

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

JUVENILE

Issued monthly for the Young Slovenes by the Slovene Nat'l Benefit Society at 2657 S. Lawndale ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1922, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill. under Act of August 24, 1912. Annual subscription, \$1.20; half year, 60c; foreign subscription, \$1.50.

LETO XIV—Št. 3.

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH, 1935.

Vol. XIV—No. 3.

Katka Zupančič:

ODGOVOR

PREJELA tvoje pismo sem; samo
oprosti mi, ker pozno odgovarjam!
Najrajši napisala bi le to:
Želeč ti dobro, te pozdravljam!

Veš, očka naš, ta nas skrbi;
odkar "počiva," to se je spremenil!
Sam molk ga je, nič smeha—ves sivi;
in mamičin obraz je tudi strašno zvenel.

In mi, otroci? Očkin smeh pogrešamo.
Zaman se mamica prikriva, nas bodri:
Naj glavic ne povešamo!
Na tihem se i ona žalosti.

Vprašala očko sem, zakaj molči—
dejal je, da ga strl je jarem . . .
Pa pojdem k mami, ona vse mi razloži,
ker v šoli se učimo le po starem.

Še vedno se učimo: ki ne dela, je lenuh—
zato rokav ga strgan čaka!
V resnici pa—je delavec, je potepuh—
zunanjust jima kmalu bo enaka.

Tako zdaj veš, veseli, srečni nismo;
brezposelnost hudo nas je zadela.
Upajoč na bolje—sklenem moje pismo.
Pozdravljam tebe, tvoje vse! — Angela.

Hasan-Aginica:

Pomlad

DVE brezi stojita na samotni ravnini.

Odločno in ponosno gleda ena v svet. Druga pa sklanja veje k tlom. Le vprašanje kratkega časa je, da jo morda prvi vihar trešči na zemljo. Okoli njuju cvete resa. Njeni rdečkasti cveti se ljubko smejejo v toplem solncu. Prapro, ki tuintam senči reso s svojimi izrezljanimi pahljačami, ji daje lepo ozadje. Nad brezama je razpeto jasno modro nebo. Kakor zlat čolnič plava solnce po modrini.

Polna življenjske moči gleda prva breza svojo potrto družico.

"Sestra, ali si bolna?" jo ogovori.

Druga se ozre vanjo. V njenem pogledu je poleg bolesti tudi nekaj zavisti. Izogne se odgovoru in reče: "Čudim se tebi. Tako mirno in veselo zreš naokolo. Mene zebe v solncu. Moje veje so kakor mrtve. Nobene moči ni v meni. Pomlad mi prinaša smrt. Ko bi mi solnce hotelo preroditi moči!"

"Motiš se!" izpregovori zopet prva. "Sama si prinašaš smrt. Ni moči v te-

bi? Kako tudi! Lahkomiselno si jo raztrosila lani in predlanskim in še prej. Katera daleč naokolo se je tako šopirila in tako oblastno šumela?—Ti si hotela priklicati vsak vihar, ki je divjal bogvekje za deveto goro! Ti si se hotela poizkusit z vsakim vetrom, ki je letel mimo!—Solnce ti ne bo dalo moči, če je ni dobilo speče v tebi, da bi jo prerodilo, pomnožilo in ojačilo."

Žalostna skloni druga svoje veje še niže k tlom.

Priskačejo otroci—solnce v očeh, solnce na laseh. Prihajajo mimo odrasli po drobni stezi, ki drži med cvetočo reso.

"Pomlad, pomlad!" se vzradosti srce.

A vsak gleda le zdravo, močno in veselo brezo; njene družice, ki umira pod solnčnimi žarki, ne pogleda nihče.

"Če je v tebi solnce, je tudi na nebu; če je v tebi pomlad, tem lepša je okolo tebe!" mrmra ozelenela breza in gleda za mimoidočimi.

Izreki modrih mož

Čisto, neskaljeno veselje ni ugonobilo še nobenega smrtnika.

SCHILLER.

Več slave zasluži tisti, ki otre komu solzo, kakor oni, ki prelije potoke krvi.

BYRON.

Bodi hraber! Ne prelivaj solz po nepotrebem. Često je padec v nezgodo samo pot, da se srečnejše zopet dvigneš.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Ljubiti in proučevati duševne velika-
ne, to je prvi korak, ki nas vodi do taj-
ne njih nesmrtnosti.*

CASTELNUOVO.

Človek mnogo želi, vendar malo potrebuje.

GOETHE.

Hvala mora biti, da si drugi zapomnijo vrline; graja, da se odpravijo napake.

KETTE.

Jaz se izražam v svojih pismih jasno in določno, tako da ve vsakdo v prvem hipu, pri čem je.

CANKAR.

Dobroto človeka spoznaš po njegovi priljubljeni knjigi in po načinu, kako jo čita.

SAILER.

A. P. Krasna:

Umetnik iz naše ulice

MR. YAROWA, to dobro umetniško dušo, so zaprli! Kakor voda po stružici se je razlila novica in otroci iz naše ulice so se zbrali k posvetovanju.

V temnem, po vlagi in starini dišečem hodniku so snovali načrte, kako dobiti iz ječe umetnika Yarowa. Da ga morajo dobiti, to je bilo pribito in zaključeno. Zavedali so se resno in s ponosom, da bo čepel v ječi, dokler ga bodo držali, ako ga oni ne odkupijo in rešijo. Siromašen kot oni sami, je bil brez prijateljev med odraslim svetom, ki je v veliki metropoli grozno materialističen in sebičen.

Velika odgovornost, ki je počivala na njih plečih, jih je opogumila.

— Kaj če bi napravili pohod na policijsko postajo in zahtevali takojšno oprostitev Mr. Yarowa?

Ta ideja je vlekla in je bila sprejeta od vseh z odobravanjem, saj je nudila poleg vsega še nekakšno zabavo — korčiti, trije v vrsti dol do srede mesta z veliko stvarjo na vidiku!

Postal jim je toplo pri mladih srcih. Kakor odgovorni in resni ljudje so se brez oklevanja dogovorili o vsem potrebnem.

Naslednji dan po šoli so se zopet zbrali v hodniku. Razvili so napis, ki ga je napravil zamorček Sammy in so se zvrstili skoz vrata na pločnik. Ljudje so začudeni in radovedni zijali za malo skupinico in se smejali velikemu in okornemu napisu, ki je nemo pojasneval misijo pohodnikov in pohodnic.

Policijski načelnik je enako začudeno gledal, se od srca krohotal in segel voditeljem v roko ter jih pohvalil za njih izredno korajžo . . . ali Mr. Yarowa jim, žal, ni mogel izročiti.

Stopil je bližje k njim in jim pojasnil mehko in očetovsko:

“Mr. Yarrow ni plačal predpisane globe za kršitev javnega reda, zato mo-

ra ostati v zaporu še nadaljnje tri tedne — izjem pa ne smemo delati.”

Spogledali so se. Tako je torej s to stvarjo. Zaradi tistih štirih žebličkov, s katerimi je pritrdil na drevo v parku svoje platno, bo moral sedeti skoro mesec dni!

Nezaslišano! Zaradi žebličkov, ki komaj prodro do srede lubadi. Ali seveda, postava je postava, in najčeseje je izvajana bedasto. Kaj so hoteli. Zvili so napis skupaj in klavrni odšli proti domu, tuhtajoč, kako bi zdaj zbrali skupaj dovolj denarja, da bi plačali predpisano globo.

Njih dolžnost in odgovornost je bila zdaj večja, akcija nujnejša. Vsi so vedeli, da je Mr. Yarow rahlega zdravja in mu bo vsak dan v ječi še bolj pobledel njegova upadla lica.

In kako ga bodo pogrešali te dolge tri tedne! Misli vseh so se sukale okrog njega, okrog lepih ur, ki so jih prebili v njegovi družbi — in pa okrog njegovih slik. Slik, na katerih so bili upodobljeni oni sami. Ne čisto določno taki kot so jih videli drugi ljudje, ampak taki, kakršni so se zdeli globokemu pogledu umetnika Yarowa. Odrasli so navadno rekli:

“Blede se mu, temu Yarowu, ko slika te otroke kakor pastorko pomanjkanja. Revni so res in raztrgani, a drugače se ne ločijo od drugih otrok, če jih pogledamo na ulici . . . nič čudnega, če strada, bedak.”

Otroci iz naše ulice pa so videli v Yarowu nekaj nepopisno velikega in lepega, nekaj, kar bi tolikrat sami izrazili, če bi znali kako. Oni niso videli v čudnih potezah obrazov in v bosih nogah in krpah nič grdega. In razpadajoče sobe starinskih stanovanj so se jim zdele vsakdanjost — saj so živeli v njih . . . krpe so tudi nosili, brez čevljev so bili nemalokrat in na licih jim

ni cvetela pomlad—hlad bede je bil na njih. V slikah je bila torej resnica, pred katero so odrasli bežali, ker so se je bali.

Naši malčki pa so zri resnici v oči z nečuvno radoznalostjo in pogumom. Razlage umetnika Yarowa so jim bile žive pripovedi, v katerih so živeli sami. Radovali so se, rajali so na pločniku, bili so lačni, zeblo jih je; očete so imeli brez dela, matere bolne . . . o božiču se ni zglasil Miklavž, velikonočni zajček je pomignil z ušesi in zavil k srečnejši deci. Sadje na trgu je največkrat le izvabljalno slino, izložbena okna so bila bajke iz devete dežele. Itd.

Korakajoča skupinica je zajela novega poguma iz lastnih misli. V slednji mladi glavici je bila vrezana resolucija:

— Mr. Yarow ne sme ostati v zaporu!

In tudi ni ostal —

Po nikljih, centih in dajmih so zbirali odkupninsko vsoto od šolarjev, od odraslih, od trgovcev, dokler jim je manjkalo samo še par dolarjev. Potem pa odrasli niso hoteli več dati, šolarji pa niso več imeli. Odšli so na policijsko postajo s tem, kar so nabrali in vsuli ves drobiž pred presenečenega načelnika.

“Par dolarjev nam manjka, skušali smo jih dobiti skupaj, pa ni šlo več. Ali . . . ali boste Mr. Yarowa vseeno izpustili?”

Načelnik se je spod očal ozrl na mlado deputacijo in požrl ginjenost, ki mu je silila v grlo.

“Torej niste odnehali, a?” je dejal uradniško in pogledal vsakemu posebe v obraz. Nato je snel slušalo spojnika in ukazal:

“Privedite mi Mr. Yarowa—št. 119.”

Mali prijatelji umetnika iz naše ulice so se vzhičeno zasmejali in gledali z zahvalo v obeh v obraz načelnika.

Umetnik Yarow pa je čez par dni prejel pismo z manjšo vsoto denarja in pripombo:

“Globa odpuščena, a žebličkov vseeno ne smete več riniti v skorjo dreves v parku.”

Pokazal je noto otrokom in ti so vzkliknili:

“O, pomislite, Mr. Yarow, koliko platna, barve in čopičev si zdaj lahko nabavite!”

Umetnik Yarow jih je smehljuje gledal, njegova roka pa je vodila čopič in risala poteze iskrenosti in ljubezni otrok z naše ulice.

Otroška trmoglavost

Mamica je pravkar spravila malo Nadico spat, sama je pa sedla zraven postelje, da še malo podela. Otroček mnogo raztrga in mamica mora vse to zvečer pozakrpati. In tako krpa tudi nocoj, ko nenadoma skali tišino droban glasek:

“Mamica, daj mi kos potičke!”

“Spančkaj, Nadica . . . spančkaj . . .”

Nadica utihne . . . za dve minuti. Potem se pa spet zasliši drobni glasek:

“Mamica, prosim malo potičke!”

“Ali mi boš zaspala! Kje si pa slišala, da bi kdo jedel potičko, če je že v postelji?”

“O, mamica . . .”

“Če mi ne boš dala miru, bom prišla in te potegnila za ušesa . . .”

Nova tišina, to pot nekoliko daljša. Otročka je grožnja le ugnala. Zdajci se pa zasliši na moč prilizljiv glasek:

“Mamica . . . če prideš, da me potegneš za ušesa . . . ali mi boš prinesla tudi potičko?”

Katka Zupančič:

IZZA OGLA

KO BOM velik,
bom nakupil velik kos zemlje.

“In potem?”

Kupil bom
drevje; drevja tri vrste.

“In potem?”

Nasadil bom
črešnje, hruške, jabolane.

“In potem?”

Zbral bom deco:
nič bogatih, revne vse.

“In potem?”

To dejal bom:
Glejte, zemlja, drevje — vaše je.

“In potem?”

Še dejal bom:
Proč z nesmeš! — Vsakdo ve, kaj sme!

“In potem?”

Mož po letih —
z njimi pa otrok bom enkrat še.

“In potem?”

Še vprašuješ?
Tebe bomo napodili, — to se ve!

“Zakaj?”

Vrt imaš, da se bahaš!
Moja noga vanj ne sme!



MARIANN PRUSHEK,

*učenka Prushkove šole likovne
umetnosti, stara 12 let in članica
društva "Pioneer" št. 559 SNPJ.*

TOVARNE PRI JEZERU ERIE, CLEVELAND

*(Glej Jontezov članek na nasprotni strani. Dodatna dela Prush-
kovih učencev na straneh 78, 82, in 87)*

Jugoslovanska šola moderne umetnosti

Ivan Jontez

MNOGIM našim čitateljem najbrž še ni znano, da imamo v Clevelandu nekaj, česar nima nobena druga slovenska naselbina v Ameriki: umetniško šolo, v kateri se pripravljajo naši mladi talenti za umetniški poklic, dasiprav je bila ustanovljena že l. 1931 in smo videli že četvero razstav del njenih učencev, ki so večinoma člani mladinskega oddelka naše jednote. Zato, in ker se zavedam, da je ta naša kulturna ustanova zelo važna za nas, bom podal našim čitateljem kratko zgodovino te šole, zlasti, ker Mladinski list ni tu samo zato, da prinaša povestice in pesmice, temveč tudi zato, da seznanja svoje čitatelje s prizadevanji naše mladine širrom Amerike.

Idejo za ustanovitev te šole je dal naš splošno priznani in upoštevani umetnik H. G. Prusheck, ki je slutil med našo mladino dobre umetniške talente, ki bi jih bilo škoda, da bi se izgubili. Svojo idejo je zaupal direktorju Slovenskega narodnega doma v Clevelandu, ki se je takoj ogrel zanjo ter se podal na delo. Tako je bila l. 1931 pod pokroviteljstvom Slovenskega narodnega doma v Clevelandu ustanovljena Jugoslovanska šola moderne umetnosti, prva ustanova te vrste med ameriškimi Slovenci. Za učitelja je bil določen umetnik H. G. Prusheck sam, kajti, kje bi dobili boljšega učitelja kot je on? Med nami ga ni!

Namen šole je bil in je, vzbujati med našo mladino zanimanje za slikarsko umetnost ter pomagati našim mladim talentom na njihovem razvojnem potu. Učitelj se zaveda, da ne bo živel večno, zato bi rad pomagal na noge našim mladim umetniškimi talentom, da bi se nekoč uveljavili v ameriškem umetniškem svetu, kakor se je uveljavil on. Kajti kaj pomaga, imeti med seboj talente, če se nihče ne pobriga za njih

razvoj in jih doleti usoda prezgodaj zatrttega popja?

Za šolo je bilo izprva mnogo zanimanja med clevelandskimi Slovenci in v prvi letnik se je vpisalo okrog sto in dvajset učencev in učenk, ki so bili porazdeljeni v tri razrede. Kaj je učitelj dosegel s temi učenci, smo videli na razstavi njihovih del v SND pozimi l. 1932. Vsakomur, ki se količkaj razume na umetnost, je moralo postati jasno, da je bilo med Peruškovimi učenci lepo številce resničnih talentov.

Drugi letnik je številčno zelo nazadoval; vpisanih je bilo samo okrog 30 učencev. Izostali so vsi, ki niso imeli resne volje postati umetniki. Zato so pa ti, ki so ostali, pokazali toliko več in —boljšega. Dela učencev drugega letnika so bila razstavljena skupno z deli njihovega učitelja pozimi l. 1933 v Slovenskem narodnem domu in vzbudila so zanimanje ne le naše javnosti, temveč tudi zanimanje umetniških kritikov tukajšnjih ameriških dnevnikov, ki so se zelo laskavo izražali o uspehu, ki ga je dosegel naš umetnik s svojimi učenci. Nekateri izmed teh ameriških dnevnikov so prinesli tudi reprodukcije razstavljenih risb.

Tretja razstava del Peruškovih učencev se je vršila lani v prostorih clevelandске knjižnice (Public Library) na vogalu St. Clair avenije in Vzhodne 55. ceste. Vsi, ki so jo posetili, si niso mogli kaj, da se ne bi čudili razstavljenim risbam, kajti bile so imenitne in so dokazovale, da imajo mladi risarji umetniške zmožnosti, ki bi jih bilo greh zamenariti in prezreti.—Četrta razstava se je vršila lansko poletje istotam.—Američani, umetniški kritiki in drugi poznavalci umetnosti, so se o vseh teh razstavah izražali jako pohvalno—in ne brez vzroka, kajti del, ki so bila razstavljena, je bilo mnogo takih, da bi se jih ne bilo treba nikomur sramovati.

Letos so se polotili ti učenci, kar jih je ostalo, večjih stvari; doslej so namreč le risali s suhimi barvami, sedaj pa rabijo vodene barve (water color) in boljši, trpežnejši papir večjega formata. Kdaj bodo ta njihova najnovejša dela razstavljena in kje, še ne vem, videl sem pa nekaj teh del in reči moram, da so me nemalo presenetila. Sijajne stvari! to rečem in pri tem niti malo ne pretiravam. Človek jih mora videti, da verjame, da so ti otroci res izredno nadarjeni in zmožni tako imenitnih stvari.

V tem oziru beleži Jugoslovanska šola moderne umetnosti s svojim učiteljem Peruškom uspeh, na katerega smo lahko ponosni. Delo ni bilo zaman, še bogatejše sadove pa bo nedvomno rodilo v bodočnosti. Učitelj kot učenci in vsi tisti, ki so pomagali, da se je ideja mogla uresničiti, so lahko zadovoljni.

Šola ima danes trinajst učencev in učenk, starih od 10 do 14 let, ki so po zavrtilu učitelja Peruška vsi nadarjeni, dobri in marljivi. Kar jih je bilo manj nadarjenih ali celo brez nadarjenosti,

so drug za drugim izostali. Učenci so John Kapelj, Edward Štefanič, Stanley Slejko, Frank Lovšin, Frank Wolkanšek, Anton in John Puntar, Stanley Rožič, Smole in Jelovica, učenke pa Silvia Filipič, Maksi in Marion Prusheck.

Šoli vsa ta leta v gmotnem oziru ni bilo poslano s cvetjem, bile so in so še težave, toda ustanovitelji so jih premagali ter so odločeni, nadaljevati z započetim delom tudi v bodoče, kar je vsekakor hvalevredno. To delo ne prinaša denarnih sadov, zato pa so toliko večji njega kulturni sadovi.

Šola je nastanjena v prvem nadstropju starega poslopja Slovenskega narodnega doma na St. Clair aveniji in pouk se vrši ob sobotah dopoldne.

Toliko o tem, da boste čitatelji Mladinskega lista vsi vedeli, da imamo v Clevelandu svojo umetniško šolo in kako napredujejo njeni nadarjeni učenci pod Peruškovim strokovnjaškim vodstvom.



MICHETTI

POMLAD IN LJUBEZEN



TOLIKO ZANIMIVIH DOPISOV!

DRAGI OTROCI!

Da, toliko zanimivih dopisov! Lepo številce jih je; kar preštejte jih! Pa kako so raznolični in mični!

Dobro ste se postavili. In skoro sleherni dopisek ima pesmico ali celo dve. V njih pesniki pojejo o zimi, ki se je že poslovila, pa pozdravljajo prihod pomladi. Kdo se ne bi veselil teh lepih pesmic, ki so jih skupaj zbrali naši mladi dopisovalci za to številko MLADINSKEGA LISTA? Veseli jih bodo posebno starejši bralci. Saj so večini znane; z njimi bodo obudili mladostne spomine iz veselih dni, ki so jih prebili v stari domovini na Slovenskem.

Pomlad se je vrnila in zunaj je lepo. Otroci se radi igrajo na prostem. Veliko prostega časa bodo dali igram na trati in cesti. Ali naj vsled tega trpi Mladinski List na pomanjkanju dopisov? Navadno je tako vsako leto, da se na pomlad dopisi skrčijo. Poskrbite, da se letos ne bodo, temveč da bo obilo dopisov v vseh pomladnih in poletnih mesecih! Starši vam bodo radi pomagali, le če jih poprosite — in pisemce za Mladinski List bo hitro napolnjeno. Dodajte mu kakšno primerno pesmico, ali pa vsaj ime pesmice, ostalo bom že jaz uredil tako, da bo prav.

Zato pa pišite, pišite, pišite!

Vaš

UREDNIK.

Tončkino prvo pismo

Cenjeni urednik!

Sedaj vas prvič nadlegujem z dopisovanjem. Večkrat sem se že pripravila pisati, pa ko sem videla, da mi gre slovenska pisava bolj težko izpod rok, sem vedno odnehala. A danes sem se pa odločila, da Vam pošljem dopis, pa naj pade v koš ali pa v list. In ker je to moj prvi doips, mislim, da urednik ne bo zameril in mi bo popravil napake, katerih gotovo ni malo. Upam, da se počasi naučim pravilno slovensko pisati in da bom potem prihranila uredniku čas s tem, da ne bo treba popravljati toliko mojih napak v mojih dopisih.

Dne 10. februarja je imel mlad. pevski zbor "Kantarčki" svoj prvi koncert, kot je že enkrat prej omenila ses. Rosie Koprivnik. Jaz sem tudi članica "Kantarčkov" in se mi zelo dopade. Na koncertu je bila sijajno velika udeležba. Naše petje se je zelo dopadlo vsem navzočim. Peli smo krasne slovenske pesmice, katere nam je izbral naš dobri učitelj Mr. Louis Šeme. — Vsak, kdor ima priliko, naj pristopi k mladinskemu zboru. Baš to petje je meni veliko pomagalo do čitanja in pisanja slovenščine, in tako bo tudi vam.

Naj za enkrat zadostuje to dopisovanje. Skušala bom postati redna dopisovalka Mladinskega lista, kakor je bila pred par leti mo-

ja sestra Anna. — Rada bi videla, da bi se tudi moja sestrična Mary Žagar kaj oglašila.

Iskren pozdrav vsem sestricam in bratcem SNPJ, čitateljem in uredniku tega lista!

Tončka Traven,

11202 Revere avenue, Cleveland, O.

* *

“Prišla bo pomlad”

Dragi urednik!

Že dolgo nisem pisal v “Naš kotichek”, to pa zato, ker imam dosti dela z učenjem v šoli. Po šoli pa najrajši čitam knjige, ki si jih seveda največ izposodim, nekatere v šoli, druge pa od prijateljev.

Prošla zima je bila suha in topla. Parkrat je zapadel sneg in tudi hitro skopnel, jaz bi pa rad, da pada večkrat in dosti, ker se rad sankam po belem snegu; te zabave smo imeli malo prošlo zimo.

Kmalu se vrne topla pomlad. Ptički bodo prišli iz toplih krajev in vsa narava bo ozelelenela. Da bi le kmalu prišla, ker jo vsi z veseljem pričakujemo.

Tukaj je pesmica:

Prišla bo pomlad

Prišla bo pomlad, učakal bi jo rad,
da bi zdrav, vesel, lepe pesmi pel.

To me veseli, travca zeleni,
drobna ptičiča pa žvrgoli.

Prišla kukavca, moja ptičiča,
bo prepevala in bo kukala,
kukala kuku, pela bo lepo,
da bi zmiraj tak' lušno b'lo.

To pismo sem napisal v šoli, doma sem ga pokazal mami, ki mi ga je seveda nekoliko popravila.

Vas in čitatelje lepo pozdravljam!

Victor Tomsic, Walsenburg, Colo.

* *

Pišimo slovenski!

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz sem se odločil, da napišem par vrstic za “Naš kotichek.”

Ko čitam doipse, vidim, da je največ angleških. Zato sem se odločil, da napišem tega po slovensko.

Bratci in sestrice! Kar po slovensko pišimo, da bo naš urednik vesel, ker se zavedamo, da smo otroci slovenskih staršev. Angleško itak znamo, ker je tukaj naša domovina. Star sem 11 let in hodim v ljudsko šolo (5a). Pohajam tudi jugoslovansko šolo moderne umetnosti že 3 leta. Imeli smo že 3 razstave. Naš učitelj je dobro znani umetnik Mr. Gregory Perušek. Smo lahko ponosni nanj.

Delavske razmere so bolj slabe. Želel bi, da

se oglasita v Mladinskem listu tudi moja bratranca Frank in Henry Krebel.

Za enkrat končam, prihodnjič pa nadaljujem, Vas pa prosim, da popravite moje napake. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L.!

Joe Puntar, 5806 Bonna ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

Prvi slovenski dopis

Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi slovenski dopis za M. L. En par dopisov sem že napisala, ali ne slovenskih, angleških. Moja mama me uči pisati slovensko, pa tudi čitati, govoriti pa znam prav dobro slovensko.

Iz starega kraja sem prišla v Ameriko leta 1927, pa se še vse dobro spominjam. Takrat sem bila stara šele 6 let, zdaj bom pa 14 v avgustu. V šolo rada hodim in sem v osmem razredu.

Tukaj so začeli malo boljše delati, ali zaslužijo se malo. Moj ata dela 5 dni v tednu. Tukaj smo imeli dosti snega. Prihodnjič bom kaj več pisala. Prosim, ako ni kaj prav, da mi oprostite.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in Vam!

Mary Chandek,

1031 Sixth ave., Brackenridge, Pa.

* *

Zbirka slovenskih priimkov

Cenjeni urednik!

Morda bo čitatelje Ml. Lista zanimalo, če jim za spremembo napišem nekaj povsem novega, o čemer ni dozdej še nikdo pisal, vsaj jaz še kaj takega nisem brala. Namreč o čudno se glasečih slovenskih priimkih. Sicer imajo pripadniki drugih narodnosti tudi vsakovrstna čudna imena, a ta me ne zanimajo, tembolj pa me zanimajo slovenska imena, zato jih hočem nekaj napisati. Nekaj teh imen sem nabrala v raznih imenikih članov v Prosveti, največ pa jih je prispeval moj oče, ki jih ima še precejšnjo zbirko iz starega kraja in o katerih trdi, da niso izmišljena, ampak so resnično taka kot so tu napisana. Torej naj pričnem!

Naši predniki, ki so bili več ali manj patriotični in pobožni, so si nadeli imena, na primer: Cesar, Kralj, Knez, Papež, Škof, Prošt, Kaplan, Cerkovnik. Drugi so si nadeli imena dežel, na primer: Kranjc, Gorenc, Dolenc, Primorc, Štajerc, Korošec, Hrovat, Dalmatinec, Ogrin, Čeh, Poljak, Rus, Morave, Lah, Turk. Spet drugi so si nadeli imena: Hribar, Dolinar, Bregar, Planinc, Klančar, Ravnikar, Malovrh, Gričar, Suhadolnik, Rekar, Jezernik, Potokar, Lužnik, Rupnik, Slapar, Mlakar, Močilnikar.

Nekateri so si izbrali imena dreves: Hrast, Lipovšek, Bukovec, Vrbič, Brezovar, Smrekar, Gabršek, Topolovšek, Jablanšek, Češnovar, Slivnik, Orehek, Breskvar. Imena s polja in gozda: Detelja, Košenina, Kopriva, Slamnik, Mrvar, Praprotnik, Strniša, Robida, Ostrožnik, Brinovec, Jagodič. Imena iz žitnice, vrta in kuhinje: Useničnik, Eržen, Ajdnik, Prosen, Čebular, Česen, Hren, Koren, Grahek, Močnik, Štrukelj, Žganc, Hlebec, Žemlja, Pogačnik, Špeh, Smole, Ocvirk, Maslo, Smetana Mlekuš, Mesojednik, Vodopivec. Imena iz pratike: Torkar, Osredkar, Petek, Subotnik, Nedeljkovič, Praznik, Božič, Mesec, Sever, Jug, Burja, Oblak, Šturm, Mrak, Trinajstič. Imena barv: Bevc, Črne, Plavec, Moder, Erjavc, Ermenc. Imena mrčesa: Muha, Komar, Bolha, Pajk, Grile, Muren, Mravlja. Imena ptičev: Škrjanc, Šinkovec, Šenica, Strnad, Vrabič, Vrana, Kukavica, Golob, Žerjav, Petelin, Kos, Čuk. Imena četrveronožnih živali: Medved, Volk, Jelenc, Lisjak, Jazbec, Zajc, Oven, Merjasec, Maček, Kravanja, Konjšek, Kobilšek, Žabnikar, Martinček, Polž, Rak.

Ker se bojim, da se vsa ta zverina skoplje name, zato rajši preneham, dokler je še čas, obenem pa svetujem Slovincem, da si obdržijo svoja imena kot so in si jih ne puste poitaljančiti, ponemčiti ali poamerikaniti.

Pozdravljam vse skupaj in do svidenja prihodnjič!

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

* *

“Divji lovec”

Dragi urednik!

Malo sem pozna, pa vseeno upam, da bo še pravočasno došel moj dopis. Vas prav lepo prosim, da ga priobčite. Gre radi igre, ki se bo vršila 31. marca v Slovenskem domu. Priredilo jo bo dramtično društvo. Ime igre je “Divji lovec”.

Divji lovec je iz siromašne družine, njegova izvoljenka Majda pa hči bogatega kmeta. Oče ji ne pusti vzeti ubogega fanta in jo bo prodal bogatemu možu. Potem bo od hudega znorel, hči bo pa prisegla, da ne bo vzela ne enega ne drugega in si bo življenje vzela.

Igra se bo začela ob 2. popoldne na 57th in Butler st. Na svidenje!

Pauline Ljuboslava Fabec,
6910 Butler st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* *

“Dobre knjige”

Dragi urednik!

Danes, ko to pišem, sem prejel Mladinski List, pa sem odložil moje šolske naloge, da sem napisal tole pismo, da bo dovolj zgodaj za marčevo številko.

Dela se tukaj slabo. Moj ata že dolgo časa ne dela nič.

Strinjam se z Vami, urednik, ker priporočate dobre knjige mladini. Jaz jako rad čitam knjige. Ko knjigo dobim v roke, je ne morem iz rok djati, dokler mi je kdo ne vzame.

Sem prečital povest, ki jo je spisal Ivan Jontez, “Minkina spreobrnitev” in se mi je jako dopadla. Meni se je tudi dopadla povest Mary Jugove, “Tomorrow Did Not Come.”

Tukaj smo imeli veliko snega, pa ga je južno vreme kmalu vzelo.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje in urednika!

Marion Jereb,
92 Lincoln ave., No. Irwin, Pa.

* *

Pesem skrbne matere

Dragi urednik in čitatelji!

Tudi jaz sem se namenil napisati kratko pismence za M. L. Upam, da bo priobčeno, ker to je moje prvo pismo. Mama mi ga je pomagala sestaviti. Tu je kratka pesmica:

Dete revno, dete malo,
kdaj mi bodeš poplačalo
vse kar zate, skrbna mati,
mogla sem in bom prestati.

Sem na rokah te nosila,
v bolečinah te zdravila,
zate noč in dan skrbela,
zate sem in bom živela.

Postelj kolikrat postlala,
zibel tvojo sem zibala,
pesem ti zapela sladko,
da zaspalo si čez kratko.

Dete revno in ubožno,
bodi pridno, ne nadležno.
S tem skrbi mi boš plačalo,
dete revno, dete malo.

Pošiljam prav lepe pozdrave vsem skupaj!

William Delach (star 11 let),
1396 E. 31 st., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

Karl rad poje

Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi slovenski dopis. Vas prosim, da bi popravili moje napake, ker sem se šele začel učiti slovensko pisati. Čitati že znam dobro.

Tudi peti znam: “Dekle je po vodo šlo,” “En hribček bom kupil,” “Regiment po cesti gre” in “Lepših fantov ni na svet.” Znam v

štirih različnih jezikih šteti: angleško, slovensko, nemško in italijansko.

Zelo rad bi videl, da bi prišla ljuba pomlad, da bi se šel spet na prosto igrat.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje!

Karel Jereb,
92 Lincoln ave., No. Irwin, Pa.

* *

Pomlad premaga zimo

Cenjeni urednik!

To je prvo moje pismo za *Mladinski List*. Že dolgo sem se pripravljaj, da napišem malo pisemce v "Kotiček", pa mi je težko začeti, ker se le malo učim slovensko. Pri tem mi pomaga moja mama. Zato Vas prosim, da popravite moje napake.

Star sem 10 let. V šoli sem v 4. razredu A. Povedati Vam moram, da se učimo peti slovensko. Naš učitelj je Mr. Seme. Naš pevski zbor se imenuje "Škrjančki".

Četudi je pomlad že premagala zimo, vseeno bi rad, da priobčite tole Stritarjevo pesmico:

POZIMI IZ ŠOLE

Vse belo! Dol je bel in breg;
pod nogo škriplje trdi sneg.
Uboge ptičice zmrzujejo,
nožice gole privzdigujejo.
Zaspano, kakor da je v šoli,
z neba mi gleda sonce doli.
Kam je gorkoto svojo delo?
Samo bi zdaj se rado grela.

Ker je že pomlad, ki bo razveselila nas in Vas, zato bo primerno, če priobčite še ti dve kritici Župančičeve

ČEZ NOČ, ČEZ NOČ . . .

Čez noč, čez noč
pregrnila travica svet je,
čez noč, čez noč
na travo se usulo je cvetje.

Vesetje, vrišč
zaraja pred mano, za mano,
in z rožami
in z deco je polje postlano.

Ljubek pozdrav Vam in vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Tony Vrh, 23100 Ivan ave., Euclid, O.

* *

Nespametni Jurček

Dragi urednik!

Prav lepo se Vam zahvaljujem za popravke v mojem prejšnjem dopisu. Upam, da bo *Mladinski List* še dolgo prihajal v našo hišo

in v tisočere hiše, kjer prebivajo slovenski otroci. Seveda tudi želim, da se bi vedno več dečkov in deklic v njem oglašalo s svojimi malimi dopisi.

Kmalu bo konec šole! Imeli bomo počitnice. Takrat se bomo igrali. Pa tudi nagajali bomo. Pa ne preveč. Samo malo. Tu je ena pesmica:

Nekoč je en Jurček bil,
se v starem avtu je vozil.
Je prav ponosno v njem sedel,
dokler se nikamor ni zadel.

Smejal se drugim je naglas,
ker vozili so vsi tako počas.
Dospeli pa so vsi na mesto,
le on se znašel je pod cesto.

Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem in Vam!

Frankie Potochnik,
R. 1, box 47, Arcadia, Kans.

* *

Ko pridejo počitnice . . .

Dragi urednik!

Ta dopisek sem napisal še predno sem videl mojega prejšnjega v *Mladinskem Listu*. To pa zato, da jih bo več.

Jaz sem star 8 let in hodim v drugi razred ljudske šole. Moji učiteljici je ime Miss Helen Henshaw. Ona je prav dobra meni.

Sedaj se je že pričela vračati pomlad in kmalu bo vse zeleno in razcveteno. To imamo spet obilo veselja na prostem!

Kmalu bodo prišle tudi naše šolske počitnice. Takrat pa bom šel na farme. Vsaj tako mi je rekel ata, ki je dejal, da bom šel v East Palestine, O. In spet bo lušno!

Kjer ptički prepevajo,
kratek čas delajo,
tamkaj je moje veselje.

Upam, da je za enkrat zadosti, prihodnjič pa bom spet kaj napisal.

Frank Kramer, 949 Cedar ave., Sharon, Pa.

* *

Učenje slovenščine

Cenjeni urednik!

Najprej Vam naj povem, da je to moj prvi dopis za *Mladinski List*. Seveda sem ga napisal s pomočjo moje mame. Rad poslušam, ko mi mama prečita slovenske dopise in tudi pripovedke. Sedaj se bom tudi jaz potrudil, da se bom naučil slovensko kolikor bo pač mogoče.

Pri učenju slovenščine je veliko truda. Le s pomočjo staršev ali pa učitelja se lahko navadimo.

Star sem 10 let in šest mesecev. Moj brat pa je star 7 let in pol. Tudi on je član SNPJ, kot tudi mama in ata.

Naj končam te moje revne vrstice. Vas pa prosim, da mi popravite vse moje napake.

Pozdrav vsem dečkom in deklicam in seveda tudi Vam!

Albert Valenčič,
1645 Lebanon ave., Toledo, Ohio.

* *

Župančičeva nagajivka

Cenjeni urednik!

Še ne dolgo tega smo peli o zimi, ki je precej nagajala. Peli smo:

PESEM NAGAJIVKA

Zima, zima bela,
vrh gore sedela,
pa tako je pela,
da bo Mirka vzela,
ker on nič ne dela,
ker on nič se ne uči—
čakaj, čakaj, Mirko ti!

Sedaj, ko prihaja pomlad, pa pojeme pomladne pesmi. Kakor smo se veselili prihoda zime in potem snega, tako se sedaj veselimo prihoda spomladi in oživiljenja narave. Lepa je zima, če smo toplo oblečeni in če imamo dovolj hrane. Še lepša je pomlad, o kateri pojemo:

*Prišla bo pomlad,
učakal bi jo rad,
da bi zdrav, vesel,
lepe pesmi pel.*

*To me veseli,
travca zeleni,
drobna ptičica
pa žvrgoli. —*

Čitala sem uganko, ki jo je napisal v *M. L. Matt Lekan*: "Kam gre zajec ko je leto dni star?" Takrat gre v drugo leto! Jaz pa dodam tole: Kako dolgo teče zajec v gozd? Kdo ve?

Mnogo pozdravov vsem, ki to čitajo!

Jennie Grobin, box 17, Broughton, Pa.

* *

Družina osmih pri SNPJ

Cenjeni urednik!

Tudi jaz se bom potrudil in napisal par besed za "Naš kotiček". To je moje prvo pismo, zato upam, da ga boste priobčili.

V naši družini nas je osem in vsi smo člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Pa tudi

vsi radi beremo naš Mladinski List. Jaz sem star 12 let in hodim v 7. razred ljudske šole.

Pozimi smo imeli hud mrz in dosti snega. Sedaj ga ni več. Kmalu bo zunaj spet lepo. Spomlad že prihaja.

Težko boste brali te vrstice, ker slabo pišem po slovensko. Upam, da se bom boljše naučil. — SNPJ se lepo zahvaljujem za božično voščilo in za prosti asessment. Pa naj zadržuje za enkrat. Prihodnjič kaj več. Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice, pa tudi Vas!

Frank R. Sladich, box 45, Greenwood, Wis.

* *

Ha, tu je ena; oj, veselje!

Cenjeni urednik!

Že večkrat sem mislila napisati za *Mladinski List* kratek dopisek, pa sem vselej zaostala ali izostala. Sedaj pa sem dobila malo korajže in veselja, ker vidim, kako se lepo oglašajo slovenski otroci iz vseh krajev Amerike v Mladinskem Listu. Toda iz Irwina se pa prav malo oglašamo. Želim, da se jih bi še več oglasilo. Rada pišem slovensko, še rajši pa pojem slovenske pesmice. Tu je ena:

SIJAJ, SIJAJ SONCE

Sijaj, sijaj, sonce,
oj sonce, rumeno.
Kako bom s'jalo sonce,
ki sem močno žalostno.

Ha, tu je spet ena lepa pesmica, ki je zelo primerna za spomlad! Spisal jo je J. Stritar:

PRVA VIJOLICA

*Obšla sem vso okolico,
da našla bi vijolico —
Ha, tu je ena; oj, veselje!
Izpolnjene so moje želje.
Dovoli, oj, cvetica, mi,
ti prva med sestricami,
izgrebla te bom z gručo celo,
skrbno, da te ne bo bolelo.
V gredico te vsadila bom,
z vodico te pojila bom,
branila slane te strupene
in toče, da te ne zadene.
Kar si želiš, imela boš,
pa cvela in duhtela boš;
domov zdaj urno kar mogoče,
da ti ne škodi sonce vroče.*

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in Vam!

Elica Smrekar, box 442, Irwin, Pa.

Pomlad že prihaja

Dragi urednik!

Zakaj nisve midve z mojo sestro Virginijo napisale za februarško številko **Mladinskega Lista** nobenega dopisa? Zato, ker sva se hodile sankat in drsat, pa tudi kepat. Kepale sva se z Nacetom Žlebergerjem, ob večerih.

Tukaj delajo po 5 dni v tednu. Zasluzek seveda ni velik, saj ni nikjer. Pred kratkim je tukaj hudo pobilo dva rudarja. Dany Goryup iz Clevelanda si je zlomil roko. Želim mu skorajšnjega okrevanja.

Sedaj bo kmalu prišla pomlad. Jaz jo že težko pričakujem. Potem bo spet vse tako lepo zunaj, pred hišo in na vrtu, in v gozdu, da bo veselje.

Iskreno pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice, uredniku pa se zahvaljujem za popravke v tem dopisu!

Elica Straynar, box 86, Piney Fork, O.

Sedaj se veselimo pomladi

Cenjeni urednik!

Zelo smo se veselili snega, sedaj se pa še bolj veselimo spomladi, ki počasi prihaja k nam. Kmalu bo prišla cvetoča pomlad. Takrat bomo šli v gozd cvetice nabirat in se igrat, doma pa bomo čitali *Mladinski List*.

Moj ata hodi rad na lov na zajce in tudi na dihurje. Pri tem mu pomaga naš psiček. Na 24. feb. smo bili pri moji teti Mary Osredkar. Prinesli smo malega "pomagača", ki bo pomagal lovit zajce prihodnjo zimo.

Pa naj zadostuje za sedaj, da bo dovolj prostora za druge dopisovalce. Pozdravljam Thereso Golobič, s katero smo se videli 24. feb. na Colliers, W. Va. Želim, da se bi oglasila pri nas Tonček in Janezek Osredkar in nam zaigrala na harmoniko.

Pozdrav vsem skupaj!

Virginia Straynar, box 88, Piney Fork, O.



STANLEY SLEJKO,
učenc Prushckove šole likovne
umetnosti, star 14 let.

ZIMSKA POKRAJINA

(Glej Jontezov članek na 71. strani)



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XIV

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH, 1935

Number 3

TO WHEELS

OH, wheels!

In you I see

*The strapped energy of a thousand men
The stifled groans of a mighty horde,
The cruel lash of a heavy whip.*

*For you are small wheels, giant wheels,
Intricate wheels, impatient, unmerciful wheels.
You turn and roar and clash and grind.*

*You are a gang boss without a soul;
You are a hundred men heaving and striking in unison;
You are a babe waiting to be led,
Moving not a single arm without command.*

You are a master and a tyrant.

You are a slave at the foot of man.

*For slaves have turned about and become masters,
Striking and heaving all for one and one for all
In unison, even as you,
Oh, wheels!*

*Then let it be
That your mighty master, Man,
Learns to turn about face
And welcome you for the blessing you are
Instead of the curse he made you be.*

MARY JUGG



SONG IN MARCH



NOW are the winds about us in their glee,
 Tossing the slender trees;
 Whirling the sands about his furious car,
 March cometh from afar;
 Breaks the sealed magic of old Winter's dreams,
 And rends his glassy streams;
 chafing with potent airs, he fiercely takes
 Their fetters from the lakes,
 And, with a power by queenly Spring supplied,
 Wakens the slumbering tide.

With a wild love he seeks young Summer's charms
 And clasps her to his arms;
 Lifting his shield between, he drives away
 Old Winter from his prey;—
 The ancient tyrant whom he boldly braves,
 Goes howling to his caves;
 And, to this northern realm compelled to fly,
 Yields up the victory;
 Melted are all his bands, o'erthrown his towers,
 And March comes bringing flowers.

—William G. Simms.

HOW TO MAKE UP

TWO little people, who couldn't agree,
 were having a tiff, and were mad as could be.
 They looked at each other in silence a while,
 And then a glad thought made one of them smile.

She said: "Say, you are not very mad, are you, Bess?"
 "Well, no," said the other, "nor you, are you, Jess?"
 "Then let us make up," little Jessie replied.
 "Well, you be the one to begin," Bessie sighed.

But that didn't suit, so the tiff lingered still,
 While the little disputants were showing their will.
 Then, what do you think brought about sunny weather?
 Why this—they agreed to begin both together. —T.C.E.

The Naughty Boy

By Anton P. Chekhov

I VAN IVANYCH LAPKIN, a pleasant looking young man, and Anna Seymonovna Zamblitzky, a young girl with a little snub nose, walked down the sloping bank and sat down on the bench. The bench was close to the water's edge, among thick bushes of young willow. A heavenly spot! You sat down, and you were hidden from the world. Only the fish could see you and the catspaws which flashed over the water like lightning. The two young persons were equipped with rods, fish hooks, bags, tins of worms and everything else necessary. Once seated, they immediately began to fish.

"I am glad that we're left alone at last," said Lapkin, looking round, "I've got a lot to tell you, Anna—tremendous . . . when I saw you for the first time . . . you've got a nibble . . . I understood then—why I am alive, I knew where my idol was, to whom I can devote my honest, hard-working life . . . It must be a big one . . . it is biting . . . When I saw you—for the first time in my life I fell in love—fell in love passionately! Don't pull. Let it go on biting . . . Tell me, darling, tell me—will you let me hope? No! I'm not worth it. I dare not even think of it—may I hope for . . . Pull!"

Anna lifted her hand that held the rod—pulled, cried out. A silvery green fish shone in the air.

"Goodness! it's a perch! Help—quick! It's slipping off." The perch tore itself from the hook—danced in the grass towards its native element and . . . leaped into the water.

But instead of the little fish that he was chasing, Lapkin quite by accident caught hold of Anna's hand—quite by accident pressed it to his lips. She drew back, but it was too late; quite by accident their lips met and kissed; yes, it

was an absolute accident! They kissed and kissed. Then came vows and assurances . . . Blissful moments! But there in no such thing as absolute happiness in the life. If happiness itself does not contain a poison, poison will enter in from without. Which happened this time. Suddenly, while the two were kissing, a laugh was heard. They looked at the river and were paralysed. The schoolboy Kolya, Anna's brother, was standing in the water, watching the young people and maliciously laughing.

"Aha—ha! Kissing!" said he. "Right O' I'll tell Mother."

"I hope that you—as a man of honor," Lapkin muttered, blushing. "It's disgusting to spy on us, it's loathsome to tell tales, it's rotten. As a man of honor . . ."

"Give me a shilling, then I'll shut up!" the man of honor retorted. "If you don't, I'll tell."

Lapkin took a shilling out of his pocket and gave it to Kolya, who squeezed it in his wet fist, wistled, and swam away. And the young people did not kiss any more just then.

Next day Lapkin brought Kolya some paints and a ball from town, and his sister gave him all her empty pill boxes. Then they had to present him with a set of studs like dog's heads. The wretched boy enjoyed this game immensely, and to keep it going he began to spy on them. Whenever Lapkin and Anna went, he was there too. He did not leave them alone for a single moment.

"Beast!" Lapkin gnashed his teeth. "So young and yet such a full fledged scoundrel. What on earth will become of him later!"

During the whole of July the poor lovers had no life apart from him. He

threatened to tell on them; he dogged them and demanded more presents. Nothing satisfied him—finally he hinted at a gold watch. All right, they had to promise the watch.

Once, at table, when biscuits were being handed round, he burst out laughing and said to Lapkin: "Shall I let on? Ah—ha!"

Lapkin blushed fearfully and instead of a biscuit he began to chew his table napkin. Anna jumped up from the table and rushed out of the room.

And this state of things went on until the end of August, up to the day when Lapkin at last proposed to Anna. Ah! What a happy day that was! When he had spoken to her parents

and obtained their consent Lapkin rushed into the garden after Kolya. When he found him he nearly cried for joy and caught hold of the wretched boy by the ear. Anna, who was also looking for Kolya, came running up and grabbed him by the other ear. You should have seen the happiness depicted on their faces while Kolya roared and begged them:

"Darling, precious pets, I won't do it again. O-oh—O-oh! Forgive me!" And both of them confessed afterwards that during all the time they were in love with each other they never experienced such happiness, such overwhelming joy as during those moments when they pulled the wretched boy's ears.



SYLVIA FILIPICH,

*pupil of Prusheck's Art School,
age 14, member of SNPJ.*

HARMONIJA FORME

(HARMONY OF FORM)

(See Jontez' article on page 71)

MARCH

THE stormy March is come at last,
 With wind, and cloud, and changing skies:
 I hear the rushing of the blast,
 That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
 Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
 Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
 Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
 The grand and glorious sun dost bring,
 And thou hast joined the gentle train
 And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
 Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
 When the changed winds are soft and warm,
 And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
 In joy that they again are free,
 And, brightly leaping down the hills,
 Renew their journey to the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
 Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
 But in thy sternest frown abides
 A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
 And that soft time of sunny showers,
 When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
 Seems of a brighter world than ours.

W. C. BRYANT.

TALE OF A CAT

SAID the Kindling Wood Cat
 To the Funny-Made Mouse
 "I'll catch you—you see if I don't!"
 But the clever young rat
 Spied a hole in the house,
 Saying, "Not if I know it, you won't!"

"I'll wait here forever—
 Right here by this crack,"
 Said the Cat with a villainous wink,
 But the Mouse was more clever—
 He never came back,
 Which really was wise, don't you think?

Your Garden in April

SNOWDROPS, *Galanthus*, will be in bloom this month in gardens where the bulbs were planted last autumn, then will follow *Glory of the Snow*, *Chionodoxa*; the *Spring Snowflake*, *Leucojum Vernum*, and finally *Crocus*; early *Tulips*; *Hyacinths* and *Late Tulips*.

The chief garden interest this month is planning for the coming season. The foundation of success is good soil, properly prepared, and good seeds.

Early preparation of the soil is important. It is equally important not to work the land until it is sufficiently dry. A good test is to compress a handful with a firm grip. If it crumbles when the grip is released it is in proper condition. In the meantime, clean up rubbish and burn it, spreading the ashes over the soil.

Almost any soil can be improved. Heavy clay soil is benefited by the application of lime. Then spread sand heavily over the surface or use sifted ashes as a substitute and turn that under, breaking up the soil as finely as application of lime. Then spread sand stable manure and turn it under in the same way. If manure is not available use peat moss, and add poultry manure or commercial fertilizer. Rotted leaves are good.

Dealers in garden supplies sell peat

moss, also pulverized sheep and cattle manure, but the last two lack the bulk required to lighten heavy clay soils sufficiently.

That treatment makes the soil more friable and retentive of moisture needed for the plant roots. Gradually, a little each season, work the soil deeper.

Sandy soil requires the addition of these vegetable materials which build up the soil and lime which bind its particles together. Where gardens have been failures, proper soil treatment will give better results, and good gardens will be made better.

Acid or sour soils require lime to overcome acidity and that is best applied in the autumn. Lime and fertilizers should not be applied at the same time. Lime may be spread two or three weeks before the fertilizer. Ground limestone is slower in effect, but can be used at about the same time when fertilizer is applied.

Never use lime around evergreens of any kind, particularly not around *rhododendrons*, *mountain laurel* or *azaleas*. *Tomatoes*, *strawberries* and *watermelons* are not benefited, usually, by the use of lime.

Beautiful flower gardens may be made at trifling cost and fresh vegetables produced. Have the beds ready so planting will not be delayed.

Weasel's Safety Device

If you have ever seen a weasel in his winter coat of pure white, you must have wondered why Mother Nature left the end of his tail black so that it could be seen so easily against the snow. The truth seems to be that the black tip is more of a protection than otherwise. Because it is so conspicuous, it draws the attention of any hawk or

owl that may be in pursuit. Mistaking the black mark for the body of their prey, they strike for that mark and the weasel escapes.

It is possible, also, that the black tail tip serves as a guide for young weasels following their parent.—D. A. Baldwin in *Boys' World*.

DREAMS AHEAD

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

WHAT would we do in this world of ours
 Were it not for the dreams ahead?
 For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers,
 No matter which path we tread.

And each of us has his golden goal,
 Stretching far into the years;
 And ever he climbs with a hopeful soul,
 With alternate smiles and tears.

That dream ahead is what holds him up
 Through the storms of a ceaseless fight;
 When his lips are pressed to the wormwood's cup,
 And the clouds shut out the light.

To some it's a dream of high estate
 To some it's a dream of wealth;
 To some it's a dream of a truce with Fate
 In a constant search for health.

To some it's a dream of home and wife;
 To some it's a crown above;
 The dreams ahead are what make each life—
 The dreams—and faith—and love!

 Fight Colds

An important thing which should be guarded against all through the year is taking cold. No one is immune from the common cold, although a great deal can be done to prevent it. No one has a right to carelessly contract cold, and no one has a right to expose others to colds if it can be avoided. Colds are always very uncomfortable, although they may not be dangerous, but they always lower the bodily resistance.

To avoid colds, keep the hands away from the mouth and wash them before eating.

Persons with colds should remain at

home. No person with a cold should be permitted to handle food or eating utensils.

Avoid as much as possible all persons suffering from a cold or symptoms of influenza.

Wash or cook all food that might have been handled by infected hands.

Avoid crowds and poorly-ventilated places.

Eat easily digestible, nourishing and laxative foods.

Get from 8 to 10 hours's sleep daily.

Have plenty of fresh air in your home, both day and night.

The Grand Canyon

ABOUT 9:30 in the morning of December 1, 1933, I climbed into an automobile and set forth on a tour. I was bound for no place in particular and was going for no particular reason except that I merely answered the lifelong urge of the "curse of the wandering foot" and vaguely felt that I'd like to see for myself whether the Rockies were approximately where I'd left them and if the Pacific still surged along the golden sands—a check-up trip as it were.

It's the same old west and in this article I'm planning to tell you about some of its "high spots" just as I saw them or as nearly as my powers of description can portray them. I'll undertake one of the hard tasks first and before I begin I'll admit that I'm beaten and the traveler never has lived who could, with words and pictures, give you an adequate idea of this marvelous spot. However, I'll do my best.

We approached the canyon from the south along a splendid concrete road, passing the entrance to Grand Canyon national park where your Uncle Sam collected a dollar. The road beyond wound through a beautifully kept forest from the fringes of which deer and elk calmly regarded our passing, soft-eyed and serenely unafraid.

Awe-Inspiring Spectacle

Suddenly the Grand Canyon burst upon us. For centuries few Indians ever approached this spot and even when they spoke of it, they did so with bated breath. In many of their tribal legends Grand Canyon held an awesome place as the abode of weird beings about whom they knew little and that little was a plenty.

Grand Canyon is the handiwork of the Colorado river which, through millions of years, has eaten its way

through the living rock. This rock is predominantly red, but the faces of the breath-taking cliffs are striated and striped with many solid colors and tints that change their hues before the beholder's eyes as the sunlight strikes the rocks from varying angles.

The incredible immensity of the place is its most striking feature. Can your mind grasp or your imagination picture a pit dropping abruptly from the edge of a level plateau approximately a mile into the earth? Can you visualize such a gorge eighteen miles across? Can your mind form such a vision? Mine can't and as it lay before my very eyes, I felt myself forcing my reluctant reason to accept the cold fact that the spectacle I beheld was real, and I've looked upon the Grand Canyon many times before.

The sides of the canyon, in some places drop almost straight downward. Winding back and forth along their sides is a narrow pack trail, in some spots appearing only five or six feet wide, and as you gaze down into the fearsome depths you suddenly note the movement of tiny objects, like ants, that creep slowly along the face of the cliff on a path so narrow that the eyes can not pick it out and the "ants" seem to be walking on air.

Colorado River Practically Dry

This, you learn, is an Indian leading a pack-train of small but sure-footed ponies or burros, some of which are carrying sight-seers and others bear packs of supplies being freighted back from a near by railroad station. I've seen these pack trains several times but their destination I never have learned.

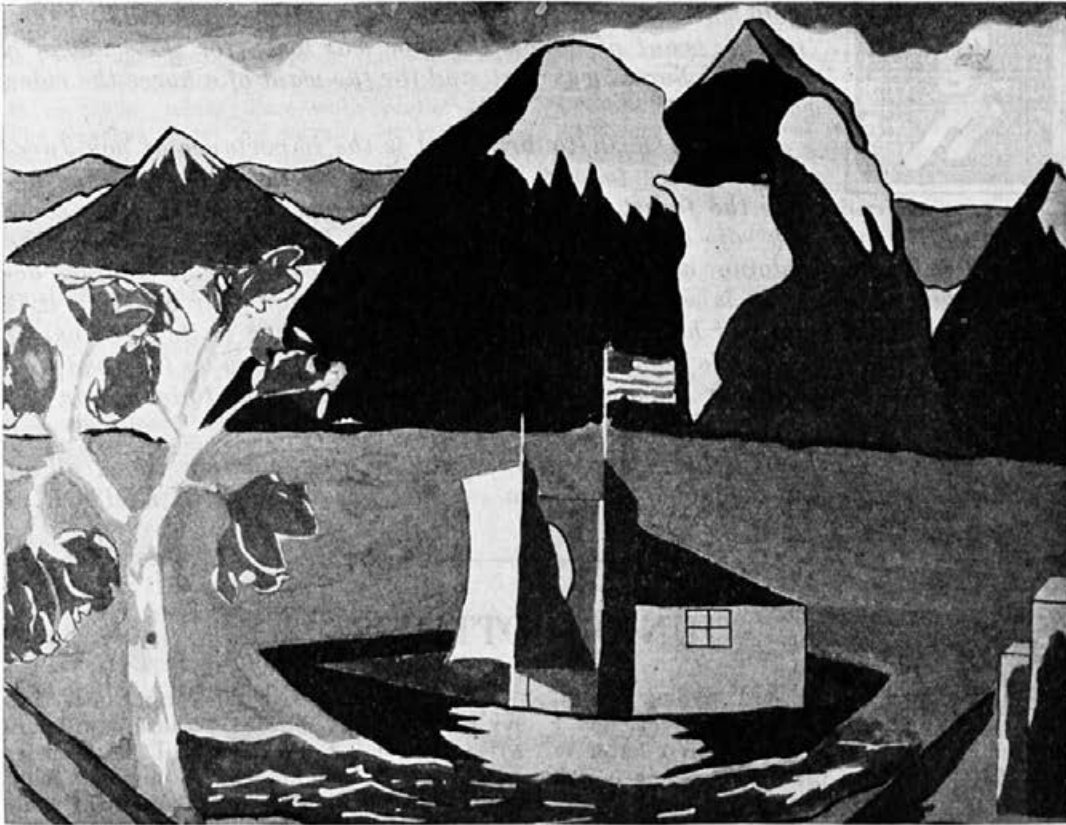
At the bottom of the canyon, in a normal season, the Colorado river winds its way like a ribbon of silver, but on the occasion of this last visit only the

dry bed of the stream could be seen, serving as mute evidence of the devastating drought which spread its parching blight all over that portion of the west comprising our route. Incidentally, we found this same arid condition prevailing in the courses of the Pecos, Brazos, Rio Grande and all other streams that we crossed with the single exception, of course, of the mighty Mississippi. Further pitiful evidence of the scarcity of water was encountered in the astonishingly few herds of cattle on the ranges and the small size of those herds.

From the bottom of Grand Canyon

there leap pinnacles of jagged stone that rise almost level with the brim. These, too, eroded into minarets and terraces are like mighty temples and palaces that appear in paintings and photographs that come to us from romantic lands of the mysterious east. Each of these majestic piles bears at least two names, one bestowed by Indians who are centuries dead and another by which it is known to the white men of today.

See Grand Canyon before you die. Then try, as I have in this brief space, to make others see it with your eyes. It can't be done.—O. I. F.



EDWARD STEFANCICH,

*pupil of Prusheck's Art School,
age 14, member of SNPJ.*

VODA, SKALOVJE IN ČOLN
(WATER, CRAGS AND BOAT)

(See Jontez' article on page 71)



THE VALUE OF LITTLE THINGS

DEAR READERS:—



THE value of little things in life is often underestimated. And yet we will often find how powerful and important small matters are. There is an old saying which tells us that "for the want of a nail the shoe was lost; for the want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for the want of a horse the rider was lost."

What I wish to bring out is the importance of you Juvenile Members to our Society. Just as the little saplings become the forest of mighty oaks so you Juveniles will, some day, be the bulwark of our adult membership. But not only that, the Society in turn is doing a mighty fine job in protecting you against accident and sickness; it is issuing this Monthly Visitor for your benefit; it is giving you the privilege of having your little letters published in its columns; it is cultivating in you what is noble and honest; it is starting you on the road that leads to a better world for human beings to live in; it is trying to inspire in you only what is best for the children of our working people.

There are scores of little messages from you in this month's issue, all of them interesting and readable. Continue. THE EDITOR.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

Dear Editor:—I have been reading the M. L. monthly and enjoyed it very much, and I am telling you this in this my first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years of age and in the 7th grade. I used to go to Slovene school, but now there is none around here. There are ten in our family and all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 17. Work in Lorain is picking up. I wish some of the members would write to me as I would gladly answer them.

Jennie Tomazic, 1688 E. 32d st., Lorain, O.

Dear Editor:—I wish this letter, since it is my first, will be published, because it will surprise someone. I think the M. L. is the most wonderful Juvenile Magazine anyone could read. I would like to know how many children in Pittsburgh belong to the SNPJ. I would like to receive some letters from members in other towns and cities. The postcard Julia Slavec sent me was the nicest I got for New Year's. When Easter comes I'll send the nicest to her.

Raymond Pongerc,
211 Chestnut st., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Editor:—My friend, Anna Pevec, and I have lots of fun in our Clubhouse which we call "Secrethandwriting and Pomes Club." Anna Pevec has a little kitten and he belongs to the club, too. We have lots of fun with him; he is tricky and jolly as a clown. When I write he is always around.

Olga Kandus,
1009 E. 66th place, Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor:—The mine is working good in Hudson. My oldest brother plays basketball on the town team, while other brother plays on the first team in high school. I play on the second team in grade school. My two brothers, my father and my three sisters belong to the SNPJ. I am 11 years old and in the 6th grade. My teacher is Mr. Donald Drummond. This is my first letter to the M. L.

Frankie Homec,
box 134, Hudson, Wyo.

Dear Editor:—Five of the six in our family belong to the SNPJ. I am 11 years old. I wish someone else from Rock Springs would write to the M. L. I am in the 6th grade. I have five teachers; they are good and kind to us. The mines here work pretty good. The weather is getting warmer—it looks like Spring. I have three sisters. Best regards to you and readers.

John Tolar,
box 438, Rock Springs, Wyo.

Dear Editor:—There are only two in our family; my mother died in May 1934. This is my first letter. I am in the 5th grade and my teacher's name is Miss Elder; she is very good to me. My father and I belong to the SNPJ lodge. My father works 5 and 6 days a week. Best regards to you and all the readers of the M. L.

Antonette Gaspersic,
1045 Stiren ave., Brackenridge, Pa.

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I like to go to school and I like my teacher, Miss Philips, because she is good to me. I have two sisters; one came from the old country, and she would like to go back and stay there just for one week. Next time I will write more.

Anna Grobin,
box 17, Broughton, Pa.

Dear Editor:—I am feeling fine and hope the Editor and Readers feel fine also. This is my "first" to the M. L. I am 11 years old and in the 6th grade in school. My teacher's name is Miss Kyler; we all like her. Soon school will be out and then vacations. I have two pets, a cat and a dog, Moots and Pepper. They play together and I have lots of fun

with them. I like the M. L. very much; I can hardly wait till it comes. I wish I could write in Slovene. My mother is going to teach me how, so I think my next letter will be in Slovene.

Jane Louise Volk,
box 53, Park Hill, Pa.

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to this magazine for more than a year and have noticed that it has been increasing in the number of contributions. I will write now oftener. I think the new cover design is just swell. I must say that Mary M. Fink and Frank Miklaucich wrote very interesting letters concerning this magazine in the January number. I am 16 years of age. I will be glad to hear from other readers and members.

Julia Prosnjak,
17176 Dequindre st., Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editor:—There is no good news from Pittsburgh, because the jobs aren't getting better. When there's no work you can't be happy. One place, however, where I do have fun, is in school. Two times a week we go to night sewing. I want to answer Matt Lekan's uganka. He asked where does a rabbit go when he is one year old. I say he goes in another year. I want him to answer this one: On what side does a dog have more hair?

Bertha Jurjevic,
48 Arendell ave., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Editor:—This being my second letter, I wish to say that I will write oftener. I am 13 years old and in the 8th grade. I have five teachers. I like to go to school, but am not too fond of it. We play basketball. I don't know how to write in Slovene, but I can read a little. I would like to learn both. I suppose I am the only writer in the M. L. from here. I would like to see Frances Papes's letter in the M. L. Smock, Pa., is a small place and there are not very many Slovenes here. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge of which my father is president.

Rose Marie Roncevich, box 50, Smock, Pa.

Dear Editor:—I am a member of the SNPJ and would like to get the M. L. every week. I am 11 years of age and I like school. The first thing I do when the M. L. comes is that I read the many letters in it. I like to read jokes and stories and articles, too. I would like to live in some town where there are many Slovenes. Here is Shirkville there are a few Slovene families. See me next month in Slovene section of the M. L.

Jennie Fik, R.R. 1, box 220, Paris, Ill.

Dear Editor:—We (I mean we children) all go to the Geo. Thomas school. I am 12 years old and in the 8th grade. My teacher, Miss Armstrong, is very good, but she gives us too much homework. We are studying square root and its uses. One day, when my older brother was selling papers, a big boy chased him with a can of water. My brother ran into the street, where an automobile bumped him. He was taken to the hospital, where the doctor examined him and said he only had a few scratches.

Anna Chavich,

2254 Lewis st., Chicago, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—I am 9 years old and in the 3rd grade. This is my first letter. My teacher's name is Miss Burkett. Here's a riddle: What looks like a cat and walks like a cat, has fur like a cat, but yet it isn't a cat? Answer: A kitten. Will write more next time.

Josephine Chuk, box 155, Moon Run, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—My birthday will be on May 29, 1935. I like to read the M. L. I am 10 years old and in the 5th grade. This is my first letter. I like spelling and like to read the letters in the M. L.

Leona Mae Tomasini, Lincoln, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—I've been reading the M. L. for a long time and like it. This is my second letter. Wish summer were here and school would be out, so I could go swimming. In school we had a Valentine party, that is, they had it. I wasn't there because I was sick.

Frank Smrekar, box 442, Irwin, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—There are nine in our family and we all belong to Lodge 289, SNPJ. I wish other children from here would write to the M. L. This is my "first." I am 11 years of age and in the 6th grade. Miss Todhunter is my teacher. Best regards.

William Intihar, Tire Hill, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—We all like to read the M. L. There are eleven in our family, all members of Lodge 432, SNPJ. I have never seen a letter in the M. L. from Miners Mills. I am in the 4th grade and am 10 years old. My teacher is Miss Hughs. I will write more next time.

Anna Roglich,

55 Cool st., Miners Mills, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—We are quite a big family. There are 10 of us and all members of the SNPJ, except my little brother and sister. My birthday was on Jan. 28, 1935. I was born in Jugoslavia and came to this country with my mother in 1923. I wish I could revisit my

native country again. My aunt and my brother came to America on Feb. 4, 1931. He likes it here, and so do I. I still go to school. I am 14 years old. Hope times will get better.

Frank Smrekar,

Locust st., box 442, Irwin, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—In February, my piano teacher gave a recital. Everyone who took lessons had part in the recital. I played two pieces and was fourth on the program. I was a little excited. I am getting along fine in my school studies. I hope that it will be that way throughout the whole term.

Felix Vogrin,

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—The SNPJ Lodge 736 had a dance at the City hall at Thomas. My parents were there and they reported a swell time. The local mine is not working very good. In Davis, they have the Blackwater falls which are 63 feet high. Many people from different parts of the Union come to see the falls.—My birthday will be on April 1 (of all days!).

Frank Polantz,

box 2, Pierce, W. Va.

* *

Dear Editor:—This being my first letter to the M. L. I wish to tell you that I enjoy reading the magazine very much. There are four in our family, all members of the SNPJ Lodge 104. My parents are also members of the Socialist Party, and my sister and I belong to the Red Falcons, a young Socialist organization. We meet every Saturday afternoon in Lincoln school. Our guide is Bill Ommen; he came from Germany. The name of our Flight is "Charles Steinmetz," No. 8. There are several other Flights in Milwaukee with the names of great labor or socialist leaders.

Robert Matkovich,

1216 So. 60th st., West Allis, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor:—First of all, I think I will tell you that I am 11 years old and am in the 5th grade at Harding school. My teacher is Miss Narigan. I like history because it tells us so many interesting things about other people. I am proud that I am a member of the SNPJ Lodge 405, of which my father is also a member. Lately, my father has been sick and for a time he was in the hospital.

Louis Radosevich,

78 Huetter st., Buffalo, N. Y.

* *

Dear Editor:—Perhaps it isn't necessary to tell you how glad I was to see my first letter printed in the M. L. And there were so many interesting bits from other juveniles in the

magazine that makes one feel proud.—The weather here in February was just like spring. It is so much fun playing outdoors. I like to watch basketball games a lot.—At present I am beginning to learn Slovene and will try to write my next letter to the M. L. in Slovene.

Anna Ostanek, Traunik, Mich.

* *

Dear Editor:—I am 9 years of age and in the 3rd grade. My teacher's name is Miss Hoffman. I go to McKee school, but the main high school is called Pike school. On the Bogatay farm we have a shack which we use for our club. There are 14 members in the club, which is named "The Granish Club." We pay dues every Sunday. When we have a lot of it, then we make a big party.

Albert Lah,

R.F.D. No. 2, Coraopolis, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—I like school, believe it or not. I am 11 years old and in the 7th grade. My teacher is Miss Koplen; she is very good to us. My mother is teaching me to read and write in Slovene. There are three in our family and we all belong to SNPJ Lodge 206. I like to read the M. L. **Fannie Galicich,**

box 38, RR 1, Arcadia, Kans.

* *

Dear Editor:—I am seven years old and in the 3rd grade. I have a very good teacher; her name is Miss Lash. I like to go to school. There are six in our family, all members of the SNPJ Lodge 583. This is all for this time; next time I'll write more.

Angeline Klun, box 45, Lowber, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—Lodge 215 is the number of the SNPJ Branch to which I belong. I am in the 4th grade at Marquette school. My teacher is Sister Verona; she is very kind. I think my sister and I are the only ones who write to the M. L. from here. Where are the others? Where?

Ann Lertich,

706 No. 12th st., Virginia, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—First of all I am thanking the SNPJ for the assessment which was donated to me for the month of December, 1934. You sure surprised me; it was better gift than I received from my Daddy.

We had a Christmas school program. There were plenty Slovene girls and boys on the program.

We had some very cold weather here. One day we had 40 below zero. I missed one week of school on account of snowdrifts. No school bus could possibly go through. Later they plowed the roads with that big Rusk county snow plow. The roads are nice now.

I think there are ten or twelve juvenile members in Sheldon. I just wonder why they don't write sometimes to the M. L. I suppose they must be bashful. Will write some more next time.

Jennie Pugel,

Lodge 273, Sheldon, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor:—I have not written to the M. L. for a long time. We had nice weather here for a couple of days and all at once a storm came and the wind was blowing so hard that you couldn't sleep. It left banks of snow all around the house.—Spring will soon be here. Then we can have the fun. Flies are around allready, so that is one sign of spring.

Best regards to the Editor and all.

Dorothy Turk, box 15, Frontier, Wyo.

* *

Dear Editor:—First of all I am going to thank the SNPJ for the Christmas card that they sent to me. It was very nice. I like to read the M. L. and I get lots of fun reading it. This is my first letter to the M. L. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade.

Antoinette M. Deblock, Ironton, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—I am glad to be writing to the M. L. again. I like the M. L. because it is very interesting. It seems that no one from Johnstown writes to this little magazine. I wish some of you members would write to me; I would gladly answer.

It is still winter, but soon it will be spring. I never saw so much snow in all my life, over 16 inches deep.

I go to school every day. I like school and the teachers very much. School will soon be out, but I wish it were only starting. I like the teachers that give a lot of tests and night-work.

Easter is coming. I hope I have a good time. But there are a few that can not have a good time, because they are too poor. But I do hope all children will have a good time.

Work is not so bad out here, but still I think it could be better. The men that don't have any kind of work are kept busy cleaning streets.

Genevieve Logar,

768 Coleman ave., Johnstown, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is the first letter. I am 12 years of age and in the 7th grade. We had our semester exams on January 18th and I made a good average. I have a little sister named Elaine, who is in the 3rd grade. In her semester exam she made an average of 99 2/5, which was the highest grade received in the Maynard public school. There are eleven of us in our family, and we are all members of

Lodge 275, SNPJ, of Maynard, Ohio. Last summer a very sad misfortune had befallen us. My father was ill for about a year and a half. He was in the Martins Ferry hospital three times, but nothing seemed to help him. On the 13th of July he was taken to the Cleveland clinic hospital to be operated. After his operation he didn't get well, and after two weeks' confinement he passed away in the hospital at Cleveland on July 31. He is sadly missed by us all.

The mines out here aren't working so well, but my brother Anthony is fortunate enough to work at least four days a week. I also have two other brothers, Joe and John, who at the present are in Columbus, Ohio. My brother Joe was formerly the Secretary of the SNPJ Lodge here at Maynard. He is now employed by the Armour Meat Packing Company of Columbus, Ohio. He holds the position of head bookkeeper and he is also paying my brother John's tuition at Bliss College at Columbus. He surely is making good grades. He entered college last fall and is taking a twelve month course. He states that he is progressing so fast that he will complete his course sometimes in June.

This last fall I was at Rea and Slovan, Pa. I visited my friends, Tillie and Margaret Resnik, and also my dear friend, Anna Jereb, of Slovan, Pa. I surely had a good time for my short stay.

I peddle papers every day except Sunday and I earn about eight dollars a month, but I used to earn more, when times were better. If my friend, Anna Jereb, comes out to my place this summer, I will take her with me on my daily round. She always said that she would like to peddle papers with me, but she never had the chance. I got a lot of Christmas presents from the people to whom I take papers.

I always find it a great pleasure in reading letters by Dorothy Fink, Steffie Kaferle and Mary E. Fradel. I would very much appreciate if some of the above members would write to me, for I would be very glad to answer their letters.

Emma A. Zlatoper,
box 22, Maynard, Ohio.

* *

Dear Editor:

This is my first letter to the M. L.; and I hope it will be published. I am thirteen years old, in the eighth grade and go to Newport school. I have five good teachers. We have a school monthly called "Newport News."

All of us are members of the SNPJ Lodge 323. I hope some boys and girls will write to me.

Mary Perkovich, (Roden)
600 First National st., Ironwood, Mich.

Dear Editor:—I am very sorry I didn't write sooner, because I was so interested in the school work that I forgot to write. We had a big banquet at our Slovene hall Friday night, January 11, 1935, in honor of one of our lodge men, Ludvic Zupancic. It was a great success. Ludvic is a very fine young man. There was a large crowd at the banquet.

I wish Dorothy Zabkar and Alma Strah from Broughton would write. Best regards to all.

Elsie J. Dolinar,
box 16, Broughton, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

It is a long time since I wrote an English letter to the M. L.

Our new school building is made of different kinds of colored brick. The old school building has been rebuilt with the same kind of bricks. It will look much different than in 1895, when it was built, forty years ago. In every room the plaster will be painted cream and the woodwork brown. There will be a sidewalk all around the building. The old school building has four rooms. The new school building will be the main part of the two buildings. It will have the auditorium and gymnasium combined.

Best regards to Members and Editor.

Marion Jereb,
92 Lincoln ave., No. Irwin, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Vilma Carnett. I like her. There are 7 in our family, 4 of us belong to the SNPJ, Lodge 58.

The mines out here are working about 3 days a week.

Francis Sivic,
R. R. 1, Hartsharne, Okla.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I have never seen a letter written from this town. I wish some of the readers would write to me. My Dad, Mother, my sister and I all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 151. I am 11 years old and my sister is 10 years old. Sister and I are both in the fifth grade. I like to go to school, and my favorite subject is spelling. Work around here sure is hard to find. My Dad hasn't worked in the mine for over six years. All the miners of Witt belong to the P. M. of A. and my Mother belongs to the Progressive Miners of America Auxiliary. I hope that their Union will win against the United Mine Workers of America.

Rosemary Perme,
box 154, Witt, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I'm eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I go to Margaret Park school. I've read a poem in the Summit County Labor News. It was very interesting.

Don't Be a Scab

I ought to get a large reward
For never owing a union card.
I've never grumbled, I've never struck,
I've never mixed with union truck.
But I must be going, my way to win.
So open, St. Peter, and let me in.

St. Peter sat and stroked his staff.
Despite his high office, he had to laugh.
Said he, with a fiery gleam in his eye:
"Who is tending this gate, you or I?
I've heard of you and your gift of gab.
You're what is known on earth as a scab."

Thereupon he arose in his stature tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall.
He told the imp who answered the bell:
Escort this fellow around to Hell.
Tell Satan to give him a seat alone
On a red hot griddle up near the throne.

But, say, even he couldn't stand the smell
Of a cooking scab on a griddle in Hell.
It would cause a revolt, a strike, I know
If I sent you down to theimps below.
Go back to your master on earth
and tell
That they don't want scabs, even in Hell.

Josephine Hillman,
1763 Manchester rd., Akron, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am sorry I didn't write sooner, but I was very busy with my lessons. I have seen some letters from Pierce, after all. Keep it up, Joe and Frank! Don't make the members from other places think that we are asleep. There were many letters in last month's issue. We are having bad weather out here. There are four in our family and all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 29. I hope Mr. Wastepaper basket keeps its mouth closed until every letter and word is printed.

Helen Vidmar,
box 76, Pierce, W. Va.

* *

A FEW PARAGRAPHS

Dear Editor:—

My birthday was Feb. 10, and so I stepped into the age of my first 'teen.

Our Juvenile members have shown their appreciation of our Magazine—by writing! You, as well as I, saw the enormous amount of letters in the M. L. Naming them in

number there were 48. Some letters were very interesting, others quite so, and also the "Junior Jotting" type letters were important.

Someone has mentioned that I have gone too far as to the idea of "prophecizing," which of course means: "a prediction of something to take place in the future." In my estimation I think it is worthwhile planning for the future and not for that which has past. However, I have not taken that as a serious matter. I hope I have not gone rational in any of my other letters.

Our local branch held dances frequently during the month of January. One was of our Slovene Branch. It was a well-attended dance. The other was a ball in honor of Pres. Roosevelt's birthday. The admission money was to be donated to the Tubercular Asylums.

Also, before coming to the conclusion, I must mention Mile Klopčič. He certainly puts nice rhyming verses in the M. L. about "Narodne otroške pesmi, posmehulje, nagajivke in še kaj." They have been read to me and surely made me laugh. Hope he continues.

A Proud Juvenile,
Dorothy Fink, (Lodge 200),
box 1, Wendel, Pa.

* *

WINTER SPORTS

Dear Editor:—

In the school I am in the 5th grade and I have 3 teachers. They are pretty strict. That's what makes the pupils study. I like to go to school. I have to walk to school $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile, but I like to walk anyway. That's why my muscles get strong. At school we play marbles; it's lots of fun. Sometimes we snowball the girls, and they scream. After school we go coasting on the hillside. I think it's lot of fun coasting. My brother Donald likes the rides, although he can't guide the sled.—The work is scarce. The mine works several days a week only.

A fond reader of the M. L.

Frank Fink, Jr., Wendel, Pa., Lodge 200.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I live on a farm. My father and oldest brother went out hunting. They each shot a buck deer. When they are mounted one will be a surprised gift to a friend member of the S. N. P. J.

I hope Oscar Godina pays us a visit. We still have that bronco that he raved so much about.

Kathryn Nemeč, R. D. No, 3, Irwin, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I am going to try to keep my promise to write to the Mladinski List every month this year. I hope I have time to write because I get so much home work every night from school. I go to the Conemaugh public school. I am in the eighth grade and I am 13 years old. I wish very much that I would pass to high school. My health teacher takes us, eighth grade boys and girls, to gym this year. We get it every Tuesday. We have lots of good times down there. I wish we would get gym twice a week.

Dorothy F. Brezovsek,
box 74, Conemaugh, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

The weather here isn't bad. The ground is dry. If we don't get some rain, we won't be able to have any garden.

There were quite a few cases of measles in Hudson. There was also one case of diphteria. A boy had it; his name is Emil Kovacovich.

A little girl, friend of mine, named Virginia Painter, had diphteria last summer. I feel very sorry for any one who had any kind of sickness.

I hope William Lucanchich and Annie Aslege would write.

That is all for this time. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Mary Pershin, box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

My work every morning is to feed the chickens, dog and cats.

My father bought a car. I am very glad. I'm always waiting for a chance to get a ride in it. I had a lot of rides already. Work in the mine slowed down.

Every day I go to school, we children play baseball. School is nearly out. I am very glad.

I sure hope I won't get any sickness such as, Pink Eye, Diphteria, Measles and Scarlet Fever. Of course I don't like any kind of disease. I just hope and hope I won't get any disease.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

Rudy Pershin,
Box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. which I like to read. I am 11 years old and am in 4th grade in school. Utica, Ill., is a small town; about 1200 people live in it.

Here are only 2 Slovene families. Not much of work 'round here. Hydraulic Cement, a couple sand works and glue factory and a few coal mines. My father works in one of them. One mile from here is Starved Rock state park, named so because French soldiers starved the Indians. Lots of people from all states come to Starved Rock every summer. There are many deep canyons and hills. There's a big dam across the Illinois river which was finished last year. Now they will build a big power house. If any readers of M. L. come thru this state, don't forget to stop at Starved Rock and look over all the canyons, etc.

Julia B. Osolnik,
box 175, Utica, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—I was very glad to see my letter published in the M. L., and I hope this one will be also. There sure were many interesting letters in the Chatter Corner last month. Last time I promised to write every month but I guess I'll have to break my promise for awhile because there isn't any news around Traunik. I think I'll have more news when spring comes.

The cover of the Mladinski List sure is nice. First few days of February were real warm. I wish it would remain like this.

Lilly Knous,
box 26, Traunik, Mich.

* *

Dear Editor:—I have never written to this wonderful magazine before and now I have so much to say I doubt it if I can tell you all of it. On Nov. 10, 1934, Warren, Girard and Niles celebrated the 30th Anniversary of the SNPJ. Mr. Philip Godina, Supreme Board member, gave a long and interesting speech. The singing club from Barberton sang a few songs. Two little girls from Girard sang and tapped. I gave a little speech, too.

There are seven in our family and we all belong to Lodge 321, SNPJ.

On Dec. 12, 1934, our school gave an opereta. The name of it was "Kay and Gerda" or "The Snow Queen". My brother played the part of a child and I played the part of the rose.

My birthday was January 24. I was eleven years old. My mother baked a nice cake. I am in the 6—B. I have seven teachers. They are all very nice.

Josephine Tomazin,
2285 Burton st. S—E., Warren, O.

Dear Editor:—For quite some time I have been thinking of writing to you, but it seems I never did. Well, I really got up enough energy to write. I started my first year of high school last September. I am enjoying it just as much as I expected. It is about three miles from my home, therefore I must go on the street car. When I first began, I was sure I would enjoy going on a street every morning, but now I'm so used to it I don't even think anything about it.

My family belongs to Lodge "Sloga," No. 16, SNPJ. Not long ago we had our dance. I have never enjoyed myself quite as much. I liked it so well that I even refused to go home in the end. But, after all, everything has an end, so I'll just patiently wait for next year's dance.

My father is working fairly good. So often I read letters from other members telling how they struggle along. I feel terribly sorry for the unfortunate people.

Every month there is nothing I am more interested in waiting for than the dear old M. L. May I read many more in the future. And may this letter keep far from being thrown to my enemy, Mr. Wastebasket.

A loyal member always,

Mary Gershak,

324 W. Greenfield ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. There are 7 in our family. I have three brothers and a big sister; she is in Cleveland. We live on the Eleavitain mountain, and it is 3285 feet above sea level. The SNPJ lodge always has good dances and always has a big crowd. All of us children belong to Lodge 736, but my mother and father belong to Lodge 29. My parents told me that the SNPJ is the best society for the workers.

Sofie Polantz, box 2, Pierce, W. Va.

* *

Dear Editor:—I want to thank the SNPJ for the free assessment for the month of December and the Christmas greetings.

My father and brother work in the mines. It seems as though the foreigners can't get a job any other place except in the mines. Only the Americans get the better positions. Burgettstown sends out a lot of coal, but not as much as it did before the world war, when we shipped out more coal than any other place in the world. My geography teacher said that a trainload of coal was passing in the

front of the school building every five minutes. My father says that those were the days when miners really made money.

My hobby is drawing and stamp collecting. I haven't very many stamps now, but I hope to get more. In school I make a high average in every subject. My favorite study is history.

The dance hall was crowded at our New Year's eve dance.

I wish my cousin, Margaret Bozich, would write to the M. L. **Mary Leskovich,**

47 Stella street, Burgettstown, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I saw my cousin's, Grace Penko's, letter in the last issue, therefore I decided to write also.

I enjoy myself enormously in reading the M. L. The letters are very interesting, and I like to read the articles and stories also. I find the poems very pleasant.

I was thirteen years old on Jan. 27. I am in the seventh grade, and the president of my class. We have a newspaper in our grade school. The name of the paper is the Chatter Box. It is very interesting. The editor is Louisa Kriedel and the assistant editor is Charles Notar. I like school. Each month certain classes of the grade school have the privilege of entertaining the rest. I enjoy this very much.

There are five members in our family. I have a sister, Amy, who is eleven years old and she is in the sixth grade. I also have a brother. He is eight years old and in the third grade. We are all SNPJ-ers. Our Lodge number is 371.

Best regards to the Editor, all members of the SNPJ and readers of the M. L.

Albina Kovacic,

box 34, Cle Elum, Wash.

* *

Dear Editor:—As my last letter was so short (quoting Albert Pechaver) I must do my best to write a lengthy one now.

Six-week exams are completed and no one could be happier than I. They certainly cast burdens of weight on my mind.

I am grateful to the members who answered my request for pen pals. Writing, to me, is a very pleasant pastime. Does everyone agree?

All the various school athletics are absorbing much of my time nowadays (especially the district basketball games).

We're having ideal weather for taking snap-

shots. That's what I've been doing lately—hiking and taking pictures.

Now, do you think I've succeeded in writing a little more, Albert? I certainly hope so.

Frances Chernivetz, box 4, Ely, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—There was a lot of snow up here this winter, about 17 inches. I had to shovel snow off the sidewalks and away from

the garage. We piled the snow in one big pile, then I made a snow house out of it. It was a big one. Four of us could get in at a time. On Sunday it was warm and the sun melted most of the snow. On Tuesday it was cold and everything froze up. I hope it will be Spring soon. The mines around here are not working much.

Alfred Podboy,
box 61, Park Hill, Pa.

Two Good Games

Hand Swat

Players stand or sit in a group. One player is given the beater. He presents himself in front of any player with his fist clenched. The player in front of whom he stands also clenches his fist. Both players then make three motions with their clenched fists toward each other; at the conclusion of the third motion, both extend any number of fingers of the clenched fist. If the player fails to extend the same number of fingers as the player who has the beater, then he must extend his open hand, palm upward and permit the player with the beater to slap his hand with it. He may strike the player as many times as he, the player with the beater, has fingers extended. If the player extends the same number of fingers as the player with the beater, then they simply exchange places, and the games continue in this manner.

Circle Toss

Objects in play may be a basket ball, volley ball, baseball, medicine ball, bean bag, swatter, etc. Arrange all the players in a circle, players standing about four feet apart, facing in. Give each player one of the above-mentioned objects. Appoint a referee who stands in the center and counts with slow cadence. On each count each player tosses his object to the player on his right, then turns and catches the objects arriving from the left. Any player dropping his object had a "dud" scored against him. The referee picks up the dropped object and gets it back into play as soon as possible. The referee shall also give "duds" for poor tosses. When one player has three "duds" he must pay a forfeit.

RIDDLES

What stands on one leg and has its heart in its head?—*A cabbage head.*

When is a sheep like ink?—*When you take it up into the pen.*

What three letters turn a girl into a woman?—*A-g-e.*

What is the funniest name in the world for a girl?—*Minnie Ha Ha.*

Why do the cliffs frown?—*Because the sea waves.*

What moves all the time yet always remains in the same place?—*Your heart.*

If a poker and shovel cost two dollars, what will the coal come to?—*Ashes.*