

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

## Iz kokošjih krogov

**ZAPEL**

Dva petelina —  
dva gizdalina:  
hudež prepirljivi,  
budež posmehljivi —  
sta sprta bila med sabo hudo  
in gledala sta se neznansko grdo.

**ZAPEL** je hudež na dvorišču: "Kikiriki!  
na svetu meni enakega ni!"

**Zapel** je budež na stopnišču: "Kikiriki!"  
na svetu ni tebi enake smeti!"

Zdrvel je hudež prek dvorišča —  
zletel je budež s stopnišča;  
in vojska taka se je vnela,  
da jata putk je onemela.

Najlepše perje sta si izruvala;  
v ranah vsa in še sta se kljuvala.  
So putke se vjezile,  
tako govorile:

"Grebena hudež nima več —  
mar misli, da nam bo tak všeč?  
In budež je oko že eno zgubil —  
kako nas zjutraj še bo budil?"

In putke bojnega izida niso več čakale,  
so rajši gospodarja novega si poiskale.

Maksa Samsa:

## KAKO TI JE?

KAKO ti je tam v daljnem svetu?  
vprašujejo me svojci, mati,  
ko nekaj krati v dolgem letu  
med rodnimi jih srečam brati . . .

"Vse dobro, draga mati, oče!"  
a jok skrivaj v oči mi sili,  
srce razkriti se mi hoče . . .

Pa vse preveč so vsi mi mili,  
da bi jim kazala boleost,  
ki družica je mojih cest . . .

## Miš in vrabec

(Ruska pravljica)

NEKOČ se snideta miš in vrabec in se pogovarjata. Miš reče vrabcu: "Vrabec, začniva se pripravljati na setev!"

"Začniva."

"A kaj bova posejala?"

"Pa bodi repo, samo ne posejva je pregosto, ne preredko."

In posadita repo.

Pride jesen. Repo je bilo treba spraviti s polja. Pa pravi miš:

"Vrabec, kaj si vzameš?"

"Ne vem."

"Ti si vzemi zgornji del, a jaz si vzajem spodnjega!"

"Dobro."

Pa poseka miš od repe perje in si vzame repo.

Pride zima. Miš teka okoli sita, a vrabec je komaj še živ. Ko preživita zimo, pride pomlad. Spet se snideta.

"Vrabec!"

"Kaj bo dobrega?"

"Ali se bova pripravila na setev?"

"Pripraviva se."

"A kaj pa bova posejala?"

"Bodi pšenico."

In skupno zorjeta polje ter posejata pšenico. Pride čas žetve. Ko se snideta, se posvetujeta.

Miš pravi: Lani sem imela spodnje dele, letos pa so vršički moji!"

Vrabcu je tako prav. Miš pogrize lepo klasje in ga skrije v luknjo. Vrabcu ostane slama. Spet prezimujeta. Miš gloda zrnje in se debeli. Vrabec je komaj še živ. Pa spet pride pomlad.

"Vrabec!"

"Kaj bo lepega?"

"Ali bova pripravila polje?"

"Ne, letos ga ne bova pripravila!"

"Zakaj ne?"

"Osleparila si me! Bojevala se bova!"

In miš pokliče na pomoč četveronožce, vrabec pa skliče ptice. Nastane velika bitka. Vendar v tej bitki nihče ne zmaga: ne ena ne druga stranka. Vrabcu prileti na pomoč gavran. Mišja družina se prestraši, zbeži in se vsa skrije v svojih luknjah. Gavran—strogi sodnik—pa jim krivice nikdar ne odpusti!

Katka Zupančič:

## Pred izložbenim oknom

M

MAMICA, vidiš tu notri za šipo hleb sira? In vidiš na šipi plavega orla?

O, mamica, hud sem na tegale orla.

Sinoči — se spomniš? — ko dolgo nisem mogel zaspati, ker spet sem bil lačen zelo in sem te prosil . . .

In si dejala: "Nimam ničesar—otrok moj zaspi!"

Težko mi je bilo. Zaprl sem oči.

In si vprašala: "Si videl po oknih orlov vsepolno? In kaj ti pome-nijo — veš? Da dela in kruha bo zopet za nas. Dotlej pa potrpi, moj sinko, potrpi—."

Tako si dejala in končno sem lačen zaspal.

In lačen sem sanjal:

Priletel je orel. Prav takle je bil.

In me vprašal: "Kaj vidiš nad sabo?"

Odvrnil sem: "Luno."

In orel nato: "To sklati z neba—pa boš jedel."

Trudoma sklatil sem luno z neba. In bila je—sir. Misli si, mamica, sir!

Pa orel je s krempljem pokazal na zvezde: "Jih vidiš? To so sladkorčki. Ti bodo zame. Teh mi naberi pet polnih prgišč."

Pa bil sem preslab, onemogel, in zvezde so bile predaleč. Zaman sem se trudil.

Zadrl se je orel nad mano: "Nočeš? Ti nočeš?" Pograbil je luno —moj sir—in jo odnesel tu sem.

Jaz pa sem bil lačen vso noč; tako opeharjen sem lakoto čutil še bolj.

Zato, vidiš, sem hud.



## Slovenska mladina v USA in njeno glasilo

SLOVENSKI živelj, ki se je izselil s trebuchom za kruhom pred vojno in potem v povojnih letih v razne evropske in prekomorske države, menda nikjer ne nadaljuje svojega političnega in kulturnega življenja v tako obilni meri kakor v Združenih državah Severne Amerike (USA). Tu se naši izseljenci udeležujejo v vseh panogah javnega življenja, dosegajo vsa mogoča mesta v poklicnem, korporacijskem in samoupravnem življenju, in njih društveno življenje je zelo živahno. Kdor bi hotel o tem dvomiti, naj si samo ogleda seznam slovenskih kulturnih društev in njih delovanja, ki ga je sestavil in objavil v letošnjem Ameriškem družinskem koledarju (za 1933) Frank Zaitz iz Chicaga, Ill., in ki obsega celih 38 strani osmerke.

Ogromno je delo, ki so ga izvršila ta večinoma delavska kulturna društva v USA brez vsake podpore one stare domovine, ki je čakala vedno samo na njih dolarje, dala pa ni svojim rojakom, razen kakšnih fraz, ničesar. In kar jim je dala, jim je običajno po dvojno ali trojno zaračunala.

In poglejmo kulturno življenje po množini slov. delavskih in narodnih domov, ki so jih postavili naši rojaki! Tudi o njih obstoji v imenovanem koledarju za 1931 seznam Franka Zaitza.

In časopisje naših rojakov?! Še danes ob vsej tej strašni krizi, ki jo doživljajo ameriški Slovenci z vsemi drugimi Američani vred—imamo v USA 5 slovenskih dnevnikov oz. listov, ki izhajajo petkrat na teden, 5 tednikov, 1 štirinajstdnevnik in 5 mesečnikov. Skupaj torej 16 listov. In še nekaj koledarjev itd.

Pa njih podporne organizacije? Količina dela, koliko samopomočnega in vzajemno podpornega duha so pokazali naši "Amerikanci" v teh panogah svoje-

ga organizacijskega in socialnega udejstvovanja! Ob vsem tem pa bijejo sredi ameriškega morja boj za svoj narodnostni in v zadnjih letih, predvsem in najvažnejše: za svoj socialni in človečanski obstoj.

Meje v USA so zaprte. Dotoka novih, svežih slovenskih sil že nekaj let ni več. Dotok ni dovoljen in tako se naša emigracija v USA ne oplaja s svežimi silami od doma, zlasti pa trpi pri tem slovenstvo naših izseljencev. Stari umirajo naravne in samovoljne smrti, umirajo od nezgod in nesreč. Število starih rojakov se krči. Novih slovenskih izseljencev pa — kakor že rečeno — ni. Emigracija se pomlaja in izpopolnjuje s svojim lastnim pomladkom iz prve, iz druge, pa tudi že iz tretje generacije.

Ta pomladek delavskega človeka — ki že sam ni bil dobro več slovenskega jezika, nego večinoma ameriške slovenščine ("amerikanščine"), če že ne samo različnih krajevnih narečij — pa je daleč od slovenskega narodnega pripadništva. Nujna potreba vsakdanje življenjske borbe sili k poznanju angleškega jezika; okolica je večinoma drugorodna; šole so angleške, zavest angleška — in koncem koncev nastane, če že ne v prvi pa v drugi generaciji, iz takega nekdanjega "Hunkyja" ali "Bohunka" stoodstotni Američan, ki mu za njegovo oz. njegovih staršev in dedov poreklo ni več dosti mar.

Tako se utaplja naša emigracija v tujem morju, kjer nudi dotok anglosaški narodnosti in plemenu. Je to faktično neizogibna posledica naravnih zakonov, posledica razvoja tu in tam. S to uso do naše emigracije se bomo morali sprijazniti in mogoče jo bo na kak način zavirati, preprečiti pa nikakor ne. Če vzamemo splošen človeški razvoj, nam je to umevno in jasno — ali če se omejimo na narodnostni in narodno-kultur-

ni razvoj, pa se je treba pri tem dejstvu ustaviti. In problem, ki ga odvarja to dejstvo, je problem slovenske mladine v USA, zlasti slovenske delavske mladine, ki tvori večino.

Ta delavska mladina se razvija dosledno po zgoraj navedenih smernicah. Večina slovenskih in drugorodnih podpornih društev po Ameriki je v zadnjih letih — ko se je bilo zaradi izseljenske kvote treba vse bolj resno obrniti za naraščaj tudi na v Ameriki rojeno mladino izseljencev — bila primorana ustanoviti tkzv. "angleško poslujoča društva". Poleg večine društev, ki poslujejo seveda še naprej v slovenskem jeziku in so njih člani pretežno starejši, tostran velike luže rojeni rojaki, je bilo treba ustanoviti še društva za mladino teh slovenskih ali drugorodnih staršev, ki niti ne zna jezika svojih staršev ali pa samo slabo, in ta društva delujejo sicer zelo živahno, vendar v angleško-ameriškem duhu.

Slovenska narodna podporna jednota v Chicagu, največja podporna organizacija slovenskih izseljencev v USA, ki ima še zdaj v krizi do 50.000 članov in preko 600 krajevnih društev, jih ima že celo vrsto in večinoma nosijo borbena imena: "Pioneers", "Strugglers", "Comrades" itd. Društvo "Pioneer" št. 559 SNPJ ima celo svoje glasilo, ki ga izdaja pod nazivom "Pioneer Bulletin" že od oktobra 1929. Ureja ga bivši drugi podpredsednik SNPJ, Donald J. Lotrich. Slovenska mladina pa išče sredi potrebe po življenskem obstoju tudi nekaj kar bi ji nudilo duševno obstoj in duševno hrano v materinskem jeziku. Niso za to prikladna glasila in izdanja za odrastle, nego potrebna je njim primerna duševna hrana.

In to imajo — k sreči! Imajo svoje glasilo v mesečniku, ki je pri nas vse premalo znan in vse premalo cenjen, in ki mu je naziv "Mladinski List". Izdaja ga Slovenska narodna podporna jednota v Chicagu za člane svojega mladinskega oddelka. Izhaja od julija 1922 ter ima danes naklade do 8.000 izvodov. Dosledno razvoju ima polovico slovenskega in

polovico angleškega štiva. Uredniki so mu bili Jakob Zupančič, Andrej Kobal in danes Louis Beniger.

"Mladinski List" je žarišče za obstoj naše slovenske mladine v USA. Ob desetletnici si ga lahko malo ogledamo, dasi so dnevi že pretekli.

Jasno je, da je list prilagoden potrebam in ciljem organizacije, katere mladino vzgaja v prvi vrsti. List je povsem delavsko in socialno usmerjen in odgovarja z vsem svojim gradivom potrebam in zahtevam modernega mladinskega lista. Vsi prispevki, tako pesmi, povesti, članki, slike in drugo so ubrani v to smer, ki edina lahko nudi zagotovilo za boljši socialni obstoj in za boljšo bodočnost slovenskega življa v hiperkapitalistični državi kakr so to USA. Vse te pogoje izpolnjuje list in si je prisluzil s to svojo smerjo že tudi napad v neki številki lanskega Ženskega sveta v Ljubljani.

"Iz življenja za življenje" je geslo današnje pedagogike. Pripravljaj otroka na borbo v življenju, da ga to življenje, ko vstopi vanj, ne bo razočaralo in s tem vrglo v obup. Mladina naj se že v mladosti pripravi na trdost in krutost življenja, na neizprosen boj za obstanek in na vse njegove posledice, saj današnji kapitalistični družabni in gospodarski red stopnjuje vse to vsak dan bližje k skrajnosti. In oni mladenič in ona mladenka, ki sta že pred vstopom v življensko borbo, torej najkasneje do 14. leta, prenehala sanjati o raju na tem svetu, sta za ta življenski boj sposobna in ne bosta iskala v obupu izognitve razočaranju. Morda bo to najboljši branik proti begu iz življenja, ki mu pa nekateri z mnenjem, da je to potrebna selekcija značajev in za življenski obstoj zmognih bitij, tudi ne nasprotujejo.

"Mladinski List" vrši torej vzgojo v tem smislu. Socialno usmerjene pesmi, pesmi izvirajoče in opisujoče življenje, življenski razredni boj, socialne razmere, socialna nasprotstva in podobno, tvorijo nekak uvod v vsako številko in so nje gibalo. Glavni sotrudniki tega dela sta ameriški rojakinji Katka Zupančič,

Anna P. Krasna in znani naš socialni pesnik ter naš sotrudnik Mile Klopčič. Katka Zupančič je doma iz Bele Krajine in je prišla v Ameriko pred 10 leti. Doma je bila učiteljica in s sodelovanjem L. Benigerja tudi zdaj poučuje v slovenski šoli, ki jo vzdržuje v Chicagu zgoraj omenjeno angl. poslujoče društvo "Pioneer". Njen soprog je poštni uradnik v Chicagu. Anna P. Krasna je doma iz Vipavske doline in je prišla v Ameriko po svetovni vojni kot mlada deklica. Je samoukinja ter nastopa zelo često in uspešno tudi s predavanji. Stanuje v Parkhillu, Pa., njen soprog je rudar. Pesmi Katke Zupančičeve in Anne Krasne so polne ameriškega življenja, polne doživetja, socialnega nastrojenja in v kolikor imata kje rima in ritem svoj nedostatek, odtehta to slabost vsebina. Vsebinska, sem rekel, ki je morda tendenčna pa se drži smernic, ki sem jih navedel v prejšnjem odstavku. Potem najdemo tu še pesmice Otona Zupančiča, Frana Levstika in vseh mogočih pesnikov naše mladine. Pred leti je polnil z izvirnimi pesmicami predale tega lista nesrečni belokrajinski učitelj in pesnik Albin Čebular, ki je prispeval tudi precej izvirnih slik.

Prozaični del pa ima poleg že omenjenih treh sotrudnikov pesniškega dela (Zupančičeve, Krasne in Klopčiča) predvsem še sotrudnika v Ivanu Jontezu iz Clevelanda, O. Ivan Jontez, rodom iz Cerkelj na Gorenjskem, je tudi samouk. Doma je bil za hlapca in težaka, ko pa je po svetovni vojni odšel v Kanado, potem v USA, je delal to in ono, se izobraževal in postal kmalu novinar in pisatelj. V ameriških slovenskih listih je objavil že celo vrsto uspešnih povesti in nekaj romanov iz delavskega oz. izseljenskega življenja naših rojakov v USA in Kanadi. Potem sodelujejo Ivan Molek, Nace Žlemberger iz Piney Forka, O., Louis Beniger in do leta 1929 je sodeloval tudi pokojni Jože Zavertnik.

Mladinski List je tudi bogato opremljen s slikami, ki so vse umetniške, fotografske oz. sicer primerne za oplemenitenje mladega človeka. Ob koncu

slovenskega dela imamo naš koticček, kamor pošiljajo slovenski otroci svoje dopise. Če primerjamo te dopise s sličnimi koticčki v naših domačih mladinskih listih, opazimo na prvi pogled veliko razliko: otroci opisujejo tu življenje v svojih družinah, v naselbinah, razmere v krajih, kjer so in vse ima znatno večji realni, življenjski in socialni navdih kakor pa res "otročji" dopisi pri nas doma. Veliko več življenja, veliko več borbe in nekakega razumevanja za socialne razmere je v teh dopisih. Teh dopisov je vedno več v slovenskem jeziku. V tem oziru je zaznamenovati viden napredek.

Angleški del obsega ostalih 16 strani vsake številke. Urejen je v istem smislu kakor slovenski del in sodelujejo tu večji del angleški avtorji. Vendar je treba povdariti, da je ta del z nazivom "Juvenile" (Monthly Magazine for Young Slovenes in America) že mnogo pripomogel k seznanjenju ameriške mladine s staro domovino in s kulturo v njej. V letu 1928 je izhajala v njem cela serija sestavkov o naših slovenskih pisateljih izpod peresa Antona Družine. Stritar, Erjavec, Jurčič, Vodnik, Aškerc, Levstik, Gregorčič, Prešern in Cankar so bili na vrsti. K temu je bilo vedno nekaj sestavkov v izvirniku, nekateri pa tudi v angleščini. Prevedenega je bilo nekaj Cankarja, Jurčiča in Stritarja. Leta 1927 imamo v njem dolgo zgodovino Jugoslovancev z mnogimi slikami jugoslovanskih krajev (The Earlier History of the Southern Slavs). Dalje so tu slovenske lekcije itd. Zelo bogat je pa v tem delu koticček pod nazivom "Chatter Corner", ki že sam dokazuje koliko zna naša mladina v USA več angleški kakor pa slovenski. Med ilustracijami je izšlo več posrečenih slik našega rojaka Stanka Želeta, ki pridno slika in je ilustriral tudi že nekatere v Ameriki izišle slovenske knjige.

Tak je torej vodilni list naše mladine v USA. Po mojem mišljenju je eden najboljših slovenskih mladinskih listov in ima vse odlike, ki se za mladinski list, zlasti pa še za mladinski list slo-

venske delavske mladine, zahtevajo. Ta list pomaga pri uvajanju ameriške slovenske delavske mladine v trdo življenjsko borbo in obenem pomaga pri vzdrževanju slovenskega rodu tam preko.

In mladina? Ta gre danes, v kolikor je že ni pritegnilo in prepričalo delavsko gibanje, za amerikanizmom. Amerikanizmu sta pa pogoj do skrajnosti razviti individualizem ter do viška stopnjevani boj in lov za uspehi, torej cilji in težnje, ki so povsem v nasprotju s težnjami današnje dobe, pa če upoštevamo tudi nje izrodke. Vso ameriško mladino z našo slovensko vred bi bilo treba usmeriti, če že ne takoj v socializem, pa vsaj v socialno čuvstvovanje in socialno dovzetnost, ki bi potem nudila pripravo za zahteve današnje dobe. Taka mladina bo šele dosegla preobrat USA in njih gospodarskega razvoja v smeri k socializaciji in ureditvi gospodarstva. In ko

bo mladina v USA to dosegla — nje glavna in zgodovinska naloga je pač v tem — tedaj bo obenem rešeno tudi že jezikovno vprašanje dobi in časovnim zahtevam primerno. In da vrši "Mladinski List" pri vsem tem preobraževanju slovenske in ameriško-slovenske mladine nad vse važno nalogo, je tudi jasno.

Kdor se bo bavil z vprašanjem naše mladine tu in naše mladine tam preko velike luže, naj si bo svest velike važnosti vseh navedenih vprašanj in jasen mu bo pogled.

Mladina slovenskih izseljencev v USA pa gre svojo pot, ki bo tem sigurnejša in tem bolj ravna, kolikor bolj bo mogoče "Mladinskim Listom" in njim sličnim činiteljem vršiti dano nalogo. In v tem je njih pomen in važnost.

**Cvetko Kristan, v "Sodobnosti".**



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

**Smith: ZAPUŠČENI MLIN**

Katka Zupančič:

## Tolovaj

(Nadaljevanje in konec.)

“POTEPAT? To bo šele prava reč, to!” sem mu zapela svareče.

“Pri členku me noga skeli; morda me je le ugriznil?” Pogledala sva.

“Samo podrnil je z zobmi — mrha!” sem ugotovila.

“Dobro je tudi to!” se je nekoliko zveselil bratec in na moj začudeni pogled je dodal: “no ja, tako nama bodo saj verjeli, doma in v šoli.”

“Saj res,” sem se domislila, “spela ti bom hlačnico s trnjem, pa pojdi v šolo vseeno. Prepričala bova tako učitelja in tista zijala po klopeh. Vojski doma tako ne uideva!”

Brat je še nekaj časa kolebal, potem se je le udal.

Razporo sva spela z glogovimi trni. In verjemite mi — to delo je bilo zamudno in težavno, težavno!

Pređen sva dosegla šolsko poslopje sva se še neštetokrat ustavila: ali je bilo treba ta ali oni trn popraviti, da ni zbadal — ali pa je brata pomrevarila skrb in se je povrtel pred mano: “Dobro poglej! Ali se res ničesar, prav ničesar ne vidi?” — Razpora je namreč segala skoraj do mesta, ki ga nihče rad ne kaže. —

Odganjala sem mu tozadevne skrbi, kolikor sem mogla. Nazadnje sem se ujezila in se postavila: ali bratec res misli, da bi hotela z njim v šolo, če bi kazal več kakor se spodobi? To ga je pomirilo in priklecala sva do šole in v šolo.

Po začudeno vprašujočem pogledu učiteljevem in “Aaaa!” iz šolskih klopi je bilo soditi, da sva z najino zamudo posekala vse zamudnike tistih časov. Obstala sva pri vratih. Radi hlačnice. Učitelj je nama namignil in stopila sva k mizi in pređenj.

“Zopet pes?” je zožil oči.

Prikimala sva in pokazala sem na bratove hlače.

“Oho, torej je le res?!” in ko je po natančnem pregledu opazil sledove pasjih zob: “hm, to pa ni več šala!” Da sva psa morala nekoč dražiti, pa se hođi zdaj maščevat nad naju — je posumil. Zanikala sva in povedala glede kruha.

“A, tako!” je vzkliknil. “Torej je čisto pravi tolovaj. Pred sodbo bo moral!”

Potem je po šoli nabral nekaj zaponk in ena od učenk je pozneje skoraj izgubila svoje krilce, ker je zaponko posodila učitelju. In ko so bili trni izmenjani z zaponkami, je dejal: “Nič se ne bojte več! Jutri tako ni šole. V petek pa le pridite. Danes vaju je strašil zadnjič. In tukaj,” je posegel v žep, “si upoldne kupita kruha.”

Šla sva v klop in vse bi bilo dobro, da nisem v učiteljevih očeh opazila nekaj — bilo je sočutje, danes vem! — kar me je presunilo in nekam raznežilo. Jeza, strah, sploh vse prestano gorje tistih dni se je jelo topiti in kmalu je kapljalo iz oči in nosa, da joj! Spominivši se izpraznjene rutice v torbici sem se je takoj poslužila in si pri tem natresla nekaj zadnjih drobtinic v oči. Nato sem posodila rutico še bratcu, pri katerem je — čudno — tudi deževalo. In tudi za njegove oči se je našlo še nekaj mrvic — kar mi je nemalo zopet pomaglo do dobre volje.

Dva dni pozneje smo izvedeli, da so našli Tigra tamintam ustreljenega. Midva sva vriskala in komaj čakala nedelje, ko ga pojdeva pogledat.

“Kar odletel bo, tako ga bom sunil!” je brat poškrtaal z zobmi. “Če ga nisem mogel živega, bom ga pa iztegnjenega!”

“In plesala in vriskala bova okrog njega prav po indijansko, kajne!?” sem pripomogla jaz. Bila sva tisti čas pravi vzorec najlepše sloge!



Toda, ko sva ga ugledala, je najina maščevalnost izginila, kakor bi jo bil odpihnil veter.

Molče sva stala ob njem in kar neverjetno se nama je zdelo, da bi bil to taisti Tiger, ki naju je še pred dnevi izropal kruha, ki bi bil nama lahko sleskel i kožo, če bi bil hotel. Zdaj pa nima niti toliko moči, da bi se branil muh, kamoli da bi strašil naju! In sva se silila k veselju, pa sva nevedoma oba hkrat vzdihnili. Spogledala sva se in bilo je naju skoraj sram. Slutnja, da ga je učitelj ustrelil zaradi naju, nama je bila prej v veliko zadoščenje! — zdaj nama je težko legala na srce.

Brat se je okrenil h grmu in odlomil dve veji in ko sva nekaj časa molče razganjala roj ostudnih muh, nama je malo odleglo. Dotaknila sem se bratovega komolca.

"No?" je vprašal.

"Poko-pokopati ga — ga bi treba . . ."

Prikimal je. Čez čas je z roko namignil nase in nato name, pa spet nase, name. Razumela sem: midva.

Položila sva veji križem čez psa in tiho odšla. Pa komaj sva se privrtala iz goščave na plano, se je brat ujezil:

"Kaj pa je bil tako neumen! Saj bi mu bila dala kruha — vsak malo — in še kako rada! Prijatelj bi nama lahko bil in bi naju spremljal v šolo. Tako pa—"

"Tolovaj je bil; tolovaji pa ne znajo drugače!" sem se potegnila za psa.

"Seveda! Zato pa zdaj tam notri leži — —!" Toliko, da ni zajokal in spustil se je v dir. Težko sem ga dohajala.

Doma sva si na skrivaj poiskala lopato in motiko.

"Kam pa kam?" je naju prestregel oče.

"Tigra bova pokopala," sem dejala tiho in gladeč toporišče sem se proseče ozrla v očeta.

"Ker nič več lepo ne diši," je medtem dostavil bratec.

"Lepo diši!" se je spačil oče. "Kdaj je še kak pes lepo dišal? Živ ne, nikar tak, ki že dan ali dva moli vse štiri od sebe. In kaj vaju briga? Saj ni naš! Spravita orodje!" je zaukazal.

Obotavljala sva se. Oče naju je parkrat postrani pogledal, pa je stopil, vzel lopato in dejal:

"Bedaka sta! Pojdita in pokažita mi mrho smrdljivo!"

Pokopali smo psa. Oče naju je z očmi premeril, dejal ponovno: "Bedaka!" in ostala sva na pasjem grobu sama.

Naredila sva križec za na grob — pa so prišli pomisleki: psu — križ? In sva sklepala: tolovaji so ljudje, Tiger je bil tolovaj — torej mu gre križ.

Prihodnjo nedeljo sva zopet poromala na njegov grob — pa z večjim, lepšim križem. Za napis sem se potrudila jaz in se je glasil:

Tu počiva zdaj  
Tiger — tolovaj!

Tisto pa, kar je tuja — nama dvema ne pretuja — roka nižje doli pripisala, sva skrbno izdrgnila in izbrisala. Kajti pripisano je bilo:

Križ sta postavila  
dva bedaka hahaha.



## Prigoda s klopotačo

NEKEGA popoldneva, ko sem šel skozi gozd, zagledam ob poti rujavkastasto kačo, zvito v klobčič. Le s težavo sem verjel svojim očem: klopotač že dolgo niso bili videli v teh krajih. Sklonil sem se in opazil, da ima konec repa res sestavljen iz kolobarčkov — nič manj ko trinajst — po katerih štejejo starost živali: vsak obroček leto dni.

Najbolj zanikarna klopotača bi bila v teh krajih še posebnost, ali tako lepo razit primerek! Ne, tega moram imeti!

Na svojih pohodih sem bil navajen, da sem imel vedno samokres s sedmimi naboji pri sebi—rabil sem ga, kadar sem zagledal kako jerebico, ki jih je bilo v tem času vse polno.

Kača je vzdignila glavo, izprožila jezik in zaklopotala z obroči. Pomeril sem v vrat in zgrešil.

Takoj se je razvila iz klobčiča in njen jeziček je migal z bliskovito naglico. Ker nisem poznal kačjih navad, sem se zelo prestrašil in naglo odskočil, misleč, da me bo zasledovala.

Namesto tega je začela počasi lesti v grmovje.

"Oho, malo počakajmo!" sem zavpil in sprožil.

Zdaj se je pa zares obrnila in mi šla nasproti. Ne hitro—a odločno. Prav resnično sem se ustrašil in ustrelili na slepo. Izstreljek je prodril kačino telo in pokazala se je bela rana v njenem trebuhu. Obrnila se je in se s težavo zvijala nazaj v gozd, uboga žival!

Boječ se, da mi ne bi ušla, sem obšel kraj, kjer je bila izginila. Posluhnil sem in jo zagledal, kako je klopotala s svojimi obročki.

Z občudovanja vrednim nagonom se je skrila za nekim deblom, le glavo je pustila zunaj, da me je lahko opazovala. Srepro je gledala in jeziček se ji je vrtil z veliko naglico. Nisem se ji upal približati—zdelo se mi je, kakor da se pripravljala na skok.

Izgubil sem bil že tri izstrelke—prav za prav ne čisto, ker sem jo bil zadel. A kako naj jo ubijem? Palice nisem imel, iskati je pa tudi nisem smel, ker bi mi bila kača v tem izginila izpred oči. Torej sem moral streljati v glavo, ki se je kar ponujala za lep pogodek.

Z največjim mirom sem iz daljave petih metrov pomeril in sprožil.

Kakor da se ne bi bilo nič zgodilo, je kačin jezik še dalje grozil in glava je bila cela! Pa saj se ves čas ni bila premaknila!

Ali sem bil zgrešil? Nemogoče. Na deset metrov sem vedno izbil steklenici zamašek in še nisem dolgo časa meril. Mogoče, pa poskusimo znova!

Že v drugo isti neuspeh. A zdaj sem začel razumevati; videl sem, kako je z bliskovito naglico umaknila glavo.

Mogoče je prišel do nje zračen val, ali pa je imela "občutek," kdaj bo prišel izstreljek?

Še dve svinčenci sta mi ostali. Že me je pričelo jeziti—pomeril sem in sprožil—uspeh je bil isti. Še mi je ostal zadnji naboj.

Tedaj sem opazil, da se pripravljala na napad. S težavo se je vlekla na pot—opazil sem, da krvavi iz treh ran. Bila je iztegnjena v vsej svoji dolžini—merila je obilno dva metra.

Nikoli ne trpinčim živali, ker nisem okruten; niti ne sovražim kač—zato me je postalo sram. Kača je prav tako lepa žival, kakor so druge. In ta tukaj je tako lepa! Njena barva je bila mešana, rumena in črna namestu temne, skoro umazane rujave. Kar milo se mi je storilo, ko sem jo videl ranjeno na poti smrtno.

A storjenega nisem mogel več popraviti. Saj itak ne bo več dolgo zdržala—ta, ki je prelezla ogromne daljave, da si poišče nov dom.

Želel sem, da bi ji zadnji naboj, ki mi je ostal, končal trpljenje.

Toda zlomil je le njen široki vrat, počasi se je obrnila, zagledal sem njen lepi trebuh in široko je odprla oči.

Le s težavo bi se bila še splazila s poti. Odhitel sem po palico. Saj veste, da je treba kačo prijeti v precep.

Čez čas sem našel tak pripomoček in prijel kačo za vrat; z drugo šibo sem se dotaknil obročkov, ki niso dali glasu.

Ker sem moral iti še naprej, sem obesil kačo na vejo, ki je visela čez pot, in dobro zaznamoval prostor, da bi ga čez dve uri spet našel.

Ko sem se vračal, je bil že debel mrak. Na mestu, kjer sem mislil, da sem pustil kačo, ni bilo ničesar. Končno sem obupal in odšel žalosten, ker sem ubil žival le iz radovednosti—kačo,

ki je najlepša stvaritev in jo v nekaterih deželah po božje časte.

Nekaj mrzlega in luskinastega me je oplazilo po obrazu. Ves prestrašen sem odskočil.

Bila je kača na veji, mrtva, kakor sem jo bil pustil. Zmotil sem se bil v kraju.

Ko sem se vrnil v koč, mi je prišel naproti tovarišev pes, ki je bil pretepač, da takega nikoli, a ko sem mu pokazal mrtvo kačo, se je prihulil in začel umikati—zbal se je je.

Psa sem pozneje kupil—bil je še vedno silno junaški—a kač se je bal, kakor je prirojeno vsakemu njegovemu vrstniku. (Iz angleščine R—r.)

Črtomira:

## Mastenica

**P**RÍ Šindovih so imeli teto Ančko, ki ni bila za drugo delo kakor da je čuvala hišo, ko domačih ni bilo doma, zanetila zjutraj ogenj, pazila popoldne, da se pogača pod čerprjo ni prepekla, nakrmila je tu pa tam sitne kokoši, in sploh opravljala taka mala dela.

Neke nedelje je odšla družina zdoma. Doma je ostala le teta. Gospodinja ji je naročila: "Ančka, pristavi lonec in deni ječmen kuhat, pa glej, da bo za opoldne že gotovo."

Šindovi so imeli za soseda Mihotove in ti nekega fantina, ki je bil ves vražji, le glavo je imel pasjo! Ta je napravil—kjerkoli in koderkoli je utegníl—kako neumnost, da se je smejala vsa vas. Imel ni drugega dela, kakor to, da je ves dan postajal okoli hiš in oglov in čakal pod kakim oknom ter prisluškoval, kaj se ljudje pogovarjajo. Tistega dne je po tej svoji grdi navadi oprezoval okoli Šindovih in slišal, kaj je bila naročila gospodinja teti Ančki. Pa je že imel v glavi, kaj mu je storiti!

Ko je teta odšla za hišo, se je potihoma splazil vanjo. Nad ognjiščem so

visele debele mastenice, ki so jih ponavadi hranili za poletje, to je za čas košnje.

Fantin—ime mu je bilo Janez—je skočil na ognjišče, snel eno izmed mastenic ter jo del v lonec, kjer se je kuhaj ječmen. Ko je to opravil, jo je naglo odkuril. Bil je ravno zadnji čas, zakaj Šindovi so bili že vrnili.

Gospodinja se je preoblekla in dejala Ančki: "Stresi ječmen v skledo!"

Teta je postavila skledo na mizo, vzela lonec od ognja in stresla ječmen. Flosk! je štrbunknila mastenica, a Šindovi niso verjeli samim sebi: "Mastenico, mastenico, pa danes, ko ni ne praznik, ne poletna košnja. Ančka, Ančka!" je javkala gospodinja, a njen mož: "Nisem vedel, nisem vedel, da si taka potratnica. Mastenica, pa danes, aj, Ančka, potratnica!"

Zaman se je teta izgovarjala, da ona mastenice še v rokah ni imela. Zmerjali so jo—da joj!—a tisti nepridiprav je vsemu prisluškoval in se zadovoljno muzal.

Gustav Strniša:

## V višavi

**Z**ADNJIČ sem potoval v višavo. Pa ne z aeroplanom, ali balonom. Še sedaj se tresem, če se spominjam na tiste trenutke.

Na našem polju imam prijatelja prijaznega škrjanca, ki se vsak dan o mraku dviga v nebo in prepeva. Često ga obiščem. Prinesem mu nekaj črvov ali pa kakega hrošča. Tudi sem že prepodil hudobne pastirje, ki so hoteli odnesti njegovo gnezdo.

Teh malenkostnih uslug škrjanec ni pozabil. Sam mi je ponudil svoje prijateljstvo. In odnesel sem ga ponosno čepečega na moji rami, na domači vrt, ki meji žitno poljano. Iz rdečega narstecovega cveta sva pila bratovščino. Dobra je bila čista rosa in šele proti jutru sva se poslovila.

Prihodnji dan sem ga spet obiskal na polju. Dejal sem mu:

"Lepo življenje imaš! Kar zavidam ti. Kako mogočno se dvigaš pod večer v višave, kjer prepevaš in se razigran vračaš. Tam ti ni treba poslušati raznih kritikov in puhloglavcev!

Škrjanec me je zamišljeno pogledal. Ukazal mi je:

"Prinesi jutri črvov, kolikor jih moreš dobiti!"

Že naslednji hip se je dvignil in zapel.

Kaj neki hoče? Zakaj mu bo toliko črvov? Sem se vprašal. Naslednji dan sem res kar ves dan kopal črvičke in ničesar drugega delal.

V mraku sem prišel na polje z veliko posodo samih črvov. Škrjanec me je že čakal. Zaprhtal je krepko s perutmi in tenko zapel.

In tedaj so prileteli od vseh strani poljski ptiči. Med njimi je bil še črni krokar. Pričeli so zobati črvičke. Ko so posodo izpraznili, mi je dejal moj prijatelj škrjanec:

"Danes boš potoval z nami. Tvoje želje bomo uslišali! Pojdimo!"

Naslednji hip so me obkročili ptiči. Po vsem telesu sem mahoma čutil, kako so me prijeli za obleko drobni kljunčki. Prav povsod so me držali. Neroda krokar ni našel med ptiči prostora. Pa me je s kljunom prav krepko pograbil za lase. Zabolelo me je, da so se mi pcedile solze. Rad bi ga bil prepodil, pa ga nisem mogel, ker so me tudi za roke držali kljunčki ptičev.

Tedaj je škrjanec zapel in se dvignil poleg mene kvišku. Takoj so se dvignile z menoj druge ptice. Zazibal sem se in že sem plaval med nebom in zemljo.

Vedno više in više je hitel škrjanec pa tudi moji ptički. Glas poljskega pevca je postajal vedno zvočnejši in milejši. Med potjo smo srečavali njegove tovariše, ki so se že vračali na polje. Povpraševali so ga, kdo plava z njimi. Ni se zmenil za nje, saj je imel poln kljun napevov.

Večerna zarja je odprla zlata okna na stežaj. Vse je sijalo nad menoj in okoli mene. Ozrl sem se na zemljo. V nižavi se je smejala blesteča pšenica, škrjančkov dom. Drevje je bilo slično drobnim šopkom. Kmetje, ki so delali na polju, so bili videti kakor otroci, kasneje pa kakor žive igračke. Povsod pa je sijalo solnce. Migljajoči žarki so mi kakor ognjeni valovi vedno bolj zakrivali pogled na zemljo.

Škrjanec je še vedno pel. Njegova pesem je bila vriskanje in zmagoslavni spev svobode. Odmevala je in trepetala. Zazdelo se mi je, da so se oglasile skrivnostne orglje veselja in zaigrale mogočno melodijo.

Mahoma je škrjanec utihnil. Visoko nad njim se je pojavil mogočen orel.

"Orel! Orel! Nazaj na zemljo!" je zavrisnil škrjanec in pričel kakor kamen padati proti zemlji.

Začutil sem trepetanje drobnih ptičjih srčec in zastalo mi je srce. Kaj če me ptiči izpuste? Na zemljo bom priletel, med zlatoklaso pšenico in jo oškropil s svojo krvjo.

Še preden sem končal svoje misli, sem čul poleg sebe drobno gruljenje divjega goloba:

"Človek! Ne boj se! Naš prijatelj si. Varno te položimo nazaj, od koder smo te prinesli! Poglej škrjanca, je že pristal. Tudi mi bomo takoj na tleh. Orel se spušča k nam. Brani nas!"

Spet sem začutil nemirno utripanje ptičjih srčec. Vedno urneje so se spuščali na polje. Orel je pa plaval nižje

in nižje. Še enkrat so ptice močno zakrilile s perotmi in že smo pristali sredi njive.

Prav tedaj pa je padel na tla tudi orel. Popadel sem ga za kremplje. Skušal me je pograbit s kljunom. Zadel me je na roko, ki je pričela krvaveti. Ker je čutil, da je šibkejši—je odletel. Ptiči so bili rešeni.

Utrujen sem obležal med pšenico. Škrjanec mi je pričel peti uspavanko. Zaspal sem. Ko sem se vzbudil, je ležalo nad poljem mlado jutro.

Tisto noč sem prvič prenočil pod milim nebom.



F. Levstik:

## CVILIMOŽ

Cvilimožek,  
 debeli možek,  
 ima hlače,  
 dopetače,  
 a trebušček ves napet,  
 da ne more ž njim na led.  
 Če za trebuh kdo ga stiska,  
 glasno cvili, tenko piska,  
 skozi usta, skozi nos,  
 zgoraj v suknji, zdolaj bos.  
 Še bi škornje rad imel,  
 da na noge bi jih del,  
 ako bi mu trebuh dal,  
 pripogniti se do tal.



## POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI" IN ČITATELJI

*Cenjeni!*

*Šolske počitnice so pri kraju in vsi šoloobvezni dečki in deklice so se vrnili v šolo. Petkrat na teden sedijo v šolskih klopek in se učijo ter poslušajo svoje učitelje. To je velika izprememba zanje. Med počitnicami skoro neomejena prostost in rajanje, sedaj pa kar naenkrat posluh in uboganje. To je potrebno, da se kaj naučijo.*

*Nastopila je jesen, ki ji pravimo "zlata jesen". Je zlata za one, ki so zdravi in jim ničesar ne manjka ali če imajo vsaj najpotrebnejše. Sedanji časi pa so še vedno tako slabi, da je mnogo ljudi v pomanjkanju. In med temi je tudi mnogo slovenskih družin in njihovih otrok. Upajmo, da pride kmalu do izpremembe, da bodo delavci delali in pošteno zaslužili.*

*Z nastopom hladnejših dni in daljših noči boste vsi šolarji imeli več časa za čitanje in pisanje. Pričakujem mnogo več slovenskih dopisov čez jesen in zimo kot jih sem prejel v poletnih mesecih. Zato pišite in takoj pošljite.*

—UREDNIK.

### ŠOLSKI ZVONEC VABI SPET

Dragi urednik!

Namenil sem se, da napišem par vrstic v "Naš kotichek" Mladinskega Lista.

Kmalu prične šola. (Skoro gotovo bo že naša šola odprta ko bodo priobčene te vrstice.) In spet bo dosti dela z učenjem. Šolski zvonec kmalu spet zapoje.

Jaz rad hodim v šolo. Letos bom šel v 4. razred ljudske šole. Imeli smo precej dolge počitnice in dovolj časa za razne igre. Ne smete pa misliti, da sem pozabil na učenje slovenščine med počitnicami. Ne. Slovenski čitam že dobro, pišem pa še bolj slabo. Zato upam, da mi boste popravili tale dopis, da se bo lepše čital.

Upam, da bom imel dovolj časa, da se spet oglasim v "Kotičku" tudi prihodnji mesec — oktober.

Mnogo pozdravov uredniku in vsem, ki to čitajo.—Albert Tomsic, box 122, Walsen, Colo.

\* \* \*

### TOČA JE UNIČILA VRTNE PRI-DELKE

Cenjeni urednik!

Da, tudi jaz bom napisal par vrstic za Naš kotichek. Šolske počitnice so pri kraju in sedaj bomo spet imeli več časa za pisanje.

Letos nismo imeli tu v Coloradu posebne vročine in večkrat je deževalo. Kljub temu pa niso naši vrtni pridelki

dosti vredni, kajti na 16. julija je toča vse pobila.

Delavske razmere so tukaj še vedno slabe. Moj ata je že več mesecev brez dela.

Mi šolarji smo se dobro zabavali med počitnicami. Vedno iznajdemo kaj novega pri igranju.

Ko bo to pismo priobčeno v Mladinskem Listu (ako ga urednik ne vrže v koš), bomo že spet sedeli v šoli in se pridno učili. Jaz bom letos v 5. razredu ljudske šole (public school).

Lep pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem!

Victor Tomsic, box 122, Walsen, Colo.

\* \*

### CENE GOR, MEZDE DOL

Dragi urednik!

Povedati moram najprej to, da letos Vam še nisem poslal nobenega dopisa za "Kotiček." Pa tudi ta dopis ne bo dolg, ker mi gre še slabo v slovenščini, posebno v pisavi.

Naše šolske počitnice so se začele 23. junija in se bodo končale 5. septembra. Takrat spet prične šolski pouk. In ko bo to pisemce priobčeno v Mladinskem Listu, bomo že spet v šoli.

Letos nisem šel nikamor za počitnice, ker so preslabi časi, pač pa sem hodil igrat žogo (baseball) na bližnjo loto, ki je prazna in pripravna za take igre.

Posebnih novic ni. Z delom gre počasi naprej. V prodajalnah se vse potrebščine precej dražijo. Cene gredo gor z vsakim dnem. Kaj pa plače? Upam, da se bo obrnilo vse na boljše pod novim dealom ali Niro, ki jo uvajajo povsod.

Pozdravljam Vas in vse čitatelje Mladinskega Lista!

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

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### PTIČJA LOČITEV IN VESELJE

Cenjeni urednik!

Najprej se Vam želim lepo zahvaliti, ker ste tako lepo popravili moje zadnje pismo. S tem ste mi dali veselje in pogum, da se spet oglašam v "Kotičku."

Zadnjič sem obljubila, da bom kmalu spet kaj napisala o tukajšnjih razmerah in novicah. Novica o mladih ptičkih, ki sem jih s takim veseljem pričakovala, ni nič kaj vesela. Z mladiči ni bilo nič. Ne vem temu pravega vzroka, mislim pa, da sta oba stara ptiča preveč sedela na jajčkih, tako da sta jih pokvarila. Pustila sem jih še cel teden dalj sedeti v gnezdu v upanju, da bo kaj. Potem pa je samica neko jutro lepo zagnala jajčeca iz gnezda.

No, sedaj si pa lahko mislite moje presenečenje. Iz jajčec ni bilo nič; vsa so bila posušena. Sedaj nimamo več samice, ki sliši na ime "Minnie." Dali smo jo drugim ljudem, če bo morda tam imela kaj več sreče s svojim zarodom. Samcu je ime "Dickie". In da veste kako je sedaj vesel, ker je sam! Spet veselo poje kakor kdaj prej, mi pa imamo svoje veselje z njim.

Moj oče pravi, da je "Dickie" dobil divorce, zato da tako lepo poje.

Pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem  
M. L!

Olga Vogrin,

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

P. S.—Da si prihranim na znamkah, pošiljava z mojim bratcem vsak svoje pisemce v skupni kuverti.

\* \*

### ALI OSTANE VEDNO PRI OBLJUBAH?

Cenjeni mi urednik M. L.!

Vse počitnice že odlašam z mojim dopisom, katerega sem že davno namepravala napisati za "Kotiček." Vedno sem namreč čakala, da bo kaj novega in veselega, o čemer bi pisala. Vsak dan slišim mamo, ki čita časopise, da se delavcem obetajo boljši časi. Pa kot izgleda, bodo vse te obljube o "boljših časih" ostale le na papirju.

Tukaj po državi Indiana so se rudarji zavzeli, da bodo povsod skebe pregnali in spodili iz rovov zlepa ali zgrda. Ves teden ni šel noben rudar v jamo. Tako tudi ne v celem 11. rudarskem distriktu.

Prvi dan štrajka so skebi ustrelili ne-

kega rudarja, ki je bil na stavkovni straži (picket line). Ustreljeni se je pisal Sam White. Bila sem na njegovem pogrebu. Še nikdar nisem videla toliko ljudi in avtov na nobenem pogrebu ko na njegovem.

Naslednji dan so rudarji obstrelili dva skeba, ki sta sedaj v bolnišnici. Potem, na obljube Roosevelta, so se rudarji udali in se vrnili na delo. Pa so vsa-

kemu za čas stavkanja pri mezdi odtrgali po šest dolarjev. Tako znajo kompanisti!

Sedaj že spet nekaj vre: nekateri so za stavko, drugi pa proti. Ne vem kaj bo iz tega. Prihodnjič bom poročala o nadaljnjih dogodkih iz te okolice.

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam SNPJ in tudi uredniku!

Jennie Fik, RFD, box 220, Paris, Ill.



Charles S. Chapman: CIGANSKA KARAVANA





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XII

CHICAGO, ILL., SEPTEMBER, 1933

Number 9

## A MOTHER'S TREASURE

YOU are my song so long unsung;  
You are my dreams of lands away;  
You are the fruit of my earstwhile hopes;  
Locked fast in you — a happier day.

And if, my child, I lose that key,  
And others find it in my stead,  
I trust the precious contents there  
Will carefully aright be led.

Let all that heritage of years  
Arise for service of mankind.  
That treasure I to others give;  
That treasure may the others find.

—Mary Jugg.

## THE PLACE FOR NO STORY

By ROBINSON JEFFERS

**T**HE coast hills at Sovranes Creek:  
No trees, but dark scant pasture drawn thin  
Over rock shaped like flame;  
The old ocean at the land's foot, the vast  
Gray extension beyond the long white violence;  
A herd of cows and the bull  
Far distant, hardly apparent up the dark slope;  
And the gray air haunted with hawks:  
This place is the noblest thing I have ever seen.  
No imaginable  
Human presence here could do anything  
But dilute the lonely self-watchful passion.

## LAUGHTERS

By CHRISTY MAC KAYE

**T**HERE is laughter yellow and torn as flame—

Scarlet and sharp and swift as blame—

The color of pine needles fallen last year—

The shape of a shadow, the texture of fear.

But I have heard laughter sort as thunder

With a brittle, beautiful edge of wonder

That moves like a breaking wave through the mind

And leaves not sound but thought behind.

## LABIRINTH

By MILDRED ASHCROFT

**D**DOUBLE columns by lead into its cloistered dungeons;

Doubting souls have faltered in its mosaic maze;

Only those who hold the thread of love to something

Mount to sing of faith in life—in after days.

---

## It Is To Laugh

It has been said that a laugh is worth a hundred groans on any market.

A hearty laugh—in the right time and place—is good healthful exercise as well as good fun. It is satisfying, exhilarating and inspiring.

It enables us, for the time being, to mask the present and wipe out the past. It is like an unsuspected burst of warm sunshine on a cold, grey day.

Old King Laughter has an interesting family. There are the twins you

know, Giggle and Chuckle, and the younger children, Grin and Smile. They are folks you certainly should know.

“Laughter that opens the lips of the heart,” said Victor Hugo, “reveals at the same time, pearls and the soul.”

Nobody likes the horse-laugh of course. It's too much like the posed hilarity of the clown. There are degrees of intensity beyond which no self-respecting laughter should go.

—Safe Worker.

## *"MAKE THIS A DAY"*

**M**AKE this a day. There is no gain  
 In brooding over days to come;  
 The message of today is plain,  
 The future lips are ever dumb.  
 The work of yesterday is gone—  
 For good or ill, let come what may;  
 But now we face another dawn.  
 Make this a day.

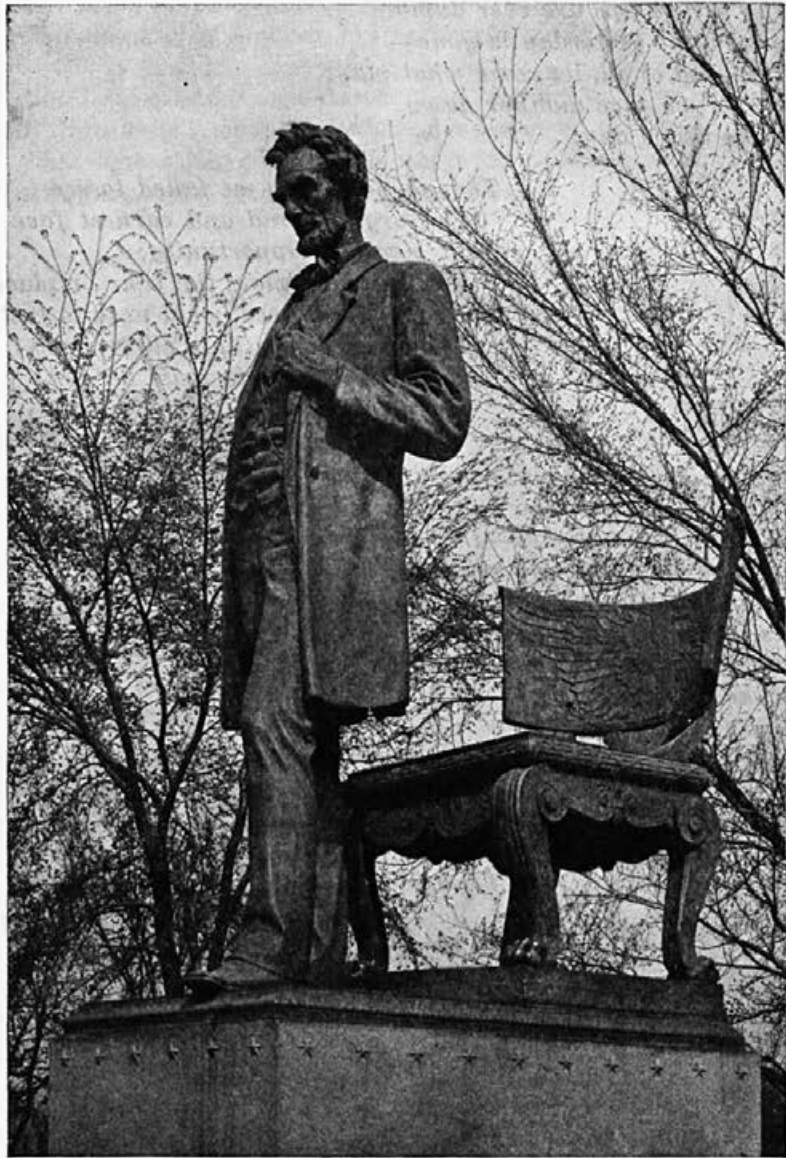
Though yesterday we failed to see  
 The urging hand and earnest face  
 That men call Opportunity;  
 We failed to know the time or place  
 For some great deed, what need to fret?  
 The dawn comes up a silver gray,  
 And golden moments must be met.  
 Make this a day.

This day is yours; your work is yours;  
 The odds are not who pays your hire.  
 The thing accomplished—that endures,  
 If it be what the day requires,  
 He who takes up his daily round,  
 As one new armoured for the fray,  
 Tomorrow steps on solid ground.  
 Make this a day.

The day is this; the time is now;  
 No better hour was ever here—  
 Who waits upon the when and how  
 Remains forever in the rear.  
 Though yesterday was wasted stuff,  
 Your feet may still seek out the way,  
 Tomorrow is not soon enough—  
 Make this a day.

JUNIOR.





St. Gaudens: STATUE OF LINCOLN IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

## Window Adventuring

TWO little country boys, Frankie and Freddie, with their mother were visiting relatives in Chicago. They were amazed at the wonderful sights and at so many strange people. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry. They saw many beautiful and tall buildings, and they saw also the slums where poor people live, the people who have built the beautiful and tall buildings for those who never work . . .

Frankie and Freddie were twins. They were puzzled and awed, at the same time, at so many strange things.

"Gee, Frankie, I didn't know there was a city as big as this in the world. For miles and miles just tall buildings and long streets. And right next to them so many little and big, ugly dwelling houses and dirty streets."

"Yeah, lots different from home. No wonder we feel so little."

Frankie and Freddie were sitting at the window of the tenement house in which they were living during their visit in Chicago north of the "loop". Their home was in a small Slovene farm settlement called Littleville. The twins had come on the train with their mother. The skyscrapers made them gasp, and the thousands of people seemed to flow out of the buildings and out into the streets in a never-ending stream. They found the strange life of the city ever changing and fascinating. When they were indoors, they were at the windows watching the taxis creeping crazily in order to prevent an accident.

This afternoon the sky was gloomy and overcast with great black clouds which threatened rain. Since the boys could not go out they resolved to go adventuring.

"Let's play sailors", said Frankie. "Let's play that our house is a ship, and that we are sailing to strange countries and seeing strange people. Only, re-

member, our ship stands still, and the people go down the other side of the street."

"What a fine trip! Wonder what's going to be our first thrill? Look, a little girl with her mother is coming down the street. They seem to be in a big hurry. The mother's shoe is torn and shoelace untied. It's going to make her stumble. She says something to the girl, who stoops and ties it for her."

"I wonder where they are going so fast, Freddie. I'll bet they get plenty wet in the rain."

"I don't know, maybe the girl is going away to work; she's a little bundle under her arm."

"Why, look at that poor beggar that sits down on the corner. Yesterday he only had one leg, and now he is running on two. Maybe the cops are after him."

A big black car with a colored chauffeur came driving slowly up the street. In the back seat was a woman expensively dressed and smoking a cigarette. She had far too much make-up on her funny face.

"Whew! She looks like she fell in a bucket of barn paint! I am sure glad mother doesn't smoke. That lady would be pretty if she washed her face off and threw away her cigarette, don't you think so, Frankie?"

"Yeah, I'll say. Boy, I'll bet she's really got the dough; just look at that car!"

"Mhm, but I'll bet she has never done anything in her life. Poor people who work for her haven't even enough for bread—and look at her!"

The news-boy on the corner was shouting out his extra warning, "Extry!! Extry!! Millunahr's daughter kidnaped this afternoon! Fifty thousand dollars ransom demanded! Wax-tray!!—"

"That's one newsy who's always on the job, rain or shine, he is on the spot with his papers. How would you like his job, Freddie?"

"Oh, I don't think it's pleasant getting out in the rain, but I wouldn't mind selling papers. Just think of all the people he sees every day."

"He must get tired shouting so much. But then, maybe he has to support his poor mother and little brothers. I don't think I'd like to be a newsy. I would rather work on the farm."

A young man came hurrying up the street. He was dressed in blue overalls and work shirt, with his sleeves rolled up above the elbows. His brown arms and rough clothes showed that he was going to work.

"Frankie, look at that guy, doesn't he look strong? Like John Gornik back at Littleville. Maybe he is working on that new building that they are putting up on the other street. Wonder if he is one of the steel workers?"

"Maybe he is, he looks as if he wouldn't be afraid up there. Say, Freddie, let's go up and watch them tomorrow. Maybe we'll see him work."

"All right, that would be fun, if it doesn't rain."

Two poorly dressed lads drove by in a shabby roadster. Glancing up at the tenement they saw the twins, and smiled and waved. The twins waved back.

"I guess I like them, don't you, Freddie? I wonder why everyone seems to be in such a hurry. No one ever walks or drives slowly in the city."

"I guess they're going some place. Then, too, it's almost lunch time."

The twelve o'clock whistle sounded, and in a few minutes, almost like magic, people began to come out of the factories and stores and office buildings and along the streets as far as they could see.

"Good business for the restaurants and cafeterias. Everyone has to eat . . . But father says that thousands of workers are out of work. Who feeds them?"

"Yes, Freddie, the farmers and workers who produce and do all the work, says father, don't get enough even to live on."

"Yeah, and I think father is right."

"Say, that reminds me that I'm hungry. Ma, is lunch ready?"

(Adapted from "J. N.")

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## SHIP MODEL

By Daniel W. Hicky

UNTIL he placed it on the mantle there,

The room was but a dingy place and only

Dark memories and ghosts of old despair

Would occupy his hours. Quiet and lonely

He sat and read a dusty volume through;

He drew his pension check and put away

His savings as old men are wont to do,

And count them over day by lengthening day.

But now there is new glamour in his eyes,

New conversation on his quivering lips,

As though he had returned from tropic skies

And brimmed with all the tales of seas and ships;

He sits and dreams to-night, and nods away—

And is his heart in Venice or Cathay?

## SEPTEMBER

**BIRDS** a-winging,  
Days grown cool;  
Children singing,  
Off to school—  
That's September!

New starched dresses,  
New press'd ties;  
Gay recesses,  
Friendly skies—  
That's September!

Locust trilling,  
Not so gay;  
Frost that's killing  
Came to-day—  
That's September!

## WEATHER WISDOM

**WHEN** the wind is in the north,  
The skillful fisher goes not forth;  
When the wind is in the east,  
'Tis good for neither man nor beast;  
When the wind is in the south,  
It blows the flies in the fish's mouth;  
When the wind is in the west,  
There it is the very best.

Izaak Walton.

## JACK AND JIM

**JACK** and Jill both went to school  
As girls and boys all do;  
They stood up straight, they sat up  
straight,  
And both breathed deeply, too.  
They studied hard, and at recess  
They played with might and main.  
They drank pure water; then they were  
Refreshed for work again.

M. Grant.

## LABOR DAY

**L**ABOR to make this world a better  
place in which to live.  
Labor to smooth life's pathway for the  
needy and oppressed.  
Labor, not to be better than your  
fellows, but to be better than  
yourselves.  
Labor for the physical, moral, and social  
uplift of humanity.

# The Man To Watch

By William F. French

You know the lucky fellow — the man that gets all the breaks; the fool into whose lap the gods of chance drop their choicest favors. He's the fellow who had the luck to buy the lot where the school was to be built, to strike oil on his dry quarter section and get his crops harvested a day before the hail swept all the standing grain to the ground.

Why, that fellow is so lucky he ought to be watched.

And if we had watched him the couple of months previous to his striking oil, we would probably find he had worked nights and Sundays drilling for water to save the piece of land he had been swindled on—hoping against hope to turn up something and that no matter how many drills he broke, or how much hard luck he had, he kept on trying and trying. And then he "happened" to be the one to strike oil instead of some of the boys down in the poolroom.

Also his activities the week preceding the big hail storm would have been worth watching, for he worked far into every night against time to get in his crops.

It is easy to forget, of course, that the lucky fellow with the best job in

town probably had to work through a dozen other jobs to get it and that the homely man with the gorgeous wife was just naturally so kind and considerate and fair and square that the girl had the good sense to grab him before it was too late.

Someone has said that the "P" is silent in the word luck but it belongs there nevertheless. And certainly experience seems to prove this to be true, for investigation generally turns up the fact that the lucky fellow is the man who has been burning midnight oil and taking defeat after defeat with a smile.

Yes; those lucky fellows will bear watching—and imitating, too. When a man keeps everlastingly at something, it is not luck when he puts it over; it is just the natural working out of the law of averages. And that's what makes the lucky fellow—keeping everlastingly at it, never giving up, never whining and betting on the law of averages.

If you want a thing—anything—bad enough and keep after it long enough you will get it and not because of a lucky break, either. Luck doesn't break—it has to be "crashed."—Goodfellowship News.

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## Try These Riddles

To what man in town do all the other men take off their hats? **The barber.**

What is the best material for kites? **Flypaper.**

Under what circumstances is it all right to lie? **When in bed.**

What is the hardest key to turn? **Donkey.**

Why do sailors wear white hats? **To cover their heads.**

When does a man weigh the most? **When he is the heaviest.**

Tom went out; his dog went with him, but he went not before, nor behind, nor on one side of him; where did he go? **On the other side of him.**

What animal left the ark last? **The elephant, because he had to pack his trunk.**

What has a bed, but never sleeps in it? **A river.**

What grows smaller when you add to it and larger when you add nothing? **A hole in your stocking.**



# A Chinese Tale

By M. Humphrey

ONCE upon a time, long ago in old China, there lived in the village of Wang-Too a little boy named Tsin. In his home were his mother and his dog and his cat. Though Tsin worked very hard and gave every coin he earned to his mother, they were so poor that they never had enough to eat, and they always suffered from the cold.

One evening as Tsin was sitting alone in his chilly hut, a knock sounded at the door. When he opened it, there stood a wizened-up little old man with an alms-bowl in his hand, begging for something to eat.

"Only two crusts are there in the house for supper," said the boy. "One I will save for my mother and one I will give to you.

"May the Five Blessings descend upon you and upon this house," said the queer old stranger. "You will gladly go supperless for me that I may eat. In return for your goodness, take this Golden Charm. Whenever you or your mother want something to eat, put it in a pot full of water. Cover the pot, put it on the fire and stand over it saying:

"Dumplings! Dumplings! Piping hot! Dumplings! Fill the pot!"

Placing the Golden Charm in Tsin's outstretched hand, the little old fellow vanished before the boy could find his voice to thank him.

Tsin was expecting his mother home very soon. Using the last bit of their wood, he built a tiny fire, dropped the Charm into the pot, and with trembling voice repeated the magic words.

Then he waited. A moment later in came his mother. Her sad look turned expectant and joyful as she sniffed the air. She went over and peeped under the lid of the pot. There were fat dumplings bobbing around in the steaming water.

"Meat dumplings! Meat dumplings!" she shouted, "Where did you get them, child?"

Tsin told her the whole story.

"A wonderful visitor!" she cried. "The Good Man of the Magic Mountain! We shall have luck always now that he has come.

She served up the savory supper. She ate and ate until she could eat no more. Tsin ate and ate and ate till he could eat no more. And so did the dog and so did the cat.

Then they all went to bed and slept with happy dreams of the Good Man of the Magic Mountain, who had turned their poverty into abundance with his Golden Charm for Magic Dumplings.

But remember, reader, this is only a tale. No such things ever happen, because they are utterly impossible.

---

## A Fine Helper

A SUNNY heart is the best helper a boy can have. No other assistant can aid him in getting through more work in a shorter time. Whether it be weeding the garden, carrying the papers on a route, or writing a school essay, a sunny heart is always able to

make the most difficult job seem easy.

One with a sunny heart takes no account of disagreeable or discomforting things. For him everything is simply a part of the day's work. Waste no more time nor energy grumbling; let your heart be sunny.—Boy's World.

# How He Caught A Shark

By Carl Huebner

THE biggest fish I ever caught was while vacationing with my brother-in-law at Wachapreague, Virginia, for a short fishing trip. Every morning he and I would go out fishing with "Captain John," always bringing home the usual small fish. Several days passed by with the same results. Finally the last day of our vacation came. We arose early that morning, and started out on the last fishing trip of our vacation.

In a little while the sun came peeping out from behind the clouds shining more brightly than ever before, as if to say, "Good luck, fishermen!" The waves that had before been so large and rough now had quieted down to small ripples. Even the sea gulls were winging themselves lazily back and forth across the shores.

After hours of this beautiful scenery, we reached the fishing grounds. Here we dropped anchor, cast out our lines, and waited patiently. In a few minutes, old "Captain John" pulled up a large Blue Fish.

"My, what a beauty, I hope I can catch one like it," I said to myself. Then my brother-in-law topped "Captain John's," and brought up a great big trout. Then I started to get disheartened.

Suddenly something pulled on my line almost bending the rod in two. I let him have all my line until it played itself out. Then I proceeded to wind my unknown attacker toward the boat. When it did reach the boat, was I surprised. There on the end of my line was a half-grown shark! Quickly but cautiously I pulled him into the boat. There "Captain John" killed the sea monster, and cut one of its sharp teeth out for me. I still have it.

Although we caught many more fish that day none could compete in size or thrill with my shark. When the boat docked I hurried to shore and told my friends of my catch. I surely hope that I may be able to go there again next summer, and catch a bigger fish than before.

---

## Outdoor Game — Buzz

This is always a great favorite. The more the players, the greater the fun. The way to play it is as follows: The players sit in a circle and begin to count in turn, but when the number 7 or any number in which the figure 7 or any multiple of 7 is reached, they say "Buzz," instead of whatever the number may be. As, for instance, supposing the players have counted up to 12, the next player will say "13," the next "Buzz," because 14 is a multiple of 7 (twice 7)—the next player would then say "15," the next "16" and the

next would of course say "Buzz" because the figure 7 occurs in the number 17. If one of the players forgets to say "Buzz" at the proper time, he is out. The game then starts over again with the remaining players, and so it continues until there is but one person remaining. If great care is taken the numbers can be counted up to 70, which, according to the rules before mentioned, would of course be called Buzz. The numbers would then be carried on as Buzz 1, Buzz 2, etc., up to 79, but it is very seldom that this stage is reached.

## Guilty or Not Guilty?

Boys and Girls: Meet Mixy Jones, a little girl, three years old. Did you ever look like her? But maybe you cannot guess it all; so I will tell you the rest.

Mixy, of course, loved raspberry jam, loved it, in fact, as much as little boys do. She also knew that jam wasn't the proper food to eat between meals; and in any event, it should not be eaten without bread.

In spite of all this, Mixy wanted raspberry jam, and plenty of it. Her mother, who was hanging out the clothes, thought that her young daughter was taking her daily nap upstairs.

Mixy crawled out of her own little bed onto mother's, and slid to the floor. She saw her mother with a basket full of clothes in the yard. This was her opportunity. With the aid of the kitchen step-ladder she was able to reach anything in the sideboard.

Sure enough, a jar of raspberry jam was there in plain sight. Mixy didn't bother about a spoon, but used her little right hand as a dipper. She ate and smeared and licked away until the glass was empty.

Alas! half of the jam seemed to be on Mixy's face and apron. What was she to do! In fact, she heard her mother's footsteps outside. Something must be done quickly.

Mixy thought fast. She must make her mother laugh in order to avoid a spanking. Well, mothers always laugh when their daughters put on women's clothes. Mixy was smart enough to know that.

So, quick as a wink she put on mother's new hat and politely said, "How-doo!" when Mrs. Jones came in. And she put on a sly little look. Was she found guilty, or not guilty?



## IN SEPTEMBER

By Ruth C. Wood

SHE seems a tiny, fragile thing,  
 To send to school;  
 A little butterfly, too young  
 For book and rule.  
 But I must kiss her now and try  
 To hide my tears;  
 I must not spoil the dignity  
 Of her six years.

## THE SUMMER MONTHS

By William Motherwell

THEY come! the merry summer months  
of beauty, song and flowers;  
They come! the gladsome months that  
bring thick leafiness to bowers.  
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad;  
fling cark and care aside;

Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where  
peaceful waters glide;  
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patri-  
archal tree,  
Seen through its leaves the cloudless  
sky is rapt tranquility.

## TO KEEP YOU GUESSING

WHEN is a boat like a knife?—When  
it is a cutter.

What holds the moon in its place?—  
The beams.

When do we find the wind most bit-  
ing?—When we are in the teeth of the  
gale.

How many soft boiled eggs can you  
eat on an empty stomach?—One, after  
that your stomach would no longer be  
empty.

What is it you can take a whole from  
and have some left?—Wholesome.

Why are tears like potatoes?—Be-  
cause they spring from the eyes.

What flies and yet has no wings?—  
Time.

Why has the shoemaker wonderful  
powers of endurance?—Because he  
holds on to the last.

What beams can no carpenter saw?  
—Sunbeams.

Why did the rose bough?—Because  
it saw Sweet William.

What is that which grows with its  
root upwards, lives only in the winter  
and is never seen in the summer?—An  
icicle.

Why is a snow man unsociable?—  
Because he gives everyone the cold  
shoulder.

What game is played like a ship in  
a storm?—Pitch and toss.

## FLOWER CONUNDRUMS

What flower makes a bright day?  
**Sunflower.**

What flower calls children to school?  
**Bluebell.**

What flower sends them home?  
**Four-o'clock.**

What flower ought to be in a circus?  
**Tiger-lily.**

What flower ought to be a favorite  
with an unmarried man? **Batchelor  
button.**

What flowers do fairies use for  
wands? **Golden-rods.**

What flower is best for winter fun?  
**Snow-ball.**

What flower brought the Pilgrims to  
America? **May flower.**

What flower does mother use when  
you are naughty? **Lady's Slipper.**

Mother: "Johnny, did you get that  
loaf of bread I sent you for?"

Jimmy: "No. The store was closed."

Mother: "What, closed at this time  
of day?"

Jimmy: "Sure. There was a sign on  
the door that said, 'Home Baking'."

"That was greedy of you, Tommy, to  
eat your little sister's share of pie."

"You told me, Mother, I was always  
to take her part," replied Tommy.



# Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

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

DEAR CONTRIBUTORS AND READERS:—

*September is half over and most of you have already returned to school. — Vacations are over by now; carefree days are gone for another year. You have been having lots of fun outdoors playing and swimming and hiking. All these summer diversions are beneficial and healthful to your body and mind. They are refreshing and essential to every child's health and just as important as wholesome food.*

*As in the past many years, I hope that you will also this fall and coming winter write more letters for the Chatter Corner than you have in summer. Now you will have more time. The days are growing shorter and nights are getting longer. You will be obliged to spend more time indoors. This will afford you an opportunity to read and write more.*

*Make your Chatter Corner once more as popular as it had been so far during every school year.*

—THE EDITOR.

## AN INTERESTING HOBBY

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I think almost everyone has a hobby of their own liking: the collection of different objects. One of my favorite hobbies is the collection of different types of flowers and tree leaves also. It is a good pastime to work on in one's leisure time. It may be a little late to begin but it may be started now and finished next summer.

To begin this book of flowers you should have dried and pressed a variety of flowers and leaves. When they have been dried thoroughly they should be glued securely on sheets of paper. Arrange them on the paper to make them look as natural as possible. Leave a space below the flower on which to write the name of the flower, the colors it

comes in, the kind of soil it thrives in best, etc. Put the sheets of paper together and make them into a book form. Make a flowered cover for it.

The making of such a book has proved to be interesting to myself and I hope it will interest some of the readers.

Best regards to all.

Emma Gorse, Universal, Ind.

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## LETTER WRITING IS HELEN'S

Hello Editor and Members:—

I was glad to see my first letter published in the June edition of the Mladinski list and, I hope, this second letter will appear in the next edition.

I am going to try and write a letter every month from now on.

Here in Carbon county we are having a great deal of excitement at present.

We have two unions fighting against one another. They are National Miners' Union and the United Mine Workers of America. About all that the people talk about now is, the unions. I hope that things would get settled so that we will know which union we are going to have.

The miners are working very slow everywhere around here, and I think it is about time that "better conditions" reach our doors.

School is going to start in September, so we really haven't much more vacation left.

Three girls from Pa. who read my letter in the M. L. have written some very interesting letters to me and I wish that more members would write to me as "Letter Writing" is one of my hobbies.

I belong to Lodge No. 422 SNPJ.

Come on, you Carbon county members, write to the Mladinski List and help make it a bigger and better magazine. Best wishes and regards to all.

Helen Lazar, box 384, Helper, Utah.

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#### OUR DEAR MLADINSKI LIST

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the dear Mladinski List, but I wish to write more often now.

I am in the 9th grade and go to the Aliquippa Harding High School. I take the Commercial course. My teacher's name is Miss Rudolph. She is a very nice teacher. I will have my vacation in October and then I will start school in January. I will be fifteen years old Jan. 3, 1934. I have three brothers and one sister. Their names are, Frank, Tony, Joseph, and Mary.

I wish some of the people would start writing to our dear Mladinski List. It seems that all the people are laying down on the job. Well, I think this will be all for this time.—Agnes Miechic, 417 Hopwell ave., W. Aliquippa, Pa.

#### HOME FROM A VACATION

Dear Editor and Members:—

I just came back from my vacation a few days ago (Aug. 9). I was staying at my Aunt Frances' home in McKeesport. I had a grand time while I was there. I met my little cousin from Indiana Co. there. She was staying there also and liked it very much. We went out picking berries as we had last year, but there were not many, so we gathered crab apples instead, although we got a few berries.

I saw a few letters from Herminie. Frances Samich is taking quite an interest in writing to the M. L. and I hope she keeps up the good work, and let Herminie brighten up with her help to the Mladinski List.

Here's a poem which I hope everyone likes.

If you want to read the paper  
I suggest you try the M. L.,  
We certainly think it's swell.  
We like to read the stories  
And all the news we find,  
Then pass it on to friends,  
Who think it very fine.

Best wishes to Members and Editor.

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

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#### LIKES "THE INEXPLICABLE FOUR"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I did not get to write for the month of July, because I was on my vacation. I was glad to see my first letter published in this magazine.

I also was glad to receive a letter from William Lukancich, and I am going to order a book from him.

I sure like the stories by "The Inexplicable Four;" don't you?

I wish some of the members would write to me, I would gladly answer their letters.

Best regards to all the members.

Fraternally,

Anna Paulovich, Lafayette, Colorado.

**OUR TRIP TO W. VIRGINIA**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

On July 29 we attended a socialist picnic held at Oakford park under the auspices of Westmoreland county Socialist Party. There were speakers, dancing and amusements such as caterpillars, roller coasters, etc. The main speaker of the afternoon was John Slayton. Com. Slayton is one of the best Socialist speakers I have come across. We enjoyed ourselves at this picnic very much because there were many people we knew.

I heard John Slayton speak at Black Lick, Pa. His speech impressed the audience very much. He said that the people say he's crazy but he wonders how they found it out. He told many comic things which the people liked. His speech was not dull. I learned many facts about the politics and politicians that evening. A speaker like Com. Slayton is worth listening to.

**Our Tour to W. Va.**

Our neighbors and we got up at five o'clock in the morning in order to start our trip at six. We took the route through Somerset Co. and on to Maryland. The scenery was beautiful between these states, Penna and Maryland. In Maryland we passed beside a beautiful body of water which wound itself through mountains making it a lovely scene from the distance. There were motorboats and sailboats skimming through the water belonging to the people which live along the water's edge.

We drove slowly so that we could enjoy it longer. Then we drove on into W. Va. and to the Black Waterfalls. These falls are lovely and they attract many visitors to them. They are 60 ft. high and very wide.

Then we drove to the Canon Valley. We looked down on the valley and everything was bare. No farms were to be seen and no trees growing. Such a large piece of land and no farms. How sad!

Then we took to our way home and decided we would like to see Morgantown, W. Va. As we came to Morgantown a state police would examine the cars going into the city to see whether they had any weapons, because of a strike there.

We drove on until we reached Latrobe — our home town — it was 9 o'clock.

Then I remarked, "A day well spent." This trip is one of the most interesting one I have taken. I hope we can tour the "Panhandle State" sometime again. "A Proud Torch,"

Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

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**PETE LIKES SWIMMING**

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I was 15 years old on July 19.

I like to go swimming.

I was glad to see my letter in the Mladinski List. I wish somebody from Nemaocolin would write. There are 3 boys and no girls in our family. Our school will open in September. Here is a story:

A Negro was stealing chickens in a coop. The owner heard the noise and shouted:

"Who is there?"

The Negro said:

"Nobody but the chickens, boss!"

And did he go, oh boy!

That's all for this time.

Best regards to all.

Peter Rancich, box 48, Nemaocolin, Pa.

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**MARY LIKES THE M. L.**

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List.

I am 10 years old and I am in the Fourth grade. My sister Violet is in the Third grade and she is 8 years old.

We all belong to the SNPJ except my father.

Best regards to all the Readers and the Editor.

Mary Pirtz, box 432, Roundup, Mont.

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### MY TRIP TO RYE, COLORADO

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I want to tell you how I appreciated the trip to Rye, Colorado, on September 3, 1933. We went to see "Prešeren's" Lodge Home. It was the most beautiful place to look at. It is on such a high hill that when I reached the top, I had to sit down and rest for a while, before I could go any farther.

Mr. Joe Zupančič took us around and showed us the building. It has a nice big kitchen, ice cream room, and an especially nice dance hall. Mr. John Germ and Mr. John Shustar played very nice on the accordion and sang a lot of nice Slovene songs.

I forgot to tell you of the nice creek we saw, such a nice clear water right below "Prešeren's" home. There was a big crowd, and everybody was happy at "Prešeren's" picnic.

Now folks our school vacation is over, and lots of hard work is coming in our hands.

Best regards to all.

Elsie Pavlin, 1519 E. Orman ave., Pueblo, Colo.

School Principal (answering phone): "You say Johnny Blot has tonsillitis and will not be able to come to school any more this week? Who is this speaking?"

Johnny (talking gruffy, in his best put-on-style): "This is my pop."

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Hostess: "What do you think of the violinist?"

Novelist: "He reminds me of Paderewski."

Hostess: "But Paderewski is not a violinist."

Novelist: "Neither is this gentleman."

### BRIGHT SAYINGS OF JUNIORS

Peggy, aged seven, had been in the bed two hours, but was still wide awake and restless. As a last resource daddy was seated on her bed explaining the dodge of "counting sheep."

"You just close your eyes and then through the hole in the hedge you see the sheep jumping, one after the other. You count away, one, two, three—twelve — twenty — fifty — hundred — and then still more — oh! such a lot. Then you get so very tired of counting, you fall asleep, and before you know any more it's—" "Yes, all right, daddy; but what if a cow comes?"

—J. N.

### INDIAN TAG

This game comes from the Sioux Indians. Each player holds his nose with one hand, holds up one foot with the other hand. As long as he keeps his position he cannot be tagged, but if he lets go with either hand he can be tagged by the boy who is "it."

"Mother," called little Willie, "there's a mosquito in my room."

"Has it bitten you, dear?" asked his mother.

"No, but I can hear its propeller," replied Willie.

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Old lady (to Tommy): "Surely your mother could find pieces of material more like your trousers when she patches them."

Tommy: "That ain't a patch; that's me."

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"What's the best exercise for reducing?"

"Just move the head slowly from right to left when asked to have a second helping."