

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

Lepak

VELIKANSKE črne črke
na lepaku govore:
Nimaš novcev — nič ne de!
Ti le vstopi!
Nismo skopi.
Vsega se pri nas dobi—
vseh brez novcev se ne znebiš skrbi!!!

A kdor bliže je pogledal —
mu je svinčnik več povedal:
— Laže, laže ta lepak.
Kdor verjame, je bedak!
Do kosti bi te obrali,
ne pa kaj zastonj ti dali . . .

* *

Drevo jeseni

SEM polno cekinov,
a vendar ubogo,
ker sape cekine
pobrале mi bodo.

OBLAKI nad mano
imajo zalogo —
pa včasih pozimi
oblekli me bodo . . .

* *

Hiše

OB CESTI ko kokljice hiše čepe
in čujejo, čakajo, prej ne zaspe,
da dece s ceste podse ne dobe.

Potem zadovoljno zaprejo oči
in čakajo mirno, da spet se zdani,
in jutranje solnce jih zlatit hiti.

MANICA:

Kuhana in pečena

KO SE je ribniški Jurek nekoč mudil na potovanju, je naletel nekje na moža, ki je prodajal ribe. To je bilo za Jureka nekaj čisto novega, kajti rib ni videl še nikoli. Cvenka mu ni ravno manjkalo in ker so mu bile ribice všeč, je eno kupil in vprašal, če so te živalce užitne.

"Pa še kako so okusne," je hvalil prodajalec. "Lahko jih ocvreš, skuhaš, spečeš, kakor želiš!"

"Hm, hm," zacmoka poželjivo Jurek. "Ali so kmalu gotove za želodček?"

"Zelo hitro. Skoro bi rekel, komaj da dobro vidiš ogenj, pa jih že lahko pohrustaš."

S tem je možak seveda hotel povdariti, da je riba, pa naj si jo pripravimo na katerikoli kuharski način, kaj hitro gotova za na krožnik. Jurek ga je pa, kajpak, razumel čisto po svoje.

Ves vesel in dobre volje gre z ribico dalje. V tem se zmračí. Jurek pri-

koraka mimo nekega tolmana prav tedaj, ko vzide izza hriba polna luna.

Brž potegne ribico iz torbe in kazaje na luno, ji prijazno govori:

"Živalica, ali vidiš ogenj? Le poglej ogenj, le! — Nu, zdaj upam, da si že pečena!"

Pri tem mu prsti nekoliko popustijo, spolzka ribica porabi ugodni trenutek in — čof v tolmun.

"Grda spaka," zakriči v sveti jezi Jurek, "saj sem te vendar spekel, ti se pa menda hočeš še skuhati — naka! Tako se pa ne gremo!"

Urno skoči v tolmun in hlasta z rokami po blatni vodi. Po naključju zgrabi neko žabo in jo tako stisne, da reva okupno zakvaka.

Jurek pa misleč, da ima ribo v roki, se glasno začudi:

"Prešmentana žival! Saj si vendar kuhana in pečena in še te ni konec!"

To reki, pomaši žabo v usta in pohrusta.

Deveta dežela

ČE BI ljudje izvedeli, kje je mojega kralja palača, bi se razblinila v nič.

Zidovi so iz belega srebra in streha je iz bleščečega zlata.

Kraljica biva v palači s sedmimi dvori in nosi biser, vreden sedem kraljestev.

Ali daj mamica, da ti povem na uho, kje je mojega kralja palača.

Tam v kotu naše terase je, kjer stoji lonec s cvetlico tulsi.

Kraljična leži v snu na daljnem, daljnem bregu sedmero neprehodnih morij.

Ni ga človeka na svetu, ki bi jo mogel najti, razen mene.

Zapestnice ima na rokah in biserne jagode v ušesih; lasje ji valujejo do tal.

Prebudila se bo, ko se je dotaknem s svojo čarobno paličico, in biseri bodo padali z njenih ustnic, ko se bo smejala.

Ali daj, da ti povem na uho, mamica: ona je tu v kotu naše terase, kjer stoji lonec s cvetlico tulsi.

Kedar bo čas, da se pojdeš kopat v reko, stopi na teraso na strehi.

Jaz sedim v kotu, kjer se križajo sence židov.

Samo mucika sme priti z menoj, zakaj ona ve, kje biva brivec iz oravljice.

Tagore

Jame drugemu ne koplji

(Indijska pripovedka. Pripoveduje
Ivan Vuk).

MAHARADŽI Ceofu se je zameril njegov točaj. Pregrešil se je, ker mu ni natočil sveže pijače, ampak od tiste, ki je ostala od včeraj. Bil je namreč štedljiv točaj in je smatral, da je pijača od včeraj tudi še dobra. Maharadža ga je za tako samovoljo in svojo misel zaprl, da premišljuje o svojem grehu in o svoji misli. Točaj pa je bil človek, ki se kljub temu ni počutil krivega nikakega prestopka in je, v ječo stopajoč, nejevoljen mrmral, da se pač lahko vsak človek pregreši, oziroma naredi nekaj, kar drugemu ni po godu in da tudi maharadža ni izvzet, čeprav je maharadža.

Strežaj je pa slišal to mrmranje točajevo in ker je bil zvest hlapec maharadžin in ker je vedel, da bo nagrajen, če to, kar mrmra točaj, sporoči maharadži, je šel in mu sporočil. Govoril mu je:

“Presvitli in božanstveni maharadža. Tvoj točaj je o tebi govoril reči, ki se ne spodobijo, da bi jih ponavljal.”

Maharadža je prisluhnil in rekel:

“Ukazujem ti, da govoriš!”

In strežaj je rekel:

“Ti sam, o maharadža, si grešnik in ne jaz, točaj!” je govoril točaj.

Maharadža je namršil obrvi:

“Tako je rekel?”

“Da, tako je rekel,” je potrdil strežaj.

“Idi in pripelji ga nazaj,” je ukazal maharadža.

Strežaj je šel in ker ni vedel, zakaj hoče maharadža, da mu pripelje točaja nazaj iz ječe, se je bal. In govoreč točaju, je rekel:

“Prosi maharadžo, da ti odpusti in prost boš!”

Točaj pa je rekel:

“Nič nisem pregrešil in nič ne bom prosil.”

In sta šla in strežaj je privedel točaja zopet pred maharadžo.

Maharadža je gledal točaja in srd je bil v njegovih očeh.

“Ker si se drznil obrekljivo govoriti o meni, svojemu gospodu, te zaprem v visoki stolp, kjer boš ob gladu umrl in tako spoznal, da sem tvoj gospod.”

Točaj je hotel oporekati, da ni obrekljivo govoril, ali maharadža je mahnil z roko in strežaj ga je odvedel v visoki stolp, kjer bo spoznal kdo je njegov gospod.

Zaman se je trudil točaj, da bi pobegnil s stolpa. Stolp je bil trden. Zidovi so bili predebeli, železna vrata dobro zaprta. Skozi okno bi se lahko splazil, ali kaj, stena zunaj je bila gladka in okno zelo visoko od tal. Če bi skočil, bi se sicer osvobodil, ali tudi ubil bi se.

Tako je točaj ves dan in še pozno v noč tuhtal, kako bi pobegnil. Spomnil se je svoje žene, ki jo je ljubil in še bolj težko mu je postalo.

“Kaj bo sirota brez mene počela,” je mislil.

Naenkrat, ko je tako gledal skozi okno, je slišal, da ga nek glas tiho kliče.

“Moje žene glas,” je rekel tiho in vprašal: “Ti si, Lotos, žena moja?”

“Jaz,” je odgovoril glas. “Prikradla sem se, da čujem, če te morem na kak način rešiti.”

Božale so točajevo srce ženine besede.

“Jutri,” je rekel, “pridi opolnoči. Prinesi mi pleteno lestvo, močno vrv, klopko sukanca in dolgo židano nitko ter hrošča in kapljo medu.”

Žena se je začudila, ali ker je poznala moža, da vedno dobro svetuje, je šla, da prinese, kar je naročil.

Ko je naslednjo noč opolnoči prišla žena pod stolp, je vprašal:

“Si prinesla?”

"Sem," je odgovorila.

"Priveži," je rekel mož, "židano nitko hrošču na zadnjo nogo!"

Žena je privezala.

Mož pa je naročal:

"Položi zdaj hrošča na zid. Položi ga tako, da bo gledal z glavo sem k meni na vrh stolpa."

Žena je naredila kakor je mož rekel.

"Si naredila," je vprašal.

"Sem," je odgovorila.

"Zdaj pa deni na tipalke hroščeve kapljico medu," je naročal mož.

"Tako," je rekla žena. "Dala sem med tipalke hroščeve."

In glej, hrošč, začutivši vonj medu pred seboj, je jel počasi plezati kvišku po zidu, sledeč vonju medu. Za seboj pa je vlekel židano nitko. In ko je tako priplezal do točaja, mu je točaj snel z noge nitko in rekel ženi:

"Priveži zdaj sukanec na spodnji konec židane nitke. Ali tako, da se bo lahko s klopke odvijal!"

Žena je privezala na židano nitko sukanec.

Točaj je vlekel. Vlekel je počasi in oprezno, da se ne bi utrgala židana nitka. Tako je privlekel sukanec k sebi. Ko je imel sukanec, je rekel:

"Zdaj mi pa priveži vrv!"

Glas že ni bil več tih in bojazljiv, ampak nekako samozavesten.

Žena je privezala na sukanec vrv in točaj jo je potegnil k sebi. In zdaj, ko je imel v rokah vrv, so se mu oči svetile od zadovoljstva. Pa tudi ženi ni bilo treba več nič govoriti, kaj naj naredi. Razumela je zvijačo moža in takoj privezala na vrv pleteno lestvico. Točaj je potegnil lestvico k sebi, jo pritrdil na oknu in po nji splezal na tla.

Bil je svoboden.

Objel je svojo ženo in oba sta odpotovala v drugo deželo ter začela novo življenje.

Ko je maharadža za to zvedel, mu je postalo žal dobrega točaja, kajti jeza se mu je že skadila. In spomnil se je, da ga je prav za prav pripravil strežaj do tega, da ga je obsodil v visoki stolp. In jezen je zakričal nad njim:

"Ti si mojemu točaju jamo kopal? Sam boš zdaj v njo zletel."

Obrnil se je k svojim vojščakom in rekel:

"Vrzite ga v črno klet, kjer je škripanje z zobmi, da bo vedel kako se drugemu jama koplje."



JELKA VUK:

Kaj je lepše

K AJ je lepše kakor sončni žarek
 zlati,
 topel,
 božajoči,
 a sna budeči,
 Kaj je lepše od Triglava,
 od planin mogočnih naših,
 silnih, veličastnih
 domih Kralj Matjaža . . .
 od gozdov šumečih, lepih?

Lepše kaj od polj pšeničnih,
 kadar klasje kakor morje
 valovi
 in se pesem žanjic brhkkih
 z njih glasi?

Lepše kaj od smehljajočih
 se goric
 kjer klopotci se glasijo
 vrane, vrabce, srake, škorce
 proč podijo,
 nas h trgatvi, hej, vabeč?

Kaj je lepše kakor pesem
 mojega jezika,
 te slovenske govornice,
 ki po vasi, polju,
 po gorah, dolinah,
 v gozdovih,
 po goricah
 v dneh veselih in turobnih,
 v jasnih in oblačnih . . .
 — kakor muzika doni?
 dobro jutro mi želeči . . .

Kaj je lepše od danice,
 ko ob zori rujni sveti,
 kaj je lepše od večerne
 lepote,
 ko z obzorja
 svetla kot kresnica
 lahko noč mi vošči . . .

Lepše kaj od lune polnojasne,
 ko zemljo v tihí noči
 v čare pravljíčne zaziblje
 in tam slavček gostoleči
 s pesmi sladkimi vasuje?



A. Kuprin:

Živalski nauk

Basen

PO DOLGIH dnevih strašne suše je končno spet padel blagodejen dež. Rečice in potoki, ki so jeli že presihati, so se napolnili z živo, bistro, sladko vlago. Od žeje onemogle gozdne živali so se spet po mili volji napile in tiste, ki so znale in mogle, so se tudi z naslado okopale v hladni vodi.

Čreda divjih slonov se je vračala nekega večera z napajališča po Veliki živalski stezi, ki so jo napravile stotine živalskih pokolenj. Spredej je veselo tekel mlad slonček; bilo mu je kakih petnajst let in težak je bil do sto pudov.

Mahoma pa je obstal, ker je začul prav izpod nog nekakšno godrnjanje. Govoril je mravljinca, obtovorjen z odlonkom lanske vejice.

“Ali si slep, ka-li ti ogromni kos mesa? Saj pravim, ti mladi sloni se vedno rinejo pod noge!”

Slonček je od začudenja izbuljil svoje male rdeče oči in napel ušesa, ne da bi se premaknil z mesta. Toda mati slonica, ki je šla zadaj, je zakričala nanj:

“Ali si oglušil? Brzo se oprostí in pojdi s pota!”

“Oprostí mi, starejši brat,” je zamomljal presenečen slonček in se previdno umaknil s pota.

Mravljinca ni odgovoril. Mladi slon je počakal, da je bila mati slonica spet dobre volje, in je nato vljudno vprašal:

“Povej mi, o mati, zakaj je tako hud?”

In mati mu je pojasnila:

“Ako povečaš težo, s katero je obložen, tolikokrat, kolikokrat si ti večji, težji in bolj neumen od mravljinca, ter si jo naložiš, bi te teža strla tako izlaha, kakor starem jaz — le poglej! — z nogo tegale škorpionja.”

Cvetlice v šoli

KADAR grme viharni oblaki po nebu in lijo junijske plohe na zemljo, prihaja vlažni vzhodni večer čez pustinje in igra na dude med bambusom.

Tedaj priklizejo nenadoma čete cvetic, nihče ne ve odkod, in plešejo po travi v divji radosti.

Mamica, zares, jaz mislim, da hodijo cvetlice pod zemljo v šolo.

Svoje naloge pišejo pri zaprtih dverih, in če se hočejo iti ven igrat, predno je čas, jih učitelj postavi v kot.

Ko pride deževje, imajo počitnice.

Veje se klestijo v gozdu, listje šumi v divjem vetru, grmeči oblaki tleskajo s svojimi orjaškimi dlanmi in cvetlična deca plane na dan. V rdečih, rumenih in belih oblekah.

Veš mamica, njih dom je na nebu, kjer so zvezdice.

Ali nisi opazila, kako koprnijo, da bi prišle tja? Ne veš, zakaj se jim tako mudi?

Seveda, uganil sem, h koncu dvigajo svoje roke: mamico imajo, kakor imam jaz svojo.

Tagore.

ANNA P. KRASNA:

Razstava

GLEJTE, pri nas nismo nikoli
nobene igračke docela razbili;
vsako smo k starim, zaprašenim
spominom pristonili.

*Jih vidite, soldate! Ti so spomin
na prvega Miklavža —
takrat je delal oče v jeklarni,
in smo živeli blizu plavža.*

*— Še sedaj se smejimo, ko se spomnimo,
kako se je mati potihoma okrog
naših postelje motala —
oče pa na glas zabavljaj:
Tisto neumnost bi jim lahko tudi
pri belem dnevu oddala! —*

*Tu je punčka — sosedja jo je dala,
da smo se z njo motili medtem,
ko se je štorcklja z mlajšim bratcem
pri mami mudila.*

*— Še zdaj vemo, kako se je sosedja smejala,
ko je Milček vprašal, zakaj se je
štorcklja v avtomobilu pripeljala! —*

*In vsi ti stroji, traktorji, parne lopate?
Ne uganete — zato pojasnim,
da so to spomini na daljnje ruske brate —.*

*— Vsakokrat, ko so v Rusiji kaj velikega gradili,
je prišel stric Dreja z novo mašino,
da nam pokaže, s kakšno silo so
ruski bratje-delavci kapitaliste napodili! —*

*Domačega izdelka sanke tam v kotu
so spomin na veliko krizo,
ko je bil oče dolgo brez dela,
in ni mati nikoli vedela,
kaj drugi dan postavi pred nas na mizo . . .*

*Mnogotere igračke so pa solnčen spomin
na mnogo rojstnih dni —
na zabave, Halloweene, Valentine,
na uspehe prvih šolskih dni,*

*ko se je atek z nami učil abecede
tujega jezika —
ko je bila mamica mlada, lepa vesela,
ko je bila naša otroška sreča velika!*

Leteči zmaj

(Po starih spisih pripoveduje IVAN VUK.)

BILO je nekoč, nekako pred sedemdesetimi leti. Slapi reke Niagare so privabljali popotnike, da so ogledovali krasoto in veličino mogočnih valov, ki so padali bobneče, peneče, ustvarjali v soncu krasen pajčolan mavric. Ali vso lepoto teh slapov ni bilo mogoče videti, ker ni bilo preko Niagare nobenega mostu. Če bi bil pa narejen most preko slapov, bi se lahko videla vsa krasota umetnice narave. Tuhtali so inženirji, kako bi se dal narediti viseči most preko niagarskih slapov, da bi lahko ljudje, avtomobili, železnica prihajali z ene obale na drugo in kako bi tako s samega mostu lahko opazovali in gledali veličino slapov in njih mogočnost.

Nekemu ameriškemu inženirju je bilo posebno pri srcu, da bi postavil tak most. Tuhtal je, hodil po obali, študiral, kako bi se to izvršilo. Tak most bi moral takorekoč viseti v zraku. Ob sami reki Niagari se ga namreč ne bi moglo postaviti, kajti silni udarci vode v padajočih slapih bi ga kaj hitro porušili.

Inženir je mislil in mislil. Opazoval je reko in slapove. Vedel je, da bi bilo treba najprej napeti žico—vrv z ene obale na drugo. Skušal je to s čolnom. Privezal je na čoln vrv, da bi tako čoln s privezani vrvjo priplul na drugi breg in tako potegnil vrv z ene obale na drugo. Ali slehern tak poskus se je ponesrečil. Vsak čoln so valovi razbili in ljudje so se potopili. Bilo je, kakor da se Niagara trdovratno brani, da bi njeni obali okovali.

Dneve in dneve je opazoval inženir silno reko in veličastne slapove. A kako priti v okom tej sili, ni vedel, ni mogel iztuhtati.

Ali vedno se zgodi, ko se zazdi, da ni najti nobenega izhoda, da bi se uresničil tak ali drugačen načrt, da se po-

javi nekaj čisto priprostega, enostavnega, ki reši zagonetni problem.

Lepa je igra s papirnatim zmajem. Kdo zna papirnati zmaj dobro narediti, se dvigne v ugodnem vetru v daljne višine in dolgo plava v zraku. Zdaj mirno visi, zdaj zopet se trga in hoče nekam odleteti, skače kakor razigrano žrebe. S tem se tudi tako lahko opazuje strujanje zraka, ki je kakor potoki in reke na zemlji. In ti zračni potoki zraka povzročajo, da ali visi zmaj mirno v zraku ali se trga in hoče nekam odbrzeti. Ure in ure lahko traja taka otroška igra.

In ta igra z zmajem je bila tista misel, ki je ustvarila preko mogočnih slapov Niagare viseči most.

Inženir je namreč nekega dne zapazil papirnatega zmaja, ki ga izpuščajo otroci kot igračo, kako je obtičal na nekem grmu. Zmaj je bil še vedno privezan na tanko vrvico, katere konec je bil še v otroški roki. Bilo je jasno, da je zmaj preletel reko.

Zdajci je šinila inženirju rešilna misel v glavo. Poiskal je otroka, ki je spuščal te papirnat zmaje. Mali deček mu je vesel pripovedoval, kako to dela in kako pozna zračni tok nad reko in kako njegovi zmaji z gotovostjo prilete na drugi breg reke.

“Ali bi ne hotel narediti velikega zmaja,” je rekel inženir,“ tako velikega, da bi odnesel preko reke na drugi breg tudi debelejšo vrv?”

“Bi,” je rekel deček in z veseljem in nekakim ponosom začel delati. Naredil je velikega zmaja iz papirja.

Začeli so se poizkusiti.

Kmalu se je posrečilo z zmajem vreči preko ogromne reke na drugi breg vrv. Na to, še dokaj tanko vrv, so nato privezali debelejšo in tako je bila ovira

premagana. Zveza z enega brega Niagare na drugi breg je bila ustvarjena. S pomočjo debele vrvi so potegnili čez železne žice-vrvi in delo, zidanje visečega mostu, se je pričelo.

Danes visi ta most preko reke, preko silnih slapov, ki grme tako močno, da se jih sliši daleč naokrog. Stotine in tisoče ljudi prihaja vsako leto gledat in opazovat ta veličastni prizor niagarskih sla-

pov. Na visečem mostu stoje in kapljice odbijajoče se od silnega padca vode jih škropijo. V sončnih žarkih se spreminjajo kapljice v krasne mavrične pajčolane in gledalci so oviti v nje, kakor v pravljici. In ko tako občudujejo to lepoto, gotovo niti ne vedo, kdo je bil, ki je dal misel, kako postaviti viseči most, ne vedo, da je to naredil deček, igrajoči se s papirnatim zmajem.



GOSLAR

Courtesy of Proletarec

Pogumna dekla

IMELI so sosedovi deklo Katro. Bila je za pol komolca večja od drugih žensk, pa močna in pogumna je bila kot malokateri moški.

Ko so se nekoč menile deklice na preji, da jih je tako strah, da ne bi šle za noben denar zdajle na pokopališče v Rupe, ustavi Katra vreteno in pravi: "Mene pa ni nič strah, deklice! Ako bi mi kdo dal šmarni tolar, bi šla precej."

To zaslišijo fantje za vrati. "To je pa težko, da bi bilo res, ženska je ženska; marsikoga, ki nosi hlače, bi bilo zdajle strah iti do Rup," menijo mladeniči in naglo zložo za šmarni tolar. Eden ga dene na mizo, rekoč: "Katra, tukajle pred može sem položil denar. Ti pojdi do Rup in tvoj bo. Mi pa ne bomo drugače verjeli, da si bila tamkaj, kakor da boš v sneg zasadila kolček, ki ti ga bomo dali." Pastir prinese kol s tnala in ga poreže v hiši, da bi se rajši zasadil v zmrzli sneg."

Katra vzame kolček ter odide. Vsi strahoma pričakujejo njenega povratka.

"Tone," pravi naposled ded gospodarju, ko je minulo že poldrugo uro, "Tone, ako imaš katero brezovo baklo suho na izbi, le naj gre eden ponjo, prižgite jo in pojdite gledat, kaj da dekliča ni. Bojim se—ako pa nimaš bakle, vzemi butarico trsak ali pol škopnika. Sam bi šel rad z vami, ali moje noge so preslabe, težko bi vas dohajal.

Ker je bil sneg zmrzel, da je držal vsakega človeka, so sledili sosedje, iščoč Katre, njene stopinje le tako dolgo, do-

kler so se zamazani črevlji poznali po snegu. Ko so se bili črevlji odgrnili, tudi sledu niso več puščali, snežena skorja pa se ni vdiralala. Ko pridejo do Rup, ne najdejo Katre nikjer. Iščejo dve uri, pri Rupah, po poti sem in tja, ali nikjer je ne najdejo. Šli so domov, mraz jih je moril in so menili, da se jim je skrila doma.

Šele drugo jutro jo najdejo dober streljaj daleč od Rup. Čepela je na tleh napol, pred njo je bil kolček zasajen skozi močni njen predpasnik globoko v trdi sneg. Oči so ji bile izbuhle, lice blede kakor sneg pred njo in bila je mrtva.

Praznovorni kmetiški ljudje so dejali: "Strahovi so jo umorili. To je res, za denar, Bog obvaruj, ponoči kam hoditi!" Umnejši možje pa, zdravnik in drugi, o katerih pravijo, da znajo več kot hruške peči, so razkladali to reč takole: Hotela se je izkazati in je šla mimo Rup še malo dalje. Zasajala je kolček in ga po nerodnosti zasadila skozi svoj predpasnik. Ko potem pripeta ni mogla vstati, je mislila, da jo vrag drži nazaj. Ker se je prav dobro sledila lisica iz Rup in zopet na Rupe, morda je baš v tem strahu videla še lisjaka, lezočega iz jame proti njej, je to prazne vere polno dušo toliko prestrašilo, da je omedlela. Potem je zmrznila. Tako je potrdil zdravnik, ki jo je preiskal. Zdravnik je tudi trdil, da bi jo bili morda še oteli smrti, ako bi jo bili našli ponoči.

Josip Jurčič.



Jelka Vuk:

Materin pozdrav

GLOB beli priletel
tam iz širne je daljine,
v kljunčku cvet mu lep visel,
španski bezeg, poln miline,
sladko, sveže ves duhtel.

Odkod golobček beli
si mi priletel?
Kdo ti cvet je ta duhteči
ter lepo cveteči
v kljunček bil je del?

Punčka mala, draga,
mama mi je dala,
dala, mi dejala:
"Cvetko nežno to, duhtečo,
tak sladko, lepo cvetečo
Jelki moji ga izroči,
lep pozdrav ji moj sporoči:
Da bi pridna bila,
dobro se učila
bila
kakor bezeg španski, lep, duhteči!"

Solnce in veter

SVOJE dni sta se izkušala solnce in veter, kateri bi bil močnejši. Dogovorila sta se, da zmaga tisti, ki prisili popotnika, da sleče plašč. Veter začne hudo pihati, zdolec (vzhodnik) in krivec (zahodnik) se tepeta, ter napravita dež in točo, da bi primorala popotnika sleči plašč. Ali popotnik, ves moker, trepeče od mraza, trdno drži za plašč in se zavija vanj.

Veter potihne, vreme se zvedri in solnce se prikaže. Prav prijazno upira žarke popotniku v hrbet. Toplota raste, sapa se greje bolj in bolj. Kmalu je popotniku plašč pretopel. Vrže ga z ramen, pogrne na tla in leže v senco počivat.

Solnce se nasmeje vetru, ker ga je tako lahko premoglo. —Po Ezopu.

Jelka Vuk:

Mrak

SRCEM veselim in zadovoljnim kmetič zakličē:
Odprežite voliče domov naj gredo!
Sonce zahaja,
zarja večerna že tamkaj rudi! . . .
Kosci, žanjice,
kopači, orači,
k mizi zdaj vsi,
da delo veselo bomo zalili,
okrepili moči . . .

Z bičem, čuj, poka pastir . . .
Črede in ovce napasle že se do sitega so,
domov zdaj tudi gredo.
V piščalko pa pesem pastir čuj, piska svojo:
Zopet dan je odletel,
večer prijeten se pričel,
bo s srca skrbi odvzel!
Zavriskal bom, zapel na glas
in s fanti šel k dekletom v vas!

Vlk:

Odkod kratke hlače?

DOBRO vem,—saj sem to reč sam skusil—da vsi kratkohlačniki, ki ste že zamenjali mlečne zobe za trpežnejšo robo, kratke hlače na moč sovražite in kar lepo priznajte, da je vaša najgorečnejša želja zamenjati jih čimprej za hlače dopetače.

Jaz v vaših letih nisem bil nič manj navdušen za gola kolena in sem bleknil marsikatero krivično in nečastno na račun osovražanih dokolenk, dokler me ni ob neki taki priliki vklenil očka med kolena in mi povedal tole zgodnico:

Živel je krojač, ki je neusmiljeno preklinjal. Kar iskre so se kresale, in kakor je že v navadi, je tudi ponj prišel nekoč sam pravcati vrag. Lepo ga je pozdravil: "Dragi prijatelj! Dovolj si sešil suknjičev in hlač, zdaj pa le končaj in z menoj pojdi. Pa lepo se opravi, da nam ne boš v sramoto doli!"

Krojač pa se vruga ni prav nič prestrašil a tudi z njim ga ni kaj veselilo. Zato je zaklel, da je samega hudobca streslo po životu, potem pa mu je dejal:

"Seveda pojdem s teboj in še prav rad! Le kar precej ne utegnem. Malo posedi, da mi spanja ne preženeš. Še tole suknjo za gospoda Ponirka bi rad sešil, saj vidiš, da bo vsak čas zima in bi revež utegnil še zmrzniti brez nje."

Vrag ni vedel kaj na to, pa vseč mu je bil zgovorni krojač, pa je prišel. Beseda je dala besedo in tako je kosmatinec povedal, da se je v mladih letih tudi on učil krojaštva, pa se je zraven še pobahal, da je prav gotovo še danes večji mojster v škarjah in šivankah, kot pa krojač, po katerega je bil prišel.

Zviti krojač pa se neumnemu vrugu ni dal voditi za nos in vnel se jima je prepir za mojstrstvo. Razgrajala sta in preklinjala, da se je zemlja majala, slednjič pa sta sklenila tekmo: kdor prej sešije hlače, ta je večji mojster! In sta še pristavila, da lahko vrag—če

zmaga—tako j vzame krojača, če pa zmaga krojač, pa nima vrag tudi po njegovi smrti nobene pravice do njega, pa če še sto let preklinja po zemlji.

Dal je krojač vrugu škarje, iglo, sukanec, platno in kar je še potrebno za stvarjanje hlač, pa sta pričela z delom.

Poprej je vrag ogledoval krojača pri poslu, pa se mu je napak videlo, da mora vsakih pet minut iglo na novo vdeti, ker mu je kratka nit vselej hitro pošla! Pa se je posvetilo prebrisanemu peklenščku: "Zakaj pa ne bi le enkrat vdel, pa tokrat nit, ki bo zalegla vsaj za pol hlač?! S tem si vendar mnogo prihranim na trudu in času!"

Rečeno—storjeno! Še malo, pa bo premaganemu krojaču prešal živce iz grešnega telesa . . . Ko pa je pričel vleči neskončno nit skozi prve šive, se mu je zamedla na tleh v neštete vozle in je bil ob pol ure, preden jo je spet razvozljal.

Zelencu je postajalo vroče. Videč, da tako ne pojde, je pritrdil hlače na mizo in tekkel za vsak šiv z nitjo na kraj delavnice. Toda nit je bila še daljša, pa je odprl okno in skozenj skakal za vsak vbod . . .

Krojač se je na ves glas režal, vrag pa je skakal in se potil. Tedaj pa je z grozo zapazil, da je krojač s hlačami skoro pri kraju in debele solze so ga oblile. V skrajni sili je pograbil škarje in odstrigel hlačnice pri kolenih, do koder jih je pravkar sešil.

Krojač pa takih hlač ni hotel priznati za prave, ker takih odrezanih dotlej še nikjer po svetu niso nosili. Hočeš—nočeš, je vrag z dolgim repom in še daljšim nosom klaverno odkrevljal proti peklu, kratke hlače pa popustil pri krojaču. Ta pa jih je iz same hvalčnosti, da so ga rešile, oblekel in se napotil z njimi v svet, zakaj, kar

je bil vrag pri njem, je tako zavdarjalo po žveplu, da ni bilo več moči prebivati v delavnici.

Povsod so se krojaču hratkohlačniku smejali, a počasi so se privadili, kratke hlače pa so jim celo pričele ugajati. In potem je krojač vse do smrti šival same kratke hlače za male in velike. Kmalu so jih poznali in nosili po vsem svetu. Lepo je služil krojač in še grše preklinjal, saj je vedel, da mu vrag ne more več do živega.

Toda, ko je umiral, se mu je zarezal

ob postelji prav tisti vrag, ki je sešil prve kratke hlače:

“Hvala lepa, prijatelj, da si tako lepo razširil moj krojaški izum po svetu! Saj sedaj menda ne boš več trdil, da kratke hlače niso prave hlače, ko jih vendar nosijo vsepovsod? Spominjaš se pa gotovo, da sem pri tisti tekmi hlače jaz prvi sešil, čeprav samo kratke?”

Nič ni pomagalo, krojač je moral z grdobo v pekel, kjer še danes šiva mladim peklenščkom kratke hlače — — —



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute.



Važno navodilo dopisnikom Mladinskega Lista

Dopisniki, ki nam pošiljajo pesmi ali odlomke pesmi za objavo v svojih dopisih, morajo odslej na posebnem listku napisati, če je pesem njihova, če pa je pesem odkod prepisana, morajo povedati vir, kje so jo dobili. Na tem listku se mora poleg pošiljatelja pesmi podpisati tudi oče ali mati dopisnika, kar ima jamčiti za resničnost podatkov. Listek s takimi podatki ne bo objavljen, je pa važen za uredništvo, katero ne bo v bodoče objavilo nobene pesmi v dopisih brez navedenih podatkov.

UREDNIŠTVO MLAD. LISTA.

* * *

Tudi za to številko Mladinskega lista ste poslali malo dopiskov. Saj vemo—

šola se je pričela in ta da mnogo dela. Predno ste se spet privadili dnevnemu šolskemu delu, je vzelo več tednov. Toda sedaj ste se že dobro privadili. Zato pa veselo—na noge! Pišite mnogo!

Zima je tu in največ časa bomo porabili v hiši. To nam da priliko za čitanje in pisanje. Dolgi večeri, ko smo v topli sobi, nam dajo lepo priložnost, da se malo razpišemo. Samo čitanje in učenje ne zadostuje. Treba se je učiti tudi izražanja v pisanju. To je važno! Zato pa še enkrat: Veselo na noge in pero v roke! Črkice in besedice bodo kar same plavale po papirju!

Mladinski koncert in SNPJ

Dragi urednik!—Zunaj brije mrzel, jesenski veter, ki postaja že skoro zimski. V stanovanju pa je prijetno, kajti v naši sobi smo v peči zakurili. Pa sem se namenila, da spet napišem par vrstic za naš Mladinski List.

Že zadnjič sem omenila, da so tukajšnji mladinski pevski zbori priredili velik skupni pevski koncert. Res, ta kon-

cert je bil velik. Vršil se je dne 19. septembra v SND. Udeležba je bila velika. Dobili smo obilo pohvale. Hvale se ne branimo prav nič; nasprotno, celo ugaja nam. In še kako! Pohvala nas vselej navduši in vzpodbudi. Ne veste kako smo veseli, kadar nam občinstvo ploska in aplavdira. In kadar nas kliče, da ponovimo odpeto pesem, takrat, ob takih prilikah, bi pa najrajše kar v zrak zleteli, če bi imeli peruti.

In kdo ne bi? Kljub temu pa smo ostali na odru in peli naprej kakor slavčki.

Našega koncerta se je udeležilo tudi mnogo zunanjih gostov. Navzoč je bil tudi Vincent Cainkar, predsednik SNPJ, ki je v imenu jednote rekel, da nam bo ona stala vedno ob strani. Seveda nas je to še bolj navdušilo, dalo nam je še več poguma, tako da bomo še z večjim veseljem gojili slovensko pesem.

Mi nočemo, da naš narod izmrje—mi hočemo živeti!

Končno se moram lepo zahvaliti imenu vseh zborov našemu občinstvu za obilen poset, vsem staršem in vsem so-trudnikom, ki so nam pomagali do tako lepega uspeha. Hvala Louisu Šemetu, našemu pevovodji, za njegov trud in plodonosno delo, ki ga med nami uspešno vrši!

Pozdrav vsem! (Prihodnjič bom spet kaj napisala.)

VIOLET VOGRIN,
19515 Kildeer ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

Cvetice so umrle in ribice spe

Dragi urednik!—Cvetice so že večinoma povesele svoje glavice in so že umrle. Prišla je hladna jesen, ki jih je trdo prijela za lase in jih stresla, da so se revice kar stisnile. Tako so ostale par tednov kakor oskubena kokoš. Vztrajale so vse do konca. Naposled, ko je pritisnil mraz in je padla slana, pa je bilo kmalu po njih. Tega niso mogle več prenesti. Vzele so slovo in se skrile. Počivale bodo do spomladi, vse do tople pomladi, ko jih bo sonce izvabilo iz zemlje.

No, pa tudi jaz sem jemat slovo. Poslovl sem se od jezera. Lovil sem ribe, a so mi vedno ušle. Dosti veselja je pri ribolovu. Posebno če se kaj ujame. Pa tista presneta ribica, ki je bila tako zvita, da mi je še celo trnek odnesla! To vam je bila ribica, kaj ne!? Skrbi me le to, kako neki se reva počuti s tistim trnkom v ustih. Gotovo ne prav dobro. Če pa ji je trnek zašel v želodček, o joj, to rogovili po trebuščku!

Good-by, ribice! Do prihodnjega leta boste lahko mirno spale in kraljevale v jezeru. Meni je to čisto prav. Saj pravijo stari ljudje, da je boljše v nedeljo zjutraj počivati, kakor pa zgodaj vstajati in iti na ribolov. Stari ljudje tudi pravijo, da je boljši zaspanec ko žganec. Jaz ne vem, če je to res ali ni. Morda je, morda ni. Kakor se vzame. Jaz ne bom vzel, ampak spal, ker je premraz, da bi šel ribe loviti.

Tudi sedaj se Vam moram zahvaliti za tako lepo urejen dopis. Prihodnjič bom spet kaj napisal.

Pozdrav uredniku in čitateljčkom!

JOSEPH ROTT,
18815 Chickasaw ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

Lodge 288

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 9 years old and am in the 4th grade. My teacher is Miss Crockett. I think she is a good teacher. My sister is in the 2nd grade. And I have two brothers; they are in 6th grade. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 288. My sister's name is Louise, and my brothers' names are Max and Edward. Our Lodge had a dance at the hall. We all had a swell time. I will write more next time.

IRENE MAGAYNA,
Box 37, Vestaburg, Pa.



Smrtonosni komarji

ALI VESTE, kako se Senegalci varujejo komarjev, nevarnih moskitov? Kokosovo lubje razvesijo naokrog in ga zažgejo. Lubje ne gori s plamenom, marveč le tli in povzroča toliko strašnega dima, da se roji komarjev hitro odstranijo. Da pa Senegalci zdrže v takem dimu, je kar čudno.

Moskiti so strašna nadloga tropskih krajev. V južni Ameriki so bogata najdišča zlata, ki jih pa zgolj zaradi strašnih rojev komarjev ni mogoče izkoriščati. Človeku tam ni obstanka. Pik povzroča bolečine, toda to še ni najhujše.

Največja nevarnost je v tem, ker moskiti prenašajo in povzročajo hudo mrzlico. Ljudje se jih zatorej bojijo bolj kakor razbojnikov. Pri gradbi Panamskega prekopa so komarji ugonobili nešteto delavcev. Življenje je postalo znosno šele, ko so bili najeti posebni ljudje, ki so daleč naokrog poiskali sleherno mlakužo in jo polili s petrolejem. Saj veste, da komarji najrajši ležejo jajčeca v mlakužah, kjer se nato razvijajo lučinke. Če vodo polijemo s petrolejem, obleži olje v tanki plasti na gladini; tako potem ličinke ne dobijo več zraka in so uničene.

Suhih nog čez močvaro

Z jesenjo in zimo pride neizbežna vlaga. So dežele, kjer postanejo pota pozimi kakor močvirje. Ljudje v tistih krajih pa še ne poznajo gumijaste obutve, ali si je ne morejo kupiti. Pa si znajo na drugačen način pomagati. Na noge si privežejo leseni deščici, kakor kaže si privežejo leseni deščici, kakor kake drsalke. Toda deščici sta prirejeni tako, vadnimi deskami na nogah ni mogoče hoditi.

Pri nas takšna preprosta obutev ni potrebna, pač pa ponekod v pokrajinah,

kjer so tla mehka, da se spremenijo v blato ob vsakem večjem nalivu. Pri nas je samo treba dobro paziti na obutev. Mokrih čevljev nikdar ne smeš sušiti na peči ali blizu ognja, prehitro posušeno usnje se rado lomi. Moker čevljev je treba čvrsto otreti s cunjjo, potem pa nadevati z ovsem, ki hitro pritegne vlago nase. Saj ni izgube, ker tako porabljeni oves lahko vržeš kokošim. Pa tudi časopisni papir je dobro nabasati v čevlje, ker jih hitro osuši in jim ohrani obliko.





JUVENILE



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AUTUMN INTERLUDE

By ARTHUR W. PEACH

THE trush has tucked his flute away;
No more the valley hears
The crystal fall of golden notes,
As twilight nears.

No more the robin's banjo breaks
The hillside's sunny noons,
With songs that are the echoes gay,
Of old, sweet, southern tunes.

The mighty harps of hill pines sound
Their deep-toned chords no more;
Low harmonies alone they play,
Of seas upon the shore.

Ere long the autumn interlude,
Shall end when winds shall rise
And storms shall chant the choruses
Of wild white wintry skies!

FRESH AIR SONG

SING a song of fresh air,
Fresh air night and day,
Fresh air while we're working,
Fresh air while we play.

Open wide the windows,
Keep them open wide,
We shall all feel better
With fresh air inside.

Spot

HE HAD a brown mark over an eye, so he received the name of "Spot". The dog was a stray creature, and almost begged himself into a home with a gentleman in a country town. He was not quite happy, however, till a baby came to the house, and then he took supreme command of the little thing and its nurse, walking out with it, and forbidding all strangers to approach the darling.

Very little notice did Spot take of grown-up people in these busy days, so it was a surprise to baby's mother when one day the dog came up to her, looked in her face, shook her dress, and gently tried to lead her to the door. Baby's rattle lay on the ground in the passage; mother thought that it distressed the dog, so she picked it up and put it on the table; but no! Spot was still anxious, still wanted something more. The mistress now called for the maid, and desired her to follow Spot and see what he was after.

Though the thought of baby being in

trouble never occurred to her, yet the mother felt in a little while that she must see, too, what had excited Spot, and out she went after maid and dog.

Spot was trotting seriously along towards the Town Hall. At the foot of the steps leading to that building he paused, but finding his friends were close behind he pressed on, up the seventy-five stone steps leading to the great room. At the entrance to that he waited again till the mother was at hand; then, taking her dress once more in his mouth, he led her in to find her own baby, eighteen months old and just able to walk alone, toddling about by himself. Nurse had not missed the little wanderer, but Spot had, and was seriously uneasy.

The mother said that Spot wept for joy when he saw the baby safe in her arms; at any rate, he was greatly delighted; and the baby's parents never regretted that they had taken in and kindly treated this clever and careful dog. —"Children's World."

Practice Makes Perfect

YOU CAN read all the books that have ever been written about swimming but you are no swimmer until you get in and swim. You may be able to discourse very wisely and learnedly about character and honesty, but you do not possess either one unless you practice them, using their respective tools until you become skillful.

Practice and practice alone makes perfect. Would you be healthful? Then practice health with the tools of health. Would you become an artist of repute? Then practice art with all the tools of art. Would you be that splendid person

that you have dreamed about? Then practice character and fine living with every good tool at your command, for a workman is known by his product whether or no. There is no escaping what we do or do not do with our tools.

Young People's Weekly.



Radio to the Rescue

"Gangway! Here comes the flying wedge."

A LINE of sleds were coming lickety-split down G street hill. The boy on the leading sled held to the center. The others steered toward the curb until their sleds formed a V spread across the road. As the coasters approached the Speedway factory they disappeared in a dip in the road. As the leading sled reappeared the rider tipped up a stick that he had been gripping to the steering bar. A white muslin flag snapped out behind. On it were words painted in red letters, "Rad-Tel boys club is for the Strikers." The last rider at the ends of the V flipped up a flag calling for the union-made "Speedaways." As they took the bump the sleds converged toward the center of the road and went stringing off down the hill.

"Not so hot, Carl," Phil shouted as the flying wedge sped past. "No speed." Then to the boys in his own outfit he called, "They don't even make that cop blink. Come on, let's show them." He started running up the hill impatient to show the Flying Wedge fellows how it should be done.

The Rad-Tel boys club were having the time of their lives. They had voted at their meeting to help the strikers in the factory that makes the Speedway sleds. A heavy fall of snow followed by severe cold and slick coasting had favored their plans. When they appeared the previous afternoon with their picket line of sleds the other kids at the hill had made some wise cracks, mostly favorable. A reporter hurrying from the plant with the day's strike news had grinned, questioned a few of the boys, and had featured it in his news story in the "RECORD", next morning. There were in consequence more coasters and spectators than

usual that afternoon. They stamped their feet in the January twilight. Also an extra guard had been placed at the entrance to the company, a lanky fellow who scowled as the coasting pickets sped by.

At the top of the Hill, Phil lined up his squad of eight. His post was the end on the side of the factory. "All set? Let's go!"

They took off with a running start in twos, the boys flopping their sleds at regular intervals. The idea was to spread their V at the factory gates instead of pulling it together as the Flying Wedge had done and to wind up at the foot of the hill lined up across the road. Phil called it the Irresistible Force. The maneuver made the spectators jump but that just added to the fun.

On this trip, however, the Irresistible Force went all screwy. That was because Phil was the inside coaster of the leading pair. The wind streaked back his hair and made his eyes blink. The sled zipped ahead, its steel runners not seeming to touch the ice. As he approached the jump-off, Phil veered toward the side of the road. He hurtled the jump successfully and flipped up his flag "For union-made Speedaways." Then he twisted the steering bar of his sled. That should have kept him in the street where he belonged. But he didn't. Maybe he struck a bump as he landed. Or a chunk of ice. Phil never knew. He jumped the curb and headed straight for the legs of the lanky company guard. He dug his toes desperately into the hard-packed snow. Too late. Phil ducked as the cross iron of his sled struck a pair of trousered ankles and the lanky guard went sprawling into a snow bank.

The spectators howled their glee.

The cursing guard grasped Phil by the collar and yanked him to his feet. The next think Phil knew he was being rushed to the gates of the company assisted by an occasional boot in the seat of the pants from the guard's knee. The crowd hooted and jeered. But the Irresistible Force had encountered an immovable object, the LAW. Phil would have to pay for damaging its dignity.

A late-comer to the history class room tiptoed to his seat. Carl, in front of the room was monkeying with a radio receiving set. Mr. Edmunds looked up and nodded to a boy in the rear of the room to close the door.

"We are trying a new plan in civics today," the teacher announced. "We are studying the courts and instead of using the text, we'll bring a court scene right here into the classroom. Phil and Carl have made a radio in a club they belong to and they are going to get the broadcast for us. "He paused and looked around the room. "By the way, Carl where is Phil? Isn't he supposed to help you?"

Carl bent lower over the set. Someone in the class snickered. Apparently Mr. Edmunds hadn't heard the news. "Phil got detained," Carl explained lamely. "He couldn't come." Edmunds glanced around the room suspiciously at the grinning boys but didn't say anything.

"First we are to hear a broadcast from the city's juvenile court," Mr. Edmunds announced, after a moment. "There's a big change in the way juvenile crime has been treated. The children's judge looks like an ordinary citizen in regular street clothes. And his courtroom is an office. Minors get taken there, who have been in some trouble with the local police authorities. And the juvenile courts straightens them out."

Carl breathed easier. Maybe that's all that would happen to Phil. Just a talking to. He felt easier about yesterday afternoon's coasting party.

Mr. Edmunds was fingering the morning RECORD'S announcement of radio programs. "Here it is," he announced. "On station KDKX. The Hidden Mike will bring us today's doings at children's court, unknown to the children involved. At 10:15. It's about that now. Carl, will you tune in on KDKX."

Carl twirled the knobs nervously. That was a bit too close to home. But perhaps Phil would be last on the list. Mr. Edmunds was saying something about this radio club class's being a good thing. Carl turned up the amplifier and the class listened. A man's voice came over very distinctly. A kindly voice. It filled the room.

"You say this boy deliberately ran you down, officer? Tell me in your own words exactly what happened."

Mr. Edmunds interrupted with, "That's the judge of the children's court."

"Them brats is pests, yer honor," the voice rasped like a file. Carl, dismayed, turned down the volume control. It was that lanky guard at the factory speaking. Edmunds would hear it all now. "All afternoon they belly-whoppered down the hill near runnin' folks down and flyin' them flags."

The mild voice of the judge again. "It's not often there's such splendid coasting as we've had this week," he reminded the officer. "We sort of turn our streets over to the youngsters."

"They had no call to fly them flags, yer honor."

"Just what did the flags say, officer!"

"Oh, something about their club being for the strikers and against the Speedway company. That brat flipped up his flag and deliberately ran his sled into me."

"That's a lie, Mr. Judge!" The voice was Phil's. The class snapped to attention. Mr. Edmunds looked at Phil's empty seat and arched his eyebrows.

Carl peered down the amplifier as if he were trying to see Phil.

"It ain't neither, yer honor," said the mean voice. "This here kid run me down deliberate and two of his cronies throw snow all over me. Kicked me, too."

Carl was furious. He shook his fist into the amplifier. "Why the old old so-and-so! Ain't he, fellers," There were vigorous nods of assent from a half dozen boys in the room. Several hands went up. Carl started to speak but the judge's voice came over again, cool but firm.

"That's a serious charge to make about a boyish accident, officer."

"But I got witnesses, yer honor. They'll tell what these young gangsters have been up to lately."

Carl listened, open-mouthed, to a tale of community terrorism charged against the Rad-Tel boys club. He could stand it no longer.

"We can't see those liars get Phil into trouble, Mr. Edmunds. It ain't— isn't—so," he corrected. "There're boys

here who can prove he is a liar. Give us a chance, will you Mr. Edmunds? Let us go down to that court and show those birds up."

Mr. Edmunds coughed slightly. It was a most unusual request. Here *was* a chance for his class to learn about courts.

"Who of you are in the Rad-Tel club and were coasting with Phil yesterday afternoon?" Five hands shot up besides Carl's.

"Shall we send them a committee from this class to clear Phil?" Mr. Edmunds asked. Cries of "Sure! O. K.!"

The rescue committee started for the door. Mr. Edmunds followed. "I'll 'phone the court that you are coming. Bud, you take charge of the broadcast."

Just then Phil's voice came over. "I got friends, judge, who were there and will tell you what I say is so. If only they were here they'd tell you our club's no street gang."

From the door Carl called "And boy, we're coming."

—BAGOPS.



E. H. Potthast

Courtesy of "Proletarec"

A HOLIDAY

A Letter to Edward

By MARY JUGG

Dear Edward:—

I have just been doing some "nosing around". Did you ever hear of people doing that? Sometimes it is not the polite thing to do, and sometimes it gets you into trouble. But I'll tell you the reason I became curious.

Ever since the month of May, I've been hearing about a "new" Mladinski List. Something was in the wind. The delegates of our Society, who had a convention in Cleveland, were wrinkling their foreheads and waving their hands. Did you ever watch your classroom when the teacher asked an easy question? Everybody knew the answer, and everybody was waving his hand. That's just the way these delegates of our Society looked when they were talking about our Mladinski List and our juvenile department.

I asked one of them what the excitement was all about. He said that all of them seemed to think that you weren't getting a "square deal." I went up to another delegate, and he said that you deserve "something more" from our organization. You see, Edward, all these delegates, representing your mothers and fathers, were interested in **you** and other boys and girls like you out in Pennsylvania and Minnesota and Colorado and everywhere in between.

I think you'll be glad I was "nosey." I found out some things I'm going to pass on to you. And I hope you spread the good news to your friends and to your classmates and anyone else that is interested in the same thing as you are.

I shouldn't be letting the secret out just yet, but here's what I found out. Beginning with the month of January, and that isn't so far away, the Mladinski List is going to change its looks altogether. No, you didn't guess the

whole answer. There will be more changed than just the cover.

You know how it is made up now: with one-half of it in Slovene and one-half in English. You have to begin with the Slovene part and go all through it and then you come to the English part, which is off by itself, too. Sometimes the Slovene part looked too hard, and if your mother was not free to tell you what was in it, you might have passed it up altogether. Now you will be able to read the Slovene part just as well as any other. Don't shake your head. I just **know** you will—even if you have never done it up until this time. If, after you see the January number, you still say that you didn't even look at the Slovene part, I will never predict any secrets for you again. And that's a strong statement to make, don't you think?

"And that's only the beginnin', only the beginnin'," says one announcer on a radio program. Yes, Edward, that's only the beginning. I know you will be surprised to see how many pictures there will be in this new number. No, they won't be only one kind of pictures like you've been used to more or less up until now. There will be pictures that will illustrate the stories, and others that will be games and puzzles. Of course, later on, after your Supreme Board meets again, they are hoping to be able to give you still more and more pictures. You see, each one of these costs quite a bit of money, and after the first few numbers when the members will see how much more interesting the magazine can be, they are quite sure they will be glad to allow some extra money for it.

And: there will be all types of features. With some of these you will be able to help. Maybe even now you've

had some good idea that you thought other children of your age would be interested in. You will be able to send it in. Maybe you can draw or sketch. Maybe you can make up puzzles. Maybe you know how to make some things that you are quite certain other boys and girls don't know. Why not send them in? Why not send them in right away, for the sooner you do this the sooner you'll see it appear in the magazine.

I have a little friend who has a hobby of making puppets. Wouldn't it be fun if she sent in her drawings of her puppets? Maybe you like the outdoors and the animals of the outdoors. If you have found out interesting things about them, I am sure all your friends would appreciate your telling them. Why don't you sit down right now, and see what **you** could contribute to the magazine to make it as you would like it to be.

NOW, here's the really big piece of news, and I've saved it 'til the last. Maybe you read about the CONTEST that will begin with this new January number. The editor wrote about it some time ago. Well, from what I've been able to find out, you're going to find it plenty interesting. That is if they go on with it the way it's planned now. You will be able to work out the contest and send in your answer or solution, and BEST OF ALL there will be prizes awarded for the best solution EVERY MONTH. Isn't that something to look forward to?

Now I have a suggestion. Maybe you have a better one. This new contest will be open only to members of our Society, and I am very, very sure that there will be many of your friends and classmates who will want to take part. Not only that, but they will want to get copies of the new magazine right from the very beginning. Why don't you start talking with them now and tell them to join just like you have, and then they will get the magazine and also be eligible for the contest. If you haven't

looked into the matter yourself, ask your father or mother about the Slovene National Benefit Society and how your friends can join.

I will tell you only one thing in this brief space. Everywhere people belong to our Society there is a Secretary. All you have to do is to direct your friends to this Secretary and he will tell them all the details. Won't you try to do that before the month of January?

Remember: there is no time to lose, because your friends will want to be in by the last of December. Here is a whole list of "Remembers":

1. Remember to look for a new, bright, interesting Mladinski List beginning with January, 1938.

2. Remember to send in anything you have done or seen, or pictures of it, or pictures you have made yourself, or just write about it. Or send in just suggestions of what you would like to see from all the members of our Society.

3. Remember to tell all your friends about this—and remember to do it in time so that they will not blame you for not letting them know sooner.

4. Remember to ask your friends to join the Society.

5. Remember to enter the big CONTEST that you will find more interesting than any other contest the Society has up until this time.

Now I will close. I hope you will agree with me that I have uncovered some very interesting things for **you** while I was being nosy. And I hope you will help out the editor and the magazine by sending in your suggestions and by working out all the "remembers" I listed for you above.



"A Garden That Goes Visiting"

STRANGE as it sounds there is a garden travelling about through New York City's streets. City children who can't go away to the country, who have to stay out on the hot city streets, all summer long, are welcoming its appearance. The Park Department is responsible for the idea and we think it's a grand one.

The garden contains among other things a miniature cornfield complete with a tiny scarecrow in the center. Then there is a garter snake named Cleopatra whom the children remember from last year when the garden-on-wheels first appeared. Two kinds of ragweed are kept wrapt in celophane to prevent anyone's catching hay fever. Some of the plants have unusual names. There is the small Red Riding Hood zinnia, lavender and Queen Anne's lace, Joseph's coat with its bright red and

yellow tipped leaves, the sky-rocket plant and a sun flower. To top it all off there is a tiny fig tree with one ripe fig growing on it. With a big danger sign in front of it, is some poison ivy. The farmer's crops are represented by individual plants of rye, oats, barley and a peanut plant with bright yellow leaves.

It's certainly kind of the Park Department to supply the city children with such a garden and to send it travelling about the streets so that many can share its delight. We think it's such a good idea that other cities ought to do the same thing. And why not have several in New York? Wouldn't it be possible for some county children to help in the preparation of such a garden and for city boys and girls to work on building a movable community garden too?

"BAGOPS"



Dinosaur Goes Visiting

(The Story of a Prehistoric Pet)

POSSIBLY Cousin Jem told the most marvelous tales you ever heard. Certainly the children would look at him in wide-eyed wonder and delight when he told of his own adventures or those of his friends.

One rainy day the "three terrors," as he called his little cousins, found him in the library.

"A story! A story!" they cried, rushing upon him.

"What kind of a story?" asked Cousin Jem good-naturedly.

"Oh, any kind!" cried the twins.

"A 'normous one!" corrected Danny. "The most 'normous one you know."

Cousin Jem scratched his head thoughtfully. "All right," he said. "I have it."

"Is it true?" queried Danny.

"You ask a great many questions," said Cousin Jem. "Wait till you hear it and judge for yourself."

This is the story Cousin Jem told!

They were building a subway, which you all know is an underground tunnel, under the street where Teddy and Freddy and Neddy lived, and every day after school the three little boys would go and stand on the edge of the sidewalk and watch the men at work. Now they were standing there on the 29th of July of this very year, when Teddy, who was looking down into the subway, saw all the workmen suddenly drop their picks and shovels and begin to run wildly in all directions, like ants in an ant hill when you stir it up (which you must not).

"My goodness gracious me!" said Teddy to Freddy and Neddy, "what makes all those men run so fast? Just look at them!" And Freddy and Neddy looked, and saw all the workmen running out of the tunnel, looking terribly scared. They all scrambled up out of the subway to the sidewalk, and

ran away down the street, just as fast as if they were running to catch a train.

Teddy and Freddy and Neddy were very much astonished, but before they had time to run away, too, the earth yawned and the street under their feet shuddered and shook so that all the little pebbles began rolling down the sides of the subway. And then the earth yawned again. It was a very loud yawn. It was about seventy-five times louder than any yawn Teddy or Freddy or Neddy had ever heard.

Teddy and Freddy and Neddy looked down into the subway where the sound came from, and there they saw something coming out of the dark, black tunnel. They were so astonished they just stared (which was very rude, and their mother had always told them they must not). What do you suppose it was? It was the very biggest animal they had ever seen. It looked like a lizard, and it walked like a kangaroo, and it was all covered with scales like a fish. As it came slowly, slowly out of the dark, black tunnel it rubbed its eyes with one of its forepaws and yawned and yawned, and between its yawns they heard it saying sleepily, "Yes—yes I'm getting up—I'll be ready for breakfast—in—about two minutes—"

Then all at once it caught sight of Teddy and Freddy and Neddy as they stood together on the sidewalk; and in a minute it was wide awake, and it said all in one breath, "Hello, what's your name, where do you live and how old are you?"

"My name's Teddy Tuttle. I'm eight-and-a-half, and I live right in that house there," answered Teddy promptly, for it was a very large animal.

"Well," said the creature, "I'm an extinct animal. My name is Dinosaur, only they call me Dinah for

short, and I *did* live in a beautiful prehistoric cave down there, only those bothersome workmen came and dug me out, and my age is—let me see. What year is it now?" and when Teddy told him, "You don't mean it!" he cried. "Why, I was seven when I went to sleep and that was in—goodness gracious me, why, I'm ten thousand and seven years old! Well, I have had a nap! My, but I am hungry! I haven't had anything to eat for ten thousand years."

"Oh, you poor dear Dinosaurus!" cried Teddy and Freddy and Neddy. "Haven't you had anything to eat in ten thousand years?"

"Why, how could I?" asked the Dinosaurus in a grieved voice. "You can't eat when you are asleep, can you? But," he continued pensively, "I'm not asleep now and if you should ask me home to lunch with you—" and he looked up at them with an engaging smile.

"Yes, do come!" cried Teddy and Freddy and Neddy all together.

"Thank you," smiled the Dinosaurus blandly. "I believe after all I will."

"Only," said Teddy, "you could never get through the basement gate. I'm afraid you will have to go down the side street, and climb over the fence next to the one that's just been painted. Then you will be in our back yard and we can pass you your lunch out of the dining-room window. You are tall enough to reach that easily.

"Is there a good bed in your yard?" asked the Dinosaurus as he climbed out of the subway.

"There's a flower bed," said Neddy (he was the youngest), "only we aren't allowed even to step on it, and if you were to go to sleep on it—my—you would be sent straight to your room and wouldn't have any desert for supper."

At this the Dinosaurus looked troubled. "I will be very careful," he said. "Now you run along and tell your

mother I'm coming. And have something good for lunch," he called back to them, as he disappeared around the corner.

Teddy and Freddy and Neddy ran in at the basement door and up to their mother's room. "Oh, mother!" they cried all together. "Do come and look at the Dinosaurus in our yard."

"We found him in the subway!" cried Freddy.

"Yes," cried Neddy, "and we asked him to come and live with us, and he said he would. Do come and see him!"

Their mother looked from one to another of the three boys and then she said very, very gravely, "Theodore and Frederick and Edward" (she only called them their names when they were naughty), "do you mean to tell me that you have invited a Dinosaurus to come and live in our back yard?"

"But he is a lovely Dinosaurus!" they all cried together.

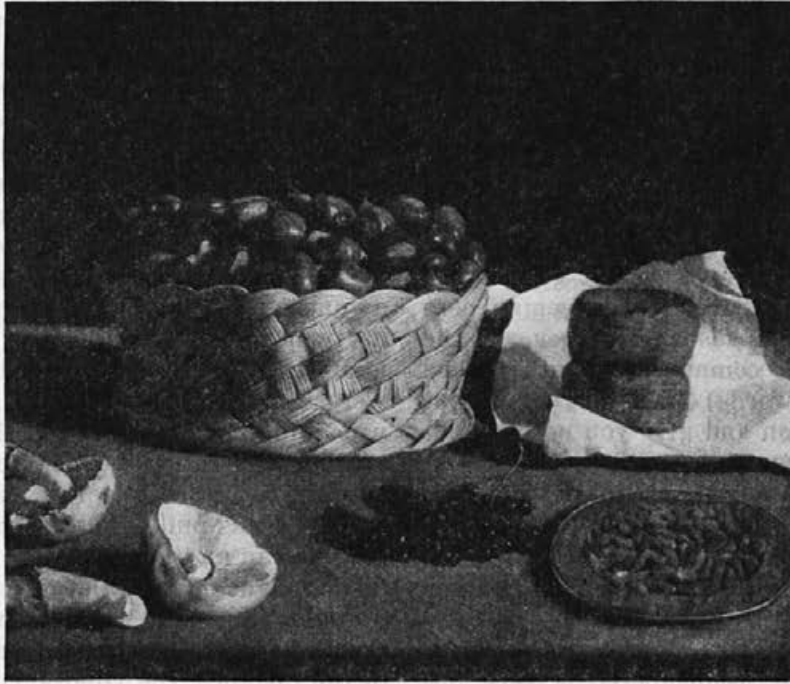
"Well," said their mother doubtfully, "we must see what father says about it."

Father said a great deal about it when he came home, and he got down a big wise book and read all about the Dinosaurus. And Teddy and Freddy and Neddy stood around him and cried together, "Oh, father, please can't we keep Dinah for a pet?"

At last father had read all there was to read in the great wise book, he closed the cover and said, "Very well, boys, you may try it for a week, but we can't have a Mesozoic reptile living in the back yard all the time." He had just found those two big words in the great wise book and he was very proud to be able to say them.

Teddy and Freddy and Neddy ran gleefully down into the back yard where they found Dinah standing in the middle of the grass plot (he had been very careful not to step on the flower beds).

As soon as he saw the three boys:



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Zurbaran School

CHESTNUTS IN A BASKET

"What's that?" he said pointing to one of the clothes-posts.

"Why, a clothes-post," said Neddy.

"Don't like clothesposts, said the Dinosaur, and he bit it right off and swallowed it.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Teddy and Freddy and Neddy, "you mustn't please. We're never allowed to eat the clothes-posts."

"Well," said the Dinosaur grumpily, "it was in my way. How can I sleep comfortably with those four great sticks sticking up in my bed? But," he continued, with a lofty wave of his paw, "we won't say anything more about it. Let us change the subject. What are you going to have for lunch?"

"Soft custard," answered Freddy.

"How nice!" said Dinosaur. "I just love soft custard. Do run in, Freddy, and bring me five or six barrels of it, please."

"Five or six what?" gasped Freddy.

"Barrels, of course," said the Dinosaur.

"I do not believe," said Freddy doubtfully, "that mother has five or six barrels of it."

"Very well," said Dinosaur, graciously, "bring me all you have, and tell the cook to make some more."

And that was just the way he talked all the time he lived in the Tuttle's back yard. All day long he kept the cook busy making soft custard for him and all night he slept on the grass plot and snored with such loudness that nobody for blocks around could sleep. So when the end of the week came everybody was delighted, and father ran down into the yard right after breakfast to say good-by to Dinah—and Teddy and Freddy and Neddy came too.

"Well, Dinah," father began, "we're so glad you have such a fine day for traveling. Good-by. We're sorry you can't stay longer."

The Dinosaur opened his eyes

sleepily. "Don't distress yourself," he said politely. "I'm not going for three or four thousand years. In fact I don't know that I shall ever go. I'm so comfortable and happy here—" and he shut his eyes and smiled contentedly.

"Yes," said father, trying to be polite, "I know you are, but, you see, the neighbors don't like your staying here and they say if you don't go straight away they will send a policeman here to arrest you as a disturber of the peace of the community" (father liked to use big words) "and they would put you in prison and give you nothing but bread and water to eat."

The Dinosaur sat up and his eyes grew round with fright. "Would they really?" he asked.

"I'm afraid they would," said father seriously.

The Dinosaur stood up in a hurry. "I have just remembered a very important engagement," he said. "Good-by, boys. I must go at once," and he

looked over the back fence. "Oh, my goodness gracious me!" he cried, "there's a policeman waiting in the back street now!" He rushed toward the side fence, and he was so big and heavy that the fence went right down before him; and so did the next and the next just like a row of card houses. And when he reached the corner he looked back and saw Teddy and Freddy and Neddy running after him. And he turned up the side street and ran and ran and ran just as fast as if he were running to catch a train. And he was running to catch a train! And he reached the railroad track just as the express train with a flat car on the end of it was pulling out of the station. And he ran and gave one big jump and landed right on that flat car!

And Teddy and Freddy and Neddy reached the station just in time to see, in the distance, the Dinosaur waving them good-by with his pocket handkerchief.

—E. Webb.

Cultivate Health . . .

Avoid over-eating. Include plenty of milk, orange juice, leafy vegetables, eggs and salads in your diet throughout the winter.

Avoid temperatures of over 70 degrees in your working and dwelling rooms, and see that humidity is between 40 and 60.

See that you get the proper amount of rest and sleep every day.

Avoid persons who cough and sneeze at you.

See that both kidneys and bowels are working well each day.

Drink at least 6 glasses of water daily besides what liquids you use at your meals.

Accustom your skin to changes of temperature by dressing according to the weather, and by taking cool shower

baths every morning if you can arrange it.

If you find your throat sore or your nose running, take a teaspoonful of baking soda in a glass of water three times a day, and add more milk and oranges to your diet.

Wash your hands with soap and hot water before each meal and keep fingers away from the mouth and nose.

If you develop a fever, go to bed and call a doctor. A serious illness may thus be prevented.



The Funny Side

Customer (having a rough shave): "I say, barber, have you got another razor?"

Barber: "Yes, why?"

"I want to defend myself."

* * *

"Willie, you know that you mustn't laugh in the classroom."

"I know, ma'am. I was only smiling and the smile burst."

* * *

Doctor (ecstatically): "Sir, yours is a case which will enrich medical science!"

Patient: "Oh, dear, and I thought I wouldn't have to pay more than five or ten dollars."

* * *

"Waiter, I was here yesterday and had a steak."

"Yes, sir; will you have the same today?"

"Well, I might as well, if no one else is using it!"

* * *

A small girl of three suddenly burst out crying at dinner.

"Why, Betty," said her mother, "what is the matter?"

"Oh," sobbed Betty, "my teeth trod on my tongue!"

* * *

First Boarder: "This cheese is so strong, it could walk over and say 'Hello!' to the coffee."

Second Boarder: "Yes, but the coffee is too weak to answer back."

* * *

"What do you think of our two candidates for mayor?"

"Well, I'm glad only one can be elected."

* * *

A business man who has become quite a figure in the movie producing world was recently selecting a chief for

his scenario staff. The producer insisted that the successful applicant must be a college graduate. He looked with favor upon one applicant and asked if he had a college education. He received an affirmative reply.

"Show your diplomas," demanded the producer.

* * *

Question: "Give me the feminine of bachelor."

Answer: "Lady-in-waiting."

* * *

"Every bone in my body aches."

"Thank your stars you're not a herring."

* * *

Doctor: "What is a red corpuscle?"

Recruit: "A red corpuscle is a Russian non-commissioned officer."

Word Ladder

The object of this game is to change one word into another in as few steps as possible. A "step" is a word that differs from the word above it by **one letter only**. Every step must be a word.

EXAMPLE: to change SOT to BAY we would go through the following steps: SOT, SAT, BAT, BAY. Note that each word has only one letter different from the words next to it.

Now let us see if you can put an END to WAR, in six steps:

END

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6. WAR

If you can do this, maybe you can put the RICH to WORK. This is almost as hard as it is in real life; it takes seven steps.



Important Instructions for Contributors to the Mladinski List

Contributors who send in poems or fragments of poems for publication in their letters, henceforth must state on a separate slip of paper whether the poem is their own, or when the poem is taken from some other publication, they must give the source. The statement must be signed by you and your father or mother, to vouch for the truth of the information given. The statement will not be published, but it is important for the editor's information, because in the future we will not print any poems contained in your letters if the above-mentioned information is not given.

EDITOR.

* * *

It's still Halloween time, although the main show is over. Children like to prolong such fun. They like to think of spooky masks and all that goes with them. And who knows better

than you children when the goblins and spooks and witches are in their element! Yes, it's you who know these funsters best. We hope you all had a grand time at this annual fun-making celebration.

But now we are approaching another annual observance—Thanksgiving day. It always falls on the last Thursday in November. This year's Thanksgiving day will be observed on November 28. On that day many a turkey and many a lowly fowl will give its life for your enjoyment at the dinner table. And will you go for those delicious trimmings! Boy oh boy! Mother will busy herself in the kitchen and father will be getting ready for the carving. He'll be sharpening the knives and you'll be smacking your lips. Come what it may—you simply must have a good Thanksgiving dinner!

Autumn Is Here

Dear Editor:—This is my fourth letter to the Mladinski List. Autumn is here and so is school which started Sept. 7. I am in eighth grade, have ten teachers and like them all. For every subject I have a different teacher. I am glad we're back in school again. I like school very much. I realize that when school starts everyone has homework. But I think we can find enough time to write a letter to the Mladinski List.

Come on everybody! Come on, let's all write! Wouldn't it be a beautiful sight to see this wonderful magazine at least half full of

letters? Come on, don't be lazy! I know that you have school homework to do, and you want to play when you don't have any. But some of these Sundays, when you don't go away, sit down and write a letter. Come on—don't forget to write. I was very much surprised when I picked up the Mladinski List the other day and found only a few letters in it. If you don't have anything to write about I'm sure you can write how you spent your vacation.

I had a very good time last summer. The best of all was the day that we went to Canton, Ohio, for the SNPJ Day June 13. I won some prizes and I'm keeping them for souve-

nirs. I rode on everything they had. Boy, there were a lot of people in the park. In the parking place most of the cars had Pennsylvania licences. I am glad to say I had the best time, and my father seemed he had the worst time—he had two flat tires. But still he was glad, because he met some of his old friends that he hadn't seen for seventeen years, since he left the old country.

I wish that some of my old pals would write to me. I would be very glad to answer. Best regards to all,

JOSEPHINE KOZLEVCHAR,
Box 147, Brownsville, Pa.

* *

A Letter from N. Mex.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am twelve years old and am in the eighth grade. I go to the Raton high school in which the Junior High is also included. I have two sisters and two brothers; both of my brothers and one sister belong to the lodge, and I also belong to it. My dad had been a member of this lodge ever since 1904, and enjoyed it all the while from 1904 to 1932, when he passed away.

My mother and I are at home alone now, because all of my sisters and brothers are working away from home, and that leaves my mother and me at home alone. My oldest sister is a teacher; my other sister is a stenographer, and my youngest brother just went away to school to become a music teacher. That leaves me the youngest in the family.

I would like to hear from some of the other members of the SNPJ.

A proud member, ROSE SLUGA,
1909 South Fourth st., Raton, N. Mex.

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Pauline's Writing Again

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to the M. L. for a long time, so I have plenty of news.

In May, we went to Cleveland, Ohio, to visit some of our friends. We were there at the SNPJ convention and banquet but didn't take much part in it because of bad weather. We went there to the largest music store in Cleveland and I picked out my accordion. About one month later I got it. It is a piano accordion and has 120 basses.

This summer we were hit by a flood, the worst one we ever had. It was on July 10, on a Saturday evening. It didn't last an hour but the destruction it caused is not yet all cleaned up. It moved homes from their foundations and brought mud and debris into our yards and houses. It took garages and cabins, we had tiles in our back yard, and our kitchen was full of water to the top. The following

Friday we had another flood, not so bad, but it washed away all the things that people had set out to dry.

I had wonderful plans for my vacation, but the flood spoiled it all. I did have one week's vacation though; I went to the Peternel's home in Strabane, Pa., and had a wonderful time. Miss Dorothy Yonack from Strabane came over to stay with me and was here when we had the flood.

School started again and most of us were not glad, but we like it now. I am in the eighth grade.

Will my old pen pals please write to me, and I want many more new ones.

That will be all for this time and I hope my letter has been interesting. I will try to write more next time.

A proud reader of the M. L.,

PAULINE E. NOVAK,
Box 113, Valley Grove, W. Va.

* *

Justina's Teachers

Dear Editor:—In one of the issues I promised to write each month but I have broken my promise. Some others did also. I will write as often as I can.

In Bentleyville, schools have started on August 30. I am going to High school. It is about one mile from our home. There are 40 in my room. Mrs. Richardson is our home-room teacher and teaches history; Miss Jenkins is our writing and spelling teacher; Mrs. Ryland, geography; Mrs. Squires, arithmetic. I will tell you about my other subjects next month. My two very best teachers are Mrs. Richardson and Miss Squires (she is humorous). Mrs. Richardson is a good teacher.

The weather recently was a little too cold and a few days before we had a very big rainstorm and the water overflowed the ditch and it came into our yard. It rained so hard one day while we were in school that I didn't go home, and had no lunch. Then Miss Hetherington came to our room and told us to go to lunch. And the last few days it was cold. Through this magazine I have had 9 pen-pals. They're all asleep now. I hope Margaret Brozovich, Josephine Kascek, Genevieve Fanzely, Margaret Kegllovich would wake up and write. I'll be waiting for your letters.

JUSTINA LOVSIN,
Bentleyville, Pa.

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A First Letter

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am twelve years old and am in the seventh grade.

My two teachers are Miss Harmond and Mr. Steele. There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. I thought I would write and wake Klein, Montana, up. I wish somebody would write to me, especially Florence Bregant. I will try and write every month.

A member, VIOLET KENDA,
Box 14, Klein, Mont.

* *

Four Pets

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I read the M. L. every month.

On August 30, we started school. My teacher is Mrs. Johnson. She is very nice to everyone. I am nine years old and in the 5th grade. I go to a new schoolhouse. It was made in 1936; it's built in Spanish style. Outside it is white with red roof and blue window frames. It is very beautiful. Many people thought it was a new college. We have four "Jimmies" at our ranch: a horse, a ram, a bull, and a dog. They are all very nice pets. I ride Jimmie the horse a lot. Sometimes he chases me. I can make him race.

VIRGINIA LEE STONICH,
Rt. 3, Box 135, Pueblo, Colo.

* *

In Rodeo Contest

Dear Editor:—I have to thank this wonderful magazine for the pen pals I have, but I don't know what has happened to most of them. Writing three to four letters, then they wouldn't write any more. I wonder what has happened to John Crinc from Penna, for I would like to correspond with him again, or with any of the others.

I had a very nice summer vacation. I joined the Rodeo contest in the Pueblo State Fair. I didn't win anything, but had a lot of fun. I had brought my own horse from our ranch. I had to ride from the ranch to Pueblo with my horse. I wore a cowboy outfit.

I go to school in a new schoolhouse, built last year in Spanish style. Many people think it is more beautiful than the new college in Pueblo. Our country school has over seventy-two children. The WPA is working on the schoolhouse. They are going to try to finish it in another month, which we are all hoping for.

The subjects I take are: English 1, biology, Spanish 1, typing 1, algebra 1, glee club, and athletics. I like all my studies very much.

Here are some jokes: "Tommy," said the teacher, "What is one-fifth of three-seventeenths?"

"I don't know exactly," replied Tommy, "but it isn't enough to worry about."

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"Now, if you subtract 25 from 35, what's the difference?"

"Yeah, that's what I say," answered one of the pupils. "I think it's the bunk, too."

*

We haven't had any snow yet (Oct. 18), but it is very cold out here.

Best regards to Editor and Readers.

FRANKIE STONICH,
Rt. 3, Box 135, Pueblo, Colo.

