

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Ob 30-letnici S. N. P. J.

SLOVENSKA narodna podporna jednota slavi letos svoj tridesetletni jubilej. Ta redki dogodek bo proslavila z veliko jubilejno kampanjo za pridobivanje novih članov v oba oddelka in s številnimi jubilejnimi proslavami. Jednotina društva in federacije širom Amerike prirejajo v ta namen velika slavja, ki so vredna spomina 30-letnice naše jednote.

Dne 9. aprila bo poteklo 30 let, odkar je bila ustanovljena Slovenska narodna podporna jednota. To je doba tridesetletnega nepretrganega napredka naše delavske podporne organizacije, katere vpliv je najmočnejši na naše delovno ljudstvo.

Zgodovina S.N.P.J. bistveno je zgodovina našega zavednega delavstva v Ameriki. Od vsega početka je bila S.N.P.J. izrazita voditeljica napredne misli in oznanjevalka delavske zavesti. S svojim časopisjem in raznimi publikacijami vrši plemenito delo za našega delavca in mu kaže pot, ki vodi h končni osvoboditvi. Njeno prosvetno delo zadnjih trideset let je neprecenljive vrednosti za naš delovni živelj v Ameriki.

Rekord, ki si ga je postavila S.N.P.J., je rekord vztrajnega dela naših priseljencev. Naša jednota je storila več za svoje članstvo in slovenski živelj, ko katera druga slovenska podporna organizacija. Pomagala je svojim članom v nesreči in bolezni, pomagala je sirotam in vdovam ter potrebnim. V vzgojevalnem smislu se je izkazala edinstveno te vrste s svojim širokopoteznim programom in svobodomiselnimi načeli. Od vsega svojega začetka je širila med našimi priseljenci delavsko kulturo in delavsko zavest.

Naša mladina kliče pionirjem SNPJ ob njeni 30-letnici:
**SLAVA VAŠEMU DELU! STORILI STE SVOJO DOLŽNOST
IN MI VAM BOMO HVALEŽNI S TEM, DA BOMO VAŠE DELO
ZA S. N. P. J. ZVESTO NADALJEVALI!**

VELIKE MISLI

NE RAZUMEM, oče, zakaj samo takole ždiš,
 preklinjaš požrešne oderuhe,
 drugače pa vse voljno prenašaš, trpiš.
 Glej, če bi jaz imel tvojo žuljavo pest,
 bi kmalu zleteli tirani iz njih udobnih gnezd.
 In če bi moje roke že toliko bogastva nakopale,
 bi se tudi za svoj upravičeni delež pogumno bojevale.
 In s tvojimi izkušnjami, oče,
 bi jaz vsem laži-kričačem usta zašil,
 bi stopil na javni oder
 in se tam z rogajočim zasmehom zjezil.
 S tvojim mogočnim korakom
 pa bi šel med sotrpine
 in bi rekel:
 Z menoj, bratje! pojdimo si iskat pravice,
 saj proletarec tako ali tako
 vedno ko žrtev pogine — — —

Anna P. Krasna.

Katka Zupančič:

VEČERNA

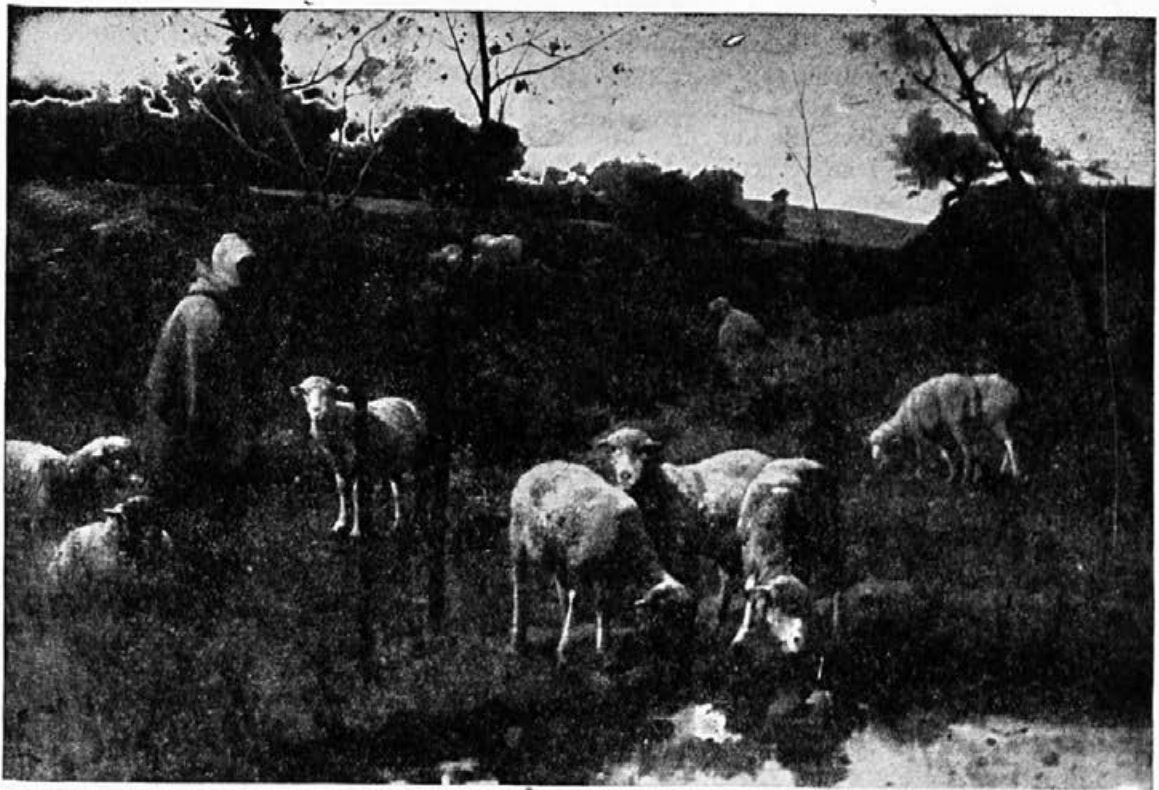
MMAMICA solnčecu povej,
 kod sprehaja se ob uri tej?

— Gre v dežele prek morja —
 žarke svoje nese tja,
 z njimi bo gore zlatilo.
 Solnce—vidiš—je zlatar.

Gre v dežele prek morja —
 kjer kraljuje še tema,
 v brezdna bo jo zaklenilo.
 Solnce temi je ječar.

Gre v dežele prek morja —
 čakajo vrtovi in polja,
 da jih slane bo rešilo.
 Solnce slani je grobar.

Gre v dežele prek morja —
 kjer se deca, kakor ti, smehlja;
 k njej se solnce bo nagnilo,
 njej bo poklonilo sebe v dar—.



Henry Thompson: POMLAD V PIKARDIJI

A. P. Krasna:

Molitev

S TISTIM našim tretjim fantom sva bila takrat najmlajša v družini, ki sva bila obvezana moliti vsak večer preden sva šla spat. Pa nisva te dolžnosti posebno čislala in nisva bila kar nič vnetja molilca. Zaman se je trudila mati, da bi naju pripravila do samovoljnega izpolnjevanja najine vsakovečerske obveznosti; ni šlo, če je pozabila ona, sva pozabila tudi midva. Koliko karanja je bilo radi tega, zaleglo pa je le malo. Naju to ni mučilo, neprijetno pa nama je bilo mnogokrat dejstvo, da je imela mati tako izredno dober spomin. Ako sva začela dremati v svojem kotu ognjišča, se je takoj spomnila: "Molila še nista."

Takoj se je ponovila stara pesem. O angelu varuhu, materi božji, patronih, sv. Alojziju in še nekateri drugi svetniki so bili vključeni v najini večerni recitaciji. Kakšna muka to, kadar so lezle veke skupaj!

Včasih pa sva si našla primerne zadostila za take grenkosti, saj mati je le malokdaj sedela brezdelna, kadar je nadzirala opravljanje najine verske dolžnosti, in na našem ogromnem ognjišču se je dobilo zmirom kaj zabavnega za take mlačne vernike ko sva bila midva takrat.

O, zmirom. Enkrat, ko se je zdelo ognjišče posebno prijeten kraj, ker so v kotu ležali koruzni štori, sva se med recitiranjem očenašev in češčenasimarij kratkočasila s tem, da sva nalagala šture v žakelj in jih spet jemala ven. Mati je napravljala kotel za prašiče, a se je vseeno včasih ozrla na naju, in ko sva začutila na sebi njen pogled, sva naglo zbrala svoje misli in pravilno uvrščala prošnje in priporočila k svetnikom in patronom. Bratec se je proti koncu molitvic celo umaknil od kupa štorov, da bi odvrnil vsak materin sum. Medtem pa se je prikobacala na ognjišče

naša mlada mucka. S svojimi zvedavimi očmi je takoj opazila žakelj in šture in je smuknila samovoljno v vrečo, ki sem jo jaz držala skrbno odprto. Mucke pa se vsake igre tako hitro naveličajo. Bratcu so se komaj oči zažarele zabave in veselja in že je bila sivodlačka iz žaklja.

Da bi jo jutri koklja okljuvala!

Bila sva nejevoljna in nič boljšega ji nisva mogla želeči. Seveda ona je vzlic najini nejevolji ostala po mačje brezbrizna. Z velikimi in svetlimi očmi je ogledovala odprtino žaklja, katero sem jaz počasi rinila proti njej. Da, ogledovala, tako srčkano in naivno sladko ogledovala, a da bi šla spet v žakelj, o, kajše, kaj takega ji niti na misel ni več prišlo.

Molitev pa je šla h koncu. Najino potrpljenje tudi. "Angel božji, varuh moj," je recitiral bratec in jaz sem mehanično ponavljala isto, tedaj pa je nenadno sunilo v moj molitveni mehanizem nekaj, kar mi je hipno zbralo raztrešene misli. K prošnji adresirani na svojega angela varuha, je bratec nepričakovano pristavil: "Tak deni no mačko v žakelj!"

In tu se je nehala večerna molitev in prijetna zabava s sivodlačko. Vsi člani družine, ki so sedeli okrog mize pri večerji, so se glasno zasmeljali, in tudi mati se je nasmejala, ali ko je prišla za šibo na polici in rekla: "Marš spat!" se ni smejala. Ker sva bila ob takih prilikah posebno urna, naju je materina šiba komaj pobožala. In koncem koncev se šibe nisva niti zdaleč tako bala kakor slutnje, da bo mati odslej strožje pazila na naju, ko bova deklamirala vsem tistim svetnikom in svetnicam, ki so nama grenili drugače prijetne večere otroške neskrbnosti.

— Da bi tudi njih koklja okljuvala, sva zaključila in zaspala.

Mile Klopčič:

NAŠI PRIJATELJI

SOLNCE nam je vsem prijatelj:
 zjutraj nas zgodaj v svetel dan zbudi,
 ves dan zvesto z neba nas greje in skrbi,
 da v polju žito vsako leto dozori.

Zvezde so nam vsem prijateljice:
 če kdaj otrok ponoči se zbudi
 in skozi okno v zvezde vpre oči,
 mu pomežiknejo—in spet sladko zaspi.

Tudi mesec nam je vsem prijatelj:
 on straži zvezde, da jih ne bi kdo ukral.
 Za vse na svetu ne bi jih z neba prodal.
 Za vsako zvezdo sto cekinov!—pa jih ne bi dal!

A joj, nekdo, ki ni prijatelj naš,
 očetu našemu je delo vzel, da stiska pest,
 in materi nalil solze v oči, v srce bolelost,
 da zdaj ne vidimo ne meseca ne solca niti zvezd.

Katka Zupančič:

MARKO

MARKO, Marko, kaj bo to?
 Križ je s tabo bil in bo!

Marko je šofer že bil;
 pa vozilo si zdrobilo je glavo:
 plezati ni znalo na drevo . . .

Marko rad pilot bi bil—
 vzropotalo je letalo že tako,
 da pogumu je izbilo dno.

Marko policaj bi bil,
 pa ga strah je prehudo
 pred tatovi in temo.

Marko bi trgovec bil;
 pa številke—to so zlo!
 Skregan z njimi je grdo.

Marko rad zdravnik bi bil;
 psička zdravil je tako,
 da ga spravil je v zemljo.

Marko rad bi brivec bil;
 pa oglašal je tako:
 "Brijem čisto—ko s koso!"

Marko rad bi godec bil;
 dvoje poje mu lepo:
 gramofon in radio . . .

Marko, Marko, kaj bo to?
 Križ je s tabo bil in bo!

Ivan Jontez:

Sence otroških let

2. Učiteljice se je bal

DO tistega dne, ko je moral začeti obiskovati šolo, je bil Johnny priden in ubogljiv deček, ki ni poznal nepokorščine napram staršem in laži, čim pa je začel hoditi v šolo, je spoznal oboje in nazadnje še krivico. Temu pa ni bil kriv Johnny sam, ki je bil po naravi miren in dober deček, temveč šola, oziroma mumijastemu strašilu podobna nuna-učiteljica, pogled na katero je vzbujal v Johnnyju mrzlo grozo, ki je stresala njegovo mlado dušo liki ledena burja strupeno mrzlih polarnih krajev.

Johnnyja so namreč poslali v katoliško šolo, v kateri so poučevale nune.

Ko je Johnny prvokrat ugledal svojo učiteljico, ga je obšla hladna groza, ki se je z vsakim nadaljnim trenutkom le še stopnjevala. Tako pošastna se mu je videla v svojem črnem in belem nunskem oklepu, iz katerega je molelo dvoje koščenih rok in gledal voščen obraz koničaste brade, tenkih, brezkrvnih ustnic, šiljastega nosu in mrzlih sivih oči, da ga je oblila kurja polt kadarkoli jo je pogledal. Na misel so mu prišle pravljice o hudobnih čarovnicah, ki more ljudi ter z njihovimi kostmi in lobanjami ograjajo in krase svoje hiše, pravljice, ki jih je bil čul od svoje matere. In čim se je domislil teh pravljicnih nestvorov, že se je rodilo v njem prepričanje, da je njegova učiteljica prav taka čarovnica, ki čaka le še ugodnega trenutka, da ga umori.

Baš tisti hip se je pa učiteljica napolila po razredu in naravnost proti Johnnyju. Dečka je zajel val smrtno groze, ki je buljila iz njegovih široko razprtih oči v bližajočo se učiteljico, kateri pa dečkov strah ni bil razumljiv.

"Saj se me vendar ne bojiš, Johnny?" ga je smehljaje se nagovorila ter stegnila roko proti njemu, da ga poboža po laseh.

Zdaj je Johnny že kar umiral od groze, ki jo je vzbujala v njem učiteljica. Bilo mu je, kakor da strašna pošast steza po njem svoje koščene kremplje, da mu jih ovije okrog vratu ter ga zadavi. Počutil se je kot nebogljen ptiček, po katerem steza svoje ostre kremplje roparski jastreb. Hotel je dvigniti roke, da bi se branil pred dozdevno pošastjo, a bile so kot lesene in tudi premakniti jih ni mogel. Tedaj, v trenutku najhujše groze, se mu je iztrgal iz grla presunljiv vzkrík: "Mama . . . pomagaj! . . ."

Učiteljica ga je začudeno pogledala in roka ji je omahnila k životu.

"Čuden otrok!" je zamrmrala predse. "Preveč raznežen. No, pa se bo že privadil."

Nato se je vrnila k svoji mizi ter nadaljevala s poukom.

Drugi dan Johnnyja ni bilo v šolo. Tudi tretji, četrti, peti, šesti dan ga ni bilo. Cela dva tedna je Johnny izostajal iz šole, ne da bi starši kaj vedeli o tem. Johnny se je namreč vsako jutro lepo odpravil v šolo, ustavil pa se je na nekem dvorišču blizu javne šole in tam je gledal druge otroke, ko so se igrali. Domov se je vrnil vedno ob času, ko so se vračali iz šole njegovi součenci. Deček je namreč sklenil, da rajši umre, kakor da bi bil šel zopet v šolo, tako se je bal svoje učiteljice. Da tega doma ni povedal, je bil kriv oče, ki je bil precej strog in se ga je Johnny vsled tega jako bal.

Nekega dne pa je mati zvedela, v kakšno šolo hodi njen Johnny. Povedal ji je to sosedov Eddy. Mati sprva kar ni mogla verjeti, da bi jo njen pridni, ubogljivi Johnny tako goljufal, ko pa jo je Eddy končno prepričal, da je res tako, jo je pograbila jeza in brž je povedala vse možu, ki je tudi vzkipel jeze



Renoir: ALŽIRSKA DEKLICA

ter obetal, da bo Johnnyju izbil njegove muhe iz glave enkrat za vselej.

Ko se je Johnny tisto popoldne vrnil domov, je brž zaslutii nevihto. Oče in mati sta se držala tako neznansko resno, da je revčka zazeblu v srce. "Zdajle bo zagrmelo . . ." je šinilo skozi njegove mlade možgane in njegovo telesce se je že skrivilo, kakor da se pripravlja za težke udarce, ki so imeli začeti padati vsak čas. Johnny je namreč vedel, da je njegov oče nagle in hude jeze in dasi je bil tepen šele samo enkrat, si je tedaj dobro zapomnil težo njegovih udarcev.

"Johnny, kje si bil danes?" ga je najprej vprašala mati, upajoč, da bo povedal resnico ter s tem ublažil očetov srd.

"Kje si bil, Johnny?" je ponovil vprašanje oče ter stegnil težko, lopatasto roko po trepetajočem dečku.

"V šoli," je jedva slišno dahnil deček ter povešenih oči zadrgetal, ko je čutil dotik očetove roke.

"Tako!" je zarohnel oče in v očeh sta se mu vtrnila dva bliska. "V šoli? Ni dovolj, da si se ves čas potepal okrog, namesto da bi bil hodil v šolo, še lagal se mi boš! Čakaj, te bom že naučil kozjih molitvic!"

Nato je pričelo padati po Johnnyju, padati po glavi, po hrbtu, vsepovsod. Deček se je zvijal od bolečine, prosil, češ, vse bo povedal, toda oče ni maral poslušati zagovora svojega otroka. Ko mu ga je žena končno iztrgala iz rok, je bil Johnny že ves omamljen od težkih udarcev; govoriti in jokati ni več mogel, le pridrušeno ječal je še.

Mati ga je nesla v posteljo in ko je deček prišel malce k sebi, je hotela vedeti, zakaj ni hotel hoditi v šolo. In Johnny ji je jecljaje povedal, da ga je bilo tako groza učiteljice, da bi bil rajši umrl, kot še enkrat šel v šolo.

"Kakor čarovnica je . . ." je potožil ihte. "Mrz gre od nje . . . in tako dolge koščene kremplje ima . . . mene je že hotela zadaviti! . . ."

Mati je tedaj spoznala, da je bil sin po krivici kaznovan.

"Vsaj toliko bi bil počakal," je očitala možu, "da bi bil fant povedal, kaj ga je odvracalo od šole! Tako si ga čisto po nedolžnem pretepel!"

"Ah, kaj!" je on jezno zamahnil z roko po zraku. "Zaslужil jih je, ker se je lagal. Drugič si bo pošteno premislil, predno bo zopet uganjal nepokorščino ali se mi lagal."

Zjutraj je bil Johnny tako bolan, da so morali poklicati zdravnika. Kuhal se je v hudi vročici in bleдел o črnih pošastih, ki so ga preganjale ter stegovale po njem svoje koščene kremple, da ga zadavijo. Pri tem je deček v grozi tako pretresljivo klical na pomoč, da je dirnilo celo očeta, ki je bil inace dokaj neobčutljive duše.

Zdravnik je takoj zaslutil, kaj se je moralo zgoditi z malim bolnikom. "Kaj ste pa počeli z njim?" se je obrnil k materi, ki mu je nato obotavlja se povedala celo zgodbo ter ihte poizvedovala, ali je sinova bolezen nevarna.

Zdravnik, ki je začel pisati recept za zdravila malemu bolniku, se je pikro nasmehnil.

"Čudni ljudje!" je zamrmral polglasno predse. "Najprej ostrashijo otroka z marnjami o coprnica, nato ga dajo v roke v strašilo našemljene učiteljice, katere se otrok boji, in zato, ker se je boji, ga živinski namlatijo, potem pa jočejo, češ, saj nam vendar ne bo vzela smrt tega našega otročička! — —"

Bolj glasno, da ga je slišal tudi oče, ki je stal za vrati, je pa dejal:

"Veste, najrajši bi ga dal zapreti, tega vašega neumnega moža, ki je revčka tako živinski pretepel! Otrok vendar ni vol! Tudi če bi bil res kaj zakrivil, bi ga ne bil smel pretepati. Patica je slab in škodljiv učitelj."

Čez čas, ko je videl plaho vprašanje v materinih očeh, je pa pristavil:

"Pomirite se, saj nam ne bo umrl, samo mnogo časa, truda in skrbne nege bo vzelo, predno bo zopet dober. In po-

tem—no, potem boste morali pozabiti na tisto šolo, v kateri je revček takoj prvi dan užil toliko groze. Saj imamo druge šole . . . Razumete?"

No, Johnny je ozdravel, v veliko veselje svojih staršev, ki so ga ves čas ljubeznivo negovali, ter začel zopet hoditi v šolo. Ta šola pa je bila drugačna in deček se je ni bal. Njegova učiteljica je bila ljubezniva mladenka, ki ni bila prav nič podobna kakemu strašilu, in kadar se mu je približala ter ga nežno pobožala po laseh, mu je bilo, kakor da ga je pobožal topel solnčni žarek.

Na prejšnjo šolo je mislil le malokdaj, kadar pa se je spomnil, ga je stresel mraz in v duši ga je nekaj zapeklo. Bila je zavest krivice, katero mu je prizadejal oče in ki je globoko v duši še vedno tlela. Nihče namreč tako težko ne pozabi storjene krivice kot otrok, kajti nikomur se tako globoko ne zareže v dušo. Odrasli ljudje so večinoma manj občutljivi za krivice, zato jih tudi še vedno prizadevajo in prenašajo. Toda otroci . . .

Otroci jih ne pozabijo.



Čebela in muhi

DVE muhi se odločita poleteti v dalj-la ter jih lovijo; po hišah pa jih zale-
nje kraje, in začeta vabiti čebelo, zujejo spet razbojnik pajki.”
da naj poleti z njima. Pripovedujeta “Srečno pot!”,—jim odgovori čebela,
ji, kako krasno je življenje v onih kra- “meni je pa tudi tukaj dobro in prijet-
jih . . . Tožita ji, kako slabo je tu, v no. Vsi me ljubijo, tako kmetje kakor
rojstni hiši, in kako ljudje venomer pre- meščani. A vedve poletita kamor hoče-
ganjajo in preganjajo muhe. In kako ta. Povsod bosta imeli enako srečo.
jih niti ne puste (o, kako so ljudje ne- Dokler ne postaneta koristni drugim,
sramni in zvijačni pa sebični!), da bi vaju ne bodo spoštovali nikjer niti va-
se navžile jedi za polno mizo, nego so ju ne bodo nikjer hoteli. Tudi tam v
si celo izmislili nekakšne zvonce iz stek- daljnjih krajih se vaju bodo veselili sa-
mo pajki.” (Po Krilovu Cv. K.)



V. Zubiaurre: STRIC MATIC

Tega še ne veste

O sončni svetlobi

Sončna svetloba se širi nepojmljivo hitro, vendar kljub temu potrebuje precej časa, predno doseže našo Zemljo; sončni žarek prileti k nam v 8 minutah. Na ostale zvezde premičnice (planete) potrebuje sončni žarek, ki preleti 300.000 km v sekundi: na Merkurja 3 minute, na Venero 6 minut, na Marsa 13 minut, na Jupitra 43 minut, na Saturna 1 uro 19 minut, na Urana 2 uri 38 minut, na Neptuna 4 ure 8 minut. Po teh številkah potem lahko uganemo kako neizmerno daleč od sonca so nekatere zvezde premičnice. Za primer vzemimo samo še to, da je ekvator, t. j. sporednik, ki gre na najširšem mestu Zemlje okrog nje in je oddaljen od obeh tečajev enako po 90 stopinj, ter deli Zemljo na južno in severno poloblo, dolg 40.070 km, torej 7 in pol krat manj kakor pa preleti sončni žarek v eni sami sekundi. Ali z drugo besedo: okrog Zemlje bi preletel sončni žarek v manj kakor eni sedmini sekunde.

Črke na letalih

Marsikoga zanimajo črke, ki jih vidijo na letalih poleg imena. Te črke značijo države, iz katerih je tako letalo in to: U—Združene države Sev. Amerike, G—Veliko Britanijo (Anglijo), L—Češkoslovaško, F—Francijo, I—Italijo, C—Rumunsko, P—Poljsko, O—Belgijo, X—Jugoslavijo. Skupno je na letalu pet črk; prva znači državo, nadaljnje štiri pa so takozvane imatrikulacijske (vpisne) številke.

Človeško srce

Človeško srce izvršuje z vsakim svojim udarcem prvenstvene storitve. Normalno (redno) udarja 72-krat v minuti. En udarec (utrip) požene 55 kubičnih centimetrov (ccm) krvi. Vsaka srčna mišica izčrpa v minuti 5 litre krvi.

Če telo počiva, poženeta obe srčni mišici na dan 480 litrov krvi skozi telo. Če preračunamo dnevno delo srca, to je delo 24-ih ur, v kilogrammetre, vidimo, da je tako veliko, kakor delo dvigala, ki dvigne tri ljudi na 100 metrov visok stolp.

Nasprotstva iz kemije

Če mislimo nestrokovnjaško (laično), potem bi morda menili, da mora biti glaven sestavni del vode vodik! Ali to ne odgovarja dejstvom, kajti ta snov se imenuje kisik in tvori 88.8 odstotkov vode. Nasprotno pa najdemo kot sestavni del vseh kislin vedno kemično prvino, ki pa se ne imenuje morda kisik, kakor bi to lahko sklepali, nego—vodik! Te napačne ali celo protislovne označbe izvirajo še iz časov, ko si učenjaki o pomenu posameznih kemičnih spojin in prvin še niso bili popolnoma na jasnem in imajo te prvine svoja imena zaradi znanstvenih zmot.

Kdo je iznašel naprstnik?

Leta 1664 je daroval zlatar Nikolaj van Benschoten v Amsterdamu na Nizozemskem (Holandskem) svoj izum gospej Van Renslaer, da bi ta izum varoval njene marljive roke. Bil je to prav majčken naprstnik, toda krasno izdelan in iz dragocene kovine. Tako je nastal naprstnik, ki ga uporabljamo že 268 let in brez katerega bi marsikdo dandanes sploh ne mogel šivati.

Ruski pregovori

Kdor mnogo ve, se hitro postara.

Za bedaka ni zakona.

Z enega vola lahko odereš samo eno kožo.

Tam kjer ni rib, še rak velja za ribo. Siromaštvo je bogato domislic.

Če ni gob, pojdeš v košaro ti.

Tam, kjer mi ljudi, je še Tomaž (tipično ljudsko ime) plemič.



POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI" IN ČITATELJI

Cenjeni!

Prihodnji mesec, dne 9. aprila, bo Slovenska narodna podporna jednota stara 30 let. V teku so velike priprave, da se njena 30-letnica proslavi dostojno v vseh enotinih okrožjih. V teku pa je tudi velika jubilejna kampanja za nove člane in nove naročnike na glasilo.

Zelo sem vesel, ker ste mi poslali toliko slovenskih dopisov za tekočo številko Mladinskega Lista. Tako je prav! Nadaljujte! Posebno v jubilejnim letu se morate izkazati hvaležne svoji dobri SNPJ s tem, da prispevate svoje dopise za "Kotiček" v pomnoženem številu.

Vsi dopisi, ki so priobčeni v tej številki, so zanimivi in vsakdo jih bo z veseljem čital. Pomlad je tu in radi se boste igrali zunaj na prostem. Ampak nikar ne pozabite na prihodnji dopisek za "Kotiček"!

Letos je jubilejno leto naše jednote! Dopisujte in nagovarjajte svoje tovariše v jednoto!

UREDNIK.

BOLJŠI ČASI—KJE SO?

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Ker so to moje prve "letošnje" slovenske vrstice za Mladinski List, upam, da bodo kmalu priobčene. Torej to je moj prvi slovenski dopis v tem letu.

Tu v Pueblu imamo zimo brez snega. Zjutraj je malo hladno, potem se pa ogreje in je lepo ko v juliju. Moja mama pravi, da tukaj še ni bilo nikdar tako "najs" zime kot letos, odkar je ona v Ameriki. In vrtnice (gartrože) že poganjajo. Pomislite, tako zgodaj!

Z delom gre tukaj prav slabo. Moj atek dela eden ali dva dni v tednu, mnogo delavcev pa je, da sploh nič ne delajo. Kot se vidi, ne bo krize še tako kmalu konec. Že peto leto pričakujemo boljših časov. Toda prej jih ne bomo dobili, dokler se ne bodo delavci sami resno zavzeli, da jih dobimo. Sodelovati bodo morali skupaj, ne pa kot sedaj, vsak zase. Delavci, zdramite se!

Mi vsi (naša družina) smo pri društvu št. 21 SNPJ.

Jaz imam eno sestro in tri brate. Vsi trije hodijo v šolo.—V nedeljo, dne 21. jan., je društvo Orel št. 21 SNPJ imelo svojo veselico.

Upam, da sem dala uredniku dovolj dela s tem dopisom, ker ga mora popravljati, da bo priobčen. Zato pa ga lepo pozdravljam, tako tudi vse male sestrice in bratce!

Ann Fabjancic,

1237 Bohmen st., Pueblo, Colo.

* * *

LENČKINO PRVO PISMO

Dragi urednik!

To so moje prve slovenske vrstice za Naš kotichek. Že enkrat prej sem se mislila oglasiti v našem priljubljenem Mladinskem Listu, pa menda nisem imela dovolj koražje, ker še ne znam dobro pisati po slovensko. Seveda, pri tem mi pomaga moja mama.

Stara sem devet let in sem v četrtem razredu v šoli. Ker v M. L. večkrat čitam kakšno pesem, bom tudi jaz prispevala eno, ki me jo je naučila moja mama.

Pozimi iz šole

Vse je belo, dol in breg,
pod ного škriplje trdi sneg.
Uboge ptičice zmrzujejo,
gole nožice privzdigujejo.

Še mnogo časa mora preteči,
da se doma pri gorki peči
ogreje mrzli ves životek,
kaj gorkega dobi želodček.

Oh, poln težav je in bridkosti
že sam začetek učenosti!

Mnogo pozdravov vsem sestricam in bratcem!

Helen F. Gricher,

RFD No. 4, Chardon, O.

* * *

BRATCI IN SESTRICE, PIŠITE SLOVENSKO!

Dragi urednik!

Če bom večkrat pisala, bolj bom znala in urednik bo tudi vesel, če bo več slovenskih dopisov v Mladinskem Listu. Prav rada bi znala slovensko dobro pisati. Zato pa bi bilo dobro, če bi tukaj na clevelandskem hribu ustanovili slovensko šolo, da se bi slovenski otroci učili brati, pisati in peti.

Za silo znam slovensko brati. Tu je precej dečkov in deklic, ki prejemale Mladinski List. In zakaj se ne oglašijo v njem s clevelandskega hriba? Bratje in sestrice, kar hitro primite za pero ali svinčnik in napišite par vrstic za Mladinski List. Čim več slovenskih dopisov bo, tembolj bo urednik vesel.

Sedaj pa moram nehati, ker nimam nič drugega pisati, bom pa prihodnjič še kaj več napisala.

Lepo pozdravljam vse skupaj!

Rose Koprivnik,

8514 Vineyard ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

POMLAD PRIHAJA!

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Tukaj smo imeli precej hudo zimo, tako hude menda še ne. Snega je tudi bilo dovolj. Sedaj se bliža pomlad!

Dne 26. feb. smo peli v radio v Public auditoriju. Naše učiteljice so nas naučile, pa smo zapeli. In 3000 nas je bilo! Deklice so bile oblečene v bele obleke. Vse je bilo tako lepo, le mrzlo je bilo, da bi kmalu vsi ozebli.

Naše društvo Na Jutrovem št. 477 je imelo veselico dne 27. jan. Prav dobro smo se imeli in postrežba je bila tudi dobra. Žal, da se je tako malo članov udeležilo.—Dne 3. feb. smo bili na srebrni poroki Mr. in mrs. Čertalič s St. Clair ave. Imeli smo se imenitno!

Mojega pisanja je zaenkrat zadosti, bom pa prihodnjič še kaj napisala.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem!

Emma Koprivnik,

8514 Vineyard ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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ALBINA SE SPOMINJA STAREGA KRAJA Cenjeni urednik!

Meseca januarja sem napisala angleški dopis za Mladinski List, sedaj sem se pa odločila, da napišem slovenskega. To sem storila zato, dragi čitatelji, da ne boste mislili, da ne znam več slovensko pisati.

Naj vam povem, da znam tri jezike, moje sestre pa dva. Naj vam tudi povem malo o starem kraju.

Jaz sem Slovenka iz tistega kraja, ki ga so zasedli Italijani. Ta lepi del slovenske zemlje nam je vzela Italija, toda za koliko časa, to je pa vprašanje. Jaz imam enega brata v starem kraju; on je moj polbrat. Dostikrat se spominjam, kako smo se poleti in pozimi skupaj igrali. Rada bi videla moj rojstni kraj, pa ne vem, če ga bom še kdaj ali ne, kajti naša lepa domovina "nima kruha, nima vina." Imam tudi enega strica, ki nas je večkrat "varval" ko so mama šli v mesto z bratom. In da veste, kako smo me sestrice lizale sladkog v odsotnosti mame! Stric je šel v hlev, me tri pa na sladkor! Npravile smo si škričelje in sipale sladkor vanje. In tudi v samokolnici (karjoli) smo se vozile. Na skrivnem prostorčku pa smo sladkorček lizale. Zasačil nas je neki deček. Hotele smo se skriti, pa se je samokolnica prekucnila. Ves sladkor se je raztresel nam po obrazih. Pa smo kihale in kašljale, da kaj! Deček pa se je poredno smejal. Od takrat nismo nikdar več "kradle" sladkorja.

To naj zadostuje za sedaj, prihodnjič, če bom mogla, bom še kaj napisala. Mnogo pozdravov vsem!

Albina Kalister,

box 77, McIntyre, Pa.

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DOPIS IZ DRŽAVE NEW YORK

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moje prvo slovensko pismo za Mladinski List. Stara sem 11 let in hodim v peti razred ljudske šole z mojimi bratci in sestricami. Moj najmlajši bratec bo začel hoditi v šolo v aprilu.

Mi živimo v državi New York, kjer smo imeli letos jako hudo in dolgo zimo.

V šoli imamo jako dobro učiteljico, ki jo imamo vsi šolarji zelo radi. Ime ji je Suzana Jones. Ona je jako priljubljena. Ne smem pozabiti povedati tudi to, da vsa naša družina spada k SNPJ.

Prihodnjič bom še kaj napisala, obenem pa lepo pozdravljam vse mlade čitatelje!

Frances Kouchar,

box 123, Cooperstown, N. Y.

LADKO JIH JE PREHITEL

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Tudi jaz sem se namenil, da napišem par vrstic za Mladinski List. To je tudi moj prvi slovenski dopis. Že dolgo dobivamo M. L. in se mi zelo dopade.

Star sem 9 let in v šoli sem v 4. razredu. Moja mama me je naučila slovensko pisati in brati. Sedaj še bolj slabo pišem, upam pa, da se bom kmalu naučil boljše. Tu so tri slovenske družine in skupaj nas je ravno tucat otrok. Tudi oni se učijo slovensko pisati, jaz sem jih pa prehitel.

Dne 5. feb. je bil moj rojstni dan in moja mama mi je priredila party. Od dečkov in deklic sem dobil mnogo lepih stvari. Lepo smo se zabavali.

Sedaj pa moram nehati, da se moj dopis preveč ne raztegne. H koncu pa prav lepo pozdravljam vse dečke in deklice, ki bodo čitali moj dopis. Pozdravljam tudi Tonyja in Walterja Klemenc v North Bessemerju, Pa.

Ladko Rehar, box 136, Stump Creek, Pa.

* * *

POMLAD IN VESELJE

Dragi urednik!

Zima okoli Serantona je bila precej huda in toplomer je kazal pod ničlo. Sedaj prihaja ljuba pomlad in z njo obilo veselja.

Z mojim dopisom sem se malo zapoznil, ker sem čakal, da Vam povem novice, katerih sem zelo vesel. To je, da sem bil povišan v šoli in sedaj hodim v North Junior High School. Moj "home room" je v sekciji 7B7 in številka je 117. Zelo se tudi veselim telovadbe. In da veste, kako postopajo z novinci v tej šoli! Če vprašaš dečka, ki je nastavljen, da daje pojasnila, te lepo odpravi in reče: "Pojdi skozi okno po deževni cevi in pridi skozi drugo okno nazaj." To je samo en primer, kako "ga lomijo" z novinci, samo da se jim potem smejejo. Well, malo zabave je menda all right, če se pri tem nikomur nič slabega ne pripeti.

Dne 21. jan. sem bil na Glenburn drsališču. To je res zelo primeren kraj za sankanje in drsanje. Želel sem si, da bi bil tudi jaz kmalu dovolj velik, da se bi šel sankat z drugimi.

Pozdrav uredniku in čitateljem!

Felix Vogrin,

2419 N. Main ave., Seranton, Pa.

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OBLJUBA DOLG DELA

Dragi urednik!

Res, obljuba dolg dela, kot pravijo. Zadržnič, ko sem obljubila, da bom napisala moj prvi slovenski dopis za M. L., sem naprosila mojo mamo, da mi pomaga. Rekla je: "Le korajžo!" Vsak začetek je težak, zato pa tudi ta ni bil posebno lahak.

Vselej težko pričakujem Mladinskega Lista, ker se mi dopade in ga tudi vselej hitro

prelistam in preberem. Mislim, da drugi otroci store isto. Prihodnjič bom še kaj napisala, če bo urednik priobčil te moje prve slovenske vrstice. Zahvaljujem se mu za popravke in trud, ki ga bo imel s tem dopisom.

Iskreno pozdravljam vse čitatelje in urednika!

Julia Slavec,

box 63, Morley, Colo.

* * *

"NAS VEŽE DELAVSKA LJUBEZEN"

Dragi mi urednik!

Najprej se Vam moram zahvaliti za Vaš trud in popravke, ker vse tako lepo uredite, kar ni razločno in pravilno zapisano.

Moj rojstni dan je bil na 6. januarja. Takrat sem dopolnil 12. leto. Slovensko rad pišem, čitam pa še rajše, ker je lažje.

V Clevelandu so delavske razmere slabe, še slabše ko lani. Tukaj Vam pošiljam delavsko pesem, ki je lepa.

Nas veže ljubezen

Glej, zarja Svobode na vzhodu žari
in nas drami iz teme noči.

Zdrobimo verige, ki vklepajo nas,
le v ljubezni nam bratski je spas.

Nas veže ljubezen, nas veže trpkost,
za boj za enakost—prostost!

Že vstaja v daljavi zatirani rod
in naznanja svobodo povsod.

Četudi megla nam preti in grozi,
že Svoboda gradi si poti.

V ljubezni si bratski podajmo roko:
V boj za pravico, prostost!

Boj za prostost!

H koncu pozdravljam vse čitatelje in urednika!

Frank Krancevic,

1221 E. 61st st., Cleveland, O.

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UPANJE NA POMLAD

Dragi urednik!

Že spet se sem namenila, da napišem par vrstic za M. L. in upam, da bodo priobčene v "Našem kotičku."

Moram povedati, da smo imeli prošli mesec hudo zimo. Mene jako zebe kadar grem v šolo in domov. Najrajši bi bila celi dan v šoli, ako bi mi učiteljica dovolila, da bi "lonč" prinesla s seboj. Pa mi ne pusti. Pravi, da živim preblizu in moram h kosilu domov. Upam, da se bo obrnilo na boljše v kratkem, ker ljubim solnčno gorkoto.

Ob koncu tega dopisa pozdravim vse dopisovalce M. L. in seveda tudi urednika!

Mary Volk,

702 E. 160 st., Cleveland, Ohio.

OHRANIMO NAŠ JEZIK!

Cenjeni urednik!

Ne zamerite, ker sem se ta mesec nekoliko zakasnila z mojim dopisom. Upam pa, da bo še pravočasno prišel v Vaše roke, da ga priobčite v februarški številki. (Žal, došel je prepozno.—Urednik.) Vzrok, da nisem prej pisala, je to, ker se mi je moj pisalni stroj pokvaril, tako da neče pa neče več pisati. Poskušala sem na vse mogoče načine, da bi ga popravila, a brez uspeha. Moj oče ga je nekaj časa obdeloval s kladivom, potem je poskusil z žago in nazadnje še s svedrom, a vse zaman. Torej sem primorana, da pišem ta dopis ročno.

Za božič sem dobila razglednico pisano v angleščini iz Milwaukeeja od John Specha, člana ml. od tamkajšnjega društva, ki me vprašuje zakaj ne pišem v Ml. Listu svojih dopisov v angleščini. Well, temu članu odgovarjam sledeče:

Dear Johnnie, don't for a minute think that I can't write English. I can, but I will continue to write my contributions in the Ml. L. in Slovene because I am born of Slovene parents and so are you and many others. Therefore, it is our duty to keep up the Slovene language—which is the official language of our beloved SNPJ for over thirty years—as long as possible. Many thanks for your Xmas card. Yours truly,
Josephine Mestek.

Posebnih novic nimam poročati. Predno sklenem, naj dodam še tole pesem:

Če jaz bil bi Bog

1.

Po svetu okrog
je dosti zalog,
dobrin za vse ljudi.
od vseh teh zalog
pa ti, žalibog,
trot-bogatin največ dobi.

2.

Zato pa je jok,
nešteto nadlog,
pomanjkanje, vsled teh krivic.
Delavec ubog,
ki žuljavih rok
ustvarja vse to, nima nič.

3.

Če jaz bil bi Bog,
pravičen in strog,
pometel s tem zlom bi z zemlje.
Utolažil bi jok,
in dal bi iz rok
le vsakemu to kar mu gre.

Pozdrav vsem skupaj in na svidenje prihodnjič!

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

NAŠA NASELBINA IN ŠOLA

Dragi urednik!

Danes hočem malo opisati našo naselbino in šolo.—Walsen Camp se drži mesta Walsenburg. Pred par leti je bila to ena najlepših naselbin v tem kraju. Pred tremi leti so zaprli rudnik, ki je bil last Rockefellerjeve družbe. Od takrat naša naselbina razpada. Ljudje se selijo drugam in kompanija prodaja prazne hiše za \$25 in \$50. Nekatero hišo podrejo, druge pa na velikih traktorjih odpeljejo v druge kraje.

Naša šola je bila zgrajena pred sedmimi leti. Je lepo, moderno urejeno poslopje in ima osem razredov ljudske šole. Poleg tega se dečki po enkrat na teden učimo rokodelstva, deklice pa kuhe in šivanja.

Delavske razmere so tukaj slabe. Zaslужka in dela je vedno manj. Da rudniki tako slabo obratujejo, je tudi nekoliko kriva letošnja izredno topla zima.

Zahvaljujem se uredniku za popravke in trud, ki ga ima z mojimi dopisi. Pozdrav njemu in vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Albert Tomsic,

box 122, Walsenburg, Colo.

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OLGA NAROČILA M. L. STARI MATERI

Dragi urednik!

V "Kotičku" sem opazila, kako lahko pomagamo jednoti. Tukaj v Scrantonu je bolj težko dobiti nove člane, ker nas Slovencev je zelo malo v tej okolici in večinoma vsi smo člani SNPJ. Zato je bolj težko dobiti naročnike in člane.

Pošiljam Vam naročnino na M. L. za mojo staro mater v starem kraju (znaša \$1.50). Priloženo je "money order." Moja stara mati zelo rada čita Mladinski List. Bo vsaj včasih videla mojega bratca in moj dopis.

Zima 21. feb. je bila huda okoli ničle. Tudi snega smo imeli.

Zadnjič sem omenila o štrajku med rudarji. Sedaj je vse utihnilo. Ali se ne ve za kako dolgo, ker rudarji niso zmagali.

Pozdrav sestricam in bratcem in Vam!

Olga Vogrin,

2419 N. Maine ave., Scranton, Pa.

* * *

DENARJA NI

Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet se oglašam v našem priljubljenem M. L.

Kmalu pride čas, da bodo šolski dnevi končani. In mi otroci se bomo igrali na vročem soncu. Sedaj imamo še veliko šolskega dela. V naši šoli prodajamo candy, da bi kupili čitalniške knjige. Mi nismo imeli dosti knjig, da bi vsak v razredu imel svojo. Kdor je najboljši čez teden, dobi knjigo. Jaz imam eno

slovensko knjigo, "Jimmie Higgins," ki ji zdaj čitam. In se mi jako dopade. Moji mami jo je podarila njena prijateljica. Jaz prosim mojega ata, naj mi kupi Adamičevo knjigo. On pa pravi, da so slabi časi, da bi knjige kupoval.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem!

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

* * *

"MLADI LJUDJE"

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Namenila sem se napisati par vrstic za "Naš kotichek." Najprej se moram oprostiti, ker nisem že davno pisala. Vzrok je seveda bil, ker sem bila preveč zaposlena v šoli.

Povedati Vam moram, da je bil moj rojstni dan 5. marca. Rojena sem bila 1921 v Zagorju na Notranjskem, blizu Št. Petra. Moja mama je bila rojena v Trnovem pri Ilirski Bistrici. Njeno deklško ime je bilo Bene.

Prosim, priobčite to-le pesmico, ki se imenuje "Mladi ljudje." Učimo se jo v slovenski šoli.

Mladi ljudje

1.

Kdo more kaj mladim ljudem,
ko lica jim zdrava žare,
ko glasne so njihove pesmi
in jasno je mlado srce!
Saj njih vsak na polju je cvet
njim solnce veselo gori,
njim ptički prepevajo glasno,
vsa sreča le zanje živi.

2.

Če pride nezgoda, boleost,
kdo kremžil bi lice mlado!
Na svetu ljudi že nešteto,
ki stokrat je bolj jim hudo.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem čitateljem,
posebno pa uredniku!

Frances Merie Čeligoj,
834 Ruyard rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

NAŠI KANARČKI

Cenjeni urednik!

Hvala Vam ker ste priobčili moj dopis v februarski številki. Gotovo sem mislil, da je šel v koš. Sedaj pa vidim, da sem ga prepozno poslal, da bi bil priobčen v januarski številki. Prihodnjič bom bolj pazil, da ne bom preveč dolgo odlašal.

Letos imamo hudo zimo. Meni se smilijo ptički, ki ozebujajo zunaj in zmrzujejo. Niso

ako srečni ko naši kanarčki, ki jih imamo v gorki sobi in lepo prepevajo, da bi zjutraj še malo rad pospel, pa moram ustati, kadar prično kanarčki prepevati. Imamo jih osem, pa saj jih jako rad poslušam.

Prihodnjič bom spet kaj napisal. Pozdrav uredniku in čitateljem! Albert Volk,

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

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GERTRUDE BO ŠE PISALA

Dragi urednik!

To je moje prvo slovensko pismo za Mladinski List. Stara sem enajst let in moja sestra je stara osem let. Moja sestra in jaz hodive v Pioneerjevo slovensko šolo. Učita nas Mrs. Katka Zupančič in Mr. Louis Beniger. Učenci bomo imeli svoj program ko bo čikaška federacija SNPJ proslavila 30 letnico naše jednote, to bo dne 8. aprila.

Bom še pisala. Gertrude Zorko,
2612 So. Trumbull ave., Chicago, Ill.

POŽRTVOVALNA PLEMENITOST

(Resnična zgodba)

PRI zidanju visoke hiše je bilo potrebno močno ogrodje. Brezvestni tesarji so pa napravili pomanjkljivo in slabo ogrodje, ki se je zaradi teže stavbnega gradiva in zaposlenih delavcev kaj kmalu prelomilo. Vsi delavci so se zrušili na tla razen dveh, ki sta se ujela na ozko latev, na kateri bi se pa obadva ne mogla vzdržati dolgo. Starejši delavec, družinski oče, je prevzet od tesnobe, ko je videl kako se latev upogiba, zaklical: "Tovariš, spusti se, doma imam ženo in otroke!" Drugi delavec, ki je bil še ne- oženjen, je odgovoril: "Prav maš, nikogar nimam, ki bi mu bil neobhodno potreben, in latev bi naju obadva res ne obdržala. Zdravstvuj!" Spustil se je, padel je na tla in se ubil kakor vsi ostali njegovi nesrečni tovariši. Oče pa je bil ohranjen ženi in otrokom.

—st—

Janezek: Tvoj oče je krojač in prav čudno, da ti dovoli z raztrgano obleko tekati sem in tja?

Karlek: In tvoj oče je zobozdravnik, pa tvoj mali bratec navzlic temu še nima nikakih zob?



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XIII

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH, 1934

Number 3

Brothers

HE SPOKE no word of English;
He was of French descent;
But I knew the terms of the look, the form,
Of him, whom the coal mines bent.

I knew no word of Spanish
When he turned and spoke with a grin;
But I paused and glanced at the calloused hands,
And knew I had met my kin.

Away down the track were the darkies
Laying the rails and the ties;
And there on the far-stretching farmlands
Were the Swedes and the Slavs, I surmise.

They spoke no word of English;
Of different color, demeanor, and size;
But I knew that my life entire depended
On the coal, and the grain, and the ties.

Mary Jugg.

BLACK VILLAGES

By Anna P. Krasna

AS the train speeds on through Pennsy hills,
 I watch for humble homes,
 All clustered close to some black mine,
 Or scattered round the mills.

I like to ponder whether they
 Are bleak from soot alone;
 Or is there some dark tragedy
 That makes them look so gray.

And are the heavy clouds of smoke,
 Suspended close and low,
 Supposed to hide black misery—
 Or do they only choke?

Each daring dream, each ray of light,
 Now lost in black dust, held
 A way that led to goals and rose
 High to the skies sun-bright.—

SPRING IS HERE—WELCOME APRIL

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THE wild, green hosts of spring come back.
 Green leaves, green grass, and budding shoot.
 O sweet invasion, dear attack—
 An army singing like a lute.

*Spring and her cohorts—bringing peace!
 Spring, with her banners proudly furled—
 This is the hour of earth's release,
 When flowery armies sweep the world.*

Friday The 13th

By a Railroader

ALMOST everyone is just a little superstitious about Friday the 13th, though the majority of us do not like to acknowledge it openly. The reason that I say that Friday, and also the 13th, is my lucky day is because of my narrow escape on Friday, Dec. 13, 1888.

I was running a passenger engine and had a head-end collision with a freight engine just before daylight. I had a four car passenger train with a 16x22 inch cylinder Mason engine.

These were the days when every engine crew thought they owned their engine. Our engine was equipped with a six inch Westinghouse air pump with a B-11 brake valve and carried 60 pounds train line pressure, and we were making close to 40 miles an hour. The freight train was making about 30 miles an hour, having about 30 loaded cars.

The track at the point where we collided is on the very edge of the Mississippi River, with high bluffs on one side; the road was practically all curves and as we had been having some very cold weather, the river was frozen over. We met on a short piece of straight track about 400 feet long. My engine came around the curve at one end of this tangent at about the same time the freight engine came around the other end. There was no opportunity for us to see each other, as the rock bluff about 300 feet high completely obscured our vision.

As soon as we saw the headlight coming, my fireman jumped from the left gangway into the ditch alongside the bluffs. I dropped from the right side window after throwing the old B-11 brake valve to full application position and reversing the engine. The quick action emergency was not known at that time.

I struck the ditch about the same time the crash came. I do not remember just how many somersaults I turned before I struck the ice on the river, which stunned me and made it impossible for me to move. I could not get my breath for some time, as the box cars and wreckage were tumbling around me. I retained my senses of hearing and seeing but was otherwise unconscious of pain and could not move. However, in a few moments I gradually got my breath and my arms and legs commenced to come to life again, and the sensation was just like the feeling one has when arms or feet go to sleep from being in a cramped position.

In a short time I could sit up and found that I was surrounded with flax seed that had been in the fourth car from the freight engine, which was demolished in the crash and had moved me further out on the ice and out of the path of the wreckage which had piled up where I had originally lain.

The head brakeman on the freight train was crushed to death underneath the freight engine tender, which was upside down. He was a fine young man and had not been braking long. This was the sad part of the collision. Luckily there were no passengers on the train.

There were some humorous things connected with the accident, however. My fireman had heard me kick about the air pump lubricator not feeding right and after he had been dug out of the wreckage unhurt, the first words he said to me after looking at our engine, which was practically demolished, were: "Well, we will get a new lubricator anyway."

Our engine was never rebuilt. The other engine, a 17x24 Rhode Island,

was badly wrecked but was rebuilt and was run many years afterwards. The cause of this collision was that the freight engineer and conductor had laying off when a new time card came out and the time of our train had been

advanced 20 minutes, which the freight crew overlooked.

As I was not seriously injured and had a very narrow escape, I consider the number 13 and Friday as my lucky day and date.

The Light of Love

By Joseph Russell

THERE is in the possession of each of us one jewel that cannot be stolen—love. Love cannot be bought or sold. You may be financially "on the rocks," and the sheriff may come into your home and sell your furniture at auction, or drive away your car, or take possession of everything that you have gathered together in personal estate, and leave you homeless and penniless; but love cannot be taken for debt; neither can you give it entirely away, though you give enough of it to fill a million hearts.

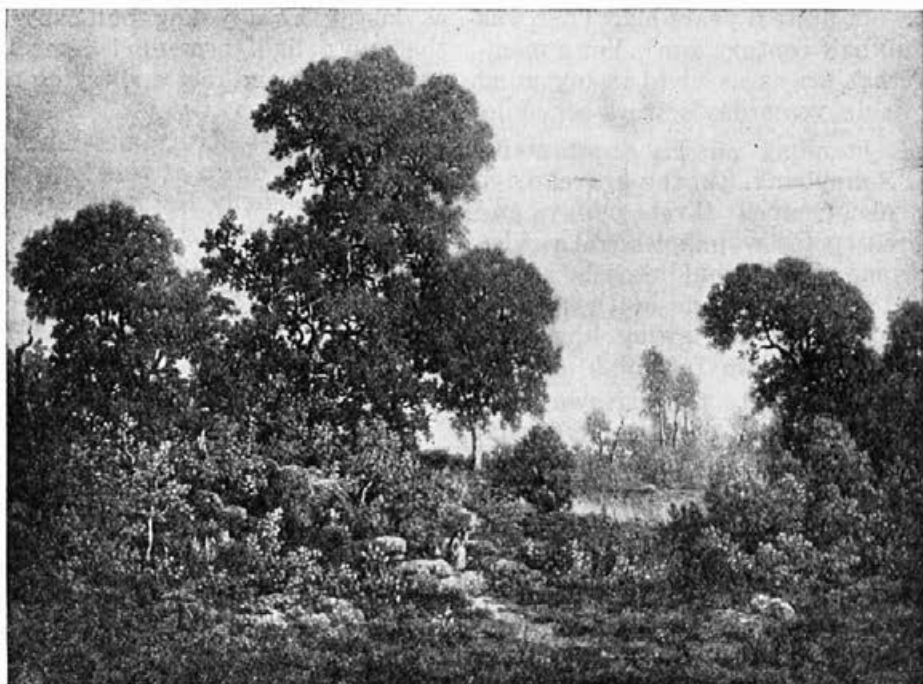
An example of such giving might be illustrated in this manner. Suppose that there were no sun or stars in the heavens, nothing to penetrate the curtain of night; and suppose that a lighted candle were placed in your hand, which would glow, wasteless and bright, amid all the storms and tempests that might arise upon this earth.

Suppose, then, that there were millions of human beings upon the earth with you, each having an unlighted candle in his hand. Suppose that these millions of human beings should come to you, one by one, and each light his candle from yours. Would this rob your candle of any of its brightness? Would less of it shine in your own path? Would your candle burn more dimly

from having lighted these millions of other candles?

There is no emptying of the well of love, even as there would be no diminishing of the flame or light of the candle by lighting the candles of other human beings. The fountain of love is kept in operation by means of its outlets as well as by its inlets. You cannot love anything but will not in some measure or other return love; you cannot be loved, except by loving. In the illustration of the candle, was not the light of the millions that were lighted at your candle as much your light as if it had all come from your single candle? Did you not dispel darkness and night by giving away light? If our greedy industrialists would but realize how much suffering they cause to millions of men, women and children, they would "give away material light," too. The present system is obstructing that light.

Bear in mind this parable, and, whenever in your walk of life you fall in with one of heavy heart, lend a bit of love. A spark of love from your heart may travel around the entire earth and return to you as a million sparks to make your own heart the warmer. Love is never wasted. It is a jewel that never loses its brilliancy.



Rousseau: EARLY SPRING

What A Dog Taught Me

By Albert Payson Terhune

I WAS not quite 6 years old. That was a full half-century ago. Yet a memory of that era is as vivid in my mind today as is yesterday's work-schedule.

I was standing on the front steps, here at Sunnybank. On the gravel drive at my feet romped three pudgy and flop-eared pointer puppies. An idea came to me. Why wouldn't it be a funny stunt to pick up one of those pups by his long ears and swing him back and forth, pendulum fashion?

I jumped down to the driveway and grabbed the nearest of the three friendly babies. To and fro I swung him by the ears. His yelps of pain were right diverting. So were his feebly helpless efforts to get free from the torture.

Then, from nowhere in particular, my father appeared. Gently releasing the pup from my grasp and setting him on the ground, he picked me up bodily by my own ample ears (I realize now that he must have supported part of my weight in some less tenuous manner) he swung me back and forth, three times; just as I had swung the puppy.

Then, still without a word, he put me down and went into the house. There I stood, bellowing with pain and fright,

as lustily as a young bull-calf; while the pup I had tormented came licking at my hands and feet and trying to comfort me.

In the midst of my anguished bawling I glanced down at the forgiving little dog. Suddenly I stopped crying and began to think. I thought longer and harder than ever before in my silly young life. It dawned on me that my father had subjected me to precisely the same hideous treatment which I had inflicted on the puppy; and that it must have hurt the pup in precisely the same way it hurt me.

For the first time, I was putting myself in another's place. The sensation was not pleasant; but it served its turn; just as my father had known it would—my gentle father who had never before been cruel to me or to anything or anybody.

His drastic punishment of my cruelty did more for me than could an hour's eloquent lecture on the rottenness of ill-treating the helpless. It set up a complex in my half-baked mind which has remained unto this day. From that time I had never been able to see any fun in teasing or hurting something or someone that could not retaliate.

RIDDLES

What was the first bet ever made?—
The alphabet.

What does a lady look for but still hates to find?—Dust.

When does a leopard change spots?—
When he moves from place to place.

What grows when you feed it paper

and dies when you feed it water?—
Fire.

What goes around the house without legs?—Broom.

What runs and runs and never stops?—
A river.

What has a head and body and runs on dozen of legs?—A train.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

BY MARY H. KROUT

THEY drive home the cows from the pasture,
 Up through the long, shady lane,
 Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfields
 That are yellow with ripening grain.
 They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
 Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
 They gather the earliest snow-drops,
 And the first crimson buds of the rose.
 They toss the new hay in the meadow;
 They gather the elder-blooms white;
 They find where the dusky grapes purple,
 In the soft-tinted October light.
 They know where the apples hang ripest,
 And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
 They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
 On the long, thorny blackberry vines.
 They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
 And build tiny castles of sand;
 They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
 Fairly barks that have drifted to land.
 They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
 Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
 And at night-time are folded in slumber
 By a song that a fond mother sings.
 Those who toil wisely are strongest;
 And so from these brown-handed children
 Shall grow mighty workers of state.
 Then pen of the author and statesman—
 The good and wise of the land—
 The work, and the chisel, and palette,
 Shall be held in the little brown hand.

HELLO SPRING!

By E. F. HAYWARD

H ELLO, Spring! I've been a wishin'	Jes' lay fof your Spring bonnet,
You'd be amblin' 'long this way;	Make yerself at home right here.
I'm jes itchin' to go fishin',	Wha's that fish-pole now—doggone it!
Ben a watchin' ev'ry day.	That I put away las' year?
Knowed you'd come along to cheer us	Never mind, I'll cut a willer,
Like you always used to do;	'Taint no time to fol around.
Pitch you tent an' camp right near us,	Ketchin' trout it sure a thriller
Fer we're mighty fond of you.	Fer a real ole fishin' hound.



Chatter Corner

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

AND AGAIN: "SO MANY LETTERS"!!!

Dear Readers and Contributors:—

Can you imagine! More than FIFTY little messages written by our beginners are published in this issue! And there is a number of other letters written by our "old-timers."

It's a record of records!

It is quite appropriate that so many of you juveniles decided to write for the Mladinski List, particularly this year which is the jubilee year of the SNPJ—the biggest and most influential Slovene benefit organization in the United States. And I am more than glad that you young members are showing such enthusiasm and interest in your organization.

Right now throughout the SNPJ jurisdiction there are in progress numerous preparations to observe most fittingly the SNPJ's 30th anniversary in which many of our juveniles will take part. Carry on! THE EDITOR.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

FIRST LETTERS BY OUR JUVENILE MEMBERS

(Here are about fifty "First Letters" written by our Juveniles who are thumbing the pages of the MLADINSKI LIST regularly every month. Their little first messages are indeed encouraging as they show their enthusiasm for their "Monthly Visitor"—the MLADINSKI LIST—issued in their interest by the SLOVENE NATIONAL BENEFIT SOCIETY which this year celebrates its 30th anniversary.)

Little Amelia Bergant of Willard, Wis., R. 1, tells us in her first letter: "I like school very much and my teacher, too." Then she goes on: "I got my Xmas present from my teacher. I am 9 years old and in the 3rd grade in school. I like to hear my mother read Slovene, and I wish I could read and write Slo-

vene. All of us belong to Lodge 198 SNPJ." Amelia sends best regards to the Editor and Members.

* * *

Amelia's brother, Johnny Bergant, likes to read the Mladinski List and he is very busy with his work. Of course he is a member of the Lodge 198, and he goes to school. He says: "We all like to read the M. L. and sometime my mother reads out of the 'little book' some nice stories. I'll write to the M. L. more next time.—What has four legs and can't walk?—Ans.: A chair."

* * *

Mildred Kerkez (13) of Clinton, Ind., 1149 Miller st., says in her first letter she "always reads the M. L. through." We'll let her go on with the story: "I am in the 8th grade at Junior High School and I have five teachers; they are all good to me. My mother, father, brother and I all belong to the SNPJ. I am its member since 1922. Best regards

to the Editor and Readers and Writers. (I would like if some girl or boy would write to me.)"

* * *

From Elizabeth, N. J., 317 Bond st., writes John Bratnik sends his first message: "I have enjoyed reading all the letters, poems, stories and jokes very much. I am 13 years old and in the higher 8th grade. My father, brother, sister and I belong to Lodge 540 SNPJ. I would like to compliment Anna P. Krasna for the very nice poem she wrote in the January Mladinski List. My sister also likes to read her poems and she thinks they are all interesting. On February 1, Louis Adamic, our well-known writer, spoke on the radio. We didn't hear him as we received a late notice in the Prosveta. We were sorry we missed him as he is very interesting. I'll write more next time. Regards to all."

* * *

Frances Zelnick (11) of Aspen, Colo., box 204, tells us in her first letter the following: I am in the 6th grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Leaver and I like her very much. She never 'decorates' my report card with red, for I get a very good card. And what is the matter with Aspen? I haven't seen a letter from Aspen in the M. L. yet, so I decided to write every month now. But I do wish more Juveniles from here would write to the M. L. There isn't much work around here and my Daddy works only three days a week; before he worked six days. I wish some member would write to me."

* * *

And here's another first letter from Willard, Wis., by Rosie Kuznacic (R. R. 1, box 52) who is 11 years old. She writes: "I like to go to school very much. My teacher's name is Michael Krultz; he is a very good teacher. I am in the sixth grade in school. There are nine of us in the family. I have two sisters and four brothers, and all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 735. Six of us go to school and one of my brothers stays at home as he graduated last year. I like to read stories, poems and jokes in the Mladinski List. Best regards to readers and editor."

* * *

Albina Kolegar (13) of Sharon, Pa., RFD 1, sends her first letter to the M. L. to tell the readers that:—"My brother and I belong to Lodge 262, SNPJ. I am in 6th grade in the country Roosevelt school. Miss Mary Spory is my teacher and she is kind. There are 30 pupils in our room. I have 5 sisters and one stepbrother. I enjoy reading the Mladinski List. Best regards to all."

* * *

Pauline Yanovsky (10) writes her "first" from her home in Irwin, Pa., RFD 3;—she

is in the 4th grade in school. "The mines out here are not working very well," she tells us; "but we all belong to Lodge 200, SNPJ, except three. There are 11 in our family. Best regards to the Editor and Members."

* * *

Up in McKinley, Minn., (box 32) lives Vida Mesojedec (14) and writes her "first" to the M. L.: "This is my first attempt to write to our dear magazine, the Mladinski List, and I hope it won't be my last. I am a freshman in the Gilbert Junior high school. I have five subjects and also five teachers, who are all very nice. We have a lot of fun at school. Work is quite scarce out here, some men getting only a few days' work in a month. I hope that work would pick up soon. I believe this is the first letter in the M. L. from here. So, wake up, boys and girls. Write! I hope some members would write to me. Best regards."

* * *

Eleven years old Stanley Sadler of Library, Pa., box 128, succeeded in writing his first letter to the Mladinski List, in which he tells us that his teacher's name is Miss Rice. He says: "I am in the 6th grade in school, and I wish that Rudy Kral would also write to the M. L. I wish some member would write to me, too, as I would gladly answer their letters. Will write more next time."

* * *

Rose Borosek, No. Chicago, Ill., 1021 Jackson st., managed to produce her first little letter for the M. L. and informs us of the following: "I have enjoyed reading the letters in the December M. L. I have three brothers and one sister. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge 19. For Xmas we had a nice program in our school and two weeks vacation. I wish Frances Kerzic and Caroline Zainer would write to the M. L. I am going to write more next time."

* * *

From Bridgeport, O., box 81, writes Fred Potnick for the first time, and adds: "I always read the M. L., and I always wanted to read the Slovene part in it, so that I would enjoy the magazine more. I am in the 7th grade in school and am 12 years old. I am a member of Lodge No. 13, SNPJ. Will write more next time. Regards to you and readers."

* * *

"This is my first letter to the Mladinski List; I am 11 years old and am in the 5th grade in school," says Mary Senicher, of Strabane, Pa., box 153. "I like to read the M. L. very much. My teacher's name is Miss McComb and she is a very good teacher. There are four in our family and we are all members of Lodge 138, SNPJ. Will try to write more the next time. Best regards."

Anna Orel of Imperial, Pa., box 535, thinks the Mladinski List is "a wonderful magazine," and then adds: "I wish it would come once a week. Our family consists of six members and all belong to Lodge 106, SNPJ. I am 12 years old and in the 6th grade in school; my teacher's name is Miss Thompson. Best regards to all."

* * *

Another first letter comes from Emil Blazina, who resides at Anaconda, Mont., 1111 E. 4th st. Emil decided to write "because almost all boys and girls are asleep," and then continues: "Our family belongs to Lodge 308, SNPJ. I am 10 years old and in the 4th grade at Bryan school. I like my teacher very well; her name is Miss Dougherty. I like fun and I often run into mischief. I guess I am getting better now. Here's a riddle: Who has teeth and cannot bite?—Ans.: A saw."

* * *

Emil's sister, Mary, is 12 years old and in the 6th grade at Lincoln school. She is also writing for the first time to this magazine. She tells us: "I have one sister and one brother. We are all members of Lodge 308, SNPJ. Recently we had a terrible wind storm. My father works in "up the smelter." I made up my mind to write every month from now on. It is a lot of fun to read the M. L. I wish that some of the children of Anaconda (Mont.) would write to the M. L. Here's a riddle: What has a mouth and cannot bite?—Ans.: A glass. Best regards to the Editor and Readers."

* * *

Ludwig Klanzer, Waukegan, Ill., 917 So. Victory st., tells us in his first very original letter that he is very much interested in the Mladinski List "and follows all its movements."—"I am in Lodge No. 14, SNPJ, with my father and sister. I am in 7th grade in Jackson school, am 11 years old and, like all other boys of my age, I like to play ball and other sports. I have a sister who also likes to read the M. L. I wish that some member from somewhere else would write to me, as I would be glad to answer any letter. Best wishes to all members."

* * *

Gloria Haramia (12) writes her "first" from her home in Anaconda, Mont., 905 E. Commercial st. "I am in 7th grade in school, and our family belongs to Lodge 308, SNPJ. All the boys and girls in the East are writing to the M. L., so I thought I would write also. I enjoy their letters very much, especially Mary Fink's. I wish I could write something interesting, but I guess 'I am not that type.' I am renting books from a local library. I wish someone would write to me. I am closing with a cheer for the writers."

In her initial letter Sylvia Krek, of Bridgeville, Pa., box 593, informs us that "my birthday comes on October 13."—"I go to Cook school and am in the 4th grade. Mrs. McMaster is my teacher; she is very good. There are eight in our family and all are members of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 166. I have four brothers and one sister; four of us go to school. Joe is in the 6th, Felix in the 5th and Frances in the 3rd grade. Two brothers, Earnest and Frank, stay at home. Earnest will go to school next fall. My father is working a little in the steel mill. We have some rabbits and seven of them were stolen on Jan. 7. My mother came from the Old Country 13 years ago last January 20. Best regards to all."

* * *

Joseph Progar, of Tyre, Pa., box 114, Lodge No. 106, is 8 years old and in the 2nd grade in school. In his "first" he says of himself: "I like to read the M. L. I haven't been to school much this year, because I got hurt playing football last fall and haven't been to school since. Our side was winning. I was running with the ball to hit the goal line, when two boys tackled me and injured my leg. The boys carried me home and I was in bed five weeks as I was unable to stay on my feet. My leg was getting worse and I was taken to the hospital where I stayed 11 weeks. I had an operation. For Xmas I received many presents and enjoyed them very much. I am home now but can't walk yet. I am going to get crutches soon. I wish I could go to school again. Wake up, Tyre! Write to the good M. L."

* * *

"This is my first letter to the Mladinski List which I like very much," writes Marian Krall of McKinley, Minn., box 23, "I wish more members would write to the M. L. from here. I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade. My homeroom teacher's name is Miss Hanley; I have eight other teachers besides her. There are eight of us in our family and five belong to Lodge 175, SNPJ. The weather is very cold. Best regards to all."

* * *

Amelia Kalan, RD 3, Primrose, Pa., says: "This is my very first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years old and am in the 7th grade in school. I have two sisters and one brother. One of my sisters is 14 years old and is in the 9th grade. We all belong to Lodge 231, SNPJ. Best regards to all."

* * *

From Hendersonville, Pa., Box 38, write Julie Strnisha: "As this is my first letter for the Chatter Corner, I must tell you that I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. I am 9 years of age and am in the 3rd grade in

school. Miss McPherson is my teacher. The local mine works 2 to 3 days a week. There are 9 in our family and all members of the SNPJ. I wish more members would write from here. Best wishes."

* * *

"I am 9 years old and in the 4th grade. I like to read the M. L. very much. Our family belongs to Lodge No. 65, SNPJ, at Rillton, Pa. I have a sister and a brother. Regards to all." This is from Evelyn Mary Shuster, Irwin, Pa., FD 4.

* * *

Mary Jerina, also from Irwin, Pa., box 124, tells us in her "first" the following story: "My teacher's name is Miss Chambers. I like her very much. I am in the 4th grade in Washington school and am 9 years old. I'll try to write to the M. L. every month."

* * *

"I like to read the Mladinski List and especially the Chatter Corner; there are never too many letters in it for me." This is from Louise Selak of Elm Grove, box 247, W. Va., who adds: "We are five in our family. I am in 4th grade and my teacher's name is Miss Hamerick. My father works five days a week. Will write more the next time. I haven't seen any letters in the M. L. from Wheeling, W. Va. Regards to all."

* * *

"This is also my first letter to the M. L.," informs us 11 years old Maxim Annabell Gumlja, of Star Route, Deerwood, Minn. Then she goes on: "I am in the 6th grade. We love to go to town school. I have four teachers and they are very good. I like to read Dorothy Fink's and Julia Slavec's letters. I wish both would write to me."

* * *

Mary E. Dormich, 430 W. Main st., Rockwood, Pa., tells us in her very first letter to the M. L. that she is 11 years old and is in the 6th grade in school. "I have five teachers. I always read the M. L. and think it is very interesting. Our SNPJ Lodge number is 349. I wish some of the members would write to me."

* * *

Out in Willock, Pa. (box 127) lives Frank Polutnik who decided to send in his first letter also. Read what he says: "I am just a new member and I enjoy reading the M. L. very much and wish it would come oftener. I suppose we all do. I attend the Mifflin school and am in the 6th grade. I live on a farm near the country airport. Recently we had some very cold weather, 20 below zero. Working conditions are bad, and all the people cannot get work by the CWA. Too many out of work, I wish more boys and girls from here would write to the M. L."

Ivan Namesnik, of Newton Falls, O., 114 Main st., age 9, also decided to write his first letter for the M. L. "The whole family belongs to SNPJ lodge No. 510. My father was working in Monroe more than two years. Vladimir Luketic is my friend. My father will go to work soon. I will write more later."

"This is my first letter to the M. L.," writes Dora Turk, box 15, Frontier, Wyo., "and I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. I am fifteen years old. I have four brothers and no sisters. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 267. I wish Josie Funtek and her parents see my letter."

* * *

Lawrence Koren, of East Worcester, N. Y., says in his first letter: "I am ten years old, the youngest in the family. I have two brothers and two sisters. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 393. In winter I ride to school in a sleigh and have very much fun, but when the wind howls around my ears, I do not like it. In school I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Schutt, she is a very good teacher and I like her. My best fun on the farm is riding horseback, but now I do not ride much because this winter has been very cold."

* * *

"This is my first letter to this beautiful magazine. I am ten years old and in fifth grade. My teacher, Miss Walbrant, is very nice. I don't care for birthday parties like other children. I have a sister, Rose, and a brother, Walter. We all belong to SNPJ Lodge No. 104. My father works in the shop where they make milling machines which are sent to foreign countries. I wish that some Badgers will wake up and write to the M. L." This from Josephine Repoush, 2011 S. 89th st., West Allis, Wis.

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Gloria Terbovec, 364 Utah st., San Francisco, Calif., writes thus: "This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I really am ashamed of myself, but I will try to write more often. I like to read Dorothy Fink's letters. I am eight years of age and am in the fourth grade. I have a very nice teacher and her name is Miss Shillington. Will write more next time."

* * *

William Sorch, 409 Virginia ave., Oakmont, Pa., also writes his first letter to the Mladinski List: "I enjoy reading it and so does my brother. I am 12 years old and in the sixth grade; my brothers are in fifth and third grades. I have eight teachers. One of my subjects is gymnastics. My favorite subjects are spelling and arithmetic. There are five in the family and all belong to SNPJ Lodge No. 472. My father works in the mine, but

at present it is closed, because they cannot get their barges down the river. My best regards to my cousins Albert, Rudy and Danny Kravanja of Yukon, Pa. I would like to spend my vacation with them. Will write more next time."

* * *

"Although I read the M. L. regularly, I haven't written a single letter to it before. The C. Corner is sure increasing in pages. I read every single word on every page. I am 12 years old and am in the 7th grade. I have fun out here, we play basketball and volley ball. This is my first year here. We moved from the southern part of Colorado to the northern part, not far from Denver. I miss all my friends but still I think this part is better.—The SNPJ Lodge No. 412 gave a banquet and we all had a nice time. We past through the Boulder Canyon and saw the Moffat tunnel. It sure is a pretty picture when the sun sets on the mountains. It gives the highest peaks a reddish tint and the lowest ones of the blueish colors. I'll bet many of you would like to live in Colorado for its weather and beautiful sceneries. My father works in a mine 5 days a week. I'll say Penn. got them all beat in writing to the M. L. We congratulate you." From Dorothy Milavec, box 133, Frederick, Colo.

* * *

Clarence Vesel, 1250 E. 173rd st., Cleveland, O., tells the following: "This is my very first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 8 years old and in the 3 A. I like to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Sinkovitz. My brother Louis is in the 5th grade. My father was sick for 3 months, and I broke my arm in May."

* * *

Anna Bell Sader, box 104, Jenny Lind, Ark., says: "In my first letter to the Mladinski List I wish to tell that there are four in our family. Mother, sister, brother, and I, and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 24. It was six years in February since my daddy has been dead. I am twelve years old and in the sixth grade. I have three teachers and they are very good to me. I am sending the answer to the problem that Frank Mikaucich sent in the February issue. The answer is 23/53."

* * *

"This being my first letter to the M. L. I hope the waste basket doesn't eat it up. There are nine of us in our family and all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 200, with the exception of my baby brother who is just three weeks old, and I hope by 1935 we'll have another booster for the SNPJ. I go to the Washington school of Herminie, No. 2, and I'm in the fifth grade. I like school very much. The working conditions in and around

Herminie are terrible; they only work two or three days a week, and earn practically nothing. I enjoyed reading Frank Miklauchich's letter very much. Let's hear more from him." This from Agnes Anzur, RFD 3, box 120, Irwin, Pa.

* * *

Frances Mlekus, box 403, Herminie, Pa., says: "This is my first letter to the M. L. I am in the fourth grade. I have four teachers. I'm ten years of age. There are five in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge.—Best regards to the editor and readers."

* * *

"This is my first letter to the M. L. Everyone was telling me to write, so I did. I am in the 6th grade and I have 6 teachers. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ Lodge No. 87. I don't know why Herminie is so lazy. Wake up and write! I don't know if Lillian and Florian Bertl get the M. L., but if they do, I want them to write." Mary Mlekus, box 403, Herminie, Pa.

* * *

Frank Korosec, R. D. 2, Hartwick, N. Y., tells the following story in his first letter: "I like the M. L. Magazine very well. There are six in our family. We all belong to SNPJ Lodge No. 593, except my oldest sister. On Feb. 21 I was 13 years old, and am in eighth grade. I go to Pleasant Valley school. I live on a big farm—245 acres. February was a cold month here; it was 40° to 50° below zero. But the snow isn't so very deep now. I hope some of the members would write to me."

* * *

Sophie Korosec, R. D. 2, Hartwick, N. Y., says in her first letter: "I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. We all belong to the SNPJ, except my oldest sister. Our lodge No. is 593. There are six in our family. My nicest pet is a cat. I go to a country school. There are 14 pupils in my school. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade."

* * *

"This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading it very much. I am in the sixth grade in school and I am 12 years old. There are six in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 379."—From Lewis Novak, box 16, Slickville, Pa.

* * *

Angeline Mankoch, RD 4, box 55, Clarksburg, W. Va., relates: "This is my first letter to the M. L. There are four in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 475. I go to Custer school and am in the 6th grade. I am 12 years of age. I was glad to read the letter from Helen Laskarin from Fairmont, W. Va., which was very interesting. Times

are very hard in W. Va., especially in Harrison county. No men or women can get a job on the CWA or any other place."

* * *

Rose Lawrence of Latrobe, Pa., exclaims: "My first letter! I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. I am ten years old and in fifth grade. I have three brothers and two sisters, and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 583."

* * *

"In this my first letter to the Mladinski List I wish to say that I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 425; my father belongs to the SNPJ for 23 years and never was a passive member. There are three in our family. I haven't any brothers or sisters. I have a pet dog and a cat. On Feb. 9, it was 14 below zero. I wish somebody would write from around here to the M. L. I like Dorothy Fink's letters," concludes Pauline E. Novak, box 113, Valley Grove, W. Va.

* * *

THE BEST JOB OBTAINABLE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Since the last time I have contributed an article to the M. L. many worthwhile and interesting things have happened.

Let us begin writing about the man who has the best job which can possibly be obtained in the country, the President which is Franklin D. Roosevelt. Pres. Roosevelt in his recent talk over the radio to the Boy Scouts of America advised them to collect old clothes to give to the poor people and just last summer he gave millions of dollars to the southern cotton growers for the purpose of burning the over-produced cotton. He should have transported it to the mills to be made into cotton goods and then into clothes for the people. This would give work to the many unemployed mill workers and clothes to the many needy citizens of America. This of course would only be a decent thing to do. But he is president and that is what he wanted to do. Can we help it? Of course we can. By "we" I mean the many American voters. The next election which is to occur in 1936 the voters of America should vote for the workingman's party which is the Socialist and not for the Democrat or Republican (which are practically the same) because that is not the party for them, it is only for the rich or capitalist class of this country as it has been proven many a time.

The president has done something these few weeks which is a very important advancement toward prosperity. He has taken licenses from the air mail companies and has put them under government auspices. The Army is now taking the mail. Only under having the

different utilities of the country under government control can we expect to gain permanent prosperity.

On Sunday, Feb. 18, the General Streamline Jumbo passed through Latrobe and also stopped here. It can go 110 miles an hour but in order that the people may look at it, it went slowly and then stopped. It aroused much attention in Latrobe as the depot was very crowded. Some day it will be a very common thing. Do you remember how all the people ran out of their houses and stared into the sky to see the airplane when it was first invented? And now when an airplane soars in the sky it is not heeded. So will it be with this Jumbo train someday.

In Latrobe the thermometer struck the 20 below zero mark once more. This has not occurred for a good many years.

About three months or more ago I read an article saying that it would be a good idea to give to the boy or girl who writes to the Mladinski List every month of the year a gift. My opinion of this is that if the boys and girls cannot write articles every month without being awarded at the end of doing so they certainly do not have any SNPJ spirit within themselves. I am sort of late with my opinion but I think this proverb fits in now, "Better be late than never."

A Proud Torch,

Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

SPRING IS NEARLY HERE!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Snow is falling, the ground is white, it is getting dark. Such was the scene when I decided to write an article to the M. L.

In Latrobe we are having a pageant in which the Latrobe High School students and the seventh and eighth grades are giving it under the direction of the teachers. It will be in the auditorium of the Latrobe High School. It will be held especially for parents of the pupils of the Latrobe public schools.

We had quite lot of snowfall in Pennsylvania, which delighted me very much.

Pennsylvania SNPJ juveniles should be proud of the fact that they have the most contributions to the Mladinski List, I am at least.

Spring is nearly here, birdies will be singing their sweetest songs, the blossoms and the leaves will be out, the farmer will be out planting crops, the flowers will be in bloom, school will close and all will be merry.

The Latrobe Highschool has a basketball team which won every game in the WPIAL league, Section Ten. I am very much interested in sports, so I like to write about them.

Sylvia Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

LIKES MIKLAUCHICH'S AND MALECH-KAR'S LETTERS

Dear Editor:—

Here I am again trying to wake up all the SNPJ members. Come on write everybody—we want to make the M. L. larger. I was very much pleased when I saw the letter of Frank Miklauchich, a 6th grader. It was the longest letter I saw, I believe. I also enjoyed Vladimir Malechar's letter. It will be fine if he will write about his home land in Italy. I know everybody would like it. So go ahead, write the story as briefly as you can. I'm sure it will be important.

I read every letter in the English part. My mother is trying to teach me to write and read in Slovene.

I like boxing. I boxed 10 rounds in two days, and won both battles.

I must hurry, because the classes are being changed. Will my parents be surprised when they see this published in the M. L.!

Best regards to all.

John Leskashek (12 years; 7th grade),
box 157, Irwin, Pa.

* * *

THE JUBILEE CAMPAIGN, OUR TOWN AND OUR FAMILY

Dear Editor, Bro. and Sis. Members:—

I thought my first letter got slammed into the wastebasket, but I was fooled. I had hoped to please everyone also, and I don't think very many of you were "exactly displeased" about it. So I'm here again with No. 2.

Our Society began the 30th Anniversary Jubilee Campaign for new members to make the Society bigger and better. It also means that all of us are to take part in the campaign.

I don't know how things are at other lodges, but I think I know how things are in our lodge and town. Our job, as you said, Mr. Editor, is to get new juvenile members. In this town almost all of us juveniles that are in this lodge, were brought in by our parents or relatives. In my case, my mother put me in when I was 1½ years old. Looks like about the only job we've got to do at this lodge is, clean up on a mess of ice cream, corn off the cob, klobase (Slovene hot dogs) and pop—at picnics, etc., when they are held.

Willock, I'm told, has had a depression since 1921. The reason for that is, the coal mines shut down in that year and have not reopened since. Between that time the Coal Co. dismantled their equipment until the only thing that still stands, is the fan house. Over half of the people that lived here moved away. And a large number that still live here, think the mines never will reopen again.

A large number of company houses that were vacant have been torn down. It is bet-

ter for the folks in the occupied houses. In some places they can and do have large front yards. In other, they can have gardens. Most of the folks before had only lettuce and onion beds. Now they can plant a variety of things. If the houses were painted other colors besides red, strangers coming here would never believe this ever was a coal co. town. Most of the houses are perched on hillsides, in some places facing each other across the hills, with the R. R. down in between. The B. & O. R. R. winding its way crookedly from Glenwood to Wheeling, it passes thru the center of the town. On top of the hills the Monour R. R., overlooking the town runs parallel the length of it. This R. R. and the Union R. R. is where some of the ex-coal miners try to get and bring home their bacon.

Tho the town is surrounded by paved highways, there is not a single one that passes thru it. And the distance to them, in any direction, is about from ½ mile to 3 miles. The 32nd ward, one of the residential districts of Pittsburgh, is only about 2 miles away. The city-county airport is a couple of miles away also. My school is right beside the airport. The planes taking off at the airport, are still pretty low when they come across the town. When they come in at night they fly directly over my home sometime, and light up the yard around the house, and make the windows and doors rattle in the house. From the top of nearby hills, the tall Gulf and Grant skyscrapers can be seen towering up out of Pittsburgh. From the top of those hills at night the lights from the surrounding countryside, that is the east, north and southern side, form a giant horseshoe. The west being farm pasture and waste land. The town has had four halls of which three still stand. The first was Coal Co. hall. It has been torn down about a year ago. For ten years it stood empty and deserted. I'm told a lot of elder Slovenes wore out their shoes in that hall about 30 or more years ago. The second hall is the Dutch hall. It had been getting along very well, from the time the mines opened. But when they stopped, the hall lost more and more of its members until the lodge broke up. About the only thing left is the hall. The Slovene hall was the third, and it is in a good shape so far. The fourth is the Italian hall, but I don't know much about it, except that it seems to be getting along all right.

The number of people has been getting smaller in this town since 1921, while the number has steadily grown higher and higher in cities like Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago.

I think you members in these cities have a far better chance of getting more new members than anyone anywhere else.

In my school there are only a few Slovene schoolmates, and they all are SNPJ members. I'll bet there are many Slovene schoolmates in some schools who are not SNPJ members, sitting side by side with other Slovene schoolmates who are SNPJ members. I think it wouldn't be a bad idea for you members to talk to your schoolmates about getting their parents to have them join the SNPJ.

The month of February started the birthdays in the Miklaucich family. January has brought two—a niece and a nephew of mine. In February, my brother, fourth in line of the family. In March, a sister, sixth in line. My birthday is in March also. It makes me 14 years old. I'm the seventh, and tail-end of the family. In April, a brother, fifth in line. In May, a sister, third in line. In October, a sister, first in the family. She was born in 1900. She is the oldest—I'm the youngest. I was born in 1920. Fraternaly,

Frank Miklaucich,
box 3, Willock, Pa. (Lodge 36).

* * *

Dear Editor:—

By the time this letter is published, we'll be getting ready for the Easter bunny. I wish he would be good to all the children. I know we'll have lots of fun, for it comes right on the first of April. If there'll be any grass, we'll hunt nests.

Best regards to all. **Anna Leskoshek,**
box 157, Irwin, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

What's the matter with the members in Pueblo? Surely you haven't the "sleeping sickness"? Why don't you all write a few lines?

Our lodge "Orel" No. 21 SNPJ gave a dance Jan. 21. It was well attended and everyone had a good time.

I wish that **Josephine Gabrich** would write me a few lines. I lost her address.

Ann Fabjancic,
1237 Bohmen st., Pueblo, Colo.

* * *

"THE NATIVE'S RETURN"

Dear Editor:—

I have just finished reading "The Native's Return," by Louis Adamic, the well-known Slovene writer. I enjoyed the book very much.

Would you like to know the comparison of the number of Slovenes as to the other races of the world? Some of the habits and customs of our people? Also some of their beliefs? Just how he and his wife, who is an American, were received in Jugoslavia? All these questions and many more are answered in this book. One of the best chapters in my opinion is "My Cousin Tone Marries," which tells of a Slovene wedding.

This story is one that holds the interest of both the people that have been in Jugoslavia and the ones that were never there. I would advise everyone to read the book; you will not be sorry if you do. Here's wishing Mr. Adamic all the luck in the world and I sincerely hope he will write more books.

Antonia Skoda,
449 Park ave., Clairton, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

As I was looking thru January magazine, I found that most of the letters came from Pa. What is wrong with the members in Ohio? I never saw such sleepyheads in all my life.—I am learning to cook. One day I felt like baking. I thought I would make some cinnamon rolls, and were they good! I like to cook, but I like to read the M. L. better.

A happy member, **Nada Slanovec,**
203 Sieberling st., Akron, O.

* * *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. My first letter wasn't published, but I hope this one will be. I am eleven years of age and am in high sixth. I have a very good teacher—her name is Miss Cairns. I like to read the M. L. very much. I hope more children from Waukegan will write. **Mary Nagode,**
913 McAlister avenue, Waukegan, Ill.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

Thank you for publishing my two letters and I hope you will publish this one. Over here we are having a real winter. It never could be worse. I am glad I have not far to go to school. I am sending a riddle: "What eats and eats and never gets full?"—(A meat grinder.)

Best regards to all. **Olga Grossek,**
box 79, Hendersonville, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter which I have written to be published in the M. L. I have six teachers and they are very nice to me. I don't see many letters from Herminie. I always read the M. L. every month. I was very glad to see my first letter published in the M. L.

Agnes Stern,
box 131, Herminie, Pa.

* * *

AGNES DOESN'T AGREE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I do not agree with Frank Miklaucich that history is bunk. It is my favorite subject besides geography. I think school is the most wonderful place. There we learn how to read, write and how to count and many other things. Last month we celebrated the birthdays of our two great men—Washington and Lincoln. On

Washington's birthday we had a program which our parents attended also.

I saw in the January issue Mary and Pauline Radishak's letters. We were friends when we were smaller. I can still remember the fun we had in those days. I would kindly ask the girls if they will drop me a few lines on a piece of paper.

There are many young SNPJ members in Yukon that could take a few spare minutes and write to this wonderful magazine. I see that Frances Preseren and Steffie Kaferle have already awakened (besides me). So let us girls go ahead and awaken the others—Marvich, Koracin and Vodopivec. Come on, girls, let's do it.

Agnes Flander, box 140, Yukon, Pa.

* * *

POOR TIMES

Dear Editor:—

It has been a long time since I wrote to the Mladinski List. I never saw any letters from Kansas, so I decided to write. We all belong to the SNPJ. I go to school nearly every day and try to study hard. My by-monthly examinations averaged 80½. My birthday will be on June 30, 1934. I am 13 years old and in the 8th grade.

The jobs are scarce and hard to find and people are starving. The men work 2 days a week and get very little money. I milk at six o'clock in the evening, and my mother milks in the morning. I have 3 dogs and 4 cats. My father has a cow. He says I am skinny and calls me "suha muha" and teases me.

I will write in Slovene next time.

Johnnie Potochnik,

R. 1, box 47, Arcadia, Kans.

* * *

DOROTHY WRITES AGAIN!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Since I have not written to the M. L. it seems as though I have given quite a thrill to the members. I have noticed there are more and more letters than previously. I think you have noticed it, too. I have come back again as I see the members are interested in my write-ups. I think the members should write to the Mladinski List since the SNPJ is celebrating the Thirtieth Anniversary, and they sure can help by writing!

One of my resolutions was to write to the Mladinski List. I have not written because I was preparing for the semester grades.

Our Washington-Wendel Jr. High burned down in Jan. It was a great fire and a great loss to the pupils. Anyway, it is to me. The rooms are so crowded that we can hardly change classes. We now have "Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick," a new subject to us girls. The school nurse who teaches us

is Miss Long. Recently she brought Miss Kennedy, who gave a brief speech about communicable diseases, how they are spread, etc. It was an interesting subject, and I am sure the girls have gotten something from it. It was a subject we knew little about. We are also making Guidance Booklets in the class for our principal. I am making one on the commercial course, which is stenography. I have a great deal of information and wish to get more.

Another great loss caused the damage by fire of the Slovene Hall of Herminie, No. 2. It was caused by a fire of a nearby house which was also completely destroyed. The Slovene Hall was a great help for lodges and other organizations, entertainments and dances. It was a great shock to the members to hear the Slovene Hall had burned down.

As I was going over the last few issues, I have noticed there are a good many letters from the members of Penna. It looks as though Pennsylvania is a very large state and the forming of a backbone of the SNPJ and readers also.

I wish to thank all the members for their wonderful compliments.

Steffie Kaferle knows my parents, but she doesn't know me; also Rose Koprivnik. As to get acquainted let's use the expression of Mae West, "C'mup 'n se me sometime," both of you.

While I am writing this it is a beautiful winter day. The snow is several feet deep. Coasting is wonderful. But if you fall off the sled you find it more pleasant.

Speaking of Economy,

High cost of reading matter

Doesn't bother me any more,

For I've resolved to read the M. L.

In Nineteen Thirty-Four.

Best regards to all.

Dorothy M. Fink, box 1, Wendel, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have written quite a few times to the M. L. magazine. I will be glad when school is out, for this year I have dreaded it very much, especially one of my classes and that is geometry. I just simply can't get it. Our English teacher, Miss Bryner, got married and we have a new teacher in her place, Miss Hanson. All the children are trying their best to like and enjoy her as they did Miss Bryner.

I hope to receive letters from other girls and boys from different places.

Zorie Poglajen (16),
box 95, Columbia, Utah.