

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Anna P. Krasna:

## DVE LETI NAZAJ

**D**VE leti nazaj,  
ko je bila mati še mlada in vesela,  
sta z očetom včasih ob večerih  
pesmi o mladosti pela.

Zdaj pa,  
kakor da so od tega dolge dobe minile,  
sta oba vsa stara, nevesela,  
in pesmi so vse utihnile.

In ob večerih  
zdaj samo predse strmita,  
premišljujeta in s težkimi besedami  
o težkih dneh govorita.

Mi ju gledamo,  
mislimo in ugiblremo, kedaj  
bosta spet mlada in vesela,  
kot dve leti nazaj.



MARGICA IN JOŽICA

Mile Klopčič:

## MARIJIN SIN

**M**ARIJA v mestu prenočišča je iskala,  
a ni ga našla. Pa k pastircem je zbežala  
in v hlevu legla, da bi noč prespala.  
Marija se je žalostila.

Ko je prišel večer, se je Marija nasmehnila  
in je otroka, sina Jezusa rodila  
in ga na mrvo v jasli položila.  
Marija se je veselila.

Otrok se je smehljaj, in mati je bedela:  
bogve, kako nad njim bom še ihtela,  
bogve, kako poredkem bom nad njim vesela . . .  
Marija se je žalostila.

Prinesli so otroku v dar zlata.  
Dotaknil se ga je, bleščoba je prešla.  
Zlata ne mara, mater le pozna.  
Marija se je veselila.

Gosposka je za rojstvo to doznala:  
Rodila se je v koči sila, ki nas bo pregnala!  
Marija s sinom svojim je takoj zbežala.  
Marija se je žalostila.

Otrok je rastel, velik je postal.  
Iz templja je mešetarje pognal  
in zbral učence, nauke jim dajal.  
Marija se je veselila.

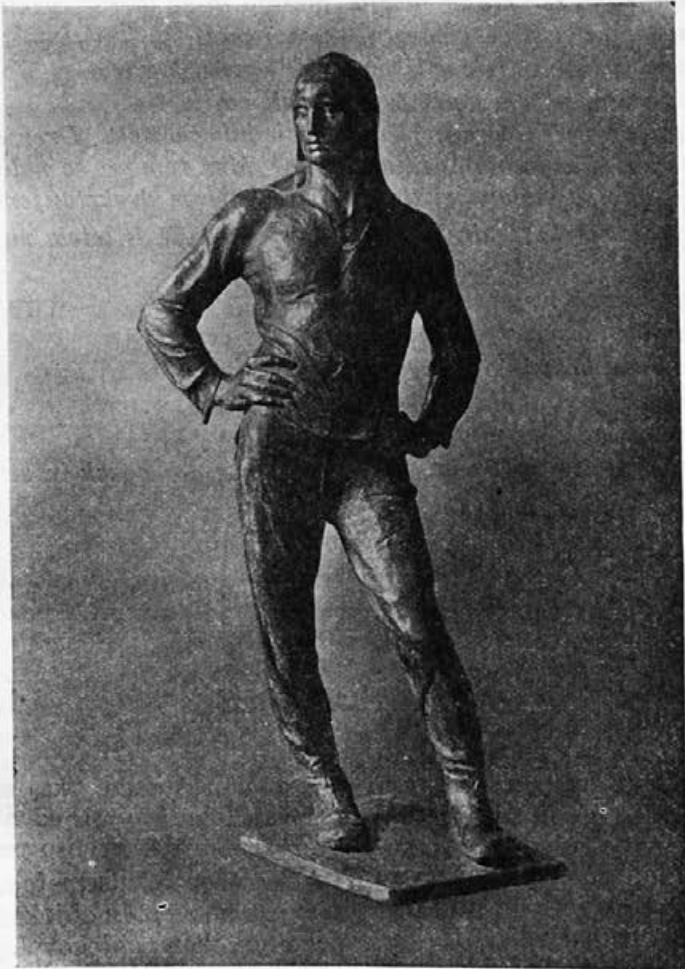
Povsod krivico hudo je izganjal,  
Povsod pravico je ljudem oznanjal.  
Zato visoki svet ga je preganjal.  
Marija se je žalostila.

Potem birič je Jezusa ujel.  
In sin od matere slovo je vzel.  
Ob treh birič ga je na križ razpel.  
Marija se je silno žalostila.

Učenci sinovi so mater tolažili:  
Poglejte, mati, enega ste le rodili,  
a ž njim ste tisočim poti odkrili!  
Tedaj se je Marija skozi solze rahlo nasmehnila . . . .

žanrina

Janko Bric in njegovi otroci



C. Meunier: JEKLARSKI DELAVEC

## Snežinke

”**M**AMICA, mamica, pridi k oknu! Poglej, sneži!” kliče Verica svoji materi.

“Res je, sneg naletava. Letos pa je zgodaj zapadel,” reče mati.

“Mamica, poglej, bele zvezdice plavajo po zraku,” pravi Verica.

“To so snežinke,” jo uči mati.

“Oj, mamica, kako se vrte in sučejo, plešejo in se love!” vzklika deklica.

“Da, snežni metež je precej močan,” pravi mati.

“Ali, mamica, prosim, smem li na vrt?” prosi Verica.

“Ogrni se z ruto, potem smeš,” ji dovoli mati.

Verica stopi pred hišni prag. Vse belo je bilo po tleh. Drevje se je odevalo v bela oblačilca. In tiho je bilo, oj, tako tiho! Med tem pa so naletavale snežinke. Druga na drugo so padale na tla s komaj slišnim drsketanjem.

“Letos bo mraz, mraz!” drskeče prva snežinka, ki je letela mimo Verice.

“Ptičke bo zeblo, zeblo,” dostavi druga snežinka.

“Kdo jim bo dajal jesti?” vpraša tretja.

“Verica jim bo trosila drobtinic,” odgovori četrta.

“Sestrice, zagrnimo njivo!” pravi peta.

“Da bo počivala pod toplo odejo,” dostavi šesta.

“Do krasne pomladi,” reče sedma.

Osmo snežinka pa ne reče nič. Padla je Verici na nosek in se raztalila.

Karel Havlíček-Borovský:

## Razumen pes

**A**BDUL MURZA je imel psa, katerega je zelo ljubil. Ta pes je pa tudi res zaslužil njegovo naklonjenost: po dnevi je neprestano gonil in ponoči je ležal poleg postelje svojega gospodarja in ga obveščal o vsaki nevarnosti.

Ta pes je poginil in Muzza ga je žalosten pokopal na vrtu, povabil je svoje prijatelje, priredil gostijo in je pri njej povzdigoval zasluge svojega psa.

Drugega dne so sporočili kadiji (turškemu sodniku), da je Abdul svojega psa pokopal svečano z vsemi običaji svete Mohamedove veroizpovedi, kakor pravovernega moslema (mohamedanca) in je s tem razžalil svetega proroka.

“Predrznež!” je govoril kadija že

zvezanemu Abdulu, “kaj si storil? Kar priznaj: gotovo si eden izmed onih brezbožnikov, ki molijo pse!”

“Ne, gospod, nisem tak. Res je, da sem psa pokopal in objokoval, pa še zelo dolgo ga bom objokoval, kajti bil je, ako želite vedeti . . .”

“Vem vse, brezbožnež!”

“Vse? Torej tudi veste, da je napravil ta pes oporoko, v kateri je zapustil vam sto srebrnjakov? Tukaj-le vam jih v njegovem imenu najponižnejše izročam.”

“Oj, glej! to je pa res moral biti razumen pes. Abdule, pojdite v Gospodovem imenu, vidim, da so vas nesramno obrekovali!” (Cv. K.)

Katka Zupančič:

# Janko Bric in njegovi otroci

Igra v treh dejanjih za mladino.

DOBA: Sedanjost.

KRAJ: Skromna ameriška farma.

## OSEBE:

**JANKO BRIC**, brezposelni delavec, ki se je zatekel na farmo, da vsaj prehrani svoje otroke, ki jim mora biti i mati ker ta je umrla. Zaveda se krivičnosti sedanjega reda, toda ima neomajno vero v boljšo bodočnost, ko bo delavstvo vzelo svojo usodo samo v svoje roke.

MARY, enajstletna hčerka.

JOHNNIE, dvajnostletni sin.

FRANKIE, petletni sinček.

LUCIJA, Jankova sestra, igralka in pevka.

GOSPA FISCHER, Lucijina spremljevalka.

MISS HARTL, starejša učiteljica.

MISS LEBAN, mlajša učiteljica.

MRS. GINSBURG }  
MR. GINSBURG } potovalna agenta.

TOMMY

PETE

GEORGE

LOUIS

PERCY

LEO

CHESTER

HARRY

in drugi

ELSIE

LILIAN

ELVIRA

ELICA

GERTRUDE

ANNIE

STASY

FRANCES

in druge

}  
Johnniejevi  
bivši součenci.

}  
Maryne bivše  
součence.

## I. DEJANJE

Kuhinja, ki jo je smatrati obenem za sobo. V ozadju vhod. Na levi vrata v spalnico. V desnem kotu zavesa, da se ne vidi štedilnika. Par slik na steni. Mala omara s knjigami in listi. Na sredi miza s stoli. Ob levi steni še toaletna mizica in ogledalo nad njo.

SOBOTA; zgodaj popoldne.

### PRVI PRIZOR

#### Mary in Johnnie.

**Johnnie** (sedi golorok pri mizi in čita iz knjige, nato se zamisli).

**Mary** (pospravlja pri štedilniku namizno posodje in poje sama zase. Pride v sobo s krožnikom, ki ga briše.): Saj sem vedela! Johnnie pa knjiga—to je kakor hrbet in srajca. (Se smehlja.)

**Johnnie** (jo zamišljeno gleda in molči.)

**Mary**: No, kje si zdaj? Na Havajskih otokih ali v Alaski?

**Johnnie** (si briše pot z obraza): O, v Afriki. In ti si tropična vročina, ki me muči.

**Mary** (postavi krožnik na mizo in dne roke v bok, pa se domisli in steče za zaveso in se povrne z mokro brisačo): Za vročino so dobri obkladji, glej, (zviže brisačo, da kaplja iz nje) v tole ti bom zavila glavo, da ti bo odleglo. (Se bliža bratu.)

**Johnnie** (se umakne s stola in se umika okoli mize): Nehaj! (Nagajivo): Glava ti je polna samih neumnosti in slame.

**Mary** (se nasloni na stol): Hm, samo da je polna, naj bo že česar hoče, četudi slame; v tvoji pa niti tega ni, sicer se ne bi vedno knjige držal in si prizadeval, da bi kaj zlezlo noter (si potrka po temenu).

**Johnnie** (se zasmije): Le trkaj, le. Iztrkala itak ne boš ničesar pametnega. Zato pa verjameš, (počasi in s povdarcom) da so martinčki mladi krokodili.

**Mary** (začudeno): Ali niso? Pa saj si ti tako dejal.

**Johnnie** (se zasmije na ves glas): Hahaha.

**Mary:** Tako me torej vlečeš za nos! O, počakaj me!

**Johnnie** (ji pokaže osle in zbeži ven).

**Mary** (mu zagrozi): Boš že še prišel! (Vrže brisačo na mizo in ugleda knjigo. Vzame jo v roko in čita): "Skozi šest mesecev so preiskovali obrežje in prišli so do mesteca Zungamoro. Nato so pričeli prodirati proti severozapadu skozi Ugogo in Ukimbo in so dosegli Kazeh."

**Johnnie** (tiho vstopi in posluša, slo-neč pri vratih).

**Mary** (nadaljuje s čitanjem, ne da bi opazila Johnnieja): "Tu so se seznanili z nekim arabskim trgovcem, po imenu Šah Snaj." (Odloži knjigo in se oddahne:) Uh!

**Johnnie** (se naglo približa; obraz mu je vzhičen): In veš, potem jim je šah Snaj povedal o nekih skritih jezerih in v katero stran se naj obrnejo, da jih najdejo. In res, januarja meseca leta 1858 so odkrili jezero Tanganjika! Burton je bil pa ves čas bolan. In kako težavno je bilo to prodiranje! O, ko bi ti vedela, kako težavno in nevarno, joj!

**Mary:** Levi in tigri so bili, luknje v zemlji, pa voda in divjakov vsepolno.

**Johnnie:** Da, (začudeno) pa kako veš?

**Mary:** V sanjah kričiš, da si v vodi, pa da je lev za teboj in: (oponašajoče) "Sir Burton, pazite, za vami je!"—in spet: "Tiho, tiho, uh, kako divje obraze imajo!"—Zraven vsega pa stokaš, da me sredi noči siliš v smeh.

**Johnnie** (vzdihne): Vidiš, to je samo zato, ker nimam prav nikogar, s komer bi se pogovoril o tem, kar čitam . . .

**Mary:** No? Kaj pa oče?

**Johnnie:** Saj res, oče. Pa on se kmalu naveliča in zadnjič me je zavrnil, da imamo tudi v Ameriki divjakov in džungel vsepolno, zato da jih ni treba iskat drugod.

**Mary:** Hm, in jaz?

**Johnnie:** Ti? Da, ti. Ti bi lahko čitala kakor jaz, pa bi si potem pripovedovala. O kako lepo bi bilo! Tako pa — — —

**Mary** (se čuti zadeto: Saj čitam. Čeprav manj kakor ti. Ti imaš tudi več časa nego jaz, ki moram pospravljati, kuhati, vse. (Se našobi.)

**Johnnie** (pomirljivo): No, no. Mar ti ne pomagam pomivati in brisati posode? Tisto pa, kar ti čitaš, je zanič. O samih princih in princesah — bh! Povej mi, kaj se pri tem naučiš? Nič.

**Mary** (užaljeno): Pa nič, no. (Gre in pospravlja po omari.) Samo da se meni sanja o princih, tebi pa o divjakih. Povej, katere sanje so lepše?

**Johnnie** (zamahne z roko): Eh, s tabo ni mogoče govoriti.—Le zakaj smo morali priti sem na farmo. V mestu sem imel prijatelja, joj, kako ga pogrešam! (Sede k mizi in si nasloni čelo na roko.)

**Mary:** Tommyja, kaj ne?

**Johnnie** (prikima zamišljeno): Da, Tommy.

**Mary** (ga pogleduje, pa si primakne stol tik k Johnnieju in sede. Nežno): Mar misliš, da jaz ničesar ne pogrešam? Tudi jaz sem imela prijateljico, ne eno, ampak (šteje na prste) šest, sedem, osem—oh, kakih deset prijateljic. Pogrešam pa več drugega. Samo na cesto sem stopila, pa sem videla ljudi, trgovine, izložbe. Posebno izložbe, polne pisane robe. In včasih smo šli v kino ali kam drugam. Tukaj pa vsega tega nič. Ko bi vsaj radio imeli, da bi razen tistega ga-ga-ga naših rac in čivčavkanja naših kokoši slišala tudi kaj drugega.

**Johnnie** (si griže ustnico): Mary, ko bom dorastel, si bom službo poiskal v mestu, pa bomo zopet vsi živeli v mestu, kakor prej.

**Mary:** Joj, kdaj bo tisto!

**Johnnie:** Kmalu. Vidiš, eno leto je tega, kar smo na farmi, še morda pet ali šest let bo treba potrpeti, pa bom velik in močan, če mi boš seveda dobro kuhala (se ji ljubeznjivo nasmehne in se nagajivo poigra z njenimi kodri).

**Mary** (spravljivo): Da, in dotlej ti naj bom jaz Tommy. Vse, kar bi rad njemu povedal, povej meni. Pa, ali ne

boš študiral? Za inženirja si rekel, da bi se rad izšolal.

**Johnnie** (povesi glavo): Tisto bomo videli.

## DRUGI PRIZOR

### Prejšnja in Frankie.

**Frankie** (vstopi).

**Mary** (se ozre in vstane): Frankie, Frankie, kakšen si spet? (Mu stega hlačke.) Kje si bil ves čas?

**Frankie** (moško): Ateku pomagal.

**Mary**: Ja? Samo nasek si moraš obrisati, zmiraj ti je moker. (Mu tiplje po žepih.) Kje imaš robček? Spet zgubil?

**Frankie**: Kozi noska brisal—

**Johnnie** (se muza): Kozi noska brisal!

**Mary** (maje z glavo): Pa ti ga je pojedla, kaj ne?

**Frankie**: Mhm! (V potrdilo pokima z glavo.)

**Mary** (mu briše nos s svojim robcem): Joj, ti mala velika pokora! Le čakaj, nekaj sem se spomnila. Johnnie, poišči kako vrvico! (Sama pa potegne iz predala svež robček.)

**Johnnie** (poseže v žep in privleče vrvico in da Mary): Glej jo, saj nisi tako strašno neumna!

**Mary** (priveže robec na vrvico, pa jo pričvrsti Frankieju k hlačkam): Tako! Pa če pojdeš zdaj spet h kozi, bo ta najprej pograbila za robček, potem tako-le po vrvi navzgor (ponazoruje) in bo tako-le pohrustala še tebe. Zato se zdaj drži le preč od kože. (Izgine za zastorom.)

**Johnnie**: Ho, to bi cvilil, kaj ne, Frankie, in ščipal bi kozo od znotraj, da bi bilo joj.

**Mary** (prinese med tem izza zastora piškotek in ga da malemu): Na, zdaj pa spet k ateku, nikamor drugam!

**Frankie** (v eni roki piškot, z drugo vleče vrvico in ruto iz žepa in odraca skozi vrata.)

## TRETJI PRIZOR

### Johnnie in Mary.

**Mary** (gleda za malim bratcem).

**Johnnie** (zviije med tem brisačo, kakor potico na krožnik; se smehlja).

**Mary** (se vrne od vrat in pokaže na mizo): Na, kaj pa to pomeni?

**Johnnie** (se obrne vstran in se zaheheta): Hehe. O nič. (Proti Mary): Na zadnjo nedeljo sem se spomnil in na tisto tvojo potico, veš? Ako bi tole (pokaže na krožnik) pomazala malo z mlekom in jo položila v peč, morda bi bila prav tako okusna, ko je bila le-ona v nedeljo.

**Mary** (zelo užaljena, ga gleda in molči).

**Johnnie**: Eh, saj nisem mislil tako hudo, samo pošaliti sem se hotel. (Stopi k nji in z nežnim glasom): Maryca, smej se rajši!

**Mary** (žalostno): Kaj morem zato, če ni bila dobra? Bila je prva potica, ki sem jo spekla—(se nenadno ujezi) in zadnja tudi, da veš! Jutri je tvoj rojstni dan. Ves teden sem premišljala, kako in kaj bi spekla. Zdaj pa ne bom nič—veš, nič! Kar tole si speci (pokaže na mizo)!

**Johnnie**: O, Mary, sestra! Ali nisi rekla, da mi boš Tommy? Vidiš, njega sem večkrat dražil, on pa mene—pa sva bila bot. Zamere pa ni bilo nikoli. (Jo narahlo udari po hrbtu.) Ti moj Tommy—!

**Mary**: Pa vseeno. (Že nekoliko potolažena). Tommy ni pekel potic—!

**Johnnie**: O, pusti že tisto. (Jo potegne na stol k mizi in knjigi, pa sede poleg.) Poslušaj—Tommy, moj prijatelj!

(Nekdo potrka.)

## ČETRTI PRIZOR

### Prejšnja in Mr. in Mrs. Ginsburg.

**Mr. in Mrs. Ginsburg** (vstopita s kovčgom).

**Mrs. Ginsburg** (priliznjeno): O, dober dan, otroka! Sama doma?

**Johnnie:** Sama. In kupila ne bova nič.

**Mr. Ginsburg:** Da ne? Da bi Mr. Ginsburg hodil kam zastonj, ha! Kdo je že kaj takega slišal? Bom pa jaz kupoval. Dosti perutnine imate. Kje je gospodar?

**Johnnie in Mary** (se spogledata).

**Johnnie:** Pojdite z mano, ga bom poklical.

**Johnnie in Mr. Ginsburg** (odideta).

#### PETI PRIZOR

**Mary in Mrs. Ginsburg.**

**Mrs. Ginsburg** (priliznjeno): No, bebica, kako kaj?

**Mary** (se vzravna): Nisem bebica. Enajst let mi je in štiri mesece.

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** Ooo, saj res, ti si že dekle, cela Miss!

**Mary** (pokima): Miss Mary Bric. In kaj imate tukaj notri? (Pokaže na kovčeg.)

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** Tako, tako. (Z ustrežljivim glasom:) Tu notri? Vsepolno lepih stvari, takih, da se ti bodo oči smejale, Miss Mary Bric.

**Mary:** Miss Mary Bric.

**Mrs. Ginsburg** (zase): Bric ali Fric, vseeno je, samo da bo kupčija. (Odklepa kovčeg in glasno proti Mary): Samo mamó pokličí, mamó!

**Mary** (se zresni, otožno): Mamó? — — Je ni. — — Umrla je.

**Mrs. Ginsburg** (jo pogladi po laseh): O sirotica! Vendar pa vam nekdo gospodinji, kaj ne? Kje je gospodinja?

**Mary:** Gospodinja—to sem jaz.

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** Ti? Tako, tako. No, potem pa imaš ti kaj denarja. Boš pa ti kaj kupila. Gospodinja si sme tudi kaj kupiti. Ali ne?

**Mary** (se nekoliko brani): Nimam denarja. Oče kupi, kar treba. Samo dve desetici, to je vse kar imam.

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** Nu ja, tudi za dve desetici si lahko že kaj izbereš. Pogledj! (Odrgne.)

**Mary** (vsa zavzeta): Oh!

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** Saj sem vedela! In kaj se ti najbolj dopade?

**Mary** (pokaže s prstom): Tole.

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** O, verižico. (Jo vzame iz kovčga in ji jo poda.) Pojdi, primeri si. Boš videla, kako boš lepa.

**Mary** (si primerja pred ogledalom, pa se vrne): Ne, ne upam se! Oče bi bil hud. (In obotavlja se vrača verižico.)

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** Zakaj hud? Piščance, ki jih bo prodal mojemu možu, si pomagala tudi ti zrediti, ali ne?

**Mary:** Tisto že. Ampak (igra se z verižico) . . .

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** Kaj ampak! Saj bo dobil za nje denar. Kar kupi jo, pa je. Petdeset centov, vidiš, stane, pa tebi, ki si pridna, jo prodam za borih dvajset centov.

**Mary** (se začudi): Petdeset? Take robe sem videla v mestu vse polno po deset centov.

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** Hjaa, pa to je drugačna roba. To ti je čisto belo zlato. Dolar je vredna, ne samo dvajset centov.

**Mary** (omahuje, na to pa zanika): Se ne upam.

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** Izmisli se kaj. Reci očetu, da si jo našla, pa je. In, glej, še nekaj povrh ti dam! (Poseže v kovčeg in privleče rdeč, širok trak.) Tole za okoli glave. (In ji ga zaveže s pentljo na vrhu. Obrača jo pred seboj.) Vsa druga si zdaj, kakor princeska si lepa. Le poglaj se! (Pokaže na ogledalo.)

**Mary** (se ogleduje v ogledalu, pri tem se boječe ozira na vrata.)

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** Nič ne skrbi. Kar na glavi ga obdrži, in če bo oče kaj onegavil, mu povem, da sem ti dala trak zastonj. Česa se potem bojiš?

**Mary** (si grize ustnice, nazadnje se odloči): Naj bo. Vzamem. (Izgine v spalnico in prinese desetici.) Tukaj. (Žalostno vzdihne, ko Mrs. Ginsburg spravlja denar. Hitro potisne verižico v žep, ker zunaj se slišijo koraki.)

#### ŠESTI PRIZOR

**Prejšnji in Johnnie.**

**Johnnie** (vstopi).

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** No, kako je bilo kaj s kupčijo?

**Johnnie:** Petintrideset piščancev — — (Ugleda pentljo na sestriini glavi.)



Proti Mary): O, hm! — (Očitajoče):  
Mary! (Stisne ustnice in maje z glavo.)

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** Svoji gospodinji boš vendar privoščil nekaj, kar sem ji dala zastonj. Zastonj, da! Nič me tako ne glej.

**Johnnie:** Oče pravi, da nekateri ljudje niti kihnejo ne zastonj. In jaz mu verjamem.

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** Kar tiho bodi, mali modrijan. (Sladko): Tuti zate imam nekaj. Saj imaš par centkov (s prsti naredi znamenje), ali ne? (Se pripogne h kovčgu.)

### SEDMI PRIZOR

**Prejšnji in oče; kasneje Frankie.**

**Oče** (vstopi, presenečeno se ozre na tujko in potem na Mary): O, taka je ta reč! Nisem vedel, da sta prišla kar dva kragulja naenkrat, da sta skubila eden zunaj hiše, eden notri.

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** O ne, tisto pa—

**Oče:** Za koliko ste jo ofrnažili za tisti kikiriki na njeni glavi, (kaže na Mary, malce karajoče) to našo prismodico?

**Mrs. Ginsburg** (huda): Kaj ofrnažila! Trak sem ji podarila; čisto zastonj sem ji ga dala, ko mi je povedala (jokavo), da revica nima mame — —. (S spremenjenim in priliznjenim glasom): In veste, Mr. Fric —

**Johnnie:** Mr. Bric, prosim.

**Mrs. Ginsburg:** Mr. Bric, zdaj imate priliko, da nagradite svoja otroka, (ugleda Frankieja, ki baš kar vstopi, skoči k njemu) in še tega malega. Pa še sebi kaj kupite. (Se loti kovčga.)

**Oče:** Kar odnesite svojo šaro. Pa če jo boste še kedaj prinesli pod mojo streho, se lahko zgodi, da vam jo stresem na dvorišče. (Zunaj se sliši hukanje avtomobila.) Mož vas pričakuje.

**Mrs. Ginsburg** (pobere kovčeg, nevoljno): Saj grem, saj grem, Mr. Fric. (Že na pragu se obrne.) Ampak dober oče pa niste!—V to samoto ste zaprli svoje otroke in jim ne privoščite—

**Oče** (jezno): Tak za zlodja! (Naglo korači k vratom; Mrs. Ginsburg izgine.)

**Mary** (smukne ven).

### OSMI PRIZOR

**Oče, Johnnie in Frankie.**

**Frankie** (cuka očeta za hlače, kaže ven): Tam zunaj dela puh-puh.

**Oče** (ga stisne k sebi): Da, puh-puh. (Sede k mizi in si podpre glavo.)

**Frankie** (se odpravlja ven).

**Oče** (se ozre): Tukaj ostani, Frankie. (Pogleda po Johnnieju.) Kje je Mary?

**Johnnie** (korači k vratom in kliče): Mary!

### DEVETI PRIZOR

**Prejšnji in Mary.**

**Mary** (tiho vstopi brez pentlje na glavi in ostane pri vratih. Težko vest ima.)

**Oče:** No, otroka, ali tudi vidva sodita tako, kakor onale Missus?

**Johnnie** (pristopi, živo): Pa ne, oče. Midva z Mary veva, da nas nisi ti privedel sem, ampak revščina.

**Oče:** Da, revščina, ki so jo povzročili nikdar siti kapitalisti.

**Mary** (pristopi): To so tisti, kaj ne, oče, ki se rodijo s srebrno žlico v ustih.

**Johnnie** (se nasmehne): Da in z rdečo pentljo na glavi.

**Mary** (ga grdo pogleda).

**Oče:** In tisti, ki znajo izkoriščati kruha lačno delavstvo, da jim pomaga do večjih kupov denarja. (Vstane.) Denar, denar je os, okoli katere se danes suče ves svet!

**Mary** (se pritisne k očetu): Mi tudi?

**Oče** (zroč preko nje): Primorani smo. (Pa se posmehne.) Vendar pa smo daleč od te mogočne osi. Celo predaleč, otroci moji, predaleč. (Oko mu obstane na Johnnieju.) Ko bi imel samo toliko, da bi ti pomagal do poklica, ki si ga želiš!

**Johnnie:** Kaj pa, oče, če se ta mogočna os nekoč zlomi?

**Oče** (pritegne svoje tri otroke k sebi in z zanosom vzklikne): Odrešenje bi bilo to in sreča za vsedelavstvo celega sveta!

(ZAVESA pade.)

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

## Mirovni pozdrav waleških otrok otrokom vsega sveta

**O**TROCI pokrajine Wales v Angliji praznujejo vsako leto 18. maj kot "Dan dobre volje." Ta dan proslavljajo v spomin prve mirovne konference, ki se je vršila v Haagu na Nizozemskem dne 18. maja 1899. (V Haagu ima še dandanes svoj sedež svetovno razsodišče, ki je rešilo že celo vrsto mednarodnih sporov, in s tem že večkrat preprečilo medsebojno obračunavanje narodov z orožjem v roki.) Tega dne pošiljajo waleški (uelški) otroci po vsem svetu svoje prijateljske pozdrave, ki najdejo vsakokrat pri otrocih vseh narodov veliko razumevanje in velik odziv. V svoji lanski poslanici, ki so jo radijske postaje razširile lani 18. maja po vseh delih sveta, se spominjajo waleški otroci vseh onih, ki so z iznajdbo brzojava, telefona in radia omogočili in pripomogli k boljšim stikom med narodi in s tem k zbližanju človeštva. Njih poslanica se glasi:

"Mi, waleški fantje in dekleta, kar najprisrčneje pozdravljamo fante in dekleta vseh dežel na svetu. Od onega

časa, ko med seboj lahko govorimo na daljavo, je ves svet ena sama velika občina. Danes, na Dan dobre volje, mislimo na vse prvobojevnike raznih narodov, ki so uresničili ta čudež. Na one, ki so prvi znali pošiljati poslanice preko dolin, gora in morja. Na one, ki so dali besedam krila, da bi poletela od celine do celine.

Zdaj nam zračni valovi prinašajo godbo iz številnih dežel in besede, govornice v vseh mogočih jezikih, in s pomočjo radia se lahko ljudje tesno spoprijateljijo. Delujmo torej, fantje in dekleta, z vsemi svojimi mislimi, besedami in dejanji za tem, da bi bile vse poslanice iz naših domovin, vedno samo poslanice prijateljstva in dobre volje!"

Fantje in dekleta Amerike, povejte nam, ste-li kaj poslušali mirovni pozdrav waleških tovarišev in tovarišic in ste jim kaj odgovorili? Če ne, ne zamudite letošnji 18. maj in izpolnite, kar vam veleba vaša človeška dolžnost."

—st.—

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## Najdenček

**N**A CESTI so našli otročiča. Bil je zavit v cunje. Milo se je jokalo. Ker niso vedeli, kdo mu je mati, kdo oče, so ga poslali v sirotišnico. Tam so skrbeli zanj in mu dali vsega, česar je potreboval. Ko je dorastel, so ga poslali v šolo. Součenci so mu rekli: Najdenček. In radi so ga imeli.

Nekega dne so se v razredu pogovarjali o starših. Najdenček dvigne roko in vpraša: "Gospod učitelj, kaj je to — mamica?"

Součenci so se začudili, da Najdenček tega ne ve. Glasno so se začeli smejati.

Najdenček pa se nasloni na klop in milo zajoče.

Josip Ribičič.



### DRAGI DEČKI IN DEKLICE!

*Le preštejte slovenske dopise v tej številki Mladinskega Lista! Ali jih ni lepo število? Pa kako zanimivi in jedrnatni so po vsebini in pripovedovanju.*

*Koliko ste jih našeli? Nič manj kot 17 jih je! Izredno dobro in pohvalno ste se postavili, in takoj v začetku leta. Koga ne bi razveselil tak odmev od strani našega naraščaja, ki se zbira pod okriljem Slovenske narodne podporne jednote? Starši so lahko veseli, ko vidijo, da se naša mladina tako krepko zanima za slovenski del Mladinskega Lista.*

*V dopisovanju pa ne smete zaostati. Vsak mesec naj napiše vsak dosedanji dopisovalec po en dopis. Poleg tega pa glejte, da pridobite še kakšnega novega dopisnika. "Naš kotiček" naj postane resničen glasnik naše šolske mladine v Ameriki.*

*Na delo torej za jednotin Mladinski List in "Naš kotiček"!*

—UREDNIK.

### ODZIV NA DOPIS SLOVENSKE UČENKE

Conjeni urednik M. L.!

Po precej dolgem času se zopet oglašam v našem preljubljenem mesečniku. Pisala bi bila bolj redno, toda, ker dobrih novic ni, slabih pa dosti, sem pa za en čas odnehala. Ko enkrat nehaš in začneš odlašati z dopisovanjem, rečem, da se je res težko pripraviti. Čitala sem pa vseeno z veseljem dopise in povsti v Mladinskem Listu.

Zelo se mi je dopadel dopis v januarski številki M. L. s podpisom Učenka Slovenske mladinske šole iz Chicaga. To je res razveseljiv dopis. To naj bo vzgled staršem, ki pravijo: "Ja, moj otrok se ne more pa ne more naučiti slovenščine." Seveda, tako govorijo le očetje in matere, ki se sami ne zanimajo za obdržek svojega materinskega jezika. Jaz sem se s prva tudi nerada učila slovensko pisati in brati. Govorim seveda slovenščino vse svoje življenje. Ampak sedaj sem pa ponosna, da lahko govorim, čitam in pišem slovenščino ravno s tako lahkoto kot angleščino. Sedaj, ko je slovenska šola skoro v vseh večjih na-

selbinah, je sramota za vsakega otroka, ki je slovenskega rodu in se ne zanima dovolj, da bi pohajal slovensko šolo. Jaz dosedaj nisem še pohajala nobene slovenske šole. Naučila sem se večinoma vse, kar znam, sama iz abecednika in iz časopisov. Upam, da bo v prihodnji številki več takih zanimivih dopisov kot je bil od učenke z Chicaga.

Prireditve so zdaj bolj redke v naši naselbin, ali pa še prepogoste za te čase. Ko priredi to ali ono društvo kako prireditve, je malokdaj uspeh. Ker ravno pripovedujem o prireditvah, ne smem pozabiti omeniti, da bo imela Clevelandska federacija veselico dne 12. marca v Slovenskem narodnem domu na St. Clairju. Popoldne bo bogat program s petjem, prizori, govori itd., zvečer pa ples. Pri programu sodeluje več angleško poslujočih društev. Čisti dobiček te prireditve gre za asessment brezposelnim članom SNPJ.

Napisala sem več kot sem bila namenjena. Zato bom končala za danes, bom pa še prihodnjič kaj napisala. Najlepše pozdrave vsem, ki čitajo Mladinski List.

Anna Traven,

11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, O.

### PROTESTIRAJMO Z DOPISI!

Dragi urednik!

Prosim, da mi odstopite malo prostora v priljubljenem Mladinskem Listu.

Apeliram na vas, dečki in deklice, da bi se malo potrudili in napisali novice iz vaših naselbin vsak mesec v "Naš kotichek." Prosite svoje starše, da bodo oni vaši učitelji v slovenščini. Seve, potrpljenja in dobre volje je treba, pa bo šlo. Jaz sam sem bil večkrat nejevoljen, ko mi je mati prigovarjala, naj vzamem slovensko knjigo v roke, da me bo učila. Sedaj sem pa vesel, da znam čitati in pisati v maternem jeziku.

V Prosveti sem čital dopis od starega člana, da on misli, da mi mladi člani ne potrebujemo Mladinskega Lista, ker da se dosti ne zanimamo zanj. Da bi nam Ml. L. ustavili, to se ne sme zgoditi! Protestirajmo s tem, da bo "Naš kotichek" napolnjen s slovenskimi dopisi vsak mesec!

Povem naj tudi, da pridno jem posušene ribe, rdeče salmone. Naš sosed je bil v Alaski in je pripeljal sedem sto funtov suhih salmon rib domov. Tukajšnji domačini gredo vsako leto v Alasko ribarit. Nekateri napravijo lep denar, kadar ujamejo dosti rib.

Mimo tega otoka plujejo ladje, ki so na poti tudi v Alasko.

Povem naj tudi, da spada sto osemintrideset otokov v okraj San Juan, kamor spada tudi to mesto Friday Harbor. Ali ljudje ne živijo na vseh teh otokih. Na tem otoku je petnajststo prebivalcev.

Lep pozdrav mladim članom in članicam, enako Vam, urednik!

Anton Groznik,

Box 22, Friday Harbor, Wash.

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### MLADINSKI LIST NAJ OSTANE!

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, odmerite mi malo prostora za teh par vrstic.

Najprej se Vam lepo zahvaljujem za laskavo pohvalo o mojem dopisovanju v "Koticčku" v minulem letu. Zelo me veseli, a zasluga za to priznanje gre v prvi vrsti mojim staršem, ki me k dopisovanju vspodbujajo in mi pri tem pomagajo, ker sama bi ne zmogla vsega. Da pa sem v decemberski in januarski izdaji izostala iz "Koticčka," ni moja krivda. Napisala in odposlala sem dopis za decembersko izdajo kot po navadi, a iskala sem ga zaman v decemberski številki. Vsa razočarana sem nestrpnost čakala na januarsko številko. Spet nič. No, zdaj me je pa popadla jeza. Povem Vam, če bi bila imela tisti trenutek klobaso v rokah, bi jo bila zgrizla na drobne kosce! No, pa sem si mislila: "Naj bo, bom videla, kaj bo v februarški številki." Upam, da ne bom zaman brskala po "Koticčku."

Brala sem, da je dnevnik Prosveta, glasilo naše SNPJ, v zelo slabem finančnem stanju.

Vzrok temu je današnja kriza. List je v nevarnosti, da preneha izhajati. Nekateri člani še celo svetujejo, da bi se naš Mladinski List uknil. Iz te moke pa ne bo kruha! Oba lista morata ostati! Apeliram na vse člane, da pridobite kakega novega naročnika, če ne več, vsaj za tri mesece. Da Vam dokažem, da resno mislim. Vam priloženo pošiljam en dolar naročnine za tri mesece. Nas je pet v družini in dozdam še nismo imeli dnevnika, čeprav smo vsi člani jednote. Seveda, tudi nas ta kriza tare kot mnogo drugih, upam pa, če bo le mogoče, da odzdam naprej ne bomo več brez dnevnika. Zato, cenjeni "koticčkarji," če hočemo obdržati Mladinski List, moramo v prvi vrsti podpirati Prosveto. Brez teh dveh listov bi bila naša jednota kot truplo brez glave. Če ima kdo izmed vas še kakšen plesnjiv dolar kje v nogavici ali v "šparovcu," kar ven z njim in naj ga pošlje za naročnino na dnevnik Prosveto!

Devetnajstletna Irka, Vivian Scott, živeča tu v Clintonu, je iskala in tudi našla smrt v valovih reke Wabash. Nesrečna ljubezen je bila baje vzrok samomora. Njenega trupla do danes še niso našli.

Ker se bojim, da bi ta dopis ne bil predolg, naj za enkrat neham, dodam naj samo še tole pesem, ki je vsem dobro znana. Seveda sva jo z očetom predrugačila, kar pa, mislim, mi ne boste zamerili. Tukaj je:

#### Lepa naša domovina!

Lepa naša domovina,  
bogatašem zemlja mila,  
za ubogegea trpina  
ni še nikdar dobra bila!  
Velikašem je res slavna,  
patriotom je edina,  
ljudstva v njej pa so brezpravna;  
To je naša domovina!

Manjka dela, manjka jela,  
tužna prsa, tužne noči,  
zlo objelo je deželo,  
glad in beda, solzne oči.  
Cele trume revnih ljudi  
na robu je pogina,  
izčrpani so njih ud!—  
To je naša domovina!

Teci, želja vroča, teci,  
da ti sila se ne zgubi!  
Ne oklečaj, svetu reci:  
Da tudi suženj življenje ljubi!  
Dokler mu solnce toplo sije,  
dokler mu krušna polja greje,  
dokler mu srce v prsih bije,  
dokler ga zemlja ne zakrije.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in Vam!  
Josephine Mestek, 638 N. 9th st., Clinton, Ind.

## DOPIS SLOVENSKE UČENKE

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis za Mladinski List. Sedaj sem stara 13 let in hodim v osmi razred v šolo.

Povedati moram tudi to, da hodim tudi v slovensko šolo že tretje leto. To šolo vodi društvo Pioneer št. 559 SNPJ.

V naši družini nas je osem in vsi smo člani SNPJ pri društvu št. 1.

Dne 18. decembra je naša slovenska šola uprizorila igro, ki je povoljno izpadla. Kmalu se bomo pričeli učiti igro za spomladansko prireditev ob času jednotine 10. konvencije. Do takrat je še precej časa, zato upam, da se bomo lahko dobro naučili.

Čikaških delavskih razmer ni vredno omenjati, kajti slabe so tako kot menda povsod drugod. Želim pa, da bi se v tem letu vendar le enkrat kaj izboljšalo vseh povsod.

Prosim Vas, urednik, da moje napake malo popravite.

Iskren pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L. in tudi mojemu stricu Franku v West Parku, Ohio!

Agnes Zvokel,

2335 S. Hoyne ave., Chicago, Ill.

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## "FLU" V POSETIH NA WEST ALLISU

Dragi urednik!

Že spet sem se namenila, da napišem par vrstic za Mladinski List, ki upam, da bodo priobčene v "Našem kotičku."

Vsa naša družina, ki šteje pet članov, spada k SNPJ. Nekaj nas je pri društvu Jolly Allis, ostali pa so pri društvu št. 104. Moja sestra je zadnjič pisala v Chatter Corner.

Pri nas smo bili vsi bolni za "flu" in smo vsled tega imeli bolj slabe božične praznike. Sedaj imamo lepo vreme. Snega smo imeli malo dosedaj. Delavske razmere so slabe kot povsod.

Lep pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem Mladinskega Lista in tudi uredniku!

Frances Yamnik,

1101 S. 63rd st., West Allis, Wis.

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## OLGA JE DEBATIRALA

Dragi urednik!

Že dolgo se nisem oglasila v Mladinskem Listu, to pa zato, ker sem bila zelo zaposlena s šolskimi nalogami.

Na devetega decembra nas je šlo šest deklet z Friday Harbor high school debatirat z "debating teamom" na Mt. Vernon v Anacortes. Vozili smo se dve uri po vodi, preden smo prišli na mesto. Debatirali smo o davkih. V eni točki smo dobili, v drugi pa zgubili.

Na sedmega novembra smo pa štirje iz "public speaking" razreda imeli govor v šol-

skem avditoriju. Eden je govoril za republikansko stranko, drugi za demokratsko stranko, tretji za Liberty stranko, jaz pa za socialistično. Moj učitelj je pa prepričan republikanec, pa vseeno me je pohvalil, da sem naredila lep govor.

Drugi dan smo šolarji iz višje šole imeli predsedniške volitve. Norman Thomas je dobil štiri glasove. Glasovali smo moj brat, sestra, jaz in eden Amerikanec.

Prosim, priobčite to pesmico:

## Ni se vrnil

Nekoč je brezskrben  
mladenič živel,  
veselo je vriskal,  
veselo je pel.

Zaljubljen se močno  
je v cvetko deklet,  
začel je iz srca  
ji pesmice pet.

Ni maralo petja  
ošabno dekle:  
"Naj gre," mu je rekla  
vrh strme gore.

Naj cvetko z vrha  
prinese nazaj,  
ak' če, da spominja  
se njega kedaj.

Takoj se napotil  
čez polje in log,  
lezel je kot veter  
naprej lahkono.

Za ciljem, po cvetko  
vrh strme gore,  
ga močno je gnalo  
ljubeče srce.

A strme pečine  
in skalnati rob,  
so mu šepetale:  
"Ti iščeš svoj grob!"

Prispel je do vrha  
izmučen krvav,  
a v srcu je čutil  
še vročo ljubav.

Utrgal je cvetko  
in zgrudil se je,  
zaspal je za vedno  
vrh strme gore.

O priliki se še oglasim.

Olga Groznik,

Box 22, Friday Harbor, Wash.

## DOPIS NAŠEGA UČENCA

Dragi urednik!

To je moj drugi dopis v Mladinskem Listu v "Našem kotičku."

Star sem 12 let in v šoli sem v 7. razredu. Moja učiteljica je Miss Brackon in je dobra z nami. Poleg tega hodim tudi v slovensko šolo, ki jo vodi društvo Pioneer št. 559 v Chicagu. Nas podučujeta Mrs. Katka Zupančič in Mr. Beniger, ki se z nami trudita, da se bomo kaj naučili.

Sedaj nas je nad 40 učencev in učenk v slovenski mladinski šoli. In med seboj se prav dobro razumemo. Pa tudi naša učiteljica sta precej dobra z nami.

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

Frank Krebel,

7331 W. 60th Pl., Argo, Ill.

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## ELICA JE BILA NA PROGRAMU

Cenjeni urednik Mladinskega Lista!

Vem, da se Vam bom zdela kot kakšna tujka, kajti že dolgo nisem nič napisala za Mladinski List. Čitala pa sem v njem mnogo zanimivih dopisov, ki so me tako razveselili, da sem se takoj odločila, da bom tudi jaz kaj napisala za "Naš kotiček." Težko se je pripraviti k pisanju, posebno pa še k slovenskemu, kajti slovenščine nismo dosti zmožni.

Letos imamo v naši šoli učitelja, ne učiteljice. On je z nami še precej strog in vsi moramo biti bolj resni kot prej. Pred božičem smo imeli šolski program. Meni se je to dopadlo, ker sem rada na programu. In iz Mladinskega Lista sem se naučila par kitic, da sem jih povedala. Tiste kitice je napisala Mary Jugg. Vprašala sem učitelja, če bo to primerno za naš program. Vprašal me je, kaj imam. Povedala sem mu in je dejal, da bo ravno prav za naš program. Za prihodnji božič pa se bom naučila še več iz Mladinskega Lista. Tako upam.

Pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem, posebno pa našemu potrpežljivemu uredniku, ki ima obilo dela z urejevanjem naših dopisov! Hvala mu!

Elica Strajnar, Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

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## JOŠKO ŠE VEDNO LOVI ZAJCE

Dragi mi urednik!

Ko to pišem (3. jan.) naletuje sneg in sanke imam že pripravljene, da se bom sankala. To je moje veselje.

Naš stric Lojze je dobil po pošti neko zdravilo, ki mu je že nekoliko pomagalo. Sedaj pa bi rad dobil kakšno primerno zdravilo za noge.

Pred časom sem bila na veselici na Clairtonu in imeli smo se lepo. Potem pa nas je obiskal stric Vinko, ki nam je popravil nekaj

poljskega orodja. Oni dan smo dobili stenski koledar SNPJ, ki nam zelo ugaja.

Tukaj sedaj vse delo počiva in slabo kaže za bodočnost.—Brat Joško še vedno nastavlja zanjke in gre vsako jutro pogledat, če se je že kaj ujelo. To Vam je poba, ki se zanima za take stvari kot vsi ostali dečki.

Jaz poznam mnogo slovenskih šolarjev, ki znajo pisati, pa ne pišejo za M. L. Mene bi zelo veselilo, da bi kdaj kaj napisali za "Kotiček." Na primer Frankie Razorškov iz Clairtona in Karolina Cebaškova in drugi. Saj vemo, da znajo čitati in pisati slovensko, zato pa naj pišejo.

Končno lepo pozdravljam urednika in vse mlade čitatelje in čitateljice!

Anna Marolt, Masontown, Pa.

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## "KRAVICA NAM DAJE SLADKO MLEKO"

Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi slovenski dopis za M. L. Moj ata nič ne dela. Mi imamo eno kravo, od katere dobivamo sladko mleko. Moj bratec Tonček ne zna pisati slovensko. Pozneje ga bom jaz učila slovensko, čeprav ne hodim v slovensko šolo. On je devet let star, jaz pa sem stara 10 let.

Številka našega društva je 118 SNPJ. Mi upamo, da bo leto 1933 boljše kot lansko. Mi smo vsi zdravi.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice, ki tako lepo in pridno dopisujejo v Mladinski List!

Frances Tomsich,

5405 Celadine st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

\* \* \*

## SLABE RAZMERE V COLORADU

Cenjeni urednik!

Ker sem videla v Vašem članku med imeni prispevateljev tudi moje ime, sem se odločila, da bom spet malo napisala za "Naš kotiček." Vem, da imate z mojim pismom mnogo dela, ker ga morate popravljati. Jaz ne pišem dobro slovenski, kajti moji starši so obiskovali hrvatsko šolo.

Lepo bi bilo, kot Vi pišete, da bi bilo še več slovenskih dopisov v Mladinskem Listu. Potrudila se bom, da bom včasih tudi jaz kaj napisala.

Tukajšnje delavske razmere so slabe, prav tako kot povsod drugod. Tu pa tam priredi kakšno društvo veselico, da se naši ljudje malo pozabavajo. Ni pa več tistega veselja kot je bilo prej. Kmalu bo nastopil novi predsednik svojo službo. Kako bo potem? Za delavce ne bo nič boljše.

Lepo pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega Lista in tudi Vas, urednik! Hvala Vam za vse popravke v tem pismu!

Mary Marinac, box 37, El Moro, Colo.

## MARY BO ŠE VEČKRAT PISALA

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim Vas, da priobčite tale moj kratek in prvi dopis v "Kotičku."

Stara sem devet let in hodim v tretji razred. Naša šola se imenuje Washington. Ime moje učiteljice je Miss Bathie. Zame je bilo težko ko sem začela hoditi v šolo, ker nisem znala niti besedice angleški. Zato sem tudi zaostala. Za božične praznike smo imeli deset dni počitnic. Miklavž ni prinesel toliko kot prejšnja leta. Rekel je, da so ga nekje na neki cesti okradli. Upam, da bo prihodnjič kaj več prinesel.

Tukajšnje razmere so bile lani zelo slabe. Upajmo, da bo leto 1933 boljše. Pa saj nam obetajo mnogo. Pravijo, da pivovarne že zidajo za pivo. Pa moji starši pravijo, da je kruh prvi, potem šele pijača.

Za danes naj končam, upam pa, da se bom v tekočem letu večkrat oglasila s kakšnim kratkim pisemcem za Mladinski List. Ob koncu tega pisanja pozdravljam vse čitatelje teh vrstic in pa Vas še najbolj!

Mary Jerina, RFD No. 3, Box 124, Irwin, Pa.

\* \* \*

## "VSI PIŠIMO SLOVENSKE DOPISE!"

Dragi urednik!

Takoj v začetku tega leta sem se namenila, da bom tudi jaz začela dopisovati v Mladinski List v slovenskem jeziku. Vem, da boste imeli mnogo dela z menoj pri urejevanju mojih pisem, pa vseeno bom pisala. Vas pa prosim, da imate potrpljenje z menoj in da popravite napake.

Vidim, da se Vi, urednik, zelo zanimate za slovenski jezik in želite, da se bi ga slovenski otroci naučili. Povedati pa Vam moram, da je mnogo slovenskih otrok, ki se svojega materinega jezika sramujejo. Pa saj pravi stari pregovor, da če več jezikov človek zna, boljše je zanj. Znanje jezikov nikomur ne škoduje.

Prišel je predpustni čas, čas veselja in zabav. Letos pa bo menda malo zabave za delavce, kajti mnogo jih je brez dela in zaslužka. Jaz sem pa rada vedno vesela. Rada se na peti zavrtim in zapojem tisto: "Ta kosa je rujava, ne reže travce več—ta ljubca ni ta prava, ker ne ljubi mene več . . ." Znam tudi par drugih slovenskih popevk.

Sedaj pa še besedo slovenskim dopisovalcem. Požurimo se vsi, da bo letos "Naš kotiček" še bolj velik in bolj zanimiv. Potrudimo se vsi, da bomo prekosili vse ostale "Kotičke" prejšnjih let. Pišimo in se učimo slovensko, saj smo vendar otroci slovenskih staršev!

Prav lepe pozdrave pošiljam vsem čitateljem Mladinskega Lista, najlepše pa uredniku!

Ella Juvančič,

921 McLaughlin rd., Bridgeville, Pa.

## V ŠOLI

TI TAM v šesti klopi!

Koliko je šestkrat pet?"  
Majhen mož na prste stopi:  
"Šestkrat pet je trideset!"

"Vrane družijo se rade,  
pet na smreki jih čepi.  
Puška počí, ena pade,  
koliko jih še sedi?"

Kaj se tebi zdi?" — "Nobena!"  
"Kaj? To v glavo mi ne gre!"  
"Ena pade ustreljena,  
druge štiri odlete!"

"Glej ga, glej, glavica bistra!  
Majhen deček, velik mož;  
s časom boš še za ministra,  
ako vedno priden boš!"

Josip Stritar.

## SNEŽENEGA MOŽA JE VZELA NOČ

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Prav lepa hvala Vam za priobčitev mojega dopisa!

Zadnje čase smo imeli precej mrzlo vreme, to je pred novim letom. Potem pa je nastalo topleje. Moja sestra, bratec in jaz smo naredili sneženega moža, s katerim smo imeli obilo veselja. Čez noč pa je postalo južno vreme, padal je dež in prihodnje jutro smo našli le veliko kepo snega na dvorišču.

Na 17. decembra smo bili mi otroci in člani društva 295 SNPJ deležni lepih daril, ki nam jih je podarilo imenovano društvo. Iskreno se želim na tem mestu zahvaliti vsem članom tega društva za izkazano dobroto. Tudi na Library smo se udeležili tamkajšnje božičnice. To je bilo na 24. decembra zvečer. Tudi tam smo dobili lepa darila, poleg tega pa tudi okusno kosilo. Prav dobro so se prilegle kranjske klobase s hrenom, ki pa je bil tako močan, da me je kar v nosu ščegetalo. Najlepša hvala v imenu naše družine vsem v Libraryju za naklonjenost in postrežbo. Tamkajšnji rojaki so prijazni.

Hi koncu želim vsem slovenskim dopisovalcem in dopisovalkam obilo uspeha pri njihovem šolskem delu in želim, da bi napisali vsak mesec mnogo slovenskih dopisov v Mladinski List!

Mary Juvančič, Bridgeville, Pa.

## BOLNA MAMA

Dragi urednik!

To je moje prvo pismo za Mladinski List. Upam, da ga boste priobčili in tudi malo popravili.

Dne 6. januarja sem bil star 11 let. Moj brat Joseph je star 9 let. Jaz hodim v šolo, ki se imenuje East Madison. Jaz sem v 4. razredu, moj brat pa v 3. razredu. Mi smo vsi člani SNPJ pri društvu št. 5. Moja mama naju uči slovensko. Moja mama večkrat reče, da kdaj bom kaj napisal za Mladinski List.

Danes sem ostal doma, ker je moja mama bolna. Moja mama boleha že celih osem let. Bila je že dvakrat operirana in menda bo še tretjič. Upam, da bo šlo vse po sreči in da bo kmalu okrevala.

H koncu pozdravljam vse čitatelje in moje bratrance v Clairtonu, ki pišejo v M. L.! Tudi midva z mojim bratom se bova še kaj oglasila v "Kotičku." Hvala uredniku za njegov trud!

Frank in Joseph Krancevič,  
1245 E. 60th st., Cleveland, O.

\* \* \*

## ERNEST POHAJA SLOVENSKO ŠOLO

Dragi urednik M. L.!

To je moje prvo pismo ali dopis za Mladinski List. Jaz sem trinajst let star in hodim v Collinwood high-school in tudi v slovensko šolo na Holmes ave. V collinwoodski šoli sem v 7. razredu, v slovenski šoli pa v 3. razredu. Našemu slovenskemu učitelju gre

vse priznanje in hvala, ker se tako trudi z nami. Naučil nas je že nekaj pisati in čitati slovensko. Naš slovenski učitelj je Marijan Urbančič. Tudi slovenske pesmi smo se učili.

V Collinwoodu so delavske razmere slabe. Moj ata že dolgo časa nič ne dela in ne ve kdaj bo začel.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem Mladinskega Lista in uredniku!

Ernest Štrancar,  
716 E. 159th st., Collinwood, O.

\* \* \*

## FRANCKA OBISKUJE SLOVENSKO ŠOLO

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Prosim, dovolite mi malo prostora v "Našem kotičku." Ne maram, da bi izostala v nobeni številki M. L. Rada prečitam vse dopise v M. L. in želim, da bi vsi dečki in deklice redno dopisovali v M. L.

Hočem vam povedati, da redno obiskujem slovensko šolo in sicer tretji razred. Ne smem pozabiti, da se tudi učimo ženska ročna dela. Naša učiteljica je Marija Urbančič.

Zelo me veseli, da se bom naučila čitati in pisati slovenski. Veselilo bi me tudi, če mi bi Frances Rolih kaj pisala in mi kaj več povedala o zapadu. Jaz ji bi kaj pisala, ali ne vem natančnega naslova.

Sedaj pozdravim vse bratce in sestrice SNPJ, posebno pa urednika.

Frances Marie Čeligoj,  
16024 Holmes ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

L. N. Tolstoj:

## NAJBOLJŠE HRUŠKE

GOSPOD je poslal slugo po hruške in mu je dejal: "Kupi najboljše hruške!"—Sluga je prišel v trgovino in zahteval hruške. Trgovec mu jih je dal, toda sluga je dejal:

"Ne, dajte mi najboljše."

Trgovec je odvrnil:

"Pokusi eno in videl boš, da so dobre."

"Kako naj to vem," je dejal sluga, "če bom pa pokusil eno samo."

Odgriznil je od vsake hruške nekaj in jih prinesel gospodarju. Tedaj ga je gospod nagnal.

## PUST

POJDIMO, vlovimo Pusta,  
da nam dece ne pohrusta!

Jopič rdeč, zelene hlače,  
v rokah raglje ropotače,  
a na glavi dva roga,  
hu, pa kakšen nos ima,  
brke take kot ščetine!  
Bojmo se ga, kadar zine,  
bojmo se ga, kadar stopi  
in nas z dolgo šibo lopi!  
Če se kdo mu zagrohoče  
ali če se kdo zajoče,  
brž ga čez koleno zviije,  
živo uro mu navije,  
nič ne vpraša, nič ne reče.  
Kdor ne uide, kdor ne uteče,  
tega ujame in pohrusta.  
Le pustimo v miru Pusta!

France Bevk.





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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## AT PLAY

THIS life's a show—but differs here  
In this—that we perforce must stay  
And listen to the audience cheer  
A sadly over-rated play.  
A sordid tale of grief and greed,  
All dull in incident and line,  
A crude and inartistic screed  
That a producer would decline.

The actors are such priggish chaps,  
And talk in such a solemn way;  
If they were genuine, perhaps  
We might endure it for a day.  
But we who hear them rave and rant  
And prate of virtue—we who know  
The thousand dialects of cant—  
Must vote the play a holy show.

Life's like a play—but differs, too,  
In this: That in the mimic play  
One gets the seat that is his due  
In box, or gallery, or parquet.  
But in this life 'tis rarely so;  
We pay, and think for the amount  
That we should grace the centre row  
If intellect or beauty count.

And we, beholders at the play,  
We see the curtain slowly fall  
And twilight gathering dull and gray  
And a strange silence over all.  
The footlights die, the shadows blend,  
Down the long aisle, in solemn rout.  
Sitters from box and gallery wend,  
And all commingle, going out!

Joseph Dana Miller.

## COMPENSATION

**W**HEN Johnny was a little lad  
 He heard his father say:  
 "Work earnestly and hard and long;  
 You'll always get your pay."

Now Johnny is a grown-up man  
 Who followed father's rule;  
 He dares believe he missed the mark  
 And failed in father's school.

He strove to master all the tricks  
 A tailor's trade commands;  
 Then shops closed down and put up signs:  
 "Too much apparel on our hands."

And John can wear his mask of hope,  
 Aspire to forge ahead,  
 Yet cannot earn a fair amount  
 To buy his family's clothes and bread.

For he is checked by men of rule;  
 The lesson old is not decayed;  
 And John will but receive his pay  
 When he is free to mark his grade.

Mary Jugg.

## Stuck

The teacher had been giving a lesson on the use of the word immaterial, and to discover what the children had learned asked them to bring some article to school demonstrating the word.

Next day she said to one bright youth, "Now, Johnny, show me what you have brought."

"Well," said Johnny, rising, "will you

please hold this stick tightly at both ends?"

Having done this, the teacher inquired what was to be done next.

"Let go one end of the stick," commanded the pupil.

"Which end?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, it's immaterial," replied Johnny; "there's glue on both ends."—Answers.

## Nature's Sense of Humor

ALONG with all her grand masterpieces and marvels of beauty and perfection, Nature has exercised a rare sense of humor at times and while on her creative rampage has set a few laughs on earth. Take the manikin, a specimen of which is among the queer things brought back by Dr. Ernest G. Holt, leader of the Brazil-Venezuela expedition. The males of the species have a way of dancing serenely before the females, and the woodland on such occasion must resound with wild laughs.

Then there is the hoatzin with a thumb on its wing. This bird climbs trees as sure-winged as a telephone lineman is sure-footed, and when the hoatzin wiggles its thumbs from the knob among the feathers and reaches for a twig the unthumbed birds of the jungle have something to giggle about if they enjoy the incongruous sort of humor. The mot-mot must stand a lot of "razzing" by other birds when it be-

gins to preen so vigorously that only the shaping of its tailfeathers into the form of an arrow will suffice.

Not in South America alone has Nature issued her funny numbers. North America has species that rank as jesters. Though to humans their existence has long been taken as a matter of fact, the clowning crow will never cease his funny antics and the trade rat, which is likely to carry away cheese or hairpins and leave pine cones and nails in their place, will long succeed in business. There are many others of their buoyant spirit in North America.

Recently some determined hunters succeeded in catching a piping hare on the Japanese island, Hokkaido. They heard it often and found it, one of the rarest of mammals, most difficult to catch. Because of these elements, it is strange, Nature placed this amusing piper in Japan instead of England.

(From the Bulletin)

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## Try These Riddles

What is it that has a bushy tail and no name?—A squirrel.

What is it that can play but can't talk?—A piano.

What does your mummie look for and hope she will not find?—A hole in your stocking.

Why is a horse a curious feeder?—Because he eats best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

Why is K one of the most fortunate letters in the alphabet?—Because it is always in luck."

If a farmer can raise 250 bushels of grain in dry weather, what can he raise in wet weather?—An umbrella.

How do bees dispose of their honey?—They cell (sell) it.

Why are farmers like fowls?—Because neither can get full crops without toil.

## THE FAITHFUL FEW

**W**HEN the meeting's called to order  
 - And you look about the room,  
 You are sure to see some faces  
 From out the shadows loom,  
 That are always at the meeting  
 And stay 'til it is through  
 Those you always sure can count on—  
 The ever faithful few.

There are many worthy members  
 Who come when in the mood,  
 When everything's convenient—  
 Yes, they do a lot of good!  
 They're a factor in the old crowd  
 And as necessary, too.  
 But the ones who never fail us are  
 The ever faithful few.

If 'twere not for these faithful ones  
 With shoulder to the wheel,  
 To keep the order moving on  
 Without a halt or reel,  
 What would be the fate of our group  
 That has so much to do?  
 We surely would go under,  
 But for the faithful few.

---

## Who I Am

**I** WAS born of necessity, cradled in  
 obscurity—but I wrested achieve-  
 ment from difficulty and turned ob-  
 stacle into opportunity.

I dedicated myself and my all to the  
 cause of service—and I have prospered  
 ever since.

I was needed in the beginning and I  
 am more needed now than ever before.

I am at home in every Slovene home  
 where hearts beat and thoughts are  
 kind.

I am stronger, abler, better known  
 and better loved than ever before.

I am the standby and the bulwark of  
 the family, of the lives of those who  
 trust me and believe in me.

I never betray a trust or break a  
 promise.

My word is good thruout the civilized  
 world—and always will be.

I am the hope of those who do their  
 best, I am the destroyer of poverty, and  
 the enemy of crime.

I bring sunshine and happiness  
 wherever I am given even half the wel-  
 come I deserve.

I do not live for the day of the mor-  
 row but for the unfathomable future.

I am the guarantor of good life and  
 good deeds; I am the certificate of  
 character.

My work is not to injure, not to pain  
 —but to heal the very cause of sorrow  
 and make a better world of all of us.

I am all of this—and more; yea! a  
 thousand times more, for I fight your  
 battle when your hand is stayed and  
 take your part thru thick and thin.

I am your good and faithful friend  
 when all else fails.

I am—the SNPJ!



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

William Cotton: G. B. SHAW

## A Mother Sits By The Fire

By F. Britten Austin

A CLOCK struck 6 in thin, silvery notes, somewhere in the darkness of the fitfully illuminated room. Outside, a winter wind rattled the window-panes. The sounds made no impression on her consciousness. She sat withdrawn from contact with the world, her eyes fixed on the glowing heart of the fire where she forgot she looked. She forgot where she was, lost the sense of time in a reverie where the past re-enacted itself so vividly as to obscure the present. Only, like a part of herself, not needing the verification of a glance, was she conscious of the baby she had rocked to sleep in the cradle by the side of her chair, one hand still drooping toward it. There was a brimming spring of happiness in her heart.

Her thoughts seemed to exteriorize themselves as they played, released from check, in front of her dreamy mind. She looked at them rather than thought them, saw them curiously vivid—flitting glimpses of that quiet, well-ordered household beyond the closed door that for a month she had had to trust to function without her direction—of that moment when Rudolph's strong arm had supported her up the staircase and she had fought down the fluttering fear of the woman who knows her hour is come—of doctors and nurses—of memories she would not look at, already half-obliterated—of the doctor's face smiling at her from a cloud of pain that had suddenly broken: "You have your boy!" she would hear his voice as long as she lived—of that inexpressible moment when she had first looked down at the little bundle close against her side, had seen the tiny little strange face, miraculously alive, miraculously owing its life to her! The fire went blurry thru inexplicable tears.

What would he be, this boy of hers? Clever, of course, like his father—big,

strong, handsome—chivalrous to women. She saw men admiring him, giving him that blunt man's friendship that, womanlike, she could never get quite to understand. She saw him overtopping, outshining them all. She imagined careers for him—abandoned them one after another at the moment of success as insufficiently successful. But, whatever he was—however dazzlingly distinguished from his fellows, he was still her boy—her boy who came to his mother with loving, grateful eyes, sharing his life with her, as happily proud of her as she was of him.

The bundle in the cradle stirred again. She looked down upon it with wet, shining eyes, slipped a finger into the tight clutch of that tiny hand.

"Oh, Peter, Peter! Do you know why I called you Peter? It was very, very wicked of your mother. I said to myself as I first looked at you, 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock I build my—happiness!'"

\* \* \*

The last of them had gone. The sudden quietness closed on her. Yet she could not weep. She sat immobile, staring in front of her. The ghosts of hallucinations played over her fevered senses, brain echoes of familiar sounds that startled her with their unreal reality—the quick, firm footfall of a man who springs upstairs, her own name called cheerily from the door. She listened in spite of herself. She would never hear that step—that voice—again. Rudolph! Rudolph!

The door opened stealthily. A shock of short, fair curls, a pair of wondering blue eyes came cautiously thru the gap at a level with the handle.

"Mummy!" There was a rush of little feet across the room. A pair of warm little arms flung themselves impulsively round her neck. A little face

came close against hers, cheek against cheek, snuggling to her. "Mummy! I won't go away from you. I won't leave you—ever! Mummy, darling, you've still got me!"

She looked at him, and frozen fountains broke up in her. The ice vanished from the arms that clasped him instinctively. "Peter! Peter boy!" She smiled at him.

a hint that he was more than a friend to her. But he was suddenly different. "I shall hope while you think it over," he said, as he departed.

She turned again to the window, looked for Peter, already overdue from school. Peter! That was the touchstone. Not for herself, but for Peter, she must decide. For her the world held only one reality—that 12-year-old boy whose



J. Robinson: EARLY SPRING MORNING

She looked out of the window of the little house. A receding motor car swung round the corner, disappeared. She was trembling. The man's voice, pleasantly masculine in its persuasive appeal, still rang in her ears. And she had never suspected—Geoffrey Dane, Rudolph's friend! his executor who for these seven long years had so loyally watched over her little capital without

mere step outside the door made her heart beat faster. He was a good boy, she told herself, even if he were a little wild. She wished he wouldn't be so late. One read of so many accidents! There he was! . . . Peter came round the corner, whistling jauntily, swinging his satchel, flinging it after a cat that fled from him.

"Mr. Dane has been here this after-

noon, Peter," she said, trying to keep her voice normal.

"That chap seems always to be loafing round here lately," he said sharply. "Anyone would think he was after you, Mother. I don't want any rotten step-father!"

She could not answer. She bit her lip, her eyes filling with tears.

The sight of them touched the better nature in him. He jumped up from his chair, came round to her impulsively, put his arms around her neck.

"Mother, don't be silly—you don't want to marry anyone. What on earth for? We don't want anyone else. I've got you—and you've got me. And that's all we want, isn't it?—just each other."

She had a vision of a little curly-haired boy running to her in her grief, heard a childish voice: "Mummy, darling, I won't leave you—ever!" A self-reproach came to her; she smothered it for the one last effort to be sure.

"Peter, darling, don't you like Mr. Dane?"

"I can't stand him!" The answer was passionate in its vehemence.

It slammed a gate in her. "All right, Peter, I won't marry—anyone."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

\* \* \*

He was so big, so authoritative, that a fear of him mingled with her love. As he sat there, puffing irritably at his pipe, she could not reconcile him with the thought that once she had held him in her lap. His angry words still rang in her ears.

"I know you'd like to make a milk sop of me, Mother—but it can't be done!"

Was she wrong to try and curb him, to try and guide him? For all the 22 years of which he was so conscious, he was still only a boy. Had she done right to send him away from her to boarding school, to the university? The extravagances had depleted her capital until it made her tremble to remember. And he had been ashamed to bring his

college friends to the little house. Behind a closed door in her memory were long hours of lonely tears. She had no resentment. She gloried in these sacrifices if they had been for his good. But had they been?

She was frightened for him. Surely a university education ought to give him a start in life! It was true he had not specialized, had no particular qualifications. But he ought to have made powerful friends. If only he would not be so big in his ideas, would be content to make a beginning with whatever work he could find! Considering all things, Mr. Dane might well have offered him more than an ordinary junior clerkship in his office.

"What do you propose to do, Peter?"

"Oh, something will turn up! I'm sure to get a chance—a real chance—presently. That's, if you don't spoil it!" She blanched under the stab.

"Peter dear—do I spoil your chances for you?"

"You're spoiling this one. Just because of the miserable money! A fellow like Jack Freeman hears of all sorts of good things—and I should be a fool to refuse this chance of a trip with him."

"Jack Freeman's father is a millionaire, Peter, I know—but is your friend likely to hear of good things for you in Paris?"

He flushed.

"Well, I don't say this is a business trip, Mother—it's just a jolly party."

"And if I refuse to give you this money?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"There are people who will lend it to me."

"And if I ask you—beg of you—not to go?"

His answer was coldly brutal.

"I am sorry, Mother, but I have already promised."

"You are going—in any case?"

"In any case. I am of age. I claim my liberty, Mother."

(To be continued.)





LINCOLN AS A YOUTHFUL RAIL-SPLITTER

## W I N T E R

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Longfellow—*Woods in Winter.*

\* \* \*

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome  
dews;

Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;  
Sharp Boreas blows, and nature feels  
decay,

Time conquers all, and we must time  
obey.

Pope—*Ode to Winter.*

\* \* \*

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,  
The season's difference, as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter's  
wind,

Which, when it bites and blows upon  
my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and  
say,

"This is no flattery."

—*As You Like It.*

Green moss shines there with ice  
encased;

The long grass bends its spear-like  
form;

And lovely is the silvery scene

When faint the sun-beams smile.

Southey.

\* \* \*

Lastly came Winter cloathed all in frize,  
Chattering his teeth for cold that did  
him chill;

Whilst on his hoary beard his breath  
did freeze,

And the dull drops, that from his pur-  
pled bill

As from a limebeck did adown distill:

In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,  
With which his feeble steps he stayed  
still;

For he was faint with cold, and weak  
with eld;

That scarce his loosed limbes he hable  
was to weld.

Spenser—*Faerie Queene.*

## THE HOUSEHOLD FAIRY

By Alice Huling

**H**AVE you heard of the household  
sweet,

Who keeps the home so bright and neat?  
Who enters the rooms of boys and girls,  
And finds lost marbles or smooths out  
curls?

Who mends the rent in a girlie's frock,  
Or darns the hole in a Tomboy's sock?  
If you don't believe it is true, I say

You may search and find her this very  
day

In your home.

You must not look for a maiden fair,  
With starry eyes and golden hair;  
Her hair may be threaded with silver  
gray,

But one glance of her eyes drives care  
away,

And the touch of her hand is so soft  
and light

When it smooths out a place for your  
head at night;

If you know of some one just like this,  
My household fairy you cannot miss—  
It's "Mother."



## Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

JOYFUL MEMBERS

of the S. N. P. J.

DEAR READERS AND MEMBERS:—

Many new names appear in this number of the Mladinski List. Most contributions in this number, in the Chatter Corner, are "First Letters." That is important. At the same time I miss many old friends who have so faithfully contributed regularly to the "Corner" in the past. Are they coming back, or will they leave us forever? Some of them will, because they already are in the adult department and they feel that they no longer belong to this group of young people. But there are many who have not yet reached the adult stage and they have discontinued to write for the M. L. I want them to write for the "Corner" for many more months to come.

Take a peek into the "Kotiček" in the Slovene part of the M. L.! Fully seventeen interesting Slovene letters are printed in it this month. Encouraging, isn't it? Indeed it is! Won't you, too, try and write a Slovene letter for the next issue of Mladinski List? Thank you!

Judging from the many Slovene and English letters printed this month the Mladinski List is getting more and more popular with our youthful readers and contributors. I hope you'll continue your good work monthly.—THE EDITOR.

### "LITTLE WOMEN"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

We had in our town for a while some snow. On Christmas it was as nice as a spring day. Snow is what makes Christmas nice, I think.

Nov. 29, 1932, was the 100th anniversary of Louisa May Alcott. We had a play in her honor. This play was all about the book "Little Women." It was not long, but the costumes made it more interesting. "Little Women" is a pretty good book. We also had a play in school for Christmas which was a cowboy story. We had a delightful program. After the program we were served chocolate-covered ice cream, which was very delicious.

We, the young children who receive the M. L., have a great chance. That is, of writing to the M. L. A reason it is good to write an article to it is because you can learn to arrange your words and paragraphs, learn to punctuate it, etc. The English children have no such chance. If a teacher asks

you to write a paragraph about your cat or dog and she would mark you on your arrangement, you write a few articles to the M. L. and have better practice on writing paragraph; you have a better chance.

Last month I didn't write to the M. L. This time I certainly got lazy and could hardly write for this month. I tried real hard and now succeeded. If you and you will try, you can write, then write next month. You will form a habit of writing and you'll write every month.

Though Roosevelt is elected I do not expect better times. He is going to be good to the capitalists as was Hoover. If the capitalists will get a notion that they want to give a job to some one they will do that whether Hoover or Roosevelt is in office. As long as the capitalists rule, the working people will never live as they should.

"A Proud Torch,"

Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

## SPELLING CONTEST

Dear Editor and Readers:—

In school we had a contest in spelling. We have two teams. Their names are team one and team two. I am in team two—we are ahead so far. We get a star almost every day. The team that has the most hundreds gets a star. We have ten stars and team one has seven.

I like music. The teacher divided us in two parts, soprano and alto. The boys sing alto and the girls soprano.

Best regards to all.

Slavica Rožica Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

\* \*

## A LETTER FROM SPOKANE

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading it very much. I am fourteen years old and am a freshman at the West Valley high school of Spokane. I have not read any letters from Spokane, and I wish more members should write. I also wish that some members would write to me. Best regards to all.

Katherine Paladin,

Route 5, Spokane, Wash.

\* \*

## ANNA IS PROUD OF THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. There are four of us in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. I am 10 years old and in the 5th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Kelly.

I hope the M. L. would come every week instead of every month. Our magazine is so wonderful that I am very proud of it. You bet I am!

Times are very hard out here, like every place else.—I want some boys and girls to write to me.

Anna Skwarcha,

R.F.D. Box 197-A, Crafton Branch, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. And I enjoy reading it a lot. There are ten of us in the family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 117. I am 10 years old and in the 4th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Sherbondy; she is a very good teacher.—We are very sad because our neighbor, John Uchakar, died. My father is very sad because he lost his best friend. The work here in Yukon is scarce. The people are all out of work. Santa Claus was very poor to me last year. He never brought me anything. I'll write more next time. Best wishes to all the readers.

Pauline Poverk,

Box 391, Yukon, Pa.

## FROM RELIANCE, WYO.

Dear Editor:—

I think I will write to the M. L. again. I wish some one would put in some riddles. If I knew any I'd put them in.

My birthday was last month. I was ten years old. I wish more people would write to the M. L. to make it larger.

I wish somebody would write to me. I wish the M. L. would come weekly instead of monthly. I was glad to see my letter published in the December M. L. We had a Christmas play here, but I wasn't in it. I didn't want to be in it, because I had no costume.

The work here is scarce. The mine works about two or three days a week.

Best regards to all.

Rose Kuseck,

Box 4, Reliance, Wyo.

\* \*

## LODGE NO. 177

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I hope it is published. School has begun and I sure don't like to go to school.

The work out here is scarce and the wages are low.—We had a Christmas play.—We have a sleigh-riding place here and we were sleigh-riding and I fell off the sled and broke my arm. I am 12 years old and am in the seventh grade. We all belong to the Lodge No. 177 except my little sister.

Best regards to all.

Joe Kuseck,

Box 4, Reliance, Wyo.

\* \*

## LODGE NO. 231

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read news from the boys and girls from different states.

I am 12 years old and in 6th grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Clark Tilton. He is a very good teacher to us. There are 40 pupils in our room.

There are two of my brothers and 6 sisters working. I wish that better times would come.

Best regards to all.

Charles Mahoney,

Box 134, McDonald, Pa.

\* \*

## SCHOOL DAYS

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I would like to have it published. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 694. My teacher's name is Mrs. Simmon. She is a very good teacher. I am in the fifth grade. My sister Annie is in the fourth grade. My sister Helen does not go to school. She is four years old. She likes to play school all the time and wants to be the teacher.

Mary Urban,

Box 56, Gordon, Colo.

## OUR SCHOOL WORK

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read it very much. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 299. There are five in our family.

My school work is very hard. We had a Xmas program. It was very good. I took a part in it. My teacher's name is Mrs. Simmons. She is a good teacher. She scolds us because we do not get our lessons. I am in the sixth grade. My brother John is in the seventh grade. My sister Theresa is in the second grade.

Best regards to all.

Catherine Gornick, Box 52, Gordon, Colo.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

The following is my first letter for the Mladinski List. Our family has five members; I am going to be 9 years old next April and am in the 3rd grade now. I am a member of the SNPJ.

Will write more next time.

Martin J. Lenich,

R.R. No. 2, 209 Lauch, Nokomis, Ill.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

Another "First Letter." It is. I am 8 years old and in the 3rd grade. Miss Sredensik is my teacher. There are three in our family: Mother, sister Mary and I. Father was killed in the mine two years ago this Feb. 25. I wish he were alive. I will write more next time.

Lillian Zgaga,

Box 488, Forest City, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I like to read the M. L. and this is my first letter for it. I am in the 5th grade in school and I have a good teacher, Miss K. Lisem-berg. I have a sister; her name is Frances Ann. She was born on my birthday, but not the same year. I would like to get some letters from boys and girls. Best regards to all!

Stella Kovacich, Box 314, Woodhull, Ill.

\* \*

## BIRTHDAYS OF TWO GREAT MEN

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I hope this year will be for you one and all—better times and gladness.

May you never have to look back with regret upon any of its yesterdays, nor ever possess a dread of any of its tomorrows! May every dawn bring new delight to you! May the laughter of those who are most dear to you make constant music for your ears! May your friends multiply! May every morning add to your joys and every evening bring you peace.

This month we also celebrate the birthdays of two great men. They are Washington and

Lincoln. They were our great presidents, also considered among the best. We know how Washington suffered, yet he was victorious.

Here are some resolutions:

## RESOLUTIONS

A little more rose and a little less thorn,  
To sweeten the air for the sick and forlorn;  
A little less kicking for the man that is down,  
A little more smile and a little less frown;  
A little more respect for fathers and mothers,  
A little less stepping on toes of others;  
A few more flowers in the pathway of life,  
A little less faultfinding in the end of the strife.

Best regards to all. Dorothy M. Fink,  
Box 1, Wendel, Pa.

\* \*

## JACKIE NEEDS A BILLY GOAT

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years old and in fifth grade. I like to go to school; I didn't miss a day this term. I don't like to write to the M. L., but like to read it.

The work is very scarce out here. My father didn't work for a long time. Even if some one does work they just go in the mine to clean their lunch pails out and come home. My father hasn't anything to do, so he is making a little old country wagon for me; I can hardly wait till it is done. O boy! I wish that some of you would see it. I only need a billy goat to pull me around.

There isn't much snow around here. There was some snow a few days before Christmas.

Best regards to all. Jack Skerl,  
R.D. No. 10, Box 180, Crafton, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter. I am ten years old and in the 5-A. My teacher's name is Miss Kinttre. Every Friday in gym we have rings and ropes to play on. In school we are nearly finished with our Geography book. We are up to Canada, so we are ahead of any school in Virginia. So we review it over.

Best regards. Mary Sertich,  
706—12th st. No., Virginia, Minn.

\* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 8 years old and in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss E. Brodie.—Work is scarce here.

My Dad is the Sec'y. of our lodge. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 57.—Santa was good to me, and I hope he was good to you. My little brother got a fire engine for Christmas.

Annabelle Stebly,  
Black Diamond, Wash.

### THE "INEXPLICABLE FOUR"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Since the rest of the boys and girls in Indianapolis are too sleepy to write, we four girls have decided to write to Mladinski List. First to introduce ourselves we are Diamond, Heart, Spade and Club of our writing club called the "Inexplicable Four." One of us will contribute something each month. Sooner or later we will identify ourselves to the members. This month Diamond contributes her original story.

#### Tom's First Day in School

Tom, with books in one hand, and ruler, pen, and pencil in the other, started off to school with a smile on his face and a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

In the art class, the old school master looking over the rim of his spectacles said: "We will now begin to draw."

"What are we going to draw?" asked Tom interrupting the schoolmaster.

"You draw an ape; Johnny, you draw a lion; and Mary, you draw a bird," answered the schoolmaster, who answered Tom's question and gave the assignment at the same time.

"What's an ape?" Tom whispered to Mary. "How should I know?" she whispered back. "I'm going to draw something else," he again whispered.

"Turn around in your seat, young man, or you won't be able to sit down if I get started on you," scolded the teacher, who believed in ruling his classes with a ruler.

Tom, grinning, turned around. As he did so, he upset the inkbottle, which ran down his desk onto his new trousers. After cleaning up the desk, he spent the rest of the school hour in the cloakhall.

When Tom arrived home, his mother, surprised, asked, "What happened, Tom?"

Tom told her of the ape and the ink bottle. "Well," sighed his mother, "accidents always seem to happen on the first day of school."

And, of course, you know Tom went to school the next day with a clean pair of trousers.

Best regards to all members including the Editor.

Sincerely yours,  
"Diamond."

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 8 years old and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Emma Wise. There are five of us in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ No. 183.

I have two brothers. The oldest one is Joseph; he is in the fifth grade. My young-

est brother's name is Rudy; he is in the third grade.—Work is scarce out here.

There is quite a bit snow here. There are lots of people sick around here with the flu. We had a nice play on Christmas eve.

Best regards to the Editor and the members of the SNPJ. (I wish some of the members would write to me.)

Mary Pershin,  
Box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 9 years old and in the third grade. There are five in our family. I have two brothers: Louis and Johnny. Louis is in the fourth grade and Johnny is in the third grade.

We had a Christmas play. I was in the play, too. I was a Snowflake.

Best regards to all. Josephine Krizak,  
Box 126, Frontier, Wyo.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is the first letter I am writing to the M. L. which I like very much. I have two brothers and two sisters and we always fight for the M. L. when it comes. I am ten years old. I go to the Whittier school. I am in the fifth grade. I like to go to school. We all belong to SNPJ Lodge No. 39.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

Helen Dreshar,  
2217 So. Wood st., Chicago, Ill.

\* \*

#### HARD TIMES

Dear Editor:—

Two years ago I wrote my first letter to the M. L. From that time I did not see many letters from Milwaukee. I think all our members are sleepy like I am.

I am eleven years old and in 6th grade.—The work is very scarce here as it is all over. My father worked for three years only a day or two a week. He only sits by the stove and smokes his pipe.

I wish some of the members would write to me.—Best regards to all the members.

Mary Rutar,  
1509 So. 44th st., Milwaukee, Wis.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am nine years old and am in the fourth grade. I go to Village street school. My teachers' names are Miss Hastettler and Miss Lytle.

Work is very scarce in Johnstown.—I enjoy reading the jokes and poems in the M. L.

Wishing the Editor and readers a happy new year.

Ivan Carl Kopriva,  
R.F.D. No. 7, Box 185, Johnstown, Pa.

**ANNA GOES TO THE FARM**

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I am 11 years old. I am in the 5-B and will be in the 5-A in February. I had a birthday party because I never had one. My cousin, Anna Prelc, went to the farm. We miss her very much. When she was in the city we had a lot of fun. She had a dog and it died.—I hope this letter will not be thrown in the waste basket. We all belong to the SNPJ. We are in Lodge No. 142.

Here is a joke: Why does a cat look back when it's in the middle of the street?—Because it has no eyes on its tail.

I will close my letter now. But I will write more next time. Best wishes to all.

Sylvia Prelc,

692 E. 157 st., Cleveland, Ohio.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I like to read the Mladinski List. I wish it would come every week. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. Santa Claus was good to me. I wish he was to all boys and girls.

I sure miss my grandmother. She was very good to me. I can't forget her and never will. It was three years on December 9 since she died. We always visit her grave and take her flowers. Her name was Elizabeth Kollence.

Best regards to all.

Mary Ann Mahkovtz,

607 N. Charles st., Carlinville, Ill.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I would like to have it published.

I am nine years old and I am in grade 5-A in school. I have five teachers. We are taking our mid-year examinations; I am exempted in four subjects.

What kind of a tree never stands alone? Pear.—What nut is nearest the sea? Beechnut.—What nut comes from the kitchen? Doughnut.—What-nut is a girls' name? Hazel-nut.

Best regards to all members. I wish some members would write to me.

Mary Glavan,

Box 522, South Fork, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

While looking over the January issue of the M. L., I remembered that I've been awfully slow in contributing my share to the magazine, so here I am, giving what news I can. I also remembered that I have never seen a letter contributed from an Iowan. Come on, Iowans, don't let the tall corn state down!

Work is very scarce here as it is in every other city in the Union, but I'm quite sure it isn't as bad as it was in Detroit when I left it. I left school to get some work, but I couldn't find anything except housework and that was rarely found.

The weather for the most part has been like spring, although just before Christmas we had a cold spell.

I am returning to school this coming semester to take up my work where I had left off. I was to have graduated this June, but through misfortune I am a year behind my class. I hope to make it up by going to summer school and also take more subjects.

My mother and I are very sorry to hear that Emily Bartel's mother passed away. We got the news of her death thru the Prosveta.

I have been saving all the poems that have appeared in the M. L. and now have quite a collection of them. I arrange them in a large scrap-book that I am hoping some day will be filled.

Yours sincerely,

Elsie Kotar,

1702 Tichenor, Des Moines, Iowa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am in the eighth grade. I have five teachers. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 335.

Teacher: Name a place and tell for what it is noted.

Johnny: School. Noted for work.

Teacher: John, what is a synonym?

John: A synonym is the word you use when you can't spell the other word.

Best wishes to all.

Anna M. Kastelc,

120 E. Adams, Auburn, Ill.

\* \*

**Watchful Waiting**

"If you've spotted the man who stole your car, why don't you get it back?"

"I'm waiting for him to put on a new set of tires."

□

**That Depends**

"Tom," said the teacher, "what is one-fifth of three-seventeenths?"

"I don't know exactly," replied Tom, "but it isn't enough to worry about."

□

Small Boy (outside): "Comin' out to play football, Jimmy?"

Small Boy (inside): "Can't. Broke a window yesterday and dad's suspended me for the rest of the season."

## A LETTER FROM FLORIDA

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter in the Mladinski List. I am eleven years old and in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Baker. She is very nice to me. I wish the Samsula members would wake up and write.

Here is a joke which I would be very thankful for if you published it:

Why does the cat eat the head of a rat first?

Ans.: Because it uses the tail for a toothpick.

Georgia Luznar,

Samsula, Fla.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge. I am eleven years old and am in 7th grade. My birthday comes on June 12. I have a good teacher; his name is Mr. Kilpatrick. I have a sister, Lillian. She is in 3rd grade and is 8 years old. My father is dead.

Best regards to the readers and the Editor.

Mary Zgaga,

72 Center st., Box 488, Forest City, Pa.

"I don't see how a watch can keep accurate time."

"Why not?"

"Because time flies and a watch only runs."

## ANNA TRAVEN RESOLVES TO WRITE

Dear Editor:—

A few months have passed since my last article appeared in the M. L. I must admit when a person starts to put things off he keeps on putting them off. I will try to write at least every two months now.

As yet we have had no severe cold weather. It looks more like spring in Cleveland than winter. The depression as yet gives no sign of intending to leave Cleveland, although we are waiting for the time to come when we can say "Farewell Hardtimes!"

Since my article in "Naš kotiček" is long I must make this one short to give my SNPJ brothers and sisters place for their contributions.

I send my best regards to all who read the Mladinski List.

Anna Traven,

11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is also a first letter. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. Times are hard around here, besides there is no snow to go sledriding.

There are five in our family, all members of the SNPJ, No. 44.

What goes up and down and never touches the ground?—Pump handle.

Alfred Podboy, Park Hill, Pa.

Dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,  
And reigns, tremendous, o'er the conquer'd Year.

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!  
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends

His desolate domain.

Thomson—*Seasons*.

\* \* \*

Make we here our camp of winter;

And, though sleet and snow,  
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter  
On our hearth shall glow.

Here, with mirth to lighten duty,

We shall lack alone  
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,  
Childhood's lisping tone.

Whittier—*Lumbermen*.

