaj bo.

Ker sem napisala vse, kar sem hotela napisati, zato neham. Za nameček pa dodam še tole:

Spotoma v šolo se je B I L,
dobil je poglavi precej B U L,
zamazal si ovratnik je B E L,
zato je čutil skrb in B O L,
da v šolo iti se je B A L.

Hvala Vam za Vaš trud. Mnogo pozdravov vsem skupaj!

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

* * *

“Smrtni ples”

Cenjeni urednik!

Joj!—v moj zadnji dopis se je vrinila mala pomota. Tisto srečno številko za radio sem jaz potegnila iz žakeljčka. Radio je dobil Mr. Pipan iz Nanticoka. On torej ni daroval radija, dalo ga je društvo.

Zadnje dni v juliju sta Betty in Benny Fox plesala svoj “smrtni ples,” ki se je pričel ob 12.30 popoldne in se končal ob 7.30 zvečer. Z bratcem sva ju šla gledat. Kaj takšnega še nisem videla nikdar prej. Ljudi je bilo vse polno po ulicah, na oknih in strehah in sploh povsod, kjer je bilo kaj praznega prostora. Pripravljena je bila ambulanca z zdravniki. Vse je bilo pripravljeno, da stopi v akcijo v slučaju nezgode. K sreči se plesalcem ni zgodilo nič, razen to, da je Betty enkrat od silne utrujenosti omedlela. Pri tem prizoru je postalo več ženskam slabo.

Plesalca sta plesala v višini 75 čevljev na 24 čevljev široki platformi ali podu na vrhu hotela Jermyrn. Vratolomni sport in drzni ples! Zato se imenuje “smrtni ples.”

Lep pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem!

Olie Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.

Počitnice na farmi

Cenjeni urednik!

Da, tudi jaz bom napisal par vrstic za Naš kotichek, v katerem vidimo vsak mesec mnogo zanimivih dopisov.

Šolske počitnice so končane, zato bomo sedaj imeli več časa za dopisovanje. Med počitnicami vsak rad odloži tako delo. Z nastopom šole je drugače.

Letos sem šel prvič na počitnice na farmo. Šel sem na farmo v Genevo, ki je 42 milj vzhodno od Clevelanda. Na farmi me je vse zelo zanimalo, posebno pa konji, pa tudi krave. Imel sem obilo zabave na farmi. Kratkočasil sem se s tem in onim. Želim, da bi v bodoče vsake šolske počitnice prebil na farmi, saj je lepše ko v mestu.

Letos je bilo preveč dežja. Farmarji so bili zelo v skrbeh, da jim dež ne prinese škode. Vročine letos ni bilo dosti.

Upam, da bo ta dopis priobčen v septembrski številki M. L. Upam tudi, da boste moje napake popravili, zakar se Vam že sedaj zahvaljujem.

Pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem!

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

* * *

Izid dirke z avtomobilčki

Dragi urednik!

Zadnjič sem Vam poročal o Soap Box Derby ali dirki s škatljastimi avtomobilčki, ki se je vršila 3. avgusta. Danes poročam o njenem izidu.

Prvo nagrado je dobil Thomas Nimmo. Njegov avtomobilček je izgledal kakor turtle ali želva (“šilkrota”). Jaz se nisem udeležil dirke, ker sem bil prepozen z izdelovanjem mojega avta, poleg tega pa sem imel smolo. Kolesa ki sem jih pritrtil k škatlji, so gotovo bila prestara, ali pa je moja sestra pretežka. Ko sva šla, da preiskusiva moje vozilo, so se kolesa polomila. Potem pa nisem imel sreče, da bi dobil druga kolesa do gotovega dne, ko je bilo treba prijaviti udeležbo Racing klubu.

Namenil sem se, da bom za prihodnjo dirko, ki se bo vršila leta 1936, moj avto dogotovil bolj zgodaj in ga tudi dobro preizkusil.

Pozdrav uredniku in čitateljem!

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

* *

Doba učenja

Dragi urednik!

Najprej se Vam moram zahvaliti za popravke v mojem prejšnjem dopisu. S tem, da ste vse tako lepo uredili, ste mi dali veselje in pogum. Hvala Vam!

Spet se je pričela šola, doba učenja in dela. Okrog šolskega poslopja je vse živo, vse polno vrvenja in kričanja. Šolski zvonec spet veselo poje ob napovedani uri. Lepo ga je slišati. Jesen se je vrnila z vrnitvijo šole. Poletje se je umaknilo hladnim dnem.

Jaz rada hodim v šolo. Sedaj pohajam 6. razred ljudske šole. Počitnice so bile precej dolge in dovolj časa za razno zabavo. Sedaj je to minilo. Treba je vzeti knjigo v roko, čitati in se učiti, da bomo kaj znali. Kmalu se bo jesen umaknila zimi, vse bo postalo rjavo in sivo. Pa kdo bi o tem sedaj mislil!

Za danes naj zadostuje, oglasila pa se bom spet prihodnjič. Povedala bom kaj novega iz šole. Pozdravljam Vas in vse, ki radi čitajo M. L.!

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

* *

Rajanja je bilo zadosti!

Cenjeni urednik!

Že dolgo, zelo dolgo se nisem oglasila v Mladinskem Listu. Pretelko je že dolgih osem mesecev, odkar sem zadnjič pisala v Kotiček. Temu so bile vzrok razne neprilike, dosti pa tudi moja lenoba, otročje rajanje. Da otroci radi skačejo in se veselijo, to že vsakdo ve. In rajanja je bilo med šolskimi počitnicami dovolj.

Dragi čitatelji! Rajanja je bilo zadosti. Sedaj nas čaka učenje in šola, knjige in naloge. Seveda se bomo tu pa tam malo povesečili; samo delo bi bilo predolgočasno.

Pišem vam, dragi Kotičkarji, da nas je na 4. avgusta obiskala znana **Frade-lova** družina iz Latroba. Prav vesela sem jih bila, posebno Mary in Sylvije. Onidve sta pridni in zvesti dopisovalki M. L., kakor je znano vsem čitateljem tega lista.

Da ne bom porabila preveč prostora, bom prihodnjič še kaj napisala. Omenim naj še to, da bove s sestro Olgo hodile letos v osmi razred ljudske šole. Sestra Albina dela v Pittsburghu. Iskrene pozdrave pošiljam mojim sestricam v Coloradu in Washingtonu.

Upam, da boste popravili moj dopis, tako, da bo vse okej. Mnogo pozdravov Vam in vsem Kotičkarjem!

Mary S. Kalister,
box 77, McIntyre, Pa.

* *

Pričetek šole

Cenjeni urednik!

Sedaj Vam pišem po slovensko, ker sem se že malo naučila, z mamino pomočjo. Želim, da bi ta moj dopisek priobčili v M. L. in za to uslugo se Vam že sedaj lepo zahvaljujem.

Že dolgo nisem nič pisala. Moja mama me vedno nagovarja, naj napišem slovenski dopis za M. L. Pa se obotavljam in odlašam, kakor tudi več drugih.

Šolske počitnice so pri kraju in pričela se je šola. Nekateri šolarji pa bi radi videli, da se bi počitnice spet znova začele. Jaz pa mislim, da smo imeli dovolj dolge počitnice.

Najprej vselej prečitam vse dopise v M. L. Zelo se mi je dopadla v avgustovi številki pesem "veselimo se nove šolske dobe" v dopisu Mary Potiskove. —Pri nas ni nič novega.

Mnogo pozdravov čitateljem in Vam!

Josephine Kozlevchar,
box 147, So. Brownsville, Pa.

Prijetno presenečenje

Te vrstice pišem v zadnjem tednu šolskih počitnic. Res, lepi in zanimivi so dopisi v M. L., a še bolj pomemben je bil urednikov članek. Zato naj ga vsak še enkrat prečita!

Lušno je bilo med počitnicami. S starši sem šla na društveni piknik in k dvem igram, zraven pa tudi na surprise party. Vse to je bilo zame nekaj novega. Naš rojak Perme iz Blencharda je namreč obhajal rojstni dan in sosedomi so ga prijetno presenetili s tem, da so povabili mnogo prijateljev.

Z našim stricem smo šli tja že dopoldne in obiskali prijatelje na Rentonu, Chewicku in Russelltonu. Tam smo se zbrali in odšli v Blenchar. Bilo je obilo smeha, ko so Permeta vzdignili do stropa, moj ata pa ga je za nogo dol vlekel. Moja teta je spekla velik kejk in prižgala 40 svečic, in on je vse hkrati ugasnil. Nato se je pričela gostija in vse je bilo židane volje. Mrs. Vehovec je pripravila posebne dobrote "za pod zob". Tako smo se zabavali pozno v noč.

Lepo pozdravljam čitatelje, Vas pa prosim, da bi ta dopisek lepo uredili, zakar se Vam zahvaljujem!

Mary Potisek,
box 217, Hitchenson Mine, Hillton, Pa.

* *

O pikniku društva 733 SNPJ

Dragi urednik!

Namenila sem se, da napišem par slovenskih vrstic za Kotiček.

Na 25. avgusta je društvo 733 SNPJ priredilo svoj piknik. Iz Clevelanda so prišli Strugglerji in mnogo drugih ljudi. Prišli so tudi iz Barbertona, Akrona, Liverpoola, Massilona, East Cantona in iz drugih mest.

Omenjeno društvo se lepo zahvaljuje vsem, ki so se udeležili piknika. Tudi jaz sem članica društva 733 SNPJ.

Pozdrav vsem!

Molly Dodich.,
2107—17th st. N. E., Canton, O.

Jožek bo še pisal

Cenjeni urednik!

Povedati Vam moram, da je to moje prvo pismo ali dopis za Mladinski List. Zato upam, da ga boste priobčili in popravili.

Želim in upam, da bom od sedaj naprej vsaki mesec napisal par vrstic za Kotiček. Slovensko pisati in brati me veseli.

Sedaj hodim v šolo in sem v 5. razredu.

Prosim, da popravite napake. Hvala!
Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in Vam!

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

* *

Mary želi več dopisov

Cenjeni urednik!

Že mnogo dopisov sem čitala v Mladinskem Listu, ali iz Windberja še nisem videla nobenega. Tam je mnogo rojakov iz Kastva. Moj oče je doma iz Matulj blizu Opatije. Povedal je, da je nekoč zastavil pot pri vasi Jušiči nekim "kanaroncem" na železnici.

Moja mama je umrla leta 1927. Hišne posle opravlja moja sestra in jaz ji pomagam.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem!

Mary Valenčič,
box 208, Renton, Pa.

* *

Zabava na rojstni dan

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Minilo je že več mesecev, odkar sem se zadnjič oglasila v M. L. Upam, da mi boste oprostili; bila sem zelo zaposlena.

Povedati želim, da sem doživela prijetno presenečenje. Dne 2. avg. so mi namreč prijateljice priredile surprise party na moj rojstni dan. Iskreno se jim zahvaljujem za vse, kar so mi darovale.

Udeležili so se Mrs. Mary Skerbetz, Mrs. Ella Dimpel, Mr. Jerry Dimpel,

Mr. Charlie Skerbetz in Mr. Edward Skerbetz, ki je igral na harmoniko, in mali Jerry Dimpel. Seveda so bili navzoči tudi moji starši in moje sestre. Hvala za lep kejk in darila. Povem vam, da mi bo ta večer ostal dolgo v spominu, ker je bilo vse tako lepo in vsi navzoči tako veseli, jaz pa menda še najbolj.

Iskren pozdrav vsem skupaj!

Jennie Grobin,
box 17, Broughton, Pa.

* *

Mnogo mladih članov SNPJ

Cenjeni urednik!

Ne veste kako sem bil vesel, ko sem zagledal v M. L. moj dopis. Le čudno se mi zdi, da se nihče drugi ne oglasi iz naše okolice. Saj nas je dosti dečkov in deklic, ki smo člani SNPJ!

Sedaj se je že pričela šola. Pa tudi med počitnicami sem imel "šolo". Moj ata me je vedno učil slovensko pisati in brati. Sprva je šlo bolj težko, sedaj pa gre že bolje.

Prosim dopisovalce, da mi kaj pišejo, jaz pa jim bom z veseljem odgovoril. To mi bo dalo priliko, da sem bom lagje učil pisati slovenski.

Pozdrav vsem!

Frank R. Kramer,
949 Cedar ave. Sharon, Pa.

* *

Tudi Frank bo še pisal

Cenjeni urednik!

Dolgo se že nisem nič oglasil v M. L. Ali veste zakaj? Radi lenobe in radi igranja z žogo ali baseballom.

Tu v Clevelandu se moramo igrati kar na cesti, ker ni zelene trave ne dovolj parkov.

Šola se je spet pričela in treba se je učiti. Prišla je jesen in kmalu jo bo spodila zima. Dežja smo pri nas imeli dosti. Danes, 3. sept., ko to pišem, je kar mrzlo. Tovarne slabo delajo, tako da ni pričakovati nič dobrega.

Pozdravljam Vas in vse čitatelje! (Prihodnjič bom še pisal.)

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





JUVENILE



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SEEN FROM ABOVE

By Mary Jugg

SAID the yawning Big Dipper
To the pale yellow Moon,
"If yonder you gaze,
I wager you'll swoon."

So the Moon turned its face
All dazzling with mirth
To where Big Dipper pointed
And beheld Mother Earth.

"So what," said the Moon,
"Is so strange to see there?"
"Ha! Ha!" roared the Dipper,
"Such sights, true, are rare.

"Just 'spose, now, that we
Would behave like those creatures,
We'd mar all our looks
And destroy all our features.

"I'd take a bite from your side
And, like a big piece of bread,
Into the Milky Way dunk you,
And so I'd be fed.

"Then the body of Planets
Would number the sins,
If Pegasus kidnaped
The Gemini twins.

"There would be laws for the Stars
And laws for the Sun;
Just trying to keep order
Would spoil all the fun."

So the two turned away,
Full strong of conviction:
Content that their Universe
Was not under Man's jurisdiction.

COMRADES

THEIR red banners flung bravely
To the sun,
They march, and chant, and sing —
A unity of:
One for all and all for one!
One! . . .
A bitter doubt stands guard,
Yet with old pride
My heart escapes
And marches with the Comrades
Side by side. —

ANNA P. KRASNA.

Anna P. Krasna:

FALLING LEAVES

THEY have lived their life,
 And now in gorgeous gay array
 Rustle ever so softly through the air;
 Dancing as though this golden Fall
 Is their gala day.

And from above fair skies smile
 A warm farewell to the departing throng,
 While through slanting sunrays
 Soft breezes carry quiet harmony
 Of Autumn song.

SEPTEMBER

CRICKETS are making
 The merriest din,
 All the fields waking
 With shrill violin.

Dahlias are glowing
 In purple and red
 Where once were growing
 Pale roses instead.

Now all the swallows
 Debate when to go;
 In the valleys and hollows
 The mists are like snow.

Piled up leaves smoulder,
 All hazy the noon,
 Nights have grown colder,
 The frost will come soon.

Early lamps burning,
 So soon the night falls,
 Leaves, crimson turning,
 Make bright the stone walls.

Summer recalling
 At turn of the year,
 Fruit will be falling,
 September is here.

EDWARD B. REED.

The New Party Frock

IT was the first real party frock that Betty had ever had. Of course, she had lots of other pretty frocks; but they were all white muslin or lace with large ribbon bows. This one was entirely different—all frills and tucks and flounces in the palest of pink silk, with little rosebuds encircling the neck and waist. When Betty's mother first showed it to her she clapped her hands with delight. Never had she seen such a pretty party frock.

"We must pack that away for the first party," said Mummy, wrapping it up carefully in sheets of tissue paper, and Betty stood by and watched her with wide, longing eyes.

"Oh, Mummy," she said, "I simply must find a party to go to! I do so want to wear it!"

Mother laughed mysteriously.

"Don't be impatient, Betty," she said. "Perhaps you'll go to a party far sooner than you expect."

And with that she laid the frock in its brown cardboard box and put it high up on the topmost shelf of her wardrobe.

That afternoon her mother had to go out, and Betty was left in the house all alone. All the time she kept thinking about that party frock and how she would look in it. Finally she could be patient no longer. She was all alone in the house, and no one need ever know! And then she did a very naughty thing. She went into Mummy's bedroom, drew up a big chair close to the wardrobe and, standing on tiptoe, reached down the brown cardboard box.

Very slowly and carefully Betty carried it over to the bed, took off the lid, and drew out the frock. For some minutes she was content just to look at it, and then, as quick as lightning, she drew off her little cotton frock and

carefully wriggled into the pink silk party dress.

Betty drew a long breath as she saw her reflection in the mirror.

"I must just wear it for five minutes," she thought. "Oh, if only there was someone to see me in it!"

But there was no one except Peter, Betty's little black and white puppy.

"Anyway," thought Betty, "Peter is better than no one at all."

So off she ran to the kitchen, where Peter lay curled up before a blazing fire.

"Peter, Peter!" called Betty. "Wake up and look at my lovely party frock!"

Peter blinked his eyes wearily; then he opened them wide and saw Betty standing there in the new frock.

"Wouf! wouf!" he cried in delight, leaping up at Betty; and before Betty had time to escape there was an ominous ripping sound, and right in the middle of the beautiful new frock was an ugly hole.

Betty looked down at it with tears in her eyes. "Oh, Peter, Peter, you naughty dog!" she cried. "Just look what you've done!"

Crying bitterly and very, very frightened, Betty ran back to Mummy's bedroom and put the torn frock back in its box.

A quarter of an hour later Mummy came home. First of all she saw Peter, looking very dejected, with his little stumpy tail between his legs, and then she saw Betty, with quivering mouth and tear-stained cheeks.

"Why, Betty, whatever has happened?" she cried.

And then out came the whole terrible story. But when mother had heard it she did not scold Betty at all; she simply said:

"I think you have punished yourself,

Betty, for Auntie May is giving a party tomorrow and I was keeping it a secret. I bought the new frock because I did so want you to look nicest there."

Betty did go to Auntie May's party, and she had a lovely time; but she had

to wear a white muslin frock with a blue bow. Later on Mummy managed to mend the pretty pink silk frock, and now no one would know how it had ever been torn, for right over the tear is a little wreath of rosebuds.

IN SEPTEMBER

By Charles Whealan

JOY month of laughing fields,
Measure of harvest yields
In September.
Seedtime forgotten long
Granaries in gladsome song,
How can the world be wrong
In September?

School bells, they ring once more,
Urging to wisdom's door,
In September.
Lads, then, and lassies, too,
Find life forever new,
Just as we used to do
In September.

Summer shall ring its chime,
Yester become in time,
In September.
Autumn, in bright array,
Hail, now, its natal day!
Beauty is on its way
In September.

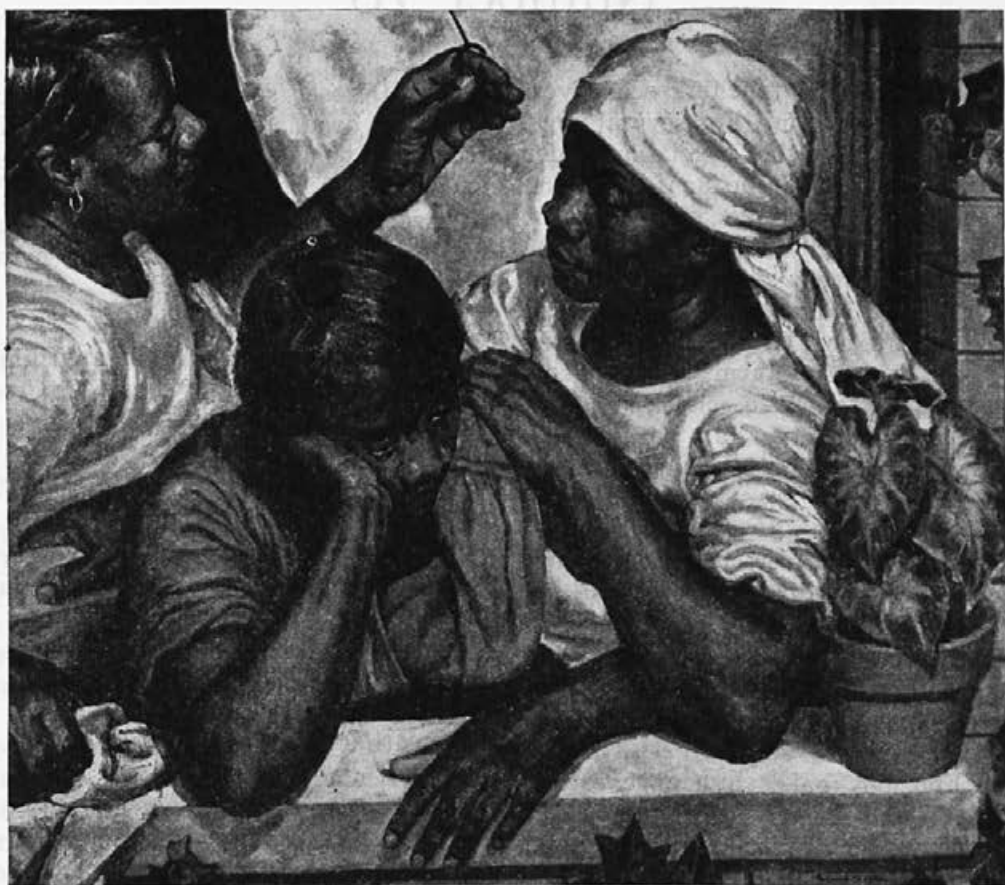
Toil on on in happiness,
Faint not, with souls to bless
In September.
Life holds to you its key,
Doors still will ope to thee,
New joys will welcomed be
In September.

A THING OF BEAUTY

JOHN KEATS

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

(From "Endymion.")



ARCHER

WAITING FOR THE DEPARTURE

Edmondo d'Amicis:

Number 78

I WITNESSED a touching scene yesterday afternoon. For several days, every time that the vegetable-vender has passed Derossi she has gazed and gazed at him with an expression of great affection; for Derossi, since he made the discovery about that inkstand and Prisoner Number 78, has acquired a love for her son, Crossi, the redhaired boy with the useless arm; and he helps him to do his work in school, suggests answers to him, gives him paper, pens, and pencils; in short, he behaves to him like a brother, as though to compensate him for his father's misfortune, which has affected him, although he does not know it.

The vegetable-vender had been gazing at Derossi for several days, and she seemed loath to take her eyes from him, for she is a good woman who lives only for her son; and Derossi, who assists him and makes him appear well, Derossi, who is a gentleman and the head of the school, seems to her a king, a saint. She continued to stare at him, and seemed desirous of saying something to him, yet ashamed to do it. But at last, yesterday morning, she took courage, stopped him in front of a gate, and said to him:—

"I beg a thousand pardons, little master! Will you, who are so kind to my son, and so fond of him, do me the favor to accept this little memento from a poor mother?" and she pulled out of her vegetable-basket a little pasteboard box of white and gold.

Derossi flushed up all over, and refused, saying with decision:—

"Give it to your son; I will accept nothing."

The woman was mortified, and stammered an excuse:—

"I had no idea of offending you. It is only caramels."

But Derossi said "no," again, and shook his head. Then she timidly lifted from her basket a bunch of radishes, and said:—

"Accept these at least,—they are fresh,—and carry them to your mamma."

Derossi smiled, and said:—

"No, thanks: I don't want anything; I shall always do all that I can for Crossi, but I cannot accept anything. I thank you all the same."

"But you are not at all offended?" asked the woman, anxiously.

Derossi said "No, no!", smiled, and went off, while she exclaimed, in great delight:—

"Oh what a good boy! I have never seen so fine and handsome a boy as he!"

And that appeared to be the end of it. But in the afternoon, at four o'clock, instead of Crossi's mother, his father approached, with that gaunt and melancholy face of his. He stopped Derossi, and from the way in which he looked at the latter I instantly understood that he suspected Derossi of knowing his secret. He looked at him intently, and said in his sorrowful, affectionate voice:—

"You are fond of my son. Why do you like him so much?"

Derossi's face turned the color of fire. He would have liked to say: "I am fond of him because he has been unfortunate; because you, his father, have been more unfortunate than guiltily, and have nobly expiated your crime, and are a man of heart." But he had not the courage to say it, for at the bottom he still felt fear and almost loathing in the presence of this man who had shed another's blood, and had been six years in prison. But the lat-

ter divined it all, and lowering his voice, he said in Derossi's ear, almost trembling the while:—

"You love the son; but you do not hate, do not wholly despise the father, do you?"

"Ah, no, no! Quite the reverse!" exclaimed Derossi, with a soulful impulse. And then the man made an impetuous movement, as though to throw one arm

round his neck; but he dared not, and instead he took one of the lad's golden curls between two of his fingers, smoothed it out, and released it; then he placed his hand on his mouth and kissed his palm, gazing at Derossi with moist eyes, as though to say that this kiss was for him. Then he took his son by the hand, and went away at a rapid pace.

THE OLD HIGH CHAIR

IT'S a quaint and odd-like high chair—
Old-fashioned, plain and bare,
Placed a bit back in the corner
Like a silent sentry there.
If, perchance, it could be thinking,
It would be of days, most sure,
When the bright-eyed chubby cherubs
In its arms were held secure.

Homes are never quite completed
'Til a high chair is their need.
Naught so serves such lasting bondage,
For two hearts that are agreed.
To that hearth it brings a program
Of safe-guarding plan and care,
And the heart joy of endeavor
To provide for that high chair.

Time, relentless, sure and certain,
Keeps its swift eternal pace;
Life-spans quickly pass those glad days,
When the high chair held its place.
Then the high chair, long neglected,
Seems like some deserted shrine,
Round which reveries in revel
Sweetest memories entwine.

F. A. G.

THE RABBIT

By Eddie King

Brown bunny sits inside his burrow
Till everything is still
Then out he slips along the furrow,
Or up the grassy hill.

He nibbles all about the bushes
Or sits to wash his face,
But at a sound he stamps, and rushes
At a surprising pace.

You see some little streaks and flashes
A last sharp twick of white,
As down his hidy-hole he dashes
And disappears from sight.

Zion National Park

IN UTAH, down near the Arizona border, lies a spot of such weird grandeur that the awe-stricken beholder experiences a thrill such as probably would come upon him if he were suddenly set down on another planet.

Traveling southward from Little Salt Lake, for example, one traverses the beautiful Parowan valley, through the village of Summit, high in the rugged hills, past the marvelous Cedar Breaks, to which he certainly will return later, then on to Zion national park. Other shorter routes are available, but I'm now describing my own trip, much of which was made on horseback.

The park itself lies in Zion canyon, a deep, narrow gorge whose walls are cut sharply in belts of rich red and creamy white, standing boldly forth from which are Titanic carvings done by the erosion of unknown thousands of years of incredibly slow but ceaseless erosion as, grain by grain, the rock fell away as Nature, the eerie sculptor of the ages, shaped her fantastic designs here in her vast studio.

We obtain our first view from the rim of a canyon across which we gaze almost breathlessly at Zion's central feature, the Western Temple, towering 4000 feet—nearly four-fifths of a mile—above a tumbling river. For the last hour we had watched and marveled at the glorious summit, but now there lay before us a mighty gathering of majestic structures.

Two small rivers join their waters here to form the Rio Virgin. The Parunuweap comes down from the east to meet the Mukuntuweap, or Little Zion valley, from the north. The Parunuweap emerges through a colossal chasm nearly a half-mile deep. The further wall swings northward and becomes the eastern wall of Little Zion valley.

As it sweeps down the Parunuweap it breaks into great pediments covered all over with the richest carving—rich beyond the power of the mind to grasp, yet when we try to analyze the sumptuous, bewildering effect, its details escape us. For two miles or more the flank of the wall recedes from us up the Mukuntuweap, all bearing similar decorations but soon it breaks into new and even more majestic forms.

A row of towers half a mile high stands forth from the palisade and immediately in front of us, surrounded by lesser formations, a dome-like mass, snowy white but cut by blazing stripes of carmine, rises like a grim giant to dominate the entire scene. On the summit of this amazing pile a flat tablet is laid with an edge of deep red glowing against the white below.

The towers which surround the central figure, although less in magnitude, are amazing in form and all combine into a whole that is the wonder of every architect who spends years of a talented life in an effort to evolve a comparable effect. These towers are white above, gradually changing through all the intermediate hues to a rich red below and all surmounting a curtain wall 1400 feet high descending vertically from the eaves of the temples to the steep slope of ever-widening base courses to the esplanade below.

In the distance, along the banks of the Virgin river, may be seen fertile farms with a foreground of mesas whose buttresses, folded, fluted and flounced are ever aglow with buffs, yellows, grays, browns and purples. When you visit Zion national park be prepared to see color—a riot of hues that range from the raw, blatant reds to the delicate pastels of pink, rose, yellow, orange, blue and purple to soft flesh and pure white.

Near the Mormon settlement of Virgin city there is a view northeastward of sensational Guardian Pass. Across Great West Canyon, apparently stands an immense dam of rock cleft by a rectangular aperture as regular as if cut by engineers. Surmounting the barrier are two white-and-pink cones, the ghostly guardians of the gap.

Another fascinating feature of the panorama is the apparent drawing together of the battlemented mesa promontories from all directions except

the south. As you move eastward these carved and tinted headlands actually seem to advance upon you. In the east are the pinnacled spires of Eagle Crags, shattered to dagger-like sharpness.

Rockville, another quaint village beside the Virgin, was founded by the Mormon pioneers in 1861, and was once an important telegraph station in this isolated land. Nearby, three miles off the road, is a petrified forest with trees eighty feet long, all turned to stone.

—O. T. F.



HOBBEEMA

WATER MILL, RED ROOF

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

"The child's first school is the family."—*Froebel*.

MOTHER and her little daughter were having one of their usual scenes. "Mary-Lou, eat your soup, too, Don't eat just crackers all the time."

"No! No! Don't want old soup!"

"But you must eat it."

Angry screams followed, bringing mortification to Mary-Lou's mother, consternation to her guests and plenty of attention to Mary-Lou herself.

"Mary-Lou, stop that screaming this minute! Aren't you ashamed of yourself!"

Much more was said, but it was all useless, perfectly useless. Mary-Lou at last had the center of the stage, and with persistence worthy of a better cause she continued to hold it.

The luncheon party departed with forced good spirits and Mary-Lou's disgusted mother tearfully put the spent child to bed.

There was a peal of the doorbell. One of the guests was returning for a forgotten handkerchief. Mary-Lou's poor mother was caught in tears.

"Oh, wasn't it dreadful!" she burst forth. "What am I ever going to do? Mary-Lou is so contrary. She never wants to do what she should." And, assured of sympathy, Mary-Lou's harassed mother wept unrestrainedly.

Alice let her cry for a while and then began to talk gently.

"Now, Polly, you know I've seen many contrary children in my nursing career. Mary-Lou isn't the only one."

"Yes, but I've tried so hard to bring her up well, Alice. Why, I've watched her every minute of her four years, I do believe!"

"Just what I thought," said her friend to herself. Aloud, she said,

"You're one of those too careful mothers, Polly, you smother poor Mary-Lou with care; you never leave her alone a minute. Contrary behavior is the only way she knows of asserting herself as a separate person."

"Why, Alice!"

"You wouldn't like her to grow up with no mind of her own, would you?"

"No, of course not. What shall I do?"

"Do? Do nothing. Just leave Mary-Lou alone as much as you can. Stop saying, 'don't' and she will not need to assert herself so violently. Try it; you'll be surprised at the result."

Next day, Mary-Lou with a radiant early morning face, seemed a very different child. Allowed, according to Polly's new system, to play at will about the shady porch and back yard, even to the temporary ruin of her pink panty-dress, everything went well until lunch time. Mary-Lou was apparently happy, and her mother didn't think for a moment that she would be compelled to hear any objection from the child about eating, but the usual thing happened again, yet she was prepared to handle the situation should it arise.

"Come, Mary-Lou, it's time for lunch, now."

"No, No! There was a stamping of small feet.

Polly restrained an indignant retort. "All right," she said, "I'm hungry," and seating herself, she soon began to eat without another glance toward Mary-Lou.

"Mary-Lou hungry, too, Mummy." The little one sidled up. She was lifted into the high-chair and allowed to feed herself, unmolested.

From that day on, there was less show of authority and consequently

fewer conflicts. Contrariness found so little opposition to support it that it soon weakened and faded away.

* * *

Kindergarten Supplies Social Life

"The kindergarten needs only to be seen to be appreciated. As conducted

now, it inducts the child into school life in a most delightful way. Even the good home can not supply the social life that the kindergarten supplies."—William Carl Ruediger, dean, school of education, The George Washington university, Washington, D. C.

A Day on Mars

TEMPERATURE of Mars must be of great extremes, due to the rareness of the atmosphere. Frosts at the equator probably occur nightly, says *Nature Magazine*. The surface temperature of Mars, at midday at the equator, has been estimated to be about the same as it is on earth on a clear, cool day in spring, or about 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

Surface gravity on the planet is only a little more than a third of what it is on earth, and a man weighing 150 pounds here would find his weight reduced to fifty-seven pounds on Mars.

Diameter of the planet is 4215 miles, not much more than half that of the earth.

A most striking difference lies in the great abundance of water on the earth—three-fourths of the earth's surface is water—and the great scarcity of water on Mars, presenting a most serious problem in conservation to its inhabitants, if such there are.

Mars has a day only a little longer than that of our own planet. The inclination of its axis of rotation to its orbit is about the same as that of the earth to its orbit. The Martian year is one year, ten and a half months. So the Martian seasons are similar to ours, but nearly twice as long.

There is a summer, winter, spring and fall on Mars as there is on the

earth. There is also an atmosphere on Mars, although it is much less dense than our own, and there are clouds, although they are comparatively rare phenomena.

Water on Mars is undoubtedly scarce. There are white polar caps, presumably of snow, and they show marked seasonal changes. In the Martian mid-winter the cap in the winter hemisphere is large, often reaching midway to the Martian equator, but shortly before the spring equinox of that hemisphere it begins to shrink continuously until, by midsummer, if it is the summer hemisphere of the planet, it may completely disappear.

The northern polar cap never entirely vanishes, but shrinks to about two hundred miles in diameter. In mid-winter the south polar cap attains a much greater size than the north polar cap does in its winter season, which indicates that the summers are hotter and the winters colder in the southern Martian hemisphere than they are in the northern.

It has been estimated that, with the exception of the permanent portion at the north pole of the planet, the polar caps of Mars, if composed of ice, can not be more than a few inches thick on the average. So the supply of water furnished by their seasonal melting is meager.

CHATTER CORNER

Edited by Joyful Members of the S. N. P. J.

Fifty Dollars in Cash Prizes for Contributions to the Mladinski List

First prize TEN dollars
Two prizes SEVEN-FIFTY each
Three prizes FIVE dollars each
Four prizes TWO-FIFTY each

INSTRUCTIONS

The contest is open to every member of the Juvenile Department of the SNPJ.

To get one of the above prizes you must tell in one hundred words, or less, not more, either in Slovene or English, why you wish to become an active member of the SNPJ when you reach the prescribed age, and what you expect from the SNPJ.

The member who will succeed in telling this in the best way, will get the FIRST prize. The remaining nine best contributions will be awarded the prizes in order, as mentioned above.

The judges who will decide the winners will be the following Supreme Board members: President Vincent Cainkar, Secretary Fred A. Vider and the Editor, Bro. Ivan Molek. Majority will decide in each case.

Only one contribution submitted by each contestant will be considered.

The contest opens in October and closes in December, 1935.

Contributions for this contest will be published in the Mladinski List in order as received and in the language in which they will be written.

Comrades Organize SNPJ Juvenile Lodge

Dear Editor:—

We organized a Comrades Juvenile Lodge here in Cleveland on Aug. 3, 1935. At present we have about twenty youngsters who attend the meetings. We hold business meetings every 3rd Saturday of the month. We have been holding our meetings in the St. Clair Bath House. After meetings, refreshments

have been served and we play basketball, volley-ball, kick-ball, and we're going to play baseball sometime in the future.

The officers are: President Jack Vehar; Vice President Josephine Smole; Secretary Eddie Mozek; Recording Secretary Mary Durenda.

The Juvenile Committee of the Comrade Lodge organized our Juvenile Lodge. At our first meeting the following Comrades were present: Otto Tekautz, Pauline Spek, Frank Modec, Mary Zakrajsek, Martin Antoncic.

I would like to see each and every member present at our next meeting of Young Comrades. I also want to see our friends present and I appeal to our elders to send their children to our meetings as we have good times and at the same time we are learning how to conduct lodge meetings.

Hoping to see our members and many new outsiders at our next meeting, September 21. Best regards to all SNP'ers.

Jack Vehar, Juvenile Comrade,
Lodge 566, Cleveland, O.

Devastating Floods

Dear Editor and Readers:—

A storm doing much damage devastated Latrobe and surrounding towns early in August. Here are brief notes about it:

Cellars of some residents of Latrobe and vicinity were flooded. Vegetable and flower gardens were washed out. Mud and debris was carried into the cellars of homes in Derry. The streets of a nearby town immediately after the storm were impassable as thick mud and deep water was on them. Several days later water was still flowing on them. Dorothy, a small town near Latrobe, was flooded forcing the residents to seek shelter in friends' homes and a school house nearby. Water came into the first floors ruining their furniture. The lives of two Latrobe people were lost. Rivers and streams overflowed their banks injuring corn and other crops. A culvert at Beatty Station was clogged thus causing the railroad tracks to sink slightly and forcing traffic to be stopped. A huge lake was formed on one side of the tracks because water could not go through the culvert. Four electric pumps were put into action to pump the water out and hundreds of men were put to work fixing the tracks.

This storm caused much excitement and people of Latrobe and distant towns and cities were kept busy for several days visiting the points touched most by the flood and storm.

I have read the following news in about a half dozen newspapers but perhaps some of the readers do not know that. The Pennsylvania newspaper reporters did not consider their jobs complete unless they chose from the Pennsylvania legislators, the most handsome, ugliest, the laziest, and the one who should not be in Harrisburgh at all. As the "ablest all-round man" they chose Rep. **Darlington Hoopes**, a Socialist. When told of the honor bestowed upon him Hoopes said, "The compliment really belongs to my party."

We are quite fortunate in Pennsylvania as we have a radio station through whose medium we hear many Slovene programs. These programs are always played splendidly.

A Proud Torch,

Mary Elizabeth Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Members:—

Because I have not written to this wonderful magazine since school was out, I decided to write before it starts.

I am enjoying this summer immensely although I didn't go anywhere for a vacation.

School will soon start, but I will not mind it because it will be something different for a change. How about you other members? School usually starts the first Monday in Sept.

Hoping to write soon, I will close with my best regards to the Editor and Members.

Clara C. Zebre, box 23, Marianna, Pa.

* *

Cloudburst and Flood

Dear Editors and Readers:—

Vacation time is over. Mine wasn't as good as it could have been. A few days after school was out my mother was hit by an auto. Then I had to work for about one month. After mother got well I went on a one week vacation.

Friday, Aug. 2, we almost had a flood. Water was coming up our yard already but it didn't hurt anything. Then on the following day there was a cloudburst and our cellars were flooded. Our neighbor has a service station and a house built by the creek. When the water came it moved the house a few feet from its foundation. Our neighbor saved a man and a woman from drowning in the flood. They were in a tourist camp when the water came. It rolled the car over and over. It was the worst flood the people around here can remember.

Pauline E. Novak,

Box 113, Valley Grove, W. Va.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I live on a farm 13 miles out of Aguilar, Colo., near the Spanish peak. We have seven cats, two dogs, one cow, one horse and fifty chickens. I go to Pine Grove school and my teacher's name is Mr. Louis Yanes, a very good teacher. I am 10 years of age and in the 5th grade.—Work is very scarce around here. My Daddy is forking on the project and is getting ten days of work a month.—I would like to see Albert Prijatelj's letter in the M. L.

Best regards.

Mary Ann Sinkovich,
box 101, Aguilar, Colo.

A Letter from Aguilar

Dear Editor:—

I like to read the M. L. very much. I am 13 years old and in the 9th grade in Pine Grove school. I have three sisters and one brother; we all belong to the SNPJ.

I wish my cousin Georgie Chellon would write to the M. L., and I wish Elizabeth Sash would also write to the M. L., and many other girls and boys too. I sure like to read Mary Paulin's letters.

Best regards to all.

Maggie Sinkovich, box 191, Aguilar, Colo.

My Vacation

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I received my M. L. on Aug. 19 which reminds me that I, too, should write about my vacation which sure was a busy one.

We spent the month of July at a nearby lake and I met some very nice girl friends. I visited with each one before we left the lake. But the day I liked best was the one I spent with a farmer girl. We went raspberry and currant picking early in the morning, then I helped her with her outdoor chores, as she called them. She also took me through the riding academy stables which are located on their property and there I saw the most beautiful horses and dogs. On last Saturday we have packed our baskets and went with friends on a fishing trip to the Delaware river at Narrowsburg, New York. We had lots of fun, but not many fish.

On Sept. 4 we went back to school and I passed to the 8th grade with an average of 92.

My daddy promised me a dollar if I made the honor roll and 25c for every point over, so he was out \$1.50 when I got my report card.

If my cousin Lillian Ócepek from Coalton, Oklahoma, sees this letter, I wish she would write to me. And I want Dorothy Sader of Jenny Lind, Arkansas, to know that her mother and my mother went to school together. I wish Dorothy would write to me.

Best regards,
Dorothy DeGrosky,
615 Court st., Scranton, Pa.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I had my vacation in Colorado this year. On July 16, we started for Steamboat Springs and stayed there one day and a half, from where we went to Denver. We stayed there about a week at a lady's sister's house. The lady went to a hospital on an operation and we moved into an apartment and I took care of her children. When she got well, we

went down to her sister's house again and several days later we were ready to go home. I was very tired from the trip, so much so that I had to stay in bed two days and had to take castor oil—oooo!!! The bad taste soon disappeared, however, because I had plenty of orange juice in the oil.

On my return home, I found my flowers all dry and withered, because nobody watered them. I wish someone would write to me.

Mary Pershin, box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

Mary's Vacation

Dear Editor:—

I am very glad that school is here. I am 12 years old and am in the 8th grade. I was on a vacation at McNeal Town with Mr. and Mrs. Mele and children Annie and Frankie. I had a very nice time there. We went to see the Grand View Hotel; it is made like a big ship. We went on deck of the ship, there we saw two large telescopes. We saw many beautiful things through them. I want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Mele for the good time they had given me. I also was at the Niagara Falls.

My father is sick with a sore eye.

I have two brothers, John and Frank, and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 349. I wish some of the members of the SNPJ would write to me.

Best regards to all.

Mary Dormish,
430 W. Main st., Rockwood, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

Since this is my first letter to the M. L., I wish to say that it isn't going to be my last one, either. I am 8 years old and in the 3rd grade. We are nine in the family, all members of the SNPJ Lodge 416. We also have five cousins whom we keep in the lodge. School started Sept. 3 and I am glad it did. I think this is the first letter in the M. L. from here.

Milka Mileta, Van Hauten, N. Mex.

My Dog Sharky

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Many months have elapsed since I wrote last to this wonderful magazine. I was always wanting to write. Now I finally woke up.

I got a little curly dog from my cousin (Annie Setina) last year and he looks just like a teddy bear. I named my dog Sharky. He is a very good hunter, every time he sees a rabbit looking at his eyes he runs after him until the rabbit is lost; sometimes our teddy bear catches him. Sharky catches frogs,

too, but he doesn't eat them: Then our teddy bear comes home and smells like a skunk.

My brother was in Mt. Carmel hospital. On May 17 he was operated for appendicitis. Everybody was very nice to him. One day I stayed all day with him and I met a girl who was also a patient in the hospital and I got acquainted with her. She lives in Pittsburgh; her name is Shirley Ann Gay. I am always writing her letters and she always answers them. Her brother has an airplane of which he is a very good pilot.

Olga Knapich, R. R. 3, Girard, Kans.

* *

"Mamma's Boy"

Dear Editor:—

It seems a long time since I have written to the Mladinski List.

Three months have passed since school was out. I am attending classes in the little red school-house again, since September third.

I can still remember when I wrote my last letter to the M. L., and the poem I made up without any help.

This summer it has been the hottest yet of all the years as far back as I can remember.

My sister, Josephine Marjorie, is in the twelfth grade in high school.

I am sending you a poem:

MAMMA'S BOY

Yesterday when I fell down

And skinned my knees, oh so bad,
All Mamma said was:

"Now, dear, you mustn't get mad."
Mamma's boy.

But when Ted, my baby brother,

Fell down and skinned his knee too,
Why all Mamma did to him was kiss and pat
him so nice,

Untill he started to cry anew.
Mamma's boy.

"Now, dear," she soothed again,

"Here is a piece of bread with jam for you;
And look, dearie, here is

A great big red juicy apple for you too!"
Mamma's boy.

Now I do not think it's fair, do you?

'Cause I got hurt as bad as Ted;
But 'cause I am older, as Mamma says,
I must not feel so bad.

Mamma's boy.

Kathleen A. Stonich, Pueblo, Colo.

Our Vacation Days

Dear Editor and Readers:—

It has been a long time since I wrote to the M. L., I will try to write oftener to our dear, beloved magazine, the Mladinski List.

We sure had a good time during our vacation days. We went on a lot of picnics and hikes. I went swimming every day and learned how to swim well.

On July 28, the SNPJ Lodge gave a picnic at John Peterel's ranch. There were many people. We all had a good time dancing and singing. One man was dancing so much that he broke the dance floor.

When the picnic ended and the people were going home Edward Juvan of Kemmerer, Wyo., was hurt badly while riding home on the running board of an automobile.

That is all for this time. Best regards to all.

Josephine Krizak,
Box 126, Frontier, Wyo.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—

I sure am happy that school is starting. I like to go to school. My teacher again is Miss Billington as she was last year. I am in the sixth grade this year.

It hasn't rained over here for quite a while. It used to rain hard, and now it doesn't want to. I guess everything is going to dry up.

I have a few pets that I will tell you about. I have a dog named Prince that will go with me after cows when he takes a notion. I have five cats, two are just little kittens. My little tan-like kitten likes to bite my toes and fingers if he sees them move; trying to play I guess..

Antonia Frances Gabrsek,
R. R. 2, Pittsburg, Kans.

* *

My Trip to Wisconsin

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I will write a few lines how I spent my vacation. We motored to Hayward, Wis.. With us were Mr. Dickman of Utica and Mr. and Mrs. Dickman and their son Dicky of Blue Island. We were heading for Hayward, where we were to camp for a week. We did not stop except for our meals. A few miles from Hayward I saw a deer running across the road 30 ft. in front of the car, 575 miles from La Salle. After we arrived at camp and put things to order we then went to town. There I saw a fish that weighed 37 lbs, the largest I ever saw. I also saw some Indians.

While at camp we went swimming and fishing. A chipmunk ran before me, I got frightened as that was the first chipmunk I saw.

The week I was there I caught 48 fish. Next day we went to town. I was given a young turtle about 2 inches long. I brought him home with me. One morning I got up to find him gone. I never found out what happened to him. I was greatly disappointed as I wanted to keep him.

On July 4 we had a lovely time. In the afternoon we went to the Indian reservation. We saw some Indians dressed up for their war dance.

On July 6 we started for Eagle River, Wis. On the way I saw a fox farm. The foxes were sitting on their sheds.—I saw a CCC camp, also the Hiawatha Fort which was very interesting to see. We arrived at Eagle River. The people where we were going to stay have a deer farm. A deer was eating tobacco out of my hand.

On our return we arrived at Mr. and Mrs. Dickman's home in Blue Island. I stayed there for a few days then I went to South Chicago and stayed with my sister, Mrs. Roy Dickman. We then motored home and I was very glad to see my folks again. I was away from home one month. I sure enjoyed my vacation this year.

I am 11 years of age and in the 7th grade in school.

Gale Mirtich, 749 Grant ave., La Salle, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I hope this my first letter will be published in this beloved Juvenile Magazine of ours. I had a wonderful vacation. My sister and some girl friends and I went swimming in the river in our town. I can't go now because I hurt my foot while we were swimming one day. The city is now making a swimming pool next to the tennis court.—I am eleven years old and was promoted to the 7th grade. I have a sister and a brother; my sister was promoted to the 8th and my brother to the 4th grade. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 371.

My best regards to one and all.

Amy Kovacich,
St. Rt. 4, box 34, Cle Elum, Wash.

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Dear Editor:—

My brother is in the hospital. He got run over by a truck and has to stay in the hospital two months. He is 13 and I am 12 years old and in the 6th grade. This is my fourth letter to the Mladinski list.—Here's a poem called Daisies: At evening when I go to bed, I see the stars shine overhead; they are the little daisies white, that got the meadows of the

night. * * * For when at morning I arise, there's not a star left in the skies. The moon picks them all and drops them into the meadows of the town.

Carolyn Kutzler, box 203, Buhl, Minn.

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Frankie Wants to Know—

Dear Editor:—

School is here again! The girls and boys are busy studying hard so they will pass.

I hope the girls and boys all have had good times this summer. There are many of them who went on trips to other cities, states, etc. I would like to hear and know all about other things and places, because I don't travel.

I wonder what happened to Mary Fradel's, Dorothy Fink's, and Frank Miklavcich's letters. Looks like they are fading away (or are they too old to write to the M. L.?) for I haven't heard from them lately. I wrote to Helen Hafner, from Louisville and she hasn't answered my letter yet. I sure wish she would answer it.

I live on a ranch out west of Pinon. If any one wants to know all about the life on a ranch just write to me and I'll answer every letter gladly.

Frankie Stonich,
R. R. 3, box 135, Pueblo, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I like to read this lovely magazine—its poems, stories and riddles. Am 13 years old and in the 7th grade in school. I sure enjoy reading Dorothy Fink's and Mary Fradel's letters, and, of course, many others, too.—School is here, there is no time to waste now. I wish some of the members would write to me, and I would gladly answer them. Sending best regards to all.

Anna Marie Stimac,
R. F. D. 1, box 161, East Brady, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

My parents and I belong to the local SNPJ Lodge. I am 11 years old and am in the 6th grade. I enjoy Frank Miklavcich's letters best because he writes such interesting lines to the M. L.—I went swimming every day last summer, unless it was raining. It was very warm here this year. Closing this my first letter to the M. L., I'll say good-bye and until next time.

A constant reader,

Eleanor Bentz,
618½ Hayes st., Eveleth, Minn.