

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Anna P. Krasna:

RDEČI LISTI

VETER v vejevju,
poševni žarki na tlaku,
rdeči listi ob vsakem koraku —
In se v mislih utrne:
Glej, zdaj gre tudi tam
preko polj in cest,
kakor v tožen smehljaj zavita bolešt.
— Zdaj se vrača burja
v Vipavo, na Kras —
jesen objemlje kot tuga
slednjo podjarmljeno vas.
Zdaj štejejo matere krompirčke
za zimske dni —
groza novih davkov za vojno
očetom v očeh tli.
Po šolah zopet zmedeni deci
slovensko dušo morijo —
nad mladimi fanti vojni bič vihtijo.
. . . V sedemnajsto jesen rdeči listi vršijo —
v razbičanem narodu ognjene misli tlijo . . .

Plemenito delo

RES, to jutro smo spoznali, kako plemenite duše je Gruden.

Ko sem zjutraj prišel v šolo, še ni bilo učitelja v sobi. Trije ali štirje učenci so nagajali Krmelu. Suvali so ga z ravnili, metali mu kostanjeve lupine v obraz, pitali ga s priimki in mu oponašali hromo roko v obvezi. On pa je stal sam zadaj pri klopi, bled in tih ter proseče pogeldoval drugega za drugim, da bi ga pustili na miru. Toda oni ne nehajo; čedalje huje ga psujejo — in on je od jeze čimdalje bolj rdeč.

Hipoma skoči Boškin predenj na klop in oponaša njegovo mater, kako nosi košare na rokah; videl jo je, ko je čakala sina pred šolo. Mnogo se jih začne smejati. Krmel se ne more premagovati, zgrabi knjigo in jo na vso moč zažene proti svojemu nasprotniku. Toda ta se spretno umakne, in knjiga prileti učitelju, ki je baš vstopil, na prsi.

Kakor bi trenil sedi vsak na svojem prostoru. Vsi so tihi in preplašeni. Učitelj stopi k mizi in vpraša resno: "Kdo je storil to?" — Nihče ne odgo-

vori. Učitelj zakliče drugič ostreje: "Kdo je bil to?"

Hitro se dvigne Gruden, ki se mu je smilil ubogi Krmel, in reče odločno: "Jaz!"

Učitelj pogleda njega, nato pogleda osuple njegove tovariše in reče mirno: "Ti nisi bil!" Precej nato pristavi: "Kdor je kriv, vstani, kaznoval ga ne bom!" Krmel se dvigne in pravi jokaje: "Tepli so me in psovali, in prenaglil sem se . . ."

"Sedi!" pravi učitelj. "Sedaj naj vstanejo oni, ki so ga izzivali!" Štirje vstanejo in povesijo glave. "Vi," reče učitelj, "vi ste psovali tovariša, ki vam ni storil nič hudega! Zaničevali ste nesrečnika, lotili ste se slabotnika, ki se vas ne more ubraniti. To je najpodlejše dejanje, ki se ž njim more kdo omadeževati! Sram vas bodi, malovredniki!"

Ko je to povedal, je stopil h Grudnu, ki je poslušal s povešeno glavo, del mu roko pod brado, dvignil mu glavo, pogledal mu v oči in rekel: "Ti si plemeniti deček!"

—E. de Amicis.

Sait Vrahovac:

o OČE IN SIN

- K**DO, oče, je zgradil
to hišo, lepo in visoko?
— Proletarci, ki domujejo
v kanalu globoko!
— A kdo, oče, je stkal
v izložbi tam mehko svilo?
— Proletarci, ki nosijo
na svojem telesu cunjjo gnilo!
— A čevlje, tako fine,
kot jih ona dama nosi?
— Proletarci, ki v mrazu
sredi zime hodijo bos!

(Prevela K.)

Anna P. Krasna:

Skozi nebotičnik

STARA Rosie je imela spet nekaj trpkoga na srcu, pa je čakala name pred vhomom.

“Če te ni sram moje družčine,” je rekla, “bi šla rada del pota s teboj, da ti nekaj povem.”

“Dobro, Rosie, kar pridruži se.”

Pobrala je s tal svoj dnevni tovor — butaro kuriva od razbitih zabojev — in je, stopajoč tesno ob meni, odložila del grenkobe prebitega dne. Dospeli sva do Pete avenije in njena butara je postajala težka; sopela je, nehala govoriti ter spustila breme na tlak poleg ulične svetilke. Molče sva čakali na rdečo luč. Gruča okrog naju se je večala, ljudje so menciali z nogami. Zelena luč se je končno umaknila rdeči, veriga vozil se je pretrgala za člen in premraženi pešci so se pognali čez ulico.

“Daj, Rosie, da ti malo pomagam s tvojo butaro.”

Osupla je.

“Ti da bi se ukvarjala z mojo butaro — menda nisi ob pamet . . . ?”

“Nikakor . . . a če se bova ohretvali, bodo luči spet zelene.”

Zmajala je z glavo ter mi prepustila konec lično zvezanega konopca. Z butaro med nama sva koračili svojo pot. Rosien obraz je bil ves rdeč od mraza in zadrege.

“Sveti Jožef, kako nas zijajo,” je dejala z zmedenim nasmehom. “Kadar pa sama vlečem butaro, se nihče ne ozre po meni.”

“Naj se zabavajo.”

Okrog Centra se je pripodil val ledene burje.

“Vraga, kako brije okrog tega Centra, do mozga mi gre,” je potožila Rosie.

“Pojdiva skozi stavbo — za dolg blok toplote bova na boljem.”

Pogledala me je začudeno:

“S to butaro?”

“Zakaj ne, saj je čisto čedno urejena in zvezana, če pa bo kdo kaj ugovarjal — no, nihče naju ne pozna, kaj zato.”

Tik velikega vhoda naju je prehitel mlad moški in nama pognal vrata okrog. Rosie se je z neverjetno spretnostjo osukala navznoter. Pri prvem stebru pa je obstala in se hotela obrniti nazaj.

“Ne plaši se, Rosie, ampak drži se, kakor da si ti posodila staremu Johnu za tole stavbico.”

Zasmejala se je na glas in pozabila na zmedenost. Z golo, premraženo roko je krepko držala butaro, oči pa so ji begale po impozantnosti prostora. Zazrla se je v freske ter vprašala kakor otrok:

“Pa to niso svetniki, kaj?”

“Ne, to smo mi, delavci.”

Postala je, gledala in se čudila:

“Joj, kakšne pesti . . . in Mr. Rockefeller je dal to naslikati tu notri. Pa pravijo, da je oderuh, skopuh in zloben kapitalist . . . pa ni res, glej!”

“Rosie, ti ne razumeš teh stvari — tu je le upodobljen razvoj civilizacije — civilizacija pa so prinesle pesti, kakršne vidiš tam gor . . . brez njih bi ne bilo nobene civilizacije — bi ne bilo bogastva Johna Rockefellerja.”

“No, vdiš, ampak da vrag vsaj ve in nam težakom skaže čast . . . kakor svetnike nas je dal naslikati . . . in v tako krasen prostor.”

Počasi sva se bližali izhodu. Rosie je s prsti otipala gladka svetla tla in stene.

“Toliko marmorja, pa tako lepega . . . ne, v cerkvah ni tako lepo.”

Mimogredoči so se ozirali v naju, uslužbenci so se nasmihali. Gizdava ženska v večerni toaleti je prezirljivo namrdnila obraz, ko je šla mimo. Rosie je pogledala zanjo in preprosto vprašala:

“Kam pa gre v tej dolgi kijklji?”

“V mavrično dvorano, ali pa na radijsko postajo cvilit kak odlomek iz opere.”

“Joj, tam gor mora biti šele lepo, že tu je kot pol nebes.”

“In v taka nebesa so nas namalali, Rosie, kakšna čast!”

Pogledala me je naravnost v obraz.

“Ti se norčuješ,” je dejala, “tebi ni

vse to nič . . . a jaz . . . ne, jaz ne bom nikdar pozabila tistih mišičastih zdela-nih pesti . . . bog, kako je lepo.”

Bili sva že na prostem, pa, kakor da je pozabila na mojo družino, je stisnila svojo raskavo in od mraza razpokano roko v pest ter se smehljala. Nato je prijela butaro, si jo zavihtela na ramo in ne da bi mi želela lahkonoč je odšla preko ulice s trdim in ponosnim korakom.

UJETI VRABEC

HO, HO! vrabec, dober dan!
 Kosmata kapa, zdaj si ugnan!
 Ne vidiš, v izbo si zaprt!
 Le sili venkaj v senčni vrt!
 Iz kota letaj naglo v kot,
 po oknih tolci tam in tod!
 Če kljun razbiješ in glavo,
 prišel si vendar mi v roko!
 Poslušaj me, predrzni ptič!
 Gospod sem jaz, ti nisi nič,
 če tudi vrabcem slavno znan
 ključar si bil in sam župan!
 Z udarcem prvim te zdrobim!
 Koga zato se kaj bojim?

Oskubem te, zavijem vrat,
 ker ti si stare mere tat!
 Ne veš, kako si črešnje kral,
 po zrelem prosu ščebetaj?
 In če pokličem: “Kužek, na”
 željan je tvojega mesa.
 A če usmiljen biti čem,
 nožice primem in odprem,
 ter z njimi — nič ne bodi hud! —
 ostrižem repek in perut!
 Aha, za stari potlej greh
 skakucaj le prašan po tleh:
 pod mizo pojdeš in pod klop,
 dokler ne sne te mačji zob. —

Kako ta stvar se tebi zdi?
 A človek sem, ne boj se ti!
 Zatorej svobodo ti dam,
 da bodeš vedno pomnil sam
 in vrabcem vsem oznanjal rad,
 da svoboda je zlat zaklad.
 Dovolj po sobi sem lovil,
 dovolj te plašil in podil;
 spet okno ti odpiram zdaj,
 le smakni hitro v zelen gaj!

Fr. Levstik (svob. po Buergerju).

Ivan Tontez:

Vladijeve berglje

VLADI — skrajšano za Vladimir — je dvanajstleten deček in živi v Clevelandu. Od svojih sovrstnikov se se razlikuje po izredni živahnosti: vedno mora nekaj početi ali uganjati, sicer ni zdrav. S tem sicer povzroča materi sive lase, toda mar so otroku materine skrbi, dokler je ne potrebuje; glavno, da se sam zabava! Toda pogosto se zgodi, da otrokovo zabavo nenadoma prekine nenapovedana nezgoda ali nesreča in tedaj je njegova prva misel — mati. Mati, na čije svarila se je bil prej poživžgal, naj zdaj pomaga!

Bilo je tamle spomladi in Vladi se je igral žogo s skupino sovrstnikov. Igrali so se na cesti, kakor se mora le premnogo otrok v ameriških velemestih, ker drugje ni prostora zanje. In se je zgodilo, da je žoga padla v požiralnik odvodnega kanala in jo je bilo treba na kak način dobiti ven, sicer bi bilo igre konec. Toda kako dobiti žogo iz požiralnika?

Stvar je bila videti kar preprosta in enostavna: eden izmed dečkov bo privzdignil težki železni pokrov lijaka, drugi se bo spustil tja doli po žogo, pa bo. Dečki so se spravili na delo.

Vladi je bil seveda poleg — on mora biti pri vsaki stvari zraven, kakor bi se bal, da se brez njega ne da ničesar opraviti — toda ne, da bi pomagal, temveč da bi "rešilno akcijo" nadzoroval, kajti dečko se ima za posebno brihtnega in med sovrstniki v domači soseščini velja za nekakšnega vodjo. Tako je Vladi stal na robu odprtega lijaka, nadzoroval rešilno podvzetje ter delil povelja.

Zadeva bi se bila iztekla docela povoljno, žoga bi bila rešena in igra bi se bila nadaljevala, da ni deček, ki je držal težki železni pokrov, omagal ter spustil pokrova na — Vladijev palec.

Vladi je prebledel — prebledeli so tu-

di ostali dečki. Nato je vladi z vso silo potegnil nogo k sebi ter jo rešil iz precepa. Nato je še bolj prebledel, se sesedel na tla ter izgubljeno pogledal okolo sebe.

Otroci so zavreščali in eden je brž stekel k Vladi ni materi. "Vladi . . .!" je preplašeno stisnil iz sebe, več ni mogel. Pa materi je to zadostovalo, zaslutila je nesrečo ter planila v strahu na cesto.

Vladi je čepel sključen v dve gube na robu cestnega pločnika, krčevito stiskal zobe — dečko je trda grča — ter se boril z omedlevico.

Mati je planila k njemu. "Kaj se je zgodilo, Vladi?"

Vladi jo je trpeče pogledal. "Palec . . . boli . . . pomagaj!"

Bledega kot kredo so ga brž prepeljali v bolnišnico, kjer so mu odrezali polovico zmečkanega palca.

Ko sem zvedel o Vladijevi nesreči, sem ga sklenil obiskati, saj sem njegov stric. Mislim, da ga bom našel skrušenega in objokanega, pa sem se urezal. Komaj sem namreč stopil v hišo, se mi je zasmeljal z zofe, na kateri je ležal ter mi veselega obraza, kakor bi mi imel povedati nekaj izredno prijetnega, zakričal v ušesa:

"Stric, palec so mi odrezali na nogi!"

"Lepa reč!" sem zabrundal jaz ter mu začel pridigati o hudih posledicah neubogljivosti in vsakorečnosti. "In zdaj boš pohabljenec vse svoje življenje in samo zaradi neubogljivosti!" sem zaključil svojo pridigo.

Vladi se je malomarno zasmeljal. — Prava reč — pol palca manj, to ni nič!"

"Drugič ti bo zmečkalo nogo ali ti odtrgalo glavo!" sem ga svaril jaz.

"Bom vsaj dober za prenašanje desk. . .!" me je zavrnil nepoboljšljivec ter se mi je hudomušno smejal.

“Pa opravi kaj z njim!” je tedaj vzdihnila stara mati. “Divjak se očitno raduje svoje nesreče, najbrž ga veseli, da mu moramo zdaj vsi streči . . .!”

Jaz sem nejevoljno zmajeval z glavo, Vladi pa je medtem pobožno ogledoval nove berglje, ki so stale tam v kotu, kakor bi bile sila zanimiva igračka. Naпослед me je zaprosil:

“Stric, podaj mi berglje, prosim.”

Dal sem mu jih v roke in fant jih je nežno pobožal. Jaz sem se čudil. Potem pa se mi je posvetilo: bolnišnica, operacijska miza in berglje so bile za Vladija nekaj novega, nekaj, s čemer doslej ni bil imel opravka in ker je pač še otrok, se teh novih stvari raduje kot novih igračk! Otroci! —

Vladi pa se je smehljaj. “Drugi teden jih bom že smel rabiti, doktor je rekel tako,” je dejal z izrazom največjega zadovoljstva, kakor bi bile berglje višek človeške radosti. “Najrajši bi jih že danes preizkusil . . .”

“Saj sem rekla: brezupen slučaj!” je vzdihnila Vladijeva stara mati: “Kaj bo iz tega otroka?”

Jaz pa sem se zasmejal. Domislil sem se bil, da premnogi odrasli ljudje v tem pogledu niso nič boljši od Vladija, prav za prav celo slabši. Vladi je vsaj moško in s smehom prenašal svojo nesrečo, čeprav ne brez lahkomišelnosti, dočim le preveč odraslih ljudi vsako nepriliko ali nezgodo objokuje na glas in pred vsemi sosedi tako vztrajno, da bi se morali nazadnje smiliti kamnu, če bi imel srce in nič oči . . .

Vladi je zdaj zdrav, nesreča ni pustila za seboj nobene hude posledice, berglje stoje v kotu pozabljene kot zavržena igračka, toda prepričan sem, da se deček ob pogledu nanje vselej spomni svoje nesreče in bolečin, ki mu jih je prizadejala in da vidi v njih dobro lekcijo, ki je ne velja pozabiti. Vsaj meni se vidi, da je zdaj malo bolj previden. Tudi je za spoznanje manj vsakorečen; in sliši malo bolje.



ŠOLAR

Ivan Cankar:

V temi

MRAČILO se je. Bilo je še zgodaj, ali na zahodu so se vzdigali oblaki, gosta, siva megla brez oblik, in tako je izginilo solnce. Vroče je bilo še zmirom in soparno; okna so bila odprta in prasišlo je v sobo.

Soba pa je bila majhna in skoro brez pohištva; durim nasproti je bilo dvojno oken z razbitimi šipami; tudi ogledalo, ki je viselo med okni v nekdanji pozlačenem okviru, je bilo na sredi ubito; ob eni steni zofa, pred njo miza in dvojne stolove; na drugi strani postelja in nad njo stara podoba.

Troje otrok je bilo v sobi. Ana, dvajsetletna dekle, je sedela na nizkem stolcu in je krpala. Ozrla se je časih na sestro Tončko in na brata, ki sta sedela za mizo in igrala domino. Ana je imela resen, skoro starikav obraz; dolg je bil in košččen, nelep, samo oči so bile lepe in velike, čudno mirne, kakor jih imajo ljudje, ki so doživeli mnogo. Njeno telo je bilo dolgo in neokretno, hodila je z moškimi koraki. Bolj vesel in otročji je bil obraz njene mlajše sestre; živo so se svetile oči in ustnice so bile rdeče in polne. Brat, najmlajši izmed njih, je bil podoben Ani; tudi njegov obraz je bil resen, bolj širok, toda iste sive, nezdrave barve.

Oblaki so se vzdigali višje, v sobo je legel mrak. Ana je vstala in se je naslonila ob okno; gledala je po cesti navzdol, kakor da bi koga pričakovala. Čas bi bil, da bi prišla mati; šest je že morda.

Prisedla je k mizi, da bi igrala s sestrom in bratom. Toda premislila se je; ležalo ji je na srcu nekaj neprijetnega in sama ni razumela, kaj je bilo. Žalostni so tisti večeri, ko leži v izbi prezgodnji mrak in se vzdigajo zunaj oblaki.

In tedaj se tudi Tinetu ni hotelo več. Naslonil se je s komolci na mizo in v

tistem hipu je bil njegov obraz zelo star. Tončka se je vzdignila, da bi šla v kuhinjo in iskala po omari.

Zabobnelo je nekje v daljnji daljavi; že so plezali oblaki proti mestu, bili so že skoro nad strehami. Zapihal je veter preko ceste in vzdignil se je prah.

Tine je vprašal: "Čigav je bil tisti voz, Ana, ki se je peljal zjutraj mimo?"

Vprašal je in ni pričakoval odgovora. Lep je bil voz, pozlačen, in voznik je imel zlate porte. Švignil je mimo in nikjer ga ni bilo; kakor cesarjev voz. In Tinetu je bilo, kakor da je bil tisti voz vse, o čemer je sanjal — vse, velik praznik, cesarski Dunaj, pomaranče in kolači . . . "Hi-i!" in nikjer ga ni bilo več.

Tončka je zajokala v kuhinji.

"Kaj ni nič kruha, Ana?"

"Počakaj, da pridejo mati!"

"Zakaj ne pridejo mati?"

Tončkin obraz ni bil nič več vesel, tudi v njenih očeh se je prikazala skrb.

"Kaj pač prinesejo mati?" je sanjal Tine in ni pričakoval odgovora.

Vsi trije so se zamislili. Govorili bi bili živahno in veselo o lepih stvareh, ki jih pač prinesejo mati, ali ležalo jim je na srcih nekaj neprijetnega. Zakaj žalostni so večeri, ko leži v izbi prezgodnji mrak in se vzdigajo zunaj oblaki.

Ana se je vrnila k oknu in ko se je sklonila, so ji vihrali lasje v vetru. Gledala je po ulici navzgor, navzdol — zdaj se morda prikaže mati z belim zavojem pod pazduho, prinese dela, prinese kruha. Ali ni se prikazala. Pogledala je Ana proti nebu, in glej, vsega so bili že pokrili oblaki, sivi in težki, do vrha polni vode.

"Napravi luč, Ana; tema je!"

Ana je šla v kuhinjo po svetilko; ali svetilka je bila skoro prazna, komaj za

pol ure je bilo še olja. A do tedaj pride pač mati, pride morda še prej. Napravi-la je luč.

Luč pa je bila čudna tisti večer, ni mogla pregnati teme. Sence, ki so bile zunaj, so segale v izbo, niso hotele iz-giniti. Velik rumen kolobar je bil na mizi, ali v izbi je bilo vse temno in vse temno je bilo zunaj.

"Kam so šli mati?" je vprašala Tončka.

Ana ni vedela odgovora. Napotila se je bila mati kakor mnogokdaj — mor-da brez cilja, nihče ni vedel kam. Samo to so vedeli, da se vrne z belim zavo-jem pod pazduho.

Pomislila je Ana in v prsih jo je za-bolelo, spreletelo jo je kakor bojazen.

Tudi Tineta je bilo spreletelo ob i-stem času. "Igrajmo!" je dejal in po-sedli so okoli svetilke. Igrali so na dolg, ker niso imel ne krajcarjev, ne orehov. Ali jim je bilo, kakor da se snuje nekje nekaj neleprega, neprijaznega, in zato so bile težke tudi roke, kakor lesene; le-žale so mirno v naročju, naslanjale so se na mizo.

Ali je ugašala luč, ali pa so rasle sence ter pile svetlobo. Bilo je zmi-rom temnejše; na obrazih, ki so se skla-njali k svetilki, je bila rumena luč. Ta-ke obraze imajo mrliči, kadar se trese-jo ob odru plameni sveč.

Ozrla se je Ana na cesto; še se je svetilo medlo, morda samo od svetilke, ki je gorela na oglu; debele kaplje so padale v prah.

"Poglej, Ana, še ti, če ni več kruha v omari!"

"Nič več ga ni."

"Tudi jabolka nobenega?"

"Počakaj, da pridejo mati!"

Zdaj se je domislila Ana, kako se je bila mati napotila. In spomnila se je tudi na reči, ki bi jih drugače ne opa-zila. Zdaj jih je opazila in sama se je prestrašila nerazumljive bojazni, ki se je plazila polagoma v srce in je rasla zmirom bolj.

Mati je hodila vse popoldne po izbi, zmirom od duri do okna, glavo sklonje-

no, roke prekrižane na prsih. Vsi so bili spodaj, Tine in Tončka, in tudi Ana je pogledala v izbo samo časih in se je vrnila pred hišo na prag. In kadar je pogledala v izbo, je hodila mati mol-če, s težkimi koraki, in se ni ozrla nanjo. Ko se je že skoro mračilo, je ogrnila mati ruto in je šla. Nikogar ni pogle-dala in nič ni naročila; Tine je šel za njo, ali ko se ni ozrla nanj, je postal ob oglu in se je vrnil.

Ana je čutila bojazen, toda ni je raz-umela. Tako je odhajala mati zmirom in tudi zmirom je tako hodila po izbi, od duri do okna, glavo sklonjeno, roke prekrižane na prsih, srepo skrb na ob-razu . . . Samo zdaj bi ne smelo biti ta-ko, zakaj žalostni so taki večeri.

"Luč umira!" je vzkliknil Tine, in ves prestrašen je šel, kakor da bi se bli-žalo nekaj neveselega.

Ana je stopila k svetilki in jo je pri-vila; zasvetilo se je, toda spet je tem-nel rumeni kolobar na mizi, znižal se je plamen. Vsi so strmeli v ta plamen, ki je pojemal tako hitro; že so se pokazo-vale rdeče iskre, prasketalo je, umiralo, čudno je rdela in trepetala poslednja svetloba, trepetala je tudi na plašnih obrazih, ki so se sklanjali globoko. Ana je privila, odvila, in v tistem hipu je bila tema vsenaokoli; oči so strmele in niso videle ničesar.

Tončka je zajokala.

"Mati!"

Zajokala je, ali prestrašila se je in umolknila. Tudi jok je bil prevesel in preglasen za to čudno temo, ki je bila napolnila vso izbo in tam zunaj vso ce-sto in ves svet.

Deževalo je in časih je udarila kap-lja ob okno, kakor da bi potrkala nevid-na roka.

"Pozno je že!" je izpregovoril Tine; glas mu je bil tih in boječ; strah ga je bilo tišine in ni se je upal žaliti.

Komaj je bil Tine izpregovoril, se je oglasila v odgovor ura v sosednjem stanovanju; zid je bil tenak in slišali so čisto natanko hreščee, ubite udarce, ki so rezali tišino kakor s skrhanim no-

žem. Ura je bila pokvarjena; bilo je in bilo neprestano, našteli so trinajst udarcev; nato je zahrašalo, kakor da bi se vrtilo s čudovito naglostjo veliko število drobnih kolesc; in vse je bilo tiho.

Bojazen je utripala v srcih in iz bojazni so se porajale čudne misli, kakršnih ni ob belem dnevu in ki čakajo tam v sencah. Vesele so morda včasih, ali tisto veselje je bolešno; ne frfota prijetno, kakor metulj v solncu, in tudi ni glasno, kakor pesem; molči in leži pod težko mislijo, živ človek v rakvi.

Pride morda mati, vsa obložena, z veselim nasmehom v obrazu. "Glejte, otroci, kaj sem vam prinesla. Ali ste že težko čakali? Skoči, Tine, po olje! Očedi svetilko, Anna!" In stopi k mizi, odvijaja številne zavoje . . . Morda stopa že po stopnicah . . . Upanje je utihnilo, da bi ne motilo prijetnih korakov. Ali so bili koraki? Glasilo se je in utihnilo, oddaljilo se je; samo v mislih so bili koraki, in ko so se misli razžalostile, so koraki utihnil.

Od veselega upanja pa je ostala v srcu kal, klilo je neprestano in je raslo in je vzcvetelo.

Morda se spremeni življenje nenadoma — konec vseh skrbi in konec teme. Gode se čudeži na svetu, veliko število jih pripovedujejo knjige in vsi so resnični, ker so napisani. "Šel je nekoč fant po cesti, ves žalosten in lačen. Pa pride gospod in ga potrka po rami . . ." In nekoč je bil pastir . . . "Nekoč je bil pastir, ki je pasel ovce svojega gospodarja in si je želel v svet, bogve kam. Pa se pripelje mimo lepa kočija in iz kočije stopi gospod . . ." Zmirom se gode čudeži na svetu in zato se zgodi čudež tudi zdaj. Kaj bi ne bil greh, da bi bilo zastoj vse to upanje? Kaj bi ne bila pregrešna misel, da bog ne sliši tega upanja? . . . V svetlobo, v deveto deželo so se izgubile misli . . .

Zapihal je veter in kakor bi stresel in udaril z močno roko, se je odprlo okno na stežaj. Duri so se stresle v tečajih.

Ana je šla zapirat okno. Vsa je tre-

petala, bojazen se je spremenila v grozo.

Tončka je zaklicala: "Strah me je, Ana, luči!"

Hodili so po izbi in so iskali, če bi bil kje ostanek sveče. Po prstih so hodili, oprezno, in prestrašili so se, če se je zadel kdo ob stol, ob posteljo. Gosta tema je bila zunaj, deževalo je in pljusnil je včasih ob okno močan val.

Ana je vztrepotala, zadela se je bila ob nekaj mrzlega, ob neznano roko.

"Kdo je tukaj? Ali si ti pri meni, Tončka?"

"Jaz sem tukaj ob postelji."

"Kdo je pri meni?"

"Jaz sem ob oknu," je zaklical Tine.

"Nekdo je bil zraven mene in se me je dotaknil z mrzlo roko. Sedimo za mizo in se stisnimo skupaj."

Sedli so na zofo vsi trije. Držali so se za roke in so se tiščali tesno drug k drugemu.

Ali ko je sedela Ana mirno, je pričela misliti — tiste čudne misli, ki so čakale v sencah že dolgo in so stopale zdaj razločno pred njene prestrašene oči.

Mahoma je vstala, tresla se je po vsem telesu in zobje so ji šklepetali.

Misel je bila, ki je ni bilo mogoče ne jasno misliti in ne izreči. Umrl bi človek, če bi ji pogledal naravnost v obraz. Ana se je branila trepetaje; toda ni mogla vzdigniti rok, da bi si zakrila lica — tam je vstajala misel, silna, brezoblična, rasla je neizmerno.

Omahovaje je šla Ana preko izbe, v kot ob postelji; poiskala je veliko ruto in jo je ovila okoli glave in ram.

Tončka in Tine sta videla, kako se je premikalo nekaj črnega po izbi.

"Kam greš, Ana?" sta vprašala prestrašeno.

"Pogledat pojdem, kje je mati."

Stisnila sta se tesneje drug k drugemu.

"Pridi kmalu, pa z materjo pridi;" sta prosila s tihim in plašnim glasom, da bi ne dramila zle tišine, ki je bila v temi.

(Konec prihodnjič.)

A. P. K.:

“Going to Town”

PROST dan, deževje, muhasta volja, dolgočasje, ki se ne da pregnati s čitanjem, razmišljanjem, pisanjem, sploh z ničemer resnim — samo s kakšno nesmiselnostjo. Vsi imamo menda take dneve zaznamovane na koledarju.

All right. V teatriču v sosednjem bloku kažejo Mae West. Pospravim torej knjige, zaprem moj strojček, opraviš si nos, potisnem klobuk na glavo in hajd na ulico. Pred teatrom se ozrem okrog, če me morda ne vidi kak pameten človek, nato pobrskam po torbici za desetico in grem proti okencu. Še preden pa utegnem oddati desetico v promet, me nekaj pocuka za rokav:

“Vzemite me s seboj.”

Obrnem se in moja radovednost se sreča s precej zanemarjeno osebnostjo kratkohlačnika, ki moli desetico proti meni:

“Tu je desetica, plačajte še zame.”

“Zakaj ne bi plačal sam?”

“Sam ne smem noter.”

“O, mamice ti je treba . . . I see . . . kaj pa te tako mika tam notri?”

“Mae West.”

“Mae West. Hm, srečna ženska . . . no, pojdiva, sinko, gledat Mae West.”

Plačam vstopnino, primem “sinkota” za roko in se oba zgubiva v mračnosti kina. Na platnu se z bahato in puhlo korajžo postavljajo cowboyi — kravji pastirji po naše. Revolverji prcajo, pesti se uveljavljajo, mrtve in ranjene pobirajo po tleh kakor smo v kraju pobirali hruške po nevihti. Vse radi čednega deklča.

Zeham.

Da bi vsaj kmalu pokazali Mae West, sicer zaspim. Ozrem se po sinku.

“Se zabavaš?”

“And how!”

V mračnost prostora svetijo njegove razširjene, zainteresirane oči.

“Ah! če bi imel enega njihvoih konjev.”

“Tisto niso konji, sinko, tisto so kljuseta.”

Fantek me zavzeto pogleda, potem pa se spet zamisli v sliko.

Končno dobi junaški cowboy svojo srečo, nakar nas seznanijo z osebjem flickerja, Going to Town, in Mae West nastopi v vsej svoji leno-razkošni lepoti. Moj pobič se dvigne in navdušeno ploska. Drugi pobiči okrog po sedežih jo pozdravljajo na enak način.

Poglejte, si mislim, kako svet napreduje! —

Film se razvija in Mae leno poje, leno hodi, pleše, meče zanke, poglede in celo strele za moškimi, ki kar vsi odkraja takorekoč ponorijo. Mae pa se smeje, giblje boke in stresa zabeljene opazke iz rokava. Občinstvo se reži, odobrava. Kratkohlačniki z užitkom polglasno ponavljajo njen “gag”. Moj pobič se obrne k meni rekoč:

“Isn't she swell?”

“Swell,” mu pravim, “swell — a povej mi, kaj na njej ti predvsem ugaja?”

“To, da vse tako izborno za nos vleče.”

Oddahnila sem se . . . vkljub vsej gnibli, so nekatere glavne korenine morda le še zdrave . . . če bi le kaj kmalu dobile kakšen ‘Going to Social Horse-sense’, namesto ‘Going to Town.’ Potem bi brez dvoma preprečili marsikatero žalostno smrt mladih duš. —

Stijn messere noč



HUBERT ROPP

VČERAJ, DANES IN JUTRI

Štiri mesece noči

(Zima v okrožju južnega tečaja)

ŠTIRI mesece dolga noč bi se nam zdelala nekaj nenavadnega in skoro nemogočega, pa vendar je taka noč redno vsako leto v obeh polarnih delih naše zemlje. Na južnem tečaju vlada taka zimska noč od srede aprila pa do srede meseca avgusta.

Dolga noč pa vendar ni neprestano temna. Ko nastopi zima sredi aprila, je vedno bolj mračno nebo, a sonce še neprestano žari v plamenih barvah in precej časa prej kot se povrne zopet poletje, se ne bo odene z rožno zarjo.

Zima nastopi po trudapolnih poletnih dneh. Ljudje in psi so podvivali s spravljanjem živil in so po pravici zaslužili dolgotrajen oddih; toda ko nastopa zima, ni časa za oddih. Poletni večer torej pomeni urno pripravlanje na mesece dolgo noč. Najbolj važno je, da je v shrambah dovolj tulenjevega mesa, kajti pomanjkanje svežega mesa pomeni, da bi prebivalci prej ali slej zboleli za kurdejem, katerega se boji vsak polarni raziskovalec.

Najti je treba tudi dovolj virov sveže vode. V to svrhu si izberejo najbližji lednik, katerega led je čist. Kadar je vreme ugodno, odkrhnejo od lednika primerne kose ledu, odpeljejo ga v zimske kolibe in ga stope. Po navadi imajo kose ledu kar v hiši za par dni naprej, kajti preskrbeti se morajo za slučaj viharja, ki jih lahko zaloti. Led in tulenjevo meso, oboje mora biti torej spravljeno za slučaj slabega vremena.

Slabo vreme navadno nastopi ob luninih spremembah. Kadar je noč mirna med dobo polne lune, je samo odsev tako jasen, da je mogoče na prostem čitati knjigo, ali take mirne dobe so dokaj redke.

Neka druga znamenita luč je takozvana aurora australis, ki razsvetljuje vse nebo z velikanskimi svetlobnimi zastori plošče luči. Luč valovi preko neba

v ogromnih obokih in v skoro mavričnih barvah, ki se neprestano spreminjajo.

Ko je pisatelj posetil one kraje, ni bila taka luč nič navadnega, toda o prilikah, ko je nebo odsevalo v nepopisnih barvah, je razločil skoro vse barve, od jabolčno zelene pa do zlato rumene. Sijaj polarne zarje je skoro vedno zvezan s kakim magnetičnim vznemirjenjem v ozračju in zemlji, torej tudi v zvezi z viharji, katerih ledeni veter brije kakor bi rezal z nožem in sneg pada brez prestanka tako gosto, da ni nikamor videti. V teh krajih nikoli ne dežuje.

Poleg oskrbe za ljudi same je tekom štirimesečne noči treba preskrbeti za pse, da imajo hrano in stanovanje. Če so živali prav trdnega zdravja, prežive zimo tudi na planem, ako imajo le kje kak kotiček, da se stisnejo vanj v najhujši burji, ali skrbeti je vseeno treba zanje, da jih burja ne zamete, ker tako bi bili izgubljeni. Poleg tega morajo biti psi priklenjeni na dolgih verigah, tako da imajo dovolj prilike za hojo, ne pa preveč. Če bi ne bili privezani, se lahko izgube. Vrv je neprimerna, ker bi jo pes v hudi stiski pregrizel. Živali morajo biti privezane tudi zato, da se ne zgrizejo, kajti kadar se prično grizti, ne odnehajo do smrti. Tudi zato ni dobro puščati pse od kolib, ker bi lahko preplašili še tisto malo tulenjevo, ki potuje po ledu ob obali. Nevarno je tudi, da bi psi padli skozi razpoke v ledu in utonili v prepadih med ledniki, če bi jih pustili. Pomniti moramo, kako nujno so psi potrebni ekspedicijam, da se ljudje ne izgubijo.

Takorekoč vse življenje zamre skozi zimo v polarnih krajih. Pingvini se vsi presele in ostane samo še takozvani imperijalni pingvin. Preselijo se na sever, kjer ob obalah ni zmrzla voda, da se prežive na nekakih črvih v vodi.

Sredi zime je ravno 22. junija. Vse je mrtvo in temno, ali vendar prebivalci v ledu praznujejo ta dan z vsemi svečanostmi, kolikor jim je le mogoče, kajti višek zime vendar pomeni, da bo zopet napočil dan. Dne 22. junija jim je nekak božič, kakršnega imamo na severu.

Življenje v kolibi je dokaj priprosto. Kuhati je treba, čistiti, šivati, obenem pa tudi zapisovati vse pojave, ki bi lahko služili nadaljnjim znanstvenim raziskovanjem. Proti koncu štirimesečne noči se vršijo priprave za polete na sankah. To je veliko in odgovorno podvzetje, kajti uspeh poletov vendar v največji meri odvisi od priprav samih.

Na poseben način stisnjen živež je skrbno pripravljen in stehtan; pečke najboljšega izdelka so vzete vsaksebi in spravljene tako, da jih je mogoče hitro odviti in kuhati z njimi; sanke, smuče, vse mora biti v prvovrstnem stanju. Celo vreče, v katerih je hrana, morajo biti vse trdne, kaj pa šele obleka popotnikov, vsa njih oprema, katere teža ne sme presegati dvanajst funtov na posameznika. V tem je vključena tudi vsa oprava za kajenje in tobak ter vsi znanstveni aparati.

Poleg tega morajo biti še priprave za razvedrilo, tako da se družbe ne loti otožnost. Kvarte, domino, šah in druge igre vzamejo s seboj. Ko kvart ni bilo več, je pisatelj sam izdelal kvarte, da je partija lahko igrala "bridge". Čita-

nje in razpravljanje je nekaj vsakdanjega v svrhu zabave za družbo. Celo predvanja imajo na svojih trudapolnih potih, kar je tudi mogoče, če pomislimo, da je vsak raziskovalec svoje vrste specialist in obenem sposoben za vse.

Polarna zima je čisto temna, mrzla doba z mrtvaško otožnostjo, in le velikodušno obnašanje vse družbe, ki se z medsebojnim razvedrilom zabava, pomaga pregnati dolgo neprijetno dobo. To je v resnici komunalno življenje.

Ko se noč bliža proti koncu, se temperatura čisto zniža in je tak mraz, da človek vidi, kako zmrzuje voda, ko jo preliva iz enega lonca v drugega. Tak mraz je seveda opaziti samo na prostem; v kolibi pa je prijetno toplo, ker popotniki kurijo s premogom in ribjim oljem. Za razsvetljavo jim navadno služi plin.

Prvič posije sonce sredi avgusta in človeška koža izgleda v tej luči umazana in zelenkasto rumena. Dolga tema mučno vpliva na človeka in proti koncu zime živci vseh takorekoč odpovejo. Ali poletje, kakor je mrzlo, jih zopet oživi, še bolj pa jih poživi življenje na prostem. Kmalu jih mine vsaka otožnost.

Zrak je svež in oster, včasih pa napolnjen z mirijadami ledenih kristalov, ki se odbijajo v solnčni luči. Solnce pa se dviga od dne do dne in njegova vztrajna luč znižuje debelo sneženo odejo.

—Po J. L. Copeju.





DESETLETNICA MLADINSKIH DRUŠTEV S. N. P. J.

Prihodnji mesec bo poteklo 10 let, odkar so se pričela ustanavljati prva mladinska ali angleško govoreča društva Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Ta dogodek je važnega pomena za mladinsko gibanje, jednoto in vse njeno članstvo.

Prvo mladinsko društvo, ki nosi zelo primerno ime, je bilo društvo Pioneer 559, ki se je ustanovilo v novembru leta 1925 v Chicagu, kjer je dom naše jednote. V teku deset let je s svojimi številnimi aktivnostmi in s svojim članstvom prekosilo marsikatero staro društvo. Danes šteje v obeh oddelkih nad 500 članov. Naklonjeno je delavskemu gibanju in podpira razne napredne ustanove. Vseh mladinskih društev pri SNPJ je nad osemdeset, ki so razširjena po vseh mestih in naselbinah naših izseljencev.

Dne 2. oktobra, ob priliki 10-letnice mladinskega gibanja SNPJ, se bo v Chicagu v Jednotinem Domu vršila prva konferenca angleško govorečih društev. Naslednji dan, dne 3. nov., pa se bo vršilo veliko slavlje društva Pioneer z obširnimi programom in banketom.

Mlademu jubilantu društvu Pioneer iskreno čestitamo k številnim uspehom ob njegovi 10-letnici! Mladinskim društvom SNPJ kličemo: Čvrsto naprej po potih, ki so jih začrtali pionirji slovenskih delavcev! Gradite in delajte, da bo v bodoče naša jednota postala še večja, vplivnejša in močnejša delavska podporna organizacija!

NATEČAJ—KONTEST

V septembrski številki je bil razpisan natečaj ali kontest za vse člane mladinskega oddelka SNPJ, z nagradami v gotovini! Pravila kontesta so priobčena tudi v tej številki na prednji in zadnji strani platnic. Prečitajte jih! Potem pa pogumno in veselo—na delo!

UREDNIK.

Na pikniku federacije SNPJ

Dragi urednik!

Ker nisem zadnje čase imel posebnih novic, sem si mislil, da je bolje biti tiho, zato tudi nisem nič pisal. Zadnjič pa smo imeli na Štefančičevi farmi velik piknik na 1. sept., ki ga je priredila kansaška federacija društev SNPJ. Vse

je šlo dobro naprej, potem pa je pričelo deževati. Oblačno je sicer bilo ves dan.

Pripravljen je bil tudi program. Prišli so govorniki in moški kvartet iz Minerala, ki je lepo zapel. Dve deklici in dva dečka pa so zapeli Naša mucka je ujela miško, mijav, mijav. Ostalo sem že pozabil. Pa tudi br. Joe Bratkovich od društva št. 9 SNPJ, Yale,

Kans., je zapel eno pesem, ki je še nikdar nisem slišal. Br. Rugel je pristačil par kratkočasnih in povedal marsikaj za smeh.

Govorniki so bili Štefančič, Oberžan, A. Shular in Fritz Rugel. Ker je pričelo deževati, smo šli v Franklin Community dvorano, ki je prostorna. Banda je igrala in pari so plesali. Igrali so L. in A. Amershek, Randelli in Zafuta. Na farmi je bilo bolj lušno, pa nas je dež pregnal v dvorano.

Šola se je že pričela in s tem tudi "križeva pot" za marsikaterega dečka, ki ne mara šole. Treba se je učiti in v šoli sedeti. Jaz rad hodim v šolo, ker doma je treba delati. Po šoli pa vseeno pomagam pri delu. Zjutraj in zvečer pomolzem eno kravo, vsak dan. Ko je bila mama doma, je ona to delo opravila, a sedaj je ona v bolnišnici.

Pozdrav vsem mladim Jednotarjem!

Johnnie Potochnik,

R. 1, Box 47, Arcadia, Kans.

* *

Naš obisk na Labor day

Dragi urednik!

Na Labor day sem šla z mojimi starši in teto Anno k prijateljem v Sippensville, Pa. In kako vesela sem bila, da sem spet videla moje stare prijateljice Marie, Evelyn in Lillie.

Meni se je zelo dopadlo na farmi, najbolj pa me je mikal voziček, ki je bil na "dumplnu," kjer bi bilo obilo brezplačne vožnje. Kaj takšnega me zelo veseli. Konjev pri Fortetovih nimajo, imajo pa traktor, ki pa preveč trese, zato se mi ni preveč dopadel.

Nazaj grede smo se ustavili v Ice Mines, ki je le dve milji od Couderport Ice Mines. To je zanimiva podzemna jama, ki so jo odprli in so mislili ter upali, da bodo v nji dobili kakšno rudo. V presenečenje raziskovalcev pa v jami v največji poletni vročini zmrzuje, da stoje ledni stebri še danes v nji.

Pozdravljam vse!

Olga Vogrin,

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

Dopis s potovanja

Cenjeni urednik!

Čital sem v Prosveti, da imamo najlepšo priliko, da napišemo kaj o naši enotnosti. Potrudil se bom, da napišem kaj za prihodnji mesec. Sedaj bom pa na kratko opisal moje potovanje na Labor day.

Peljali smo se v Shippensville, Pa., k našim prijateljem Fortetovim. Odpekljali smo se ob 4. zjutraj. Potovanje je bilo lepo, le premejeno je bilo. Megla je bila tako gosta, bi jo lahko z nožem rezal, kakor sir. Več avtov in truckov smo videli, ki so čakali ob cesti radi goste megle. Če ne bi imeli mi zamude radi megle in da nas niso naši prijatelji v Shippensvillu zamudili, bi šli še istega dne v Cleveland. Zato smo pa šli kar nazaj v Scranton, ker je imel moj oče premalo dopusta in je moral na delo.

Potovanje ali vožnja nazaj je bila mnogo boljša. Pa nismo šli po isti poti; vozili smo se po drugi, ki ni peljala v klance in doline, pa tudi megle ni več bilo.

Pozdrav!

Felix Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.

* *

Naš M. L.

Dragi urednik!

Najprej se Vam moram zahvaliti za popravke v mojem prejšnjem pismu. S tem, da ste vse tako lepo uredili, ste mi dali še več veselja in poguma za dopisovanje v naš priljubljeni **Mladinski List**. Hvala Vam! Oprostite moji slabi pisavi. To pismo sem moral z levo roko napisati, ker me desna boli.

Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem tega lista, tako tudi Vam! (Prihodnjič bom kaj več napisal, ko mi bo ozdravela roka.)

Joe Rott,

18815 Chickasaw ave., Cleveland, O.

“Moje ženske glas . . .”

Dragi urednik!

Zahvaliti se Vam moram za popravke v mojem zadnjem dopisu. Hvala! Priporočam se za bodoče.

Tole pesem me je naučil moj oče:

*Luštno bo spomlad'
ko bomo šli orat.
Travca bo ozelenela
in zima bo odšla.
(Moje ženske glas
mi dela kratak čas,
kdor ne verjame,
naj pride v vas.)*

*Luštno je poleti
ko travca zeleni
in žito rumeni, itd.*

*Luštno je v jeseni,
ko kopljemo krompir,
travo slana umori, itd.*

*Luštno je pozimi
ko za pečjo sedim
pa pipico kadim, itd.*

Mnogo pozdravov vsem!

Jennie Grobin,
box 17, Broughton, Pa.

Prvi odmevi kontesta

Cenjeni urednik!

Ker mi je kontest, ki je razipsan za dopisnike Ml. Lista, trenutno najbolj pri srcu, zato hočem pustiti zaenkrat vse drugo v nemar in se posvetiti samo temu.

Vem, da se bo mnogo dopisnikov borilo za nagrade, boljnih od mene, posebno v angleščini, pa imam vendar toliko poguma, da stopam v bojne vrste, naj se zgodi kar hoče. Tukaj je besedilo, ki sem ga namenila za kontest:

SNPJ je največja in najboljša slovenska podporni organizacija v Ameriki, ki pod obstoječimi razmerami nudi svojemu članstvu največ ugodnosti v gmotnem kot moralnem oziru. Posluje vzorno in izplačuje točno bolniške podpore, smrtnine in druge obveznosti

upravičenim članom, zakar je članstvo s svoje strani obvezano točno plačevati vse obveznosti jednote.

Tudi v moralnem oziru skrbi jednota za svoje člane, ker jih potom Prosvete in Ml. Lista vzgaja v naprednem duhu in dobre člane in odporne bojavnike proti skupnemu sovražniku—kapitalizmu.

Zato hočem, kot članica mladinskega oddelka društva Skala št. 50 SNPJ v Clintonu, Indiana, postati aktivna in zvesta članica jednote čim dosežem predpisano starost.

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

* *

Dragi urednik!

Tu je par vrstic za kontest:

Zvesti član SNPJ hočem biti in aktiven, ko dorastem, zato, ker naša SNPJ ima napredna načela in je najboljša podporni jednota. Zato bom tudi vse svoje življenje pridobival bratce in sestrice, da postanejo člani SNPJ.

Upam, da bom deležen kake nagrade. Sedaj sem v devetem letu starosti in član društva 147 SNPJ.

Pozdrav vsem skupaj!

Tony Frank Logar,
1114 E. 67th st., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Jaz sem član mladinskega oddelka SNPJ pri društvu 533. Zadnjič sem čital v M. L., da je gl. odbor SNPJ razpisal kontest z nagradami za najboljša pisma. Zakaj hočem postati dober in zvest član SNPJ ko dosežem predpisano starost? Zato, ker je SNPJ dobra podporni organizacija. Zato ji bom tudi pridobival nove člane, kolikor mogoče novih članov za našo skrbno in dobro mater SNPJ. Od naše dobre organizacije SNPJ pa pričakujem, da mi bo v slučaju nesreče ali bolezni pomagala.

Iskren pozdrav Vam in gl. odbornikom SNPJ!

Frankie Surina,
box 216, Enterprise, W. Va.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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Number 10

PRELUDE

By MARY JUGG

A MILLION hearts cry out in distress—
Thousands of hands in idleness—

Bleeding and prostrate, the mass implores—
Louder and louder the machinery roars—

As more and more destitute the long ranks become,
Merrier and merrier the HIGH FIDDLES strum—

Out of step are the millions, their harmony broken;
And tumult has risen and no one has spoken.

But harmony must ring—the high fiddles subdued—
A new order given birth—all this a prelude.—

AUTUMN FIELDS

<i>HOW can men make a field a battle place? This is the question still unanswered when Each year, I come on these familiar fields And autumn is upon them once again!</i>	<i>This is the question breeze-swayed grasses ask, And myriad wild flowers fragrant in the autumn, Bees, butterflies, and meadow larks, not yet gone; Bonfires and crickets, when the day is done!</i>
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*Fields are such friendly places, so re-
plete
With life that grows in wisdom and
in grace!
Fields tell so constantly Nature's living
love!
How can men make a field a battle
place?*

—VIOLET STOREY.

Elizabeth Withmer Locke:

HALLOWE'EN

<p>DID you ever see a witch A-riding on a broom? Or ever see a pumpkin face A-grinning at the moon? Did you ever see a pussy-cat, As black as it could be, Go hurrying through the alley, Then scamper up a tree? 'Twas Hallowe'en! 'Twas Hallowe'en!</p>	<p>Did you ever see a man With such a scary face, With eyes that never winked or blinked, But stared right into space? With a great big mouth from ear to ear, Some weedy kind of hair, And teeth that looked so very strange, Because they were not there? 'Twas Hallowe'en! 'Twas Hallowe'en!</p>
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Do you like to see such sights,
 Or do they scare you some?
 Can you laugh and call them funny,
 Or does fear strike you dumb?
 Well, if you're not just bold and brave
 As you would like to be,
 You'd better stay right in your home,
 And go to bed like me,
 On Hallowe'en! On Hallowe'en!

FRIEND OCTOBER

<p>HAVE you seen him, Friend October, In his garb of russet sober? With his cap-plumes all a-flying, Each with each in color vying? Never sits he glum and museful, All his days are bright and useful; Friend of gleaner, and of paint, Meeting some with chide or plaint,— Best of comrades, Friend October.</p>	<p>Never comes he empty-handed; Gorgeous vestments, rainbow-banded; Apples red and green and yellow; Grapes, and pears, and peaches mellow; Hours of tender, golden shine; Air like crystalline old wine; These the land now is sharing. Here he comes! What sprightly bearing! Glad to greet thee, Friend October!</p>
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—From *A Garland of Verse*.

Elizabeth Dillingham:

A Halloween Story

ONCE upon a time a big orange pumpkin was growing just outside a stone wall, far off in a field, all alone. The farmer had gathered all his pumpkins and stored them carefully in his great barn. But no one knew of the big orange pumpkin growing just outside the wall, all alone. The big orange pumpkin was lonely.

"I wish I belonged to some one," said he.

"Miew, miew! I do, too," cried a little black pussy cat, stretching herself and jumping down from the stone wall where she had been sleeping.

"It will soon be winter," said the big orange pumpkin; "let's go find some one to belong to."

"Yes, let's do," said the little black cat eagerly. "I want to belong to a little girl with a sweet face and shining eyes."

"And I," said the big orange pumpkin, "want to belong to a jolly little boy who whistles and sings when he works. Let's hurry right away to find them."

"Yes, let's do," said the little black cat.

So off they started—the big orange pumpkin rolling and tumbling along, and chuckling to himself as he went, and the little black cat pit-patting along on her soft little cushionings, purring because she was happy.

On and on they went, over the fields and through the woods. It began to grow cold, oh so cold, and dark too. The little black cat shivered as the wind whistled through the trees.

"See here," said the big orange pumpkin, "you can't sleep outdoors tonight. What shall we do?"

Just then they saw a man coming

along the path with a bundle of wood on his back.

"Ho, Mr. Woodcutter!" cried the pumpkin, "have you a knife?"

"That I have," said the merry woodsman. "What can I do for you, my fine fellow?"

"Just cut off a piece of my shell where the stem is, and scoop out some of my seeds, if you please," said the pumpkin.

No sooner said than done.

"There, my little black pussy cat," said the pumpkin, "when you wish to sleep tonight, you may curl inside and be warm as a sunbeam.

"But will you not come home with me?" asked the woodsman.

"Have you a little girl with a sweet face and shining eyes?" asked the little black pussy cat.

"Have you a jolly little boy who whistles and sings when he works?" asked the big orange pumpkin.

"No, ah, no," said the woodsman, "but I have a pig and some hens."

"Then we'll go on," said the pumpkin, "but thank you kindly."

So on they went, and on, until the stars began to shine. Then the tired little pussy cat curled in her hollow nest, put on the cover, and went to sleep.

In the morning they went on again, but before long it began to rain. The pussy cat's soft fur was soon very wet.

"You poor little thing," said the big orange pumpkin; "curl inside your house and I will trundle you along."

"But it's so dark inside, and I couldn't see where we were going," cried the pussy cat, holding up a tiny, dripping paw.

"Windows!" cried the pumpkin. "Of course, windows! How stupid of me!

Wait here under this fence, my little friend, until I come back."

Then off he hurried across the road to a carpenter's shop.

"Ho, Mr. Carpenter!" cried the pumpkin, "have you a knife?"

"That I have," said the jolly carpenter. "What can I do for you, my fine fellow?"

"Just cut some windows for me, if you please."

So the carpenter took a sharp knife and cut four windows—just like a face he made them, two for eyes, one for a nose, and one for a mouth, and he laughed as he did it.

When he finished the mouth, the pumpkin laughed, too.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried he. "What a relief to have a mouth to laugh with! Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed all the way back in the rain to where the little shivering cat was waiting.

And she laughed, too, and climbed inside her coach, and put on the cover. So on through the rain they went, and on and on. Just as dark was drawing near, they came to a wee brown house by the side of the road. In the yard was a little boy picking up chips and putting them into a big basket. He whistled as he worked, and then he began to sing:

"If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride;

If turnips were watches, I'd wear one by my side."

Then the door opened, and a little girl with a sweet face and shining eyes stood on the treshold.

"What do you wish, John?" she called.

"Oh," laughed the boy, as he came in with the chips, "I wish I had a pumpkin for a jack-o'-lantern, for this is Halloween."

"And I wish I had a pussy cat to love," said the little girl.

"This is the place for us," whispered the big orange pumpkin; and he rolled up to the door, bumpity bump!

"Look, John!" cried the little girl, "here's your jack-o'-lantern! The Fairies must have sent it. Isn't it a beauty?"

"There's something inside" said John, snatching off the cover, and out jumped a tiny black pussy cat, straight into the little girl's arms.

"Oh, oh!" they cried.

And when mother came home in the dark, a jolly jack-o'-lantern with a candle inside was shining out of the window at her, and close beside it sat a little black pussy cat.

AN AUTUMN SONG

THERE is something in the Autumn
that is native to my blood,
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the
crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me
like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke
upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the
gypsy blood astir;
We must follow her,
When from every hill aflame,
She calls and calls each vagabond by
name.

—A. W.

Autumn Tides



HENRI

HERSELF

Autumn Tales

IT WAS on a pleasant day in early October. The sun was shining through the limbs of sycamore trees. Here and there appeared traces of the first frost. Roscoe E. Ray, principal of the Independence School, had taken his class in world history out for a day's hike through the woods along Turkey Creek. After traveling several hours, they entered a thicket, from which no paths seemed to lead.

Sallie Oliver, the smallest of the girls, began to fear, and said, "Mr. Ray, aren't you lost?"

"No, not yet. But no telling where we might land."

"Wouldn't it be funny if we should have some sort of an adventure?" asked Charles Norman.

"That would be great," answered Mr. Ray, "and it is altogether possible."

Hardly had the words been spoken, when Fred Martin, who had kept a hundred yards ahead of the others, came back running with the news. "Hey, kids, I've found a cabin in the woods, and there is smoke coming out of the chimney."

"I wonder who lives out here in the wilderness," asked Alice Snyder.

"It may be public enemy Number One and a bunch of kidnapers," ventured Fred, who was now losing his courage.

"They won't get very much from this bunch, I bet," replied Winnie Keyes.

On they tramped. Sure enough, ahead of them, surrounded by a clump of trees appeared a rude hut that looked more like a huge tree trunk than a human dwelling place.

Mr. Ray respected the home of the humblest man, and so made an effort to pass the house to the left. Here they noticed a small path, which the class followed.

They had gone but a few steps when they met an old man, stoop-shouldered and gray-bearded, carrying a strange vessel full of water. His clothing was made from skins of animals. He seemed hardly more than four feet in height; in fact he was smaller in stature than any of the children.

"What a funny little fellow that is," said Alice.

"Be quiet, he might hear you," whispered Fred.

But the little fellow wasn't as dumb as he looked. Seeing the party coming down the path, he stopped short and when they approached yelled in a rather high screechy voice, "Howdy, folks, and who might ye be?"

The leader spoke first, "I'm Roscoe Ray, and these folks are some pupils from the history class of the Independence School, looking for adventure."

"Oh ye be? Wal, I guess you're on the right track, and if ye want to know adventures, you've struck the right fellow."

"Goody! goody!" said Sallie, "but tell us your name, will you, Mister?"

"Folks call me 'Old Atlas, the Gray-beard,' but you can call me Mr. Atlas if you want to. And if you will come to my house, I'll tell you some interesting things that have happened on this old earth."

On reaching the hut, the old man pushed the bark-covered door open. A stranger home had never been seen. A fire was burning in the fireplace, daubed over with clay and mud. An old kettle filled with vegetables was brewing over the flames.

"Where are your chairs?" asked Alice.

The old man seemed embarrassed for a moment. "Beg pardon, lady, I have no use for chairs. But here are some goat skins that you can squat on."

And down they squatted, some here, some there. A more comfortable place than lounging on a thick goat skin before a fireplace in winter can hardly be imagined. But the girls couldn't smother their curiosity. "Where is your bed, Mr. Atlas?" asked Jennie Boyce.

"Uh! Uh!" the old man grunted rather impatiently. "My bed? Well, I've got one. See that hammock hanging up there? I used to be a sailor, and I can't get over curling up in a hammock. Now, folks, if you are all comfortable, I'll tell you a few stories of olden times as I knew them."

"You knew them?" asked Tom. "Why, how old do you claim to be?"

"Claim is right. For I don't really know how old I am. Some say that I am a million years old. But all I remember is about people, and I could hardly be that old. But five or six thousand wouldn't miss it much, although I 'spect you won't believe that. Well, I don't want to talk about myself—I'll tell you something about what happened when I was a kid, only 500 or 1,000 years old. We used to have fun in those days. That was before we had any written history.

"There was a fellow named Hercules, a great giant in those days. He was a fine specimen—great bulging muscles all over his body I know because I saw him. Seems as though he made some king jealous and some god put Hercules in the king's power for a long term of service.

"This king gave the young Hercules twelve tasks to do—the hardest things you could imagine. Why, there was a monstrous water-snake with seven or nine heads, which grew again as fast as they were cut off. This fierce monster would drag both men and beasts into the swamp where it lived, and strangle them. So King Eurystheus ordered Hercules to kill it—and he did, too.

"Hercules sure traveled around do-

ing these labors for that king. He even had to go down into the underworld. You see, there was a dog that kept guard at the entrance to Hades, where the dead stayed, whose duty it was to keep the living from entering and the dead from going out. Well, he had three heads, and he was an awful ferocious thing, but Hercules grabbed him and took him up to the light and then back down to the dark kingdom.

"He had to do some of the most foolish things. He even had to get the girdle of an Amazon queen who lived in the south of what is now Russia. He had an awful time getting it, but he finally did.

"He was a good thinker, too, this Hercules. There was a certain king that had 3,000 cattle. The stables where the cattle stayed had never been cleaned, and were in a terrible state of filth, so that the task of cleaning them would almost be impossible. But old Hercules got out his thinkin' cap, and he broke down a wall of the stable and changed the course of a nearby river to run through the stable, thereby washing out all the horrible filth therein.

"Talk of adventures, say, Hercules had them. He was sent to a place to get some golden apples, which a sleepless dragon guarded. After many wanderings and terrible fights with giants, he caught one of the gods of the sea, who changed into all kinds of shapes while trying to escape from Hercules' strong hands. Finally he told Hercules that Atlas, the old fellow who held up the heavens, knew where they were."

At this point, the old graybearded Mr. Atlas burst into a crackly chuckle, as if over some secret joke. "Yes sir, I fooled old Hercules once, but he got me back all right." The old man stopped his narrative again to chuckle.

"Why, I'll bet you were that Atlas, were you really, Mr. Atlas?" excitedly asked little Sallie.

"Sure enough, child, I'm the same old men that got the golden apples for Hercules. Then when I came back, while he held up the heavens for me, he complained that he was uncomfortable and wanted to get in a better position. So I took back my job, and Hercules took the apples, and went away."

"But how did you ever get here, then, Mr. Atlas?" blurted the wide-eyed Fred.

"Why, son, one day I got so tired holding up the heavens, that I decided I'd quit. So I just dropped those clouds, and been going around the world ever since, having adventures.

"But getting back to Hercules, Mr. Atlas, I think he's my hero now," stated little Sallie, with a dreamy air. "Gee, he was a brave man! Just think of Fred or George killing one of those awful snakes. Why, they'd be so scared, it would probably eat 'em right up."

Old Atlas the Graybeard's eyes were twinkling. "That's right, honey, but don't forget that was a long time ago, and nowadays the men are almost as brave as your hero, but they don't show it the same way."

—By Atlas.

THE PILOT OF THE MAIL

By C. R. WILLIS

OUT of the darkness
 Came the phantom train,
 Down that shiny rail,
 Oh to see that sight once more—
 The pilot of the mail.

It brings some tidings to us all,
 Sometimes our hearts beat true,
 And again it casts a shadow,
 For thee we wonder who.

Old engine number 99,
 All polished up and new.
 It brings to mind,
 That man so kind—
 The pilot of the crew.

That eagle we speak of,
 With world wide renown,
 Was just a man amongst men—
 Mr. H. L. Down.

So out of the darkness
 Comes that phantom train,
 O'er the hills and dale,
 Just to see that sight once more—
 The pilot of the mail.

The limited to paradise,
 With its Wabasher brown,
 Shoots a wicked shovel,
 For H. L. Down.

I've got to hit her soony,
 If she leaves the rail,
 'Cause we're rolling into Cleveland
 With the morning mail.



HOPPER

BARBER SHOP

Ivan Cankar:

At Dawn

(Freely translated by Louis Adamic)

OUR steps resounded on the pavement with a remote hollowness. The city was still sunk in that death-like slumber that precedes the breaking of day. It was an entrancing night; the whole of the wide sky glowed with an extraordinary light, such as I had never seen before. This light—a silvery dimness—poured down on earth in innumerable cold shafts, softening or erasing the contours. About us loomed the buildings like so many vague grey colossi, and the street was overcast with great, fantastic shadows.

We were a light-hearted, gayly disposed crowd; only on the bottom of our beings trembled a fear that this spell would pass too quickly, that there might suddenly appear something crude and cruel and with its unclean hand sweep aside this silvery, dreamy curtain that was drawn between our eyes and the drab everydayness of life.

On the corner glowed the windows of a cafe; we entered.

In the rear, at a round little table sat an old fellow with a shiny bald head, arrayed in an elegant but wrinkled and soiled evening dress. He had evidently had a gay night; his face was sunken and grey. On the billiard table leaned a waiter, dozing.

We sat down at a table in the corner.

In those hours our souls were free of everything that is hard and commonplace to man; we were in a sort of mellowness of spirit. Those feelings which in broad daylight drowse deep in one's heart, unnoticed and unknown, now stirred in us and took possession of our beings. Those thoughts which one stamfacedly represses in everyday life, not daring even to whisper them, now found free expression in us. We

felt that these feelings and thoughts were, indeed, the only worthwhile feelings and thoughts.

The waiter brought us a pile of journals. None of us felt like reading, but I chanced to open a copy of a well-known review and on the first page beheld the name Maeterlinck. I read no further; at the instant I saw Maeterlinck's name my heart thrilled with a strange sensation. I perceived, as did the others, the meaning, or rather the meaninglessness of life; we took cognizance of what truth was. Our beings became dissolved into a thousand dreams, and every dream was life and truth unto itself, and yet a part of the whole.

We spoke in low voices, in whispers almost, careful of our words and phrases. We saw ourselves in a magnificent light and with extraordinary ease solved the mysteries of life; but at the same time we sensed that our cognition of life was a structure of sunbeams in the air, erected only for the moment; and knowing that the end of the spell was drawing close, our hearts trembled with apprehension. But no one would speak a word of his fear, although it stared out of the eyes of each of us. We were convinced that our cognition was truth, but we were not unaware that this truth was a feeble thing, without even so much resistive power as to withstand the first breeze of the lying, trite everydayness. We tried to prolong the beautiful moments and voraciously drank of the joy that was still to be drunk.

The waiter brought us a second cup of coffee. We sat with our elbows on the table; no one would dare to look at the watch. We conversed in perfect accord; word supplemented and com-

pleted word, never answered or rebuked it.

With profound seriousness we declared that the everyday life was but a crude, unworthy shell of the great true life. True life was Art, and Art was a great Dream. Everydayness with its shrieking, lying colors had no use for dreams, therefore it did everything in its power to press Art out of existence. One yielded to the violent pressure of the commonplace and spent upon it ninety-nine percent of his days. One spent his time upon superficial, trivial things, upon lies. Only now and then, at infrequent happy moments, in some divine hour, the lid is raised from the caliche of one's soul, whereupon the strings of his true being are being strummed upon, stirring within one the finest, the loftiest of feelings—feelings which one could scarcely feel. All of a sudden one's eyes opened wide and he beheld the truth in its charming nakedness. There were but a few of us who had been conceived in such divine moments; and these few of us had our eyes and souls everlastingly open, and the strings in our beings sung without cessation. Everydayness detested us, the common, drab life persecuted us; but we—we artists, we of the chosen few—were sauntering through life with light steps and cheerful countenances. We were going through life discussing our fortune, contemplating and interpreting the truth which we alone were privileged to see and comprehend. Life, the dull, common life, was blubbing words in its stupid nightmare-existence; now and then it uttered vague, meaningless phrases, as though it were only half conscious; and it killed off men like us, who had been born during those rare divine hours, and who alone could see the light that emanated from the source of truth . . .

Unvoluntarily I reached for a newspaper which lay on the table next to ours, and I was instantly filled with overwhelming disgust—I had touched

that unclean, everyday life. At the same time I became aware that the happy moments which I and those like I alone could enjoy were fading away, and I thrilled with apprehension. I thought of the lackadaisical night outside with its silvery half-light, its great fantastic shadows in the streets. . . .

We rose and went out, to wander through the deserted streets and enjoy the wondrousness of the night. A breeze blew, and in the clump of trees in the center of the spacious square was low, subdued rustling of leaves, as the boughs swayed lightly and bowed. But that silvery half-light had vanished from the sky, and a heavy grey fog was beginning to creep upon the city from east and west. People were yet few in the streets; here and there appeared a bent-up figure and presently slung away into some side street. There was something stirring all about us; a mingling of vague, indistinguishable sounds and noises began to assail our ears. . . .

The city—this great, crude beast was yet asleep, but it was starting to wake, opening its drowsy, stupid eyes, bending its creaking back—stirring to another round of everydayness.

Here and there a door squealed on its hinges, a drowsy person in his night-shirt appeared on the treshold, yawned widely, looked around, and then returned inside with slow, lazy steps. From afar came the rumble of wheels. All of a sudden someone nearby called out a name. It was a shrieky, coarse sort of voice, and its sound cut me deeply, as though someone had struck me on the head. Tears came to my eyes and I felt an overwhelming wretchedness. . . . Everydayness was coming on with all its harshness, with all its uncleanness, and the divine spell of our exaltation had passed on as though it had never been. . . .

We stood on the edge of the pavement, sadness and apprehension in our eyes. Then there came toward us a

long line of men in dirty, ragged clothing. Their faces were hard, dark, self-conscious; their hands were heavy and calloused. From their lime-bespattered aprons and blouses we could tell that they were stone-masons on the way to their daily work. They went by us silently, with strong, hard steps. None of them as much as noticed us, except a bent-up, bearded old fellow with a wrinkled, leathery face, who glanced at

us with profound contempt in his eyes, and then spat to one side and went on his way with the others. . . .

We dare not even to look at one another or to press each other's hand as we parted. We felt that we were a silly lot, utterly absurd beside those grimy, self-conscious, horny-handed men, and felt shame burning upon our faces.

Good Halloween Games

"Who Groans?"

Divide the children into two groups — the "funnies" and the "comics." Send the "comics" out into the hall to wait until the "funnies" have donned their masks and formed a line against the wall with a sheet stretched across their bodies. The "comics" enter the room and form a line opposite the "funnies." The leader points a ruler at one of the masked children and asks the first "comic" in line "Who groans?" Whereupon the child to whom she point starts groaning. If the "comic" guesses correctly the masked child must leave the line. If he guesses incorrectly, he is given one more chance. After the second wrong guess he must leave the line. At the end of five or ten minutes, depending upon the size of the group, the two sides change places. Scores are kept and the side which guessed the most correctly is called the winner.

Witch and Cats

One child is selected to be the witch. She wears a paper cap and carries a cane. The others are cats and sit at a table, their hands bent down over their folded arms.

The witch stands in front of the cats with her back turned toward them. Suddenly a cat meows. The witch wheels around to locate the sound. She hobbles up and down the aisles as

muffed cat-calls are heard from different sources. When the witch thinks she has discovered the cat who last meowed, she taps the cat with her cane and sings, "If you are the cat that sang the song, jump on my broom, and we'll travel along." If she guesses correctly, the cat and the witch change places.

Wishing Game

One child is told to make a wish. She is then blindfolded and told to turn around several times. She must stand perfectly still while the bandage is removed from her eyes. If she sees the moon (on the wall) over her left shoulder, her wish will come true. If she sees it over her right shoulder, her wish will not come true. If she sees it directly in front of her, she will receive a gift. If her back is turned to the moon, she will live to be very old. If there are many children, let several of them be blindfolded at one time, for they simply adore this game and will want to play it several times.

Pumpkin Game

Stretch across the room two strings of equal length, upon which have been placed two small tissue paper pumpkins. Starting at one end, each child must blow his pumpkin to the other end of the string and back. The one who accomplishes this first wins.



CHATTER CORNER

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

TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF E. S. LODGES

NEXT month — November — will mark the Tenth Anniversary of the founding of the English Speaking Lodge Movement of the Slovene Benefit Society. This event is of significant importance to the Youth Movement and the entire organization as well.

The first Youth Lodge, rightly and appropriately named 'THE PIONEERS', was organized in Chicago, the home of SNPJ, ten years ago, in November, 1925. Several other Youth Units were organized in the same year in other Jednota Cities, while the next few years, up to 1930, saw the inception of more than sixty Youth Lodges located in various cities, towns and hamlets. At present, there are more than EIGHTY such units with a total membership of several thousands young men and young women, as well as a neat number of Juveniles. And were it not for the devastating forces of the economic depression, we can safely say that the number of lodges and members would have been easily doubled or even trebled.

We salute the energetic Pioneers, the first and largest E. S. unit of the SNPJ, now numbering well over 500 members in both departments. Our sincere fraternal greetings and congratulations upon the completion of their first very successful decade! Our best wishes for a continued progress and new laurels as true sons and daughters of their pioneering fathers and for even a greater and better workers' fraternal society in the future!

* * *

PRIZE CONTEST

The Prize Contest, as announced in these columns last month, is open to every boy and girl member of the SNPJ. Read the contest instructions on the back cover of this issue and send in your Contest Letter as soon as possible. Thank you.

THE EDITOR

JUNIOR COMRADES

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I have transferred from Lodge Naprej No. 5, SNPJ, to the Juvenile Class of Lodge Comrades. Our branch meetings are held at the Bath House every third Sat. in the month at 2 p. m. Refreshments are served after the meeting.

Our officers are: Jack Vehar, president; Josephine Smole, vice pres.; Edward Mozek,

secretary, and Mary Derenda, recording secretary. Our supervisors are Otto Tekautz and Pauline Spik. We are named "Little Comrades." Our dues to be paid once a month are as follows:

From 6 months to 10 years, 18c.

From 11 years to 14 years, 22c.

From 15 years to 16 years, 25c.

We are trying to get as many members as we can. If you are not already a member,

come and join so you, too, can enjoy the pleasant times that we have. Among the enjoyable times that we younger folks have already had were swimming at the St. Clair Bath House, games and a party. I hope to see many new members at the next meeting.

Mary Vehar,

5335 Superior ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Our school started Sept. 3, as most of them did. During the summer vacation I had lots of fun picking strawberries and other berries, swimming and fishing. I also helped my Dad work in the garden which almost dried up for lack of rain.—Here's a riddle: What word is there of five letters that by taking away two letters leaves one?—Answer: St-one.—Will write more next time.

Frank Zveglic, Arcadia, Kans.

* *

Dear Readers:—

I would like to tell you in this my first letter in the M. L. that I like to read this magazine very much. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I have two brothers and five sisters. My father died seven years ago. I haven't been anywhere for my vacation this year nor any other year before. I will write more the next time. Best regards.

Verna Demshar,

49 Reiter rd., Universal, Pa.

* *

INTERESTING NEWS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

At last, vacation time is over and we are all going back to school to study. Usually during the summer time, the letters to the Mladinski List decrease a good bit. Now, since we are all back from our vacations, there should be more interesting and longer letters. Give a few hours of your time to write a letter to the Mladinski List, either in Slovene or English.

I want to thank those who wrote to me in answer to my request. May our correspondence last for a long while.

August seemed to be one of the busiest months. I attended many of the picnics given by the lodges of the SNPJ. The picnic given by Lodge McKinley on the 25th of August proved a success. This was the lodge's second picnic this year and both were successes.

Since school began, there is more news and interesting things happening. We have had many interesting assemblies and at one of them, a former student of McKinley high school spoke of his experiences at Oxford University. He gave the comparison of an

English university to an American university. Some of the things he told us about Oxford University seemed rather odd to us since it is not done in the American universities.

The football team of our school has done some good practicing and their first game was against Cleveland Lincoln school on September 21. I am boosting for McKinley high just as I am boosting for the SNPJ.

Since the basketball season is coming on, I will be very busy doing my schoolwork and playing on the basketball team. There are teams organized at school, but the girls do not play any outside team. Maybe in the future, the girls' team will play opposite other schools.

In conclusion, I would like to say that I want to see some letters from Canton. Cantonites, are you asleep? Molly, why don't you write a letter to the Mladinski List? And for you other SNPJers, the same thing.

Best regards to all.

Dorothy Vitavec,

1614 Sherrick S. E., Canton, Ohio.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade; this is my first letter to the wonderful Juvenile Magazine, the Mladinski List. Our school has started Sept. 3. I have three teachers; I like them all. We take cooking and sewing lessons in our school. My sister and I walk two and a half miles to school.—My oldest brother got married Aug. 31. We danced at his wedding two days and two nights. We had a wonderful time. My brother works in Detroit, Mich., and that's where they will make their home. Boy! I wish I lived there. Mr. Mihacic furnished the music at the wedding; he did very well. I met his daughter, Anna, and now we write to each other. She also writes to the M. L. But no one ever writes to the M. L. from Belmont. Best regards to all.

Fanny Bokulich,

Box 41, Belmont, Ohio.

* *

LOCAL NEWS

Dear Members:—

It is about two years since I have written to this wonderful magazine. When I read it, it reminds me of our local daily newspaper, because there is so much news in it from all over the United States.

The mines here worked every day the week of Sept. 15-22. That sort of pleased most of the men, but they are now at rest again. A mine out here (No. 11) has been opened lately, which was closed since 1915. It takes about 3 minutes to come to this mine from

our place. My father and my oldest brother work in it.

There was plenty of rain out here the whole year round. If there were any floods I don't know, because we live on a steep hill and the water can't come to us.

What happened to **Dorothy Fink** and **Frank Miklaucich**? I don't see their letters in so often now. Maybe they have the "sleeping sickness"? Well, I hope not, anyhow, for I really enjoy reading their letters.

I hope some members would spend their spare time dropping me a few lines.

I send my best to all.

Mildred Likovich, Box 137, Lloydell, Pa.

* *

IN JUNIOR SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—

In reply to **Dorothy Fink's** letter, I'm writing to the M. L. this month. I am not a regular contributor to the M. L., but in the future I will try to be a steadfast and loyal "pen-mate."

I'm a Junior in school and have more work to do than in former school years and my work may keep me from writing monthly.

As for your questions, **Dorothy**, I still remember you, but as you were in the grades. If I were to meet you, as you are now, I'm afraid I wouldn't know you. Write me and tell me all about yourself. I love to write letters and will answer them.

My parents and I motored to Cleveland for the "Fourth." We had a splendid time visiting our friends and places of interest in Cleveland. We visited the beautiful W. T. A. M. Studios, the Terminal Tower and the Public Square. I liked the Cleveland Stadium the best of all. It is a huge place with a seating capacity of 80,000 people. I saw the bicycle races which were broadcasted over the air through WTAM.

The Stadium is located on the lake front, where it can get the full benefit of the invigorating lake breezes. A photography plane flew over and took picture of the Stadium while two army planes saluted the Stadium. I hated to leave Cleveland, but time did not permit a longer stay.

I also visited South Park, near Pittsburgh, for the County Fair. It was the first sight of the sort I ever witnessed. The most interesting building was the Museum. In it I saw a bedroom Lincoln used while staying at a hotel in Pittsburgh. I also saw an exhibit by the Junior Airmen. It consisted of model planes built by its members. Another inter-

esting feature was the Home exhibit, consisting of needle arts.

In closing I would like to ask the M. L. readers to write me. I promise to answer all of your letters. I would like to hear from the Western members and the so-called "air-minded."

I remain,

A Juvenile Member,

Dorothy Podbesek,
R. D. No. 2, Belle Vernon, Pa.

Contest Letters

Dear Editor:—

I want to become an active member of the SNPJ because my father used to tell me when he was sick that the SNPJ is the best benefit organization. And when I get old enough I am going to work for the SNPJ. I expect to learn many things from the Mladinski List and Prosveta. If it happens that I get sick and if I am a member in good standing, I hope to get sick benefit just like any other member of our family. I am a member of Lodge 121.

Edward Bernick,
15868 Petoskey, Detroit, Mich.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ, because it is one of the largest and richest Slovene organizations in the United States. They pay more sick benefits than any other organization and longer. All operation claims are paid honestly according to the by-laws of the SNPJ. I am proud of the SNPJ and am a member of Lodge 448 since I was six months old. Now I am in the SNPJ for more than twelve years and am now going on my fourteenth year.

Sylvia Tomec,
602 Orange ave., Johnstown, Pa.

* *

Dear Readers:—

I am writing this letter to get a prize from the SNPJ. Here is my letter for the contest:

I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ when I become of the prescribed age, because the SNPJ is a good fraternal organization, because it offers good times through its lodges at their affairs, and because it is the most popular organization of its kind in Cleveland. I expect to attend all its picnics and have good times, as well as to receive many benefits from the SNPJ.

Raymond Phillips,
22275 Beckford ave., Euclid, O.

LODGE 278

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I hope it will not be the last. I haven't seen a letter from Leadville for a long time and so decided to write; maybe the rest of them might wake up.

I am twelve years of age and go to Ninth st. school. I have five teachers and they all are very nice.

There are six of us in the family and we all belong to SNPJ Lodge 278. My dad is the Sec'y.

Mary Gruden,
Box 119, Leadville, Colo.

* *

LODGE 317

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my third letter to the M. L. I like to read it very much. I am 13 years of age and in the 8th grade in the White Valley school. My teacher's name is Mr. Hilty. He is a good teacher. I have 3 sisters and 2 brothers. My brother is in the 11th grade at the Franklin high school. My sister is in the 3rd grade. My smaller brother will go to school next year.

The SNPJ Lodge 317 had a picnic at Supancic's farm which I attended. I sure had a good time at the picnic. I went to the Oakmont motor boat race at Pittsburgh last summer to see the race and had a very good time.

Jennie M. Beniger,
R. D. 1, Export, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am very glad school is here.

This is my fourth letter to the M. L. I am in the fourth grade and nine years old. My teacher is Miss Cusic. I like her very much. I like to go to the Slovenski Dom with my father and mother. We have a balina game and my father likes to play it.

Best regards to all. Anna Grobin,
Broughton, Pa.

OCTOBER

SUMMER sunset in reflection,
Moonlight silver shimmering clear,
Brilliant colors, art defying—
Autumntime is here.
Golden in her magic splendor,
Think you not it is divine?
Matchless, radiant and resplendent!
These are riches—yours and mine.

TRY THESE RIDDLES

What has two legs and cannot walk?
Washboard.

How does a goose resemble a cow's tail?
Both grow down.

What kind of tongue is that which frequently hurts and grieves you, and yet does not speak a word?

The tongue of your shoe.

When does a sailor take least room in a ship?

When he sleeps in his watch.

Why are books your best friends?

Because when you are bored, you can shut them up without any offense.

When does a criminal resemble an old book?

When he is bound over.

Why is there no whole day?

Because every one starts by day-break.

What is the most ocular punishment?
Eeye lashes.

Why is a four-quart measure like a woman's saddle? **Because it holds a gall-on.**

Why is an Eastern perfume a wireless message? **Because it is "scent" from afar.**

"Daddy, was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?"

"I never heard that he was. Why do you ask?"

"Well, it says here that at the end of his day's work he sat down on his chest."

