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J U V E N I L E

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MARIJANA ŽELJEZNOVA-KOKALJ:

Tudi slika časa

MATERE, žene,
me smo ponižane in smo brez cene,
me smo tovarne živine,
vse smo enake
pridne, poštene,
vse iz uradniških krogov, one iz globine,
vse iz meščanstva in iz barake . . .
Maja pripenjajo zlate nam krone,
sladke besede kot v skladih bonbone
siplje ves svet nam na pot.
Dalje življenje pa pljuska nam blato,
bedo, trpljenje v temačni naš kot,
me za otroke se bijemo z blatom —
z blatom — s krvavim tem zlatom.
Ure hite, da z dušo bogato
in pa z vznemoglo roko,
deci pričaramo raj na zemljo.
Nihče ne vidi, ne sluti, ne čuti gorja
v majski proslavi pač matere-žene srca . . .
Linča kdo materno dušo?
Kdo ji nad rušo
v kamen zapiše li: "Tukaj počiva moderni robot!"
Nihče, ker v blatu
sije vse v zlatu —
tudi pač mati robot . . .

Mrtvi grič

(Spomin vojnih grozot)

V BLIŽINI Verduna na Francoskem so se vršili v svetovni vojni izredno ljuti boji. Neki grič, na katerem so bili boji še posebno hudi, imenujejo "Mrtvi grič." Ta grič je prešel okoli štiridesetkrat iz nemških rok v francoske in obratno. Kmalu po svetovni vojni so Francozi pričeli prekopavati pobočje tega griča, da bi si zemljišča zopet pripravili za obdelovanje. Pri tem delu se je zaposlenim delavcem nudil grozen prizor. V podzemskem hodniku, katerega vhodi so bili zasuti, so našli delavci četo nemških vojakov, ki so v polni vojni opremi spali večno spanje. Najbrž so se svoječasno pripravljali na napad, ko so jih iznenadili in zadušili francoski strupeni plini. Trupla vsled plina še niso začela razpadati in so še lahko ugotovili, odkod so bili vojaki. Ta grozni prizor so povzeli za kinematografe. Naj bi ga kazali po vseh gledališčih, posebno pa tistim zaslepljenecem, ki ob vsaki malenkosti hujskajo na vojsko, ne da bi pomislili, kakšno strašno gorje je vsaka vojska, posebno moderna, kjer so čete opremljene z najmodernejšimi tehničnimi pripomočki.

Roka

VISOKO so se vzravнали ob dlani kazalec, sredinec, prstanec in mezinec. Ponosno pogleda dolgi sredinec navzdol in reče: "Kako lepi smo mi bratci na eni roki, tako ravni in visoko zrasli! Samo palec ni nič prida v naši družbi!"

"Tako je," dostavi ošabni prstanec. "Tisti palec tam zdolaj! Tako nizko je zrastel in prav ven iz vrste. Nič nam ni podoben!"

"Res je," pripomni modri kazalec. "Čemu neki je ta debelušasti palec ob roki?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" se zasmije palec, ki je vse to slišal. "Ali ste brez uma bratci? Kaj pa bi vi počeli brez mene? Kdo vam največ pomaga, kadar imate kaj prijeti ali zagrabit? Jaz—palec! Kdor opravlja najtežje delo, kadar mora roka kaj držati, vleči, tlačiti, šteti, sukati ali vrteti? Jaz—palec! In brez mene se ne morete niti braniti. Brez palca ni pesti. Ej vi bratci vi!"

"Prav govori," reče drobni mezinec, "le trdno držimo skupaj!"

In vsi prsti mu pritrdijo ter drug za drugim poljubijo palec.

Ferdo Kleinmayr.

R. Tagore:

Dvanajsta ura

MAMICA, rad bi zdaj nehal učiti se. Presedel sem nad knjigo vse jutro.

Praviš, da je še le dvanajsta ura. Recimo, da ni več; ali si vendar ne moreš misliti, da je že popoldne, kadar je šele poldne.

Jaz si zdaj prav lahko mislim, da je solnce doseglo rob onega riževega polja in da si stara ribičevka nabira onstran ribnika zelenjave za večerjo.

Lahko zaprem oči in si mislim, da sence pod madarovim drevesom vedno bolj temnijo in da je v ribniku bliščečečrno.

Če pride lahko dvanajsta ura ponoči, zakaj bi ne mogla priti noč, kadar je dvanajsta ura?

Anna P. Krasna:

Žulj

NA očetovi dlani med kazalcem in tretjim prstom je rasel rumenkast žulj, to se pravi rumenkast je bil, kadar si je oče dobro odrgnil roke z milom, drugače je bil skoro zmirom črn. Mala Francka je vedela za ta žulj, zakaj vselej, kadar je prišel oče z dela in je prijel njene drobcene male rokice v svoje, jo je opraskal očetov žulj in ona je vzdihnila:

“Očka, tvoj žulj morava spet pogladiti; zostril se je.”

Hitela je v izbo in prinesla majhno pilo za nohte, ki jo je včasih rabila mati.

“Ko se umiješ,” je dejala, “bova začela.”

Oče se je smejal:

“Kaj pa, če bi sčasoma tako ugladila tale žulj, Francka, da bi ne imela več kaj piliti — ali veš, kaj bi bilo potem?”

“Počakala bi, da bi zrastel drugi,” je rekla Francka.

“Ne,” je dejal oče, “potem bi ti bila zelo revna deklica — v mojem žulju tiči vse naše bogastvo.”

“Ali potem ne smem več piliti in gladiti tvojega žulja, očka?” je začudeno vprašala Francka.

“Dokler imam priliko gojiti tale rožen žulj, lahko piliš po volji, ako pa žulj neha rasti, tedaj kmalu ne boš imela kaj gladiti s svojo pilo — in mati ne bo imela kaj kuhati, jaz ne kaj kaditi . . . najemnine ne bomo mogli plačati . . . ti boš hodila v strganih čevljkah in oblekah . . . in mojega žulja ne boš več imela za zabavo — čakala in čakala boš lahko dolgo, toda žulj se ne bo pokazal. Moja roka bo mehka, po licu te bom lahko pobožal z njo, ne da bi te opraskal — kruha pa ti z njo ne bom mogel dati.”

“Očka, če je tako, tedaj morava skrbeti, da bo tvoj žulj rasel — mamico bom vprašala s čim bi mu ohranila rast.”

“Nič ne vprašuj mamice,” je rekel oče, “jaz ti povem: z delom se ohrani žulj pri rasti. Vidiš, Francka, ko kopljem premog, držim lopato in kramp ali sekiro takole” — pokazal ji je kako zamahuje, kako žulji toporišče kože, kako se dela pod gladkim lesom trda koža, pod kožo pa potem raste žulj . . . “da, Francka, tako raste, kot vse druge žive celice v naših telesih, samo da so celice v žulju neobčutljive — če bi ostale občutljive, tedaj bi si vsi ljudje, ki delajo težko in trdo, izrabili roke, kolena, pleča in noge do kosti. Francka, milijone ljudi bi hodilo okrog z izrabljenimi prsti, odrtimi pleči, krvavečimi kolena. Vidiš kako modra je narava, v vsem je poskrbela za nas. Dala nam je žulje, da si lahko služimo kruh . . . in dala nam je parazite brez žuljev, da nam določajo koliko kruha si smemo služiti.”

Francka si je pogledala v rožnate ročice in je dejala v zadregi:

“Jaz tudi nimam žuljev, očka, in mamica jih nima, in učiteljica jih nima, in —”

“Že dobro, Francka,” se je zasmejal oče, “ti nisi parazitka, ti si moj mali otrok in mamica in učiteljica vršita vsaka svoje potrebno delo. Tisti veliki, močno ljudje brez žuljev so tebi še neznani — tisti delijo med nas naše žulje in naš kruh. V palačah živijo, v svetlih vozilih se vozijo, tovarne in rove in veli-

kanske širine zemlje posedujejo — mi delamo zanje, jaz delam zanje, zato imaš ti ta moj žulj za svojo zabavo . . . zdaj je že zdrgnjen in čist, kar poloti se ga.”

Francka je sedla očetu v naročje, zravnila očetovo težko desnico na svojih drobnih kolenih, pa nalahko s priveznjeno pilo luščila rumenkasto kožo z očetovega žulja. Mati je postavila pred očeta kavo in pokarala Francko, ker ne pusti trudnega očka pri miru. Ali oče in Francka sta se dobro razumela, pogledala sta se, zasmejala in oče je prijel skodelico z levico, da ni motil Francke pri njenem opraviilu.

Čez čas je Francka skočila na tla, poiskala dišeče mazilo in ga skrbno, spretno vdrgnila v očetovo dlan.

“Kako se zdaj počuti tvoj žulj, očka?” ga je podražila.

“Moj žulj ne čuti nič,” je smeje odgovoril očka, “tvoja nega samo meni dobro de — vesel sem, ker imaš, otrok, tako veliko veselje in skrb z mojim žuljem . . . ne pozabi nikdar, da je žulj temelj, na katerem sloni vse naše življenje. —



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

ZORN

“VICKE”

M. Jana:

Jakec in Mikec

JAKEC in Mikec sta bila mestna otroka. Stanovala sta v mestu, po mestu se ipzrehajala, v mestu hodila v šolo. Zato sta malo znala za luže in mlake, za loge in hoste, za travnike in pašnike. Vendar sta bila s svojo okolico čisto zadovoljna, saj jima je nudila dovolj zabave in razvedrila.

Doma v kuhinji sta imela vlak, seveda brez stroja in tračnic, a imela sta ga le. Obrnjena klop in obrnjen stol—kdo se more z njima meriti! In kaj hočete potem še kaj večjega in lepšega! A na vlak sta vedno hitela. To je bilo še najlepše. Imela sta veliko množino zabojčkov in psička Miška, ki pa je bila seveda kuhinjska klopca. Morala sta tedaj hitro na vlak. To je bila naglica, to je bilo ropotanja in kričanja, da se je njiju mamica resnično bala za svoja ušesa. Toda vlak sta vendarle imela in zabojčke tudi in psička tudi.

Pa se domisli nekega dne njiju mamica, ki je že bila do grla sita Jakčevega in Mikčevega vlakovanja, da plešejo strahovi okrog narobe obrnjenih stolov in klopi, a ubogega Jakca in Mikeca je bilo tega tako strah, da sta opustila vlak in Miška in zabojčke, tako da je zavladal v kuhinji red.

Tedaj pa sta se lotila nečesa drugega. Da bi bila bolj nemotena pri igri, sta se preselila v sobo. Tam je bil Mikec konjiček, Jakec kočijaž, a preprogi izpod očkove in mamine postelje sta bili njihova vozička. Lepo zglajena tla pa široka cesta, ki drži iz kraja v kraj. Vsekakor jako zabavno! Vendar je prodrlo to drsanje in ropotanje po sobi tudi do mamičinih ušes, tedaj pa z bogom lepi svet in tuji kraji. Jakec in Mikec sta se morala preseliti zopet v kuhinjo.

Zopet sta odkrila novo igro. Tam v tleh je bila precej velika jamica, a Jakec in Mikec sta imela lepe pisane krog-

ljice, ki sta jih z veseljem nikala sem in tja. Čim več kroglic je eden ali drugi zanimal v jamico, tem večji je bil njegov dobiček.

Tako se je približal pustni čas. Pek je bil njihov sosed. Pa pošljejo Jakca po preste. Ker je bilo blizu, je šel Jakec kar v domači obleki po nje. Zakaj Jakec je imel tudi domačo obleko: copate, čisto pristne copate in rdeč predpasnik, tudi pristen, saj ga je dobil za božiče; na tem predpasniku pa so bile narisane vse velike in male zveri od miške po vrsti do kozice. Torej lepa in prikupna obleka. V tej obleki gre Jakec po preste. Jakec gre, Jakec hodi, a Jakca tudi ni in ni nazaj. Preteče četrte ure, preteče še polovica, toda Jakca še ni in ni. Mamico je začelo skrbeti, kam je izginil Jakec, morda se je preveč prest najedel, pa ne more nazaj. Mamica gre ponj. Vpraša peka, je li bil Jakec tu. Jakca ni bilo. Ko stopi mamica na prag, zagleda tam daleč na cesti rdečo piko, ki postaja vedno večja in večja in vedno podobnejša Jakcu. In resnično! Jakec je prišel s prestami. Šel jih je iskat k peku, kakor je mamica rekla. Pa mamica ni nič povedala, h kateremu, zato je pa šel rajši k oddaljenemu, da je lahko sam malo pogledal po svetu.

Mikec in Jakec pa sta se znala sankati. Ker nista imela svojih sank, sta prosila teto in ta jih je jima rada posodila, seveda pod pogojem, da jih ne zlomita. Tako sta se sankala nekoliko dni. Toda nekega dne je nesreča hotela in—resk—resk—sanke na dvoje. Bila sta modra dečka. Sanke sta doma postavila v kot, o nesreči nista nikomur povedala ničesar.

Tudi sta si znala v zgodnji mladosti služiti kruh. Med vojno, ko je bilo vse tako drago, in še posebno tedaj, ko je bil

njihov očka pri vojaki, sta pobirala kostanj, stare steklenice, cunje in sta vse to prodajala. A denarja nista lahko miselno zapravila, pač sta ga dala mamici, da ga je lepo obrnil v Jakčevo korist.

Seveda sta hodila v šolo. Čeprav sta delala mamici in očku velike skrbi, sta bila v šoli vzorna učenca. Pisala, čitala in računala sta, da je bilo veselje. Najbolj sta se veselila počitnic, ki sta jih prebila zunaj mestnega hrupa, kjer sta prosta skakala po zelenih travnikih in se radostno veselila svobode. Ob vro-

čih dneh pa sta se kopala v potočku, ki je tekel za hišico, kjer sta počitnikovala.

Zeleni travniki, temne loze, vesele ptičice, vonjajoče rožice, vse to jima je nudilo toliko zabave in oddiha, jačalo je njiju telesne moči, da sta se zopet zdrava in krepka vrnila v mestno življenje.

Danes sta že oba odrasla. Mikec že služi rumenjake, a Jakec študira tam in tisto, kjer se iz pravi kujejo rumenjaki, toda svojih mladih let se spominjata z veseljem in zadovoljnostjo.

SNEŽINKE

DROBIJO, drobijo snežinke,
strašno se jim k zemlji mudi;
od zemlje do neba pred nami
vse giblje se in mrgoli.

Nastavljajo roke otroci—
najmanjši jih nosi na peč;
snežinka mu v roki izgine—
kako naj razume to reč?

In malček gre mamici tožit
prečudno novico to.
"Seveda," de mati, "kdo mara
za tako nesnažno roko!"—

—F. L.

JOSIP STRITAR:

ȚOLAŽBA

TIHO, tiho, Tonček mali,
o ne jokaj se tako!
Mater so ti zakopali,
to je pač strašno hudo!

Kose našel sem v goščavi,
skoro bodo že godni.
Pa nikomur nič ne pravi,
vse imel boš, ljubček, ti.

Ta nožiček, ki so mati
dali mi za god ga, veš?
Na ga, tvoj je, le jokati,
ljubi Tonček, se ne smeš.

In pa tele desetice,
od očeta jih imam,
košek jagod, kos potice,
kar imam vse rad ti dam.

Anna Krasna:

Daleč je zdaj vse to

(Iz zbirke "Mi smo zrasli v vojno")

HIŠA je stala, temna in dolgočasja polna ob poti v sosednjo vas. Zmirom je stala tam, že nekaj stoletij, toda odkar so zvrhali na pokopališču tri sveže gomile, je bilo, kakor da se je pogreznila nekam v globine, in ko je bila spet postavljena v dnevno luč, je stala ob čisto tujem, neprijaznem klanecu, po katerem se je sprehajala sama puščoba. Z nočjo je tuje občutje narasčalo tem bolj, ker je minil božič, ker je odkorakala zmagovita armada k Pivavi . . . in ker je minila vročica in so od hudih dni odreveneli možgani zopet obujali eno sivo celino za drugo.

Cenka je bila zdaj spet pri popolni zavesti in vsak večer je z bratcem zgodaj zaprla mala dvoriščna vratica. Sami so bili in sosedje niso več hodili v vas k Pepelčevim — kdo bi pač hodil govoriti z otroci. Celo Cenquine prijateljice niso rade prišle k njim zvečer, odkar je smrt posegla v hišo trikrat zapored. Vsakdo, ki je imel kak opravke pri njih, je prišel podnevi. Ko se je stemnilo, se ni noben korak ustavil pred zapuščeno hišo, nobena pest ni več zamolklo klicala od dvoriščnih vrat — nikdar ni bilo treba zopet hiteti z odlaganjem zapaha. Pepelčeva hiša je bila mrtva za vas. Pepelčevim se je zgodilo že vse: Fante so že davno vzeli v vojno, smrt je uničila in raztrgala gospodarstvo, nad otroci je imela besedo sodnija. — V drugih domovih je še plalo bolj ali manj urejeno življenje in zato je vedno visel strah nad njimi . . . ravno tiste dni so spet jemali fante — fante Cenquine starosti.

Ko sta zapirala z bratcem vrata, je slišala Cenka, kako so peli nekje na vasi tisto pesem, ki so jo peli vsi fantje pred odhodom v vojno: "Jaz pa pojdem —". Ali ti fantiči so imeli čisto otroške in neubrane glasove. Ko so od-

hajali njeni bratje, je poslovilno prepevanje zajelo vso vas od enega konca do drugega in potem se je zlilo še čez polje do drugih vasi. Še dolge tedne potem je visela v zraku melodija njih glasov. To prepevanje je bilo, kakor daljnji, pridušeni odmev, ki se je boril z gosto temo in burjo januarske noči. Bratec pa je imel trinajst let in je željno požiral v neznanem strahu trepetajočo melodijo.

"Pomisli, Cenka," je dejal, "če bi bila ti fant, bi zdajle šla z njimi . . . ali pa, če bi bil prišel jaz namesto tebe —"

"Otročji si," ga je zavrnila Cenka in potisnila zagozdo za zapah.

Fantek se je domislil:

"Kaj pa, če pridejo okrog? Tvoji sošolci so — in fantje so zdaj."

"Fantje — komu so plačali fantovščino?" je z brezbrzišnim nasmehom vprašala Cenka.

"Naš Tone je rekel, da vsakdo, kdor je vzet k vojakom, je fant," je zanosno pojasnil bratec.

"Pa če bi tudi to veljalo, oni niso nobeni fantje — poslušaj jih kako pojo, kakor šolarji."

Petje je prihajalo bližje in bratec je ugotovil, da so se fantje ustavili pod orehi.

"Na klanec stopim," je dejal.

"Po kaj? — Netka je sama na ognjišču, pojdiva."

Ubogal jo je, ker zdaj je bila sestra mati, oče in babica — od vseh treh je padlo nanjo odloženo breme skrbi — vendar, do ugibanja in ugovorov je imel pravico.

"Pa če vseeno pridejo in potolčejo na vrata — ali se ne spodobi, da jim odpremo? Mati je zmirom kaj imela za fante, kadar so prišli jemati slovo — in vsakikrat so ji zapeli sredi dvorišča. —

Vidiš, Cenka, ti si dekle, pa nimaš niti ene rože za fante."

Tak je bil zmirom ta čudni bratec, govoril je kakor stari modrijan. Cenki se je včasih upiralo to njegovo modrovanje.

"Nehaj skrbeti," je rekla suho, "na vrtu je dovolj pušpana za stotnijo fantov."

"Pušpan je za mrličje," je dejal bratec in v tistem hipu se je domislil vrtniclončnic, ki so se razcvele pred materinim kipom Marije Pomočnice. "O, kaj pa tiste vrtnice pred kipom, Cenka . . . ali bi bilo greh, če bi jih potrgala za fante?" je vprašal z negotovostjo v glasu.

"Kaj jaz vem," se je vznejevoljila sestra, "zdaj je vojna in v vojni, tako nam povedo v cerkvi, je mnog greh samoobsebi odpustljiv — mogoče bi bil tudi tak, saj za vojno in za fante v vojni vedno molimo . . . sicer pa, pusti to, saj jih ne bo okrog tistih tvojih fantov."

Ko je Cenka zaklepala hišna vrata, se je bratec še enkrat dotaknil svojega predmeta — nikdar ga ni bilo moč ugnati, vselej je gnal svojo miselno zadevo do kraja.

"Cenka," je povzel, "če pridejo, jim lahko damo vina — jaz imam skritega. Ko je polnil pri nas tisti Gorjanec, sem ga izmaknil nekaj iz soda na skrivaj."

"Tako!" se je začudila Cenka. "Kaj pa ti je dalo tako misel?"

"Na orače sem misli! — saj bomo orali spomladi, ne?"

"To bodo odločili pri sodniji."

Bratec je umolknil in se zagledal v ogenj pred seboj. Vsi trije so prisluškovali burji, ki je šarila okrog oken in vrat. Na zunanji steni pred vežo je visela stara kosa in burja je nenadno butnila vanjo, da je treščila s strašnim žvenkom na škrlj pod oleandri. Zganili so se nemirno, toda nobenemu ni prišlo niti na misel, da bi stopil ven in pobral koso. Pa ne radi strahu, zakaj, če bi jih bilo strah, ne bi že dolge mesece samevali v tej, po smrti opustošeni hiši ob vaš-

kem klancu . . . sodnija jih je hotela takoj poslati k varuhu, pa so se uprli, začasno vsaj. Strahu pred mrtvimi ni bilo niti v mali Netki . . . če bi se nenadno vrnila babica, mati ali oče, bi bili tega neizrečeno veseli in žalost bi bila zadavljena. Puščoba jim je branila iz hiše v temi. Zunaj je bila črna praznina širja in po njej je rogovilila mrzla burja — ob prasketajočem ognju so sproti splamenela krila frfotajočih prividov tuje goste teme s klanca in dvorišča . . . znosnejše je bilo dolgočasje za vsem odvetim.

— Čudno, tudi za vojaki jim je bilo dolgčas —

"Se spomniš, Cenka, kako je bilo lani ob tem času? Kuhinja je bila polna Bosnjakov — če bi bili še okrog nas vojaki, bi nam bilo manj pusto." Netka je govorila mehko, njen čisti glasek je plaval po zraku in se igraje odbijal od kuhinjskih sten. Bratec in sestra sta jo samo gledala, nič nista rekla, saj je bila beseda kateregakoli misel vseh treh . . . Marsikaj je bilo pred letom . . . pred dvema . . . tremi leti . . . pred vojno.

"Dugovič je sedel vsak večer prav pred ognjem in je kuril in pripovedoval o Bosni — njegova žena in otroci so nam potem večkrat pisali —"

"Da," je prekinil sestrico bratec, "dokler niso zvedeli, da je Dugovič padel — potem ni bilo nobenega pisma."

"In tudi mladi Turek, ki se je oglašil s fronte grede, da nam pove kako je umrl Dugovič, ni nikoli več poslal nobenega pozdrava . . . najbrž je padel tudi on —"

Cenka je poslušala, kako se pogovarjata otroka in je mislila:

Nič drugega ni več v vseh naših mislih kot vojna — vojna . . .

Zunaj je preko dvorišča zamolklo zabobnelo, bratec je dvignil glavo v pričakovanju.

"To morajo biti fantje," je vzkliknil in skočil z ognjišča.

"Jaz jim ne grem odpirat," je rekla Cenka, "— burja je tako ledena — dovolj dolgo sem bila v postelji. Pojdi



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

IVAN MEŠTROVIČ

MOJA MATI

sam, če hočeš, Netka lahko nese s teboj leščerbo . . . če je kaj olja v nji."

"Ti pojdi," je zaprosil bratec, "materino veliko volneno ruto ti grem iskat, ne boš se prehladila tako."

Cenka je pristala. Stisnila je Netko k sebi pod veliko ruto in šla z bratcem preko dvorišča, da odpro fantom trdno zapahnjena vrata.

Prelčev je vstopil prvi in si je ogledal veliko zagozdo v Cenkini roki.

"Ali se zmirom tako zapirate?" je vprašal.

"Povsod se, ne samo pri nas," je rekla Cenka, "odkar ni vojakov, je povsod raztresenih ubežnikov in ruskih jetnikov . . . ne veš, kaj se je zgodilo zadnji teden v Podvasi?"

"O, pa tista ženska je bila sama v hiši in hiša je samotna," je rekel Trnčev.

"Tudi mi smo sami in hiša je samotna dovolj — ti starinski zidovi nas ločijo od vasi. Toda pustimo to, fantje, pojdite z nami v hišo."

Mrmrajoč nalahko znano popevko so sledili Cenki. V kuhinji so posedli okrog ognja na ognjišču in Dolnikov Pepe, ki je bil iz bogate hiše, je vprašal Cenka, kako morejo biti brez luči vse večere.

"Tako kakor morajo biti vojaki mnogokrat brez kosila," je s ciničnim privzdigom glasu pojasnila Cenka. "Taki, ki gredo v vojsko, ne bi smeli vpraševati takih stvari — vojak, pravijo, mora biti vsega navajen in ničesar ne sme pogrešati."

"Potem bi ti bila boljši vojak, nego jaz, Cenka . . . škoda, da ne moreš iti namesto mene."

Ostali so se mu smejali; Siničarjev Nandé je povedal zakaj se Dolnikov boji vojne.

"Pepe je šel na fronto po čevlje, ko so pognali Lahe," je dejal, "tam je videl nekaj odtrganih nog in glavo, ki se je strkljala od mrtvega telesa v neko dolinico, kjer je štrlelo iz grmovja par čevljev . . . bilo mu je slabo ob pogledu na glavo, pa si je zamašil nos in usta ter

hotel naglo pobrati čevlje — v čevljih pa so bile še noge . . . Zbežal je domov brez vsega . . . samo strahu in groze je bil poln in zdaj se boji iti k vojakom."

Spet so se vsi zasmejali. Cenka, ki je v zadnjem letu videla več smrti tako od blizu, da jo je objel in prešinil mrzel dih do mozga, se je vgriznila v ustnice . . . tudi v njenih mislih so vstale neprijetne krvave slike . . . enkrat — enkrat je šla daleč dol do Gorice zaradi petroleja . . . ne, nato ni smela misliti — čutila je, kako se zbira črnina pred njenimi očmi. Ni bila še dovolj krepka, da bi mislila na take grozote.

"Fantje, pustimo mrtve vojake," je rekla smeje, "če vas pošljejo na fronto, se vam Dolnikov ne bo več zdel tako smešen."

"Prav imaš, Cenka," je dejal Pepe, hvaležen, da se je nekdo strinjal z njim.

Bratec in Netka sta med pogovori ob svitu lojenke odšla v klet in sta prinesla vina. Cenka je natočila kozarce:

"Pijte, fantje, in vrnite se kmalu in zdravi."

Sedemnajstletniki so trčili s kozarci: "Živio, Cenka!"

Cenka se je nasmejala in jih gledala.

"Kdaj odrinete?" je vprašala.

"Jutri dopoldne," je rekel Rzelčev, "ali pojdeš z nami — druge so obljubile?"

"Jaz ne morem iti," je dejala tiho Cenka. Uprla je pogled v goreča polena sloneča na železnem vzglavniku sredi ognjišča in se je spomnila, kako je spremljala brate . . . Ko je šel Tone, je ravno dobila odpustnico, a vendar ji je mati dovolila, da je sedla z odhajajočimi fanti na okrašeni voz. Takrat je prvič plesala s fanti . . . in pela je z njimi tisto nikdar pozabljeno pesem: "Oj, zdaj gremo, zdaj gremo, nazaj še pridemo —" Brat ji je bil del roko okrog ramen in s svojim visokim glasom vodil krepke, ubrane glasove. Tržani so se gnetli okrog vhodov in oken gostilne in so poslušali lepo, mogočno petje . . . Kakšni

fantje so bili to! Telovadniki, pevci, igralci . . . iz šole so šli naravnost v mladeniške skupine izobraževalnih društev . . . od tam pa tako kmalu v vojno . . . Vsaki naslednji potrjenci so peli slabše, zakaj z odhodom prvih je bilo zaključeno vse, kar je pomenilo mladost, pesem in smeh. Telovadnice so stale zaprte, odre je zagrnil teman zastor vojnih dni in knjižnice so hranile pesmarice, po katerih je nekoč mladi svet brskal za lepoto pesmi. Odprte so bile odtedaj samo vojašnice — in široka pot v vojno.

Vojna . . .

To bo edin spomin, ki ga bodo imeli od mladosti.

— Vsi so molčali, vsi so zri v ogenj, vsi so menda mislili za trenutek enake misli:

O vojni . . .

Trnčev je prvi prekinil molk:

“Ali imaš kaj rož, Cenka?”

“Rož —” je ponovila Cenka zamišljeno. “Čakajte, pogledala bom.” Vedela je dobro, da ni v hiši drugih rož ko tiste, o katerih sta prej govorila z bratcem . . . mati ni takega cvetja nikdar trgala v posvetne namene . . . Bilo je božje cvetje, Mariji podarjeno, od nje-

nega sina blagoslovljeno. Cenka se je domislila veličastne in obenem strašne slike blagoslavljanja orožja na širokem polju . . . spomnila se je brusilnice sabelj in bajonetov na malem trgu tik pred cerkvijo . . . tudi vojna je bila od Marijinega sina blagoslavljana — ti fantje gredo v vojno . . . Cenka je vzela svečo in škarje in je šla po rdeče vrtnice pred Marijin kin. Iz drugih lončkov in tružic je nabrala dišečega zelelnja in napravila šopke.

Fantje se niso nič čudili, ker so dobili sredi zime tako pestre šopke . . . Pepelčevi so zmerom venčali odhajajoče fante. S pesmijo v grlih so šli preko dvorišča na klanec in Cenka je šla z bratcem in sestro zapirat vrata za njimi. Počasi so ginili glasovi, klanec je bil spet tuj in neprijazen. Skozi temo je privalovil vrisk in bratec je dejal: “To je Prelčev,” nato je zaukal v odgovor.

“Prelčev, ki je še včeraj stal v kotu za pečjo, ker ni napisal domače naloge . . . zdaj pa gre . . . v vojno. Zazdalo se ji je za hip, kakor da niso bili nikdar otroci, da niso vedeli in ne bodo vedeli nikdar kaj je mladost . . . za vojno so zrasli, za vojno so živeli. —

Marijana Željeznova-Kokalj:

TUDI ŽIVLJENJE

IMAJO milijone in palače,
zamenjale so kruh pogače,
potujejo v svetovna kopališča,
odprta na stežaj so zabavišča,
ker dolgočasje
bi pomenilo zanje dneve pasje.
Otroški blagoslov je izostal
kot bi se bal,

da jim oskruni dom-svetišče,
ter jim zaščiti dušo-zavetišče
osebne sreče in strasti!
Življenje jim je bajka
in divja hajka
za vžitki brez skrbi . . .
Edina radost, skrb, duševni kinč
jim je četveronožni—pinč.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

H. G. PRUŠEK

ZIMSKA POKRAJINA

ANNA P. KRASNA:

Companera

LISTAM po tedniku slik in najdem dva dečka-vojaka.

Oče, pravim, poglej, nič nista starejša od mene,
pa gresta v resnično vojsko—puške, nabojе, vse . . .
Zakaj nisem v Španiji!—

Aha! pravi oče, deške sanje pustolovstva—
Ali, fant, tista dva ne igrata pustolovščine—
tista dva sta companera, ki branita svojo domovino
pred črno pošastjo fašizma.

Tista dva skrušita moč oblasti, ki je tlačila in
izžemala stoletja!

—Prešibka sta, pravim.

—Močnejša kot vsa črna sila s svojimi tanki, ognjem,
divjimi Maročani, mučenjem, uničevanjem . . . vse bosta
končno premagala.

—Toda če padeta premagana, kaj potem?

Oče položi težke roke na kolena, mi pogleda v obraz
in pravi:

Nič se ne boj, njun duh ne pade nikoli.
Vstal bo zopet in zopet in bo rušil staro
ter gradil novo—

tako narekuje življenje samo, fant moj.

—Companera—rečem jaz tiho in ju gledam in občudujem,
ker nista nič starejša od mene, pa vendar že nosita
na svojih plečih tako veliko moč poslanstva življenja—

—Življenja . . . ne razumem prav, oče, zakaj ravno življenja?

Življenje je samo življenje, a—

Nasmehne se oče in pravi:

Ona dva sama sta življenje, mlado, tovariško, sodružno
življenje, ki koraka vedno naprej,
vedno presnavlja, vedno spreminja in izpopolnjuje—
Sezi jima v roko, fant, tudi ti si od njiju!

Očeta še zmirom ne razumem natanko—tovariša pa
že do kraja:

Puške in nabojе imata in resen pogled—za pravico in
življenje se bosta borila.

—Zmagajta, companera! jima zakličem, ko da zares stojita
pred menoj.

Skrbno in verno potem izrežem sliko, da jo spravim
v svoj album.—



SREČNO NOVO LETO!

VESELO, srečno novo leto! To voščilo je med nami tako v navadi, da se ga ne more nihče otresti. Čemu se ga bi otresali? Saj ni v njem nič napačnega, temveč je izraz dobre volje. Ponavlja se pač enkrat v letu, ob nastopu novega leta, kakor ponavljamo običajno vsakdanje pozdrave: dobro jutro, dober dan, dober večer, lahko noč, ali pa naš "hello" in "good-by."

Navada je železna srajca, pravi slovenski pregovor. Mnogim lepim in nelepim stvarjem se privadimo in jih ponavljamo kar tjavendan. So pa trenutki, ko jih izrečemo bolj iskreno. Odvisno je od čutenja do prijatelja, od okolnosti in potrebe. Način, kako izrazimo voščilo, je različen. Komur je iskreno naslovljeno, če se zanima, ga bo sprejel hvaležno. Večina voščil, novoletnih in drugih, se izreče iz navade, ker tako zahtevajo nepisana pravila,

omike. Kljub temu, da je to le navada, se je nočemo otresti. Prija nam, posebno kadar dobimo voščila v pismu. Takrat se nam zdi, češ, nekdo se nas je spomnil. In to je tisto, kar šteje.

Voščila, kakor dobro hotenje in želje, sama na sebi ne pomenijo nič. Želje ostanejo vedno le želje. Šele kadar jih uresničimo, postanejo dejstva. Kadar se trdno odločimo, da bomo nekaj storili, in storimo, šele takrat smo zmagali. Če pa odlašamo, dasi vemo, da bi bilo lepo in koristno, če bi namen izvršili, ostane stvar mrtva. Treba se je za vsako stvar odločiti, da se izvrši takoj, danes! Odlašanje zmanjšuje voljo za delo. Srečnejša nova leta bomo imeli šele takrat, ko se bomo resno zavzeli, da jih pomagamo skupno omogočiti.

—UREDNIK.

Točno dostavljanje M. L.

Dragi urednik M. L.—Danes pa Vas moram res najprej pohvaliti. Pohvaliti zato, ker je novembrska številka Mladinskega Lista prišla tako zgodaj—celih pet dni pred prvim novembrom! To je res nekaj, namreč napredek.

Kako sem ponosen na Mladinski List,

menda ni treba posebej poudarjati. Sedaj izhaja pravočasno, kakor ameriški magazini. Tudi decembrska številka je prišla prve dni v decembru. Upam, da bo tudi januarška številka ob času dostavljena.

Vedite, dragi urednik, da sem se tudi jaz dne tretjega novembra zabaval. Pa ne na način kot odrasli, ki so se mudili

na volišču. Tukaj so kazali mnogo veselja, ker so zmagali demokratje. Veseli so bili najbolj zato, ker je bil predsednik ponovno izvoljen.

Jaz sem se veselil z mojimi sošolci pri vajah na piano. Naš učitelj Mr. Reid nam je priredil veselo presenečenje ali surprise party. Povabil je samo dečke in nam naročil, katere komade ali pieces naj prinesemo. To je bilo v njegovo veselje, v naše pa, ker nas je tako lepo presenetil z lepimi rdečimi jabolki, slaščicami, jabolčnikom in drugim. Mislite si, kako razposajeni in dobre volje smo bili! Ko je bila ura devet, nas je lepo poslal domov z nasvetom: "Le hitro domov k počitku, predno jabolčnik ne prične s svojim delom." Seveda smo se veselo poslovili od prijaznega učitelja, mu voščili lahko noč in odšli.

Lep pozdrav Vam in čitateljem!

FELIX VOGRIN, Scranton, Pa.

* *

Mirkov dopis se jim je dopadel

Cenjeni urednik!—Dne desetega oktobra nam je pisala teta iz Coverdala, da je v Mladinskem Listu čitala moj dopis v oktobrski številki. Pohvalila me je, da sem ga lepo napisal. Jaz pa se zahvaljujem Vam, ker ste ga tako lepo uredili.

Oktobrske številke M. L. nisem prejel. Ne vem zakaj ne. Morda se je izgubila.

Pisala nam je tudi Jennie Gašperšič iz Ambridga, da se ji je kar milo storilo, ko je čitala moj dopis v M. L. Tudi več drugih nam je pisalo o mojem dopisu. Da, tudi na obisk so prišli k nam iz Sharona. Rekli so, da so dobili moj naslov v Mladinskem Listu. Res, prijatelj dobi prijatelja v našem Mladinskem Listu, ako se zanima in čita M. L.

Pred božičnimi prazniki je bilo obilo dela in pripravljanja. Saj je pa bil napovedal prihod Miklavža, ki je imel pri-

nesti veliko torbo na hrbtu. Pri vsem tem je bilo treba pripravljati darila domačim in drugim, sestrici in bratcu, pa tudi mami. Rekel sem ji, da ji bom kupil rožnivenec z velikim križem, mama pa pravi, da ne mara rožnegavenca z velikim križem, ker ima že sedaj z nami velik križ brez kakega drugega križa.

Sedaj sem star 15 let in moji mami precej nagajam, večkrat pa tudi kaj pomagam, ona pa meni. Za danes končam, prihodnjič kaj več.

MIRKO NEMEC,

1156 Brittain st., Youngstown, O.

P. S.:—Prihodnjič bom pisal, kako so Italijani prišli v naše kraje.

* *

Nevesela novica

Dragi mi urednik M. L.—Nič veseliga ne bom poročala, četudi bi rada. Poročati moram o žalostni novici, ki je zadela naše prijatelje Hauptmanove v Nanticoku, Pa., katerim je umrl edini sin Frank. Dne 8. novembra sem šla v Nanticoke, ko je ležal v krsti. Soba je bila polna svežih cvetlic in vencev. On pa je v sredi cvetja mirno spal. Pogled na žalostne starše in edino sestro Helen je bil srcepretresujoč. Hudo je, ko se družina poslavlja od svojega otroka. Frank zapušča starše in sestro, katerim izrekam naše iskreno sožalje!

Pozdrav in srečno novo leto vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

OLGA VOGRIN,

2419 No. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

Miklavž je odšel

Dragi urednik!—Mladinski List se mi zelo dopade. Rada ga čitam. Seveda, slovenski mi gre bolj slabo. Zdi se mi, da je nekaj posebnega, če znam tudi slovensko čitati in pisati. Vsakdo ne more.

Kmalu bom stara 9 let. Hodim v 3. razred ljudske šole. Miklavža sem se zelo veselila, kakor menda vse deklince

in dečki. Pisala sem mu, naj mi pošlje tega in onega. Upam, da je pismo dobil. Saj vem, da ga je dobil, ker mi je nekaj tudi prinesel. Moja mama pa je rekla, da stari Miklavž ne bo mogel vsega prinesiti, ker je prestar in ker je mraz, pa rad pri gorki peči sedi. O božiču pa se tudi Miklavž kaj rad poda na pot, ker se mu razgreje njegovo staro

srce, da malo razveseli otroke. In sedaj je Miklavž odšel—za eno leto.

Če ne bo ta dopis zletel v koš, bom prihodnjič spet kaj napisala. Napisala bom kaj več in boljše, če bo le šlo. In če se poskusi, mora iti!

ANGELA GROBIN,
Box 17, Broughton, Pa.

Mile Klopčič:

Uganke

PTICA sem in v zraku vladam;
včasih železen sem, tovor prekladam.
(Zerjav)

Trdo je in v zemlji,
a vendar ni kamen.
Črno je, a rdeče,
če vržeš ga v plamen.

(Premog)

Črno na belem,
med platno zajeto.
Mrtvo je, a vendar
seznanja te s svetom.

(Knjiga)

Je hišica, kajžica,
oken res nima,
a vrata ima.
Njen kajžar ves slinast
pod kajžo raca.

(Polj s svojo hišico)

Majčkena stvarca in votla,
a kadar se oglasi,
tisoč ljudi na delo hiti.

(Fabriška sirena)

Pod zemljo rije,
pa vendar ni krt.
Na vsakem koraku
srečuje ga smrt.

(Rudar)



JUVENILE



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The Call of The New Year

By MARY JUGG

THICK in the smooth, downy field, the snow
Is broken by heavy feet,
As an image sharp in the pool is shattered
By a pebble or stone from the street.

Dull is the sound of the cheerless heart
Stumping across the snow —
A violin robbed of its every tone —
Missing, the strings and the bow.

Stretch of a soft, clean snow is the New Year
Furrowed to deep, slushy mud;
Blaring, metallic, falsetto notes
That fall with a deafening thud.

"Humanity bleeding; humanity starving;
Humanity bound with a chain —
Humanity trampled — afraid of awakening —"
This is the New Year's refrain.

Traveler across the virgin plains,
Discover the strings and pick up the bow,
Your brothers cry for songs and strains
That muffle the drone of humanity's woe.

Accordion

THE bellows expand in a merry sound,
Mellodious message goes circling all around
And the children dance,
The old men stare,
While music floats on past slums and care.

Anna P. Krasna.

The Eternal Youth

By LILLIAN LANPHERE

WRITE it, in letters, large and bold,
 So large, that those who run may read,
 Those words, spoken by bard of old,
 That Truth, though trampled in the dust,
 Shall rise, to meet the direst need.

O, wretched world! that every day,
 The Truth is banished, shunted to the side,
 While Falsehood has a clear, and guarded way,
 Riding, utrammeled o'er Life's track.
 With few of its unjust demands denied!

How long? How long? the weary cry,
 How long shall night oppress the right?
 How long shall greed, with rabid speed,
 Despoil, and grind, and gag, and bind,
 The Truth, and Justice, Right decreed?

Arise, O Truth, shake off the chains,
 With which they try to bind you;
 Tear off the darkened veil,
 With which they try to blind you;
 Come forth before the waiting world,
 With banners out, and flag unfurled,
 And judge and rule the hearts of men;
 Come forth, in your integrity,
 And judge, and rule, in equity!

WISE SAYINGS

Let one cultivate good will towards
 all the world, a mind illimitable, un-
 obstructed, without hatred, without en-
 emity. This mode of living is the su-
 preme good.

Sutta Nipata, Buddhism.

I do not want my house to be walled
 in on all sides and my windows to be
 stuffed. I want the culture of all lands
 to be blown about as freely as possible.
 But I refuse to be blown off my feet by
 any of them.

M. G.

John Burroughs:

Winter Neighbors

THE COUNTRY is more of a wilderness, more of a wild solitude, in the winter than in the summer. You hardly know a good field from a poor, a meadow from a pasture, a park from a forest. The best-kept grounds relapse to a state of nature. Under the pressure of the cold all the wild creatures become outlaws, and roam abroad beyond their usual haunts. The partridge comes to the orchard for buds; the rabbit comes to the garden and lawn; the crows and jays come to the ash-heap and corn-crib, the snowbuntings to the stack and to the barn-yard; the sparrows pilfer from the domestic fowls; the pine grosbeak comes down from the north and shears your maples of their buds; the fox prowls about your premises at night, and the red squirrels find your grain in the barn or steal the butternuts from your attic. Winter, like poverty, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.

For my part, my nearest approach to a strange bedfellow is the little gray rabbit that has taken up her abode under my study floor. As she spends the day here and is out larking at night, she is not much of a bedfellow after all. It is probable that I disturb her slumber more than she does mine. I think she is some support to me under there—a silent wild-eyed witness and backer; a type of the gentle and harmless in savage nature. She has no sagacity to give me or lend me, but that soft, nimble foot of hers, and that touch as of cotton wherever she goes, are worthy of emulation. I think I can feel her good-will through the floor, and I hope she can mine. When I have a happy thought I imagine her ears twitch, especially when I think of the sweet apple I will place by her doorway at night. I wonder if that fox chanced to catch

a glimpse of her the other night when he stealthily leaped over the fence near by and walked along between the study and the house? How clearly one could read that it was not a little dog that had passed there! There was something furtive in the track; it shied off away from the house and around it, as if eyeing it suspiciously; and then it had the caution and deliberation of the fox—bold, bold, but not too bold; wariness was in every footprint. If it had been a little dog that had chanced to wander that way, when he crossed my path he would have followed it up to the barn and have gone smelling around for a bone; but this sharp, cautious track held straight across all others, keeping five or six rods from the house, up the hill, across the highway towards a neighborhood farmstead, with its nose in the air and its eye and ear alert, so to speak.

A winter neighbor of mine in whom I am interested, is a little red owl, whose retreat is in the heart of an old apple tree just over the fence. Where he keeps himself in spring and summer I do not know, but late every fall, and at intervals all winter, his hiding place is discovered by the jays and nuthatches, and proclaimed from the tree-tops for the space of half an hour or so, with all the powers of voice they can command. Four times during one winter they called me out to behold this little ogre feigning sleep in his den, sometimes in one apple-tree, sometimes in another. Whenever I heard their cries, I knew my neighbor was being berated. The birds would take turns at looking in upon him and uttering their alarm-notes. Every jay within hearing would come to the spot and at once approach the hole in the trunk or limb, and with a kind of breathless eagerness and ex-

citement take a peep at the owl, and then join the outcry. When I approached they would hastily take a final look and then withdraw and regard my movements intently. After accustoming my eye to the faint light of the cavity for a few moments, I could usually make out the owl at the bottom feigning sleep. Feigning, I say, because this is what he really did, as I first discovered one day when I cut into his retreat with the axe. The loud blows and the falling chips did not disturb him at all. When I reached in a stick and pulled him over on his side, leaving one of his wings spread out, he made no attempt to recover himself, but lay among the chips and fragments of decayed wood, like a part of themselves. Indeed, it took a sharp eye to distinguish him. Not till I had pulled him forth by one wing, rather rudely, did he abandon the trick of simulated sleep or death. Then, like a detected pickpocket, he was suddenly transformed into another creature. His eyes flew wide open, his talons clutched my finger, his ears were depressed, and every motion and look said, "Hands off, at your peril." Finding this game did not work, he soon began to "play 'possum" again.

Just at dusk in the winter nights, I often hear his soft bur-r-r-r, very pleasing and bell-like. What a furtive, woody sound it is in the winter stillness, so unlike the harsh scream of the hawk. But all the ways of the owl are ways of softness and duskiness. His wings are shod with silence, his plumage is edged with down.

Another owl neighbor of mine, with whom I pass the time of day more frequently than with the last, lives farther away. I pass his castle every night on my way to the post-office, and in winter, if the hour is late enough, am pretty sure to see him standing in his doorway, surveying the passers-by and the landscape through narrow slits in his eyes. As the twilight begins to deepen he rises out of his cavity in the

apple-tree, scarcely faster than the moon rises from behind the hill, and sits in the opening, completely framed by its outlines of gray bark and dead wood, and by his protective coloring virtually invisible to every eye that does not know he is there. Dozens of teams and foot-passengers pass him late in the day, but he regards them not, nor they him. When I come alone and pause to salute him, he opens his eyes a little wider, and, appearing to recognize me, quickly shrinks and fades into the background of his door in a very weird and curious manner. When he is not at his outlook, or when he is, it requires the best powers of the eye to decide the point, as the empty cavity itself is almost an exact image of him. If the whole thing had been carefully studied it could not have answered its purpose better. The owl stands quite perpendicular, presenting a front of light mottled gray; the eyes are closed to a mere slit, the ear-feathers depressed, the beak buried in the plumage, and the whole attitude is one of silent, motionless waiting and observation. If a mouse should be seen crossing the highway, or scudding over any exposed part of the snowy surface in the twilight, the owl would doubtless swoop down upon it. Whether blue-birds, nut-hatches, and chickadees—birds that pass the night in cavities of trees—ever run into the clutches of the dozing owl, I should be glad to know. My impression is, however, that they seek out smaller cavities. An old willow by the roadside blew down one summer, and a decayed branch broke open, revealing a brood of half-fledged owls, and many feathers and quills of blue-birds, orioles, and other songsters, showing plainly enough why all birds fear and berate the owl.

The English house sparrows, that are rapidly increasing among us, and that must add greatly to the food supply of the owls and other birds of prey, seek to baffle their enemies by roosting in

the densest evergreens they can find, in the arbor-vitae, and in hemlock hedges. Soft-winged as the owl is, he can not steal in upon such a retreat without giving them warning.

These sparrows are becoming about the most noticeable of my winter neighbors, and a troop of them every morning watch me put out the hens' feed, and soon claim their share. I rather encouraged them in their neighborliness, till one day I discovered the snow under a favorite plum-tree where they most frequently perched covered with the scales of the fruit-buds. On investigating I found that the tree had been nearly stripped of its buds—not a very neighborly act on the part of the sparrows, considering, too, all the cracked corn I had scattered for them. So I at once served notice on them that our good understanding was at an end. And a hint is as good as a kick with this bird. The stones I hurled among them, and the ones with which I followed them up, may have been taken as a kick. The sparrows left in high dudgeon, and were not back again in some days, and were then very shy. Our native birds are much different, less prolific, less aggressive and persistent, less quick-witted and able to read the note of danger or hostility—in short, less sophisticated. Most of our birds are yet essentially wild, that is, little changed by civilization. In winter, especially, they sweep by me and around me in flocks—the Canada sparrow, the snow-bunting, the shore-lark, the pine grosbeak, the red-poll, the cedar-bird—feeding upon frozen apples in the orchard, upon ce-

dar-berries, upon maple-buds, and the berries of the mountain ash, upon the seeds of the weeds that rise above the snow in the field, or upon the hay-seed dropped where the cattle have been foddered in the barn-yard or about the distant stack; but yet taking no heed of man, in no way changing their habits so as to take advantage of his presence in nature. The pine grosbeaks will come in numbers upon your porch to get the black drupes of the honeysuckle and the woodbine, or within reach of your windows to get the berries of the mountain-ash, but they know you not; they look at you as innocently and unconcernedly as at a bear or moose in their native north, and your house is no more to them than a ledge of rocks.

The only ones of my winter neighbors that actually rap at my door are the nut-hatches and woodpeckers, and these do not know that it is my door. My retreat is covered with the bark of young chestnut-trees, and the birds, I suspect, mistake it for a huge stump that ought to hold fat grubs (there is not even a bookworm inside of it), and their loud rapping often makes me think I have a caller indeed. I place fragments of hickory-nuts in the interstices of the bark, and thus attract the nut-hatches; a bone upon my window-sill attracts both nut-hatches and the downy woodpecker. They peep in curiously through the window upon me, pecking away at my bone, too often a very poor one. Even the slate-colored snow-bird, a seed-eater, comes and nibbles it occasionally.

(To be continued next month)



A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

I had promised to continue my letter where I left off, but Christmas interrupted, and we got off the subject for the moment. And now it is the New Year, and I presume you are all pepped up about how you are going about to do big things this year.

That's a curious thing, too, isn't it? The New Year I mean. Actually, time and Nature know no difference. They just keep right on day after day, century after century, always changing. But for the purpose of keeping some measure on time, Man made up what he called weeks and months and years. And so while there is really nothing like a new year, we like to feel that we are getting a fresh start and that we can do bigger things in the future than we have done until the present.

Because your mind is made up to start with new things, you will feel angry at me for "blackening" up your thoughts. But that's what I'm going to do, because I'm going to talk about coal. "Of all things!" you'll say. But that's where we left off the last time.

I know you have been told again and again about the amazing story of coal. Your school teacher may have taken a lump of it in her hands and started to tell you how it developed, where it was found, and just how it came to be. I can remember when they used to tell us that so much coal is being used and none is being formed that there is a danger that very soon all of the coal will be used up and then people won't have anything to use for heating. But since then, there have been so many good substitutes for coal for heating purposes, there isn't so much fear about people suffering from the cold when there isn't any more coal.

Anyway, one thing said about coal always remained in my mind, and I believe it made an impression on you, too. That was: it took ages and ages and ages for coal to form. That's why it couldn't be replaced so quickly. Another thing was: coal was formed at a certain stage of the world's history. That period was called the "coalbearing" period. Of course, it had a much longer name, but that is the meaning of it.

Now it wouldn't hurt us one bit if we took a little time for a short review of what you already know about coal. Coal is formed from plants. If you look in your dictionary, you will see that coal is made of carbon. Now how do the plants and carbon get together? Well, plants have the unusual ability of storing carbon. At this particular period of the earth, the climate and the soil were especially suitable for the growth of plants that went to form coal. Wherever there were shallow waters or river banks, the plants grew very, very abundantly. If you remember from the last letter, we talked about the giant mosses and ferns that grew at this time. Have you ever seen a piece of coal with a fern imprint on it?

Now, of course, every time a broad stretch of this thick vegetation was buried under by a layer of soil or sand it became compressed. The carbon they had accumulated remained long after the plants themselves decayed.

After a long time something happened which stopped this period of coal-formation. What that was I'll tell you in the next letter. But the coal age lasted for many, many years. I know you will be curious to know just what kinds of animals lived during this time.

We had already been talking about

how animals first lived in the water, and then as they came onto the soil they had to develop certain parts of their bodies that they needed for life on the land. At first these animals which were developing to live on the soil could live both on land and on water. That's just like the frogs and the crocodiles today. Since the climate was very favorable for their life and since they had so much food, they grew to be very, very large.

How do men today know this? Well, because these monstrous animals walked about on the soft sands and clay around the water's edge and left their footprints. These footprints hardened in the sun, and centuries and centuries later when men were digging to find the history of the world from the rocks, they discovered these traces. That is what men mean when they say that they study the history of the world from the stone books. That is one of the ways.

The animals that came upon the earth had to develop a kind of lungs in order to be able to breathe. They were creatures like the salamander and others that do not live today. Besides this, there were insects, beetles, and cockroaches. Many of these insects became very large and wings began to develop, too. You can easily see why wings would be important. The creatures that developed from the lung-fishes swarmed in the forests, and they fed on the insects that were here in big numbers. So very gradually, as a means of self-defense, it was necessary that this kind of creature escape. To do this, it was necessary to have wings.

It is very easy to see again that the same thing has happened to the development of these animals as we had talked about before. When there is plenty of food all around, the creatures just eat and eat and grow to enormous

sizes. But when there are so many different kinds of animal types and all of them want to live, after a time they begin to fight for food. There is competition. One type of animal hunts for another that it can devour.

That is why these animals develop into so many different types. Some of them begin to climb trees; some begin to fly; others lose the use of their limbs and develop into snake-like forms. This kind of body can wriggle and hide itself into roots of trees and other things about the swamps.

All of this period is estimated to have lasted about **ten million** years! You may have noticed that among animals and plants both, there wasn't much change unless something arose to call for it. Either there was pressure from other animals or the change in the earth's condition made other things necessary. If none of these things had happened, the same old animals would have continued to live on an on lazily.

The same thing is still true today, isn't it? When something new arises, people have to get adjusted to it. At first it seems almost impossible, but after people stumble along for a while at one thing and another, they finally hit upon a road that seems to be right. Every time a new invention comes along, people are confused about it. "It'll throw more people out of work," is the first thing you hear. But inventions should really make things easier for people and make life more worthwhile to live in, shouldn't they? And they would, too, if people used them for their benefit and not let a few people get their hands on it and keep it for their own profit.

But that's another question. Perhaps sometimes we will be able to talk about that, too.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

ZORN

READING

Two Brothers Meet Strange Adventures

MY brother, Ed, was born a traveler and an adventurer. When 15 years of age, he left home and went to Colorado in search for gold. Of course, he came back within a few days, but the gold fever never left him. He tried Colorado again but it was too tame for him.

About a year ago he went to Alaska determined to get gold; it wasn't long before he was actually finding his heart's desire. It was a hard life, but he learned to like it. Last Christmas Ed walked 20 miles to Hope, the post office. When he arrived he found a check awaiting him for \$200.00 from Leopold Schepp who awarded the money for good behavior. He also found a letter from home and a box of Christmas cookies from mother. After these discoveries he forgot all about being tired.

After I was graduated from the North City high school in 1935, I decided to leave the farm and follow in my brother's footsteps. I got a job driving a car to Seattle. I worked there for some time in order to earn enough money to pay for my travel in comfort, but hearing that I could get passage for about \$10.00 on a vessel, I decided to take advantage of that offer; so, I went cheap, slept on the tarpaulin and arrived safe and sound in Alaska. I started for the gold mine. I had to walk the last twenty miles over a path which they called a highway. Say, was Ed glad to see me? All of our boyhood scraps were forgotten. I looked as good to him as a soldier's sweetheart.

It wasn't very long after I got there until I had a job at \$28.00 per week, besides my room and board, which isn't bad these days when the depression is still hitting most of you folks who read this article.

The kind of gold mining that they do in this country is done in what is called a placer mine and the mining is

done by water instead of pick and shovel. This water comes down the mountain in a four inch pipe, and believe me, it has some force. The stream can knock a boulder weighing 200 pounds about 15 feet with a blow. We dig pits 6 feet deep down to bed rock with the giant stream. Then we wash the gravel through sluice boxes 3 feet wide and 36 feet long with poles or riffles inside them. The gold is heavier than the gravel and falls into the cracks between the riffles. After we have worked a bed for about ten days, we have a "clean-up". The gold and gravel in the boxes are taken out and quicksilver is used to bring up the gold.

Gold is worth \$35.00 an ounce now. At one of our neighboring camps they had a "clean-up" recently. They cleared \$3,200.00 worth of gold in two weeks. Ours is better ground and we are looking for our fortune when we have our "clean-up."

There are some hardy animals that insist upon living in the north. The other day Charlie, one of the partners for whom I work, and I climbed the mountain at the head of the pipeline, for you know we get our water from the mountain; this is why we have such great pressure. While we were standing there a moose walked within 25 feet of us and ate grass. She was not a bit afraid of us and walked away in a few minutes. Recently we finished our bunkhouse and the first night that we were housed in it, a porcupine climbed in through the window. We didn't fancy his company, however, and managed to shove him out with a board.

My brother Ed is the owner of three dogs which were given to him by a fellow up at Hope. They had killed this man's horse and he was glad to part company with them. These dogs were part wolf and they howl like wolves at night. One of the dogs fooled around

with a porcupine. The "porky" shot his mouth full of quills. Ed had to take pliers to pull the quills out of the dog's mouth.

We depend upon the animals here largely for meat. The boss went hunting recently and killed a moose about nine miles from camp. Five of us took pack saddles and brought it back. We each carried about 100 pounds. There was no trail and the creeks were deep. We finally got back after eleven hours of hiking. Moose meat tastes very much like beef.

About all that I have known up here is summer, and strange to say, we have daylight for 24 hours a day. The sun sets behind the mountain beyond the Turnagin Arm, part of Cook's Inlet, then comes up again. From the top of the mountain behind our camp, we can see Mt. McKinley, 230 miles away. We have the ocean and the mountains, and enjoy the scenery every day. I have not felt the winter weather here in Alaska, however, but if it gets down to 60 below zero, I expect to grow a good warm beard.

Wise Men's Sayings

You cannot even if you would, separate your life from that of humanity; you live in it, by it, for it.

Joseph Mazzini.

Peace has her victories more renowned than war.

John Milton.

Why do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for one another.

George Eliot.

Weapons, even though successful, are unblessed implements, detestable to every creature.

Thao Teh King, Chinese.

Europe would soon have become one nation and anyone who travelled in it would always have been in a common fatherland. Sooner or later, this union will be brought about by the force of events. The only way in which this equilibrium can be achieved is through a federation of nations.

Napoleon.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Goethe.

Light is good in whatever lamp it is burning. A rose is beautiful in whatever garden it may bloom. A star has the same radiance whether it shines from the East or the West.

Abdul Baha.

Nothing that is worth having ever comes to one except as a result of hard work.

Booker T. Washington.

Small men inquire, "belong this man To our own race, or creed, or clan?" But larger-hearted men embrace As brothers all the human race.

Hitopadesha.

Within the four seas all are brothers.

Confucius.

Doing nothing for other is the undoing of one's self.

Horace Mann.



THE VOICE OF JANUARY

I am January, the first month of the year, and I usher in the New Year. Moreover, I bring Hope and a New Opportunity for every man, woman and child. Will you make the best of your new opportunities this year? Decide now—at once—today—do not delay!

Look up with determination! Lift up your voices for what is right and what is just! Rejoice and sing; face life with courage.

The old year 1936 went down to the waters of oblivion. The crew had matchless courage on the old ship, and their attitude has been remarkable. But now the Ship of Hope, 1937, is coming up Life's Bay. Let us trust that it is stored up with that good fortune which is the hope of human desire.

At the treshold of the New Year, let us remember that Education and

Science are the two keys that unlock the doors of Happiness, Success and Satisfaction. In our day of technical and scientific progress it makes little difference what the profession, occupation, position or job may be, knowledge and learning are necessary to do anything well. More and more we are beginning to realize that education and science are essential factors in our life. And, as a rule, the better one is educated, the better he will be equipped to perform his task well. We realize that the present school system, like the present social and economic system, has plenty room for improvement, yet, it offers an opportunity for self-education.

May the 1937 Ship of Hope bring us all plenteous improvements and a cargo of human happiness, a truly Happy New Year!

—THE EDITOR.

A Future Thought

Editor and Readers:—This penned inscription should've approached you with yuletide greetings, as it was sent just before Dec. 1, on Nov. 30. We were good, weren't we? and were awaiting the approach of a dear, kind, old Santa. Now it's all over. Santa and the holidays.

Looking into the light of the future, may we not tread the path we have during recent

years. May we, through this light, see a beckoning gesture toward the road to prosperity.

I can't predict for the future, but I am predicting for the present, that is to say, stating some of my responsibilities of my school activities.

I am the president of our graduating class for '36-'37 and also treasurer of the Student Governing Body, which works on the basis of a Student Council. "Writing by sound" de-

scribes the subject Shorthand, somewhat. Not going into the technique of it now, it is an easy subject for me. The Senior Dramatic Club of my high school is going to present two one-act plays, one of which I am included in the cast. We have hopes of producing a fine three-act play in the near future, also.

Now the time has come that I must say again "A Happy and Prosperous New Year to All." A Proud Juvenile,

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

* *

Our Football Team

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I really should have written more often.

I go to the Sutter Creek Union high school. I am in the first year, that is the ninth. I sure enjoy school days.

We had a big time over here on November 7, 1936. The Mother Lodge (Jugoslav) gave a play in which my sister Mary appeared. There sure was a crowd at its presentation.

There was another big time on October 31. There was a big parade for Franklin D. Roosevelt. After that there was a dance given in his honor.

On November 11, 1936, Armistice day, there was a tough game of football played between Sutter Creek and Jackson. On November 11, 1935, Jackson beat Sutter Creek by the score of 6 to 0. Sutter Creek held the championship for nine years in Amador county, and in 1935 our team was defeated by Jackson. But on November 11, 1936, we defeated Jackson by the score of 44 to 0. Our school color is blue and white; our football team suits are blue and white. Jackson's colors are green and white; their team has green and white football suits.

By brother, Jack, is on the team. He plays left end. All the boys are good players. Sammy Lugonja and my brother Jack are the two Slavs on the team. The game was broadcast, which made it easier for the people to understand. After the game was over, there was a parade of cars and schoolbuses to Jackson, four miles from here. Sutter Creek holds the championship of the Amador county this year.

We had a week's vacation for Thanksgiving. I didn't have a thing to do, so I just picked up and read the Mladinski List which I have collected and saved. I have read many letters written by Milka Mileta from Van Hauten, New Mexico. She sure writes interesting letters. I received many letters from different girls since I wrote to the Mladinski List. I received many letters from Josephine Rody, a friend of mine whom I still re-

member. She lives in Van Hauten, New Mexico. We used to go to school together.

My father and mother lived in Van Hauten, N. M., for a while. Then we moved to Arizona. We lived there for seven months, then we moved to California and here we remained. It sure is cold here in the winter, and hot in summer.

I will write more next time. I would continue writing, but my hand is tired, so I will close.

Helen Golovich,

Box 357, Sutter Creek, Calif.

* *

Our Celebration

Dear Editor and Readers:—

The first thing I wish to say is that I was very glad to hear that the M. L. would come to me on the first of the month from now on. I'm sure everyone else was also glad to hear this.

On Oct. 24 and 25 we were celebrating the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ Lodge 47 at the Slovene Dom here. I did not have the pleasure of being there the 24th, but I had a grand time on the 25th. The speeches were made from 3 to 6 p. m. Three of the oldest members spoke and Bro. Godina of Chicago also gave a good speech. He also said a few words in English for the benefit of the younger generation. After the speakers the juvenile members made an appearance on the stage and two poems were recited, one by Mary Ocepek and the other by Edna Gorsek. Some other members gave us a song. The people then went from the hall to their supper which was served by some helpful members of the SNPJ lodge. After supper the people were again seated while the rest of the program proceeded. Brother Frank Kremelj and Sister Antonia Church sang a few of the beautiful Slovene songs. They were followed by short movies of the SNPJ. These I enjoyed very much. After the movies, Brother Gorsek and his boys gave a little program of their own featuring about seven accordion players, all pupils of Brother John Gorsek Jr. One of his pupils played the most difficult number there is on the accordion. Then one of his pupils gave a tap dance while his daughter Edna sang *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie*. A play was then given featuring four of lodge members. They are Louis Aidich, Tony Pear, Mary Gorsek and Antonia Church. After this Brother Gorsek Sr. announced that the dance was to begin. Some people from La Salle were disappointed because they had to leave before the dance began. We were very glad to have had them come to our celebration. The dance began at 8:30 and ended at about 11:30. The people then went home,

most of them very tired, but they all had a good time.

Roosevelt was reelected. I thought it would be a close election, but it turned into a landslide for Roosevelt. So I guess we will have to look forward to the 1940 election to see who will be our next president.

I also want to say I was very glad to hear from some pen pals. So far I have had Evelyn Chervon from Pa., Bernice Yardas from Wyoming, and Helen Hafner from Colorado write to me. I hope to have more. I would especially like for someone from a southern state to write to me, but I want someone from every state to write to me. Well, I guess I'll close again now with "Don't forget to write to me."

Mildred Ovca,

1841 S. 15th st., Springfield, Ill.

* *

Lodge No. 62

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the M. L. and I hope it won't be thrown into the waste basket, because I want to tell you that Lodge 62, SNPJ, on Sunday, Dec. 20, at two o'clock, at the Lodge hall, had a real SNPJ Santa Claus there. He gave each juvenile member a treat. I wish to give thanks to all the adult members of the lodge who made this treat possible. I am 13 years of age and in the A-7 grade. We all belong to SNPJ Lodge 62.

I wish some of the members would write to me and I would gladly answer.

Best regards to all.

A proud member,

Mary Mukavetz,

410 Caledonia st., Calumet, Mich.

* *

Louise Got Jealous

Dear Editor and Readers:—I ought to be ashamed of myself for not writing, although I wrote once before in Slovene. I saw my cousin's letter (Helen Pohar) in the Mladinski List, and I got jealous because she wrote and I didn't.

I am 12 years old and in the 7-B grade. Mr. Douglas Hunter is my home room teacher. I have other teachers who are: Mrs. Mackey for music, Miss White for painting, and Miss Downs for domestic science. I like them all, especially Mr. Hunter.

Things are going okey-dokey in school, but one thing. Mr. N. M. Mason, our superintendent, broke his leg in an accident. We sure miss him.

The weather around here isn't very good. First it's sunny, then cold, then comes a dull and dreary day and the next, rain. The win-

dows in our room are opened very high. (I am writing this letter in school.)

I wish some of the children would write to me. I would gladly answer their letters.

Best regards to all. Louise Visnikar,
311 Walnut st., Oglesby, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. A few days ago I told my father that when I grew up I would belong to the SNPJ. My father asked me why I wanted to belong to the SNPJ. "Because it is a good organization," I said.—We had snow, it looks like winter time now. Happy New Year to all. John Kozlevchar (10),
1903 Clifton st., Youngstown, O.

* *

A Letter from Toronto

Dear Editor:—I have now the opportunity to write to the M. L. which I find most interesting to read. I am quite sure that I am the only Torontonian that has written to the M. L. So come on, you Torontonians, let's go to town and write to the M. L.

My father and mother started the SNPJ Lodge 648 in 1928 in Toronto, and all along they have been telling me how wonderful it would be to join the juvenile SNPJ. Finally I did, and was I glad. Soon, my both sisters and brother joined also. Now our whole family is a member of the SNPJ. I am sure the SNPJ is the best society in this country.

I am now 15 years of age and a student of Humbesude Collegiate and in second class. I am getting along well, with plenty of homework.

I have many cousins in Johnstown, Pa., who belong to the SNPJ and I wish they and other members also would write to me, and I will answer them.

Best regards to all readers of the M. L.

Frank Nahtigal Jr.,
33 Hemtzman st., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

* *

UMW are Happy

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter in the M. L. I am going to school already. My teacher is Mrs. Williams. We have had a little snow here Nov. 2. I surely was surprised to see it.

The United Mine Workers are happy because Roosevelt was reelected president again. The union gave a free dance in the afternoon for the children, and also gave each child a sack of candy. And also free dance for the grownups in the evening, Nov. 7, and served free lunch for everyone.

The men are surely working good in the mine, five days a week. There surely is a difference since Roosevelt has been our president. The miners are working much better.

Christmas came and went. I hope that Santa Claus was good to everyone.

I wish that my cousin, Amy Kovacic, of Cle Elum, Wash., would write in the M. L. I am sending my best regards to my cousins in Cle Elum, also my cousins in McIntyre, Pa. Best regards to all.

Josephine Penko,
Box 164, Somerset, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—I am eight years old and this is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I have no brothers and no sisters, so I was very glad that school started, because I had no one to play with. I am very interested in all the doings of the SNPJ lodges. My father and mother took me on Nov. 14 to the S. S. Turn hall, where SNPJ Lodge Sloga, No. 16, had a domača zabava, and we all had a wonderful time. This is all I have to write now, I will write more next time. Best regards to all Juvenile members.

A proud member of Lodge 234, SNPJ,
Josephine Vidmar,
2027 W. Garfield ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Dear Editor:—I have just a few lines to write to the Mladinski List. The SNPJ lodges of Gowanda had a Xmas party for their Juvenile members.

There was quite a lot of snow out here in Gowanda, but it's not so very cold yet. The sleighing was very good until they put cinders on a newly paved road which is on a hill, just right to slide on. Another girl and I go sleighing quite often, sometimes we take a toboggan and sometimes our sleds.

Now I guess it's about time I close. So long, until next time. I wish every reader of the Mladinski List a Happy New Year.

Melia Selan, 101 Beech st., Gowanda, N. Y.

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My First Letter

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am thirteen years old and am in eighth grade. I have enjoyed reading the poems, letters, stories, and looking at the pictures in the M. L. There are seven in our family and all belong to SNPJ lodge 101. Our school started Sept. 8. I like school very much. I have two teachers, Mr. Williams and Mr. Fretts. I would like to get a pen pal. So please, Dorothy M. Fink, write to me. I would answer your letters very gladly. Best regards to all readers.

May Stemberger,
Box 139, R. D. 1, Masontown, Pa.

John's the Winner

Dear Editor and Readers:—I haven't written to the M. L. for quite a long time. It was in January when I first wrote to the M. L. This month I am writing again, but not for a prize which my father will give for best Booster's article in the December issue of M. L. I am writing to make M. L. bigger and I just thought of something to write about. I hope that you Booster members and also members of Dawn of Liberty Lodge would write. In the summer time I was present at every baseball game that our boys and girls played. My dad even bought me a suit like the boys have. Our school started in Sept. I was happy to be back among my school friends. I haven't missed a day from school yet. In school I have many playmates, and I enjoy going to school. I am in the fifth grade. Winter is here. Xmas passed and New Year too. Xmas and Halloween are about the most cheerful holidays we have. On Halloween you can dress up and scare people. On Xmas you get presents from your relatives. (Santa Claus is "the one" you should think of.) My parents are always saying that I'm not going to get anything from Santa. In the end—I am the winner.

Best regards to all.

John Matekovich Jr.,
145 Miller st., Gowanda, N. Y.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I like to read the stories, poems and letters. I am 11 years old and am in the 6th grade. My teacher is Mr. Mercorkle. My favorite subjects are, arithmetic, history and spelling. I lived in town, then we moved to the country. I enjoy the country very much. I have got a lot of pals.

I guess I will have to close now.

A proud member of SNPJ,

Frances D. Urh,
R.R. 2, Box 306, Springfield, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—I was very happy when I saw my first letter in the M. L. But when I started to read it, what do you think I saw? There I read: "I am 8 years old and in the 8th grade." But it was supposed to be "I am 8 years old and in the third grade." My brother Victor is in the 8th grade and Albert is in the 7th grade. Victor's name was left out and mine put in. That letter was published in Oct. I hope you publish this letter so the readers of M. L. will know what was wrong with my first letter.

Best regards to all.

Betty Tomsic, Walsenburg, Colo.

No Turkey

Dear Editor:—I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. I didn't write to the Mladinski List for a long time, so I started again. I want to tell Helen Skerbetz and Dorothy Ferlic to write to the Mladinski List.—My sister is in 3rd grade and is eight years old. So next time don't forget to write. We had a Thanksgiving vacation, but I didn't have a turkey for dinner; we had a chicken instead. I want to say "Hello and a happy New Year" to everybody.

Anna Grobin, Box 17, Broughton, Pa.

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Lodge 728

Dear Editor:—I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade in school. I have two brothers; John is seven years old; Gerald is 1½ years old.

I belong to the SNPJ and have been member since I was 1 year old. I am a member of the Gowanda Boosters Lodge, No. 728, SNPJ. We have a good time at every meeting. When the meeting is over, we have refreshments and dancing. After the next meeting

we are going to have a rollerskating party. We had a football team and won almost every game.

Lorraine Andolsek,
219 Miller st., Gowanda, N. Y.

* *

Wake up, Johnstown!

Dear Editor:—It has been such a long time since I've written to this wonderful magazine, the Mladinski List, that I feel ashamed of myself. It is just my laziness that I didn't write. Before I always wanted to write but I don't seem to be able to make up my mind to do so.

I wish more of the members of Johnstown would write to this magazine. I hardly see any letters from members of the Lodge 600, SNPJ, in this magazine. Why don't you members write sometime? If I would see more letters from Johnstown, I would write more often too.

I am in the fifth grade and eleven years old. I go to Cypress school and have five teachers.—I wish some member would write to me as I will gladly answer all the letters.

Mary Znidaric,
545 Russell ave., Johnstown, Pa.

The Children's Nursery

FOR 19 years I have seen women boarding streetcars in the morning with their children, whom they were taking to a nursery at the Southwest corner of St. Clair ave. and E. 30th street in Cleveland, Ohio. I did not pay much attention to note who goes there, or why, until about six years ago.

As chairman of a lodge of the Slovene National Benefit Society (SNPJ), I received a complaint from a member who had been sick for nearly four years, and who had been turned down by the Community fund when applying for help. Thereupon I went to one of the welfare workers and argued with him for one hour that this member should receive some benefit from the Community fund. The welfare investigator said that the disabled member's wife should go to work and take their two children (one and two years of age) to a children's nursery.

My argument helped, as the parents received help from our Lodge 53, SNPJ, and also from the Community fund, so the mother

was able to stay with her two small girls, and also with her sick husband who was suffering from tuberculosis. It was through this incident that I learned the work of the Perkin's Day Nursery, located at the corner of St. Clair ave. and E. 30th st. in Cleveland.

During the month of March, 1936, I began to notice nearly every day a girl who boarded my streetcar when I stopped at E. 30th and St. Clair, at about 3.25 in the afternoon. She always greeted me with a smile, and I began to wonder who she could be. I watched to see where she would get off the car.

It was at East 20th and St. Clair that she got off, by the St. Clair public school. Then I knew what her purpose was. The young lady was taking the children to and from the Nursery to the Public school. Often she had twenty to thirty pupils, and holding the last two by their hands, she would lead them all back to the nursery for their rest and play until their mothers should call for them.

There were times when I wished I were a

little boy and would be taken to a nursery.

Late in the summer I did not see the young girl any more. She had been married.

Only a week ago, I entered the Perkin's Day Nursery, and Mrs. Ruth Leonard, trained nurse-superintendent, opened the door. I told her that I knew a woman lodge member who wished to bring her two children to the nursery. What was the cost for a day?

Mrs. Leonard replied that the charge was not standard, but that some people paid only 10c, some 15c and some as high as a dollar; people paid according to what they were able to afford to pay. Sick children were not taken in, but their mothers were advised as to where to take them. The age at which children were admitted was from 2 to 10 years. A child's temperature is taken once a day, and examined by the doctor once a week. Records are kept.

They get two meals a day with milk. The food is prescribed by Western University physicians. Very small children receive different food than those who are older.

Those children who are of school age are taken to school every day by the nurse-assistants. The present assistant nurses are Miss Hobson and Miss Darling. (I was introduced to Miss Hobson, who knew me from riding my streetcar.)

There is plenty of recreation for children in the nursery, and they get together in play rooms. For extra conveniences there are shower baths, and clothes closets.

While Mrs. Leonard was leading me through the nursery showing me everything, a little girl said, "He is a conductor." I saw small children being served noon meals by the nurse-assistant, Miss Darling. Before meals they say some sort of prayer.

The building is an old-fashioned structure, but it has been remodeled. Inside it is as neat and clean as in any hospital. One old resident of Cleveland, Mr. Perkins, when he died 52 years ago, donated his residence to the community for the purpose of a children's nursery. It also has the name of "Samatha Hanna." A public library is situated close to the nursery.

My intention in writing this is to acquaint Slovenes, and especially members of the SNPJ here in Cleveland, with this nursery. If you have any children between 2 and 10 and if you are working and cannot take care of them, inquire at Perkins' Day Nursery. Ask for Mrs. Ruth Leonard, head nurse. Your child will be taken upon application. The Community fund is supporting this nursery.

Frank Barbic, Cleveland, O.,
SNPJ Lodge 53.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute