

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Anna P. Krasna:

Pomlad v naši ulici

OTROCI so začeli suvati frnikule po tlaku
in risati črte v krogih in kvadratih;
stare ženice so postavile lončke bolehnih cvetlic
na zunanje police oken,
beli in črni starci so prišetali na solnce
in so se smehljali sami pri sebi,
kakor da so zopet za hip zajeli nekaj
že davno minulega.
Tako smo se sredi mrzličnega pehanja
za vsakdanjim kruhom nenadno zavedli,
da je zopet prišla v deželo pomlad!—
In čez noč so se zdramile v stoterih srcih
stotere pomladi.
Od dolge zime zategnjeni obrazi
so se nasmejali,
vsakdanji hladni pozdravi pa so se spremenili
v tople besede o solnčnih dneh.

IVAN VUK:

OD RIMA DO ADDIS ABEBE

TISOČ nepoznanih žen
blodi skozi mrko noč
TISOČ nepoznanih žen
blodi skozi mrko noč,
v grozi jim obraz je nem,
njih korak ves klecajoč.

Tisoč zmučenih vojnov
tam leži razbitih senc
strtih od vihre tankov.

(Po pesmi Petra Sloka)

Tisoč mater je nosečih,
prepojenih z obupom,
s strašnim tem duševnim strupom.

Tisoč bo otrok jokalo,
"očka," "očka," v noč klicalo
in ljudi povpraševalo:
"Kdaj se očka bo povrnil,
bedo, glad in strah prepodil?"

JELKA VUK:

NOČ

NOČ je legla na zemljo,
v plašč zakrila vse nebo.

Zvezdice pa izpod plašča
kukale so nagajivo
in migljale prav vablljivo
očarljivo na zemljo.

Mesec pa kot kakšna obla,
— pozlačena in zabuhla —
vzplaval tam je izza ogla
in poredno se režal;
nič mu to ni bilo mar,
če ob zvezdo se v nemar

je zadel, spodtaknil —
fantovsko naprej jadral,
kavalirstvo — kaj mu mar.

Slavček v gozdu je pa pel,
mično sladko gostolel,
a potoček mimo breze
v sanje sladke zatopljene
tak pravljичno žuborel,
da je sen me vso prevzel . . .

Ko pa zarja vsa rdeča
je na vzhodu zasvetila,
zemlja vsa je izpočita
v novi dan se prebudila.

* * *

POMLAD

KO pomlad je prepodila
zimo mrko,
zemljo z zimskih sanj vzbudila,
nežno, mehko poljubila,
zemlja se je pomladila
v plašč se mični ogrnila,
da je za nevesto svojo
sonce si jo izvolilo.

Zvonček beli je zazvonil:
"cingl cin, cingl cin!"
A glas senice se glasil:
"cicifuj, cicifuj,
zvonček beli,
vsi tako smo te veseli —
cicifuj!"

Zvonček pa je: "cingl cin",
vneto dan na dan zvonil,
vse cvetice prebudil:
"cingl cin, cingl cin!"

Očka moj se je obril,
"hej," je vzkriknil, se umil,
"Spet sem, glej, se pomladil!"

Milan Medvešek:

Starček išče sina

1.

Iz clevelandske ulične na Deveti cesti in St. Clairjevi ulici je z velikim naporom izstopil neki starček, se boječe ozrl po avtomobilih, nato pa previdno krenil proti Rockwellovi ulici, k poslopju Pressa. Bilo je očitno, da so ga noge še komaj nosile in tudi naduha ga je mučila.

Pred poslopjem je kar mrgolelo mladih časopisarjev, ki so z veliko nestrpnostjo čakali izida časopisa, da z njim hitro poplavijo mesto in zaslužijo nekaj kvodrékov. Toda nestrpnost jih je takoj minila, ko so zagledali starčka, ki je bil njih stari znanec.

"Stari' prihaja!" je zašumelo med njimi. "Zopet bomo 'zaslužilži' nekaj desetic!" so se muzali razposajeni časopisarji in rdečelas mladenič, ki je bil najbolj glasen med njimi, je pojasnjeval tovarišu-novincu, zakaj se tako vesele obiska starega moža.

"Starec je prismuknjen . . . Obišče nas vsak mesec in porazdeli nekaj desetic ter prosi, naj mu poiščemo njegovega sina, ki je pobegnil še pred desetimi leti. Seveda ga vlečemo za nos in se mu lažemo, da poznamo njegovega Franka, dasiravno ga ni še nihče izmed nas videl."

"Mister, dajte dime (desetico), mister, dajte deset centov, pa bomo našli vašega sina!" so kričali vsi vprek in moleli roke pred njega.

Stari mož se je z muko odkašljeval, ko pa je prišel k sapi, je vprašal s hripavim, zatikajočim se glasom:

"Ali še res niste našli mojega Franka?" nakar ga je ponovno popadel kašelj.

"Poiskali ga bomo, prav gotovo ga bomo našli!" so mu sveto obljubljali in silili vanj, naj jim da denar.

Starček izvleče iz notranjega žepa

površnika starokrajski mošniček in prične s tresočo se roko deliti desetice ter skoraj z jokom gvori:

"Povejte mojemu fantu, da nisem nič hud nanj, nikoli več ga ne bom zmerjal in tudi denar za kino mu bom dal. Povejte mu, da sem ga v srcu vedno rad imel, toda besede so drugače govorile kakor srce . . ."

Tu je starčka ponovno napadla naduha in solze so mu pričele polzeti po razozranih licih.

Žalostna slika in zgodba ubogega moža sta ganili nekatere časopisarje, zato so mu hoteli vrniti denar, toda on ga ni maral, marveč je dejal:

"Kaj mi če denar? . . . Le imejte ga, samo da mi poiščete mojega Franka," nakar je žalostno, s podrsajočimi koraki odklamal proti čakališču ulične železnice, medtem ko so njegovi mladi znanci sočutno zrli za njim in tisti trenotek bi prav gotovo vse storili, če bi bila kakšna možnost najti izgubljenega sina.

2.

Izidor Sever ali 'stari', kot so ga imenovali časopisarji, je bil pred leti močan, delaven in soliden mož. Imel je trgovino z grocerijo in mesom. Oženil se je že v poznih letih, toda žena mu je umrla že na prvem porodu. Nekaj časa je silno žaloval za njo, potem pa je našel tolažbo v delu in svojem sinu. Živel je samo za otroka, za ostali svet se ni brigal, in prav to je pokopalo njega in sina-edinca. Ameriškega življenja ni poznal, ni hotel poznati, kajti vse, kar se je godilo okoli njega, se mu je zdelo nezdravo, pokvarjeno, nevarno zanj kakor tudi za sina. Strah pred tem življenjem, pred norišnico, kot je često imenoval Ameriko, ga je napravil zakrknjenega proti vsemu, kar je "dišalo po ameriškem". na njegovo ve-

liko jezo pa je vse "dišalo po ameriškem" z njegovim sinom vred.

Sinček Frankie je hitro rasel in razumljivo — kmalu je prišlo med njima do nesporazuma. Oče je pričakoval in zahteval od sina vse preveč. Frankie se ni smel niti ganiti z doma. Šola, delo, spanje, to je bilo vse njegovo življenje. Kino je bil zanj nevaren, igranje baseballa še bolj, družba s tovariši njegovih let kvarna. Toda deček se je pričel z vsakim dnevom bolj upirati strogemu, nerazumnemu očetu, in ga pričel celo nadlegovati za denar. Razumljivo, oče ga je silno nahrulil.

"Zasluži si denar!" je rohnal. "Ko sem bil jaz tvojih let, sem si sam služil kruh, bil sem že za hlapca, tebi pa ni drugega mar kot baseball, kino in postopanje — slišal sem, da mečeš tudi kocke!"

Frankie je trepetal pred očetom kakor bilka in naravno, da je že zdavnaj prišel do zaključka, da je njegov "stari" skopuh, hudoben človek, ki se na ničesar drugega ne razume kot na denar, njega pa sovraži in mu ne privošči nobenega veselja, zato ga ni več prosil za denar, marveč je rajši iskal prilike in mu ga izmikal.

Nekega večera, ko je Frankie precej pozno prišel domov, je bilo očetu več kot preveč. Najprvo ga je prav pošteno naklestil, potem pa mu je držal svojo običajno pridigo:

"Jaz zate skrbim, zato sem tudi tvoj gospodar! Povem ti, če me ne boš ubogal, potem se mi še nocoj poberi iz hiše!"

Frankie je drugi dan resnično izginil.

Stari Sever, ki se mu ni niti sanjalo, da je bilo sinu njegove tiranije že preveč, kaj takega ni pričakoval. Od same žalosti se je skoraj skozi noč spremenil v starca. Čutil je, da bo brez sina mrtev, pa če živi še sto let.

Preteklo je teden, toda o sinu ni bilo še nobenega sledu, kmalu nato pa mu je prišlo na uho, da so ga zadnjič videli pri jezeru. Severju se je vse zavrtilo

pred očmi. Zaprl je kar sredi dneva trgovino in pričel brez cilja tavati po ulicah. Na ulici ga je srečal znanec Zrimšek in ga vprašal po sinu.

"Kaj vprašuješ po falotu . . . Naj se potepa, saj ni nič prida — kot ni v splošnem nič prida ta divjaška ameriška mladina!" se je skoraj zadril nad radovednim znancem.

Čez nekaj dni pa je Zrimšek zagledal Frankieja v downtownu, kjer je prodajal časopis, in takoj o tem sporočil očetu.

Sever je ravno spal, ko potrka na vrata Zrimšek.

"Sever, tvojega sina sem videl v mestu."

Ko Sever zapopade, da gre za sina, plane iz postelje kot brez uma in nestrpno, proseče sili vanj:

"Povej, povej, kje si ga videl, kje? Ali je še živ? Govori, lepo te prosim!"

"Fant v mestu časopis prodaja, spi pa v nekem tovornem avtomobilu," mu pove Zrimšek.

Severju zažari obraz od brezmejnega sreče, kakor da bi mu kdo podaril njegovo lastno življenje in ponosno reče:

"Vidiš, vidiš! Kdo bi si mislil, da si zna sam kruh služiti, ko mu je komaj petnajst let! . . . Kajne, Zrimšek, ta moj Frank je tič, da mu ga ni para!"

Oče je še tisti dan najdel izgubljenega sina in ga pripeljal domov. Spočetka sta se dobro razumela, toda kmalu se je ponovila stara "igra". Oče ga je še huje pestil, še bolj pazil nanj in mu pripovedoval še bolj žalostne zgodbe o stari domovini, kjer je služil za pastirja in par škornjev nosil pet let, medtem ko dvijaška ameriška mladina zahteva vsak mesec novo obutev in obleko — in nekega lepega dne je sin ponovno pobegnil od očeta.

Od tedaj je minilo že deset let. Stari Sever se je zaprl v svojo hišo in se skoraj v žalosti utopil. Polagoma pa se mu je omračil um in sedaj ne misli na drugega kakor na Frankieja, enkrat na mesec pa se lepo obleče, napolni de-

narnico z deseticami in se odpelje k časopisarjem, kajti dobro se spominja, da je bil nekoč tudi Frankie med njimi, toda do sedaj ga še ni našel.

Kdo ve, kje se je Frankie izgubil? Očetova navidezna trdosrčnost in ne-

razumevanje svojega "ameriškega" sina sta pognali mladeniča prezgodaj v svet, morda pod kolesje avtomobila, morda med zločince, medtem ko zapuščeni oče žalostno vprašuje:

"Ali ste videli mojega Franka? . . ."

Anna Krasna:

Cene v barvah

(Iz zbirke "Med hribi".)

V AVGUSTU, ko je bila vročina v Claytonu najhujša, so se Klančnikovi selili. Klančnik, Boštjan, Vide in Cene so pustili delo nekaj ur prej kot navadno, da so pomagali s selitvijo. Saj ni bilo kaj posebnega, toda, kakor je rekel Boštjan, šare se kmalu nabere in nekaj te šare je pripadalo celo njemu in Cenetu, ki sta bila, preden sta prišla h Klančnikom, pečlarja. Zato sta pomagala s selitvijo.

Vide je pomagal zgolj iz sentimentalnih razlogov. V starem kraju je vozil bale in zato ga je prevažanje pohištva spominjalo na lepe čase v stari domovini, kakor je dejal. Da bi bili spomini še živejši, je nabral nekje nekaj zelenega ter s tem okinčal zgarana konja, ki pa sta imela malo smisla za parade — zelenjavo sta prav kmalu drug drugemu pohrustala z vratu, kar je dalo Boštjanu povod za neusmiljeno zbijanje šal na Videtov račun.

Delo pa je šlo seveda vseeno ročno spod rok. Voznik se je vrnil v tretje, da pobere vse, kar niso mogli stlačiti v prejšnja tovara. Treba je bilo torej skrbno pregledati vse kote in stene, da bi kod ne ostala kaka vrednota. Boštjan, ki je bil visok, je pobiral dol sten-

ske koledarje in cenene dolarske slike ter povečane fotografije starokrajskih mater, očetov, bratov itd. Ko je prišel do povečane slike Ceneta, ga je prišla poredna muha.

— Glej ga, Franc Jožefovega topničarja, se je zahetel sam pri sebi ter jel iskati kladivo in žebelj. Potem se je prepričal, če je varno izvesti nakanu, ki mu je obvisela v možganih. Videč, da je brez skrbi, je poiskal še primeren košček oglja, nato pa zavil s sliko proti zadnji strani kolibe. Ko se je vrnil, mu je igral na obrazu tako zadovoljen izraz, da ga je Lojzka vprašala, če ni morda kaj neumnega nakuhal.

"Viš jo," se je zarežal, "še jaz naj bi kuhal, saj kuha vročina dovolj."

"Tebi ni nič zaupati," je menila Lojzka.

Boštjan se je namrdnil, si potegnil s pisanim robcem preko obraza, se je sklonil do igrajočega se Janka na tleh ter mu poščegetal podbradek, nato pa modro naznanil, da bo šel to pot on z voznikom. Klančniku je bilo prav.

"All right," je dejal, "pojdeva pa midva z Lojzko na karo."

Boštjanu je ugajalo. Splezal je na

sedež poleg voznika in takoj pričel tretji kraški humor v zlomljeni in trdi angleščini. Voznik se je krohotal in štrcal konja pa čikal v obe smeri, da so otroci bežali stran s poti kakor pred nevihto. Domovgredoči majnerji so dvigali roke v pozdrav in Boštjan je slednjemu kakšno zabelil.

Pred salunom sta srečala Videta in Ceneta, ki sta se baš odpravljala h kolibam.

"Jeli vse končano?" je vprašal Vide.

"Vse," je rekel Boštjan in gledal malomarno naprej po umazani ulici.

"Pa ste sneli moj pičer s stene?" se je naenkrat domislil Cene, ki je v svoji žeji čisto pozabil na svojo povečano fotografijo.

"Je vse v redu, vse," ga je mirno zagotovil Boštjan, voznik pa je močneje štrcnil po konjih, ker se je bal, da se še onadva skopljeta na voz.

Vide in Cene sta hitela proti barju, ker sta pustila površnike v kolibi. Že zdaleč sta opazila, da se zbira okrog kolibe radovedna gruča barskega prebivalstva. Ugibala sta čemu, a je bila uganka rešene še prenašlo za Ceneta, ki je kmalu opazil pozlačen okvir na zunanji steni kolibe.

"Moj pičer," je dejal polglasno, kot bi si sam nerad verjel in ko je videl, da se ni motil, je zarobantil kakor medved ter glasno zmerjal frdamanega Kraševca.

Jeza ga je gnala, da je divjal kakor podmornica in mu je Vide komaj sledil. Z ognjegaško naglico sta oba skočila med zijala, da brž snameta sliko. Tudi Klančnik je prišel okrog kolibe z istim namenom in Cene je skočil vanj kakor gad:

"Zdaj se mujaš, ko so se že narezali . . . glej, vidiš, kaj je napisal, hudič kraški, da bi ga — — — u! Jako me jezi, u! Str —" Ubogi Cene je kar pljuval od jeze.

Klančnik je prebral napis pod sliko: "General Cene, poveljnik barja."

Z drugimi vred se je smejal. Cene pa je, kot se spodobi topničarju, naskočil steno, snel svoj pičer pa odvihral z Videtom za petami z barja proti postaji ulične. Gruča otrok je sledila obema in oba sta jih podila nazaj.

"Prokleti paglavci," je brundal Vide, ki mu je bilo nerodno, zakaj zdelo se mu je zmirom, da je od vseh Klančnikovih boardarjev on najbolj "po-amerikanjen."

"Paglavci, Kraševce, zijala, vse . . . proketo vse skupaj," je sikal Cene in stezal vrat v smer, odkoder naj bi privozila električna.

Po nekaj minutah mučnega čakanja sta bila rešena nerodnega položaja. S topničarjem v barvah na kolenih sta se peljala proti Coalvillu. In že na postaji sta srečala Boštjana.

"Kaj vlečeta?" ju je pozdravil in nedolžno puhnil dim skozi nos.

"Kaj!? Da bi te . . . grrr . . ." Cene je bil raztogoten preko besed. Boštjan pa je imel zmirom srečo. V hipu, ko se je hotel Cene zapoditi vanj, je privozila električna in Boštjan se je spretno zagugal med vrati.

"No, zdaj je menda vse zmufano, kaj Cene?"

"Le čakaj . . . hu — — zdrobim te, stolčem te, st . . ."

Selitev pa je bila z dostavitvijo topničarja Ceneta v barvah vendarle res pri kraju.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

KALMAN SOKOL

PROLETARCI VELEMESTA

Ivan Jontez:

Pismo s ceste sv. Daniela

(Drugo pismo)

KO sem pisala zadnjič svoje prvo pismo, je koledar sicer že kazal pomlad, ki pa se je mudila še kdove kje, kajti dnevi so bili pustni in mrzli kot pozimi. Zdaj je drugače. Vesna—mama mi je nekoč povedala, da se je tako imenovala boginja pomladi naših davnih prednikov—je naposled vendarle pregnala odurno staro zimo ter priklicala iz tal novo življenje, zelenje in cvetje. Jaz sem tega tako vesela. Zime sem bila že do grla sita. Pozimi mora človek skoro vedno čepeti v hiši, zlasti če nima tople obleke in obutve, da bi se uspešno zoprstavljal šklepetajočemu mrazu. In čepeti v naši hiši je tako žalostno.

Včeraj dopoldne me je mama poslala k teti Agati, da ji nekaj sporočim. Dan je bil lep, nebo višnjevo in brez oblačka, solnce veselo in toplo. Domov se mi ni mudilo, pa sem nazaj grede celo uro brezciljno tavalala po naših predmestnih ulicah. Oči so se mi pasle na pomladni lepoti, kolikor je je uklenjene med asfaltom in betonom našega predmestja. Beli, rožni in rumeni tulipani so se rahlo priklanjali vetrcu, ki je božajoč bežal preko zelenih trat pred hišami ter se zapletal v nove spomladanske plašče grmičev in dreves ob ulicah. Tako prijetno je bilo lagodno stopati med temi tratami, vrtiči in drevesi in sanjati. Samo solnce, zelenje in cvetje. Dima, ki se neprestano vali iz železniških lokomotiv na izogibalšču Newyorške osrednje železnice, katero se nahaja v našem predmestju, in iz tovarniških dimnikov, sploh nisem videla.

“Da bi vedno bilo tako lepo,” sem si želela.

Sempatja sem naletela na otroke, ki so se igrali, kar me je za hip iztrgalo iz lepih sanj. Na Sto in sedemdeseti sem srečala starega moža, ki je revno

oblečen žalostnega obraza drsal po trdem pločniku in ni prav nič spadal v lepo pomladno sliko. Morda je bil bolan. V njegovih udrtih očeh sem opazila nekaj bolnega, bolečega. Ko je bil mimo mene, sem se nenadoma spomnila mojega očeta. Nekaj težkega se mi je uleglo na srce.

Ubogi oče. Ko sva bili z materjo zadnjič pri njem, si je želel pomladi, da bi še enkrat užival ob pogledu nanjo ter vsrkaval vase njen sveži vzduh. Želja se mu je izpolnila. V kratkem se bo vrnil iz bolnišnice. Toda kakšen? Zdravniki pravijo, da ne bo več za rabo—za nobeno delo. Ves se je prevzdignil in pokvaril, ko je garal za gospodarja naše ulice. Nikdar več ne bo zdrav. Če pomislim, kako krepak mož je bil še pred kakimi tremi leti, se mi stori milo. Tako reven je sedaj, kost in koža, neznanško utrujen obraz in globoko udrte oči, ki so tako žalostne . . .

In pomislite: ta človek, za katerega je moj oče tako trdo delal, da si je uničil zdravje, nas sedaj goni iz svoje hiše! Stanarine ne moremo plačati, oče pa ne more več garati zanj, zato nas goni na cesto. Mati pravi temu ironija. Ne vem, kaj ta beseda pomeni, toda prida gotovo ne, če pove vse to, kar je doletelo očeta in nas. Zdravje si je uničil siromak s pretrdim delom, da bi imeli streho nad glavo, zdaj ga pa človek, za katerega se je ubijal, več noče poznati in njegovo družino hoče vreči na cesto!

Zakaj je moral moj ubogi oče delati za tako grdega človeka? Sicer pravi mama, da so vsi ljudje, ki dajejo delo drugim ljudem, enako grdi, ali meni to ne gre v glavo. Kako more biti človek tako grd z drugimi ljudmi? Jaz ne bi mogla tako grdo ravnati z ljudmi, ki bi

delali zame. Dobra bi bila z njimi in ljubezniva. Zakaj niso tudi ti ljudje—mama jih imenuje kapitaliste—taki? Zakaj ni naš gospodar dober z nami? Ali morda niso ljudje kot mi? Ali so morda res brezdušne pošasti, kakor pravi mama, kadar ji je hudo in joka?

Ah, tako težke uganke nam stavi življenje, da jih moja mlada glavica nikakor ne more doumeti. Da bi že skoro postala velika, da bi lažje razumela te zamotane reči.—

Mama zdaj išče drugo stanovanje. Pa je večkrat objokana. "Beračev ne marajo nikjer," pravi in v njenih solzah je srd. Sosedje in znanci jo tolažijo, da bo že dobila kaj primernega, gotovo še kaj boljšega kot imamo sedaj. Jaz verjamem to. Saj na slabše ne moremo več priti. In mene tudi nič ne žalosti, da se bomo morali seliti. Prav gotovo bomo dobili stanovanje v lepši ulici, kakor je ta grda črna cesta sv. Daniela. O, prav nič je ne bom pogrešala in nikdar več ne bo moja noga stopila nanjo, da se je le končno rešimo.

Tudi moji bratci in sestrice se vesele selitve, vsi skupaj se pa čudimo, zakaj se tudi mama ne veseli tega, zakaj je zdaj tako slabe volje, zdaj žalostna zdaj jezna. Vesela bi morala biti, da bomo naposled prišli iz tega dima, saj in do ogabnosti grdih sob drugam, kjer bo gotovo lepše in prijetnejše.

Johnny, ki se je rodil dve leti kasneje kot jaz, ugiblje, ali bomo našli tudi v novem stanovanju toliko ščurkov kot jih je bilo tukaj. Vse črno jih je bilo. Pa smo jih spravili večinoma v kraj, samo nekaj jih je ostalo, "Za pleme," se je nekoč pošalil oče, ko je bil še zdrav. S temi preostalimi ščurki je imel Johnny mnogo zabave: s kakim žebljem jih je bezal iz njihovih skrivališč, potem se je pa igral z njimi kot mačka z mišjo, dokler se ni naveličal ter črnuha nabodel na trsko ali žebelj. In zdaj se falot

boji, da bo ob to zabavo. Ti otroci, kakšni so!—

Zadnjič je dobil iz špranje v kuhinji tolstega ščurka, ki se je na vse pretege trudil, da bi mu ušel, toda zaman, Johnny mu ni dal uiti. "Viš, Dora, tale ščurek je tak kot naš gospodar: samo žre, od sebe pa noče ničesar dati!" mi je rekel porednež na moč resno. 'Ampak zdaj je v moji oblasti. Ga vidiš, kako se poti od smrtne groze? Ušel bi rad zasluženi kazni, pa ne bo. Le počasi, črnuh, tako se nisva zgovorila! Na, grdoba!'

Pod žebljem v Johnnyjevi roki je zahrustalo, črnuh je vztrepetal in po njem je bilo. Johnny se je oddahnil ter se čudno nasmehnil, kakor bi bil storil kdove kaj važnega. Jaz sem pa zbežala ven. Gnusil se mi je strti črnuh. In upam, da jih v novem stanovanju ne bomo nič našli. Studijo se mi. Prav tako, kakor se mi studi naš grdi gospodar, ta sključena, izžeta pokveka, kakor mu pravi mama, ki ga je sama lakota in pohlepnost. Sicer pa nemara ščurki sploh ne zaslužijo, da jih tako preziramo in preganjamo, saj nikomur nič nočejo, le živeti se jim hoče, kakor nam.

Nemara je res škoda, da ni bil oni ščurek, ki je končal pod Johnnyjevim žebljem, res—naš gospodar. Ne vem, ali bi se mi kaj smilil. Toliko hudega je prizadejal mojemu ubogemu očetu in nam vsem.

P. S.—Mama se je pravkar vrnila odnekod in v njenih očeh je živahnejši blesk kot navadno in tudi njen obraz je ves drugačen, veselejši. Da bo nemara dobila delo v tovarni, pravi vzhičeno. "Otročički, če bo šlo po sreči, ne bomo več živeli v takihle plesnivih lunjah!" pravi.

Da bi se zgodilo tako. Tako rada bi, da bi zopet živeli kot se spodobi za ljudi.

Kakšen je bil prvi človek

V JUŽNOAMERIŠKI Patagoniji so pred leti našli okamenelo človeško lobanjo. To je napotilo razne učenjake, da so jeli živahno razpravljati o prvem človeku.

Kdo in kakšen je bil prvi človek na svetu? Zaenkrat je na to vprašanje še nemogoče določno odgovoriti. Približno pa lahko ugotovimo dobo prvega človeka in črto njegovega razvoja.

Gotovo je, da se je prvi človek rodil, ko Himalajsko gorovje še ni dvigalo svojih vršacev iz velikih brazd nepreglednega skalovja. Šele v dobi, ko so se začeli oblikovati gorski vrhovi, so se severnejši kraji ločili od tropskih. Polagoma je izginjalo obilje, pa tudi bujnost gozdov. Opice so bile prisiljene ostaviti svoja bivališča na drevju. Začele so iskati zavetja v duplinah in jamah ter so si jele tudi same graditi zatočišča. Namesto s sadjem so se začele prehranjevati z ribami in drugimi živalmi.

To lahko sklepamo iz naravnega razvoja. Ničesar pa ne vemo o načinu življenja opic, o njihovih navadah ter njihovih praoblikah. V zadnjem času raziskuje neka ameriška družba v Mongoliji, kjer upa izslediti razne tajne predhistoričnega človekovega življenja.

Pred 45 leti so našli na otoku Javi lobanjo in čeljust, o katerima se domneva, da sta najstarejša izsledka, ki potrjujeta obstoj človeškega rodu. Iz te lobanje in čeljusti je razvidno, da je bil človek v pradavni dobi bitje nizkega čela, podobno opici, tako da so ga po vsej pravici imenovali *Pithecanthropus erectus*, po naše povedano, pokončna človeška opica. A ta "človeška opica" je za nas še vedno neznano bitje—zagonetna številka, katere ne znamo razčleniti.

Več nego o tej najdbi vemo o piltornski lobanji, katero so pred leti odkrili v Sussexu. Najdba pripada po

sodbi strokovnjakov pleistocenski dobi, ki sega deset in desettisočletja nazaj. Tudi belgijske, francoske in nemške jame nam nudijo mnogo zanimive tvarine za proučevanje prvotnih prebivalcev evropskega kontinenta. V Neanderthalu blizu Duesseldorfa so izsledili okostje človeka, o katerem se da reči nekaj pozitivnega. V primeri z njegovimi predniki je ta človek naš intimen znanec iz davnine. A tudi njegove starosti ne moremo natančneje določiti. Vemo samo to, da so se v dobi njegovega življenja velike ledene mase, pokrivajoče tedaj severno in srednjo Evropo, začele pomikati dalje na sever. Ozemlje Velike Britanije je bilo tedaj še neoddeljen kos evropske celine.

Švedskim geologom se je posrečilo vsaj približno določiti čas, ki je potekel od one starodavne dobe, ko se je začel seliti led njihove domovine v severni smeri. Svoja raziskovanja so podprli s stanjem glinastih plasti v jezerih in ob južnih bregovih ledenega morja. Po tej metodi se jim je posrečilo dognati, da je prvi človek živel približno pred 12 tisoč leti ali pa mnogo več.

Tudi francoske in panske jame, četudi jih poznamo šele iz novejšje dobe, nam pomagajo pojasnjevati razmere v davni prazgodovinski dobi. V teh jamah so se našle slikarije, ki pričajo o izredni umetniški nadarjenosti in dovršenosti našega pračloveka. Slike predstavljajo navadno mamuta in nosoroga, ki sta se tedaj sprehajala po naših krajih. Tudi severni jelen, iz rogov katerega so izdelovali meče in druge potrebščine, je ovekovečen na strmih skalah španskih jam.

V ostalem je iz teh slik razvidno, da je bila Evropa v davnih časih tudi domovina bizona, živali, ki se je do današnjega dne na umeten način ohranila samo še v Ameriki.



MLADINSKA KAMPANJA SNPJ

DRAGI BRATCI IN SESTRICE!

Velika članska kampanja za mladinski oddelek SNPJ se je pričela z aprilom. O tem smo poročali že parkrat. Prvi mesec te kampanje je pokazal uspeh. Prinesel je 240 novih članov mladinskemu oddelku SNPJ. V istem mesecu je prišlo 70 novih članov v oddelek odraslih.

Najbolj se je v prvem mesecu kampanje postavilo društvo št. 300 v Bradocku v Pennsylvaniji s pridobitvijo štirinajst otrok. K temu je največ pripomogel br. Anton Rožanec. Drugo mesto zavzemata društvi št. 63 v Rilltonu v Penni in št. 648 v Torontu, Ont., Kanada, vsako s trinajstimi novimi člani. Predlagala sta jih Frank Primožich v Rilltonu in Valentin Ručigaj v Torontu. Pri rilltonskem društvu agitirata tudi Louis in Elizabeth Shuster. V So. Chicagu pri društvu št. 8 agitira Jos. Kosich in v Denverju pri št. 218 John Ambrožič. Priglasila so se tudi društva št. 7, 69, 81, 110, 442, 629, 699 in 728 ter posamezniki Anton Zornik za društvo št. 87, John Shum za št. 91, Louis Mrmolja za št. 142, Joseph Mihelič za št. 143, John F. Plow za št. 323, Frank Tehovnik in Anton Bartelj za št. 518 in več drugih.

Poskrbite, da bo tudi vaše društvo aktivno v kampanji za pridobivanje NOVIH članov v VAŠ MLADINSKI ODDELEK SNPJ! Povejte svojim staršem, da se bodo tudi oni zavzeli za kampanjo! Ko bodo videli, da se tudi vi zanimate za SNPJ, bodo šli še z večjim veseljem na delo za povečanje mladinskega oddelka naše jednote. Polje je široko med našo mladino. Veselo na delo!

—UREDNIK.

Povodenj in pomoč SNPJ

Dragi urednik!

Končno se je vendarle vrnila pomlad, ki je pregrnila prirodo s svojo zeleno odejo. To je veselja med šolsko mladino. Sploh se menda vse veseli pomladi. Kaj bi se ne, ko pa je tako lepa, prijazna, gorka.

Pomlad nam pa prinaša tudi še drugo veselje — počitnice!

Da, zopet smo prijadrali h koncu šolskega leta. S tem pa se pričinja naša brezskrbnost. Zelo smo veseli šolskih počitnic. Potem bomo cele dneve brezskrbno rajali in se igrali.

Povedati Vam moram, da smo se letos bolj ko kdaj prej veselili prihoda pomla-

di. Saj pa je bila prošla zima tako huda in pa tako dolga, da se je smo vsi naveličali, stari in mladi. Občutili smo ostro zimo vsi, ker je zelo pritiskala. Ni je hotelo biti konec. Kakor priklenjena se je držala, ta spaka! Pa tudi zanjo je prišel konec. Še predno pa se je poslovila, je z vso silo pritisnila na nas. S svojim ledenim bičem je ošvrkala po vseh vzhodnih državah.

To se je zgodilo sredi meseca marca. Takrat je namreč vse nižje kraje ob rekah in potokih zadela silna povodenj. Ubogi ljudje so prestali mnogo gorja. Bežali so pred naraščajočo vodo v hribe, da si rešijo golo življenje. Medtem pa jim je povodenj uničila domove in pohištvo. Mnogim je odnesla tudi garaže, hleve in male prislonke. Podrla je mostove in odnesla mnogo imetja. Mnogi so celo svoje življenje hranili, da si so postavili svoje hiše. Prišla je ta grozna povodenj in jim v par urah uničila vse.

Najbolj so trpele družine z majhnimi otroci. Bežati so morali v hribe in prenočevati pri dobrih ljudeh ali pa na prostem. Takrat je bilo še precej mrzlo in snežilo je. Mnoge družine so zbežale v podstrešja in se tam stiskale z otroci vred. Medtem pa je voda stalno naraščala. Bati se je bilo, da jih odnese. Reševalci so bili stalno na delu in prevažali ljudi na varno.

Naslednji dan je voda polagoma začela upadati. Pogled je bil grozen na motno vodo, ki je za seboj pustila obilo blata in nesnage. Pojavil se je smrad.

Potem je prišla pomoč od raznih organizacij in od vlade. Prva se je spet izkazala naša SNPJ s pomočjo svojim članom. V svojem glasilu je naznanila, da je pomoč takoj potrebna. Sklicale so se seje in ugotovilo se je, kje naj se najprej pomaga in komu. To so imela v rokah društva in federacije.

Na 12. aprila smo v West Newtonu, Pa., videli zanimivo tridejansko komedijo "Trije vaški svetniki". Bila je zelo zanimiva. Nasmejali smo se kar se da.

Tu je neka pomladna pesmica:

*Vse zeleno, vse cvetoče,
kamor moje zre oko,
srce meni bije vroče,
da prepeval bi glasno.*

*Le zapojmo vsi veselo,
da se čuje krog in krog,
kar srce si je želelo,
nam bo s pomladjo podeljeno.*

Naj zadostuje za sedaj. Skušala se bom spet oglasiti v junijskem Mladinskem Listu. Pozdravljam Vas in vse čitatelje!

Mary Potisek, Box 217, Hutchinson
Mine, Rillton, Pa.

* *

Jožek o cepljenju mladik

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

Za moj lepo urejeni dopisek v aprilski številki Mladinskega Lista se Vam moram najprej zahvaliti. Tako lepo ste ga uredili, da je kar veselje. Upam, da se je vsem dopadel.

Kaj delam sedaj na pomlad, boste rekli. Well, ker se je tudi k nam končno vendarle prikazala preljuba pomlad, sem šel z očetom na vrt, da mu pomagam pri delu. Moj ata in jaz sva namreč cepila hruške in jabolane. Tako delo me jako veseli. Sedaj pa hodim ogledovat cepljena drevesa, kateri cep se je prijel. Tisti, ki so se prijeli, so že pognali mladike. Zato tudi vem, da so se prijeli. Drugače ne bi bilo mladik na njih.

V šoli pa me je učiteljica vprašala, naj bi sošolcem pokazal, kako se cepi sadno drevje. To bi rad storil, pa sem ji povedal, da ne morem, ker je bilo že prepozno.

Na vrtu imam tudi več lepih gredic razne zelenjave. Že sedaj je obilo veseleja s tem, ko ogledujem dan za dnem, kako vse raste in poganja. Seveda je treba vedno delati, drugače vrt ni lep, če se ga pusti v nemar. Saj pravi pregovor, da brez muje se čevelj ne obuje.

Veseli smo, da je prišla pomlad. Šolarji smo spet vsi v "luftu", ker se lah-

ko na prostem igramo. To pa še ni vse! Pred nami so šolske počitnice, ki bodo kmalu prišle. Potem bo spet mnogo veselja. Imeli bomo mnogo prostosti. Potem pa bomo rekli:

Lipa zelenela je
tam v dišečem gaju,
s cvetjem me posipala,
dejal sem, da sem v raju.

Veje raztezavala
k nebu je visoko,
meni pa je do srca
segala globoko.

Lepo pozdravljam vse čitatelje in tudi Vas!

Joseph Rott, 18815 Chickasaw ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

Pesem o Zelenem Jurju

Dragi urednik!

Navada je, da se najprej zahvalimo za popravke v naših dopisih. Tudi jaz se Vam zahvaljujem za ureditev mojega prejšnjega dopisa. Upam, da boste tudi tega uredili tako lepo.

To pisemce sem napisala na 17. aprila. Tukaj smo imeli dosti snega pozimi in tudi že na spomlad. Zima je bila zelo huda. Okrog 10. marca je malo odnehala in obrnilo se je na topleje. To je povzročilo, da se je pričel sneg tajati in nastala je povodenj v nižinah. Poplava je napravila obilo škode na pohištvu in stanovanjih, katera je dosegla. Takrat je bilo še precej mraz in mnogi ljudje so bili prizadeti. Najprej huda zima, potem pa velika povodenj.

Tukaj je kratka pesmica o Zelenem Juriju: To smo vam pripeljali Zelenega Jurija! Vse leto smo ga iskali, šele danes smo ga našli pod zeleno brezovo korenino. Nič drugega noče jesti ko beli kruh in jajca. Dajte no dve ali tri ali pa štiri. Res, zeleni Jurij je dolgo spal. Vstati je imel 24. aprila, a letos je bil precej pozen.

Tukaj pa je par kitic pesmice o Juriju Zelenem, ki jo je spisal Oton Župančič:

Zeleni Jurij

*Jurij Zeleni se z marvrico paše,
srečno, veselo selo bo naše.
Že za vodo, čez travnike jaše.
Z glavo namigne — trava se vzdigne,
obraz okrene — veje odene,
z okom obrne — cvetje se strne.*

*Jurij Zeleni ne hodi drugam,
vinca in pesmi je poln naš hram,
drago bo tebi, milo bo nam.*

*Konja vzpodbode, v daljo izginja,
cvetje, zelenje za njim se razgrinja,
da nas Zelenega Jurja spominja.*

Upam, da boste spet popravili moje napake v tem dopisu in popravili pesmice o Zelenem Jurju. Hvala Vam! Obenem želim, da se bi več dečkov in deklic oglašalo v "Kotičku" s svojimi dopiski.

Mary Renko, 123 N. 20th street,
Oleon, N. Y.

* *

Mladinski List v ljubljanskih šolah

Dragi urednik!

Vaš Mladinski List je zdaj po ljubljanskih šolah precej poznan, kar se je nekako nehote zgodilo, da je moja hčerka dala nekaj pesmic, katere ste natisnili in so jih potem v šoli čitali ter tako tudi pokazali učiteljicam. Pisala Vam je tudi neka druga učenka, Bizilj, in Vam poslala svoje pesmice, ki ste jih tudi priobčili, kar je zopet veselje med mladino v tisti šoli in malo zavidanja.

Prav lepe sodružne pozdrave!

Ivan Vuk,

Ljubljana, dne 23. aprila 1936.

* *

Johnnyjevo prvo pismo

Cenjeni urednik!

To je prvo moje pismo za Mladinski List. Upam, da ne bo zadnje. Tudi ne bo, ker se bom še potrudil in kaj napisal.

Rad bi videl, da se bi še kdo drugi oglasil iz naše naselbine v Mladinskem Listu. Menda se bojijo pisati. Pa ne vem zakaj. Saj lahko pišejo po slovensko, če znajo, ali angleško.

Slovensko se učim doma. To se razume. Saj v javnih šolah učijo le angleško. Mene učijo moji starši.

V naši družini nas je pet oseb in vsi smo člani društva št. 16 SNPJ. Star sem 13 let in pohajam 8. razred ljudske ošle. Imam mlajšo sestro in brata.

Vem, da bo precej napak v tem dopisu. Upam, da jih boste popravili. Hvala!

Časopisni delavci pri Hearstovem listu Wisconsin News so še vedno na stavki. Dobro se držijo. Pomagajo jim tudi druge unije. Oni zahtevajo boljše razmere, višjo plačo in krajši delovni čas.

Pomlad je vendarle prišla. Sedaj je vse veselo, vse lepo.

John Poklar,

609 W. Virginia st., Milwaukee, Wis.

Ivan Vuk:

Maček in lisica

Po srbski narodni

ŽIVELA sta nekoč starček in starka.

Imela sta lepo kokoš. Pasla sta jo, negovala jo in bila jima je kakor tovariš. In glej, zgodilo se je, da je kokoš nekega dne znesla—čujte: zlato jajce! —Čudež čudežev—zlato jajce.

Vzradostila se je starka zatega jajceta. Položila ga je skrbno na polico . . . Ali glej, neprilika nikoli ne počiva. Jajce namreč ni ležalo na polici, kakor bi bilo pribito. Če bi se ga kaj dotaknilo, se je zagugalo in tako je bila nevarnost, da bi padlo s police. In tako se je zgodilo, da se je od nekod pritepla miška. Zavonjala je jajce in ga prijazno z gobčkom potipala. Dotikljaj miškinega gobčka je sprožil jajce. Zamajalo se in skotalilo na tla. In se razletelo.

Zajokala je starka in starček se je razsrdil.

“Zakaj vendar imaš tistega lenega mačka? V gozd ga poženem . . .”

In oba, starec in starka, sta začela zmerjati mačka.

“Lenuh si, ničvreden si. Samo ležiš, samo smrčiš, za nobeno delo nisi.”

Zgrabila sta mačka, ga potisnila v vrečo, zadela vrečo na ramo in tako mačka odnesla v gozd. Ko sta bila že daleč v gozdu, sta vrgla vrečo pod neko drevo in urno zbežala. Nista hotela vzeti mačka iz vreče, zakaj domislil bi se in jima sledil domov.

Maček je sedel v vreči. Lačen je postal in ves premražen je bil. Trudil se je, da bi se izmotal iz vreče, jokal je in mijavkal, izmotati se pa ni mogel.

Prišel je mimo volk. Slišal je mijavkanje in zapazil je vrečo. Obstal je. Maček pa je zamijavkal in zaprosil:

“Izpusti me iz ječe. Lačen sem. Kar vola bi snedel.”

Ustrašil se je volk junaka, ki bi kar vola snedel. Ustrašil se je in zbežal.

Nekoliko pozneje pride mimo medved.

Ko sliši mačkovo mijavkanje, se je ustrašil in zbežal.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

GEORGE INNESS

NA KLANCU

Čez nekaj časa pride mimo lisica. Lisica pa se ni ustrašila, temveč vprašala:

“O, vreča, vreča, kaj se vrliš, kdo je v tebi?”

Maček se ji potoži, kaj se mu je pripetilo. Lisica je pomislila in rekla:

“Tu bi se dalo zame kaj dobiti.”

Pristopila je in razvezala vrečo. Maček se je ves opotekal, ko je izlezel iz vreče, tako ga je lakota zdelala.

“Botrca, hvala”, je rekel. “Daj mi hitro nekaj, da snem, če ne, umrem od lakote.”

“Dobro, prinesla ti bom,” je odgovorila lisica. “V tej votlini me počakaj.”

Maček je zlezl v votlino stare bukve. Lisica pa je pohitela in naletela na volka.

“Kam hitiš, lisica,” jo je vprašal.

“Nikamor ne hitim. Le pred velikim neprijateljem bežim. Dobili smo novega gozdarja. Zelo srditega. Samo kriči in izprašuje, kje je volk?”

“Kaj zdaj,” je zaskrbelo volka.

“Ne vem . . . Treba ga nekako zadovoljiti. Vedno kriči, kako bo tebe prvega pojedel, ker je strašno lačen.”

Ustrašil se je volk. Zastokal je s tankim glasom:

“Gorje, lisica. Nauči me, kaj naj naredim. Kako naj pridobim njegovo naklonjenost.”

“Kako? — Prinesi mu kot darilo mlado jagnje. Vem, da jagnjetino zelo ljubi.”

Volk se poda na lov, da vлови jagnje. Lisica pa nadaljuje svojo pot. Sreča medveda. Tudi njemu pove, da je prišel novi gozdar in da izprašuje za medvedom. Tudi medved se je zelo ustra-

šil, ko je slišal, da vsakega, ki ga vlovi, na kose raztrga.

“Gorje, lisica, svetuj mi,” je zabrunjal žalostno medved in sklenil šape.

“No, pokloni mu lepo rejeno tele,” je rekla lisica.

In medved je takoj skočil na lov za teletom.

Kakor so sklenili, tako so naredili. K večeru se je vrnil volk z jagnjetom, medved s teletom. Ali h gozdarju si ne upata.

“Pošljimo zajca. Uren je, pa se mu bo izmuznil, če bi se gozdar razjezil.”

“Dober nasvet,” se je razveselil volk. In poslali so po zajca.

“Ne silite me, gospodje,” je začel stokati zajec. “Nisem sposoben za to delo. Jagnje in tele nositi ne morem, niti pred gozdarja ne smem stopiti. Ima me na piki.”

“Dobro,” se je oglasila lisica. “Ker nobeden noče, bom pa opravila sama. Ali ti volk in ti medved bosta nesla darove.”

In volk in medved sta vzela vsak svoje darilo. Ustavili so se pred votlo bukvo. Maček je začutil vonj mesa. In ker je bil neizmerno lačen, je skočil iz votline ter zagrabil jagnjetino in kričal: “Mijav, mijav!”

Bil je namreč to močan, velik maček, ves nahmurjen. Oči so mu pa bile kakor žrjavica.

Volk in medved nista nikdar videla mačka. Zato sta kar strepetala.

“Kaj pravi,” sta vprašala lisico.

“Pravi, da mu je to premalo . . . Bežita, dokler še ni planil,” je rekla lisica.

Volk in medved sta ucvrla bliskovito nekam v gozd. Ko ju že več ni bilo, sta se začela lisica in maček gostiti.

In gostita se najbrže še zdaj.





JUVENILE



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Volume XV

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May

MERRY, rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came skipping one day;
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
And the bees and butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
And nothing in Nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving bright young May.

—George MacDonald.

A Mother Understands

WHEN mother sits beside my bed
At night, and strokes and
smoothes my hair,
And kisses me, I think, some way,
How naughty I have been all day;
Of how I waded in the brook,
And of the cookies that I took,
And how I smashed a window light
A-rassling—me and Bobbie White—
And tore my pants, and told a lie;
It almost makes me want to cry
When mother pats and kisses me;
I'm just as sorry as can be,
But I don't tell her so—no, sir,
She knows it all; you can't fool her.

—J. N.

In Blossom Time

IN blossom time the world again
Is filtered with a faint perfume,
The sensuous orchid leaps to bloom
Beneath the resonance of rain.

The crimson tulips leave a stain
Upon translucent April's tomb
In blossom time.

The soul of spring sips every vein
As charm and loveliness ilume
The quiet loam from winter's gloom;
And beauty snares us in her chain
In blossom time.

Tessa Sweazy Webb.

Life and Death

<i>S</i> O he died for his faith. That is fine, More than most of us do.	<i>From bravado or passion or pride, Was it harder for him?</i>
<i>But, say, can you add to that line That he lived for it, too?</i>	<i>But to live—every day to live out All the truth that he dreamt,</i>
<i>In his death he bore witness at last As a martyr to the truth.</i>	<i>While his friends met his conduct with contempt.</i>
<i>Did his life do the same in the past, From the days of his youth?</i>	<i>Was it thus that he plodded ahead, Never turning aside?</i>
<i>It is easy to die. Men have died For a wish or a whim—</i>	<i>Then we'll talk of the life that he lived Never mind how he died.</i>

—Ernest Crosby.

Song to Those Who Work

SOW seed—but let no tyrant
reap;
Find wealth—let no imposter
heap;
Weave robes—let not the idle
wear;
Forge arms in your defense to
wear.

—Shelley.

The Little Gray Pony

By Maud Lindsay

THERE was once a man who owned a little gray pony.

Every morning when the dewdrops were still hanging on the pink clover in the meadows, and the birds were singing their morning song, the man would jump on his pony and ride away, clip-pety, clippety, clap!

The pony's four small hoofs played the jolliest tunes on the smooth pike road, the pony's head was always high in the air, and the pony's two little ears always pricked up; for he was a merry gray pony, and loved to go clip-pety, clippety, clap!

The man rode to town and to country, to city and to market, up hill and down hill; and one day he heard something fall with a clang on a stone in the road. Looking back, he saw a horseshoe lying there. And when he saw it, he cried out:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?
If my little gray pony has lost a shoe?"

Then down he jumped, in a great hurry, and looked at one of the pony's forefeet; but nothing was wrong. He lifted the other forefoot, but the shoe was still there. He examined one of the hindfeet, and began to think that he was mistaken; but when he looked at the last foot, he cried again:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

Then he made haste to go to the blacksmith; and when he saw the smith, he called out to him:

"Blacksmith! Blacksmith! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

But the blacksmith answered and said:—

"How can I shoe your pony's feet,
Without some coal the iron to heat?"

The man was downcast when he heard this; but he left his little gray pony in the blacksmith's care, while he hurried here and there to buy the coal.

First of all he went to the store; and when he got there, he said:

"Storekeeper! Storekeeper! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."

But the storekeeper answered and said:

"Now, I have apples and candy to sell,
And more nice things than I can tell;
But I've no coal the iron to heat
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."

Then the man went away sighing, and saying:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

By and by he met a farmer coming to town with a wagon full of good things; and he said:

"Farmer! Farmer! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet."

Then the farmer answered the man and said:

"I've bushels of corn and hay and wheat,
Something for you and your pony to eat;
But I've no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet."

So the farmer drove away and left the man standing in the road sighing and saying:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

In the farmer's wagon, full of good things, he saw corn, which made him

think of the mill; so he hastened there, and called to the dusty miller:

"Miller! Miller! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe,
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's
feet."

The miller came to the door in surprise; and when he heard what was needed, he said:

"I have wheels that go round and round,
And stones, to turn till the grain is
ground;
But I've no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's
feet."

Then the man turned away sorrowfully and sat down on a rock near the roadside, sighing and saying:

"What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!"

After a while a very old woman came down the road, driving a flock of geese to market; and when she came near the man, she stopped to ask him his

troubles. He told her all about it; and when she had heard it all, she laughed till her geese joined in with a cackle; and she said:

"If you would know where the coal is
found,
You must go to the miner, who works
in the ground."

Then the man sprang to his feet, and, thanking the old woman, he ran to the miner. Now the miner had been working many a long day down in the mine, under the ground, where it was so dark that he had to wear a lamp on the front of his cap to light him at his work! He had plenty of black coal ready and gave great lumps of it to the man, who took them in haste to the blacksmith.

The blacksmith lighted his great red fire, and hammered out four fine new shoes, with a sling! and a clang! and fastened them on with a rap! and a tap! Then away rode the man on his little gray pony,—clippety, clippety, clap!

MY LITTLE WHITE DEER

MY little white deer
Rides very high,
Over the tree tops
Into the sky.
He nibbles the stars,
Of the moon takes a bite,
And sleeps in the clouds
When it is night.

Some day I shall go
A-riding with him
High in the sky
Till the trees look dim.
We'll play there together
(As often we do)
And I'll bring home an armful
Of starlets for you.

The Age of Science

By Hendrik Van Loon

THE Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks and the Romans, had all contributed something to the first vague notions of science and scientific investigation. But the great migrations of the fourth century had destroyed the classical world of the Mediterranean, and the Christian Church, which was more interested in the life of the soul than in the life of the body, had regarded science as a manifestation of that human arrogance which wanted to pry into divine affairs which belonged to the realm of Almighty God, and which therefore was closely related to the seven deadly sins.

The Renaissance to a certain but limited extent had broken through this wall of Medieval prejudices. The Reformation, however, which had overtaken the Renaissance in the early 16th century, had been hostile to the ideals of the "new civilization," and once more the men of science were threatened with severe punishment, should they try to pass beyond the narrow limits of knowledge which had been laid down in Holy Writ.

Our world is filled with the statues of great generals, atop of prancing horses, leading their cheering soldiers to glorious victory. Here and there, a modest slab of marble announces that a man of science has found his final resting place. A thousand years from now we shall probably do these things differently, and the children of that happy generation shall know of the splendid courage and the almost inconceivable devotion to duty of the men who were the pioneers of that abstract knowledge, which alone had made our modern world a practical possibility.

Many of these scientific pioneers suffered poverty and contempt and humiliation. They lived in garrets and

died in dungeons. They dared not print their names on the title-pages of their conclusions in the land of their birth, but smuggled the manuscripts to some secret printing shop in Amsterdam or Haarlem. They were exposed to the bitter enmity of the Church, both Protestant and Catholic, and were the subjects of endless sermons, inciting the parishioners to violence against the "heretics."

Here and there they found an asylum. In Holland, where the spirit of tolerance was strongest, the authorities, while regarding these scientific investigations with little favor, yet refused to interfere with people's freedom of thought. It became a little asylum for intellectual liberty where French and English and German philosophers and mathematicians and physicians could go to enjoy a short spell of rest and get a breath of free air.

In another article I have related how Roger Bacon, the great genius of the thirteenth century was prevented for years from writing a single word, lest he get into new troubles with the authorities of the church. And five hundred years later, the contributors to the great philosophic "Encyclopaedia" were under the constant supervision of the French Gendarmerie. Half a century afterwards, Darwin, who dared to question the story of the creation of man, was denounced from every pulpit as an enemy of the human race. Even today, the persecution of those who venture into the unknown realms of science has not entirely come to an end.

All this, however, is a mere detail. The work that has to be done invariably gets done, and the ultimate profit of the discoveries and the inventions goes to the mass of those same people who

have always decided the man of vision as an unpractical idealist.

The seventeenth century had still preferred to investigate the far off heavens and to study the position of our planet in relation to the solar system. Even so, the Church had disapproved of this unseemly curiosity, and Copernicus who first of all had proved that the sun was the centre of the universe, did not publish his work until the day of his death. Galileo spent the greater part of his life under the supervision of the clerical authorities, but he continued to use his telescope and provided Isaac Newton with a mass of practical observations, which greatly helped the English mathematician when he discovered the existence of that interesting habit of falling objects which came to be known as the Law of Gravitation.

That, for the moment at least, exhausted the interest in the Heavens, and man began to study the earth. The invention of a workable microscope (a strange and clumsy little thing) by Antony van Leeuwenhoek during the last half of the 17th century, gave man a chance to study the "microscopic" creatures who are responsible for so many of his ailments. It laid the foundations of the science of "bacteriology" which in the last forty years had delivered the world from a great number of diseases by discovering the tiny organisms which cause the complaint. It also allowed the geologists to make a more careful study of different rocks and of the fossils (the petrified prehistoric plants) which they found deep below the surface of the earth.

In the year 1830, Sir Charles Lyell published his "Principles of Geology" which denied the story of creation as related in the Bible and gave a far more wonderful description of slow growth and gradual development.

At the same time, the Marquis de Laplace was working on a new theory of creation, which made the earth a lit-

tle blotch in the nebulous sea out of which the planetary system had been formed and Bunsen and Kirchhoff, by the use of the spectroscope, were investigating the chemical composition of the stars and of our good neighbor, the sun, whose curious spots had first been noticed by Galileo.

Meanwhile after a most bitter and relentless warfare with the clerical authorities of Catholic and Protestant lands, the anatomists and physiologists had at last obtained permission to dissect bodies and to substitute a positive knowledge of our organs and their habits for the guesswork of the medieval quack.

Within a single generation (between 1810 and 1840) more progress was made in every branch of science than in all the hundreds of thousands of years that had passed since man first looked at the stars and wondered why they were there. It must have been a very sad age for the people who had been educated under the old system. And we can understand their feeling of hatred for such men as Lamarck and Darwin, who did not exactly tell them that they were "descended from monkeys," (an accusation which our grandfathers seemed to regard as a personal insult), but who suggested that the proud human race had evolved from a long series of ancestors who could trace the family-tree back to the little jelly-fishes who were the first inhabitants of our planet.

The dignified world of the well-to-do middle class, which dominated the nineteenth century, was willing to make use of the gas or the electric light, of all the many practical applications of the great scientific discoveries, but the mere investigator, the man of the "scientific theory" without whom no progress would be possible, continued to be distrusted until very recently. Then, at last, his services were recognized. Today the rich people who in past ages donated their wealth for the building of a cathedral, construct vast laboratories

where silent men do battle upon the hidden enemies of mankind and often sacrifice their lives that coming generations may enjoy greater happiness and health. After all, the rich are giving of their wealth which they got from the oppressed and exploited masses of workers; still they donate more money to religious institutions which are ever hostile to science and to the education of toilers.

Indeed it has come to pass that many of the ills of this world, which our ancestors regarded as inevitable "acts of God," have been exposed as manifestations of our own ignorance and neglect. Every child nowadays knows that he can keep from getting typhoid fever by a little care in the choice of his drinking water. But it took years and years of hard work before the doctors could convince the people of this fact. Few of us now fear the dentist chair. A study of the microbes that live in our mouth has made it possible to keep our teeth from decay. Must perchance a tooth be pulled, then we take a sniff of gas, and go our way rejoicing. When the newspapers of the year 1846 brought the story of the "painless operation" which had been performed in

America with the help of ether, the good people of Europe shook their heads. To them it seemed against the will of God that man should escape the pain which was the share of all mortals, and it took a long time before the practice of taking ether and chloroform for operations became general.

But the battle of progress had been won. The breach in the old walls of prejudice was growing larger and larger, and as time went by, the ancient stones of ignorance came crumbling down. The eager crusaders of a new and happier social order rushed forward. Suddenly they found themselves facing a new obstacle. Out of the ruins of a long-gone past, another citadel of reaction had been erected, and millions of men had to give their lives before this last bulwark was destroyed. Today, the greatest battle is being waged between the owning class of exploiters and the class of the dispossessed. It is only through science and education that the latter class, which is by far the greatest in number and which creates all the good things on earth, that this working class will achieve its goal of emancipation—economic and industrial democracy.

Tongue Twisters

If you think you have a smooth-running tongue, try these twisters, and if you succeed in making no mistakes, you can be sure you will not be in any danger of stammering:

She sells sea-shells on the seashore.
The shells she sells are sea-shells, I'm
sure,
So if she sells sea-shells on the seashore,
Then I'm sure she sells seashore shells.

Here is another one that should prove an excellent test of a smooth-running tongue:

Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's
kettle.
Did Kimbo Kemble kick his kinsman's
kettle?
If Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's
kettle,
Where's the kinsman's kettle that Kim-
bo Kemble kicked?

A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

In my last letter I told you of many, many old things that people used to believe. All of them read like fairy tales. But it is out of those old fairy tales that people have made up many of the things they believe today. You can think of a great many things that people believe today that would look just as foolish if you wrote them down on paper.

Why? you ask.

Well, Edward, did you ever notice how people laugh at something new? No, I don't mean just fads—like feathers that stick straight into the air on your aunt's new spring hat or something like that. But I mean: new ideas and ways of doing things.

Do you remember that old poem about "Darius Green and His Flying Machine" which was supposed to poke fun at people who had the "wild" idea that they could fly? But where are those fun-making people today? Planes and machines for flying are being improved day after day.

Do you know that up until 1846 if people needed to have any kind of operation performed on their body they would have had to suffer all the pain. Then someone discovered ether by which people could be put to sleep during an operation. Do you know what happened? The people shook their heads and said that God wanted everyone to have his share of pain. This new way of doing away with pain was against the rules of God, they said.

I saw a picture the other day showing how meat can be roasted without a stove of any kind. It is done simply by an instrument that focuses (brings together) the rays of the sun so as to produce a very great temperature. Most people probably laugh at it, but

maybe in a few years from now all our cooking will be done like that. And wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if we could get all our heat directly from the sun? Just think how long it takes for coal to be formed. You've read about it in your geography. And we've been using coal year after year for a long, long time now. Isn't it possible that a time might come when we would run out of it? Then, too, think how hard it is to get coal from beneath the surface of the earth. Many, many miners spend all their lives at that hard labor. Isn't it about time that we start looking for something better to take its place?

Now, why am I getting all off the subject like this? There is only one reason, my dear Edward. That is to show you how much easier it is for people to go on believing things that have been said centuries and centuries ago than to find out the truth for themselves. That is the reason that for centuries people actually picked up fairy tales that had been made up because certain things could not be explained and passed them on as the truth. They did not ask How? and Why? They simply believed what had been dished out to them. They lived on "customs" and "habits."

At this point I want to quote to you a few very interesting paragraphs from an interesting British scientist, A. Gowans Whyte. Here is what he says:

"When you read about the customs of ancient races you find much that seems wicked and dreadful, like the custom of the Amazon Indians in eating human flesh. Many old customs have died out. They have been killed by people beginning to ask questions about them, and so finding out that they were bad.

"You remember what I told you about Charles Darwin, the man who was always asking questions. Well, it so happened that Darwin found out something quite new about animals. Everybody used to believe that all the different kinds of animals had been "created"—that is to say, made out of nothing—on the same day: lions, tigers, cats, dogs, monkeys, mice, fleas, elephants, lizards, frogs, bees, alligators, and all the rest of them. Each kind of animal was supposed to be as different from every other kind as Teddy Bears are different from the tin soldiers and the mechanical mice in a toy-shop.

"But Darwin wrote a book to prove that all the animals were like one great family. He showed that the dog was a kind of cousin to the wolf, the cat to the tiger, the zebra to the horse, the lizard to the serpent, and so on. He also showed that different kinds of animals might have had the same great-grandfather. For example, all the different kinds of pigeons — such as the pouter, the fantail, the jacobin, and the carrier—had grown out of the wild rock pigeon.

"Some day, I hope, you will read the great book that Darwin wrote to explain all this. He wrote it more than fifty years ago, and now most people agree that he was right in what he said. At the time, however, most people thought he was wrong and he was said to be a very wicked and dangerous man for writing such a book. Many of those who said his notions were all nonsense knew nothing about animals. They had never asked themselves questions about animals. Darwin set them wondering, and the more they wondered the more they came to see that they had been shutting their eyes to the truth.

"You may have heard it said that 'It takes two people to make a quarrel.' This is not always quite true. Hundreds of people quarrelled with Darwin over the question of 'Where did the animals come from?'; but Darwin never quarrelled with them. He listened quietly to all they had to say against his answer to the question, and he never let himself be annoyed when ignorant people called him names. He was quite sure that truth would win in the end. And he was right.

"All the same, he was a very bold man to say the exact opposite to what everybody around him—great people and wise people as well as stupid people—were saying. He set out to fight a custom; and the war lasted for thirty years or more. People's minds had got into the habit of thinking one way; he forced them to think another way by showing them things which their eyes had not seen. Even when he put these things right under their noses, some people said they could not see them. That was because they wanted to see something quite different."

And now, dear Edward, I must close again just when I have reached a place where I can begin answering your first "Why?" But it's always like that. Somehow I get fun out of making you curious and anxious to learn what is going to follow. And I can promise you that if you miss the next letter you will be very sorry, because there will be a very exciting story waiting for you.

Until that time, I hope you will not forget some of the things I have already written you about. If you have discovered something new yourself, won't you write and tell me about it so that I can share the knowledge with you?





CHATTER CORNER

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

OUR JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

The Juvenile Department of the Slovene National Benefit Society was established in 1912 at the fifth regular convention assembled in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, when a motion to that effect was passed. In the following year, 1913, this department had 1407 juvenile members, and eighteen years later it had about 20,000 members.

The SNPJ was the first fraternal society in America to organize a juvenile department. Other fraternal soon grasped the idea and followed its worthy example by establishing junior orders.

Next year the Juvenile Department of the Slovene National Benefit Society will be twenty-five years old. Let us prepare now to celebrate our twenty-fifth birthday—by bringing into our Juvenile Department as many new members as possible. The SNPJ offers special awards and prizes for securing new members during its present Juvenile Campaign. There is no better way to celebrate this anniversary that we know of than to bring the Juvenile membership to its previous number of a few years ago. It will not be hard to do this if all of us are willing to help. We are sure you know some friend who has a brother, a sister or a cousin or pal who would be delighted to get the MLADINSKI LIST each month and to belong to the SNPJ.

Who will be a booster and help the Juvenile Department to grow? Let us prepare now to celebrate our twenty-fifth birthday with new members.

—THE EDITOR.

SNPJ's Reliability

Dear Editor:—As I do not want the Easterners to think Butte an old deserted mining town, and as I do want to thank the SNPJ for the prize money I received, I am attempting to write this letter as best I can.

Soon school will no longer hinder our play and sleep. When this school semester ends, I will be or rather hope to be promoted to the 7A grade. Then fishing, swimming, base-

ball, hiking and berry-picking will hold my interest for three months of carefree play.

With great pleasure I found my name among the contest winners. When my check arrived no words were emphatic enough to describe my feeling. That was the first check I have earned. I have entered many contests which later proved to be money making schemes, but by this contest the SNPJ once more showed its reliability.

I surely was surprised when I found that

compared to one hundred fifty-three Juvenile contestants only three adults contributed to the adult contest. Such cooperation from the younger generation will make the present SNPJ a mere part of the future SNPJ, a growth I predicted in my contest letter.

In Butte we, the residents, do not realize how lucky we are. Here no hurricanes, dust storms, floods or twisters can imperil our lives and health, although we are menaced by earthquakes and blizzards.

Last winter hasn't been colder than the average one. Not once this year did the temperature go lower than thirty degrees below zero. The coldest record was set two years ago when the thermometer registering sixty degrees below showed the right temperature which varied from forty-five degrees below zero to sixty degrees below.

The local SNPJ Lodge 207 held a dance April 26.

Most of the people here blindly vote for the two capitalist tickets. Personally, I think the only road to prosperity under the present government lies in higher taxation for wealthy individuals and companies.

Charles Jeniker,
2303 Cottonwood st., Butte, Mont.

* *

Junior Comrades

Dear Editor:—I am a member of the SNPJ Juvenile Comrade Lodge 566. We have our meetings on the third Saturday of every month at the Slovene National Home. Our new officers for the current year are: Tony Elersich, Pres.; Joe Tekavec, Vice Pres.; and Mary Derenda, Rec. Sec'y. At our last meeting we planned a hike or outing for the month of May. We need many more new members for our club. The dues are:

From 6 months to 10 years, 18c.

From 11 years to 14 years, 22c.

From 15 years to 16 years, 25c.

April and May there will be no dues collected because of an exemption from the Main Office.

Tony Elersich and Mary Vehar recited a poem at the Comrades' Tenth Anniversary April 19.

I hope I will see many new members at the next meeting.

Mary Vehar,
5335 Superior ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

Lodge 262

Dear Editor and Readers:—I want to take this opportunity to thank all of the members and friends of SNPJ Lodge 262 for their help in making the twentieth anniversary celebration a great success. Each one did his best

to make this affair successful. The lodge has survived these twenty years in this locality in spite of the many trials and troubles it had to overcome. We are all very grateful to Bro. Philip Godina, manager of the Prosveta, and Mary Fradel, a booster for SNPJ, who helped the success of our affair by presenting inspiring talks for carrying on the work of this great Society. I am sure if there were more young enthusiastic members such as Mary Fradel, no lodge need worry for its future, after the older members have ended their work.

I am ashamed to say that I have never before written to this popular magazine. More than anything else I was neglectful, and another thing, I am kept busy with school work, which often is more than I can handle. Being interested in correspondence, I would gladly write to any members interested.

Betty Stambal,
1084 Sherman ave., Sharon, Pa.

* *

Future Artists

Dear Readers:—The Art Club of Jugoslav School of Modern Art is getting very busy for the coming of the fifth annual exhibit at the Slovene National Home in May for three days.

S.N.H. is our home to study art. All of us students are proud of it. We feel that if there weren't a center in Cleveland like S.N.H. built for future education, we would not have a chance to study and mingle with our younger generation in Cleveland.

The school is composed of 24 pupils at present. The morning class is working in water color; the afternoon class is working in crayons. We are invited every year to show our work from this school at the public library. That shows that the public is interested in the Slovene Art School. Mr. Prusheck, our instructor, has good news for us. He told us that this year our work is also going to be exhibited out of city.

This year's exhibition is going to be held in S.N.H. on May 22, 23, 24. After this, Mr. Prusheck will select a smaller number of work and will send it out, so the public and other cities will see what the young Slovene pupils are doing in the Jugoslav School of Modern Art.

There is not enough feeling for our Art School. Some people think that art can be learned anywhere. O yes, that's very true. But what that art will mean to Slovenes? Will you let us go and study under Italian or Hungarian or some other directors to express our Slovene feeling in painting and drawing? We must be glad that we have our own Slo-

vene well-known artist in America. He gives us more and more.

I would like to ask the public to come and see what we are able to do on the canvas. There is only two hours time every Saturday for 7 months a year.

There are quite a few junior members of SNPJ in our school.

Marian from Cleveland, Lodge 559.

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Comrades All

Dear Editor:—Today again I made up my mind to write to the M. L. I read in the Prosveta that the English Speaking Lodge Comrades in Cleveland celebrated their tenth anniversary on April 17, 18 and 19. I sent them a card congratulating them and also sent my recitation, with which I represented them at the Chicago Pioneers' tenth anniversary. This is the recitation:

We heard of the busy activities
Of the English speaking lassies and lads.
So the seed was sown in Ohio
And there blossomed the Cleveland Comrades.

This recitation is printed in the Pioneer tenth anniversary souvenir book and in the 1935 Nov. Mladinski List.

I would like to know how many juvenile members are in the Comrades' lodge. You know I like the name "Comrades." My mother explained to me the wonderful meaning that is in the name "Comrades." It means the working people all over the world who understand and want to be brothers to each other and who are willing to improve the conditions for the working class and share with each other. I wish all the people in the world would be comrades with that meaning and understanding, and the world would grow in one friendly group. Wouldn't that be a great thing?

Now I'm going to tell you about our activities in Chicago. We had a May day celebration on May 1. In the afternoon there was a big parade and in the evening the branch No. 1, JSF, had a program in which we, the Falcons (that means us little comrades) participated with songs and the Soc. Singing Society "Sava" sang.

Elaine Turpin,

4844 W. 23rd st., Cicero, Ill.

JOLLY SHEPHERD

SLEEPEST or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

—Shakespeare.

Is Liberty in Danger?

Dear Editor:—On April 25 we motored to Sharon, Pa., to help celebrate the 20th birthday of the SNPJ Lodge 262. A fine program was given. Bro. Phillip Godina, manager of the Prosveta, was the main speaker. He conveyed to the audience many progressive ideas. The Singing Society Slavec sang wonderfully, and the duets given by the little Novak girl and Marie Stambal were exceedingly fine. We all enjoyed ourselves immensely at the affair.

The question that is being widely discussed at the present time by speakers, writers, and the people in general is: "Is our liberty in America in danger?" I believe it is. I was listening to a New Deal speaker on Town Hall one Thursday evening who said that most of the danger of losing our liberty comes from such places as Park avenue, New York, Miami, Florida, and other sections of the country where the capitalists are living. The next speaker was an industrialist who said that our liberty was in danger because the Cramer Bill, in other words, the Military Bill, is confronting Congress. This bill provides that no one would be allowed to say anything against military measures. If it were passed, it would mean that when workers were on strike, the militia might shoot a worker, and if another workingman would comment adversely on it, he would be arrested. This certainly would not be liberty. The recent Tampa massacre is another evidence that our liberty is in danger. Also at McKeesport, Pa., there is proof of our losing liberty for the workers who are striking are only allowed to have four pickets in front of the gates. What liberty!

Another incident that shows in what danger our liberty is, occurred to Sherwood Eddy, secretary of YMCA. Mr. Eddy wanted to discuss matters with the striking sharecroppers down South, but he was not allowed. He also tried to investigate into the situation that was present and the result was imprisonment. This is not liberty, by any means. Mr. Eddy, who traveled all around the world, was asked by Dr. Clausen, chairman of the Pittsburgh Town Meeting, where he saw most misery and where he saw conditions that touched his heart the most. His reply was Arkansas, the state from which Senator Robinson, democratic floor leader, hails. He said that the children, both black and white, can not read or write, because they have to work hard and cannot attend school where they should receive their education. These children live in poverty and misery because they are starving and half dressed. Such conditions are terrific. If these few incidents, of which there are

many, do not show that our liberty is in danger, then I do not know which do.

This is the last call for the big day—May 30—the day that the Westmoreland County Federation of SNPJ lodges will hold its annual celebration. An entertaining program will be given. Comrade Frank Zaitz, member of the SNPJ Supreme board and editor of *Proletarec*, will be the main speaker. A one-act comedy, "Vedež," will be given by the Dramatic Club of the Federation. The Singing Society of West Newton will entertain with a number of songs. A dance will be held in the evening. Everyone is invited. If you want a good time, come to the Slovene hall in West Newton on May 30. The program will begin at 2 p. m.

"A Proud Torch,"

Mary Elizabeth Fradel,

1004 Alexandria st., Latrobe, Pa.

SNPJ Helped Most

Dear Editor:—I am sorry I didn't write sooner, but I was busy studying for the tests.

The weather here is nice except that there was still snow on the ground on April 4. It is pretty cold sometimes, especially in the morning.

The mine doesn't work much now. There was pretty much sickness around here, especially scarlet fever and diphtheria. Grown-up men and women are sick from pneumonia. There was a little girl here that died from diphtheria. Her name was Beverly Conner. She was five years old. A little farther away from here a boy about 18 years old died from scarlet fever. But around our house nobody was sick.

In our school we took shots (injections) against scarlet fever and diphtheria. We are all through now. Many children got sick from the scarlet fever shots; I didn't.

We have been listening carefully to the news about the flood over the radio. It was terrible. I would like to hear from Josephine Bozich and Joe Yazvac about the flood. Very many people drowned in the flood. Many people are helping them by giving money, but the SNPJ helped its stricken members the most.

Why don't the Hudson boys and girls write? Come on, Hudson. Get up and write. You enjoy reading letters but you must also write to this beautiful magazine, the M. L.

Mary Pershin, Box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

Kite Flying

Dear Editor:—Bob and some other boys of the neighborhood were out playing and flying kites. After Bob's difficulty in getting his

kite up in the air, he succeeded in taking it down again. While taking it down with a struggle, the wind started to blow immensely and got it caught on the roof of a house. Bobby very much feared that he would not get it back again. Desperately waiting for one of the boys to figure an idea for getting his kite down.

Eddy, one of the boys, laid his kite down and came running towards Bobby, shouting: "I have an idea." Bobby jumping up with glee, listened earnestly for Eddy's idea. Eddy stuttered for a moment and then said, "Ask Mrs. Ray if you may borrow her ladder." Bobby willing to do anything to get his kite back, ran immediately to ask Mrs. Ray.

Kind Mrs. Ray gave Bobby permission to use the ladder for getting his kite.

A little while later Bobby came rushing with a large ladder. When Eddy saw the ladder close enough, he realized the ladder was too small to climb a three-story house.

Mrs. Withers, the lady who lived in the house, had come out to see what all the children were gathering around her house for. She went to the third floor, got a close-prop and opened the window, where it was near to where the kite was caught on the roof. After a little struggling and jerking, she had finally got a hold of the kite and knocked it down to the sidewalk below. Bobby thanked Mrs. Withers and went home without a single rip or tear in his kite.

Lillian Skubiz,

4767a Northland, St. Louis, Mo.

(Lodge 107, SNPJ.)

In Columbus Time

By Annette Wynne

SUPPOSE you lived then, do you think
that you
Would believe what Columbus said was
true,
Or would you be like the wise men who
Laughed in his face and said, "Pooh,
pooh?"



JUNIOR JOTTINGS

Dear Editor:—I was sad when I failed to see my letter in the M. L. I thought I was going to write every month. I think I wrote too late, so I am writing sooner this time.

School will soon be over, and we will have more time to write. On April 30 we had an operetta by our teacher, Mr. Schwab, who is my music teacher. On May 8, 1936, we had a May Day Program and a May Queen.

I like to do a lot of sewing at home when I have time. Most of the time I have to study. I wish Emily Klemencic would write to the M. L.

Julia Vidmar,
R. D. 2, Box 125, Tarentum, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. which I enjoy reading very much. There are six in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 207. If this letter is published, I will write again. I wish some of the readers would write to me as I would gladly answer them.

Patsy Malensek, 39 Plum st., Butte, Mont.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 13 years of age and in the 7A grade. I have two sisters and three brothers, and four of us go to school. Our school ends June 7. There are eight in our family and six of us belong to the SNPJ Lodge 142, the best lodge I know of. Everyone in Euclid is lazy to write, so I am writing. Come on, Euclidians, get busy.

Justina Stopar,
21250 Tracy ave., Euclid, Ohio.

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Dear Editor:—I am 11 years old and in the 5th grade in school, this being my first letter to the M. L. I have three teachers and like them very much. Our school will be out June 10. My Dad is secretary of SNPJ Lodge 247 for four years. I have three brothers and one sister. We are all members of the SNPJ.

Mary Yuko, Box 161, Cairnbrook, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—Well, well! At last I decided to write to the M. L. It has been so long since I have written last. Spring is here and Summer will be here soon. That means more play outdoors, swimming, playing ball, etc. I would like to see more members write to the M. L.

Martha Mahoney,
Box 134, R.F.D. 3, McDonald, Pa.

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to this juvenile magazine for a long time. Spring came and it's quite warm now. Vacation time will soon be here.—I hope that those SNPJ members who were stricken in the flood area received sufficient care and help. **The SNPJ gave them a liberal support.** Again our Society was first, as always before, in offering help where and when it was needed most.

William Jereb,
1132 Victoria st., No. Chicago, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—School is out now and I have more time to write to this good old magazine the Mladinski List of the SNPJ. We had a school picnic on the last day of our school, and of course, everything that goes with it, including ice cream and pop. I received a school prize for obtaining the most A's in my studies and for non-absence in school.—Spring's here, Summer is just around the corner—it's here, for the last few days certainly were not only warm but actually hot, too. The children are out playing all day—day after day, enjoying their freedom and carefree days of childhood and vacation. "The sun is shining with all its might. I think it wishes that it could shine at night."

Antonia Gabrsek, Pittsburg, Kans.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the beloved Mladinski List. I am 11 years of age and in the 6th grade at Standard school. My teacher, Miss Krohn, is very good. On May Day we had all our parents come to school to witness our program of dancing and other interesting numbers which they all enjoyed. I wish to say "Hello" to Jennie Čeh and Dorothy Trebec. I wish the SNPJ Clevelanders would wake up.—(A proud member of SNPJ Lodge 129.)

Zdenka Mahnich,
5604 Bonna ave., Cleveland, O.

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Dear Editor:—This is my fourth letter to the Mladinski List. I am in second grade in school. I won the second prize in the SNPJ letter contest—\$7.50, and I am sure proud of it. I am a good member of the SNPJ and am thinking how I am going to help the Slovenska Narodna Podporna Jednota. So I decided and have sent to the Main Office a year's subscription to the Mladinski List for

my cousin, Emily Coppy, and I hope she'll like it. (Her address is in Eagle Nest, New Mex.) I am a member of SNPJ Lodge 416.

Milka Mileta, Van Houten, New Mex.

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Dear Editor:—We had a good time on Easter, although the weather was not very nice. Easter bunny visited me and treated me well. On Monday, April 13, I was learning to roller skate. As this was my first lesson, I took many flops. Bang! Go down—boom! I am still learning, picking up the art of roller skating gradually. Practice makes perfect, they say, and I hope it'll prove so in my case.

Julia Vidmar,

R. D. 2, Box 125, Tarentum, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—I like the many stories, letters and poems in the Mladinski List, and must tell you that this is only my first letter to this magazine. I am 12 years old. There are six members in our family, and the entire family belongs to the SNPJ. I wish some boys and girls from Verona would find time enough to write to the Mladinski List, at least now and then.

Margaret Markovic,

234 W. R. R. ave., Verona, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—Spring is here and many boys and girls are getting new clothes and having a lot of fun. My father told me about when he was in Europe (Jugoslavia). When Easter came he would roll eggs together with his brothers and sister. Some stories are very interesting and I wish I could be there. I haven't seen another letter from Lorain excepting mine. I was planning a cover design for the M. L. for about two weeks. It should have a picture of all the supreme officials and a list of prices for sick benefits and death.

Stanley Ostanek,

1848 E. 34th st., Lorain, Ohio.

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Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. This time I will write about the flood. The flood started March 17, 1936, which washed out the lower part of Oakmont. My aunt Mary's and aunt Catherine's houses were full of water for three days. Now the water has gone down and many people lost everything. It was sad. Now the people started to clean their homes.

Wish members would write to me.

Anna Marie Kastelic,

383 Porter st., Oakmont, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I certainly have been sleeping on the job but you'll have to pardon me.

This winter, in March, the schools were closed for two days. We had so much snow

that we couldn't get out of our yard. In Eveleth they very seldom close the schools. I was so surprised when they announced from Hibbing that there was no school in Eveleth. The snow is still falling and it's April 16.

I'll be graduating this June to Senior high school, grade 10A.

I wish I could write in Slovene, but I can't. I guess I'd rather write in English because it looks like you've written more than if I'd had written in Slovene.

My Grandmother wrote and told us that they had an awful flood in Pennsylvania where she lives. It sure is good that not many people were drowned. The people had to move to higher places in order to avoid the flood.

I guess I'm pretty bad at writing. I owe a letter to Frances Zelnik and Joseph Strauss. It seems that I just can't get around to answer them. My sister Gayle is going to write as soon as she gets a little ambition.

The Junior high school gave an operetta named "Lantern Land." It was directed by Miss Ahlin and Miss Kastelic; it was really lovely. My girl friend, Betty Lou Skromstad and I were ticket collectors, so we saw it two times free.

Margaret Drobnich,

728½ Summit st., Eveleth, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List which I like to read very much. I wish it would come every day. I go to school in the fourth grade. I'm sending a poem for mothers' day.

Mother o' Mine

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, o mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, o mother o' mine!

Frank Surina,

Box 216, Enterprise, W. Va. (Lodge 533.)

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Dear Editor:—This year so far has not been a very good one for me, because I had to go to the hospital, where I was operated for appendectomy (appendicitis) on March 16. I was in the hospital eleven days; that was during the flood. The water did not reach the hospital, but was very near. My mother and father were worrying because they could not come to visit me. My doctor's name is Dr. Daker, and he is a very good doctor. The nurses treated me very nicely. The Sixth-graders sent me a very nice basket of fruit and letters. I thank them one and all, also my teacher, Miss Thompson. Now I feel very good and am getting better every day.

Edward Perpar, Box 302, Imperial, Pa.