

OUR MAIL

For Nettie Rasch, 534 W. 179th St., New York City: That is a pretty poem, Nettie, and I don't wonder it "touched your heart." Where did you read it, and does the book give the name of the one who wrote the poem? I don't like to print anything here, without knowing the author's name. Can you find out for us, Nettie? Was glad to hear from you. You must be very bright! Thank you for letting me see that poem that you liked, Gertrude, but I must say the same thing to you as I said to Nettie. Was glad to get your "Co-Ed Leader" Esther. Am very pleased that you always have such interesting things to do!

What an assortment of jolly letters have come to us, or—I should say—are always coming to us! Really, I don't know which to show you first. Here's one from Oscar Reichel, 767 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"To my dear Miss Ish-Kishor: I am seven years old. I am in 2A grade, go to Hebrew School, and I am taught Siddur (Prayer Book), Chumosh (the Five Books of Moses) and writing. Mother helped me with the puzzle. I would like to be big and read your magazine. Yours sincerely, Oscar Reichel." Well, that's one wish, Oscar, that will surely be granted. You'll certainly be big some day. I remember when I used to wish that, and now it's come true.

Now a fine letter from a young lady, who lives in a place where she can have summer vacations all the year round. (Can she?) Sophie G. Greenblatt's address is 2 Franklin St., Bath, Maine. Sophie's name goes with it. It means "Green-leaf." Sophie says: "Dear

Miss Ish-Kishor: Ever since I first started reading the Advocate, I've been meaning to write you, but 'putting off for tomorrow' has let slip more than three years. Imagine! Two years ago, Pesach time, I saw a letter written by Gerald Greenblatt of Chicago, Ill. Wondering if he was a relative of mine, I wrote him a letter, which I still have tucked away, but didn't mail it because I couldn't find the magazine with his address. That's another reason I wanted to write you but didn't. I think I ought to have a sign with the words 'Do not put off for tomorrow . . .' placed before me, don't you. About me? I've been sixteen since the Third Candle of Chanukah; I'm a junior in high school; I've brown eyes, and my hair, of the same color, is long enough to be put up (I love long hair); and lastly, I'm short enough to be called Shorty and Shrimp! I'd dearly love to write to some girl as old as I. In Bath, there is a synagogue which was built a few years ago by the Jewish families, which number about fifteen. I don't know any of the readers who write to you, but seeing their names so many times, makes me feel as though I do know them . . . Oh, yes. May I be a Booklover? I am one already, if you know what I mean. I am now reading the book 'Tom Sawyer Abroad, Tom Sawyer, Detective, and Other Stories,' by Mark Twain. These stories are just as interesting as 'Tom Sawyer,' and that is saying a great deal. I'm sure all of Tom's admirers will like the book, as well as those not yet acquainted with that adventurous youth. My, isn't this letter long? You see, I've been meaning to write to you for so long a time that I'm making up for it. I hope you notice that I'm typewriting this letter, because you wrote once in the Page, that you like typewritten letters. Now mayn't I please belong?" (Of course, of course, Sophie! We'll make it unanimous.) "A happy Pesach to you and all the readers. Sincerely, Sophie G. Greenblatt."

We're always glad to hear from Horace Berman, 35 St. Nicholas Terrace, New York City. "Dear Miss Ish-Kishor: Howard Engelman stayed away from giving in puzzles; I did from answering them because of the hustle-bustle that was going on on account of my graduation from Junior High School. I am twelve years old and now am in the third term in the George Washington High School. Now that I am all settled, I hope to be with you again. Your faithful reader, Horace Berman." Yes, do come back, and we'll give you two handfuls of congratulations. (And if you know how many of them can go to the cubic inch, Horace, you'll realize how much we appreciate you.)

Here's a first letter from Sylvia Gotz, 35 McLellan St., Dorchester, Mass. She writes: "Dear Miss Ish-Kishor: I wish to belong to your Page. I am ten years old, have light brown hair and eyes, a Roman nose, and straight, thick, red lips, and an ivory skin. I have a boyish figure and face. A shingle is the cut of my hair. I love athletic boys and girls, and love education. I would like some one to communicate with. I was born in Dorchester, Mass. Yours truly, Sylvia Gotz." Now if that's really what Sylvia looks like, she gives a very distinct picture of herself. Fannie Kohn, who lives at 60 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City, is a little older. Perhaps Sylvia should write first to Fannie, as the address on Sylvia's letter wasn't quite clear. Fannie says, "Dear Miss Ish-Kishor: I am a constant reader of your page, and I enjoy myself reading it. I am very timid and this is the first time I am writing. I would like to have a correspondent of about my own age. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. Your reader, Fannie Kohn." That is Sylvia's grade, too, so I think you ought to get along well.