

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

MED PRVIMI . . .

SINKO, sinko zlati!
časa več ne trati:
šola, šola kliče spet!
Pridno slušaj!
Vedno skušaj,
da med prve bodeš štet! —

— Sinko, sinko zlati!
misli treba zbrati:
šola bistri ti glavo!
Vse ti nudi!
Zdaj se trudi,
da nekoč ti žal ne bo! —

Sinko, sinko zlati
se po cestah klati;
zadnji v šolo pricaplja.
Nekaj piše, pa spet briše;
v mislih zunaj se igra.

Sinko, sinko zlati . . .
Ko bi vedela, ti, mati,
da posluša sinček prav zvesto:
kdaj bo zvonec
zvonil konec —
da med prvimi na cesti bo.

Lisjak

IMELI smo mladega lisjaka, komaj par tednov mu je bilo. Mlad fant ga je prinesel v naročju. Živalca je bila nemirna in sila plaha.

Za prvo noč smo spravili lisjaka v prazno kamrico poleg moje izbe. Stisnil se je v kot; njegove oči so žarko, čisto po mačje sijale iz teme. Ponoči me je vzdramil srdit, presekan glas: "Kef, kef, kef—kef, kef, kef . . ." Vstal sem, stopil k durim ter jih odpahnil natihoma. Vse je bilo tiho in mirno; iz kota se je bleščalo dvoje rumenih luči.

Drugi dan smo postavili lisjaku prostorno bajtico kraj vrtno ograje. Priklenili smo ga na dolgo verigo, tako, da bi se lahko izprehajal. Toda izprehajal se ni. Časih je pogledal skozi vrata koničasti, nežni gobček, pa se je skrill nemudoma, če se je prikazal človek. Šele kasno pod večer sem ga zalotil zunaj ob ograji. Veriga je zarožljala, izginitil je ter se stisnil v najgloblji kot svoje bajte.

Kmalu smo ga začeli pitati s svežim, krvavim mesom. Kadar sem mu ga prinesel, se ni več skrival v kajbo, temveč prišel mi je naproti ter se trgal na verigi. Zgrabil je najprej en sam kos, pobegnil v kolibo, na pragu pa se še ozrl, če gledam za njim. Nato se je vrnil še po drugi in tretji kos ter pobegnil z vsakim posebe.

Blizu lisjaka in njegove kolibe so brskale kokoši po pesku. Ni se zmenil zanje, niti trenil ni. Lep dolgokrak piščanec se je bil pribrskal in prizobal tik do njega. Ali bliskoma, hitreje od misli, je planil lisjak ter zagrabil. Perje je frčalo po zraku; piščanec ni imel časa, da bi kriknil . . .

Malo dni pozneje sem se napotil z doma. Ko sem se vrnil, ni bilo lisjaka več v kolibi. Ubile so ga bile ženske.

Ivan Cankar.

ZVEZDOZNAVSTVO

CICIBANČEK, vedi:
solnce je na sredi
v lepi zlati skledi.

In v njegovi zarji
zemlja kolobari.

Okrog zemlje tava
luna vrtoglava.

Zemlja, vsi planeti,
v vajeti zajeti,
k solncu so pripeti.

Solnce vsepovsodi
njihna pota vodi.

Bog jim solnce ukrade,
v nič ves svet razpade.

Cicibanček gleda:
Prazna solčna skleda,
njemu v glavi zmeda.

Oton Župančič.

Deca brez mladosti

DOLG čas je v šoli. Učiteljica neprestano govori in razlaga, a otroci je ne slišijo. Ne razumejo njenih tujih besed, pa so jim misli kakor ptičke zletele iz mračne neprijazne šolske sobe na sončno gmajno, med bodeče brinje in sive skale. Tam je njihov svet; popoldne bodo tam pasli, kozolce bodo prevračali, svinjko bili, potem bodo v "nebesa lezli" in na koncu si bodo pripovedovali čudovite bajke in povesti. O, kako lepe so pravljice, škoda, da v šoli ne slišijo nobene . . .

"Giovanni Rebec!"

Strese se kuštrava glava Rebčevega Ivana v predzadnji klopi in se prebudi iz prelepe zamaknjenosti. Ivan vstane in upre pogled v učiteljico. Ne ve, zakaj ga je poklicala. Morda ga je kaj vprašala, a on ne ve kaj, morda ga je hotela le pokarati zavoljo nepazljivosti.

Strmi in čaka.

Učiteljica pa razvije zavoje, ki je ležal že od jutra na mizi, in iz njega vzame novo črno srajco.

"Giovanni Rebec, vieni qui!"

Ivan razume, a vendar se ne gane. Stoji v klopi in v hipu se spomni na tiste v črnih srajcah, ki so pred mesecem šli po vasi in pretepli gospoda župnika, spomni se Blažinovega Pepija, ki ga v vasi nihče ne mara in se ga vse izogiblje. Tudi njega je že videl v črni srajci. Tisti, ki so odpeljali pred letom sosedovega, so bili tudi črni.

Par trenutkov je vse tiho. Učiteljica stoji na odru in čaka. Otroci, odtrgani od svojega hrepenenja po gmajni, zadržujejo sapo, upirajoč oči v Ivana, čutijo vsak utrip njegovega srca, slutijo vsako njegovo misel.

Ivan molči.

"Rebec, vieni qui!" Ostreje odmeva glas po razredu. Ivanove oči se zaiskrijo; trmasta upornost je v njih.

"Nočem!"

Otrokom se izvije iz prs rahel vzdih:

pričakovanje, ki je za trenotek napelo njih pozornost, se je izpolnilo.

Učiteljica se zdrzne, stopi z odra in prihaja med klopi. Ustavi se pri Ivanu, ponuja mu srajco. Pa govori, mnogo govori. Otroci je ne razumejo povsem, a njen mili sladkobni glas ponuja Ivanu črno srajco.

Ivan odkimava.

Učiteljčin glas postaja ostrejši in grozeč in se končno sprevrže v vpitje.

Ivan stoji nepremično, njegove bleščeče oči so uprte v kričečo učiteljico. Ko mu zopet ponudi srajco, odvrne nestrpnost:

"Nočem postati balila!"

Otroci zrejo s tihim občudovanjem v vanj, čutijo, da je on odločil za vse.

Učiteljica strmi v fanta, nato brez besede odide iz razreda. Težko pričakovanje je leglo na otroške duše. Sedaj se mora nekaj zgoditi, nekaj nenavadnega.

Tiho minevajo minute.

Vstopi orožnik z učiteljico. Živahno si nekaj dopovedujeta. Otroci se poleteva nemir. Preplašeni pogledujejo drug drugega in Ivana, ki še vedno stoji ves blede, a bleščečih oči.

Orožnik stopi med otroke in gre naravnost do Ivana.

"Prendi," in mu pomoli srajco.

Ivanu zadrhte ustnice, ko spregovori pol boječe pol jezno: "Nočem!"

Orožnik hoče zlomiti fantovo upornost. Prestrašiti ga hoče. Naperi puško proti Ivanu: "Prendi la camicia o sparo!" Deca se zgrozi, zavpije. Prestrašene deklice zaplakajo; fantje strmijo, tresoči se in prepadeni. Ivanu je z lic izginila poslednja kaplja krvi. Pest je skrčil; posinele tresoče se ustnice je stisnil med zobe.

Trenotek, dolg ko večnost!

Ivan hoče nekaj reči: ustnice premika, a besede ni slišati. Orožnik ponovi

grožnjo. Tedaj bruhne iz Ivanovih prsi:

"Ustrelite me, a črne srajce nočem!"

Učiteljica in orožnik se spogledata, take odločnosti nista pričakovala. Puška omahne. Otroška srca, do vrha napolnjena s strahom in bolečino, bijejo mirneje. Orožnik odhaja in govori z učiteljico. V predzadnji klopi stoji Ivan. Še vedno je blede, njegove oči bliškajo za odhajajočim; preko usten mu je prilezel nasmeh.

Pred vrati glasen, tuj razgovor, v razredu pa mir, strahoten molk kakor v grobnici.

V klopih sedi deca brez mladosti. O, uboga naša deca, ki raste med trpkim brinjem in trdo kraško skalo!

*

Opomba: Dogodek, opisan v tej črtici, je resničen; dogodil se je v Brezovicah pri Herpeljah v Istri.

Drago Lavrenčič ("Zvonček")



UFER WALTER

SLOVESNA PRISEGA

Razbojniki

Ruska narodna pravljica

TAM daleč za onimi zelenimi gozdovi in še dalj sta v neki vasi živela kmet in kmetica. Imela sta eno samo hčerko, ki ji je bilo ime Aljonuška. Pa sta bila kmet in kmetica povabljeni nekam na svatovanje, pustila sta doma samo Aljonuško ter ji rekla:

“Če ti bo dolgčas, pokliči prijateljice, pa predite, pripovedujte si pravljice in prepevajte, pa ti ne bo dolgčas in boste celo vesele.”

Ko sta oče in mati odšla, je Aljonuška sklicala svoje prijateljice. Polna soba jih je bila. Nekatero so predle volno, druge so šivale srajce. Pripovedovale so si pravljice, prepevale so ter se smejale. Eni od prijateljic je slučajno ušlo iz rok vreteno, se zakotalilo po tleh do luknje v kotu in padlo skozi luknjo v klet. Odšla je ponj v klet. Ko je v mrčni kleti iskala vretence, je zagledala dvoje bleščočih se oči, ki sta strmele vanjo izza soda. Pogledala je natančneje ter zagledala strašnega razbojnika. Čepel je ter ji grozil s prstom:

“Pazi se, živo te bom presekal, če boš komu izdala, da si me videla tu v kleti.”

Strah jo je prevzel, da se je le stežka vrnila v sobo. Bila je bleda in vsa je trepetala.

“Kaj ti je?” jo je vprašala prijateljica, ki je sedela poleg nje.

Pa ji je šepetaje povedala, kaj je videla v kleti. Ta je povedala spet svoji sosedu, ta tretji, tretja četrti, in kmalu so vedele vse, da je v kleti razbojnik. Le Aljonuška ni vedela. Prijateljice so se tako prestrašile, da so hotele takoj domov. Začele so vstajati.

“Kam pa tako zgodaj? Ostanite, zdaj šele pride veselje. Prižgala bom luč, zakurila v peči, pa bomo prepevale in ogenj v peči bo prasketal.”

Tako jim je branila Aljonuška oditi, a vse zaman. Prva je rekla, da mora še po vodo, druga mora kuhati večerjo,

tretja mora storiti še to in to. . . Tako so druga za drugo odšle in Aljonuška je ostala sama z razbojnikom v kleti.

Razbojnik je opazil, da je ostala hčerka sama, stopil je v sobo ter pozdravil: “Dober večer, lepotica mala, golobček moj!”

Aljonuška se je prestrašila, a odgovorila: “Dober večer, če ni drugače.”

Ko si je razbojnik ogledal sobo, je stopil še v druge sobane, da si ogleda plen. Tedaj pa je Aljonuška hitro zaklenila vrata v sobo ter ugasila luč. Razbojnik se je vrnil ter tolkel s puško po vratih:

“Odpri, sicer te ubijem.”

“Skozi okno moraš, vrat ne morem odpreti.”

In je Aljonuška odprla okence, za hrbtom pa je držala sekirico. Sekira je bila lesena, a ostra. In ko je razbojnik začel plezati skozi okno, je Aljonuška zamahnila ter je razbojniku glava takoj odletela v sobo, trup njegov pa se je zvrnil na zemljo. V starih pravljicah zmerom glave kar frče od telesa.

“Kaj naj storim zdaj? Če pridejo razbojnikovi pajdaši, bodo opazili pred oknom svojega mrtvega tovariša, pa me bodo pobili ko mačko. Že vem.”

Potegnila je razbojnikovo truplo v sobo ter ga vtaknila v vrečo, v drugo vrečo pa je naložila kamenja in peska. Ko so kmalu nato potrkali na okno razbojniki in vprašali:

“Si že vse opravil?”, je odgovorila Aljonuška z moškim glasom: “Vse bilo je izvršeno, kot bilo je naročeno.”

Potem je skozi okno potisnila obe vreči, rekoč:

“Tu imate dve vreči, polni zlata in biserov. Odličen plen. Samo hitro na pot in v dir. Došel vas bom, samo to moram še pogledati, ali nisem česa pozabil.”

Razbojniki so naložili vreči na voz ter oddirjali kakor da jim gori za petami.

Šele z zoro so se vrnili Aljonuškini starši. Vse jim je povedala, kako je prišel razbojnik in kako je sama prevarila in premagala celo gručo razbojnikov.

Tedaj pa so tudi razbojniki že prišli v svoj brlog ter odprli vreči. Kako so se razjezili, ko so našli v eni vreči razbojnikovo truplo, v drugi pa težko kamenje in pesek.

"Le čakaj, ti coprnica mala, drago boš plačala vse to," je rekel poglavar.

Oblekli so se v lepa oblačila, okrasili so se, spremenili glas ter obiskali Aljonuškinega očeta, češ, prišli smo zasnuti vašo hčer za našega prijatelja. Bogat je in dober, in dobro se bo Aljonuški godilo.

Aljonuška pa je spoznala v njih razbojnika ter zašepetala očetu:

"Ne daj me, dragi očka, nikar me ne daj. To niso snubci, to so razbojniki, ki so prišli pome, ker sem jim ubila tovariša. Gorje meni, če me date njim!"

"Ne bodi no," ji je ugovarjal oče, "kakšni razbojniki neki? Mar ne vidiš, kako lepo so oblečeni? Vesela bodi, da se boš bogato omožila, dote ti tako in tako ne moremo dati nobene."

Zaman je Aljonuška jokala in prosila, nič ni pomagalo.

"Gorje ti, če odbiješ snubce," ji je grozil oče, "takoj te poženeva z materjo na cesto, pa se potikaj, kakor veš in znaš."

Aljonuška je med solzami pritrdila snubcem. Svatba je bila sijajna in bogata, vsa vas je bila nora od pijače in veselja. Samo Aljonuška je v svoji kamrici jokala. Vedela je, kaj jo čaka.

Sedmega dne zjutraj pa so razbojniki sedli z Aljonuško na svoje vozove ter zdirjali po cesti proti svojemu brlogu.

Dolgo so dirjali po zelenih poljih ter čez nekaj dni na večer prišli v temen gozd.

"Predlagam, da jo kar takoj kaznujemo za njen zločin," se je oglašil nekdo od razbojnikov.

"Vsaj en dan mi še podarite, da ga preživim s svojo ženo," je prosil tisti njihov prismuknjeni pajdaš, ki so ga postavili ob Aljonuško za ženina in moža. Aljonuška mu je bila pač všeč in žal mu je bilo, da bi morala umreti.

"Kaj bi s tistim, tepec," so mu govorili drugi, "kar čakajmo s smrtjo, pa nam bo še kakšno zagodla."

Toda tisti prismuknjeni ženin je prosil tako milo, da so Aljonuški res še podarili eno noč in en dan življenja.

"Toda ti jamčiš, da nam ne zbeži!"

"Ne bo, brez strahu, dokler sem živ jaz!"

A previdni razbojniki so ženina in Aljonuško zaklenili v majhno bajto, da bi jim oba skupaj morda ne ušla. Potem so šli spat.

Ko se je znočilo in je bil povsod mir, je Aljonuška prosila svojega prismuknjencea:

"Tu je tako zatoхло, prosim te, pusti me, da grem malo ven ter se naužijem svežega zraka."

"Ne smem, slišali bi moji tovariši."

"Nič se ne boj, natiho bom stopila. Skozi okno se splazim. Priveži me na tole vrv, drugi konec pa drži ti v rokah. Kakor hitro boš hotel, naj se vrnem, boš samo potegnil vrv, pa splezam nazaj v bajto."

Prismuknjencec je pristal, ker je bil pač prismuknjen. Zavezal je Aljonuško okrog pasu in ona je počasi splezala ven na plano. Naglo se je odvezala ter privezala vrv za rogove kože, ki se je pasla pred bajto. Nato je Aljonuška pobegnila. Ko je bila že daleč, je zaklicala:

"Potegni zdaj."

Prismuknjencec je potegnil, a kolikorkrat je potegnil, tolikokrat se je oglasilo od zunaj: "Me-ke-ke!"

"Čemu meketaš brez prestanka," je zaklical prismuknjencec. "Moji pajdaši te bodo slišali, potem veš, kaj naju čaka oba." Čvrsto je potegnil vrv in skozi okno je padla v bajto koza. Prestrašil se je, zaklel in dejal:

"Preklicano dekle, presleparila me je!"

Ko so zjutraj vstali razbojniki ter prišli po dekle, jim je prismuknjeneč povedal, da je pobegnila, zamočal pa je, kako ga je potegnila za nos.

"Ti tepec ti, kaj nismo rekli, da ti bo pobegnila? Ne bo, ne bo, si nam govoril, in zdaj? Tepec!"

Naglo so osedlali konje ter zdrveli za Aljonuško. Izpustili so pse, ki so vohali sled za dekletom. Jezdili so in z biči žvižgali po zraku.

Ko je Aljonuška zaslišala, da se bliža topot konjskih kopit, je takoj vedela, da so to razbojniki. Prileteli so psi, se zaganjali vanjo ter z laježem klicali razbojnike. Pol mrtva, pol živa se je prestrašena Aljonuška skrila v duplino velikega drevesa.

"Morda je v duplini," je rekel eden od razbojnikov, ko so prihiteli do drevesa in so okrog njega lajali psi. "Daj, suni z nožem v duplino."

Razbojnik je sunil z nožem v duplino ter je zadel z ostrino tudi Aljonuško. Ta je hitro s svojo suknjico zbrisala kri s konice noža. Ko je razbojnik pogledal nož in videl, da je čist, je dejal:

"Tu je ni, sicer bi bil nož krvav!" In razbojniki so zdrveli dalje.

Ko je topotanje kopit in lajež psov utihnil, je Aljonuška stopila iz dupline ter začela bežati po cesti. Toda psi so jo najbrže začutili, kajti nenadoma se je spet začul topot konjskih kopit. To so razbojniki jezдили nazaj. Aljonuška je tisti hip opazila na cesti starca, ki je vlekel voz, naložen s koriti.

"Striček, prosim vas, skrijte me pod svoja korita, preganjajo me."

"Toda ti si tako lepo oblečena, umazala si boš obleko!" je odgovoril starec.

"Samo skrij me, prosim te, razbojniki me preganjajo. Če me dobe, bo po meni!"

Starec je naglo zložil vsa korita z voza, skrnil Aljonuško pod zadnje korito ter spet ostala zložil drugo na drugega. Komaj je končal, že so pridrveli razbojniki.

Obkolili so starca in voz ter vprašali: "Slišiš, butica kmečka, si mogoče videl takšno in takšno dekle?"

"Nisem, bratci, nisem!"

"Bomo videli! Korita dol z voza!"

Starec je začel zlagati korita z voza, ko pa je prišel do zadnjega, pod katerim se je od strahu tresla Aljonuška, je dejal razbojniški poglavar:

"Dosti Če je ni bilo pod temi, je tudi ne bo pod zadnjim. Naprej, pajdaši!"

In so odhiteli po cesti dalje, da se je dvigal prah in je grmelo pod konjskimi kopiti.

Ko jih ni bilo več slišati, se je splazila Aljonuška izpod spodnjega korita ter bežala dalje. Dolgo je bežala, a spet je začula za sabo topotanje. Spet drve razbojniki za njo, že so blizu.

Na cesti je peljal starec voz, poln kož.

"Striček, skrijte me pod kože! Razbojniki so mi za petami!"

"Obleko si boš umazala," je rekel starček.

"Samo skrij me, ubijejo me!"

Starec jo je skrnil pod kožo, ki je bila čisto spodaj. Takoj nato so prijezdili v diru razbojniki. Obkolili so starca ter vprašali: "Si videl tako in tako dekle?"

"Nisem, bratci!" je odgovoril starec.

"Ne laži!" so zakričali razbojniki ter mu ukazali, da zloži kože z voza. Starec je zlagal kože z voza, ko pa je prišel do zadnje, ki je bila čisto spodaj, je dejal razbojniški poglavar:

"Nehaj! Če ni bila pod temi, je tudi pod to kožo ne bo! Naprej, tovariši!"

Zahrzali so konji ter se spet pognali v dir, da so jim pene brizgale iz gobcev. Ko so izginili v daljavi, se je splazila Aljonuška izpod kož ter bežala dalje proti domu.

Tekla je skozi gozdove in čez polja, čez reke in potoke ter čez dva dni na večer pritekla vsa utrujena pred rodno hišo. V hiši je bila tema in mir; oče in mati sta spala. Aljonuška je zlezla v senik ter zaspala.

Ko je zjutraj oče vstal ter hotel dati živini krme, je segel z vilami v seno na seniku, Aljonuška pa je brž prišla za vile in jih ni izpustila.

Oče se je čudil, začel se je križati in moliti.

“Oče, jaz sem,” se je oglasila Aljonuška iz sena, “nikar takoj ne moli. Vrnila sem se.”

Objela sta se oče in hči, peljal jo je v hišo in morala je njemu in materi povedati vse. A že se je oglasilo na cesti topotanje konjskih kopit. Razbojniki so blizu. Oče je skrnil Aljonuško, sam pa je stopil na cesto ter pričakal razbojnike: “Dober dan. No, kako pa kaj moja hči? Ji je dobro?”

“Dobro se ji godi,” so dejali razbojniki, “doma pazi na dom in vas lepo pozdravlja.” Lagali so kar se da.

Oče jih je posadil za mizo, jim pripravil obed, pečenke in vina, konje je spravil v hlev, potem pa skočil po stražo. Ko so stražarji obkolili hišo, je oče prijeljal Aljonuško na prag ter ji dejal: “Kdo so to?”

“Razbojniki,” je rekla Aljonuška. Tisti hip so stražarji obkolili mizo, kjer so se gostili razbojniki, ter vse tolovaje odvedli s sabo. Aljonuška pa je še dolgo živela, omožila se je, trdo delala in bila zadovoljna.

(Priredil Mile Klopčič.)

Katka Zupančič:

IZ ZAPLOTJA

ŠIPCA, starega lisjaka,
vsa soseska je črtila;
rada bi se ga znebila,
ker je kradel kakor sraka.

Pa so zbrali se možje:
“Kar po svetu ga pošljimo,
— Nekdo mora v Rim!—recimo.”
Klicali so ga predse:

“Kdo nalogo bo sprejel,
ako ti ne, kume stari?
Tebe nihče ne prevari!
Ne bi ti po svetu šel?”

“Brašnjo, brašnjo, kajpada!
Pet plečet in tri potice;
vina vedro in žganjice —
pa vam grem okrog sveta!”

Jezni brašnjo so mu dali:
“Tu imaš cel kup dobrot;
idi, kume, zdaj na pot!”
Vse zaman so vanj tiščali . . .

Končno so mu zagrozili:
“Čakaj, čakaj, požeruh —
plačal brašnjo boš lenuh!
V ječo bomo te vtaknili!”

Pa opiti Šipec se smeji:
“Jaz ne morem krog sveta,
ko pa svet že dneva dva —
sam krog mene se vrtil . . . !”

Mile Klopčič:

OTROCI SE LOVE . . .

(Dva predloga izštevalnice)

Otroci se pred igro štejejo, kdo bo prvi lovil. Eden od njih govori pesem, ki ji pravimo izštevalnica. Pri vsakem zlogu pokaže na drugega igralca. Na kogar pade zadnji zlog, tisti gre iz kroga. Nazadnje ostaneta le dva. Tisti od obeh, na katerega pade zadnji zlog, prvi lovi.

PRVI: Veja vija
kompanija,
velika je
kolonija,
v vsaki vrsti
sedem hiš,
v vsaki hiši
velik križ,
oče, mati,
pet otrok,
skupaj sedem
je nadlog,
da se osme
vsaj znebiš,
glej, da koga
brž vloviš.

DRUGI: Mesec trideset je dni,
ata dela trinajst dni,
trinajst dni se je znojil,
a ko mesec je minil,
je prinesel en belič,
poln ga bil je ves mošnjič,
pa kupili smo potic,
vedro mleka, krvavic,
pehar lešnikov, rozin,
za nameček še cekin,
manjka nam le črni kruh,
vjel ga boš, če si od muh!



J. F. MILLETT

MALA PASTIRICA



POGOVOR S KOTIČKARJI

CENJENI ŠOLARČKI!

Šolske počitnice so že daleč za vami. Psiček se dolgočasi doma in leno otepa nadležne muhe. V soseščini je nastala tišina. Vse to zato, ker ste se vi spet vrnili v šolo in pričeli z delom pri pouku in knjigah. Oživel pa je okrog šolskega poslopja ob odmorih. Dečki bijejo žogo in deklice se igrajo s krogličkami. Na šolskem dvorišču je obilo rajanja, hrušča in trušča.

Mati se je oddahnila; otroško nagajanje je naenkrat prenehalo. V hiši je nastal mir. Toda mati vas pogreša. Vašemu večnemu dirjanju se je privadila in kar nekam dolg čas ji je po vas. Zato je spet srečna, ko se po šoli vrnete k njej zdravi in veseli, togotni in poredni. Ona vas vselej rada vidi, ker je vaša najboljša prijateljica.

Vaši dopisi se množijo po številu in zanimivi vsebini. Vesel sem jih in rad se z njimi pomudim, ker čutim, kot bi se z vami osebno pogovarjal. Mnogo lepih stvari mi pripovedujete in prav rad jih priobčim v vašem Mladinskem Listu. Upam, da boste sedaj še bolj pridno dopisovali.

Jesen je tu, ki nam je prinesla dolge večere. Le pridno jih porabite za učenje in čitanje in pisanje. Brž napišite tudi slovenski dopis za Mladinski List, da ne bo prihodnja številka brez vaših dopisov in imen. Povejte o svojih novih izkušnjah v šoli in doma. Pripovedujte mi o vsem, kar vas zanima, ker to zanima tudi mene! Pišite!

—UREDNIK.

ZAKAJ SMO REVNI

Cenjani urednik!

Akoravno nimam nič posebnega poročati, bom vseeno skušala spraviti toliko gradiva skupaj, da bo za dopisek običajne velikosti.

Vročina, ki nas je letos mučila skoz celo poletje, je končno ponehala. Tudi dežja imamo sedaj zadosti.

Poletje gre h koncu, bliža se jesen in z njo — šola, ki se je pričela letos 10. septembra. Treba se je spet resno oprijeti učenja in pustiti igranje na stran. Letos pohajam 7a razred. Stara sem 12 in pol leta.

Nedavno mi je prišel v roke kos časopisa v angleščini. V njem sem našla članek sle-

deče vsebine: "Why We're Poor." Imena dotičnega lista ne vem, ker je bila naslovna stran odtrgana, a članek me je zelo zanimal, zato ga hočem tu napisati slovensko.

Zakaj smo revni?

Farmerji so revni zato, ker preveč živeža pridelajo. Rudarji so revni zato, ker nakopljejo preveč premoga. Tovarniški delavci so revni zato, ker producirajo preveč izdelkov. Železniški delavci so revni zato, ker ne prevažajo blaga, ker manjka naročil. Trgovci so revni zato, ker ne morejo prodati nakopičenega blaga. In mi vsi skupaj smo revni — zakaj? Zato, ker nimamo pameti."

V zadnji številki me Marion Jereb, član ml.

oddelka v No. Irwin, Pa., opozarja, da bi spet napisala kako pesem, zato mu radevolje ustrezem. Pesem je kratka, ker nisva z atom imela časa kaj boljšega "pogrunatati". Bom pa prihodnji mesec kaj boljšega napisala.

1.

Kaj je lepše?

Res lepo je zjutraj vstajati,
ko poletno sonce gori gre,
lepo je na soncu se žgati,
še lepše je senčiti se.

5.

Lepo je pozimi vstajati,
ko burja kosti ti prešteje,
lepo je na mrazu ostati,
še lepše pa v postelji je.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem skupaj in Vam! Na svidenje prihodnjič!

Josephine Mestek,

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

* *

KAČE V GORAH

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Malo sem se zapoznil z mojim dopisom. To pa zato, ker sem mislil, da ste oba moja prejšnja dopisa vrgli v koš. Ko sem pa prejel prošlo številko M. L., sem videl, da ste oba priobčili. To mi je seveda dalo precej veselja in novega navdušenja za dopisovanje. Obenem se Vam iskreno zahvaljujem, ker ste moja dopisa tako lepo opilili in uredili.

Pred par tedni je šel moj ata v 90 milj oddaljeni kraj, v gore v okraju Badsford. Tja je šel za nekega človeka, da mu izkoplje vodnjak ali nekaj podobnega. Tri tedne je bil zdoma. Ko je prišel domov, mi je pravil, kako je prijetno v gorah. Vsak dan se je vozil tam okrog in videl mnogo kač. Ko je nekega večera stal ob prislonku, mu je kača padla na ramo in potem na tla. Seveda se je ustrašil in je poklical nekoga drugega, da sta kačo ubila.

Tukaj se je pričela šola dne 4. septembra. Imamo novo učiteljico, ki se piše Miss Clawson.

Pozdravljam Vas in čitatelje!

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

* *

ALBINA BO AGITIRALA ZA ČLANE

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Čitala sem Vaš članek "Pogovor s Kotičkarji", v katerem nas vzpodbujate, da ne smemo pozabiti na kampanjo za pridobivanje novih članov. Iz srca bi rada pomaga naši Slovenski narodni podporni jednoti, če mi bi bilo mogoče. Čitam tudi Prosveto in vidim, kako društva napredujejo in kako veliko proslavljajo 30 letnico SNPJ.

Res, zanimivo je čitati, kar ste napisali, namreč za one, ki razumejo pomen onih besed. Kar bo v moji moči, bom rada pomagala.

Čitatelji in dopisovalci pa naj se potrudijo z dopisovanjem, da bo naš urednik še bolj vesel naših pisem. Dragi čitatelji, če še kateri spi, naj se zbudi in naj prične dopisovati.

Šola je začela in kmalu nastopi jesen. Tu je mala jesenska pesmica, ki sem jo slišala v starem kraju:

Sprehajala tam po vrtu
se jeseni je deklica,
žalovala ko vsahnila
lepa nje je rožica.

Kje si, ljuba rožca moja,
ki cvetela si lepo?
Al' me boš ti zapustila,
vpraša dekle žalostno.

Skrbno vselej sem ti stregla
in ljubila srčno te.
S čim, povej, sem te žalila,
da zapuščaš vela me?

Nisi ti me razžalila,
pravi mila rožica.
Ti prijateljica edina
si mi bila, deklica.

Moji dnevi so minili,
nastopila je jesen,
cvetje bo mi zamorila,
položila v grob leden.

Deklica, glej, tudi tebi
čas mladosti naglo gre.
Mlada leta, lepo lice
bo minilo kmalo te.

Lep pozdrav uredniku in čitateljem!

Albina Z. Kalister, McIntyre, Pa.

* *

V ŠOLO SE VOZIMO

Dragi urednik!

Želim Vam povedati, da sem prečitala Vaše veselo poročilo, ki ste ga napisali nam otrokom, da se gotovo veselimo šole. To je res. Veselimo se pričetka šole in novih stvari. Sedaj bomo tudi bolj prosti, če verjameste ali ne, kajti lažje se bomo igrali, ne da bi nas videla ata in mama, ko bomo trgali obleko in obuvalo. Naše največje veselje je skakanje in rajanje, brezskrbno in nemoteno.

Dragi čitatelji M. L.! Moram vam sporočiti, da naša šola se je pričela dne 4. septembra. Naša šola je oddaljena 2 in 1/2 milje. Zato pa imamo pridnega voznika, ki ima svoj karo in plača ga država. Nas je pet otrok. Mi imamo dobro učiteljico, ki nas ima zelo rada, ker ljubi otroke.

To je moje prvo slovensko pismo. Prihodnjič bom še kaj napisala. Sedaj moram z Mary delat na farmo.

Pa še to-le čitateljem:

Prav lušno je na farmi,
kjer hišica ob cesti stoji,
okrog so pa travniki zeleni,
kar mene najbolj veseli.

Vesele pozdrave vsem skupaj!

Olga Kalister, box 77, McIntre, Pa.

* *

KJE JE TISTA TORBA?

Cenjeni urednik!

Videl sem, da ste pisali v M. L., naj še pišem, ali pripraviti se je težko. Počitnice so že končale in spet je treba v šolo in spet se je treba učiti. Tako je prav.

Tukaj smo imeli precej hudo sušo in v vrtu ni ničesar.

V julijski številki M. L. je bila priobčena zanimiva povest Mileta Klopčiča. Meni se je tako dopadla, da sem jo petkrat prebral. Kako zanimivo je bilo, ko je vojak dobil tisto torbo, v katero je tiste male hudičke in smrt stlačil! Kako bi pa mi "Kotičkarji" in urednik mogli dobiti tako torbo, da bi vanjo kapitalizem stlačili? Da bi jo le dobili, to bi udrihali po njem! Sedaj pa mi koruzo sekamo. Časi so slabi in nič ne vemo, kaj nam bo prinesel New Deal, ali bodo rudarji še kopal premog ali bodo na relifu. Nihče ne ve.

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 vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

John Potochnik,
R. 1, box 47, Arcadia, Kans.

* *

ZLE POSLEDICE SLABIH ČASOV

Dragi urednik!

Namenila sem se, da poročam par novic v M. L. Novic je dovolj, niso pa nič kaj razveseljive. Same nesreče in pobje. Delavci malo delajo. Slabo vsepovsod, zato pa je toliko ropov in napadov. Letos so bili tukaj že tri ubiti v pretepih in napadih. Nekemu trgovcu so s peklenskim strojem hišo razdejali.

Prej sem se hodila s sestro Virginijo kopat v potok, sedaj na nas mama ne pusti več, ker sta tam dva utonila. Neki 7 letni deček je izginil pod vodo in njegova 12 letna sestra mu je hotela pomagati, pa sta oba utonila. Njiju oče je Francoz, mati pa Madžarka.

Pred par tedni se je v rovu težko ponesrečil mlad Slovenec, Ralph Omeje, ki se zdravi v Maryins Ferry bolnici. On je član SNPJ. Upam in želim, da hitro okreva.

Upam, da bom prihodnjič lahko poročala o bolj veselih dogodkih. Pozdrav vsem skupaj!

Alice Strayner, box 88, Piney Fork, O.

* *

ŠOLA SE NAM JE PRIBLIŽALA

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Menda je že čas, da spet napišem par vrstic za M. L. Slovenski dopisi v Kotičku se množijo in lepo jih je videti, ker so tako zanimivi.

Z mojo sestrico Alice sva dosedaj pohajale šolo v pol ure oddaljenem kraju. To je mala, nizka farmarska, enosobna šola. To šolo pa so sedaj opustili in imele bove sedaj veliko bližje. V to šolo hodijo tudi drugi premo-garski otroci. Ta šola je velika in precej na visokem stoji. Ima več sob in je dvonadstropna. In ker se ta šola nahaja na visokem prostoru, lahko za smeh in kratek čas dostavim, da bove midve z Elico hodile sedaj v "višjo šolo."

Virginija Strayner, box 88, Piney Fork, O.

* *

KDO VE?

Dragi urednik!

Že precej časa se pripravljam, da napišem kratek dopis za Naš kotiček.

Mladinski List rad čitam in želim, da bi izhajal vsaj dvakrat na mesec.

V nedeljo 22. julija smo imeli pri nas piknik v Sulpher Springsu, ki je 22 milj od Walsenburga. Bilo nas je več družin skupaj, in z nami je bil tudi Charlie Pogorelec iz Chica-ga, ki se je takrat mudil na obisku po Colorado.

Tu je kratka pesmica:

Kdo ve?

Hej, možiček, kdo si ti,
kam tako se ti mudi?

Kam tako zelo hitiš,
za kom v grmovju se podiš?

Kaj bo, če v črno suknjico,
dobil boš s trnjem luknjico?

A možiček: "Fijut žiži!"
zažvižga in drugam zleti.

Kdo ve, kdo možiček ta,
ki z žoltim kljunčkom žvižgat zna?

Pozdrav Vam in vsem, ki čitajo Mladinski List!

Victor Tomsic,
box 22, Walsenburg, Colo.

* *

SLIŠITE!

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Pred pričetkom novega šolskega leta se želim še enkrat oglasiti v Kotičku Mladinskega Lista. Počitnice, ko bo ta dopis priobčen, bodo že končane. Čas hiti. In spet bomo v šolskih klopeh sedeli in se pridno učili.

Letos samo imeli tukaj hudo vročino in sušo. Žalostno je videti, kako zelenjava vene na solncu in se suši. Zalivati ne smemo, ker nam lahko še pitne vode zmanjka. Čeprav je vroče, se mi otroci vseeno veselo igramo in zabavamo.

Tukaj je kratka pesmica, ki jo je spisal Albin Čebular:

Slišite!

V mladinskem oddelku smo junaki,
junaki, veste, taki,
ki bistre imamo glavice,
se učimo brez težavice.
Le v naše kroge se strnite!
Kdorkoli prišel bo med nas,
pozdravimo ga vsaki čas.
Le vkup, le vkup, juhej, juhej,
pri nas ni krajev in ni mej!

Lep pozdrav prav vsem!

Albert Tomsic, Wasen, Colo.

* *

POČITNICE V LETOVIŠČU

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Prosim, da mi odmerite spet nekoliko prostora v M. L., da zopet nekaj napišem v Kotichek, kar prav za prav rad storim. Posebno pa še zato, ker ste me v prejšnji številki tako pohvalno vzpodbudili k pisanju.

Najprej Vam želim sporočiti, da sem za časa mojih šolskih počitnic, dne 30. junija, obiskal v premstvu mojega botra letovišče Cedar Point, ki je oddaljeno od Clevelanda kakih 70 milj, in je eno največjih letovišč v državi Ohio. Vedno ima mnogo obiskovalcev, ki pridejo iz vseh krajev Združenih držav.

Voznja tja in nazaj je bila zelo prijetna in zabavna. Vozili smo se na parniku po jezeru Erie. Sploh smo se imeli dobro na Cedar Pointu.

Za sedaj naj to zadostuje, se bom pa prihodnjič še kaj oglasil. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

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

* *

VROČINA SE JE POSLOVILA

Cenjeni urednik!

Obljubila sem Vam, da se bom večkrat oglasila v Mladinskem listu s kakšnim dopisom. Sedaj sem pa izostala že parkrat. Torej sem ostala dolžna na obljubi. Moram Vam povedati, da se zelo rada igram zunaj, pa pozabim na svinčnik in papir ter knjige.

Ko pa pride Mladinski List, takrat pa ga vselej rada prelistam in preberem. Videla sem, da je precej dopisov. Obažalujem, da ni tudi moj dopis med njimi. Pa me je mama pokarala, če sem pozabila pisati dopis za M. L. Kriva je bila tudi vročina, ki nas je tako mučila vse poletje. In kdo naj

bi pisal v taki vročini! Sedaj se je že poslovila od nas. Prav je!

Pazila bom, da bom zanaprej bolj pridna z dopisi. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in Vam!

Mary Volk,

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

* *

ZAKAJ NISEM DOPISOVAL

Dragi urednik!

Spet se oglašam, četudi se še nisem to poletje. Kaj naj navedem za vzrok? Sam ne vem kaj. Morda sem bil prelen, ali pa prezaposlen z raznimi stvarmi, ker pri nas v Scrantonu se vedno kaj izmislijo za mladino.

Dobili smo park, ki ga je darovala mestu družina Weston. In ta park je oddaljen od naše hiše le dva bloka. V park rad zahajam, ker je v njem lep prostor za tenis in baseball. Zraven pa je mnogo zabave in razvedrila, kopalnice in igrišče za otroke.

Potem smo imeli tekaško dirko ali tekmo. Zmagal je neki Italijan iz Pittstona. Dalje derby za dečke med 10. in 15. letom. To se je vršilo na Luzerne cesti na južni strani. Prvo nagrado je dobil William McAndrew.

Lep pozdrav Vam in čitateljem!

Felix Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.

* *

KONEC KOPANJA

Cenjeni urednik!

Dne 11. avgusta sem bila pri jezeru Winola. Tja sem šla z mojimi starši. Opazovali smo plavalke, čolnarske in slične tekme.

V plavanje je zmagal Buddy O'Harra iz Scrantona. Bila je pol milje dolga. Poleg tega je imela prireditelj tudi požarna bramba (firemen's carnival).

Sedaj je pri nas precej hladno, tako da ni prijetno kopati se. Tudi precej deževno je.

Pozdrav uredniku M. L. in čitateljem!

Olga Vogrin,

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

"VES SVET MI JE BAJKA"

Dragi urednik!

Želim, da priobčite to-le pesmico:

Kje, sončece moje,
domovje je tvoje,
kam pojdeš ob mraku nocoj?

Čez sinje vodice na
zlate stopnice,
tam v grad bom
poplaval svojo.

Ves svet mi je majka,
ves svet mi je bajka
in rože so moje sestre.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje in člane!

Margaret Drobnych,

306 "B" Avenue, Eveleth, Minn.



JUVENILE



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THE SUN BREAKS THROUGH

By MARY JUGG

NOONDAY rays through narrow slits
Thrust shafts of light
Upon the bunk, now occupied.

*Not in Hitler Germany
Nor in Fascist Italy
But in the Sunny State of
California,
The streaks of sunlight bare the face
Of him who lies.*

*Not often has he lain thus;
Time was when he was active on the lines.*

*The big men of the ships for whom he manned the ships
Threw the draped figure with the flaming torch overboard,
And manacled his feet.*

*And so he signed for picket guard.
For three full days he had been active.*

*Then came the white cap with the Buick car,
And the shiny stick, and the hefty blows.*

*"That on the shin; that on the legs!"
Seven, eight, nine times on the legs!
Blood? What's that amongst men?
"Unconscious, you say? Throw him in!"
Stretcher, police, and prison ward.
"There on the bunk." Six, seven, eight days! "He'll come to.
Doctors are called only for men —"*

*The shafts of light now bare the face,
And they rise and extend upward and onward
To columns that some day will expand and burst
And shatter the streaks of the shadows forever . . .*

HOME-COMING

QUEER how home-coming seems to bring
 A sorter feelin' as if spring
 Had come, an' sompin' 'ruther jest
 Turns loose and hollers in your breast.
 Your home may be no royal hall,
 P'raps 'tain't no great shakes, afterall—
 Jest "home" an' nothin' else, but you
 Will have nigh all you want to do
 A-keepin' back the blindin' tears
 When them old roosters fill your ears
 With loud "kadoots." When 'round you
 blow
 The winds of twenty years ago.
 Don't ask me why—I don't know why!
 I only know somehow that I,
 When I go home, why, always then
 I'm nothin' but a kid again!
 For something hangs around the place
 That 'minds me of some dear old face;
 Home-comin'! Always makes me feel
 A sort o' hankerin' to kneel!

—*Lowell Olus Peese.*

HALLOWEEN

EVERYTHING is black and gold,
 Black and gold, tonight:
 Yellow pumpkins, yellow moon,
 Yellow candlelight;

Jet-black cat with golden eyes,
 Shadows black as ink;
 Firelight blinking in the dark
 With a yellow blink.

Black and gold, black and gold,
 Nothing in between—
 When the world turns black and gold,
 Then it's Halloween!

Nancy Byrd Turner.

The Vain Rose and The Modest Cabbage

ONCE upon a time in the garden of a particular farmer, just at the edge of the flowers and facing a line of vegetables, was a prize rose bush. The farmer was very proud of it, as its blooms had won awards at flower shows, and he was fond of bringing his friends to see the bush on which these lovely blossoms grew. The bush was very beautiful to look at, but it didn't have a nice disposition at all. When no one was around to admire the texture or color of its rosy blooms, it was forever making light of the vegetables across the way. It made fun of the potatoes because they did not get to see the sun with any of their eyes and because they were covered with dirt when they came to the top of the ground, and it laughed openly at the fat little cabbages.

Sometimes the farmer's wife came and picked a rose from the bush and for days after that the bush would be unusually disagreeable.

"The farmer's wife picked one of my prettiest children to fasten in her hair today. It makes me very proud, but it is not an unusual event in the life of anyone in my family. Does no one ever stop to look at you vegetables but that polky old gardener? My dear cabbage, has anyone ever picked one of your children or any of your family to wear to a ball? How useless you vegetables are! One of my blossoms that the gardener picked for the table last evening says that she saw a huge lunk of a potato under a mound of messy gravy at the dinner. She hardly recognized him at all, although, of course, we expected some such end for him. And she saw, too, dear cabbage, one of your family all whacked up in some sort of salad. People don't make salads out of roses."

"I wish I were a rose," grieved the cabbage.

"You're much too fat," snapped the rose. "I believe you're even fatter than you were last week, and you have such an uninteresting smell."

By this time the poor little cabbage was crying desolately. She wished that she were slender and tall with soft, velvety blooms in a profusion of loveliness all over her. She was tired of being a vegetable. She didn't want to grow up and be in soup or salad—she wanted more than anything to be beautiful and fragrant. The pepper plant came to her defense.

"Why should you be so unkind?" he inquired. "The cabbage would like to be friends with you. Perhaps she isn't so pretty as you are, but she's useful and we vegetables don't think her ugly."

"I don't want the cabbage for a friend, my man, we have nothing in common—I am looking forward to having my petals dried for some boudoir pillows, and she is looking forward to being digested by some ravenous human being!" The rose lifted her head high in the air.

The farmer had a little son whom everyone adored. He often played near the garden and sometimes his mother brought him in and held him up to smell the roses. Now the rose bush really loved the little boy, and when one day she heard the mother telling his father that he was very, very ill she was very unhappy.

"He will feel better when he sees me, though," she said to the vegetables. "I will make him well."

And the little cabbage wished so very much that she were a rose so that she could be put in a vase in the little boy's room and help to make him well.

They put the rose in a beautiful vase and set her on a table where the boy could see her. His face was very white and he wouldn't look at her, no matter

how she preened her lovely head. She turned this way and that, and nodded, but he wouldn't smile.

Finally the doctor came in. He sat by the little boy awhile and felt his wrist, and looked at his tongue. "What this boy needs," he said, "is a lot of green vegetables and healthful food—give him some cabbage and some lettuce and boiled potatoes—he'll be strong and well again in no time."

And in a little while they brought the boy some vegetables to eat. The rose hung her head because she saw, peeking out of a dainty salad, a bit of

the little fat cabbage, looking very satisfied and very happy.

But the pepper plant was the only one who really understood all about it. He saw the tears on the rose's face the next day, and he knew she was trying to tell the vegetables she was sorry she had been so mean. So he called out to her. "We can be one thing very well, dear lady, but it is only when we work together that we can do everything." And the rose, having learned her lesson, nodded her head in understanding.

(Adapted from the *National Fidelity Junior*.)

LURE OF THE OPEN

By Clarence Mansfield Lindsey

DAISIES are a-springin'
 On the upland plain!
 Thrushes are a-singin'
 In the woods again!
 All outdoors is makin'
 Melody in tune!—
 Guess that I'll be takin'
 My vacation soon!

Blue skies are a'dimplin'
 Over woodlands green!
 Brooklets are a-wimplin'
 Splash of trout is seen!
 Leafy trails are windin'
 From the far hills down;
 And I'm sick o' grindin'
 At my job in town!

Cotton-tails are paddin'
 Over mossy ways!
 Squirrels are a'gaddin'
 Through the forest maze!
 "Rainbows" are a-lurkin',
 Ready for the test!—
 Say, I'm sick o' workin'!
 Guess I need a rest!

—American Mutual Magazine.

"Fisherman's Luck"

By C. Stapf

I HAVE spent a lifetime fishing and hunting, and the fishing education I have had is being passed on to you.

While most of my fishing has been done in the St. Croix and Mississippi Rivers, I have fished throughout the United States and Canada. In River fishing I have had the opportunity of learning the habits and best methods of catching practically every game fish.

During my lifetime experience in catching all kinds of game fish, I have found that there is no certain time for catching fish. I have had just as good fishing at noon as I have had in the early morning or late evening. The main thing in fishing successfully is to learn where the fish are and the kind of lure that works the best at that particular season of the year.

Fish are becoming educated and in order to catch them you have to know more than the fish. It seems that the larger the fish get, the more they seem to know. At least this has been my experience and I believe it must have been yours. My lures are designed to catch fish, and not to make a pretty show in a tackle store.

I am talking about Trout first because the season on Trout is the first to open, and if you have never had the pleasure of catching these Speckled Beauties, by all means try your luck on them, because they are in a sport class all by themselves.

Trout are found in pools below fast water, in rapids, in old Beaver Dams, and in hot weather you'll find them in the riffles. Spinner Flies should be cast up stream, or quartering across the stream. During the middle of the day the big Trout lay under banks, roots and big boulders. The cast should be made from four to six feet above likely looking spots, allowing the current to carry the lure to where you think the

fish is lying. On getting sight of the lure nine out of ten times the fish comes with the current and strikes. Casting down stream, the Trout strike short of the lure, and naturally you do not catch them.

One of the finest eating fish found in fresh water, and also one of the most popular of our game fish, Wall-Eyed Pike, are found in deeper water on rocky bottoms or along the edge of weed beds. Toward evening they work in from the deep water to feed under reefs out from deep holes. Minnows are the best Pike bait and by using them with the Old Reliable Prescott Spinner Pike Hook, you have the finest Pike lure money can buy.

Black Bass are found in weed beds or lily pads, and when one of the big fellows hits your lure you know you have something on the end of your line. It is probably the most popular of all our game fish because it is more widely distributed, and much easier caught than the Small Mouth Bass. The best time for catching Bass is morning and evening. Cast toward the weed beds, having the lure strike the edge of the weeds or in the weeds with a weedless hook. Use minnows, frogs, worms, pork rind, or skin off a fish belly on a regular Prescott Spinner with a weedless hook, and you will catch all the Black Bass you will want. Heavy lures and plugs frighten more bass than they catch. I have found the Prescott Spinner with the bait mentioned as the best Bass killer.

These fish are found in grass and weeds and very seldom in fast water. They are very active in taking lures in the early and late seasons. During the months of July and August they do not feed much on small fish and minnows, but they will go after the Big Prescott Wiggle Worm Spinner in great shape.

There is something about the action of the Wiggle Worm in the water that has a great appeal to Pickerel and Northern Pike. In the early and late seasons the Old Reliable Prescott Spinner with a minnow for bait is an unailing lure. Northern Pike and Pickerel also go for the Prescott Spinner Bass Flies in great shape, but they seem to prefer the red colors.

These fish are mostly found along rocky, grassy shore lines, and among weeds and brush in from six to eight

feet of water. Angle worms on a Midget Prescott Spinner with a No. 4 hook is the ideal bait for Sunfish, Perch and Bluegills. For Crappies and Rock Bass, the best lure is the Prescott Midget Spinner with small minnows on the No. 4 hook. A spinner is always a big attraction in connection with bait, as fish keep striking as long as any bait is on the hook, where with artificial lures the fish seldom strike more than once. There are times when the fish are not feeding, but they will strike at the spinner just out of curiosity.



GEORGE LUKS

THE PLAYER

Beauties of Yosemite Valley

IMAGINE a gigantic valley carved out by passing glaciers ages ago. Picture massive mountains rising on both sides of this great valley—peaks that soar a mile in the air. Do this and you will get some idea of California's incomparable Yosemite valley, nestling in the trough of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada mountains, about one hundred fifty miles due east of San Francisco.

If one wants to see California's contribution to the mountain ranges that are found in America, let him come to Yosemite. Here he will see the culmination of nature's grandest carvings in that 400-mile range of High Sierra. He'll witness the silent majesty of the smooth gray walls of Yosemite as they rise for thousands of feet above its flowery meadows. Every rock seems to glow with life as it catches the sunlight. Some lean back in repose; others rise sheer from the valley floor, as though sliced with a giant's knife. Down through the middle of the valley flows the crystal Merced river—the river of mercy—murmuring softly as it gently laps the sides of the flower-shrouded valley.

Seven hours by automobile, or a comfortable overnight train ride from San Francisco, finds you at the portals of Yosemite national park, after you have traversed part of the San Joaquin valley, rich in orchards, farms and vineyards. At Merced you begin your journey into the Sierras, and suddenly the scene shifts to picture rugged mountains on either side of the Merced river. Easily, smoothly, you are lifted up 4000 feet to enter the rectangular valley through its narrow gateway at El Portal.

Here is Yosemite national park, a government reservation of more than a thousand square miles. Yosemite valley, itself, occupies but seven miles of this region, and varies in width from

one-half to one mile. In 1930, close to a half million people visited Yosemite valley. None of the other national parks throughout the United States approached this number in attendance, and this despite the fact that the State of California has more national parks to choose from than any other state in the Union.

Entering Yosemite valley suddenly you are overwhelmed by the multitude of grand objects before you. Awe-inspiring are these masterpieces nature wrought in stone; you feel yourself brought close to the wonder—dwarfed by the surroundings.

Bridal Veil Falls on your right seems to gently sway in the breeze as it leaps free from the cliffs and half falls, half floats down more than six hundred feet. Ribbon Falls, on the other side of the valley, cascades an even greater distance, its blasts of spray filling the recess in the rocky wall.

Beyond is El Capitan, probably the most sublime feature of the valley. It is a glacier-sculptured slab of granite, 3600 feet above the floor; severely simple, yet imposing. The giant rock seems to frown down on the valley as it stands guard—a veritable Gibraltar in height, breadth and strength, although more than twice as high as the rock in the Mediterranean.

Cathedral Rocks, carved from the same mountain range as El Capitan, stand across the valley, 2600 feet high. Sentinel Dome, a splendid example of the erosion, adjoins Cathedral Rocks, and rises sheer to a height of 4000 feet.

Harking back to the days of Indian legends is an immense mountain mass with three gables fronting the valley, one above another, the topmost gable nearly four thousand feet high. This strange formation is called the Three Brothers.

Past meadow and grove you make

your way through the valley, with great rock towers and battlements on both sides. In front of Sentinel Rock, and revealed in all its glory from base to summit, is Yosemite falls, the world's highest. In three great drops, the first of which equals nine Niagaras, this ribbon of water plunges a half-mile into the Merced river.

But Yosemite Falls, gigantic though it is, can not claim all your attention, for you are now approaching the wide upper portion of the valley. Finely modeled North Dome looms into view, with Royal Arches and Washington Column on your left. Off to the right is Glacier point, massive and magnificent. Half Dome, directly in front, soars 5000 feet, rising in serene majesty to survey its neighbors.

At this point the valley divides into three branches—the Tenaya, Nevada and Illilouette canyons, extending back into the fountains of the high Sierra. Taking the north branch of Tenaya canyon you pass between North Dome and Half Dome, and less than an hour's travel brings you to Mirror lake, the Dome cascades and Tenaya Falls. Beyond the falls is a sublime rock called Mount Watkins; opposite is the vast granite eminence named Cloud's Rest.

If you seek a glorious day's excursion, follow the Cloud's rest trail to its summit at 9925 feet. At first you linger amid the Happy Isles, fringed with fern and Azalea, along whose banks the tumbled Merced flows. The trail leading to Sierra Point is soon reached, and before long you are pushing through the thunderous mist clouds of Vernal Falls, climbing beside its feathery jets to the smooth green brow of the falls.

You climb past the torrent until you come to Nevada Falls, which plunges 600 feet. From a vantage point you gaze back at the tremendous walls of Liberty Cap; and, on reaching the brink of the falls, you stand silent before its stupendous power. From the Little Yosemite you swing to the left, catching inviting glimpses of the great Half

Dome whose highly polished slopes long forbade all climbers save those who used ropes. Steps and cable offer a safe pathway for those who would stand on the overhang and look downward a mile into the valley. At last the summit of Cloud's Rest is reached, and most of the valley is on parade below you from this great height.

A hundred short and long trips await the Yosemite visitor, all easily made over well-marked government trails. There are also organized hiking trips with competent guides, as well as horseback and automobile stage excursions. Some of the favorite haunts of visitors lie far back in the high Sierra country, where camps are established. Here you can find yourself surrounded by mountains, virgin forests and silvery streams and lakes, seemingly a thousand miles from the nearest settlement; actually a day's hike from the heart of Yosemite valley and its lodges and inns.

One of the most popular of the evening trips is to the feeding platforms where the California bear may be watched in his native haunts. The majority of them are tame and will take food offered them.

Every evening during the summer season the ceremony of the fire-fall is held for the visitors in the valley. From the overhanging rock on Glacier Point, high above the floor, the glowing embers of a huge bonfire are hurled over the side of the cliff, to come tumbling down in a shower of sparks. Thousands of campers below watch the nightly spectacle.

No visitor to Yosemite should overlook the picturesque automobile drive to Mariposa grove of big trees, reached in a short time from the entrance to Yosemite valley. Rearing their mighty crests 300 feet overhead, these monarchs have stood for more than four thousand years. In the days of the Caesars these giants were already large trees. One of them could provide sufficient inch-thick boards to completely crate the largest vessel afloat. One of

these Sequoia Gigantea—not to be confused with the Sequoia Sempervirens of the north Pacific Coast, described in the Modern Woodman magazine in the August issue—stands on the automobile highway. It has been carved out to form a path for the automobiles, and through this aperture your car glides.

To stay overnight at Big Trees Lodge in the heart of the grove, to be awakened at dawn by a throaty bird-chorus, and to see the early sun illumine the forest, is to be inspired with the full significance and beauty of these oldest of living things. You will be amazed at the Grizzly Giant, one of the big trees in Mariposa grove, which has a diameter of about thirty feet.

On the northern rim of the Yosemite valley, the Tioga highway crosses the park from east to west, opening to the tourist the grandeur of the High Sierra scenery which is the northern half of the Yosemite reservation.

This is a region of lakes and rivers and massive crags. The glacial action of bygone ages is to be discerned on every side. There are more than two hundred and fifty glacial lakes in this district and a number of tortuous rushing rivers together with the roaring and foaming Tuolumne. From the snow caps of the mountain peaks this great river rushes westward along the Tioga road, plunging down the grand canyon of the Tuolumne. It is a mighty water spectacle which John Muir describes as "one wild, exulting, onrushing mass of snowy purple bloom spreading over glacial waves of granite without any definite channel, gliding in magnificent plumes, dashing and foaming through huge boulder dams, leaping high in the air in wheel-like whirls, displaying gorgeous enthusiasm, tossing from side to side, doubling, glinting, singing in exuberance of mountain energy."

This is the region of perpetual snows where the peaks of the Sierra Nevada shelter in their old age the powerful glaciers who were in bygone ages the sculptors of this mighty region. From the summits of these lofty mountains may be seen a wilderness of crowded, towering peaks, which offers a contrast to the valley below. Excellent motor stage service and easy trails make the whole district accessible.

Yosemite national park is open all year, and the visitor may choose any of the seasons for his trip. Winter in Yosemite is delightful, and keenly exhilarating. Snow sports, such as ice skating, tobogganing, curling, skiing and snowshoeing are here at their best. And the California sun shining down in this region of the High Sierra adds zest to your recreation. The days are perfect—the nights cool up in this snowland.

In spring, when the snow has begun to melt, the scores of waterfalls take on renewed vigor as they tumble over the cliffs. Lush green are the banks of the Merced, and even the high rocks seem newly polished by their coating of snow.

Summer, especially the Indian summer of September and October, finds Yosemite more resplendent than ever when the leaves start turning. During the summer season the days are always mild, the warm sun being tempered by the altitude.

In Yosemite valley you can find all the comforts of a large city, for here are hotels and inns, cottages and tent-houses offering a wide variety of accommodation. All the service of a million-dollar hotel, or the pleasure of "roughing it" are here—for those who can afford it, but, alas! thousands are denied to view this wonder.



A Frightful Adventure

By *P. L. Courier*

I

ONE day I was traveling in Calabria.

It is a land of wicked people who, I believe, love no one, and who at this period especially hated the French. Our horses travelled with great pain along the steep mountain roads. My comrade walked. We took a path which appeared the shortest to us, but we were led astray. We hunted with great difficulty while it was still day to find a way out of the woods, but the more we searched the more we became lost, and it was night when we arrived at a house. We entered there, not without suspicion, but what was there to do?

We found a family of charcoal burners around the table, but with the first word they invited us to come in. My young friend did not wait to be asked the second time. We ate and drank, but I studied the faces of our hosts. They had the appearance of charcoal burners, but the house looked like an arsenal. Hanging about the walls were guns, pistols, swords and daggers.

All this displeased me very much, but my comrade was affected altogether differently. He became one of the family. He laughed and he played with them. In a moment of impudence, which I had thought to prevent, he told them from whence we had come, where we were going and that we were French. Imagine such a thing! Here we were at home with our mortal enemies, lost, alone and far from human help. And then, in order to omit nothing which could destroy us, he told them that we were rich and promised to these people if they would serve as guides the next day that we would give them whatever they wanted. At last he spoke of his valise, praying that they would handle it with great care and that they would place it on his bed. He

said that he wanted no other pillow. Oh, Youth, Youth, how your age is to be pitied!

After supper was finished we went to bed. We slept in the attic above the kitchen. This place was reached by a ladder. Round about our bed we noticed all sorts of provisions which had been put away for the winter. My comrade soon lay down, placed his head upon his precious valise and was soon asleep. I, however, determined to watch. I made a good fire in the stove and seated myself near it.

II

The night was almost over and all had gone well. I was beginning to feel safe when just before daybreak I heard below our host and his wife talking and arguing, and listening by the chimney which came up from below I heard these words from the man, "Ah, well, wife. Shall we kill both of them?"

To which the woman responded, "Oh, yes." And I heard nothing more.

What would you have done? I began to breathe with pain. My whole body became frozen as marble. I was, in fact, more dead than alive. Here were we two without arms, against perhaps a dozen of them, and my comrade was dead with sleep and with fatigue. I dared not call him nor make a noise. The window was not high above the ground, but below there were two great dogs howling like wolves. You may imagine in what trouble I found myself.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, which was a long time indeed, I heard some one on the ladder below, and through a crack I saw the father, a light in one hand and in the other one of his great butcher knives. He mounted the ladder and his wife came after him. They entered our room. He was walking in his bare feet and his

wife said in a low voice while she covered the light with her hands, "Quietly, go quietly."

He took the big butcher knife between his teeth and came to the head of the bed where the poor young man was sleeping, opened the sack, that hung from the ceiling and what do you think he did, my friend? He took out a ham and cut off several slices. The door was closed and the lamp disappeared, and I remained alone with my reflections.

As soon as the day appeared the whole family with a great deal of noise came to tell us that breakfast was ready. They had not only prepared breakfast for us but a lunch as well. "Two roosters have been killed to eat on your journey," said our host.

On hearing these words I learned the meaning of the terrible words, "Shall we kill both of them?" And I leave it to you to decide whether or not I felt any happier.

(Translated from the French.)

The Destruction of Pompeii

LITTLE Appello lived in Rome. His father was a rich and influential merchant. One day he said, "Appello, how would you like to see Pompeii?"

"Where is that, father?" asked Appello who was only eight years old.

"Pompeii was a large city at the foot of Mount Vesuvius."

"What can you see there, father?" asked the boy.

"Son, you can see the ruins of a great city that was destroyed on the 23rd day of August in the year 79 A. D. when the great volcano, Vesuvius, poured lava, ashes and water over this city until it was buried twenty feet deep.

So Appello and his father took the train and within a short time arrived at the ruins of Pompeii. Old Mount Vesuvius was still belching forth smoke, and Appello was afraid.

"Father, will we be covered up with ashes and fire?"

"No, son, we now have warnings in case the old volcano should become active, so that we would be able to get away."

As Appello was satisfied, he and his father walked about the ruins of the ancient city, which had been buried for

seventeen hundred years. They saw the columns of the temples and the walls of the homes of the people. In some of the houses everything was in order, just as it was at the time of the eruption of the volcano. They learned how the people cooked and baked and lived. At one place on the floor of a house they saw a picture of a dog and these words underneath it "Cave Canem!" which means "Beware of the dog!" They saw vases, pots, pans and pictures, even pens and ink bottles. In one place they were shown a cellar where sixteen people had died. Men and boys had died with their dogs. Almost two thousand people were killed at the time of the destruction of the city.

When they returned home, Appello's father bought a picture and hung it in the hall of the home. It was a picture showing a Roman boy who was standing guard in front of a building when the terrible destruction of Pompeii took place. But the boy stood and he was found at his post of duty centuries later. The picture was painted by Edward Poynter, and is entitled "Faithful Unto Death"; the original hangs in the Liverpool Art Gallery.



TROYAN

RETURNING TO MARKET



Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

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

GONE ARE THE CAREFREE DAYS!

DEAR READERS AND WRITERS:—

School days are here again! Of that you are well aware, and no one needs to remind you of your classroom and its pleasant or unpleasant memories. Of your associations in it and with it you alone know best.

Gone are the carefree days of the summer months which you've spent outdoors playing, swimming, hiking and roaming hither and yon. Gone is all the fun that pleasantly occupied most of your vacation time. The old swimming hole lays deserted underneath the half-bearen trees as the falling leaves cover the grass blades on which but a short time ago you rested your weary head exhausted from the intense heat and play. Gone are the happy days and only the pleasant memories remain.

Now you are back in the schoolroom. Life is not play alone; it is work coupled with pleasure in childhood days. You've settled down to your new task, the task of studying your daily assignments in your text books. By now you've already adapted yourselves to the new requirements. And I perhaps more than anyone wish you all the success that can be had at your work. I also wish that you will not forget the Mladinski List. Write that letter for the "Corner" now!

—EDITOR.

"THE WILD AND WOOLY WEST"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This year certainly is a terrible one in almost every way: weather, economical conditions, et cetera. The last real rain we have had was a year ago in July. An then it was a flood! Of course, we have had a few very light drizzles which would always come in the evening; had they come during the day they might have cooled the dry stuffy air. The nights are cool in Colorado without the help of a shower.

A great many people say we are coming out of the depression. Well, I am not, because ever since we entered the depression I have not suffered from it as much as I am now. The last two years we were able to at least raise some vegetables, etc., this year we have not raised a thing. The plants fell victims to both the grasshoppers and the intense heat. We haven't even had grass in the pastures! In the earlier part of April the grass was

just beginning to get green, but before it could grow, it was dried into grayness.

The lack of work, crops, etc., has brought on greater financial difficulties. For without money, work or crops what can one do? Buy on credit? Yes, to an extent, but that extent has long been reached. What then? A lot of people find suicide or breaking of certain laws an answer to that. But not all; the mass of the workers are waiting for another and better answer—an answer which as yet has not been found.

Our readers sure take an interest in our M. L. While looking through the M. L. of past years, I have found we have more contributors now. Keep it up, readers!

I think Frank Miklaucich did not "catch on" to my "family tree" idea. By "family trees" I did not mean real trees, but a person's ancestors. It is a term used in history.

Although I like all kinds of pets, I like a chicken the best. Narcissus—Cissy for short

—was my best pet because she was real soft and tiny; also, she sure could stretch her neck when I'd tell her to; and gosh, how she could wink! I would always show her to everybody who would come to our ranch. When Cissy would wink, they would think she was blind; but, when I'd let her on the ground and she'd open her eye, how surprised they would be! One day I failed to hear Cissy singing; therefore I began to look for her. Just as I found her, she gave a few convulsive struggles and died. The cause of her death is still a mystery to me. Very mournfully I buried Cissy in our reserved graveyard for our pets. I shall never forget her or when she died—the twenty-fifth of June, nineteen hundred and thirty four.

I am in the eleventh grade in school after going seven years to school and am very happy to be back in school now.

A devoted member and reader, who wishes to hear from a few members that are interested in the Wild and Wooly West, etc.

Josephine Marjorie Elizabeth Stonich,
R. R. 3, box 135, Pueblo, Colo.

* * *
LODGE NO. 203

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading it very much and wish it would come every week instead of every month.

I am 15 years old and in the 10th grade. I have 3 sisters and one brother younger than myself.

On Labor day we celebrated the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ. My sister and another girl delivered speeches.

Best regards to all,

Margaret Maslo, box 85, Cecil, Pa.

* * *
"MARITIME PROVINCES"

Dear Editor:—

Every month, when I look at the M. L., I see Frank Miklaucich's and Mary E. Fradel's letters; their letters are very long and interesting.

I do not agree with Frank Miklaucich that history is bunk. I think history is a very important subject in school because, if we—the younger generation—read and study history we will be able to profit by the experiences of the previous generations because we will have to go through just about the same things since history repeats itself.

I have finished reading "The Native's Return." It is a very good book; in fact, it was the most interesting book that I have read about Jugoslavia. The best chapter I liked was where Louis Adamic went to visit King Alexander.

One day my teacher asked me a question in history; this is what she said: "Why are Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island called 'Maritime Provinces'?" I answered. "Because they had merry times before the World War." That was a joke on me.

My pets are lizzards, horn-toads, crickets, horses and chickens. My favorite pet is a horn-toad, because he plays 'possum. I like to ride bucking horses too. We ran races with horses July 29 and my sis Jo won.

I wish someone from Colorado would write to me. I am in the seventh grade and am 10 years old.

I will write more next time.

A devoted member,

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

* * *
WORKERS SHOULD HAVE EVERYTHING

Dear Editor and Comrades:—

In opening I will say it is very wonderful to have the M. L. sent to me. I am 13. My father is Sec'y of Lodge 147, SNPJ. I am member of the Socialist Club, Subbranch of No. 27.

In my opinion the young people should begin to understand what unemployment means to us. Fathers and mothers lose their jobs and the children have to go hungry and ragged, but this shouldn't be so. As workers they should have the good things they make but they get only long hours, unemployment and in the end they get a place in the breadline, while the few rich have everything. The workers should organize in unions and in politics to make the world safe for the working people.

In closing I'd like to invite everyone to attend our classes at 10:30 a. m. Saturday morning at the Slovene National Home (Old Building). Children from the ages 6 to 14 are invited.

Workers of the world, unite!

Fraternally,

Edwin Poljsak,
6319 Carl ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *
SCHOOL DAYS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I am very glad to think that the Chatter Corner is getting bigger.

School has started and I do not think I will be able to write often. I will try. I was promoted to the fifth grade. I am an SNPJ member, Lodge 403. Next time I will write more.

Best regard to all,

Olga Kandus,
1009 E. 66. Pl., Cleveland, Ohio.

HELEN GOES TO FARM SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter in English to the the M. L. Before I wrote two letters in Slovene. And I better tell the waste paper basket to keep its mouth shut.

I have never seen any letter from Chardon except my two letters in Slovene. Anna Prelec is always telling me to write in English, not in Slovene.

I am ten years old and passed to the fifth grade. I go to a farm school, which looks like a city school inside. On our farm we have one cow, two pigs and one dog, two baby kittens, one mother cat and a lot of chickens. I think that my father is going to buy a horse this fall, but he hasn't enough money.

Best regards to all.

Helen F. Gricher,

R. F. D., box 4, Chardon, Ohio.

* *

ALL SORTS OF THINGS

Dear Editor and Juveniles:—

Now that school has begun we should have plenty of enjoyment with the teachers and also school work. Many school students think that school should be run under the NEA (No Evening Assignments). But the more discussion we make on that idea, the more lessons are assigned to us. We shall have plenty school news to write about to the Chatter Corner.

A year ago we were like a crowd of panic-stricken people huddled together on the ship that had been torpedoed. We are hoping that another ship just like our own would come alongside from somewhere over the horizon, and let us climb on board where we could find the same comfort as on the old vessel. We wanted to continue on toward the same land for which we were originally headed. We were just hoping and waiting for everything to be as it was before.

No doubt you have often wondered where the name "Uncle Sam" came from. Well, it all started with a little joke during the war between this country and Great Britain in 1812. A gentleman named Elbert Anderson purchased a large amount of pork for the American army, another gentleman named Samuel Wilson (popularly known as "Uncle Sam") inspected the meat. "E. A." and "U. S." were lettered on the barrels of pork by an employee of Mr. Wilson. Being asked what the initials stood for, the man said, he didn't know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and "Uncle Sam." The workman really didn't know that the "U. S." on the pork barrels stood for United States, for this abbreviation was almost entirely new at that time. "Uncle Sam" (Samuel Wilson) who

was present when the workman pulled his faux pas, received a lot of kidding. The incident soon found its way into print and became a popular story. Today we have a very definite picture of "Uncle Sam." And although we take our Uncle Sam seriously as a personified symbol of Americanism, it is interesting to note that he sprang from a joke.

In the June issue of M. L. was a very good story, Labor Lost, written by Mary Jugg. Clifford's letter was very good. Write and tell us more about the West, Clifford.

A proud Juvenile,

Dorothy M. Fink (12),

Lodge 200, box 1, Wendel, Pa.

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LODGE 412

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to this dear magazine which I read regularly. I am 12 years old.

There are seven in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ. My daddy is secretary of lodge 412. He organized it in 1915 and has been its secretary for a number of years. He also helped organize Lodge 237 in Conneaut, Ohio, in 1916. And also was secretary there for a few years.

I live on a farm and it's a lot of fun. Of course you all know I have a lot of pets, some of them are cats, dogs, pony, etc. But the best one I like is the pony.

Wake up Firestone and Frederick. It seems that Dorothy Milavec and I are the only ones who wrote so far.

I think the Chatter Corner is increasing with all its lovely letters.

Best regards to all,

Elizabeth Georgia Zadel,

box 195, Firestone, Colo.

* *

"MY FIRST BUT NOT LAST"

Dear Editor and Members:—

Of course, I must tell you that this is my first letter to the M. L., and that I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade in school. That's how every beginner starts his or her letter, and "me too."

My father and mother, sister and brother, and I, belong to Lodge 145. The Mladinski List is a wonderful juvenile magazine. It is full of interesting material: stories, articles, poems and members' letters.

I wish Oakdale would wake up and write to the M. L. (My cousin Sophia Leskovec was staying here for her vacation; she also wrote to the M. L. And I will write more next time, you bet I will. This is my "first" but not last.)

Best wishes to one and all.

Jennie Stefancic,

R. D. 1, Oakdale, Pa.

VICTOR LIKES OUTINGS

Dear Editor:—

I belong to the SNPJ Lodge 5, and enjoy reading letters in the M. L.

I am a member of a Socialist Club called "Red Eagles." Friday, Aug. 10, our club went on an outing to Metropolitan park. We went wading in a creek, and the rocks were very slippery. Mary Slosar fell in three times. We caught crabs and climbed hills. I hope we go on another one soon.

Victor Vehar,

5335 Superior ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

WRITTEN ON MY VACATION

Dear Editor and Readers:—

As this is my very first letter to the dear old M. L., I must tell you that I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade.

We all belong to Lodge 586, SNPJ, in Cheswick, Pa. I think the M. L. is a wonderful magazine. It contains so many interesting stories, poems and letters. I live at Harwick, Pa. I am writing this letter from Oakdale, Pa., where I was spending my vacation at Jennie Stefancic's house.

Sophia Leskovec, box 252, Harwick, Pa.

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ABOUT THIS AND THAT

Dear Editor and Readers:—

The picnic held by the ten combined lodges in Faith's Grove, Johnstown, is over and I certainly can say it was a well-attended affair. They had two splendid speakers there from Chicago, Frank Zaitz, who spoke in Slovene, and Donald Lotrich, who spoke in English. Donald Lotrich gave a very fine speech and made a good impression on the youth because before and after his speech, especially after, there was always a group of young people around him. Mrs. Zaitz also attended the affair. Gregory Perushek, the great Slovene artist, who now teaches art in Cleveland, was among the crowd. The program was a very interesting one and the singing societies which sang there added much to it. All in all it was an interesting day and a day well spent.

I had the pleasure of attending a picnic held by the International Brotherhood of Foundry Employees Union of the Vulcan Mold and Iron Co. held at Hillview Park on Aug. 21. Dr. Jesse Holmes, prof. of Swarthmore College, who was to speak, could not come because he was at Reading, Pa., attending a convention. I am sorry he could not come because there was such a large crowd, to which he could have spread the gospel of Socialism.

We had fine amusements the entire day and especially amusing was the greased pig

race. The men's shirts were certainly dirty after the chase for the pig. They had other races too. Everyone had a fine time and we all felt like one big family.

The Pioneer "All-English Speaking Lodge Reunion" was certainly a huge undertaking and as they have it, it was a big success. By having large affairs like this one you can get more people interested in the SNPJ and get a few more members.

The Westm'd Co. Socialist Picnic held on Aug. 12 is another picnic which was a success. It was held at Oakdale Park. There were races in the early afternoon and speakers later. Dr. Jesse Holmes, professor of Philosophy at Swarthmore College and President of the Philadelphia District of Federated Teachers, was the main speaker. He delivered a fine speech which received much applause. Mark Starr, professor at Brockwood College, also gave a very good speech. There was a very large crowd which listened attentively to the speakers. They all had a wonderful time and I was sorry when the day was over.

There are many Socialists but these few cannot remedy this situation we are in. More workingmen must become class-conscious before we can do anything for our betterment. Because it takes the majority to win anything. So I hope the workingman will put his shoulder to the wheel and hasten to the day when living conditions will be better and the people will be able to have whatever they need. The day when conditions will be better is when the men of Socialist principles will be in power.

"A Proud Torch," Mary Eliz. Fradel.

Latrobe, Pa.

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A CHICAGO LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L., I was 12 years old in March. I go to the Burley school and like it very much. I read the M. L. My sister Annamarie gets it. There are four in our family and all members of the SNPJ. Not many from Chicago write to the M. L. I guess they are a bit too lazy or else the magazine doesn't interest them. Will write more next time.

I would like some of the readers to write to me.

Andrew Sosko,

3009 N. Ashland ave., Chicago, Ill.

* *

SECOND LETTER TO M. L.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I was very glad my letter was published. So I decided to write again. I must tell you that our school started Sept. 4. I enjoy it very much. My teacher is nice; her name is Miss

McClintock. There are sixteen of us in school, not counting the teacher.

Mary E. Fradel's letters are very interesting; also others. I think that is all for this time; other members want some room too.

Best regards to my relatives in Somerset, Colo., Cle Elum, Wash., and in Penna. Best regards to all.

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

* *

MY SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I was glad to see my first letter in the M. L. Our family belongs to the SNPJ Lodge 53.

Sunday we were on the farm. I like to ride a horse on the farm. Our school started in September. I passed in to the third grade. This year I will start Slovene school also.

Best wishes to all.

Henry Gorjanc,
19806 Pawnee ave., Cleveland, O.

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TOO BUSY TO WRITE

Dear Editors and Readers:—

I am sorry I told a lie about writing every month in the M. L. I was very busy swimming and playing, so I guess I forgot to write. Well, school is here and we all are busy with our lessons.

We had a thirtieth anniversary of the SNPJ. We had a big platform to dance on, and the four Burgant sisters furnished the music. My girl friend from Cleveland was vacationing here at Piney Fork for two weeks. I will write more next time.

Katherine Zavrnsnik,
box 331, Piney Fork, Ohio.

* *

PETER'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor and Members:—

This is my first letter. I like to read the M. L., but I don't have much time. I am 10 years old and in the 6th grade. Our school started on the 10th of September. I like to go to school because I like to see my friends again.

There are six in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ except my little baby brother.—Let us all stick to our little magazine. I would like that some of my friends would write to me.—We had a good time on Labor day.

Peter Vestich, box 243, Ramsay, Mich.

* *

FROST IN AUGUST

Dear Editor:—

It is a very long time since I wrote my first letter to the M. L. I forgot all about writing because in the summer I was picking

raspberries, and now I am busy picking chokecherries.

I looked over my little magazine. I read that the weather in Yukon, Pa., is hotter now than it was before. Maybe if some of the people from Yukon would come to Ramsay, they would be surprised to see the frozen gardens. We had an acre of potatoes; they are all frozen. And our garden stuff is all frozen. This frost came on the 24th of August. And since the big frost came around, it started to rain. It rained from the 24th of August to the 5th of September.

The Mining Co. in which my father works, had a picnic. All the children whose fathers work for that company, received ten tickets for pop, suckers and ice cream. There were races and other contests. It was lots of fun to see the fat man's race.

The children from Lodge 236 are lazy. They should wake up and write.

John Vestich, box 243, Ramsay, Mich.

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TIMES ARE VERY HARD

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading it very much. Our school was out in July, and I passed to the seventh grade. My brother Glenn passed to the ninth grade.

Times are very hard here. Folks who live in Deerwood get only a few days of work, which makes it hard to support their families. Times are hard for everybody these days.

I wish some of the members would write to me. There were many good letters in last month's issue.

Maxine Gumlia,
Star Route, Deerwood, Minn.

* *

IN GARDEN OF GODS

Dear Editor:—

I am going to tell you of the fine time we had at and on the road to Manitou. We went with one of our neighbors. We went on the Colorado Springs Road, which is very smooth.

One of the worst things about Manitou is the water. It tastes like soda water.

In Manitou there are many Indian and Japanese people which are the people that own most of the places where the people buy souvenirs.

In the Garden of Gods the first thing you see is the big image of ship, which has steps to the very top. The next is the Balanced Rock, which is very high, and you cannot get up so easy. The Hidden Inn is three or four stories high. Another high place is the Kissing Camels, very high indeed.

In Colorado Springs the streets are always so crowded that the stores and other places are open even on Sundays. A man that went with us needed a hair cut, went in and got one. Guess what it cost him? Eighty cents. There are pretty parks and public places.

Best regards—

"A proud reader," **Elsie Pavlin**,
1519 East Orman ave., Pueblo, Colo.

* *

LET'S BEAT PENNSY!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Pennsylvania is still the leader of the contributors to the M. L. If I hadn't been so lazy, maybe Ohio would have been at the head. Come on, you Ohians! Let's show Penna, something!

I haven't written to the M. L. for two years but decided to write again. I am writing this letter on a cloudy morning and it looks like it's going to rain. Why should I complain, we need it very badly.

Dorothy Fink, Mary Fradel, Steffie Koflerle, Frank Miklauchich, and others are popular writers. I hope they keep up their good work.

Last month, **Yousty Yamnik** wanted to know if there was another Slovene Girl Scout. I am one and have held many offices which belong to it. I have belonged to two Girl Scout troops. I wish **Yousty Yamnik** and others would please write to me.

This fall I will be in the tenth grade and am going to **McKinley High School**. The school is crowded and many students will have to remain at the Jr. High School to do their sophomore work. I am glad I do not have to.

Best regards to all,

Dorothy Vitavec,
1614 Sherrick rd. S. E., Canton, O.

* *

LAND OF LAKES

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Sunday, Aug. 22, we had celebrated SNPJ's 30th anniversary at Cedar Point, Minn.

My mother worked at the candy stand and we spent all our money over there.

Carol Krimning, a friend of mine, suggested dancing so I asked my mother for 5c to buy a ticket for a dance. We were always dancing and being kicked from one side to another.

My dad said that when the people started to dance, he got more money at the beer stand, because they were so hot from dancing. My sister, **Gail**, paid five-cents and got 5 rounds on a pony ride.

This summer we did a lot of boat-riding and swimming at **Ely Lake** and **Long Lake**.

I have a very good pen pal and her name is **Frances Zelnik**. We always answer each other's letters without delay, but now I don't

know whose turn it is to write, so I've got to write to **Frances**.

I am also sending in a poem for the Slovene part.

With love to the Editor and Readers,

Margaret Droblich,
306 "B" Avenue, Eveleth, Minn.

* *

OUR GRAND ANNIVERSARY

Dear Editor and Members:—

By the time this issue is out, it will be two months since the Willock lodge had its 30th Anniversary of SNPJ celebration. On account of it, being at the end of July, I could not report of the outcome in the August issue. Therefore, I am doing it so now. We had a big crowd. Far bigger than any of the members expected. But, they were prepared "just in case," with enough of everything that helps to make a picnic click.

What really made this picnic a colorful festival, holiday, and gala occasion, was the turn-out of entire families of members, relatives, friends and followers, local and distant, that are seen here very seldom at other times, but affair of this sort effects a grand reunion.

Pres. Joseph Peternel, presided at the speaker's stand. The first speaker was **John Teats**, a German of many years association among the Slovenes of this district. He spoke of the value of our organization and brotherhood. He is well advanced in years—well along in the 70's. However, he predicted there will be a bigger and better 40 anniv., and he will be among those present.

There were several Slovene speakers. They praised **Lodge No. 36** on being able to draw a big crowd in spite of the depression. And they also voiced encouragement for the future. The Lodge membership thanks them.

I wish to thank **Bros. Martin Mirt, Matt Bachel, John Dolence**, and many others whose names, I'm sorry to say, I don't know.

Ever since I can remember reading the M. L., **Mary Jugg** has been contributing to it. Always she wrote interesting, educational, and worthwhile articles. And always she hit the bull-eye—as regards timeliness of sentiment and fact.

Frank Miklauchich,
Lodge 36, box 3, Willock, Pa.

"How was your vacation, Ed?"

"Bully. Fell off a sled, almost got drowned, tripped over a beehive, was hooked by a cow, was licked twice, got two stone bruises and a stiff neck."