

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Mile Klopčič:

MARY SE VAM PREDSTAVI

DOVOLITE, da se vam predstavim:

14 sem stara, po imenu Mary.

Odkod? V Detroitu sem doma.

In kje rojena sem bila? Preberi:

Rojena blizu Jevnice ob Savi.

Tam sem nekoč na svet prišla.

Naj še povem, kje teče Sava?

Če pelješ z vlakom se do morja

in s parnikom čez ocean,

potem spet z vlakom čez pogorja,

zapelje vlak sopihajoč v ravan.

Po sredi te ravni se vije Sava.

Če bi hoteli, naj še več povem,

bi zmedli me, to vam priznam.

Odkar smo dom svoj zapustili,
smo ga otroci pozabili.

Kako bilo je, več ne vem

in rodni krajev ne poznam.

A mati pravi, da je tam lepo,

da stanovali smo v dolini,

v naselju majhnem pod goro.

V pobočjih v soncu njive so ležale,

ob vodi dan in noč so mleli mlini

in stope so do zore topotale.

Na majhnih oknih rože so cvetele:

vođenke, naglji, fajgli in pasjonke.

Ob koči v vrtcu smo imeli grede,

na njih gartrože, pušpan in potonke.

Od daleč že je vabil vonj rezede

in s cveta spet na cvet hitele so čebele.

Vendar prekratko nam bilo je polje,
in oče je odšel čez morje v svet.

Prišlo je pismo: "... in vam sporočim,
v Ameriki je za spoznanje bolje ..."

Prodali smo in šli za njim.

Tega je zdaj že mnogo let.

Še to: Očeta včasi mati vpraša:

"Kaj praviš, ali še stoji tam mlin

in še sloni pod bregom koča naša?"

A oče mrk ne reče nič. —

Bila sem Marica, to ves je moj spomin,

a tu se pišem Mary Sustersich.

Ivan Cankar:

Domačija

PAVLE je bil sin Martinovca, kajžarja s hriba. Dvajset štiri leta mu je bilo, ko je prodal svojo hišo in se odpravil v Ameriko.

Komaj je imel v roki denar in komaj je vedel, da bajta ni več njegova, jo je pogledal s strmečimi očmi in je spoznal nenadoma, da jo ima od srca rad. Vsa drugačna je bila bajta, ves drugačen svet okoli nje. Vsako veselje njegovo in vsaka njegova bridkost, vse je bilo napisano na tej bajti z različnimi črkami, ki bi jih nobena roka ne izbrisala in nobena voda ne izprala. Bajta je imela spredaj samo dvoje majhnih in nizkih oken. Ko se je Pavle poslavljaj, se mu je zdelo, da gledata okni za njim kakor dvoje žalostnih, očitajočih oči; in da ga kličeta, se mu je zdelo, in da pravita:

“Ne očeta nimaš in ne matere, nikogar ni, da bi te v bridkosti tolažil in da bi se veselil s teboj. Kakor ti je dom sirotin in ubog, zdaj ti je oče in mati, sestra in brat. Poslušaj njegovo besedo, kakor da bi mater poslušal!”

In res se je Pavletu zdelo, da sliši njegovo besedo.

“Če ti je popotniku sreča milostna, uživaj jo! Ali kadar boš jokal, za kom boš jokal? Kadar bodo zaradi vsega hudega splasene tvoje misli, kam bodo begale? Še enkrat se ozri in nikoli ne boš pozabil ne mojih besed ne mojih oči.”

Pavletu pa je bilo, kakor da se poslavlja od matere—tam stoji na pragu, za njim gleda, za sinom popotnikom in njegove oči so vse solzne.

Takrat je obšla Pavleta grenka misel:

“Kaj ne bi rajši ostal? Uboštvo in žalost sta tukaj, ali oboje vidim pred se-

boj kakor svojo dlan, nič mi ni skritega; vidim, kako bom živel in kako bom nekoč umrl. Trda bo zemlja, ki jo bom obdeloval, ali moja bo; trd bo kruh, ki ga bom jedel, ali moj bo. Kaj je tam za morjem? Devet jih je obogatelo, devetkrat devetdeset pa jih je poginilo od gladu in od vsega hudega. Ali potegnem rdečo karto, ali potegnem črno? Kdor je vesel in prešeren, kdor vriska brez skrbi, potegne rdečo; ali črno potegne tisti, ki trepeče in omahuje. Meni pa je srce malodušno kakor otroku, ki kliče po materi!”

Že ob tisti grenki uri slovesa je Pavle občutil, da ni hrepenenja tako globokega, nego je hrepenenje po grudi; nobeno drugo ne živi v srcu do poslednje kaplje, ne gloje v glavi do poslednje misli. Kdor je bil tako blagoslovljen, da je mogel reči: “Ta kos zemlje, pa če je še tako majhen, da bi ga z dlanjo pokrili, je moj; moje roke so ga napravile rodovitnega, pot od mojega čela ga je gnobil!”—kdor je tako rekel, ne pozabi na tisto ped zemlje nikdar več. Ukoreninil se je vanjo z vsem srcem in z vso mislijo, kopnenje po njej ga spremlja po vseh daljnih potih, čez dežele in čez morje; še ob poslednji uri jo pozdravljajo umirajoče oči. Vsem tistim, ki so šli grenkega kruha služiti na Vestfalsko in v Ameriko—kam jim hlepe oči v samotnih urah? Čez gore in doline in preko morja, tja na osamel dom, na kamenito grudo, na sirotino bajto pod klancem, na močvirno loko ob potoku. Srce zajoka od bolnega kopnenja in roka se zgane, da bi pobožala tisto kamenito grudo kakor mati spečega otroka, kakor sin mrtvo mater.

Take misli so prešinile Pavletovo srce. Povesil je glavo in do solz mu je bilo, ko se je poslovil brez besed. Hitro je šel po klancu navzdol in se ni več ozrl.

Katka Zupančič:

UREDNIK

To se mu godi!
Piše in sedi!

URO za uro
prebira, odbira,
popravlja, študira
in z delom hiti —
čas ga lovi.

Uro za uro
ustvarja in piše:
razmere oriše
in stolpce polni —
čas, ta hiti.

Uro za uro,
potreben počitka,
še piše in tipka,
za tisk priredi —
čas, ta beži.

Uro za uro
možgane napenja
in prej ne odjenja
da polne so lista strani.
Za danes je konec skrbi.

Ura za uro
je hitro minila;
a vsaka ubila
mu kos je moči.
Tako je vse dni.

Tako se uredniku godi,
ko sedi, piše in sedi.

SVOJE SREČE KOVAČ

VČASIH pravim stričku Ivanu:

Striček, ko bom tako velik ko ti, bom šel v svet
iskat sreče,

in če je ne najdem, si jo skujem sam.

Velike, ogromne kupe sreče si skujem,

da ne bomo zmirom živeli v takile revščini.

Striček Ivan pa me karajoče pogleda

in mi govori:

Tak kovač boš torej ti —

parazit na kupu sreče drugim vzete . . .

Ne, od take sreče ne maram nič — sam jo imej.

Jaz ugovarjam:

Toda striček, srečo bom vendar koval jaz sam!

Striček pa se smeje:

Sam, haha! —

Mar ne vidiš, kako kujemo in kujemo,

oče, sosed, jaz, vsi — vsak zase —

a naše sreče, moj mali sebičnež, nikjer ni?

Zdaj jaz povprašam:

Modri striček, pa mi povej,

kako neki naj kujem, da ne bom parazit

in bom kljub temu vsaj malo sreče imel.

In striček pravi:

Kuj sam in z vsemi —

in vsi boste srečo imeli!

Jaz pa nato:

Dobro, striček, jaz torej že kujem —

svoje tovariše o vsem, kar mi poveš, poučujem! —

Anna P. Krasna.

DEKLETCA POJO

SKOZ poletno noč kot strune glas
pesem drhti;

na valčkih teme trepeta,
v daljo se gubi

In slišim v pesmi tih odmev
minulih dni —
prislunem tišje, iz pesmi glas
bodočnosti zveni.

Anna P. Krasna.



Carl C. Mose: PIONIRKA

Katka Zupančič:

HLAČE

JAKEC, naš Jakec
se kislo drži:
porednost, pokora—
to redno sledi.

Jakec zgubljeno
pred vrati stoji:
razparane hlače
si skupaj tišči.

Kužka opazi:
"Hej, postopač!
To sreča velika,
ker nimaš nič hlač."

Vrabca ugleda:
"Ha, pretepač!
Pa blagor je tebi,
ki nimaš nič hlač.

Z nami pa, dečki,
to je tako:
Jih nimaš — ni prav;
imaš jih — je zlo!"



Ivan Jontez:

Srečolov brez sreče

V CERKLJAH, prijazni gorenjski vasi, ki je moja "rodna vas domača," so svečano odpirali novi Ljudski dom. Bilo je v nedeljo popoldne in dan je bil lep, sonce je veselo pritiskalo z vedrega neba, segrevalo zemljo in ljudi. Novi Ljudski dom je bil obdan z vitkimi mlaji, ki so se nalahko priklanjali v popoldanskem vetru, ki je pribrzel čez dozorevajoča žitna polja, vrata in okna novega poslopja so bila z venci iz smrečja, bršljana, poljskega cvetja in rož, ki so jih spletle pridne roke brhkih, stasitih vaških deklet. Pod mlaji se je gnetla velika množica kmetov od blizu in daleč: trdni hribovci v podkovanih čevljih in s srebrnimi gumbi na telovnikih, prepetih s težkimi srebrnimi verižicami, od let in trdega dela upognjeni očanci, bahati gruntarji "poljanci" in bolj skromni in ponižni bajtarji, med njimi pa stare ženice, ki jih je garanje na kmečkih domovih zvilo kot trtje, postavne žene od solnca ožganih obrazov, v katere je trdo kmečko življenje zarezalo neizbrisno-ostre zareze, stasite, brhke mladenke, zardevajoče pod svilenimi robci, ki so jim pokrivali glave, postavni fantje in končno otroci. Med slednjimi sem bil tudi jaz, desetleten deček.

Po pravici povedano, mene vse to, kar sem bil pravkar opisal, ni dosti zanimalo. Lep dan, novi Ljudski dom, mlaji in venci, množica, pritrkovanje zvonov v zvoniku naše farne cerkve—vse to me je puščalo popolnoma hladnega. Mene je mikalo nekaj drugega, moje hrepenenje je bilo usmerjeno drugam: med dobitke srečolova, med katerimi je bila lesena kletka z dvema mladima kunce-ma, ki sem ju bil opazil že v soboto popoldne, ko smo otroci udrli v veliko domovo dvorano, kjer so bili razstavljeni vsi dobitki. Zajčki so bili tedaj moje največje veselje in ko so mi umorile podgane dvojce kuncev nekaj tednov po-

prej, mi je bilo tako hudo, da sem več dni objokoval uboge žrtve podganje krutosti, podganam pa napovedal neizprosni boj na življenje in smrt. Ampak tako lepih, tako srčkanih zajčkov, kakor sta bila ona dva med dobitki srečolova, še nisem bil videl v svojem mladem življenju in en samcat pogled je zadostoval, da se je v meni vžgalo silno hrepenenje, neutolažljiva želja, dobiti srčkana kunca v svoj kunčji hlev. Dočim so bili moji kunci—bilo jih je šest—sivi ali pa lisasti in so vsi imeli kaj navadne zajčje oči, sta bila ta dva kunca bela kakor sneg, oči pa sta imela tako krasno rdeče kakor dvojce iskrih se rubinov—ah kaj, rubini se ne iskrijo tako sijajno, kakor so se oči teh snežnobelih kuncev. Tisto noč od sobote na nedeljo sem sanjal zgolj o belih kuncih z rubinastimi očmi—tisoče in tisoče jih je skakljalo po zelenih tratih in vsi so bili moji. In verjemite mi, da sem jokal, ko sem se bil zbudil in spoznal, da so bili vsi ti prelepi kunci zgolj kunci mojih sanj, ki jih je bilo rodilo hrepenenje.

Že zjutraj, še pred zajtrkom, sem se zaprl v hlev, ki je bil tačas obljuden samo z mojimi kuncji, kajti kravo smo dali mesarju, ter izgrebel iz luknje v kotu svoj zaklad—deset rjavih krajcarjev, vse svoje premoženje. Tiščeč svoj zaklad v pesti sem odhitel proti Ljudskemu domu ter se potikal tam vse popoldne, dokler ni zazvonilo v zvoniku poldan in me je želodec opomnil, da je čas kosila. Ko sem hitel domov, sem srečal brhko mladenko, ki je bila ena izmed prodajalk srečk. Poznal sem jo in vedel, da prodaja srečke, zato sem jo ustavil: "Julka, imaš še kaj srečk? Eno bi rad kupil," sem jo boječe nagovoril. Dekle se je zasmejala ter mi ponudilo platneno vrečico. "Imaš deset krajcarjev? Res?—Nu, potem si pa kar izberi eno."

Izbral sem si jo, jo z drhtečimi prsti razvil—na koščku papirja se je šopirila črna številka—številka, ki mi bo pridobila bele kunce z rdečimi očmi, sem si bil gotov. Potem sem stisnil dragoceni košček papirja v žep in stekel domov.

Kako neznansko dolgo je bilo tisto popoldne! Minute so se mi zdele daljše od najdaljših dni! Slavnost se je imela začeti šele ob treh—kazalcem na veliki cerkveni uri pa se kar ni hotelo nikamor muditi! V hlevu sem pripravil prostoren zaboj za moja bela zajčka—kajti čim sem bil kupil srečko, sem ju imenoval svoja, trdno prepričan, da ju bom dobil—ob petih, ko bo žrebanje dobitkov. Potem sem zdrvel k domu ter čakal, čakal. Končno se je začela svečanost. Dom je bil blagoslovljen, vrata so se odprla in množica se je vsula v svoje kulturno svetišče liki ogromen roj čebel v panj. Jaz sem se zaletel odraščanim med noge ter se prerinil v dvorano med prvimi. Toda še je bilo treba čakati—uh, kako dolgovezni so bili vsi govorniki, ki so začeli nastopati in govoriti in govoriti brez konca in kraja. Jaz sem se priril prav k odru, na katerem so bili razloženi dobitki. Moja zajčka sta bila tako blizu mene, da bi ju bil malone lahko potipal. Kako pobožno sem ju občudoval, kakšna lepa, nežna imena sem jima bil dajal v mislih, kako prijazno, človeško sem ravnal z njima v svojem hlevu—tudi v mislih. Ej, da sem vedel tedaj, kako grenko razočaranje me čaka, kdo ve, kaj bi bil storil?

Končno je napočil čas, ko bi bil imel jaz po mojem dobiti svoje kunce. Beli listek, o katerem sem bil prepričan, da mi daje pravico do belih kuncev, sem krčevito stiskal v roki, da je bil ves moker od potu in zamazan, oči pa so napeto strmele v usta izklicevatelja izžrebanih števil.

Končno! Moja številka je izklicana! V meni je zadrhtela sleherna žilica, kri mi je bušila v glavo in kot pijan od sreče sem se opotekel proti odru. Snežnobela kunca z rubinastimi očmi sta moja! je zazvenelo zmagoslavno v me-

ni—ne verjamem, da bi bil še kdaj pozneje tudi eno samcato sekundo tako nepopisno srečen kakor sem bil takrat; pa tudi me ni nikdar pozneje doletelo tako grozno, tako strašno grenko razočaranje kakor tedaj.

Nekdo na odru mi je ponudil—porcelanast krožnik . . . Jaz sem ga pogledal, debelo, neverjetno, grozno začudeno. Nisem mogel verjeti! Kri mi je bila izginila iz lic, zdelo se mi je, da se je ves svet zrušil na moja šibka pleča. Na čelo so mi stopile kaplje mrzlega potu.

Ali je mogoče?! Moj bog, ali so me res ogoljufali, oropali?!

Neka ženska je vzela krožnik izklicevatelju iz rok ter mi ga prožila. Moje roke so se mehanično dvignile, prijele krožnik in ga še isti hip spustile; na tleh je zažvenketal razbit porcelan.

Ženska me je presenečeno pogledala. "Fantek, kaj pa ti je? . . ."

Nisem ji odgovoril; nisem mogel. S tresočo se roko sem pokazal zajčka—nato so se mi vsule iz oči vroče solze in krčevito ihtec sem zbežal iz dvorane. Ljudje so me začudeno pogledovali. Nekdo se je bučno zasmel: "Haha, zajčke bi bil rad, pa je dobil krožnik!" Le kako se je mogel smeјati? Veliki ljudje res nimajo srca za pogažene želje in skeleča razočaranja malčkov! Le kako se morejo smeјati, se rogati moji nesreči? se je zavrtalo v moje mlade možgane.

Bežal sem, bežal, sam ne vem kako dolgo in pred kom. Pred razočaranjem? To me je bilo že doletelo, držalo se me je, kakor nadležen klop. Vendar sem bežal pred njim, le ubežati mu nisem mogel. V domači šupi sem se zrušil na kup listja, se zaril vanj ter plakal, plakal—razočaranje je bilo tako grozno, tako neznansko težko in boleče!

V meni se je podiralo—kaj?—nisem vedel, čutil pa sem, da se nekaj podira. Danes vem: vera v slepo srečo se je podrla v meni, se razblinila v nič. In v meni je raslo spoznanje, da si mora človek vse, kar hoče doseči, pridobiti sam, s svojim delom. Toda kako silne so bile

bolečine razočaranja, ki je rodilo to spoznanje! Kruta resničnost je razblinila zlate sanje, ki jih je bilo ustvarilo zaupanje v slepo srečo, te presrečne sanje—joj, kako me je bolelo! Še drugi dan me je neznansko bolelo in ko sem šel na polje, sem se bil na daleč izognil Ljudskemu domu—razočaranje, ki me je bilo doletelo v njem, je bilo prehudo, pretežko, zato sem se ogibal mestu, kjer me je zadelo.

Nekaj tednov pozneje se mi je ponudila priložnost zaslužiti si eno krono. Tri dni sem okopaval repo, da sem jo zaslužil. S to krono sem si kupil dva snežnobela zajčka z rubinastimi očmi.

Srečk pa odtedaj nisem več kupoval—nimam vere v slepo srečo, kajti zdrobila se je bila tedaj, ko se mi je izmuznil izmed drhtečih prstov porcelanasti krožnik ter se razbil.

Anna P. Krasna:

Zapisala bi — —

PO VSEH teh letih, ki jih je preživela v sajasti globeli med hribi, se ji je naenkrat zazdelo, da je bilo njeno življenje polno zabeležbe vrednih dogodkov. Nikdar prej ji ni prišlo kaj takega na misel; niti tedaj ne, ko je mlada in življenja polna pestovala svoje prvo dete in se je čutila neizmerno srečno. A zdaj, prav ta trenotek, jo je prevzelo nerazumljivo hrepenenje, da izlije nekam vsa tista lepa in velika čuvstva, ki so v njej.

Čudno praznično je postalo naenkrat življenje; nič vsakdanjega ni v njem te hipe. In kako se pogloblja to praznično občutje, sili k nečemu, kar je še zastrto s kopreno nedoumljivosti.

V sobo in prav na postelj padajo poševno rumeni žarki tonečega solnca. Vse naokrog je mir, tako blagodejno vplivajoč mir in tihota. Čisto sama je s svojimi prazničnimi občutki. Njene misli so čudovito mirne in zbrane. Kakor knjigo prebirajo življenje v trpljenju započeto in v trpljenju preživeto.—

Ne, ne preživeto — ozdravila bo in bo spet živeča; še dolgo, med otroci, z možem.

A če ne bi?

Nekaj grenkega se izlije v praznično občutje, a tudi to grenko je zdaj praznično. Nič je ne straši, celo smehljaj ji privabi na uvel obraz.

Kaj zato, če ne bi — živeča bo v njih, v svojih otrocih. Mislili bodo nanjo in govorili bodo o njej, o njenem življenju.

Da, o njenem življenju.

Ali — —

Skoz misli zablisne skeleč utrinek vsakdanjosti — realnosti. —

O njenem življenju? — Saj ga komaj poznajo, saj ne vedo, kako je živeča. Nič ne vedo o vseh tistih velikih in lepih dogodkih, ki se zdaj vsi praznično pomičejo skoz možgane. — Povedati bi jim morala, opisati, živo orisati vse to, da bi vedeli kdaj, da ni bila njih mati zgolj preprosta priseljenka, ki si ni nikdar upala stopiti s trdnim korakom po tuji zemlji; ki se je rada skrivala v skromni samoti doma, ker jo je šumni in burni tuji svet begal, plašil.

Res, povedati bi jim morala, saj bi jo z veseljem poslušali in ko bi jim vse razodela, bi jo gledali z začudenjem in bi ne mogli verjeti, da je to njih mati.

A kako naj jim pove, tako kakor čuti, kakor ve, da bi jim morala povedati, da bi uvideli vso s trpljenjem in požrtvovalnostjo prepleteno lepoto njenega življenja?

Kako? — —

Če bi jim govorila, bi znabiti hitro pozabili. Oni so doma v tem vrvečem tujem svetu, ne bojijo se ga, ljub jim

je in radi se podajajo vanj. In sredi vrvenja tega pestrega tujega sveta bi se le malo časa spominjali njene življenjske pripovedi.

Ne, ne bo jim pripovedovala.

In vendar — —

Želja izraza tega kar je v duši, je tako velika, hrepeneča.

Poševni žarki sp igrajo v vejevju drevesa pod oknom, se polahko in polagoma umičejo iz sobe. Na bledem obrazu zaživi po novi misli poslan nasmehek.

Zdaj ve, natanko ve, kako bi storila, da ne bi pozabili — nikoli.

Zapisala bi — —

Na čiste bele liste bi zapisala. Vse kar čuti v teh trenutkih, ko se vozi njeno življenje na krilih njenih misli mimo nje, vse to bi izlila na bele liste. In potem bi jih zbrala skupaj in bi jim izročila, ali pa bi jih skrbno spravila, da bi jih našli nekega dne, ko bi nje ne bilo več . . .

Neizrečeno zadovoljstvo se razlije čez njeno dušo ob tej novi misli.

Tako bo najbolje. Čitali bodo — enkrat, desetkrat, kdove kolikokrat — čitali in prečitavali s tihim, prazničnim občutjem v duši. In zadovoljni bodo, da jim je mati pustila tako lep, dragocen spomin nase, saj je pač vsak otrok radoveden, kako neki je živela njegova mati.

Poševni žarki ginejo, se spreminjajo v somrak, blagodejno tihoto prerežejo živi, mladi glasovi. Vse bližje in bližje prihajajo in v naslednjem trenutku napolnijo sobo.

Krasni, polni mladi glasi, a tuje zveneči.

Po tleh, na rob postelje seda mladost in gostoli kakor živ-žav v meji. V tuji besedi je izražena skrb, ljubezen in veselo občutje: biti pri materi. Ona strmi v vse to in iz razpršenih misli komaj še zbere besede: Zapisala bi — —

In se zde namah nesmiselne.

Zapisala? — komu? —

Ah, nikomur — saj ne bi znali niti prečitati — tuj jezik govore!

Praznična občutja zamro in skozi mrak se reži vsakdanjost življenja, ki leze v zaton . . .

Mile Klopčič:

Kako je brat napisal šolsko nalogo o meni

SAMO enega brata imam. Dve leti starejši je od mene in za glavo višji.

Kakor jaz je bil tudi on rojen v Alzaciji-Loreni, ki spada zdaj k Franciji, pred vojno pa je bila pokrajina Nemčije. Tam je mnogo rudnikov in tja je šel moj oče za kruhom. Delal je v rudniku. Tako sva prišla z bratom v tujini na svet. Ko sem bil star tri leta, smo se vrnili v Zagorje ob Savi, kjer je oče že poprej bil za rudarja in kjer še zdaj hodi pod zemljo. V vasi Toplice, kjer je rudnik, sva doraščala z bratom. Hodila sva v veliko šolo, v odmorih smo brodili z visoko zavihanimi hlačami po potoku Mediji ter iskali vrodu koravd. Nedaleč od šole je stala klavnica, prav tako ob potoku, kamor se je iz klavnice odtekala vsa nesnaga v potok. In tudi tam smo iskali koravd. Z bratom sva bila neprestano skupaj, saj sem bil jaz njegov edini in on moj edini brat. S tem pa ne maram reči, da si ne bi kdaj skočila v lase ali stepla prav do dobra. A prijatelja sva ostala zmerom, še kadar sem ga tolkel po njegovi drobni glavi ali kadar me je on sunil s svojo koščeno roko v rebra. Bila sva pač zdrava, in zdravi otroci se morajo vsako toliko stepsti.

Pa danes se nisem namenil pisati o tem, mogoče vam o svoji mladosti povem kdaj drugič. Danes bi rad le zapisal, da je moj brat že nekaj let kdo ve kje v svetu in da ga že nekaj let nisem videl ne slišal, niti ne vemo, kje je. Zbežal je odtod in od takrat ni nobenega glasu ne o njem ne od njega samega. Nič hudega ni storil nikomur, le delavski agitator je bil, pa je moral zbežati. (Mogoče ne veste, kaj je to: delavski agitator? Pa vprašajte očeta, pa vam pove.)

Jaz pa imam od njega lep spomin, od njega in od takrat, ko je bil star 12 let in ko sem jaz sam imel 10 let. V enem od dveh velikih besednjakov, ki sta stalno na moji pisalni mizi, hranim ta spomin. Je to en sam list papirja, popisanega papirja, en sam list iz šolskega zvezka mojega brata iz leta 1916. Tam je napisal šolsko (ali domačo) nalogo o meni z naslovom: "Moj brat." Zelo lepo pisavo je imel in s to lepo pisavo je napisal eno stran zvezka o meni. Pred nekaj leti sem našel njegov šolski zvezek in v njem to nalogo, pa sem list iztrgal. In zdaj ga imam stalno v knjigi na mizi. Kadarkoli odpiram knjigo in listam po njej, naletim na ta list. In pogosto ga znova preberem.

To je edini tako živ spomin na mojega brata in to iz časa, ko sva bila po cele dni skupaj in sva se lahko tudi stepla, kadar nama žilca ni dala miru. Zdaj je kdove kje in se niti stepsti ne moreva.

Zmerom pa se bojim, da bi utegnil ta list izgubiti. Žal bi mi bilo zanj zelo. Zato, in pa ker me je v nalogi čisto pravično in dobro opisal, naj jo objavim tu. Tak sem bil takrat, ko sem bil star deset let in je bila vojna in so bili koruzni žganci slaščica za oko in usta. Kadar pa smo dobili k žgancem še kavo iz prazenega žita na mizo, je bil za nas praznik.

Naloga se je glasila tako-le:

"MOJ BRAT.

Moj brat se imenuje Emil. Je srednje postave. Njegove oči gledajo prijazno v božji svet. Lasje so bolj svetle, obleko pa kaj hitro raztrga in mati mu jo morajo zašiti.

Sedaj poleti hodi bos in zmeraj ima noge umazane, čeprav se večkrat na dan umije. Ko zjutraj vstane se umije in obleče in če je čas mora iti v šolo. Ko pride po pouku domov napravi svoje naloge. Uči se dobro, vendar me včasih kaj vpraša in mu potem razložim. Potem pa ven na dvorišče in tam se igramo raznovrstne igre.

Sedaj pa sedaj ga pokličejo mati kakor tudi meni, da prinese kar ukažejo. Hitro uboga. Tudi noče kedaj ubogati in potem ko pride domov ga kaznujejo. V šoli hodi v 5 razred in je star 10 let.

Najrajši je koruzne žgance in zraven kavo. Ako ravno je razposajen, ga imam rad in če včasih kaj ni prav, je kmalu poravnano.

Toplice, dne 16. junija 1916.

Klopčič Franc."

Tako-le je napisal brat France o meni. Niti besede nisem pristavil ne prestavil, niti ene stvari nisem popravil.

Zdaj se ne bom bal več tako zelo, da bi list izgubil. Če ga izgubim, odprem "Mladinski list" (jaz ga spravljam, ga vi tudi, hm?) in—bratova naloga o meni bo pred menoj, edini nad vse živ spomin na mojega Franceta, ki hodi nekje po svetu in je še zmerom za glavo višji od mene.

Ivan Vuk:

Zviti cigan

(Po ustnem izročilu.)

ŽIVEL je nekoč cigan Januš. Bil je srednjevelik in zelo len. Nerač je delal, ali dobre jedi je rad jedel.

Udinjal se je pri kmetu Hruševcu v Sovjaku. Ko je stopil pred kmeta, je rekel ponižno:

"Gospodar in kmet. Glej, lačen sem, a močne roke imam. Hočeš te roke?"

Kmet je pogledal roke in cigana ter odgovoril:

"Roke bi že vzel, roke, a tebe, cigana, bi ne vzel rad."

Cigan Januš pa je naredil grenek obraz, na katerem se je videla lakota in je rekel:

"O, če bi mogel, dal bi ti samo roke. One bi delale, jaz bi pa počival. Tako pa, glej, so one priraščene k meni in ne morem jih odtrgati, zato vzemi, gospodar in kmet, tudi mene, da boš imel roke."

Kmet Hruševac je nekoliko pomislil, nato pa rekel:

"Naj bo, cigan Januš, ker ni drugače. Vzamem tvoje roke, ki se te držijo, a moral boš z njimi delati tudi ti."

"Bom," je odgovoril cigan Januš, "kolikor mi bodo roke dopuščale."

Nekoč je naročil gospodar in kmet Hrušovec hlapcu ciganu Januši:

"Imam prašiča, ki ga moram dati kmetu Lančku v Štrigovski grabi. Ponesi mu ga."

Cigan Januš pokima z glavo in reče: "Ponesem ga."

Kmet mu je naložil prašiča in cigan ga je nesel.

"Ko mu ga oddaš," je naročil kmet, "mu izroči moj pozdrav in to pismo. V pismu mu pišem, zakaj mu pošiljam prašiča."

"Zakaj bi nosil prašiča tako daleč, ko imam tudi pismo, v katerem je napisano prašič. Kmet Lanček ga bo itak pojedel. Zato je bolje, če ga pojem jaz. Tako si prihranim težko nošnjo, pismo pa je lažje."

Rekel je, odložil prašiča, ga zaklal, naložil grmado, da ga speče. Ko ga je spekel in se najedel, je šel dalje. Prišel je h kmetu Lančku. Izročil mu je pismo.

Kmet Lanček vzame pismo in ga čita.

"Kje je prašič, ki ti ga je dal kmet Hrušovec?"

"Gospodar in kmet," je odgovoril cigan Januš. "Mislil sem, da je prašič v tem papirju. Zakaj kmet in gospodar Hrušovec mi ga je tako izročil. Zdelo se mi je res, da je ta papir za prašiča nekoliko prelahek. Ker sem pa močan, pogledaj moje roke, in ker so prašiči različno težki, sem mislil, da bo že prav, saj mi je izročil gospodar in kmet, kateremu služim."

"Odpočij si pri nas. Kateri iz naju bo to noč najlepše sanjal, ta dobi pečnega zajca, ki ga ima kmetica, moja žena, v peči."

Cigan je pokimal z glavo, češ, da je zadovoljen in šli so spat. Ko so vsi v hiši zaspali, je vstal cigan, pogledal v peč in vzel zajca.

"Dober je," je rekel sam pri sebi in ga pojedel.

Zgodaj zjutraj je gospodar in kmet Lanček vzbudil cigana in ga vprašal:

"No, kaj se ti je sanjalo lepega?"

Cigan pa, olikan, je rekel:

"Najprej povejte vi, gospodar in kmet, kakor se to za gospodarja spodobí in da se ne bo zdelo, da sem jaz gospodar."

Kmet Lanček je pripovedoval:

"Sanjalo se mi je, da sem stopal po dolgi, dolgi lestvi v nebesa in to vedno više in vedno više . . ."

Cigan Januš pa mu seže v besedo:

"Vidite, gospodar! Jaz sem vas pa videl, kako ste plezali v nebesa. Ker vem, da je v nebesih zelo prijazno, sem mislil, da se več ne boste hoteli vrniti in sem zajca kar po noči snedel."



Drage deklice in dečki!

Morda bi se pravilneje glasilo, če bi naslovil te vrstice le deklicam, kajti vse slovenske dopise v tej številki so prispevale izključno deklice same. Dečki vedno daleč zaostajajo za deklicami v dopisovanju. Ali pa naj tako tudi ostane? Ali se ne boste tudi vi dečki malo potrudili in napisali kaj zanimivega za "Naš kotichek"? Upam, da bo v prihodnji ali septemberski številki M. L. vsaj par slovenskih dopisov tudi od dečkov.

Na noge torej, dečki! Postavite se in pokažite deklicam, da znate tudi vi pisati slovensko! Napišite in pošljite takoj, še danes!

Tekoča številka vsebuje lepo število slovenskih dopisov naših deklic. Le prečitajte jih! Naše marljive mlade dopisovalke so lahko ponosne na svoje delo! Njim gre vse priznanje, upam pa, da bodo tako tudi nadaljevale.

Le tako naprej, deklice, in dečki vas bodo posnemali!

UREDNIK.

NAŠ UP JE ŠEL PO VODI

Cenjeni urednik!

Ze zopet Vas nadlegujem z mojim dopisom. Upam pa, da boste imeli toliko potrpljenja, da ga boste uredili in priobčili.

Prečitala sem Vaše vrstice, v katerih omenjate, da smo tudi otroci prizadeti v tej krizi, ker nam starši ne morejo dati kar bi hoteli. To je res.

Tri mesece smo štrajkali — pa zastonj. Stavka je bila izgubljena. Premogarji so se vrnili na delo. Še bo udrihal kapitalizem po hrbtih nas delavcev.

Ponekod se na stavkah stepejo za svoje pravice. Da bi vsaj tudi kaj dobili v boju.

Premogarski baroni se boje unije kot vrag križa. Branijo in otepajo se organizacije na vse načine kar se največ da.

Sedaj bodo naši očetje še večji reveži kot

so bili dosedaj. Borili so se cele tri dolge mesece, da bodo zmagali, pa je vse splavalo po vodi.

Ubogi trpin! Kdaj se bo prebudil iz dolgega spanja? Da bi se le, da bi vsi delavci v svojih upravičenih zahtevah nastopali kot eden.

Še veliko bi pisala, pa je boljše, da ne; dobrega nimam kaj poročati, slabega pa preveč. Delavske razmere sem dovolj opisala, kakor pač znam in morem, kako da so pod ničlo tukaj.

Preteklo je že več kot pol leta; še par mesecev, pa se bo pisalo 1933. Naj zadostuje, oglasila pa se bom še kaj prihodnjič.

Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem tega lista in seveda tudi uredniku!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

DOPIS ZVESTE ČITATELJICE IN DOPISOVALKE

Cenjeni urednik!

Ko bo ta dopis priobčen, bom že izpolnila šestnajst let.

Najlepše se zahvalim uredniku, ki je popravljal napake in urejal moje dopise. Ostala bom vedno zvesta čitateljica Mladinskega lista in napisala bom tudi včasih kakšen dopis. (To me bo zelo veselilo—le še piši!—Opomba urednika.)

Upam, da se dopisi v M. L. iz Clevelanda pomnožijo, kajti v Clevelandu je lepo število slovenskih družin, zato bi po mojih mislih moralo biti mnogo več dopisov iz Clevelanda.

Rada bi vedela, zakaj se ne oglasi večkrat v M. L. s svojim dopisovanjem Emma Koprivnik. Zakaj?

Prireditve v naši naselbini so bolj redke, toda vedno vesele in večinoma uspešne.

Dne 24. julija je imelo društvo "Tabor" št. 139 SNPJ svoj piknik v Maple Gardens. Oni so vedno pripravljeni pomagati drugim društvom, če jim je le v moči.

Društvo "Beacons" je imelo svoj letni izlet v Wellington, Ohio, dne 19. junija. Zabave je bilo dovolj, tako da je bil vsak, kdor se je udeležil, zelo zadovoljen.

Čitala sem o nesreči Blaža Novaka, bolniškega tajnika SNPJ. Upam, da je že okreval.

Pozdravljam urednika in tudi vse druge prijatelje M. L. in Slovenske narodne podporne jednote!

Anne Traven,

11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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SRAMOTNO DELO—SKEBANJE!

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, odmerite mi malo prostora, da spet nekaj napišem v "Kotiček," kar prav za prav rada storim, posebno še, ker me v zadnji številki tako pohvalno vspodbujate k temu.

Žalibože, da tudi danes nimam poročati nič razveseljivega.

Stavka rudarjev, ki je pričela tu v Clintonu na 1. aprila, se zdaj nadaljuje. Gre namreč za znižanje mezde, in gospod Ferguson in drugi lastniki tukajšnjih rogov bi pri sedanji mezdni lestvici najrajši izbili vse "kline" ven iz nje. Ponujajo \$4 dnevne plače in 20 centov od tone premoga za "conveyerjem." Razen tega hočejo "open shop," kar pa rudarji seveda nočejo sprejeti. A operatorji hočejo na vsak način obratovati. Odprli so nekaj rogov in zaposlili nekaj skebov (teh nikjer ne manjka), ki opravljajo sramotno delo v senci samokresov in strojnic. K sreči teh skebov ni veliko.

Unijskim premogarjem se je dosedaj posrečilo ustaviti ves obrat, razen na Vermillion

majni, ki je pa že pred stavko obratovala na "open shop."

Na vse zgodaj zjutraj je po klintonskih ulicah živahno vrvenje piketov, ki se odpravljajo k majnam, da ustavijo obrat te ali one majne in pri tem, če mogoče, pronajdejo, kdo so tisti, ki skebajo.

Naj navedem malo epizodo, ki se je odigrala na poti, ki pelje k rovom. Mlada, tu rojena Italijanka osemnajstih let, čedne zunanosti, ki pomaga piketirati vsako jutro, je ustavila skeba na poti k delu in ga nagovorila takole: "Nikdar ne hodi skebat! Pojdi domov in dam ti lep poljub."

Fant si ni dal dvakrat reči, ampak je ves navdušen sprejel plačilo, zalučal posodo s kosilcem od sebe, da se je vsebina iste razletela na vse štiri vetrove, potem pa zadovoljen odšel domov.

Neki sivolasi piket, ki je bil navzoč, je prepričevalno zatrjeval svojim sodrugom, da pri piketiranju ena ženska več opravi kot sto moških.

Naj za enkrat neham. Bom še drugič kaj več poročala o poteku stavke. Da pa ne boste mislili, da se je "pesniška žilica" že posušila v meni, bom napisala še tole pesmico:

Kdo je on,

ki ti zabavlja venomer in javka,
da hudo ga je prizadela stavka?
Dobi da nič iz stavkarskega sklada,
doma da cela mu družina strada.
Da nima žena kaj mu dati v lonec,
a stavke pa še neče biti konec.
Zato da je primoran, kakor pravi,
da mahoma na delo se odpravi.
Pa gre na delo, skrivoma odhaja,
naskrivaj z dela spet domov prihaja.
Da s tem škoduje bratom, nima v mislih,
ker lastne le koristi so mu v čisljih.
Ne misli, da se v sužnost sam prodaja,
sramotno brate svoje da izdaja.
Ta mož, ki mar mu ni blagor drugih,
se imenuje SKEB v delavskih krogih.
Sramoten znak na čelu ima zapisan,
ki s čela nikdar mu ne bo izbrisan!

H koncu pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice širom Amerike in jih obenem opozarjam, da bi se bolj zanimali za Ml. list, ki je list nas vseh, in za katerega se v starem kraju zanimajo odlične osebe.

Torej na noge! Napišite kaj in pokažite, da smo tudi tu v Ameriki še Slovenci, ki znamo slovensko pisati!

Pozdrav tudi Vam, cenjeni urednik, in hvala za Vaš trud. Na svidenje prihodnji mesec!

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

IZPOLNJENA OBLJUBA

Cenjeni g. urednik!

Obljuba dela dolg, kajne dragi g. urednik?

Obljubila sem Ml. listu, da se bom večkrat oglasila s kakim dopisom, a se v letošnjem še nisem. Zato sem ostala dolžna—na obljubi.

Je pač tako—dobrih novic ni bilo, a slabih je pa vedno več kot preveč. A teh ne pišem rada mojim sestricam in bratcem, ker že tako preveč občutijo slabe čase. Je pač nekaj groznega, kaj se danes vse godi v "najboljši" in "najbogatejši" deželi na svetu!

Na primer, tu pri nas na Morganu in okoli, kakor se čuje in vidi, je skoro tri četrtine delavstva brez dela. Ostali delajo le po par dni na teden in se čutijo srečne.

Razni časopisi pa venomer trobijo v svet, da bo kmalu bolje, da se že obrača na bolje itd. A kljub vsem tem nadam, je vsak mesec slabše in vedno večja mizerija med delavstvom.

Najbolj pa to krizo občutijo matere. One na vseh straneh gledajo, kako bi prišle ceneje ven, bodisi pri hrani ali kje drugje v gospodinjstvu. Na največjih krajih pa one nimajo dati kaj v lonec, da bi skuhale boro kosilce svojim malčkom. Otroci seve se zamotijo pri igranju zunaj sedaj v prosti naravi, a matere—one trpe. Njih glave se belijo od skrbi, kajti hčerka ali sinček ko pride opoldan v kuhinjo, hoče jesti. Ona ne vesta, da oče nima dela in da ni denarja za kruh.

Večkrat si mislim, zakaj je vse to? Ali res mora vse tako biti? Bogatini imajo preveč, a revni sloji pa ničesar. A prav tako je, če ne slabše, v Jugoslaviji.

Moj stari ata piše pismo iz Jugoslavije. Srbi so baje zelo dobri pastirji, pa prav slabi politiki. Ker pa hočejo le sami imeti v rokah državne vajeti, bodo kmalu prifurati državo na rob propada, potem pa adijo Jugoslavija!

Nadalje mi še piše: "Draga Anica! Se tole zgodnico ti naj povem: Gospodje pri bratovski skladnici v Trbovljah so tako skrbni, da mislijo na vse. Tako so se tudi na mene spomnili, ker sem v pokoju, da bi se preveč ne odebelil, da bi potem težko hodil. Sedaj so prav lepo poskrbeli v tej zadevi zame, da bodo lahko brez skrbi spali. Leta 1928 so mi odtrgali eno četrtino pokojnine, letos s prvim aprilom pa še drugo četrt, polovico se mi pa še pustili. Kakoršne so razmere tu pri nas, se bojim, da bi še po zadnjo polovico ne prišli. Nadalje so tu v Trebnjem, kjer bivam sedaj v pokoju na stara leta, vpeljali neke vrste tlako, da mora vsak, ki ni posestnik, delati gotovo število dni tlako na cesti. Jaz se ve kot 75-letni starček ne morem delati težkega dela na cesti, zato so mi pa 100 dinarjev plačili naložili, kot odškodnino za tlako. Ko sem se pa branil plačati neopravi-

čen davek, so mi pa omaro zarubili. Takih cvetk je na jugoslovanskem vrtu še mnogo, a ti jih ne morem opisati, ker moja roka ne dopušča itd."

Tako je torej v Jugoslaviji, naši stari domovini. Pisala bi rada še več, a mogoče bo dopis predolg in bi g. uredniku ne bil ljub. (Le še piši, Anica, in priobčil bom z veseljem. Tvoj dopis je zelo zanimiv in upam, da boš tudi za septembersko številko Mlad. lista napisala kaj zanimivega. Boš?—Pripomba urednika.)

Omenim naj le še to, da sta bila operirana na tonsilih moj bratec Rudi in sestrična Elsie K. na 2. julija. Sedaj sta že boljša, se že igrata zunaj. Jaz se pa nimam časa igrati; imave obe z mamo dovolj dela v hiši in na vrtu. Pa saj rada delam, ker sem dovolj močna. Letos bom že stara 15 let. Zdaj bom šla v osmi razred.

Torej, v 5 letih, odkar sem tu v Ameriki, sem izdelala 7 razredov šole.

Naj zadostuje za enkrat. Pa še drugič kaj več.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Ml. lista in tudi g. uredniku!

Anica Kramžar,
Box 411, Morgan, Pa.



DOPIS Z OTOKA NA PACIFIKU

Cenjeni urednik!

Zadnjič, ko sem se oglasila v Mladinskem listu, sem se nahajala še v Diamondvillu, Wyoming, sedaj se pa oglašam iz države Washington—iz Friday Harborja.

Na dvajsetega maja smo se—cela družina—odpeljali proti omenjeni državi. Ko smo vozili po državi Idaho, nas je "sandstorm" (peščena nevihta) zajel na neki planoti, trideset milj od mesta Pocatello in nas je v enem hipu prevrnil v obcestni jarek. Sreča v nesreči je bila, da nismo dobili nobeden nič poškodb. Samo avtomobil nam je poškodovalo, da smo morali plačati eden in dvajset dolarjev za popravilo.

Videli smo več vodopadov in zračno ladjo "Akron," ki je plula nad mestom Kelso v Washingtonu.

Tukaj, kjer se mi sedaj nahajamo, na malem otoku, je zelo lepo. Raste vsakovrstno sadje. Pred par dnevi so ujeli ribo, da sta jo komaj dva moža premaknila.

Na drugega julija je priplul sem "U. S. S. Noa Destroyer" iz San Franciscu, California. Bil je tukaj štiri dni. Tukajšnje občinstvo je bilo povabljeno, da naj pride na ladjo in si jo ogleda. Povedali so nam, da ta ladja je bila sedem let v kitajskih vodah. Videla sem kanon, torpedo in mnogo vojnega materiala. Groza me je obšla ko nam je kapitan to razkazoval.

Predno končam, se hočem lepo zahvaliti za postrežbo in pa prijateljsko slovo sledečim družinam: Andrew Klun, Frank Kiren, Mi-

chel Eres, Frank Lumbert in tudi Mr. in Mrs. Frank Zele, Mrs. Mary Arko in John Dobras. Lepa hvala gre tudi Johnu Šabcu, Antonu Tratarju, Mr. Savšku in Joe Vičiču za lepo petje.

Posebno se zahvalimo jaz in ostala družina Mr. Kirnu, ki je zaigral nekaj lepih komadov, da smo se zavrteli prav po starokrajsko.

O priliki se še kaj oglasim.

Olga Groznik, Friday Harbor, Wash.

(Pripomba uredništva:—Veselilo nas bo in upamo tudi, da boš še kaj zanimivega napisala iz dalnjega Washingtona, kakor si že večkrat prej iz Diamondvilla, Wyo. V državi Washington je lepo in se precej razlikuje od Wyominga. Torej se priporočamo!)

* *

JOSEPHINE SE UČI ŠIVANJA

Dragi urednik!

To je moj drugi dopis v M. L. Zadnjič sem pisala angleško, sedaj bom poskusila slovensko.

Se učim šivati v S. D. D.; uči nas Mrs. Šuša. Mene zelo veseli šivanje.

O prostem času se igram na šolskem vrtu. Stara sem 9 let in bom šla v četrti razred. Moj brat je star 7 let, on bo pa šel v drugi razred.

Zelo rada čitam M. L. Jaz želim, da bi ga prejela vsak teden.

Upam, da boste priobčili teh par vrstic.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L.!

Josephine Gorjanc,
14930 Sylvia, Cleveland, O.

Marijana Željeznova-Kokalj:

MOJ SVINČNIK

MOJ svinčnik-čarovnik
mi v risanko čara,
zdaj vlake, oblake,
vode in orjake,
mostove,
gozdove,
planine,
zverine;
zdaj zopet svetove

in tuje domove,
cvetice in ptice,
doline pšenice,
čarobne stopnice
do solnca, zvezda . . .
In risanka-pestra košara
do vrha napolnjena vsa,
saj svinčnik-čarovnik
vse želje začara
in vanjo jih da . . .



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COUNTRY IDYL

JOHNNY stands before the baker's window, looking in.
His eyes feast upon eclairs and frosted cakes;
His body shows the marks of cruel hunger.

Johnny's father worked at raising wheat.
The farm he mortgaged and borrowed for the planting.
Two years already he had borrowed.
Willingly he labored, looked forward to the harvest,
For bread was finally the nation's real necessity.

The crop was good. At last spring rains were merciful;
And he revived the hope so long forsaken,
And told his wife that things would soon be right.

The harvest time has long since past.
The big men of the market said that there was too much wheat,
That the country didn't need any more wheat,
Because everybody was already overstocked with wheat
That didn't do anybody any good.

And so the wheat from father's ninety-acre farm
Lies in the bins,
Waiting for the time when people will be ready for more wheat
When the country will really need the wheat.
And Johnny stands before the baker's window, looking in.

Mary Jugg.



SUMMER EVENING

WHEN dusk folds up the gleaming strips of day
 And lays aside the bundle 'til the morn,
 The evening actors dominate the scene,
 And softer drapes the stage adorn.
 'Tis then the locust shrills his argument,
 Monopolizes time his story to relate,
 While manly cricket pleads in vain attempt,
 Submits, and then resigns from all debate.

The daily repartee of gladsome birds
 Becomes more spirited as night descends,
 And deep-voiced croak of philosophic frogs
 A forceful second to the chorus lends.

Such scenes of twilight drama summer plays
 To close her parody of languid days.

Mary Jugg.

STAND FAST!

STAND fast when waves of trouble
 roll

And drench your life with tears,
 When tribulation smites your soul
 And daunts your heart with fears;
 For though the storm be ne'er so high,
 Be sure the calm of peace is nigh.
 Stand fast when all the powers of night
 Affright your shrinking heart,
 When not a star betrays its light
 To serve as guide and chart;
 For, be the darkness ne'er so deep,
 Ere dawn your weary eyes shall sleep.

Stand fast! The coward never knows
 The thrill of victory won;
 'Tis toil that brings the best repose,
 As night precedes the sun;
 And naught proclaims the conquering
 soul
 Like patience, faith, and self-control.

—Answers.

The Wild Colorado

INTO the hottest and driest part of this country the Colorado River brings the melted snows of the loftiest summits of the Rockies. Without regulation, the river has comparatively little value. When the snows are melting it is turbulent and destructive; when they are gone it can do little more than wet the bottoms of irrigation canals.

To harness this river requires a dam 700 feet high, nearly twice as high as any now in existence. Above this dam will be a lake 100 miles long and nearly 600 feet deep, holding water enough to cover the whole state of Kentucky one foot deep. The power plant will generate 1,000,000 horsepower, equal to all the plants at Niagara.

The necessity for the dam grew as the Southwest grew. In the Imperial Valley 60,000 people have their homes. Imperial Valley is a basin not only below sea level but 300 feet below in the deepest part. The turbulent, destructive river flows along the rim of the basin. The river is only kept out by a levee maintained with increasing cost and difficulty each year. The bed of the river is steadily rising as the river carries down and deposits vast quantities of silt. Each year it becomes plainer that some means other than levees must be found to save the homes and rich farms from inundation.

Protection can be provided in only one way—by a reservoir large enough to hold the flood. That flood, if stored, could be used to irrigate the whole Southwest country, enabling it to support a population of 10,000,000 instead of 5,000,000 as at present.

There were many complications involved in the project. For one thing, the Colorado River, which for 1600 miles is an American river, becomes a Mexican river for its last 100 miles.

Only Congress could deal with the international problems arising from a dam which could hold back the entire flow of the stream. Then there was the problem of paying for the dam. A scheme was worked out whereby the sale of power will repay in 50 years the money advanced by the government for the construction.

Meanwhile, another acute problem arose—the decision as to what share of the water belonged to each of the seven states along the Colorado. This question was solved by a compact framed by representatives of the seven states. This compact recognized for the first time a principle expressed later: "All are coming to realize that the real conservation problem of the West is the conservation of water. From Nebraska west, water and water alone is the key to the future. We must replace home-stead thinking with water thinking, since watersheds are primary to western homes."

In the Black Canyon is a bottle-neck where the great walls of the gorge are only 350 feet apart at the water surface of the river and 850 feet apart 700 feet above. In order to place the gray concrete arch between these, the river must be turned aside. This will be done by excavating four tunnels through the rock cliffs, two on either side of the canyon. These tunnels will each be 50 feet in diameter and have a total length of 16,000 feet, and together they will carry more than the average flow of the Mississippi at St. Louis. The river will be turned into these tunnels by a coffer-dam 80 feet high, which will create a lake 20 miles long. The height of the completed dam and the pressures to which it will be subjected to are so much greater than any existing work that Congress was unwilling to sanction its construction until it had been ap-

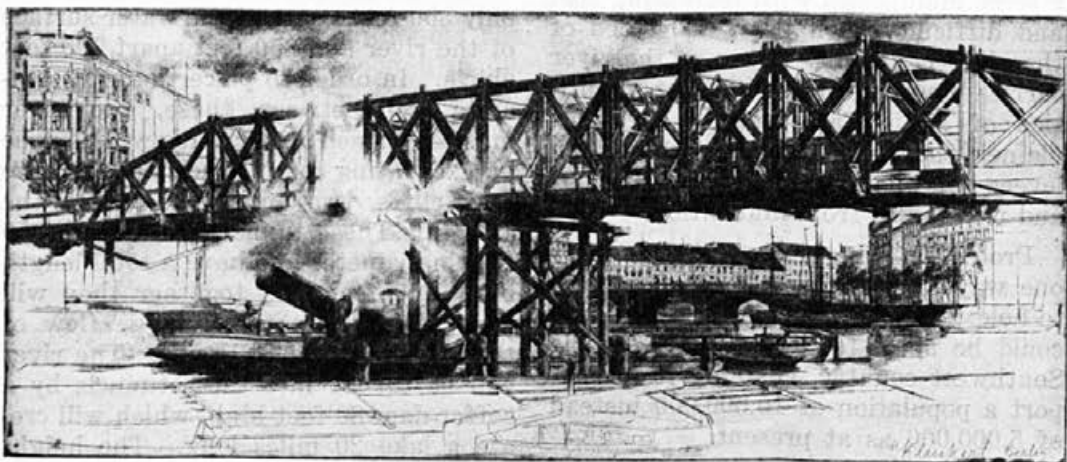
proved by an engineering commission of international reputation.

If this great dam is completed within six years from the time construction starts it will require 300 freight cars daily to carry construction materials to the dam site. Las Vegas, Nevada, on the Union Pacific Railway, will be the railway center of construction activity, though a railway spur will run to the canyon walls. Five years ago Las Vegas was a sleepy town out in the midst of the desert. Now, Las Vegas is planning a million dollar air-cooled hotel, the opening of numberless mines, and the increase of its water supply.

The All-American Canal will be paid for by those who benefit by it—the irrigators of Imperial and Coachella Valleys. The aqueduct which is to carry water to Los Angeles and the coast counties of California will tunnel

through some mountains, the water will be lifted over others by huge pumps, and there will be siphons across gorges. Altogether it will be almost as much of an engineering achievement in this time as the aqueduct of Claudius was when the government built it to supply Rome. It will be more than 300 miles long and as planned will carry 1500 cubic feet a second.

The Reclamation Bureau has been entrusted with the construction of Boulder Dam and related works. It brings to the task an experience gained by building in succession the three highest dams in the world. The completion of the dam will mean the subjection of the Colorado river for all time, and a new era for the Southwest, provided the colossal project will be operated by and for the people and not by private concerns for their profit.



Walter Klinkert: A TEMPORARY BRIDGE IN BERLIN

Anna P. Krasna:

Our Palm Beach

THERE are no smooth driveways or roads leading to our Palm Beach back of the hill, but just a pleasant, shady path which winds down a steep, wooded hillside. Near the foot of the hill our path ends and we take hold of a tree branch and slide down, way down and then up again and along the slope of another hill for a while and there we are—on the sand of our own Palm Beach!

That sand, you just ought to see it. It is a mixture of brown and blackened sand, cinders and soot from the railroad, mills, mines and from the nearby steel mills' dump. A few dirty dogs, faithful companions of the boy-bathers, are rolling in it contentedly, lifting their heads now and then to bark at some newcomer or at the swimming children. Happy, smiling faces greet every new group that comes along, stopping rather solemnly on the precious little patch of sand—on the beach.

"Hello! How is the water today?"

"Fine, come right in."

"I might.—"

"Might! Ho, ho, afraid, eh?"

I just laugh, for I am a bit afraid of this yellowish brown water; I used to bathe in the crystal clear waters of Vipava. That was long, long ago. So it seems anyway. I keep thinking of that for a moment and decide meanwhile to wade right in.

"Boy, o boy! Such rocks and rubbish. Well, this is some swimming hole!"

"We like it, it's great!"

"Great indeed!"

The yellowish brown waves are softly encircling and I am trying to listen to their splashy song. Quite pleasant, after all. Some little rascal splashes water over me and beats it before I

could get hold of his froggy leg. Another one is very considerate.

"Hey, why don't you try to swim? I'll teach you if you don't know how."

"Well, isn't that nice, but I know your intentions—maybe I'll let you duck me the next time."

He laughs a mischievous laugh, turns on his back and swims on like a big frog. The rest of the brown little creatures swim all around me just like so many funny looking fishes and frogs. They swim, wade, splash about, laugh and talk happily, delightfully—I myself feel a glad, carefree feeling creeping on me. High above us looms a huge railroad bridge, big rocks are watching us silently and rather indignantly from all sides of our wonderful beach, a log fire is sending thin clouds of smoke over the yellowish water surface and into our eyes. My bathing slippers are full of cinders, so I climb upon a rock and empty them. I sit there for some time; it is so very pleasant to watch the funny looking fishes and frogs pass back and forth. They look up at me occasionally, say something jolly and swim away laughing.

Great enjoyment. I bet they won't exchange it for a bag of gold.

Or maybe they would?—

I wonder, think. What wouldn't a bag of gold mean for them. Some of the tanned little bodies show need of better nourishment—mother has been stretching the few dollars daddy is earning in the mines or in the mills. She probably tries hard to make the ends meet.—I smile a bitter, sarcastic smile—the country abounds in good, good things, milk, butter, fruit, meat, bread, everything, but just because dad does not earn enough of the germed green patches, or perhaps earns noth-

ing at all, these poor little creatures must do without those good things they need to grow into a healthy people. How silly—no patches, no bread and other things. They let the good things rot and children starve.

And bathing suits. Of course they would buy nice new ones if they had a bag of gold among them. Those they have on now are not of the latest style, some are home-made; they were shirt-waists or something similar before mother transformed them into what they are now. And yet I know that there are bathing suits galore, fine woolen ones—for dollars. Yes, for those darn dollars that seem to be so scarce nowadays—among us—

Again I smile, but happily this time, for I am thinking that perhaps when these tanned little creatures grow up, things might be changed some, the germed patches may not rule the world

so cruelly; they may not keep jolly little youngsters from getting proper food, clothing, shelter, education, and playgrounds where they won't stump and cut their toes on the rubbish thrown in the river that was never intended to serve as a bathing resort, but rather as a place of all kinds of refuse from mills, settlements and mines.

Yet youth must have its fun and our odd Palm Beach is serving the purpose well and good now, the next generation may not be permitted to come and enjoy a swim in this brownish hole (and it needn't feel sorry about it either), but we think it a great old hole because we can't have a better one.

And gee, don't I wish I had a fisherman's net to throw it in the yellowish sulphur water and catch all the funny looking fishes and frogs, and take them to some swell place to bathe and swim to their hearts' content—just for fun?

The Flood

LYING at the bottom of the valley, the little village was under the constant menace of a catastrophe. For, many years ago, the torrent had been dammed high up there among the mountains. The torrent had formed a lake, which was very useful for the electric works in the neighboring town, but most dangerous for the village. Indeed, if the dyke were to break, the village would be carried away by the flood.

And that actually happened one day. Suddenly a terrible noise was heard, and the accumulated mass of water rushed down upon the valley, carrying everything that it found in its path. Nothing could withstand it; trees, houses, enormous blocks of stone; everything was swept away by the flood.

Some of the inhabitants managed to escape by rapidly climbing the hills to the right and to the left side of the valley, but a certain number of them perished in spite of all efforts that were made to save them. Of the cattle, the horses, the poultry, none were saved, not even geese and ducks.

When the lake had disappeared there remained but a thin stream of water, and one was able to estimate the amount of the damage. The village was rebuilt, the folks were compensated for their losses, but the dam was also rebuilt. What would you expect? The industries of the town needed the electricity. Water is a faithful servant, but also a very dangerous master.

Polly's Pranks

By O. T. Miller

I

POLLY was a snowy white cockatoo, with beautiful yellow crest, who lived in a city home in New York. The one object of her life, when I first knew her, was to get out of her cage.

She might have stayed out all the time, for it was a pet-ridden house, and the family was used to all sorts of beast and bird pranks. She might, I say, but for one or two notions which she had. One was an incurable dislike of beads, and another an equally strong liking for buttons.

The beads she attacked as if they were enemies, biting them off a lady's dress much faster than they had been sewed on, and flinging them away with a spiteful jerk that sprinkled the carpet like a shower of glass. No matter what other attractions were in a room, if a lady happened to wear a bit of sparkling bead trimming, the instant Polly was free she flew or waddled across the floor, and went to work at it, and neither coaxing nor scolding had the smallest effect upon her.

With buttons it was otherwise. She seemed to delight in them. To be sure, she bit them off, but it was in the way old Izaak Walton says a fisherman must put a hook through a worm, "as if he loved it." She snapped off the buttons with her scissors-like beak, but she did not throw them away; she chewed them up. If no one happened to notice her, the naughty bird would snatch every button from her mistress's dress, or her master's coat, more quickly than a person could do it with a knife.

Another of this bird's tricks was to attack people's feet, and as she had a beak like a pick-axe, and never hesitated to use it, she was the terror of children and grown-ups.

Children, indeed, she particularly

disliked. She squawked at them if she could not get out of her cage, and she flew at them if she could.

These, with other troublesome fancies, condemned Madam Polly to a cage, and, as I said before, to get out of that gilded prison was her sole business in life.

First she would coax, and her way was most droll. She began by saying pathetically, "Poor Polly!" to call attention to her wishes. If any one looked at her, she at once began to bow in the most persuasive and violent manner. If that did not bring deliverance, she wriggled from side to side, opening and quivering her wings, and almost twisting her neck off in her attempts to be winning, her big, dark eyes, all the time eagerly fixed upon the one she hoped would open her door.

If these curious antics had no effect, she squawked savagely, and so loud that conversation could not be heard in the room; but her crowning effort, and one that usually was successful, was a wheedling little song, a most ludicrous performance. It sounded like a child trying to sing in a high key and with the quavering, shaky voice of an old woman. It was the funniest song a bird ever uttered, I am sure, and no one could resist this supreme attempt to please.

If dinner was going on when she came out, she rushed at once for the table, climbed up by the cloth, or the dress of a friend, and proceeded to look over the dishes, make her choice, and help herself. Oatmeal she liked; green corn, too, and a chicken bone to pick; but her special delight was in green peas, which she neatly extracted from their delicate skins, and ate with great daintiness. So strong was this liking that the sight of raw peas set her wild till some were given to her. Then she took a pod

deftly in one claw, held it up, and removed the peas one after another, dropping the cleaned-out skins as she went on.

After eating all she wanted, if she chanced to be in an amiable mood, Polly liked to "show off" to a stranger, and she had a comical way. She climbed up the back of a chair, stood on the top, fixed her eyes on the one she intended to charm by the performance, and, the moment that person looked at her, began.

II

To begin with, Polly jerked herself up to her greatest height, as if a spring had gone off inside her like a Jack-in-the-box, every feather erect, crest standing straight up, and delivered herself of her greatest accomplishment, "Cockatoo cracker!" with a satisfied air, as if nothing could go beyond that. The next instant she crouched on her perch as low as possible; then bowed many times as fast as she could, as though she were hammering something. She performed the most ridiculous capers, which somehow reminded one of the puppyish gambols of a big, awkward dog. Then, if her door were not opened for all her coaxing and storming, madam proceeded to open it, or at least to try to open it. No wire, no string, no intricacy of knots or device of twisting could baffle her.

She was very knowing, and her beak and claws—hands, they almost deserve to be called—were as useful as many people's fingers. She would work with the utmost patience at any fastening, cutting string or small wire, till she got the door open. The only thing she could not master was a padlock with the key removed. She could turn the key if it were left in.

When her door was actually locked, and she knew it, her anger was roused; and she at once expressed her opinion of the world in general, and her master in particular, by first shaking her door until it seemed that the hinges must give way, and then wreaking her venge-

ance on the seed and water cups. These she shook loose, and then pushed out of their places upon the floor. A wide scattering of seeds or a fine shower of water delighted her, and relieved her mind.

After enduring this annoyance for some time, her master brought other tiny padlocks, one for each dish; and after that, not only her door, but each dish, was securely locked in when it was necessary to shut her up.

She was not conquered even then. Seed and water could not be locked in, and she could thrust her big beak into her seed cup, and fling the contents half-way across the room. If the seed was so low in the cup that she could not do that, she gathered a beakful and tossed it out upon the carpet, treating water in the same way, till neither food nor drink was left in her cage.

This seemed to be a great relief to her feelings, as harsh words or deeds are supposed to be with bigger folk. Before she gave up trying to open the padlocks, she would work awhile at the door, then rush madly to her seed cup and fling out a lot of seed, then hurry back to the padlock again.

Polly's last resource when she could not open the door, and seed and water were all gone, was to squawk insultingly at the top of her voice, "Ya! ya! ya!"

Reading aloud was always a trial to the cockatoo, and she generally kept up a low, mocking talk, like the long-drawn-out "Craw! craw! craw!" of a hen as she walks about the poultry yard delivering her opinions to the feathered world around her. If she were not noticed, this talk became sometimes so loud that she had to be put into another room.

This was a dreadful thing, for poor Polly was the greatest coward I ever saw in feathers. Being left alone was her severest punishment, and always prompted her to do the most mischief she could think of.

One day, by some carelessness, the padlock on her door was not fastened,

and Polly had the sitting-room to herself for an hour. On the return of the mistress, she was met at the door by bows and cries of "Poor Polly," and repetitions of everything the bird could say, in the most coaxing manner.

She knew at once that mischief had been done, and one glance was enough. Polly had enjoyed a fine frolic with her work-basket. Such a wreck is not often seen,—needles from their papers and pins from their box strewn the carpet; the remains of pearl buttons that she

had snipped to bits lay thick as snowflakes over the floor; spools had been nibbled, thread and silk cut into short lengths and scattered about; a gold thimble dented past using in her efforts to bite it; and the delicate basket itself pulled apart and broken.

It looked as if a cyclone had struck that work-basket, and Polly was almost too happy to stay inside her feathers, but it was her last prank in the sitting-room. Her padlocks were never again forgotten.

A Healthful Sport

SWIMMING is one of the finest, and most healthful of sports. It is wonderful exercise and great fun. Make this sport a health habit, won't you?

Like every other good thing, swimming must be done at the right time, in the right place, and in the right way.

Of course, you know you should never swim in dirty water. Dirty water may have disease germs in it and they may make you sick. Remember, clean water for swimming.

In order to avoid chills, don't go swimming in very cold water or on a very cold day unless you are going to swim only a little while. A short cold swim is not bad. But don't stay in the water long enough to get chilled. That is bad treatment for the body. This is the reason why out-door swimming is a summer sport.

Do your swimming before meals or an hour or more after meals. It's bad for the digestion to go swimming or take any vigorous exercise right after a meal.

If you exercise, the blood goes to the muscles instead of staying in the stomach and intestines where it is needed to digest the food properly.

Another good thing about swimming is that you expose lots of bare skin to the sun. It isn't good to stay in the sunshine so long that you get sunburnt. But gradual sunburn to give a good tan is good for the whole body. It means the body is getting the health rays from the sun and they are important.

Remember, too, that swimming is good sport and you can have lots of fun in the water, but it is no fun for you or anybody else to go out in deep water where you may get drowned. Swim where it is safe and no one will need to worry about you, then; and you can have a better time than you would have if you knew you were taking foolish risks.



W. V. Rousseff: IN THE GARDEN

Dorothy Lee's Choice

By Mary Jugg

DOROTHY Lee had been counting days on the calendar for the past three or four weeks. From the beginning of the school term she had been neither absent nor tardy, and she feared that any day now she would be likely to contract the measles or chicken pox or any of ten different bugaboos that spoil records of attendance for boys and girls. Dorothy Lee's father and mother had promised her a pleasant vacation treat for every perfect attendance record. She would now be promoted to the seventh grade and had already four such certificates. Every year the last month of school had been a year in passing. But soon there was only one more week left, and then just three days, and finally—after hours of anxious waiting—the last day of school.

"We have three students in the room who were neither absent nor tardy for the entire year," announced the teacher.

And Dorothy Lee Parker's name was one of the three! Triumphantly she presented her mother the square piece of paper decorated with a Washington Bicentennial Celebration sketch and in the center her name and the teacher's signature in large, flowing script.

"Your father and I have decided to let you choose between two things you would rather do for your perfect school record this year," said Dorothy's mother.

Dorothy Lee fairly jumped with excitement. She knew it wouldn't be difficult to decide.

"For one thing, you may go back with Aunt Myra when she comes to take Cousin Jerry home, and stay for a week's visit."

Cousin Jerry had been living with the Parkers during the winter while he attended the high school. Dorothy

Lee thought of the fun she always had out at the farm.

"That would be wonderful," she said. "There's a pond in the pasture that's just right for wading. And I'd love to ride the pony."

She remembered the first time she had tried riding a horse. It had been Pat, and they had brought home the cows from the pasture.

"I know that's what I'd like to do best of all," she decided, "but you might tell me what else you thought about."

"You may give a party for all your playmates," said her mother.

Immediately Dorothy Lee imagined the group she would invite.

"There'd be Anita and Susan and Robert, of course," she said.

"And Willie, whose mother had a valentine party for all of you," added Mrs. Parker.

"Yes, and then I couldn't forget Marcia. We always walked to school together. And Geraldine and Willie always took me with them when they went riding with their parents on Sunday afternoons."

Her list grew quickly. She remembered countless favors that her schoolmates had done for her. There were Leo and Peggy Lou she must include, too.

"I think it would be nice to ask Lora Myers," suggested her mother. "She seldom can find time to attend parties because she works hard to help at home. Her folks can't afford expensive dresses for her, but she's a lovely girl."

"Sammy Ward, the boy who carries newspapers would be glad to come, too," quickly said Dorothy Lee, and thus she had her invitation list completed. Suddenly she remembered. There was the trip to Aunt Myra's to be considered yet.

"Now I don't know which would be best," she said. "How shall I decide?"

"You must do your own choosing," said her mother.

Dorothy Lee thought long about the advantages of the two plans. The trip to the country would be more exciting, she felt. She saw her playmates every day, but that week in the country was such a change. A week was a good deal of time, too, and then she would return on the train. "Not many boys and girls are as lucky as I," thought Dorothy Lee. On the other hand, she felt that she ought to share her good time with her acquaintances. One shouldn't consider only his pleasures, and she knew that those she had decided upon with her mother, would be most delightful to come. And so she decided on the party.

It was held on the lawn of the Parker home on a bright July afternoon. Dorothy Lee had helped her mother make some cookies that she served with lemonade from a little stand she had built under a tree. What fun it was to play

at soda fountain after a round of games was over! Then to the joy of everyone, her mother served ice cream and cake to the merry group late in the day. They were seated in a large circle on the grass and when they were served Dorothy Lee explained how it happened that she planned the party and how she chose it in preference to a week's vacation on the farm.

"That was nice of her," everyone said.

Marcia and Susa believed that she would have a better time in the country, but they would all have missed a delightful party.

The next day Marcia's father called at the Parker home. He told Mrs. Parker that he would be traveling through Elmwood within a few days on a business trip that would take about a week. Dorothy Lee's Aunt Myra lived at Elmwood. He came to see whether she would care to come along.

Dorothy Lee, surprised, said that she would.



OPTIMISM

*T*HERE was never a sunbeam lost, and never a drop of rain,
There was never a carol sweet that was sung, and sung in vain;
There was never a noble thought, but through endless years it lives;
And never a blacksmith's blow, but an endless use it gives.

*There was never a child's full laugh, or a woman's cheerful word,
That did not exalt the state where its tones were felt and heard.
Know, then, that it still holds true, from the skies to the humblest soil,
That there is no wasted love and there is no wasted toil!*

Marguerite Ogden Bigelow.



Dear Girls and Boys!

Perhaps it would be more to the point if I'd address these lines to the girls only, since their contributions always outnumber boys' letters. This is true in the case of English letters, but even more so of Slovene contribs. Therefore I hope that the boys will try and write more often, particularly in Slovene, "to sort of balance up" the letters published in the *Kotiček* and the Corner.

Your summer vacations are well over half the period, and only a few more weeks remain before the school bell will call you back to class rooms. I wish you've enjoyed your vacation to the fullest extend, so that you'll gladly go back to school. Don't forget the M. L.!

—THE EDITOR.

FROM A BUSY FARMER GIRL

Dear Editor:—

This is my third letter I am writing to our most wonderful magazine. I would have written more often, but as we live on a farm I am quite busy.

I wish that all the members of the SNPJ would write to the M. L. and make it larger. Come on! Everyone of you write. Don't be a sleepy head, come and do your stuff!

My aunt Frances Tratar from Verona, Pennsylvania, made a visit to our farm. I wish that my uncle, Anton Tratar, would make a visit to our farm. My aunt Frances helped us pick strawberries, and is a very fast picker. We had a lot of fun picking strawberries. My aunt Frances likes the farm very much. I wish that my cousin, Frances Tratar, would write to the M. L. Come on, Frances, and write.

Well, I better close, because there will be hardly any room for the other letters.

Best regards to the Editor and the members of the SNPJ.

Sophie Jean Martinjak,
R. 1, Box 195, St. Joseph, Mich.

"BECAUSE IT CAN'T CHEW"

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade at Central school. My teacher's name is Miss Daisy Pick. She is very good to us. School is over and vacation has come. There are four children in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ.

I am sending a joke:

Question: "Why does the chimney smoke?"

Answer: "Because it can't chew."

I wish some girls of my age or over would write to me in Slovene or English. This is all for this time, will write more next time.

Mary Brunch,
1437 Grand ave., Granite City, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

I enjoyed reading the M. L. Last month it was pretty good. But I didn't see any Yukon children writing, so I thought I'd write a little.

Wake up! Take a bath and you'll feel better. Then write—you'll see how good you'll feel. Boy! But Yukon is lazy—it's only laziness.

On July 4 there was a big picnic at the Yukon Slovene Hall.

Here are some jokes and riddles.

A Joke:

Grandma: "Bobby, I wouldn't slide down the bannister."

Bobby: "No, grandma, I think you're too old for that."

A Riddle:

What two flowers should decorate the zoo?

Ans.: A dandelion and a tiger-lily.

I wish some of the members or readers would write to me for I would be very pleased and would gladly answer. I will write more next time.

Steffie Kaferle (13),

Box 195, Yukon, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. Although I didn't write before, I enjoy reading M. L. very much. But now we didn't get it for several months. I don't know why. I missed it very much. (The Manager will see to it that you will get the M. L. regularly.—Editor.)

I am a member of Lodge No. 112 SNPJ. Best regards to all members.

Catherine Golob, Washoe, Mont.

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FROM A FAITHFUL READER AND CONTRIBUTOR

Dear Editor!

When this article is published I will already be 16 years old. I thank the editor for correcting the errors in the articles I have written to the M. L.

I think that later on I will transfer to the "Beacons" lodge No. 667 SNPJ, about which I have written quite a bit in the past.

The "Beacons" had an outing June 19, to Wellington, Ohio. I am sure everyone enjoyed the trip as well as the courtesy shown by the "Beacon" members at the grounds in Wellington.

"Mr. Depression" is still visiting in Cleveland; no one as yet has any idea of when he is planning to leave, although we are, I am sure, all hoping to see him go soon. He is about the only most unwelcomed guest I have ever heard of.

Now and then I will write to the M. L. I am also planning to write to the Prosveta later on, that is if my writing is ever good enough.

I remain a constant and faithful reader of our beloved M. L.

Anne Traven, 11202 Revere avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

"EAST MEETS WEST"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

There is nothing pleasanter than a trip around the mountains on a cool June afternoon.

I had the pleasure of going around the mountains near Latrobe. The road is very nice because it has trees, ferns, flowers, etc., on both sides of it. We were very lucky that we came out of the mountain road and Whitney as a heavy rain, hail and wind storm attacked these places. Vegetable and flower gardens were washed out, trees were washed away and uprooted. Branches were blown and torn down.

There was a baseball game here which 3,000 people went to see. Nearly all of the people got wet. The people went on porches, in parked cars and houses to seek shelter. It was a very bad storm. That evening Bro. Jos. Snoy and family visited us; Margaret Snoy, their oldest daughter, has a great ability for playing a piano. She can play many Slovene and English pieces.

On July 4, the Westmoreland County Federation held a picnic and dance. Here we saw the wonderful and popular J. Z. Jrs. in action in a mushball game. The Fitz Henry boys had their Ford here which was to be "given away" but was changed to a later date. They are selling the tickets fast.

There were many lodges from Pennsylvania and several from Ohio. We met many friends here, among them Bro. Martinsek from Milwaukee, Wis.

On Sept. 10 the Torch of Liberty lodge is going to have their 2nd annual "East Meets West Ball." They are going to have a grand drawing of a \$10 gold piece. A Grand March and Popularity Contest for 1932 will take place here.

"A Proud Torch,"

Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.



LODGE NO. 104

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years of age. There are 5 of us in the family; we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 104. I have been planning to write a letter before, but didn't know what to write about.

Best regards to all!

Christine Zupan, 1324 S. 63rd st., West Allis, Wis.

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LODGE NO 362

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am in the 4th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Schafer. I have two brothers, one is going to school and one isn't. Their names are Louis and Jimmie. There are 5 of us in the family; we all belong to N. 362 Lodge SNPJ. My father used to work in a coal mine, but now they are all on strike and we don't know when they're going back to work.

Best regards to all!

Mary Ann Mahkovtz, 607 N. Charles St., Carlinville, Ill.

* *

LODGE NO. 66

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter in the M. L. I am eight years old and in the third grade. My teacher was Miss French. My father works one day a week. I have one sister, Julia, and a little brother Ruddy. I play ball every day.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

Best wishes to the editor and the readers.

Tony Slavec, Box 63, Morley, Colorado.

* *

"DARNED TEUTON"

Dear Editor:—

My sister used to write to the M. L., but she hasn't written since she left the juveniles to join the adults, and I have decided to write a few lines myself.

I am 15 years old and go to school at the Frankfort Community High. I am going to be a Junior next year and I sure am glad that my best year's struggle to pass geometry is over. I will close with a joke:

1st person: "Say, you're a German, aren't you?"

2nd person: "Darned Teuton, I am."

Here's hoping my first letter doesn't have to serve in the waste basket.

Frank Kochevar, Box 273, W. Frankfort, Ill.

A LETTER FROM ENTERPRISE

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much.

Over here the mines are working only 2 days a week. I made a garden of my own and everything is growing very nice.

We live out in the woods. There are lots of trees in front of our house.

I am ten years old and in the fourth grade. This is all I am going to write.

I hope some of the members would write to me.

Mary Surina, Box 216, Enterprise, W. Va.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am ten years old and am in the fifth grade. I always read the M. L. and like it very much.

There are ten in our family and all belong to the SNPJ.

Here is a joke: Two blind men were out walking—they bumped one another. One of the men said: "Why don't you look where you are going?" And the other said, "Why don't you go where you look?"

Dolly Spacek, 617 Tenny st., Kansas City, Mo.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years old and in 6th grade. My school was out June 6. There are 4 of us in SNPJ Lodge No. 391, my father and 2 brothers and I. My mother is dead for 3 years. I stay with my sister and go to school here.

I wish some girls and boys of my age would write to me. Best regards to all the members.

Fannie Komidar, Box 796, Sheffield, Pa.

* *

HARD TIMES

Dear Readers:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I wrote one to the M. L. last year, but it was very short. I do not see many letters in the M. L. from Kansas so I thought I would write one.

I have just graduated from the Breezy Hill Grade School. I am going to go to High School next year, but I have not decided where I am going.

Work is very scarce here in Kansas; there are just a few mines working and they only work two to three days a week. Many people are out of work here in Kansas. There are many steam shovels working, but they produce the coal so cheap that mines are forced to close. Only a few miners work at a steam shovel.

I wish some of the members of some SNPJ Lodge would write to me. I will gladly answer their letters.

This year our basketball team won first place in the basketball tournament held at Mullberry. I was Captain and played forward on the team.

I will close hoping that the juveniles of Kansas will start writing more often and that times will be better than they are.

Frank Urankar, R. R. 3, Mulberry, Kansas.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 9 years old and I go to Wm. H. Brett School. There are 4 in our family. We belong to SNPJ lodge No. 142.

Elsie Zorko, 848 E. 55 st., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

A WONDERFUL TRIP

Dear Editor:—

It is a long time since I wrote to the M. L. I will try to write more often.

I graduated from the Roosevelt Junior High School last month and I am very glad. The graduation classes took a trip up the Hudson River. We've seen Sing Sing prison, West Point Academy, the Palisades, and the Bear Mountains. It was very nice to sit on the boat and watch the scenery as it passed by. We had buses to take us to the pier. We went through the Holland Tunnel and we passed the Empire and Woolworth buildings.

We also had a dance for the graduates in May, and everyone had a good time.

I am learning how to read and write in Slovene and maybe the next time I will write in Slovene.

I have nothing else to say, except to wish everyone a very happy summer vacation.

Mary Pasarich, 521 Bayway, Elizabeth, N. J.

A country school board was visiting a school, and the principal was putting his pupils through their paces.

"Who signed Magna Charta, Robert?" he asked, turning to one boy.

"Please, sir, 'twasn't me," whimpered the youngster.

The teacher, in disgust, told him to take his seat, but an old tobacco-chewing countryman on the board was not satisfied. After a well directed aim at the cuspidor, he said:

"Call that boy back. I don't like his manner. I believe he did do it."



TRY THESE RIDDLES

What is it that belongs to you entirely, and yet is used more by your friends than yourself? *Your name.*

What is the difference between here and there? *The letter t.*

As I was going past a railing I saw a ship a-sailing. What was the captain's name? I've told you once and I will tell you again. What was the captain's name? *Watt.*

What bow is it that no one can untie? *A rainbow.*

What is the difference between one yard and two yards? *A fence.*

Which letter of the alphabet is never late? *The letter I, because it is always in time.*

*

Jim: "I don't mind looking after your horses, but I don't want to be called the hostler."

Tom: "Oh, that's all right, I'll call you our stabilizer."