

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

SLAVA

STRIČEK čriček vnet goslač
slišal nekaj je o slavi.
Da bi zvedel več o nji,
v tujino se odpravi.

*Polža sreča. In se skrije.
Skrit zapoje: Dober dan!
Tebi svet je dobro znan;
skromni godec Čričeri
išče slavo že tri dni.*

*Polž si misli: Bedarije,
ki polne le čričje glave!
Kaj mi je do prazne slave?!
Tiho pišem svojo pot.
Cilj mi tam je vlažni plot. —*

*Žabo sreča. Spet se skrije.
Skrit zapoje: Dober dan!
Tebi svet je daleč znan;
skromni godec Čričeri
išče slavo že več dni.*

*Žaba mane si oči:
Ah, umetnik, bliže pridi,
da oko te moje vidi.
Komur strune tak done,
pač o slavi sanjat sme.*

* * *

*Hip pozneje
žaba se oblizne in zasmije:
Hvala, slava, čast —
bila je in bo za črička past.*

ZVEČER

KO DAN se v nočni plašč zavija
in mir na zemljo lega;
ko sence se goste, tajinstveno rasto—
takrat spomini se bude.

Za sliko slika se razvija:
ta in ona že zabrisana tako,
da vprašati se moraš:
je-li resnično preživeta?
je-li posnetek samo sanj?

Tako se vidim včasih dete še v zibeli,
nad mano pa obraz—
obraz neskončno mil in lep—.

Skoz okno sije mesečina
in sije samo nanj;
vse drugo je v temi—
v temi tudi jaz—?
O ne! Meni sije materin obraz.

K. Z.

CICIBAN — CICIFUJ

CICIBAN teče v zeleni dan;
ptičica znanka v goščavi
vsak dan lepo ga pozdravi:
"Ciciban, Ciciban, Ciciban,
Ciciban, dober dan!"

Ciciban, kaj je pa danes, čuj!
Kaj ti to ptička prepeva?
Po vsej dobravi odmeva:
"Cicifuj, Cicifuj, Cicifuj,
Cicifuj, fej in fuj!"

Ciciban misli: "Zakaj Cicifuj?"
Takrat si roke zagleda,
pa se domisli: "Seveda,
danes se nisem umil še, fej, fuj,
danes sem res Cicifuj!"

Bister potoček se vije čez plan
preko kremenov se lije;
Ciciban v njem se umije,
ptička zapoje spet: "Ciciban,
Ciciban, dober dan!"

O. Župančič.



J. THEO JOHNSON

MARY

Anna P. Krasna:

Deklamacije

TO vam je bilo tiste dni oratorstva po naši hiši! Bratec je imel v obdelavi dolgo tirado "Slovo," mene pa je doletelo nekaj iz Vrta. Nič posebnega, a naučiti se je bilo treba, zato sem prežala na vsako priliko samote v hiši. Bratec pa ravno tako.

Pa se je v naglici včasih pripetilo, da sva hotela oba zavzeti isto skrinjo, kar je navadno izzvalo spor.

"Pojdi kam drugam," se je jezil bratec nad mano, "samo motiš me s tisto tvojo malenkostno pesmico."

Hm, malenkostno, seveda . . . saj sem bila pa tudi tri leta mlajša od njega, kaj bi se torej postavljala in me stavil v nič. Nisem se pustila.

"Moja pesem je vredna prav toliko kot tvoja—pa pojdi ti gor na 'pod,' tam je večja skrinja od te."

Bratec je imel dolgo pesem in malo časa na razpolago, pa je zdrvel gor, na pod. Zavedal se je, kakor jaz, da je vsaka minuta dragocena, zakaj pred domačim družinskim občinstvom ni moč predvajati besed s polno paro, kakor je treba slednjič na odru. Še manj je mogoče delati vaje v kretnjah. Domači ljudje smatrajo vsa taka kulturna prizadevanja za neumnosti, ki nimajo pomena ne mesta v vsakdanjem življenju—in se na moč zabavajo, če se domač deklamatorski talent postavi vpričo njih v resno pozo recitiranja.

Pač žalostno za kulturo in kulturne delavce-deklamatorje—deklamacij pa se je le treba na kak način naučiti.

Posebno če s tako nalogo počastijo človeka v šoli.

In če je treba z deklamacijo pred kritično občinstvo!

Bratčeve in moje možgane so v takih momentih preletale vse take tehtne misli. Pa sva delala vneto in resno.

"Slovo!" je oznanil bratec raz velike skrinje-žitnice na podu.

"Upanje," sem zažgoleda jaz s skrinje v izbi.

Nato so se podile po našem obsežnem dvorišču lepo zaokrožene besede—nikoli se nisva domislila, da bi zaprla okna.

Čas je bežal, midva pa deklamirala, enkrat s prepisa, enkrat na pamet. Pri tem pa sva seveda pozabila na vso svojo okolico. Kot breztelesna sva plavala v višavah kulture in umetnosti, dokler se ni zaslišalo odkod:

"Za božjo voljo, nehajta vendar enkrat, saj že sosedove kokoši regljajo tiste vajine deklamacije."

To naju je kar sunilo s skrinj. Vsa rdeča in molčeča sva se zakopala v kako delo.

Ob prvi priliki samote pa sva bila spet na skrinjah. Bratec je možato in umetniško kazal čez hribe in doline—menda kam v tujino—pa zopet pritegnil roke nazaj in jih, kakor v blagoslovu, razprostrl čez domačo zemljico. O, bilo je ganljivo in nemalokrat sem ga skrita za vrati občudovala—saj moja deklamacija je bila kratka in sem si zato lahko privoščila odmor med vajami.

Bratčeva dovršena deklamatorska umetnost me je vedno spodbudila. Tiho sem stekla dol v izbo, se spravila na skrinjo in ponovno pilila svojo recitacijo. Ali bratčeva pesem je bila vse kaj drugega . . . pa glas njegov . . . dozoreval mu je že in je bil neverjetno širji in globlji od mojega. Jaz sem bila komaj seničica, ki vse svoje dni skaklja po domačem grmovju in čivka—a bratec! ta je bil s svojim basom ptič, ki je že videl in preletal lepe tuje kraje, pa vendarle še zmirom hrepenel po še lepših domačih.

Ah, da—, tak bratec že lahko širi kulturo . . . daleč ga je slišati.

Veliko spoštovanje sem čutila do bratca takrat, čeprav mu nisem hotela

nobenkrat prepustiti moje skrinje v izbi. Končno pa tudi skrinje niso bile tako zelo važne, glavna stvar so bile deklamacije in te sva naposled vzlic vsem zaprekam, smehu in draženju prav častno izvedla. Soseđa in naši domači, ki so vsi znali vso stvar na pamet, ker so naju skoz pet tednov dnevno poslu-

šali, so nama resno zatrdili, da sva bila na odru prav tako korajžna, kot doma na skrinjah—gledala sva preko občinstva in pozabila na vse—morda sva tudi pozabila, da sva na odru.

Morda, a bila sva vkljub vsemu kulturna delavca, in to ni kar tako.

Dva mraza, dva brata

(Ruska pravljica. — Pripoveduje Mile Klopčič.)

DVA mraza, dva rodna brata, mraz Rdečenosec in mraz Sinjenosec sta neko zimsko zgodnje jutro krevsala preko visoko zasneženega polja. Poskakovala sta z noge na nogo ter si mela dlani. Lasje, trepalnice, brada in brki pa so jima bili beli kakor pravkar zapadli sneg.

Polje je bilo pusto, jutro tiho, zrak mrzel in prozoren. Pa so se nenadoma oglasili z leve kraguljčki, z desne zvončki. Na levi so drevile sani nekega siromaka, na desni sani bogatina.

Mraz Rdečenosec, ki je bil mlajši brat, je dejal bratu: "Veš kaj, jaz se požinem za siromakom, kljuse ima zanikrno in lačno, pa ga bom kaj hitro došel. Tudi odejo ima najbrže razcapano, kučmo raztrgano, čevlje preluknjane. Ti pa se, brat moj, poženi za bogatinom! Gotovo je dobro zaviti v odeje. Medvedji kožuh ima, kučmo lisičjo in škornje iz voljčjega usnja. Ti si močnejši, laže ga boš potipal in premrazil!"

"Sijajno!" je odgovoril starejši brat, Sinjenosec.

Veselo sta zažvižgala, počila s prsti ter zdrvela kakor vihar vsak na svojo stran.

Še pol ure ni minilo, že sta se brata

mraza spet sestala sredi pustega snežnega polja.

"Dobro sem premrazil svojega bogataša; do večera se ne bo ogrel. Pošteno sem ga pretipal!" se je hvalil starejši brat Sinjenosec ter si mel dlani od samega zadovoljstva.

"Kako si pa to napravil? Saj je imel kožuh, kučmo, škornje, vse tako toplo!" se je čudil in spraševal mlajši brat.

"Kaj bi tisti kožuh pa tista kučma pa škornji! Zalezal sem se mu pod kožuh prav do kože, pa sem ga tako mrazil, da bi se živ strdil od mraza, če bi ga le še malo časa ščegetal s svojimi mrzlimi rokami. Sprva se je vedno bolj zavijal v kožuh, pritiskal kučmo na glavo, misleč, zdaj mi mraz ne bo prišel do živoga. Jaz pa sem se mu smejal in ga mučil dalje. Napol mrtvega so prenesli iz sani v hišo, jaz pa sem pohitel semkaj, da pričakam tebe. No, kaj pa ti, kako si opravil s kmetom siromakom?"

"Ah kaj," je nejevoljen zamahnil z roko mlajši mraz Rdečenosec. "Vsega me je izmučil. Kakor hitro sem došel sani, sem skočil vanje ter se takoj zaril kmetu pod odejo. A on? Še zmenil se ni zame. Mahal je z rokami, kakor da se brani muh. Ko pa smo prišli v gozd, je skočil iz sani, pograbil sekiro ter za-

čel sekati drevesa, da je ves gozd ječal. Čutil sem, kako ga je začel oblivati znoj, pa sem si mislil: še tega je treba, kajpak. Kmalu nato je kmet vrigel odejo s sebe na zemljo, pa je začel še huje sekati po drevesih. Aha, sem si mislil, pa sem hitro skočil v odejo, ki je bila vsa prepojena z znojem. Kar hitro sem ohladil odejo, tako da je bila vsa z ledom pokrita. Tičim tako v odeji ter čakam. Zadremal sem. Med tem pa je

kmet nehal sekati drevesa, odsekal je težko palico ter začel z njo udrihati po odeji. Mislil sem, da mi bo vsa rebra polomil. On pa je tolkel in kričal: "Takole preganjam jaz mraz!" Spoznal sem, da ni nobene druge rešitve, kakor da pobegnem. In sem zbežal. Še zdaj sem ves polomljen."

In se je tipal po telesu in vzdihoval.

Delavcu pri delu pač mraz ne more do živga.



POLETJE

V NARAVI

Vojak, hudiči in smrt

NEKOČ—od takrat je kajpada preteklo že mnogo let—je bilo treba več let služiti v vojski. Pa je služil neki vojak pet in dvajset let, potem pa je odšel v daljni svet.

Dolgo je hodil, dolgo, pa je srečal v gozdu starega berača. Vojak je imel samo tri kose kruha v svoji torbi. Enega je dal beraču, dva pa je obdržal zase ter se napotil dalje.

Prišel je v dolino, pa je srečal drugega berača. Tudi temu je dal kos kruha ter šel dalje. Pa ni šel dolgo, že mu je prišel nasproti tretji berač. Snel je klobuk ter zaprosil:

“Daj mi vbogajme, lačen sem.”

Vojak pa je imel v torbi samo še en kos, zadnji kos kruha. Pomislil je:

“Če mu dam cel kos, ne ostane meni nič. Če mu dam pa samo polovico, se lahko sreča z onima dvema. In ko bo zvedel, da sem onima dal po cel kos kruha, bo užaljen. To mi ne bi bilo prav. Najbolje torej, da dam tudi temu cel kos kruha. Jaz sam se bom že na kak način preživel.”

In mu je dal cel kos, zadnji kos kruha.

“Povej, dobri človek, kaj naj ti storim, ko si tako dober?”

“Srečno pot!” se mu je nasmejaval vojak, “saj tako nimaš nič.”

“Nikar ne glej na moje cunje, rajši povej, kaj želiš. Rad ti povrnem dobroto.”

“Prav za prav mi nič ne manjka, le nečesa te prosim: če imaš kake stare karte, daj mi jih v dar za spomin.”

Starec je potegnil izza pasu čisto nove karte, jih dal vojaku ter rekel: “Tu imaš karte. Kadar boš igral z njimi, boš zmerom dobival. Pa še tole torbo ti dam. Karkoli boš srečal na svoji poti, zverino ali ptico, samo torbo ti je treba odpreti in zaklicati: ‘Noter!’, pa bo vse zletelo v torbo.”

“Hvala ti, starec!” je dejal vojak ter se napotil dalje.

Pa je hodil vojak, hodil dolgo, počasi in naglo, zavil zdaj na desno zdaj na levo, pa je prišel do lepega jezera, po katerem so plavale tri divje gosi. Vojak je vzel torbo v roke, jo razširil in zaklical: Marš noter!—in komaj je bil izgovoril, že so zletele vse tri gosi v torbo. Vojak je torbo zadrnil in šel dalje.

Zvečer je dospel v tuje mesto, stopil v gostilno ter dejal krčmarju:

“Tu imaš tri gosi: eno speci zame, drugo ti dam namestu plačila, tretjo pa mi zamenjaj za žganje in vino.”

In ko se je vojak gostil z gosko, je opazil skozi okno lep grad, ki je stal nedaleč od krčme. Bil pa je videti zapuščen. V vseh grajskih oknih so manjkale šipe.

“Slišiš, krčmar,” je poklical vojak, “povej mi no, kakšen grad je to in zakaj je tako zapuščen in zanemarjen?”

“Dragi moj tujec, to je strašna skrivnost. Sam car si je sezidal ta grad zase. Hotel je živeti v njem. A kakor vidiš, stoji že deset let prazen in pust. Ni ga človeka, da bi lahko prestal noč v njem. Kdorkoli je poskusil, da bi prespal v gradu, vsak je umrl. Naslednje jutro so našli v gradu le še same kosti. . . Ko se bo stemnilo, boš slišal, kako vrešči in kriči v gradu. Sto in sto hudičev, coprníc in drugih strahov razgraja in besni v gradu vso noč.”

Kakor hitro je vojak to slišal, se je napotil naravnost k carju. Stopil je predenj, izbočil prsi, pozdravil po vojaško ter dejal:

“Car moj, gospodar! Ne kaznuj me, marveč poslušaj mojo prošnjo. Daj, dovoli mi, da prenočim to noč v tvojem novem gradu.”

“Kaj si ob pamet, vojak? Toliko junakov, mladih in zdravih je vzela ena sama noč v gradu, same kosti so ostale po njih. Kaj bi tudi ti rad v smrt?”

Tako mu je rekel car, vojak pa je odvrnil:

"Pet in dvajset let sem služil v tvoji vojski, pa sem izdržal in sem še živ in zdrav, pa bi me zdaj ena sama noč v lepem gradu vzela? Ne verjamem. Dovolj mi, da prenočim v gradu!"

"Znova ti pravim: zdrav in živ pojdeš vanj, zjutraj pa bomo našli samo tvoje kosti."

Toda vojak si ni dal dopovedati, prosil je in moledoval, dokler mu car res ni dal dovoljenja, da sme v grad.

"Pa zbogom, car. Izdržal sem pet in dvajset let v tvoji hudičevi vojski, pa bom tudi to noč."

Car se je razsrdil, ker je vojak zmerjal njegovo vojsko, potolažil pa se je s prepričanjem, da ga bodo v gradu oglodali do kosti.

Ko je vojak stopil v grad, je bila že temna noč. Izbral si je najlepšo sobano, snel torbo in sabljo, položil torbo pod glavo, sabljo poleg sebe na tla, legel na tla, potegnil iz žepa mehur s tobakom, napolnil pipo ter prižgal. Okrog in okrog je bila tišina.

Natanko o polnoči, ko je z zvonika udarila dvanajst, je zagrmelo z vseh strani, oglasilo se je kričanje in vreščanje in skozi sto vrat in oken so priskakali majhni hudiči, veliki hudiči in stare coprnice. Nastal je takšen vik in krik, da se je ves dvorec tresel.

"Glej ga no, starega vojaka, tudi ti si prišel semkaj? Pozdravljen! Kaj ne bi vrgli karte?" so zaplesali hudiči okrog starega vojaka.

"Prav rad," je odgovoril vojak. "Toda le pod enim pogojem: da igramo z mojimi kartami, ker vašim ne zaupam. Hudičeve so."

Hudiči so pristali ter se posedli okrog vojaka. Vojak je brž potegnil svoje karte iz torbe ter jih razdelil.

Pa naj so hudiči še tako sleparili, zmaga je bila vselej njegova. Hudiči so morali plačevati vojaku cele kupčke cekinov.

Kup cekinov pred vojakom je neprestano rastle.

"Le potrpi," so rekli hudiči, v shrambi imamo še sto vreč srebra in štirideset vreč zlata. Še za tisto igravimo!"

In so še vrgli karte in spet je dobival vojak. Mali hudiči so stežka vlačili vreče srebra in zlata in vse to pred vojaka, vse njegovo.

Hudički so prosili svojega poglavarja iz pekla: "Daj, dovoli nam, da se vsaj malo oddahnemo!"

"Vam bom že pokazal!" je zarobantil peklenški poglavar. In hudički so morali dalje vlačiti vreče srebra in zlata.

Toda vojak je neprestano dobival. Vse svoje zaklade so že postavili predenj, vse je postalo njegovo. Prestrašili so se hudiči ter nenadoma zavreščali: "Raztrgajmo ga na tisoč koščkov, živega ga pojejmo!"

Tedaj pa je vojak vzel torbo v roko ter vprašal:

"No, kaj pa je tole?"

"Torba," so vsi hudiči odgovorili.

"Če je pa tako, potem pa marš noter!" je zakričal vojak.

In že so vsi hudiči zleteli v torbo. Vojak je zadrnil torbo ter jo postavil v kot. Nato je legel na tla ter zaspal.

Ko se je zdanilo, je car poslal svoje vojake v grad, češ, pojdite no pogledat, koliko kosti je ostalo od starega vojaka.

"Zberite kosti ter jih pokopljite!"

Ko pa so vojaki stopili v grad, se je stari vojak mirno sprehajal po sobanah. Ogledoval je slike ter kadil iz pipe.

"Pozdravljen! Nismo mislili, da te najdemo živega! Kako je bilo ponoči s hudiči, kaj?"

"Kakšni hudiči neki? Kar poglejte!" je rekel vojak ter pokazal na zlato in srebro.

Carjevi stražarji so ostrmeli. Kar verjeti niso mogli.

"Kaj zijate?" jih je napadel stari vojak. "Brž stopite po kakega kovača. Naklo naj prinese nekaj kladiv!"

Prišlo je več kovačev, prinesli so naklo in vsak svoje kladivo. Tedaj je vojak položil torbo, polno samih živih hu-

dičev, na naklo ter ukazal kovačem, naj začno tolči po torbi.

"Udarite!" In kovači so začeli tolči kakor brez uma. Udarci so padali po naklu kakor da dežuje.

Hudiči v torbi pa so začeli moledovati: "Prosimo te, vojak, pusti nas iz tega pekla, ki je hujši od našega pekla. Te vročine ne izdržimo. Obljubimo ti, da te bomo pustili v miru vse dni in da noben hudič več ne pride v ta grad. Bežali bomo iz gradu čez deveto goro in ne vrnemo se več."

Vojak je ukazal kovačem, naj odnehajo, odvezal je torbo in hudiči so zleteli kakor streli iz nje.

Samo eden hudič je ostal v torbi, ves je bil kruljav, ni se mogel ganiti. Tega je vojak obdržal v torbi za talca.

O vsem tem je kajpak zvedel car, pohvalil je vojaka, požrl njegovo sinočnjo psovko na carjevo vojsko ter mu celo dovolil, da sme živeti v gradu, dokler hoče.

Šele tu je spoznal vojak, kaj je to: življenje. Vsega je imel v izobilju. Vina in medu, pogač in denarja. Česar si je zaželel, vse je dobil, vse je imel. Ljudje so ga spoštovali in se mu priklanjali do tal, kjerkoli se je pokazal. Eno samo željo je imel: da bi se oženil. Našel je lepo in razumno ženo ter se oženil. Čez leto dni je dobil sina. Sin pa je bil bolan, nihče ni videl, zakaj in odkod. Morda že od rojstva. Žalosten je bil vojak, klical je čarovnike in zdravnike, ozdravili pa mu sina niso. Tedaj se je vojak spomnil kruljavega hudička, šel je na podstrežje, kjer je visela torba, odvezal je torbo ter vprašal:

"Kaj si še živ, peklenski grešnik?"

"Živ sem, živ. Kaj hočeš od mene?"

"Otroka imam bolnega, nihče ga ne more ozdraviti. Bi mi ti lahko pomagal?"

"Bi, bi, a najprej me pusti iz torbe."

"Kajpada, da mi pobegneš, capin capinasti!"

Hudič se je rotil, da ne bo pobegnil. Vojak je pustil hudiča iz torbe. Ta pa

je potegnil iz žepa kozarec, ga napolnil s čisto studenčnico, ga postavil nad vzglavje bolnika in rekel vojaku:

"Stopi sem, poglej v kozarec! No, kaj vidiš?"

"Vidim smrt."

"Kje stoji?"

"Ob vznožju mojega sina!"

"Dobro je to in sreča, da stoji ob vznožju. Če bi stala ob vzglavju, bi mu ne bilo več rešitve. Otrok bi umrl, tako pa bo okreval. Vzemi zdaj kozarec in poškopri bolnika s studenčnico."

Kakor hitro je vojak to storil, je skočil otrok iz postelje in bil je zdrav in vesel, kakor da mu ni nikdar nič bilo.

Vojak je od sreče objel hudiča ter ga pustil, naj gre, kamor hoče, kozarec pa si je pridržal. In poslej je vojak ljudi tudi zdravil. Preproste kmete in delavce in generale, vse po vrsti jih je zdravil.

Samo v kozarec je pogledal ter takoj povedal: Ta bo umrl, ta bo okreval.

Pa se je na lepem zgodilo, da je zbolel sam car. Nihče mu ni mogel pomagati. Pa so nazadnje poslali po vojaka. Ta je napolnil kozarec s studenčnico ter ga postavil ob vzglavje. In zagledal je, da stoji smrt ob carjevem vzglavju.

Težko je bilo vojaku, toda lagati ni znal.

"Car, gospodar, nihče na svetu ti ne more več pomagati. Živel boš kvečjemu še tri dni."

Vsi so se prestrašili, car pa se je razsrdil ter zakričal nad vojaka: "Kaj, tako torej?! Toliko generalov si ozdravil, toliko grofov in kmetov in delavcev, mene pa ne maraš? Kaj sem jaz slabši od drugih? Takoj ukažem, da ti odsekajo glavo!"

"Da, da," si je mislil na tihem vojak, "taki so carji: čeprav ni mogoče, državljan mu mora storiti vse, sicer ti odsekajo glavo." Premišljal je in tuhtal, kaj bi storil, da bi carja ozdravil, sebi pa rešil življenje. Pa se ni ničesar domislil; videl je, da mora umreti. Pa je zaprosil smrt:

"Daj, vzemi mojo dušo, carju pa daj moje življenje. Meni tako in tako ni rešitve, pa je bolje, da me vzameš ti, kakor pa da mi sekaj glavo."

Smrt ga je pogledala, pokimala mu je ter se postavila carju k nogam. Vojak je poškopil carja s studenčnico in car je takoj ozdravil.

"A zdaj, vojak, marš z mano," je rekla smrt.

"Ah, draga moja smrt, samo toliko mi še daj življenja, da stopim domov, da se poslovim od žene in sina."

"Le pojdi, a dolgo se ne mudi!"

Kakor hitro je prišel vojak domov v grad, že je moral v posteljo. Že sredi poti so se ga lotile slabosti. Ležal je v postelji ter se poslavljaj od žene in sina. Tedaj je že stopila smrt k njegovemu vzglavju ter pošepetala: "Le hitro, hitro opravi, kar misliš. Še bore tri minute življenja imaš pred sabo. Pohiti!"

Tedaj pa je vojak snel s klina svojo torbo, odprl jo je ter vprašal smrt:

"A kaj je tole?"

"Torba," je rekla smrt.

"No, če je pa to torba, potem marš noter!"

In komaj je bil izgovoril, že je smrt tičala v torbi. Vojak je torbo zavezal ter obesil na klin. Potem je skočil iz postelje, zdrav in vesel, kakor da mu nikoli nič ni bilo.

Potem je vzel torbo, jo oprtal na rame ter odšel v pusto in mračno pogorje, kjer je na najvišjem vrhu obesil torbo na vrh najvišje smreke. Potem se je vrnil domov.

In od tega dneva ljudje niso več umirali. Tisoč in tisoč otrok se je rodilo, umrl pa ni nihče. Mesta in vasi so bila polna stoletnih starcev s snežno belimi bradami in lasmi. Nisi mogel več razločevati dedov od vnukov, vsi so bili enako upognjeni starčki in vsako leto jih je bilo več.

Pa je kmet srečal nekega dne zelo staro ženico: do tal je bila upognjena, vsa je bila bela, sama kost je je bila in tako slabotna, da jo je vsak vetrič zanašal sem ter tja.

"Vidiš, kako slaba si! Čas bi že bil, da bi umrla!" ji je rekel vojak.

"O dragi moj striček," je rekla starčka, "takrat, ko si ti zavezal smrt v torbo, takrat sem bila že na smrtni postelji. Samo kako uro bi bila še živela. Zdaj pa ne morem umreti, pa bi tako rada. Rada bi se odpočila, trudna sem in slabotna, nobenega veselja ni več zame na svetu. Rada bi šla pod zemljo, toda brez smrti te zemlja noče. Hudo boš kaznovan, ker si zaprl smrt. Nisem edina, ki se mučim in bi rada umrla, mnogo nas je, smrti pa ni in je ni, ker si jo zavezal v torbo."

"Saj res, saj res," je pomislil vojak, "moral bom smrt izpustiti. Naj vzame tudi mene. Že brez tega sem poln grehov in čas je, da grem pod zemljo."

In napotil se je vojak, tudi že sivolas starec z upognjenim hrbtom, napotil se je v planine, poiskal smreko in zagledal torbo, ki jo je veter nihal sem ter tja.

Vojak je zaklical s slabotnim glasom: "Si še živa, smrt?"

In iz torbe se je oglasilo: "Sem, striček, sem."

Starec je počasi in s težavo splezal na smreko, odvezal torbo in dejal: "Na, vzemi mene prvega."

Toda smrt je planila kakor vihar iz torbe ter zdrvela s planin v širni svet, kjer so jo čakali tisoči starcev in stark.

Stari vojak pa se je vrnil domov v svoj grad in je živel še dolgo let, živel težko, ker je bil slaboten in star. Kakor zemlja star, so govorili ljudje, a vse kaže, da ne bo nikoli umrl.

Pa je umrl ravno prejšnji teden.

(Priredil Mile Klopčič.)

Anna P. Krasna:

Grkanje

DANES bi mi nihče ne verjel, a v mlajših letih sem grkala skoro tako pristno ko da sem Korošica. Brat France pa je drgnil še malo huje od mene, kar je šlo babici včasih tako na živce, da je rekla, da delava vsej žlahti sramoto, kajti, razen naju dveh so menda vsi bližnji in daljni sorodniki izgovarjali črko r s koncem jezika.

Presneti jezik! Saj sva poiskovala tudi midva—in ne malokrat—da bi rekel konec jezika "drr," pa ni šlo, vedno se je oglasilo od bezgavk sem: "grr," in potem so se nama še bolj smejali, zato sva sklenila, da ostaneva pri svojem grkanju, pa čeprav edina v vsem sorodstvu.

Smola pa je bila, da sva bila baš oba dobra deklamatorja, kar nama je večkrat prineslo čast nastopa na šolskem odru. Ob takih prilikah sva jih zmirom slišala radi najinega grkanja. To ni bilo prijetno, a pomagati se ni dalo. vsaj midva sva mislila, da ne.

Tako je polagoma potekal čas in midva sva dorasla s svojo neslovensko izgovarjavo črke r. Francetu, možaku, to ni delalo posebnih preglavic, njega so vzlic temu potrdili v vojake in dekleta so mu dala cvetja, kamor je šel, ker je bil zal in postaven fant. A jaz—z mano je bilo drugače. Jaz sem bila dekle in dekletu se take napake kot grkanje kaj malo podajo. Kolikokrat mi je bilo to povedano in sama sem vedela.

Marsikaj človek ve, pa se vkljub temu še s čim osmoli. In tako sem napravila jaz takrat, ko sem sprejela deklamacijo za dramsko predstavo. Bila je lepa deklamacija—Gregorčičeva "Soča"—in tudi dobro sem jo predvajala, ali dan po predstavi je prišel k nam po opravih stric Bobek, ki me je prav grdo nahrulil zaradi mojega grkanja, rekel je, da sem z mojim debelim "r"

celo reč pokvarila, slovenski jezik, da ne trpi "r" iz grla pa ga ne trpi, to je vse.

Stric Bobek, ki je vozil sadje v Ljubljano in je pri priredbah vedno sedel v prvi vrsti poleg župnika in župana ter je imel tudi sina—študenta, je brezdvoma imel kak pojem o kulturi in slovenščini. In če se taka osebnost izrazi tako zelo kritično o gotovem deklamatorju ali deklamatorci — —

Pa kaj bi trčila besede: kritika strica Bobka je bila curek ledene vode, ki je pustil mraz v duši . . . mraz, ivje in ledene sveče, kajti takrat sem že prekoračila petnajsto leto. Joj! . . .

Naš najmlajši fantek je vedel kako se počutim.

"Odvadila bi se, Ančka," mi je svetoval.

"Odvadila zdaj, ko mi je že petnajst let?" Na kaj takega sploh nisem več mislila. Bratec pa je menil, da se grkanja lahko odvadi vsak, ki ima jezik v ustih, pa naj bo kolikor hoče star.

Otroci so res včasih mali modrijančki.

Tudi moj mali bratec je bil, zakaj napravil je takoj natančen načrt kako in kdaj me bo odvadil grkanja. Njegov "r" je bil kot žvenk srebrne kupe, torej se je lahko postavil v vlogo inštruktorja.

Z vajami sva začela, ko sva plela koruzo na veliki njivi ob cesti. Sestrica nama je prinesla kosilo in takoj odšla, ker je morala v šolo. To je bilo kot nalašč za najino namero.

Pričela sva.

Bratec je potegnil svoje lepe, pravilne ustnice v ravno črto in mi pokazal kako se izgovori črka "r" pravilno. Jaz sem skušala posnemati, pa nisem mogla raz konec jezika spraviti nič drugega kot velikonočni ropotulji podoben šum.

Moj učitelj se je krohotal.

"Če bi te slišal mežnar Janez, bi te za veliki teden zanesel v zvonik—dgr, grrr, ddgrrrr, drgdrgr . . . haha, ha, ha!"

Fant je bil ves v solzah in jaz sem potrpežljivo čakala, da se nasmeje. Čez čas sva spet začela.

"Reci: drr-va," je učil bratec in kazal svoje bele zobke do kraja na obeh straneh.

"Drr-rr-dgrrr—drr-gr—dgrrr-va . . ." Žalostno sem se držala, instruktorja pa je spet vrgel smeh v travo.

Bo kaj s tega, ali ne bo nič.—

Nadaljevala sva, sama ne vem kako dolgo. Na pletje sva čisto pozabila.

"Drrrr, dgr, drr-va, drrenj, drr-drra, drračje, Drrava, itd."

Bratec je menil, da se bom najprej naučila z besedami, v katerih stoji črka "r" neposredno za črko "d," ki se tudi izgovarja na koncu jezika.

Neumorno sva delala in ko sem naposled s pomočjo instruktorja zvežbala konec svojega jezika v toliko, da sem izgovorila "drva" brez sodelovanja bezgavk in grla, sva bila oba izmučena.

"Vrziva karte parkrat," je rekel tedaj bratec, "da se nama jeziki malo odpočijejo."

Jaz sem prikimala in bratec je izvlekel iz srajce šop madžarskih kart—takrat je bila vojska, zato smo znali klepetati in kartati v vseh jezikih, ki so dnevno metali svoj zvok na naša mlada ušesa.

Molče sva igrala—za šopke črešenj. Bilo je zelo enostavno igranje. Bratec je dobival, jaz sem izgubljala, zato sem kmalu nehala in splezala na črešnjo nad nama, da poplačam dolg. Bratec je ostal v travi ter spretno vjemal šopek za šopkom. Ko sem poplačala dolg, sem sedla na debelo vejo in zobala črešnje.

"Reci: črešnje," je dejal bratec spodaj v travi.

"Črešnje, črešnje."

Prav dobro se mi je posrečilo.

"Bo šlo bo," je rekel bratec, "in ko bo prišel France iz vojske, bomo še nje-ga odvadili."

"Saj res!"

V budanjskem zvoniku je začela biti ura. Morda dve, morda tri. Spravila sem se na tla.

"Pojdiva plet, fant, sicer bo prišla mati z južino in naju bo našla v senci."

Pograbila sva motike in plela, da se je kadilo okrog naju. Včasih sva se ustavila in ponavljala:

"Drr-va, drr-drra," itd.

Drugi dan je bila ista pesem, tretji enako in ko je bilo zaključeno pletje, je bil moj "r" skoro tako čist kot bratčev.

"Vidiš, da sem imel prav," je rekel moj učitelj.

"Prav," sem mu pritrdila, "in vse življenje ti bom hvaležna za tvoj svet in trud . . . stricu Bobku pa za kritiko . . . povedala pa mu tega ne bom." Zasmejala sva se, splezala na črešnjo in praznovala zmago nad grkanjem.

Število ljudi na svetu

L. 1930 je imela Evropa 484.5 milijonov prebivalcev, Afrika 143.2 milijona, Azija 1,101.6 milijona, Amerika 248.7 milijona, Avstralija 9.9 milijona: vsa zemeljska obla je imela torej 1.988 milijonov prebivalcev ali skoro dve milijardi.

Dva prijatelja

imata rojstni dan istega dne. Prvi prijatelj je tega dne šest let starejši od drugega. Oba skupaj pa štejeta osemdeset let. Koliko star je vsak od obeh prijateljev?

Rešitev

43 in 37 let.



POGOVOR S KOTIČKARJI

Dragi "Kotičkarji"!

Zdi se mi, da boste julijsko številko Mladinskega Lista prejeli nekoliko bolj zgodaj. Morda že v prvi polovici julija. Vsaj moja želja je taka; če se ne bo uresničila, ne bo moja krivda, ampak krivda zamude v tiskarni.

V pričujoči številki Mladinskega Lista je spet več slovenskih dopisov v Kotičku. Tako je prav. Le da jih bi bilo še več v prihodnji izdaji. To pa je odvisno od vas. Upam, da se bodo spet oglasili vsi stari "Kotičkarji." Namreč vsi oni, ki so že letos kaj napisali in ki so zadnjih par let pomagali obogateti Kotiček s svojimi zanimivimi dopisi. Med drugimi mladimi dopisovalci zelo vsi pogrešamo našo vrlo dopisovalko Josephine Mestek iz Clintona, Ind. Upam in želim, da se v kratkem spet oglasi.

Dalje želim, da se spet kmalu oglasijo sledeči: Johnnie Potočnik, Olga in Marion Mezgec, Antonie Peternel, Mary Potisek, Helen F. Gricher, Marion Mike Jerreb, Milka in Ludvika Kopriva, Frances M. Čeligoj, Mary Konchar, Victor in Albert Tomsic, Anna Gassar, Vladimir Maleckar, Mamie in Tony Klun, Albert in Mary Volk, Rose Koprivnik, Antonia Jakše, Mary Yuvancic, Mary Marinac, Stanley Tegel, Frances Samich, Joseph Shaffer, Virginia in Elica Strajnar, Ann Fabjancic, Albina Kalister, Ladko Rehar, Julia Slavec, Mary in Albert Volk in vsi ostali.

Seveda z všo gotovostjo pričakujem, da ostanejo še nadalje zvesti Našemu kотиčku tudi naši stalni marljivi dopisovalci: Olga in Felix Vogrin, Anna Traven in Josephine Cukyne ter več drugih.

Sedaj pa veselo na delo—vsi!

—UREDNIK.

ZANIMIV DOPIS S POTOVANJA

Dragi urednik!

To je tretje moje pismo za Naš kottiček Mladinskega Lista, ki ga rada čitam vsak mesec, ker prinaša dosti zanimivih povestic, pesmic in pa dopisov.

Povedala Vam bom, kako prijetno potovanje (trip) smo imeli dne 26. maja, ko smo se peljali v Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Vožnja je bila zelo lepa ves čas in dobro smo se imeli ter uživali pomladno krasoto med potjo. Videli smo lepa polja in male gozdiče. Vozili smo se mimo in skozi vasi, trge in mesta.

Ko smo prišli v mesto Pittsburgh, smo tam obiskali naše prijatelje, se z njimi pogovorili in pozabavali, potem smo pa našo pot nadaljevali v drugo mesto.

Iz Pittsburgha smo se odpeljali v mesto Kaylor, Pa. Tudi tam smo se dobro imeli. Tam smo srečali br. Vincent Cankarja, predsednika Slovenske narodne podporne jednote, se z njim malo pogovorili in povedali, da smo tudi mi člani jednote, zakar nam je čestital. Pogovorili smo se še z našimi znanci in prijatelji, nakar smo se odpravili proti domu—v naše veliko mesto Cleveland.

Pred seboj smo imeli dolgo rajžo. Domov smo prišli ob pol dveh popolnoči. Seveda smo bili utrujeni od dolge vožnje, vseeno pa smo bili zadovoljni, da smo šli na obisk v Pittsburgh in okolico. Saj smo pa videli lepe kraje in seveda tudi lepe in prijazne ljudi! To je tudi nekaj vredno!

Naša šola se je zaključila dne 15. junija. Takrat smo imeli veliko opravka z različnimi šolskimi pripravami, ki so navadno v teku ob zaključku šolskega leta. Treba je tega in onega za to in ono.

Za 16. junija nam je bilo določeno, da bom šla z mojo sestro v bolnišnico, da nam "vzamejo" tonsile (bezgavke v grlu). To sicer ni prijetna operacija, vseeno pa ni nič nevarnega. Upam, da bomo potem bolj zdrave.

Naj končam to pismo, da ne bo pre dolgo. Obenem pa iskreno pozdravljam Vas in vse, prav vse, ki čitajo naš Mladinski List in njegov Kotiček!

Josephine Cukyne,

7511 Cornelia ave., Cleveland, O.

* * *

O VELIKI PROSLAVI IN DRUGIH STVAREH

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Najprej Vam moram povedati, da je to prvi moj slovenski dopis za Mladinski List. Prosim Vas, da ga priobčite in popravite, tako da bo vse okej. Vidim, da drugi dopisujejo v Naš kotiček, pa sem rekla, da bom napisala kratek dopis in v njem povedala par stvari.

Pohajala sem slovensko šolo, namreč že tretje leto, in dopadlo se mi je. Dne 2. junija sem bila stara 12 let in ho-

dim v srednjo šolo (Collinwood high school).

Dne 10. junija se je vršila pri nas velika proslava. Tega dne je slavilo svojo 30-letnico prvo clevelandsko in največje društvo SNPJ. To je društvo Naprej št. 5 SNPJ. Obenem je bila to proslava tudi jednotine 30-letnice. Udeležba je bila jako velika. Vse se je završilo zelo lepo.

Neko nedeljo smo se namenili, da se peljemo v mestoce Genova, Ohio, ki je oddaljeno od Clevelanda kakih 40 milj. Vožnja je bila prijetna in imeli smo se dobro.

S tem naj končam ta dopisek. Prihodnjič bom kaj več napisala. Sedaj imamo dovolj časa, ker imamo počitnice. Zato pa bi morale tudi druge deklice več pisati za Kotiček, pa tudi dečki naj se potrudijo, da bo več dopisov.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in Vam!

Audrey Maslo,

14904 Pepper ave., Cleveland, O.

* * *

ŠOLSKE POČITNICE—NAŠE VESELJE

Dragi urednik!

Šola je minila in sedaj imamo počitnice. Juhej! To je naše resnično veselje!

Sedaj se lahko svobodno igramo pa ribice lovimo v jezeru Erie. Pa kopat se hodimo, včasih pa gremo tudi na kakšen piknik, kar pa je le bolj redek dogodek. Pikniki se navadno vršijo v oddaljenih krajih in ni kar tako tja priti.

Dne 10. junija se je vršil velikanski piknik, ki ga je priredilo naše društvo Naprej št. 5 SNPJ v proslavo svoje in jednotine 30-letnice. Vršil se je na Pintarjevi farmi. Poleg tega dvojega slavlja je naše društvo tudi razvilo svojo drugo zastavo. Torej smo obenem imeli kar tri proslave v eni!

Na Pintarjevem izletnem prostoru so naši člani za dan slavlja postavili lep oder in ga z zelenjem okrasili. Naša nova društvena zastava je imela botra in botrico s tovarišicami. Vse skupaj

je bilo zelo lepo videti—tam zunaj na farmi, obdani z zelenjen narave.

Naj končam.

Cenjeni urednik! Če boste zadovoljni z mojim dopisom, bom pa še kaj napisal za prihodnjo številko Mladinskega Lista. V junijski številki je bilo bolj malo slovenskih dopisov; upam, da jih bo več v julijski.

Lepo pozdravljam Vas in vse mlade čitatelje!

Frank Krancevic,
1221 E. 61st st., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

OLGA BO POGREŠALA PRIJATELJICE

Dragi urednik!

Ker se nahajamo v času počitnic, pa sem se nekoliko zamudila s tem dopisom za M. L. Zadnji dan šole je bil dne 22. junija.

Sedaj pa že komaj čakam 30. junija, kajti tega dne bom šla z mojimi starši v Forest City na veselico društva SNPJ, ki bo obhajalo 30-letnico jednote. In drugi dan, 1. julija, pa bomo menda šli v Luzerne, kjer bo slična slavnost.

Povedati vam moram, da bom pogrešala moje prijateljice Matildo, Rosemarie in Evelyn Forte, ki se bodo preselile na farmo, oddaljeno kakih 150 milj od tukaj, obiskati pa jih pogosto tudi ne bom mogla. Škoda!

Srčen pozdrav!

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

* * *

UČENEC PIŠE O SLAVJU SNPJ IN ČIKAŠKI RAZSTAVI

Cenjeni čitatelji in urednik!

Precej dolgo sem odlašal, da Vam napišem dopis in povem o raznih stvareh iz te naše velike vasi, ki se imenuje Chicago.

Gotovo je vsem znano, da se tukaj vrši že drugo leto čikaška ali svetovna razstava. Well, o tem vam bom povedal par zanimivih stvari. Znano pa vam je tudi, da naša Slovenska narodna podporna jednota letos slavi svojo 30-letni-

co. Tudi o tem bom vam na kratko nekaj povedal.

Čitajte!—

Najprej o 30-letnici:

Prva in zelo velika slavnost jednotine 30-letnice se je vršila pri nas dne 8. aprila v dvorani SNPJ. In zbralo se je toliko ljudi in otrok, da je bilo kar veselje! To slavje je priredila federacija čikaških društev naše jednote. Zjutraj so razposlali po radiju resnično lep program s postaje WMAQ. Želi so velik uspeh! Zbor Sava je tako lepo odpel več pesmi, da dosedaj še nismo slišali kaj sličnega po radiju. Govorila sta Donald Lotrich in Frank Zaitz. Njihova govora sta bila lepa.

Popoldne se je vršil dolg program v dvorani SNPJ. In takrat je naša slovenska šola, ki jo vodi društvo Pioneer št. 559 SNPJ, uprizorila ljubko mladinsko igro "Mlada Jednota," ki jo je nalašč za to slavje napisala Mrs. Katka Zupančič, naša učiteljica. Pri učenju našega razreda in pri vajah ji pomaga Mr. Louis Beniger. Ljudem se je naša igra dopadla. Pa saj smo se dobro odrezali z igro in s petjem! Na programu je bilo še vse polno drugih zanimivosti, kar pa mi je že večinoma šlo iz glave. Po uprizoritvi naše igre smo pa bili deležni dobre večerjice v spodnji dvorani. Ta pa mi še ni šla iz glave, ker je bila zelo okusna. Da bi jih le bilo še več takih!

Naše društvo Pioneer št. 559 SNPJ bo priredilo velik izlet dne 29. julija. To bo obenem tudi slavje 30-letnice SNPJ vseh angleško poslujočih društev naše jednote. Pričakuje se velikanska udeležba. Upam, da bo prišlo mnogo mladih članov in članic iz raznih mest.

Sedaj pa malo o razstavi.

Prve dni v juniju je bil na razstavi otroški dan. To vam je bilo veselja! Šole nismo imeli tega dne, pa se nas je zbralo skoro pol milijona šolarjev na razstavišču! Pol milijona dečkov in deklic! Bilo je hrušča in trušča, da kaj. Vstopnina je bila znižana na pet centov.

Zrivali smo se od paviljona do paviljona, pili sodavice in lizali sladoled. Tu pa tam je ta ali oni otročiček milo jokal, ker se je zgubil v gnječi. Varuhi so imeli veliko opravka z nami. Ampak jaz sem se vselej srečno preril skozi gnječo, ker moje noge so že precej dolge, da sem videl čez drobne glavice po morju mladih izletnikov. In predno smo se odpravili domov nas je vzelo precej časa in truda. Utrujen sem bil kot

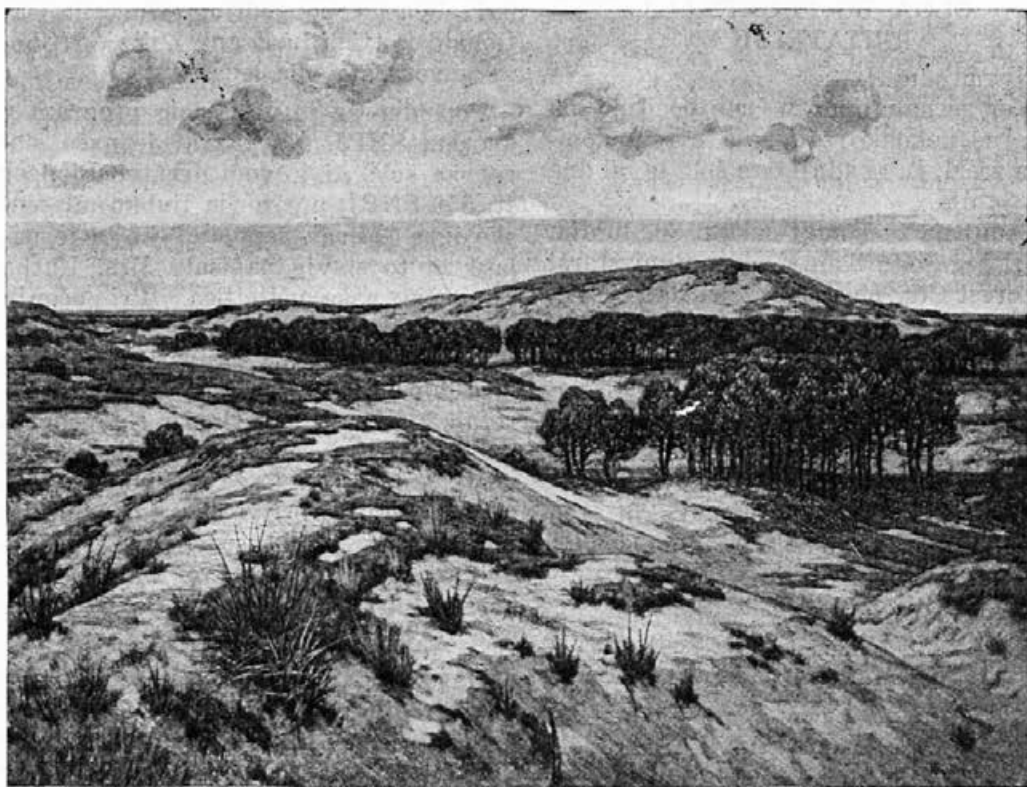
nikdar prej, tako tudi tisoči mojih vrstnikov.

Konec o razstavi.

Upam, da bodo dečki in deklice v bodoče bolj pridni z dopisi za Kotiček. Tudi med počitnicami bi morali dopisovati. Prihodnjič bom morda še kaj napisal, če boste pridni.

Ostanite zdravi in veseli vsi!

Član SNPJ in učenec Pionirjeve šole,
Chicago, Illinois.



ROY BROWN

PEŠČENO HRIBOVJE



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XIII

CHICAGO, ILL., JULY, 1934

Number 7

MARCHERS

By MARY JUGG

*I SAW them marching one by one,
With sheepskins connoting, "School days—gone."
And I saw the speaker their interest win
With his oft-repeated, "Now your life will begin."
Some sat noncommittally; some showed a doubt,
But none of them grasped what he talked about.*

*I saw them marching two by two
With a plate in hand for their bread and stew;
And I saw big men with clubs in their hands
Stand ready to strike if one pressed his demands.
Some simply believed that Fate laid their course,
But most of them knew where Distress had its source.*

*I saw them marching all in a group
With fervid spirit as becomes any troop;
And I saw them seize the men who persisted
To break Union laws when for Rights it insisted.
The files of marchers were blocks in length,
And all of them knew that in Union is strength.*

Mind and Body

MORE attention is paid to the body than to the mind, yet were more attention paid to the mind less would have to be given the body. A healthy mind means a healthy body.

By this is not meant that the body may wholly escape disease any more than that the mind will not be burdened with care; but that the body will escape those diseases which result from serious disturbance of the nervous system.

A healthy mind is engaged with good thoughts, is free from envy, jealousy, suspicion, worry, dwells on what is proper, and values correctly the experiences of life. It regards the body

as the instrument through which it works and treats the body accordingly.

Indeed, a healthy mind cares for the body that it has at its command. Even when the body is deformed or maimed the mind, through special care, develops physical powers remaining to a wonderful degree.

We have to educate the mind before we can properly develop the body. That's why we early begin to train the child's mind, teach it the difference between right and wrong, cause and effect, and ability to reason. If we would ourselves as logically pursue the same course after we arrive at man's estate, we would be rewarded by more healthy bodies than some of us possess.

How To Prepare A Speech

“**I** HAVE been asked to make a speech. What shall I do?” This is a question frequently asked by young and sometimes older folks. A few suggestions may be helpful.

1. Select a subject or a theme. Have a definite idea in mind which you want to discuss.

2. Read everything you can about the subject in books, magazines and papers.

3. Keep a notebook and make notes of important items and thoughts read by you.

4. Make an outline of your talk. Here is a splendid plan:

(a) The introduction (a short statement leading up to your subject.)

(b) The discussion. Set forth your points in order of their importance. This is the body of your speech.

(c) The conclusion. A brief summary with perhaps an appeal for action.

5. Write out your speech, if you have time. Correct the first manuscript and write it again, and maybe again and again.

6. Commit your speech to memory or practice the delivery of it until you have the address well in mind. People do not like to hear speakers read their addresses. Study your gestures.

7. Stand before your audience with confidence and speak with a determination to convince and persuade.

COME AWAY WITH ME TO THE WILLOW TREE

WHEN the sun rides high in the summer sky
 And your shadow is short as your nose,
 On the country road where the earth, dust-dry,
 Puffs up thru your naked toes;
 When the grasshopper scrapes his monotonous drone
 Half asleep in the withering grass
 When the thirsty trees scarce turn their leaves
 In the listless breezes that pass;
 When the heat waves quake and shiver and shake
 On the crest of the sun-baked knoll—
 Come away with me to the willow tree
 That shelters the swimming hole!
 Come away with me where the willow tree
 Dapples the water cool,
 Where the skate-bugs dash and the shiners flash
 In the depths of the magic pool;
 Where the lilies float at the mossy brink,
 Where the thrushes bathe, where the robins drink!
 Come away with me where the waters free
 Dance merrily over the shoal,
 Come away with me to the willow tree
 That shelters the swimming hole!

SOMEBODY'S BOY

SOMEBODY'S boy was crossing the street,
 Innocent, young and fair;
 He hadn't the judgment of older folks;
 He didn't see danger there.

Somebody's boy! O, somebody's heart
 Was broken with that bitter blow—
 Somebody knelt at an empty bed
 And fondled an empty shoe.

Somebody's boy had a song on his lips,
 But it died in an instant away,
 For an automobile struck the little boy
 down,
 And he passed at the close of the day.

Somebody looked through the empty
 years
 Where no little boy would be—
 O, is there need for this sacrifice?
 Somebody makes this plea.

Will you not watch for the little boys,
 Drivers, in city and town?
 Will you not count it the greatest crime
 To strike Somebody's boy down?

"E. B."



CHILDHOOD MEDITATION

Interior Substance of Earth

By Tom A. Burke

IS THE EARTH hollow in the center or is it solid? If the latter, what is the substance, rock, iron or other more valuable metals? Mr. Frank Neumann of the division of terrestrial magnetism and seismology, coast and geodetic survey, department of commerce, answers those perplexing questions in an interesting article, as follows:

"Science now tells us that we are living on a planet with a surface layer of soil and rock from twenty-five to forty miles deep. Below this is a mantle of more elastic material, probably about seven hundred twenty miles thick. Then comes what is known as a transition layer of nearly ten hundred fifty miles in thickness. Beneath this is a core, probably of heavy metals such as nickel and iron, which is at least forty-three hundred miles in diameter. Its density is greater than that of steel.

"Most of our modern knowledge concerning the center of the earth has been acquired through seismology. A half a century ago the interior of the earth was almost a sealed book to us, and of this book scientists could read only a line or two of the preface. The geologist, the geophysicist, the astronomer and mathematician, all had their theories based on painstaking investigations, but none had even an approximately complete picture. There were many theories varying radically. The view most generally accepted was that the earth was a liquid mass with a gradually thickening crust about it. From time to time, scientists of the middle of the last century believed, the liquid broke through the crust and caused earthquakes.

"Then came what we may call precise seismology, that is to say, a scientific study and measurement of earthquake waves. About twenty-five years ago it

had become evident that, during earthquake disturbances, the earth itself transmitted elastic waves or vibrations in all directions. We now know that some of these are transmitted along the surface and some through the body of the earth. Science had already proved to its satisfaction that, while fluids and solids transmit certain kinds of waves, only a solid can transmit others. The evidence gathered from the directions and speed of these earthquake waves indicated that the interior of the earth must be largely solid.

"By accumulating evidence, based on observations of earthquake disturbances, scientists were convinced of the varying nature of the center and surrounding belts, as it were, of the earth's interior.

"A violent shock such as an earthquake actually makes the whole globe tremble rather vigorously in the vicinity of the 'focus' or starting point and with decreasing force at more distant points. Many thousands of miles from the source, the gradually dying waves, not perceptible to our human senses, may, however, be recorded by such a delicate instrument as a seismograph.

"When an earthquake occurs, three distinct kinds of waves or impulses move outward: Two of these into the interior of the earth and the third moving around the surface. These waves or impulses move at different rates of speed, but all are recorded at the seismograph station. From these records it is possible to locate the shocks approximately and determine the paths which the waves take through the earth and over its surface.

"The precise mathematical calculation by which this is done is not important here. It is sufficient to say that seismology, or the organized study

of earthquakes, is teaching us that the structure of the earth varies approximately in the way described.

"Of greater practical value than our knowledge of the deeper portions of the earth is that pertaining to the crust. This is thin layer, not much thicker, relatively speaking, than the skin of an apple. Yet this layer and a small zone beneath it constitute the unstable part

of the earth in which all seismic activity is believed to originate. Scientists are working diligently to learn the precise nature and dimensions of the crust, because these must be known before the depth and exact location of an earthquake focus can be determined. By thus studying earthquakes in their habitat, seismologists hope some day to forecast their coming."



F. W. BENSON

RAINY DAY

Anna P. Krasna:

Snapshots from Home

(Continued.)

The ancient rough oak-bench is in the same place on the flagstone terrace in front of the kitchen window. But the terrace looks bare. In former days, mother's oleanders adorned it nearly all the year around. They seem to have one now, too, but it's small, mother's oleanders were like beautiful spreading trees, and when they blossomed people stopped to gaze admiringly at their glowing pink and cream-white beauty.

I see that the cozy little nook beneath the front part of the balcony is now used to stack firewood. In my childhood that precious space was the most treasured spot of our large courtyard for all of us children. There we played our childish games, wrote and studied our lessons, entertained our little friends, fed the birds in winter time . . . and I well remember that I took my measles out there while mother went out on an errand. That, by the way, was one of the few times that I got real spanking. . . On top of having the itchy measles! Imagine how I liked it.

There used to be a little kitchen and flower garden alongside of the neighbor's house-wall. But I don't see it in the pictures. Perhaps they have done away with it. I wish they didn't though. It took mother many years to grow evergreen hedge around that patch of fertile soil. Mother, I always thought, was endowed with a botanic talent, and I do not believe I could ever name all the varieties of plants and flowers that grew and blossomed in that miniature thing of a garden, during my mother's reign over the old homestead. She started all of her houseplants in that tiny garden plot, and I remember her carnations reaching far down over the floor edge of the balcony, her large-leafed Madonna lilies

filling the entire width of her bedroom windows; her giant geraniums growing two yards tall; her various fragrant plants scenting all the surroundings . . . and so on without end. When mother died, we counted her house plants, and there were one hundred and twenty-five flower pots altogether.

Yes, mother used to wrap all her sorrows in flowers, and my every memory of her is banked with them. I recall her picking the choicest of blooms to make a bouquet for her first-born grown daughter who died in her arms a few hours before . . . remember the death of my sixteen years old brother in the same way—seeing mother gathering mignonetts, garden pinks, and roses for her dead boy. And when I think of the day she breathed her last, my thoughts invariably wander to her little garden of flowers where white chrysanthemums were in bloom just then.

Mother and flowers . . . how I wish they had snapped a picture of that memorable little patch of ground.

And why do they send me half a dozen pictures of home, if none of them includes the dear old gnarled mulberry trees by the ten-foot courtyard wall? Why, without those trees there wouldn't have been any truly grand memories of childhood. When the oldest of us were quite small yet, we reared silk worms nearly every year, and cutting of the mulberry branches for the purpose of feeding the worms with mulberry leaves, was always a regular picnic. Father and Ivan climbed up to do the cutting while we, who were considered too small to climb a tree, gathered the green shoots into neat bunches. Later when the rearing of silk worms was discontinued, the mulberrys had an opportunity to expand and grow thick

branches and foliage as well as develop to the ripeness the sugary purple berries. How we loved to climb up then and shake off the sweet fruit! And, of course, we were never alone in performing this task, all the neighbors' children helped us. It was fun!

But for the boys I think the chief value of those trees lay in the fact that from the thick branches they were often able to repay a due debt to some mean foe whom they were afraid to encounter on the street or on the way to school. On such occasions, they armed themselves with long horse-whips and took up a watchful post in the trees. It happened occasionally that mother or father awaited the watcher beneath the trees . . . that usually meant trouble, but the satisfaction of justice applied was spoiled only temporarily.

Besides childish memories there is a real history connected with our old mulberry trees. At least a dozen of field army kitchens has stood under them at various times during the World War. Some stayed as long as a month at a stretch, others only for a few days or weeks. Our courtyard was considered an ideal place to station the kitchens, because the high wall, and the thick foliage of the trees concealed them from the view of the circling enemy airplanes.

Seeing a large part of that stony courtyard brings back countless memories of those days. Soldiers assembling to march out for a drill, gallant and ungallant officers yelling their commands from the balcony, ground, or from the shiny backs of well-fed horses. A twirling of a short whip, a brutal smack in the face of some starved soldier who couldn't stand as erect as the rules demanded . . . and cursing, such as I never before or after heard in my life. A fleeting mental picture of some two hundred men in uniforms receiving and eating their noon-mess, which at times tasted fairly good, but all too frequently, especially towards the end of the war, smelled so bad that even hogs refused to touch it.

All wasn't sadness though even in wartime. Looking at the open kitchen doorway, I smile unresistably as I think of mother and that merry Viennese, Fritz, struggling there because he wanted to dance as the band struck up a lively waltz, and mother simply wouldn't do it at all.

"We must have some fun, Mamma," Fritz said, trying to make her go around, "some good fun, to forget the war."

But mother was determined. She hadn't danced for years, and she wouldn't now while her boys may be in the clutches of death in the front . . . mother was so strict with herself.

"Well, if the ladies won't dance, Fritz dances anyhow." Merrily, he grabbed the second cook, and they danced all over the courtyard while others kept joining the rollicking cooks.

For the last number, the band played the Blue Danube, and suddenly, the carefree, happy boys from Vienna, the jolly city, grew sad. They stopped dancing and some of them hummed meditatively with the reechoing melodies of Blue Danube. They weren't in our courtyard anymore but in their beautiful Vienna, of which they talked to us all the time they were with us.

* * *

"Passeggiate nella pineta de Ivan." O, that's the borovina (spruce grove). Gee, those trees have grown some! And to show me the fact better, they chased all of my little nephews and nieces up in the trees, and then snapped a fine picture. How cute!

And here they are sitting on that same rock from which we used to mount our faithful old mare that had so much patience with our pranks in spite of her rather queer nature. There is a faint part-view of the Vipava Valley in the background. It is hardly discernible, but I have viewed the valley from that spot so often that I know distinctly what has been taken in the picture. The level ground divided in two by a white ribbon, which is the lower highway, is

what is known there as Dolgapoljana fields. The buildings strewn about in a careless fashion, and joined together by smooth roads, contain ammunition, and it seems to me that more munition stores have been added since I have last seen the place.

War, war . . . that's all they seem to think of in Europe. I still remember the fear of war that the erection of those first ammunition buildings instilled in us. I recollect, too, that it was during the construction of those structures that we became a combination of peasant-proletarians. Father and the boys went to work at the new projects as laborers. I carried noonday lunch to them every day, and as young as I was, I noticed that father suffered terribly from broken pride. It was hard to face the sideglances of other peasants that were still well off, doubly trying because of the fact that ours was once the strongest and wealthiest homestead of the village. Mother took it stoically, but inwardly she suffered even more than father, she was of a good, wealthy and proud family, and the slow, gradual descending into the class of the disinherited crushed her beneath its weight.

Those sloping hills, rising gradually up from the Vipava river, are also very familiar—Planina, Ustje—there are vineyards galore on those hills, and thick groves of chestnuts, walnuts, and acorn oaks . . . and peaches, and cherries, and figs, apricots, etc.

* * *

And here are rocks, great rocks of the mountains that surround the valley from east, west and north. The Hubelj falls; more rocks, then the entrance to the world-famous grotto of Postojna,

a snapshot of the Italian-Jugoslav boundary in Planina—I know the place all right—used to sell fruit in those towns, that was back in the days of Italian occupation of Primorje.

Triest, the city I loved, but it is rather lifeless now, they say in letters to me. Nevertheless, I marvel at seeing the beautiful views I once enjoyed in reality. Miramar with its lovely scenery, Adriatic sea, ships coming in, ships going out, and finally, "Addio, Trieste!"

Sailing down toward Italy, I suppose. Yes, but look at that, stopping at every important place on the way, and taking more pictures. Istria, Venezia, Firenze, and so on. I don't know those places. I have only had a glimpse of some of them when I traveled through Italy on my way to America. They must be enchanting spots with all those beautiful, magnificent old parks, orchards, historical buildings, great fountains, gondolas, immense works of art. Very beautiful and interesting, but the pictures from home are closer to my heart, and anyway, plenty of tourists tell the world charming things about those other places while no one probably ever tried to describe anything about Dolgapoljana, nay, I don't think it ever received the honor of being mentioned, lying as it is there at the foot of Križna Gora. Small, snug looking village of sixty some houses that sheltered thousands of men who have fought in the war to end war.

Old Dolgapoljana, but one little flower in the wreath of villages of the Vipava Valley . . . O, I think I'm going to enjoy these snapshots from home almost as much as I would a real trip to the place of my birth.

(THE END.)





Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

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

OUR YOUNG WRITERS AND READERS

Last month we have briefly discussed, in general, the two main types or groups of our young writers and readers interested in the Chatter Corner and its contents. We then pointed out, on one hand, the more advanced group of our patrons, writers and readers, whose early home training shows a distinct element which is essential for the right kind of thinking. This is the progressive group. On the other hand we have also mentioned the fact that there is a small group of those whose home training lacks this progressive quality and is clearly reflected in their actions. This is the reactionary group.

While we encounter these two opposing types in our daily life in general, and while we have them also in our midst, we naturally have to deal with them. It is our duty to deal with the conservative group gently at first, but when they become aggressively intolerant, which often happens, then we are forced to resort to harsher terms. So much for that.

While you are vacationing and having a great and glorious time of it, don't neglect the Chatter Corner! Write!

—THE EDITOR.

MIKLAUCHICH'S INTERESTING LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

The Willock Lodge, No. 36, SNPJ, will observe the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ by sponsoring a picnic on July 29. Although the Lodge has had many successful affairs of one sort or another often in the past, it has held very few (but very well attended) affairs during the present and the late 3 or 4 years.

I've been told that some years ago this lodge held corn-roasts, boat-excursions and picnics quite often during the summer months. And at these affairs, entertainment was provided for Juve-

nile members. Everyone was able to enjoy themselves, which most likely they did, as was shown by their presence at future affairs.

Some folks, or I should say, most folks speak of those times as the "Good Old Days." I'm beginning to think that "those times" weren't half bad, myself. And I wouldn't be sore at all if we'd get a sample of them in the very near future.

The picnic site to be used, will be the entire Slovene ("Granish") hall and its grounds. **That means there will be plenty of room and everyone is welcome.**

I had a pretty good time at our annual school picnic at Kannywood park.

The longest and tamest ride was on the street car to and from the park. The car crossed the Monongahela river twice before we got there.

The rides I got the most kick out of, were on the racer "jack-rabbit" and "pippin". When they dive down the steep "hills" it takes the wind out of you.

I got a "little kick" on the whip and "caterpillar", and on a lot of other contraptions.

The "Bug House" has a correct name. When I came out of it, my head was spinning at a high rate of speed, my sides and stomach were protesting, and the seat of my pants had a temperature of a dangerous high degree. I soon recovered from discomfort and resumed the pleasures to the end of the day.

I attended the graduation exercises of the 8th and 9th grade classes of the Library public school. If I'm not mistaken, there were quite a few SNPJ juvenile members in the class. But I can say that one SNPJ member, altho I don't know if she is a J. Z. Jr. or a J. Z. Sr. juvenile, had carried away the honors of the class. She is **Olga Kosson**, who made the highest average mark, which was 99 per cent. She is to be commended for the achievement which no doubt required time and persistence to attain. It is something that a lot of us overlook and disregard, and at the end of the term, are disappointed at the low marks we've made, or wonder why we stay in the same grade.

I started shouting too soon about not having to wear glasses, in a previous issue of M. L., but the principal and another doctor thought different, and now I am plus glasses.

I acknowledge the "bouquets" pointed in my direction by the following Bro. and Sis. Juvenile members, with some misgivings: **Clifford Cornick**, Cle Elum, Wash., **Mary Jerina**, Irwin, Pa., **Agnes Flander**, Yukon, Pa., **Steffie Kaferle**, Yukon, Pa., and **Mary Senicher**, Strabane, Pa. Most of you above named members deserve a "bouquet" or could

earn one mighty quick. I couldn't very well hand out bouquets in May, because the only flowers I had, to make them with, was snowballs. But on account of hot and dry weather, the poor ants didn't have anything to eat. So when the snowballs opened or bloomed, the ants made a banquet out of them, and good-by, snowballs.

Well, we have roses now — so who cares. **Dorothy Fink**, Wendel, Pa.; **Josephine Mary Eliz. Stonich**, Pueblo, Colo.; **Rudolph Jelercic**, Cleveland, O., are the others that I'll "award" a bouquet for literary efforts.

Rudolph handed me a "lemon", but that's okay with me. He still deserves a bouquet from me.

Clifford Cornick would do well to tell us why we get a lot of Washington apples in Penna. Maybe Wash. gets Penna. hammers and nails to make the crates.

Jo M. E. Stonich's idea about family trees isn't bad. Here's mine on my mother's side. During great grandfather's time there was a drouth and the crops failed, which resulted in the place being mortgaged. When the mortgage was due, there was no dough. So the **gospodar** and assistants gathered up saws and axes and into the virgin "family forest" they go. When they return, it is chopped down and sold, and the "jack" is used to pay the mortgage. In this way the place was saved, but the family trees were lost. And therefore, I don't nor can't know anythink further about family trees, past or present.

Dorothy Fink's accounts of her tour to Pittsburgh were pretty accurate and interesting. I had been at nearly all the places that she mentions and agree with her comments.

And last but not least, is a bouquet to **Mary Eliz. Fradel**. She deserves a large one. Her fearless criticism of the present administration's support of the moneyed and vested interests, is enough to show that she is championing the underdog or the toilers, and is enlightening us to class-consciousness. It is

remarkable for a young girl to be interested in the serious problems of the present and future, while the majority of girls are mostly interested in frivolities and thrills.

Information Dept., or what have you:

A. Macek desires to receive correspondence from one **Margaret Woods**. Drop him a line, Marg, it only costs 3 cents to cheer him up.

As I've said in my second letter, parents or relatives take care of the juveniles. They're still doing it. There were several juveniles nominated last month, and there will be several this month. That was to make up for the juveniles that were transferred to the adult department of which there were several in the past two months.

A Žveza member,

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

* *

ON THE PICKET LINE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I went down to the picket line of the strikers of the Electric Steel Co. a few weeks ago and came there the night which was the most exciting.

That was the night when the special hired deputies threw tear gas bombs at the huge crowd which gathered there. They threw one right in front of me, and did I run! I ran so fast that even a rabbit couldn't have caught me.

As long as the Democrats and Republicans rule the nation, so long will they use guns and bombs on the workers when they ask for justice and higher wages and so long will the depression last.

A girl contributor to the M. L. said that the times are better now. Would you please tell me where that is? I'd like to move there because the depression is just as bad as it was before, here.

I live near the Armory. This is where the relief checks are distributed, and I can see how many people get relief, and there certainly is a lot of them.

On May 30 we went to West Newton where the Westmoreland County Fed-

eration had a celebration for the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ. I enjoyed myself very much there.

On the radio every Sunday afternoon I listen to the **Croatian Junior Tamburitza** orchestra from Wheeling, West Virginia, play, and I find their program very interesting.

I also heard the **Slovene Tamburitza** orchestra from New York play on the National Children's Hour and was delighted at their wonderful playing.

I like to see the programs, like these two, broadcast over the radio because the whole United States can hear them.

Frank Miklauchich and **Steffie Kaferle** had very interesting articles in the May M. L., and I hope they keep up their good work.

A Proud Torch,

Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

"WONDERFUL JUVENILE MAGAZINE"

Dear Editor and Members:—

I'm so sorry I haven't written to this **beautiful and most wonderful Juvenile Magazine** before, which is full of interesting stories, poems and exciting letters written by the members.

Now, to tell you something about myself. I am a member of the SNPJ, Lodge 130. I am fourteen years of age and in the ninth grade. Both of my sisters, Dorothea Mary and Marjorie, and my brother Joe, and mother and I are in the SNPJ.

I wish the M. L. would come to our homes every week. I surely would welcome the M. L., and I'm sure all the other members would, too.

Times are just as hard here as they always have been. Folks who live in Eveleth get only a few days work which makes it hard to support their families. My dad just gets work a few days a month. Times are hard for everybody in these days.

The letters I enjoy reading are those written by **Dorothy M. Fink, Julia Slavec, Mary Fradel** and **Josephine Marjorie Elizabeth Stonich**.

Eveleth seems to have gotten drowsy all of a sudden. Before I read letters written by **Angeline Marie Semich** and a few other members. Did a magic spell come over Eveleth? I doubt it, because I live in Eveleth and it hasn't come to me. The trouble with Eveleth's members is that they are lazy or have "spring fever." Wake up, Eveleth, from your sleep or whatever is keeping you from not writing to the M. L.

I wish those girls would write to me whose names I have mentioned, and also other members. They can be sure I'd answer their letters for I enjoy pen pals. So come on, members, write to me!

Best regards to the editor and members.

A proud member and a fond reader,

Josephine Zbasnik,
514 Hayes st., Eveleth, Minn.

* *

TRYING TO DO MY BEST

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Here I am again, trying to do my duty. I was glad to see my second letter published in the M. L. and I hope this one will be also.

Summer is here now, and our garden is growing fine. Summer is a season to enjoy.

I was sixteen years old on the 5th of June. I didn't get any hard hits though.

I am sending a riddle or two:

1.—What always has to be taken from you before you can get it?—Your photograph.

2.—What is it that every artist can do that no king ever can?—Choose his subject.

Best regards to all.

Dorothy Turk,
box 15, Frontier, Wyo.

* *

"MY SECOND LETTER"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading it very much.

Our school was out May 25, and I passed to the sixth grade. My sister Julia passed to the fifth grade and my sister Eva Jane passed to the fourth grade. My sister Julia and I take music lessons every week. We hope to be musicians some day.

Our Lodge 353 SNPJ and Lodge 425 SNPJ had a picnic together. We also had a children's program. There were nine children in it. This was the biggest picnic we ever had. It sure was a success. We hope to have many more like it. We had many speakers from different lodges, among them was Bro. P. Godina from Chicago. He spoke in Slovene and for the younger set in English. He sure is a good speaker. We all hope that he will come to see us all again real soon.

Best regards to all.

Anna Mihacic,
box 113, Windsor Hghts, W. Va.

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A FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am eight years old. My mother gave me a party for my birthday. I am going to Roosevelt school. My teacher's name is Miss Apple. I enjoy school very much. Our vacation started June 1. I like to read the M. L. We have very hot days. I shall write more next time.

Best wishes to all,

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

* *

IN A MUSEUM

Dear Editor:—

School was out June 1. I was promoted to the 7th grade. We went to Trinidad for our picnic to Kit Carson park. We also went to a museum. We saw Palsentine seed and half-handers; Kit Carson's suit; Dick Wooden's wreath, all kinds of flowers; Black Jack's picture, how he was hanged because he robbed trains and banks; guns and old wringer and piano.

The girl that showed us these things took us into another room where her great grandmother raised flax and wove bedspread in 1882. A man wanted to buy the two bedspreads for \$500, but she said it was "too cheap."

We saw an old spinning wheel, and the first chair made in Colorado out of pine wood, an old log where Trinidad was first started by a Mexican. A quilt made in 1822, a hoop for little girls' shirts, and all kinds of money bills. There were two trees that had been cut down and turned to rock.

Pueblo celebrated the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ and we wanted to go but the mine was going to work the next day. I bet we sure did miss a good time.

We ate dandelions a lot of times at Pauline Novak's. I like to bake a cake for A. P. but it's more fun eating it.

I want to thank all that think my letters are good. In Japan and China, if a Chinese makes something pretty and another praises his work, he'll say, "O, don't praise my work, it's not good." I don't believe in that. This isn't my first letter nor my last.

Best regards to all.

Julia M. Slavec, box 63, Moxley, Colo.

* *

VACATION TIME—PLENTY TIME

Dear Editor:—

Now that vacation has come, I have plenty of time to write to our wonderful Magazine.

Our school ended June 15. We had a 9-A class play and party. At the party we played bunco, ate a little lunch and then danced. Many prizes were given, but I was unfortunate and didn't get any prize.

The choir girls gave a minstrel show. It was a huge success. We made seventy dollars.

Our girl scouts went for a hike to Jacobaus Park. We cooked our dinner out there and stayed all day. We came

home late in the afternoon very tired from the long hike. I enjoy belonging to the girl scouts and would like to know if there are other girl scouts belonging to the SNPJ.

My brother, Albin, went to the CCC camps. He is at camp Blue Lake, in Minaqua, Wisconsin. He likes it there very much and has been there two months already.

Today we are having rain. We sure need it for the crops.

I wish the Editor and the Members have a nice vacation.

A Jolly Allis Member,

Yousty Yamnik,

1011 So. 62nd st., West Allis, Wis.

* *

SNPJ 30th BIRTHDAY

Dear Editor:—

On Decoration day I spent my time at Collinsburg, where an entertaining program was presented by Westmoreland County SNPJ Federation. There was a terrific heat but the program was worth seeing. The "30 years of SNPJ" was very interesting. Vincent Cankar was the guest speaker, with Podboy pinch-hitting for Zornik, because of latter's absence. Savica Singing Society sang several songs, and two Slovene plays were presented—"Živela zdrava kri" and "Grobovi bodo izpregovorili." Both plays were well given. In the evening Leo Zornik's orchestra furnished the music.

Here is a poem:

Sweet flowers that are wreathing,
Our tribute shall pay,
While tender songs are breathing,
Our love and praise today.
We love to hear their story,
Their courage to tell.
They share SNPJ's glory,
Who love and serve her well.

Best regards to all!

Rose Klun, box 45, Lowber, Pa.

SUMMER IS HERE!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

In the previous issues of the M. L.'s "Chatter Corner," there were many letters saying that "Spring is here." Well, here is another enjoyable season called Summer.

On June 17 we took an auto trip to Geneva, Ohio, which is approximately 45 miles from Cleveland. There were ten people in the car, so we certainly were packed. We could scarcely wait until we reached our destination. We passed through Willowby, Mentor and Painesville, then we finally entered Geneva.

A number of Sundays ago Lodge No. 5, SNPJ, gave a picnic and celebrated the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ.

Here are a few riddles which I would like to have published:

What has three feet and can't walk?
—(Ans.) A yard stick.

What walks on its head?—(Ans.)
A nail in the shoe.

This is all I am going to write for this issue, since I am also writing a letter in Slovene.

Best regards to the Editor and Readers.

Audrey Maslo,

14904 Pepper ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

OUR DOINGS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

From June 8 to Sept. 4 we have vacation here in Eveleth, Minnesota.

I haven't any answer to the letter I wrote to Frances Zelnick; I wish she would answer soon. I knew I waited a long time to answer, but I'm waiting to hear from her.

I wish some boys and girls would write to me. I would be glad to answer them.

Fourth of July is here. There will be a parade for the children to enter and be dressed in dilapidated, torn dresses and ornaments. We usually got 50c in the parade, then 35c, 25c and now I don't know how much they're going to give.

I haven't anything more to say that I can think of right now, but I'll write more next time on a topic about our "Fourth of July."

Lots of love to the Editor and Readers.

Margaret June Drobnich,

306 B avenue, Eveleth, Minn.

* *

I AM NOT ASLEEP

Dear Editor:—

I am writing a few lines to let you know that I am not asleep. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. I have 3 teachers. Their names are: Miss Lorretta Burke, Miss May Burke, and Miss Armstrong.

There are five members beside me in the family: My sister and my two brothers and I belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 559. That is all this time.

Anne Chavich,

1518 Fullerton ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

LODGE NO. 254

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. which I like to read very much. Our school was out May 1. I am 14 years old and graduated from the eighth grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Stine and he was very good to me.

There are 6 of us in our family and we all belong to SNPJ Lodge No. 254. I wish some of the members in Johnstown would write to the M. L. There were many good letters in last month's issue. This is all I have to write for this time.

Sally Middler,

R. D. 2, box 107, Johnstown, Pa.

Little Rosalie, a first-grader, walking with her mother spoke to a small boy.

"His name is Jimmy and he is in my grade," she explained.

"What's the little boy's last name?" her mother asked.

"His whole name," said Rosalie, "is Jimmy Sitdown, that's what the teacher calls him."

The Worn Out Farm

ENCOMPASSED by a wilderness of briar and thorn,
 Its garden over-run by noisome weeds,
 The home 'round which glad children played
 Stands all a-wreck and ruin claim it for his own.

The toppling chimney tells of home-fires dead;
 The shattered pane, of light that failed;
 The unhinged door unto the broken heartstone
 Now admits the ghosts of those forever gone.

Of cruel tragedy the ruin speaks,
 Of blighted hopes, of unrequitted toil;
 And he who for the cause or reason seeks
 Needs but to ask the worn-out barren soil.

The fields, once fruitful and benign,
 Sparse weeds now yield where once grew golden grain;
 Their guttered furrows of old age—the sign
 That points where all their youth and strength have gone.

“Man marks the earth with ruin,” sang the bard,
 A ruin that engulfs him and his own;
 Escape it yet he may by striving hard,
 With knowledge as the saving power alone.

Oh, foolish man of high or low estate,
 Through ignorance or lack of vision clear,
 Destroying his most precious heritage,
 Destroying his Hereafter and his Here!

Up, valiant souls who know the race's need,
 Proclaim the truth and faint not while you toil;
 Write plain the words where all who run may read:
 The Nation's life-blood springs from out the soil.

—“M. P.”

Short Story:—The owner of a mid-get car drove to a filling station and asked for a pint of gas and two ounces of oil. “Okay”, said the attendant. “Now would you like to have me sneeze in the tires?”

Those Long Waits—A statistical hound reports that the time Americans spend each day waiting for red lights to turn green amounts to 35 years.

Yes, and if you are in a hurry it seems longer than that.