

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Monthly Magazine for the Young Slovenes in America. Published by Slov. Nat'l Benefit Society, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Rates: Per year: \$1.20, half year 60c; foreign countries per year \$1.50

LETO X—Št. 5

CHICAGO ILL., MAJ, 1931

VOL. X.—No. 5

Anna P. Krasna:

MAMICA, KJE JE POMLAD?

POVEJ mi, mamica, kje je pomlad,
si jo že videla kdaj?

Si čula kdaj ptičke po logih pet,
li gledala kdaj si prelepi maj?

Povej mi, mamica, je li pomlad
samo lepa bajka v knjigi,
ali morda res je, da tam daleč nekje
so cvetoče livade in bregi?

Če res je pomlad, mamica,
povej mi, kje jo dobim?

Povej mi za cesto, ki vodi v pomlad,
da jo najdem in se je veselim.

Res je pomlad, malček moj,
tam daleč in v srčecu tvojem;
vse ceste vodijo v prirodno pomlad—
ti pomlad si v zidovju tem golem — —

MALA POJE

NEKJE za morjem je lepa dežela,
kjer se je mamica moja rodila;
čudolepa dežela, mamica pravi —
a zakaj se je mamica iz nje izselila?

Tam krasne so gore, atek moj pravi,
doline sanjave v njih naročjih ležijo;
po njih pa potočki in studenci kristalni
kot v pravljicah bajnih skrivnostno šumijo.

V tej deželi zares lepo mora biti —
a zakaj se moj atek je moral od tam izseliti?
Zakaj nista z mamico tamkaj ostala,
da bi še jaz ob potočkih se bajnih igrala? — —

O materi in očetu

Naj vam povem, kako je Peterček Stoll napisal o svoji materi in očetu. Čital sem v knjigi Carla Dantza (Peter Stoll).

Mile Klopčič.

MOJA MATI

MOJA mati je vedno doma. Nепrestano dela. Nikoli se ne utruji. Močna je skoroda prav tako kot moj oče. Veliko kad s perilom prenese kar sama do pralnice. Oče pravi o sebi, da dela kot konj. Toda mati pravi, da dela za dva konja.

Ko je oče ležal z zlomljeno nogo in smo mi vsi imeli hripo, je mati vstajala že ob petih in šla pometat pisarne. In je kuhala za nas kosilo. In skrbela za nas. In hladila je očetu nogo in krpala za nas strgane cunje. In zvečer je lupila krompir in je spala zelo malo. Oče pravi, da dela noč in dan brez odmora, dva sihta drugega za drugim.

Kadar dela, ji ne smemo nagajati, sicer lahko katera pade.

Nekoč je zbolela. Hudo zbolela, nihče ni smel k njej. To je bilo žalostno. Peč brez ognja in soba mrzla. In vsak opoldan kruh in kava. Sestra se sploh na nič ne razume. Kako se napravi omaka, in kje so očetove srajce, vse je morala vprašati mater.

Še v grobu mi ne boste dali miru, je rekla tedaj mati.

Moja mati nima nobene čedne obleke več. Sosedov Maksi je nekoč na cesti zaklical za njo, da je stara škatlja. Tedaj sem ga z enim udarcem zbil na tla. Bahav je, ker si njegova mati frčka lase in kriči in zvečer prepeva v krčmi.

Poprej nekoč je bila tudi moja mati lepa. Pri nas doma visi slika, na kateri je naslikana v poročni obleki. Najlepša ženska je, kar jih je na svetu. Še mnogo lepša kot najčednejša gospa v modnem časopisu.

MOJ OČE

Ob nedeljah prepeva: "Sin ljudstva sem in bom ostal." Toda samo, kadar se je obril. Kadar je jezen, se ne obrije. Po cel teden ne. In ne poje tudi ne.

Zadnjič se je zvečer zelo raztogotil, ker mu ni bila sestra prinesla malice na delo. Vsi smo dobili pod nos. Še mati. Tedaj je Tonček privlekel iz predala britev in jo prinesel. In je rekel:

"Ata, blit! In počkaj sin ljudstva sem in ostal! No, ata!"

Pa ni storil. Marveč je vzel časopis v roke in bral.

Oče prebere najprej časopis in potem obeduje. In če bere v časopisu: So drugi, pridite vsi!—tedaj stori. In največkrat traja do dvanajstih.

Govori zelo malo. Kvečjemu tu pa tam besedo ali dve. Pa moramo kar precej poslušati. Sicer odpne svoj pas.

Vsi se ga bojimo. Samo Tonček ne. Mati tudi ne. Mati pravi: Še dolgo nimamo pravice, da bi se pritoževali. Ker ne pije. In prinaša ves denar domov.

Samo zvečer se boji, če ne pride o pravem času domov. Takoj misli, da se mu je kaj pripetilo. Ker dela pogosto na žagi. In ga je že večkrat obrezalo.

Hermana ima rad. Ker ima slabo glavo. Toda jaz imam trdo bučo, pravi. Jaz se lahko učim. In večkrat mi prinese knjige. In mi jih razlaga. Ker pa ima pogosto nočno službo, ga pogrešam.

Delavci-tovariši ga imajo vsi radi. Na nekem shodu je govoril. O njegovem govoru so napisali časopisi pet vrst.

Takrat smo bili vsi ponosni in jaz sem si mislil: Tudi jaz hočem postati govornik.

Katja Zupančič:

USPAVANKA

DALEČ, daleč za goro
solnce zlato spet je šlo.
Noč je legla na zemljo.—

Luna se z neba smeji,
njej se spati ne mudi;
ona se čez dan naspi. —

Tiho šepeta drevo,
roke steza pod nebo:
zvezd našteló je že sto. —

Ptički v gnezdecu čepe;
kljunčke v perjecu drže,
zadovoljno, mirno spe. —

Je metuljček, lep in zal,
vse predolgo vasoval:
pri cvetici je zaspal. —

Vse miruje, sladko spi;
sanja sanje lepih dni.
Spi in sanjaj tudi ti! —

Usteca, oči, zapri!
Dokler dan te ne zbudi:
spi in sanjaj brez skrbi!—

Mile Klopčič:

JEZA

V ŠOLI nas učijo: enkrat dve je dve,
da je zemlja obla, da na i je pika,
da vsekakor najde, kdor marljivo išče,
in še to in ono — o modrost velika.

Jaz pa bi rad vedel, kdo je tega kriv,
da moj oče išče, a nikdar ne najde.
Zjutraj gre od doma, dela gre iskat,
vrne se brez dela, ko že solnce zajde.

“Kdor na vrata trka, temu se odpro” —
to ste dan za dnevom v šoli nas učili.
Trkal je moj oče na stotero vrat,
niso mu odprli! — ven so ga pahnili.

Oče ni beračil, dela je iskal,
saj že drugo leto nima . . . nima . . . dela . . .
A na šolski steni črn napis veli,
da kdor nič ne dela, nima . . . nima . . . jela . . .

Zakaj?

Po Herminiji Zur Mühlen pripoveduje
Mile Klopčič

PETERČEK je obstal pod hrastom in zaklical kvišku:

“Gospa Sova, gospa Sova!”

Nekaj kratov je moral Peterček ponoviti svoj klic, da je opozoril sovo nase, tako zelo je bila sova zamišljena v svoj list.

“Kaj hočeš,” se je oglasila. “Kako se drzneš, motiti me sredi študiranja?”

“Oprosti, gospa Sova,” je prosil Peterček. “Jež me je poslal k tebi. Dejal je, da si najpametnejše bitje, kar jih pozna. Ti mi boš tudi znala odgovoriti na moja vprašanja.”

“Kaj me briga ježevo mnenje? Kaj mi mar tvoja vprašanja?” je godrnjala sova. “Ali naj radi tako neumnega otroka, kot si ti, izgubljam čas? Ti veš, da vidim samo ponoči, poletne noči pa so tako kratke, da je prav pičlo z mojim časom. Tudi jaz imam polno vprašanj, ki jih moram premišljevat. Neko posebno vprašanje me muči že dolgo vrsto let, osivela in ostarela sem ob tem vprašanju, pa mi ne pomaga vsa znanost nič, ne morem mu najti odgovora.”

Sova je težko vzdihnila in namrgodila svoj obraz.

“Kakšno vprašanje je to?” je radovedno vprašal Peterček.

“Ali misliš, da boš ti vedel odgovoriti manj, zelen mladič,” je zapuhala sova. “V tem enem vprašanju so vsa vprašanja sveta: zakaj so ljudje tako neumni?”

“Kaj so ljudje res tako neumni?” je ves začuden vprašal Peterček.

“So, so; če niti tega ne veš, zakaj me motiš? Kaj še ničesar nisi videl, da si tako nespameten?”

“Malo,” je osramočen priznal fant. “Veš, gospa sova, jaz živim v ubožnici. Sami stari ljudje so v njej in ti so vsi pametni.”

“Hu, hu, hu,” se je krohotala sova. Strahotno je bilo slišati ta krohot v temnem gozdu. “Hui, hui, huuu! Ti sam si najlepši dokaz za neumnost ljudi. Torej v ubožnici so vsi ljudje pametni? No, bomo videli, ali imaš res ti prav. Koga imaš v ubožnici najrajši?”

“Marijo.”

“Kdo je Marija?”

“Dekla.”

“Kaj dela Marija?”

“Ves dan samo dela. Ob petih vstane, a zadnja gre spat.”

“Potem vsekakor mnogo zasluži, ima lepo obleko in dobra jedila.”

“Ah kaj, beraško revna je, vedno si krpa obleko, je pa to, kar drugim ostane.”

“Hm.” Zakaj pa potem dela, če nima nič od tega?”

Peterček je pomislil in dejal: “Ne vem.”

“Jaz pa vem: ker je neumna. Tudi Marija ve, da žive povsod tudi visoke gospe, ki ne ganejo niti z mezincem, a nosijo lepe obleke, jedo čudovita jedila in so brez vseh skrbi. Ali se Marija nikdar ni vprašala: kako to, da jaz, ki garam ves dan, nimam ničesar, oni pa, ki ne delajo, imajo vse?”

“Mislim, da ne.”

“Potem takem je tvoja pametna Marija neumna, neumna kot noč. Koga imaš še za pametnega, ti capinček pri-tlikavi?”

“Starega Lukeža.”

“Kdo je Lukež?”

“Star dninar je, osemdeset let že ima. Do svojega osemdesetega leta je delal. Zdaj ne more več, ves je bolan.”

“Šestdeset let je delal za druge! Lukež mora biti cel knez, to kar tekmujejo krog njega, kdo mu bo bolje postregel, ali ne? Mehko, čudovito posteljo ima za svoje trudne ude, dnevno dobiva iz-

brana jedila in živi brez skrbi in ves zadovoljen. Ali je tako?"

"Ah ne, voditeljica vedno kriči nadenj, če toži, da je kruh pretrd za njegove stare zobe. Če pa poprosi za malo tobaka, se voditeljica raztogoti in kriči, da je predrzen."

"Zakaj je potem delal stari Lukež do svojega osemdesetega leta, če niti v svoji starosti ne more lepo živeti?"

"Ne vem."

"Ker je neumen. Tudi on ve, da žive mladi gospodje, ki ne ganejo niti z mezinem, pa žive kot kralji. Ali vidiš, da so ljudje res neumni?"

"Da," je odgovoril Peterček žalosten. "A zdaj bi tudi jaz tebe rad nekaj vprašal: zakaj žive na svetu bogati ljudje?"

"Na to vprašanje bi si bil lahko sam odgovoril po najinem pogovoru: ker so revni ljudje neumni."

"Toda zakaj so neumni?"

Zdaj pa se je sova razjezila, zapuhala in zakričala:

"Ali ti nisem rekla, ti neumni človeče, da se že leta in leta ukvarjam s tem vprašanjem? Pridi čez osemdeset let, mogoče ti bom tedaj odgovorila."

"Toda zakaj . . .?"

"Molči!" je zakričala sova. "Dovolj dragocenega časa si mi že ukradel. Pojdi h kukavici!"

"Kje najdem kukavico?" je prestrašeni Peterček zajecjal.

Sova pa si je popravila naočnike, se znova zamislila v zeleni list in ni odgovorila več. Dovolj ji je bilo.

"Ah, jaz revež," je jokal Peterček. "Zdaj naj grem h kukavici, pa niti ne vem, kje stanuje. Ali bo vedela kukavica več od sove? In tako truden sem, noge me bole, zdaj zdaj bom kleknil in padel."

Legel je v mehki mah pod mlado, vitko brezo. Ves se je razžalostil. Mislil je, kako silno zapuščen je, kako ni nikogar, ki bi bil dober z njim in glasno je zajokal v mračno tišino. Tisti hip je zaslišal od zgoraj tenak glas; zvenel je kot srebrn kraguljček.

"Zakaj jočeš, fant?" je vprašal srebrni glas.

Peterček je pogledal kvišku. Zagledal je najbolj čudovito bitje, kolikor jih je v svojem življenju videl. Na veji breze je sedela popolnoma majhna ženska. Imela je zlate lase, ki so ji segale prav do majhnih nog. Njen obraz je bil bled kot mesečina in njene oči so se zeleno svetile kot listje breze. Lahno kot peresce se je spustila k Peterčku, mu sedla na ramena in mu z rahlimi rokami pobožala lice. Peterčku se je kar stoplila krog srca. Kako dobro de, če te božajo nežne roke! Solze so se mu posušile, strmel je v majhno bitje in vprašal na tiho:

"Kdo si?"

"Jaz sem vila, duša te breze," je izpregovorilo majhno bitje. "Ves dan moram čepeti v svojem drevesu, a ko pride noč, stopim z drevesa, svobodna sem in se igram s svojimi sestricami vilami. A zdaj mi povej, zakaj si tako žalosten?"

Peterček ji je vse povedal in dejal: "Vedno moram izpraševati: zakaj. To vprašanje me žge v srcu, me boli in prepričan sem, če bom kdaj dobil na to vprašanje odgovor, da bom srečen in vesel. A zdaj stoji to vprašanje kot zid med menoj in vsemi ljudmi, ki nikdar ne izprašujejo. Zato sem tako osamljen."

Vila se je smehljala in njen lep obrazek je postal še lepši in ljubeznjivejši.

"Motiš se, Peterček," je dejala nežno. "Nisi osamljen. Sto in tisoč ljudi je, ki stavljajo prav tako žalostno in obupano ista vprašanja. Položi svoje uho na zemljo in mi povej, kaj slišiš?"

Peterček je slušal. Najprej je slišal nekako šelestenje, nejasno in nerazložno, potem se mu je zazdelo, da sliši silen jok in stok. Hip nato pa je razločil jasno besede:

"Mati, lačna sem, zakaj mi ne daš jesti?" je vokal otroški glas.

"Zadušim se v tem vročem mestu, zakaj ne morem na deželo, kakor moji

sošolci?" je godrnjal mehak, otroški glas.

"Ves dan trpim, zakaj je plača tako pičila, da niti živeti ne morem?" je ihtel ženski glas.

"Zakaj . . ."

In vsa vprašanja so se zlila v en glas, vsi glasovi so ihteli, godrnjali, tožili in jadikovali: "Zakaj? Zakaj?"

Peterček je ves začuden pogledal vilo, ki je molče ždela poleg njega, ter je vprašal: "Kdo so ti ljudje, ki sem jih slišal?"

"To so tvoji ljudje," je odgovorila vila. "To so tvoji sodrugi. Vse jezike sveta si slišal in vse besede si razumel. Ko dorasteš in pojdeš v svet, boš slišal vsa svoja vprašanja iz vseh ust. Vsak dan se pridružujejo novi glasovi z enakimi vprašanji. In kadar bo iz tisoč glasov nastalo milijon glasov, potem boste našli odgovor na svoja vprašanja. Tedaj bo tudi konec bede in sile in konec lenuhov."

"Kdaj bo to?" je vprašal vneto Peterček.

"Tega pa še ne vem natančno; vem le eno: vsakokrat, kadar položim svoja ušesa na zemljo, slišim nove glasove, ki so se pridružili, zato vem, da veliki dan ni več doleč."

"Ali se ne bi dalo kaj storiti, da bi ta dan prišel čim prej?"

"Pač. Mnogo, mnogo je ljudi, ki še ne vedo, kako dobro živijo nekateri in kako slabo živijo oni, ki delajo in trpijo, pa se nikdar ne vprašajo, zakaj ne morejo živeti kakor je treba. Tem bednim, nevednim ljudem je treba povedati resnico. To pa ni lahko; zakaj delavci so utrujeni od dela, da jedva morejo misliti in bogatini store vse, da se ta vprašanja v delavskih glavah ne zbude. Zato se borijo proti vsakomur, ki vprašuje stalno: "zakaj?" To si vendar že občutil na svoji koži, Peterček."

"Potem takem naj nikdar ne preneham, ponavljati svoje vprašanje?"

"Tako je. Toda ne izprašuj bogatih. Ti ne odgovore. Pojdi pa med revne in jih vprašuj: Zakaj jeste črn in suh kruh, ko vendar pošteno delate? Zakaj so vaši otroci blede, suhi in bolni? Zakaj je za konec vašega življenja dobra ubožnica, ko ste delali in trpeli vse življenje? Tako jih izprašuj vse dotlej, da bo tudi vanje prišlo vprašanje in da bodo terjali odgovor. Potem bo to vprašanje kot velikansko kladivo, ki razbije vso krivico v sipine. Boš storil tako, moj Peterček?"

"Bom," je vroče odgovoril Peterček in oči so se mu zasvetile.

Vila ga je rahlo poljubila na čelo in resno pripomnila: "Težko življenje boš imel, Peterček moj. Oni, ki imajo oblast, te bodo preganjali. Zatreti bodo hoteli vprašanja v tvojih ustah in ko dorasteš, te vržejo celo v ječo, da ne bi nihče čul tvojega glasu. A ti ne obupaj, rojen si za borbo, ki ti bo naklonila tudi mnogo dobrih prijateljev. Tako ne boš nikdar osamljen."

Vila je smehljaje prikimala Peterčku, nato pa je planila v brezo in sedla na neko vejo.

"Kaj že greš?" je žalostno vprašal Peterček.

"Domov moraš, Peterček, a lahko me prideš obiskat, kadarkoli želiš. Tolažila te bom in pomagala."

"Čuješ, sova mi je rekla, da bodo ljudje na to vprašanje lahko odgovorili šele čez osemdeset let. Osemdeset let je dolgo. Ali ima sova prav?"

"To je odvisno od vas, od ljudi. Mogoče osemdeset, mogoče samo petdeset. Če boste neprestano izpraševali in terjali pravico, potem se lahko zgodi že čez deset, da, čez eno leto, mogoče celo jutri, jutri," je še rekla lepa vila s svojim srebrnim glasom ter izginila v drevesu. Iz vseh dreves pa je Peterček zdajci zaslišal glasove, ki so svetlo in veselo pozdravljali Peterčka:

"Jutri! Jutri! Jutri!"

(Konec.)

Anna P. Krasna:

V maju

Po vaški poti je drdral majhen lojtrski voz očeta Strnada. Mlad, šarast konjiček je bil vprežen vanj. Vsi vaški dečki so poznali tega konjička, te zelene pobarvane lojternice in dobrega očeta Strnada. Na nobenem vozu iz cele vasi se niso tolikrat peljali kot na vozu očeta Strnada. Drugi vaščani so prijeli za bič, če so poprosili, naj jih puste malo na voz. Oče Strnad pa jim ni skoro nikoli odrekel, samo pridni so morali biti pri njem; lepo so se morali zadržati na njegovih lojtrnicah, drugače je ustavil svojega šarca in jim mirno velel, naj se spravijo z voza. A to se je malokdaj zgodilo. Dečki so predobro poznali disciplino očeta Strnada in niso zlorabljali njegove dobrosrčnosti in prijaznosti. Veselo in pristrčno so ga pozdravili, kjer so ga srečali in storili so mu mnogo uslug v zameno za njegovo prijateljstvo. Kadar so vedeli, da se napravlja s svojim šarcem po kupčiji ali kam drugam, so mu pomagali znesti skupaj vso potrebno in nepotrebno pripravo, tako da so bili često več v napotje kot v pomoč. Toda vselej so dobili plačilo; smeli so se peljati do deželne ceste in včasih dalj. Kaj zato, če so morali hoditi nazaj, da so se le malo peljali, to je bil užitek!

Tudi danes jih je bilo pol ducata na vozu očeta Strnada. Sami veseli, razoglavi, rdečelični in boski mali poredneži.

“Oče Strnad, ustavite šarca, nalomili bomo cvetočih vej bronovca, da jih bomo nesli vaši materi. Ona ima tako rada divje rože.”

“Ne zdaj, otroci, potem ko pojdemo nazaj, boste nabrali cvetja.”

“O, saj res! Pozabili smo, da gremo v Zalaze. Juhu! Danes se bomo dolgo vozili.” Vesel vrisk iz mladih grl se je razlil čez bujno zeleneče in cveteče bregove in travnike. Oče Strnad je sedel

spredaj na plohu, se smejal in pocukaval z vajeti živahnega šarca. Zdelo se mu je, kot da vozi na lojtrnicah samo lepo, živo in radostno pomlad.

“Pa zapojte malo, fantiči, pomagal vam bom, pa pazite, da kateri ne pade z voza.”

“Katero hočemo zapeti, oče? Vi začnite, bomo peli za vami.—O, veste katero, tisto: ‘Gozdič je že zelen, travnik je razcvetlen,’ ali pa tisto: ‘Prišla bo pomlad.’ Katera se vam bolj dopade?”

“Tisto o gozdiču bomo, se mi najbolj dopade, ker je že stara in smo jo peli tudi mi, ko smo bili bosonožci.”

Voz je ropotal med visokim grmovjem trna bronovca, ki je bilo prepolno zelenkaste—belega cvetja in med njive, travnike in bregove je uhajala pesem z voza očeta Strnada.

“Star postaja Strnad, z otroci poje na vozu,” je smeje omenil tu in tam kmetič, ki ga je zdramilo petje iz zamišljenosti pri delu.

“Kakor v paradi se vozimo, kaj ne, oče; še na Telovo ni tako lepo. Lepo je v maju! Zavriskajmo vsi, tudi vi, oče! Juhej! Juhuhu!”

“Jej, jej, saj pravim, človek mora biti prav otročji pri vas. Kaj neki si ljudje mislijo, da se je staremu Strnadu zmešalo, prav gotovo.—No vidite, pa smo tukaj. Prej ko bomo oklestili dovolj kolov, prej bomo šli domov. Ali boste pomagali ali pojdete skakat ta čas, ko bom jaz pripravljaj kole?”

“Pomagali bomo, oče Strnad.”

Čez dobri dve uri se je vračal veseli trop proti vasi. Z očetom Strnadom so stopali dečki ob vozu, natovorjenem s svežimi koli za trte. Vsak je nosil butaro cvetočih bronovih vej in tudi šarec in oče Strnad sta bila okinčana s šopki bronovčevega cvetja; tako so hoteli dečki.

“Hej, mati, poglej, kaj smo ti prinesli. Celo hišo boš lahko okitila s cvetjem.”

Mati Strnadovka se je smejala, polagala cvetje na kamnito mizo pred hišo in si s predpasnikom obrisala solze veselja raz velih, starih lic. Povabila je dečke h košu rdečih črešenj in jim je napolnila žepe s sladkim sadjem. Vri-skajoč so odšli po klancu in oče Strnad je gledal za njimi z radostjo, kot da je slednji izmed njih njegov lastni dečko.

“Glej, mati, kako lep je maj zanje! Kadar jih gledam v njih nedolžni razposajenosti, se mi zde kot pomlad, saj vse oživljajo s svojim čistim veseljem. Da bi le vedno mogli biti tako srečni kot so zdaj v maju svoje mladosti . . .”

Spet je ropotal po vaški poti voz očeta Strnada. Šarec je bil zdaj počasnejši, zelena barva lojternic precej obdrgnjena in obledela in hrbet očeta Strnada je klonil nižje. Ob obeh straneh poti je bohotno cvetelo grmovje trna bronovca, čez zelene bregove in travnike je odmevala pesem mladih fantov, ki so se peljali na vozu očeta Strnada k vojakom—v vojno.

“Fantje, zapojmo tisto o gozdičku—.”

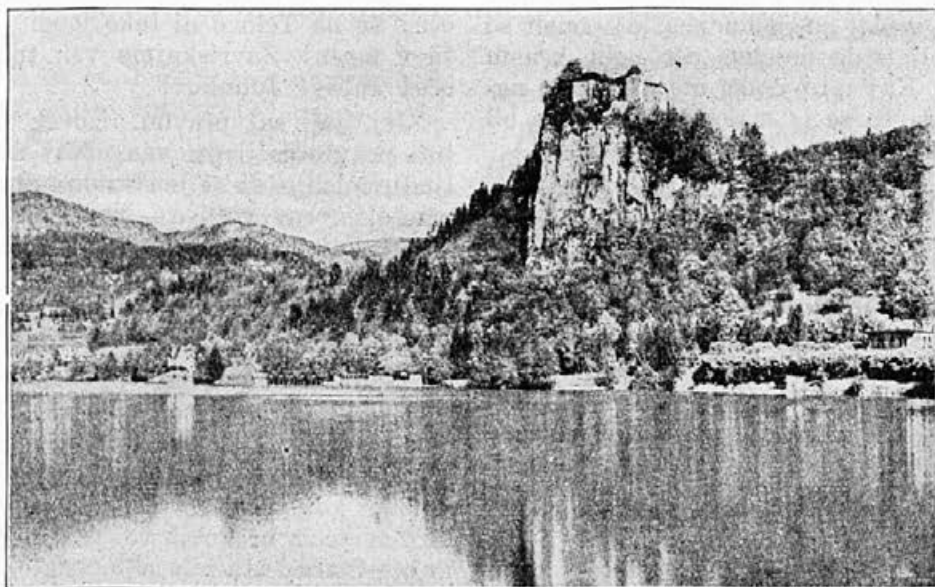
Fantje so onemeli, njih pesem je utihnila. A samo za hip jih je spreletelo sladko—grenko občutje spomina na to pesem, potem pa so zapeli in med njih mladimi glasovi je donel visoki glas očeta Strnada. Po njivah so puščali kmetiči delo, žene in dekleta so hitela k poti in so metale bronovo cvetje fantom v slovo.

Čez dobri dve uri se je vračal oče Strnad s svojim šarcom v vas. Nizko nad vajeti držeče roke mu je klonila siva glava in njegov obraz je bil prepoln gub, ki jih prej ni bilo videti.

“Si jih odpravil, oče?”

“Sem jih, mati, in nič cvetja nisem prinesel nazaj.—Žalostno je v maju, mati, če morajo osemnajstletni fantiči v vojno, kdo bi mislil na cvetje . . .”

Oče Strnad je sedel na kamnito stopnico in se je razjokal prvič v svojem življenju. Žaloval je za veselimi dečki, ki so morali iti v vojni metež, morda v gotovo smrt, sedaj, ko je povsod cvetel maj in so bili oni sami v maju svojega življenja . . .



BLEJSKI GRAD

Katka Zupančič:

Svobodni Henri

“TAKOLE, perilo je zavrnavo in delo za danes končano!” je dejala mati in pogledala na uro, “še pol ure, potem moraš iti spat! Poglej, kam si vrgel kapo, ne smeš biti tako nereden in pazi, da si boš očistil zobe, preden pojdeš v posteljo!”

“Hui, vedno ta ‘moraš,’ ‘ne smeš,’ saj me že ušesa bole!” se je namrdnil sinko, ki je sedel pri kuhinjski mizi in čital.

Mati je zmignila z ramami: “Nekdo te mora opomniti, če se nočeš sam!” in je šla odgrinjat posteljo.

Deček se je zopet zatopil v čitanje. Tiktakanje na steni ga ni motilo in tudi ne prhajajoči glasovi avtomobilov s ceste. Prav ko se je mati vrnila v kuhinjo, je tudi on prenehal s čitanjem. Nalsonil je gladko ostriženo glavo v dlan in se zamislil.

“Nu? Kam si se zamislil, Henri?”

“Veš, o kom sem mislil? O konjičku, ki si je zaželel svobode.” Nasmehnil se je in igraje se s knjigo, je dostavil: “Če hočeš, ti povem kaj več o njem.”

“Kar, moja ušesa so pripravljena. Toda na kratko, saj veš: jutri je šola.”

“Niti četrte ure ne bo trajalo.” V hipu se je obrnil k steni in uri pokazal jezik, potem je nadaljeval: “Bil je konjiček, ki se je, naveličan hleva in ograjenege pašnika, koprneče oziral preko ograje tja na tuja polja in pašnike. Res mu ni bilo doma huđega, a konjiček je vedno le videl ograjo okoli in okoli, in ta ga je tesnila vedno bolj. Nazadnje se ni mogel več premagati: preskočil je ograjo in odbrzel veselo vriskajoč v svet. Tekel je, skakal in plesal in se veselil svoje prostosti. Živeža je bilo dovolj in dobrega tudi; ležišče si je našel kjerkoli se mu je zljubilo.

“Tako je užival zlato svobodo, dokler ni nastopila zima. Tedaj seve-

da . . .” Deček je zamahnil z roko. “Pa to je preveč žalosten konec, zato ga kar preskočiva.”

“Ta pripovedka je že jako stara. Ne vem, zakaj ti je vzbudila toliko zanimanja!?” Mati se je nasmehnila.

“Oh, nikar se ne smeji! Ti jo menda vse drugače razumeš, nego jo razumem jaz. Veš,” potegnil si je s kazalcem pod nosom in pogledal mater poševno izpod čela v zadregi se smehljajoč, “veš, tvoj Henri je podoben tistemu konjičku . . . Joj, zakaj si se zaenkrat tako zresnila? Saj vem, da skrbiš zame in mi ničesar ne manjka, pa vendar bi bil rad enkrat, vsaj takole za en čas, popolnoma prost.”

“Kako? Ti si želiš od mene?” se je ustrašila mati.

“Av, ne, kaj še! Tako neumen pa nisem, saj vendar nisem pravi konjiček. In če bi bil tudi, bi ne hotel tako daleč z doma, da ne bi vedel nazaj, ko bi zima pritisnila.”

Mati se je oddahnila. Imela je samo njega. Delala in živela je samo zanj. Njen mož, Henrijev oče, se je bil pred leti smrtno ponesrečil. Henri se ga je le malo spominjal. A mati je skrbela, da ni sinček nikoli pozabil nanj, da je s ponosom mislil na svojega očeta. “. . . in, kajne, da hočeš biti podoben tvojemu očetu!?” tako ga je vzpodbujala čestokrat. In ker je Henri vkljub svojim mladim letom pokazal dokaj dobrih lastnosti, je zaupala vanj.

“Dobro!” je dejala, “samo natančneje se izrazi. Če bo v moji moči, ti ustrezem.”

“O mama! To ti je beseda!” Dečkove oči so zagorele. “Čakaj, grem bližje k tebi, da me boš bolje razumela.” In primaknil je stol ter se vsedel tesno k materi. Ni vedel, kako bi pričel. Prsti so mu tipkali po mizi ter nevede posne-

mali konjičkovo peketanje v svobodo. Pogled mu je letel po kuhinji, nazadnje se mu je le ustavil na materi.

"No, kar začni!" Skrivaj je pogledala uro.

"Vidiš, tako si mislim: dovoli mi, da bom skozi nekaj dni, začnimo kar z jutri, delal in počel, karkoli se mi bo zljubilo."

"Pa saj moraš vendar v šolo, Henri . . ." Mati se je nasmehnila.

"Da, šola, šola! Vedno in vsaki dan šola! Uh!"

"Rekel si sam prejle, da nisi konjiček. Temu ni treba šole, vsaj take ne, ko tebi. Šola ti je le v do — —!"

"Oh, saj vem! A vseeno je hudo, ko moram v šolo tudi takrat, ko ne grem rad."

"Počakaj do počitnic! Saj smo že v maju!"

"Kje so počitnice! En mesec in več — cela večnost! Kar z jutri pričniva! Kaj? Mi dovoliš?"

"Ampak v šolo moraš vseeno!"

"Velja!" Skočil je s stola in plosknil z rokami.

Mati je štela na prste: "Torej, danes je sredo . . . Nocoj od polnoči pa do nedelje."

"Tudi do polnoči, kajne?"

"Seveda. Upam pa, da ne boš pozabil iti ob času spat?"

"Oh!" jo je pogledal, "za kakšnega me pa imaš?"

"In da si toliko pameten ter se boš čuval avtomobilov in drugih nesreč!"

"Seveda, se razume!"

"In da ne boš učinil kake škode ali druge neumnosti."

"Kaj pa misliš? Saj vendar nisem več dete!" Zravnal se je, da bo videti večji in napel prsa, kakor je videl svojega očeta.

"Prav kakor njegov oče!" si je dejala mati. "Le da je oče govoril o drugačni svobodi! Pa to še pride! Tudi Henri se bo boril za svobodo! Zdaj seveda, ko ne pozna trdega življenja, ga je zamikala svoboda konjička iz povesti!" Naskrivo ma se je namuzala.

"Še nekaj, mama!" se je okrenil mali, "na tisti 'ne smeš' in 'moraš' boš te dni kar pozabila, boš?"

"Bom!"

"In jedi. Kuhala boš vseeno. Pa, kaj ne, več takih stvari, ki jih rad jem — saj veš: polja in travniki in vmes detelja, to bo pecivo v shrambi, kajne?"

"Tudi to bo. Samo glej, da se ne preobješ in zboliš! Ne pozabi, da je konjiček jedel zelenjavo!"

A Henri je zadnje besede preslišal.

Dolgo je spal naslednje jutro. Mati je nalašč zropotala z vrati, da se je prebudil, kajti po pogodbi ga ni smela buditi, kakor druga jutra.

Henri si je pomel oči in spomnivši se na sanje, se je odobrovoljil: "Konjička sem jezdil, konjička, ki . . ." Tedaj se mu je posvetilo v glavi. Skočil je s postelje.

"Juhej! Prost sem, svoboden! Juhuhu!! Toda, šola?! Nič zato! Bom pa druge ure tem bolj izrabil!"

In jih je izrabil, da nikoli tega! . . .

*

Pondeljek. Zunaj lep dan. Henri leži v postelji. Ne mara v šolo. Nogo ima obvezano; v trebuhu ga ščiplje; v glavi mu nabija; in nos mu je ves rdeč in zatekel, ker se Henri vedno drži zanj. Vrh vsega mu je srce težko, o tako težko!

V kuhinji na mizi leži listek iz šole in na listku vprašanje: Kaj je z vašim sinom? Zadnje dni je bil čisto iz reda: zamujal je; pouku ni sledil in domače naloge ni izvršil.

Mati stoji pri peči in pripravlja čaj bolnemu sinku. Od časa do časa zmaje z glavo. "Kaj češ," pravi sama sebi, "otrok je otrok: daj mu nož, pa se bo ranil; daj mu prostost, pa bo hodil po glavi . . ."

Pozvonilo je, in mati hiti k vratom.

Na pragu stoji soseda, roke v bok.

"Kako, da v zadnjem času nič kaj ne pazite na svojega sina?"

"Kaj je, bože moj, kaj?"

“Šipo mi je razbil. Vsi so ga videli, ko je metal prstene kepe in zadel okno. Saj bi šla na policijo, pa no, sosedi smo!”

“Bom poravnala stroške. Ne bo se več pripetilo kaj takega, ne bojte se! In oprostite!”

Še ni dobro v kuhinji, pa jo zopet zvonček kliče k vratom.

Že med odpiranjem vrat je zaslišala od zunaj zadirčen ženski glas: “Ušesa bi mu potrgala, da je moj!”

Pred vrati stoji tuja ženska in potiska predse potuhnjeno zročega dečka Henrijevih let. Dečkov obraz priča o prestanem hudem boju: poleg prask mu je eno oko ovito s črno zastavo. Tega dečka je imel Henri že dolgo časa na piki, kar pa mati ni vedela. Doli na cesti si pa brivec z vogala gladil obrito brado in čaka, da pride na vrsto.

“Kje imate tistega svojega paglavca, ki je mojega Bertka tako grdo obdelal, da niti v šolo ne more? Še ubil ga

bo, nesnaga! Če se bo to le še enkrat ponovilo, bo policija posegla vmes, da veste!”

“Oh, oh,” je komaj slišno zatarnala mati. A še preden je prišla do besede, je žena s škodoželjno se režečim dečkom zvihrala po stopnicah na cesto in krileč z rokami kričala proti brivcu, “se vidi, da pobalin nima očeta!” In obrnivši se zopet k materi, je stisnila roko v pest in ji zagrozila: “Na, to bo kmalu policija imela dela z njim. Uh, taka mati!” Njen sinko jo je bil v tem že popihal.

Henrijeva mati bi bila rada zaprla vrata, pa tu je stal brivec in tako je morala slišati še nadaljnjo zabavljanje odhajajoče žene: “Enega samega otroka ima, pa še tega bo pustila, da ji bo cestni potepuh, baraba — —”

“No, in vi?” je strahoma vprašala brivca ter se istotako strahoma ozrla po cesti gori in doli, boječ se novih obiskov te vrste.

(Konec prihodnjšč.)

Solnce je zaspalo

ALI si morete misliti kaj takega? Otroci so sedeli v šoli in solnce ni bilo nikjer. Le kam se je skrilo, je ugibala Metka in zvedavo gledala skozi okno, dokler je ni učitelj poklical: “Metka, kaj gledaš skozi okno?”—Metka se je zdrznila in sama ni vedela, kaj naj odgovori. Pa je dejal Janezek, ki je sedel v prvi klopi: “Gotovo spet ugiblje, kam se je skrilo solnce!” Učitelj se je nasmehnil in dejal: “Nič ne premišljaj, Metka, solnce je zaspalo. Zaprlo je svoje svetle oči in zato je vse tako mračno in temno. Nu, zdaj pa povej, koliko je 42 krat 5 . . .” Tako se je nadaljeval pouk.

Ko je zazvonil šolski zvonec, so otroci zdirjali po stopnicah navzdol. Pred šolo so obstali in se še malo pogovarjali. Metka je pristopila h gruči otrok

in dejala: “Učitelj je rekel, da je solnce zaspalo. Kaj ko bi ga zbudili?”

Otroci so se zasmeljali. “Kako pa?” “Ali se ti meša?” “Pa ga dajmo!” Tako so kričali vsi navzkriž. Metka je nagnančila čelo in nekaj časa premišljevala, potlej pa se ji je mahoma razjasnil obrazek in veselo je vzkliknila: “Kričali bomo tako glasno, da nas bo solnce slišalo in se zbudilo. Odprlo bo svoje svetle oči in nam bo spet toplo sijalo!” Otroci so bili zadovoljni. Postavili so se v krog in jeli kričati, da bi se jih bil še kamen usmilil: Vpili in kričali so na vse grlo, a solnce se ni hotelo pokazati. Pač pa so se pokazali dobri ljudje s palicami v rokah in nagnali otroke domov. “Kdo vas bo pa poslušal, divjaki?” so se jezili.

Ko je prišla Metka domov, je povedala mami, kako je bilo v šoli in kako so potem hoteli zbuditi solnce. Mati pa je odvrnila: "Le kaj ti pride na um. Pusti solnce, naj spi! Gotovo je utrujeno, ko mora vedno gledati na svet in se vrteti. Morda se mu je malo v glavi zmešalo, pa se je vleglo, da se odpočije. Če boste pa kričali, bodo vse gospodinje stekle k oknom in gledale na cesto, kaj se je zgodilo, in lenci na štedilniku bodo ostali prazni; ko pride čas za kosilo, ne bo ničesar, kar bi mogle postaviti na mizo. Torej, če hočeš jesti, ne smeš

kričati, zakaj če te bom slišala, bom tudi hitela k oknu, namesto da bi stala pri štedilniku."

Metka je nekaj časa molčala. Premišljevala je, kaj bi bilo boljše: ostati brez solnca ali pa brez jedi. Naposled se je odločila za prvo. Ovila je mami roke okrog vratu in zašepetala:

"Nič več ne bom kričala, ljuba mami. Solnce naj kar spi; ko pride pomlad, se bo že samo zbudilo. Jaz brez jedi ne morem živeti!"

Odslej je Metka privoščila tudi solncu malo počitka.

Rabindranath Tagore:

Mali veliki mož

MAJHEN sem, ker sem še dete. Velik bom, kadar bom tako star, kakor moj ata. Moj učitelj pride in poreče: "Pozno je, prinesi svojo tablico in svoje knjige." Jaz pa mu rečem: "Ali ne veste, da sem velik, kakor ata? In da se mi ni treba več učiti?"

Moj učitelj se začudi in poreče: "Lahko pusti svoje knjige, ako mu drago, saj je že dorastel."

Oblečem se in pojdem na letni semenj, kjer je gneča največja.

Striček plane k meni in poreče: "Ti se še zgubiš, moj dečko, daj, da te ponese."

Jaz pa odgovorim: "Ali ne vidiš, striček, da sem tako velik kakor ata? Sam moram iti na sejem."

Striček poreče: "Res lahko gre, kamorkoli hoče, ker je že dorastel."

Mamica se bo vračala iz kopeli, ko bom dajal novcev svoji dojlji, ker bom vedel, kako se odpira pušica s ključem.

Mamica poreče: "Kaj pa delaš, ti malovredni otrok?"

Jaz pa na to: "Mamica, ali ne veš, da sem že tako velik kakor ata, in moram dati srebra svoji dojlji?"

Mamica si poreče sama sebi: "Lahko daje denar, komur hoče, ker je že dorastel."

O počitnicah oktobra meseca pride ata domov in misleč, da sem še detece, mi prinese iz mesta majhne čeveljčke in kratko svileni krilce.

Porečem: "Ata, daj to mojemu dadi, jaz sem tako velik kakor ti."

Ata pomisli in poreče: "Lahko si kupuje obleko sam, saj je že dorastel."



Dragi čitatelji!

Tudi majska številka se je nekoliko zapoznala, ker je bilo v tiskarni mnogo dela z drugimi uradnimi stvarmi. V prihodnjih par mesecih pa bomo spet skušali M. L. izdati pravočasno, da bo v rokah naših čitateljev takoj po prvem v mesecu.

Čedalje postajajo slovenski dopisi v "Našem koticu" bolj in bolj zanimivi. In pa vedno več jih je! Iz tega se da sklepati, da so naši mladi čitatelji in dopisovalci letos postali bolj pridni ter da se bolj zanimajo za svoj mesečnik.

Le tako naprej, da bo M. L. vedno bolj zanimiv!

—UREDNIK.

PRIRODA SE JE PREBUDILA. VRNILA SE JE LJUBA POMLAD

Dragi mladi dopisovalci!

Lahko rečem, da uredniški koš ni tako zelo velik, ker mojega dopisa ni bilo v njem, ampak je bil priobčen. Upala sem, da se bom že prej oglasila, pa me je "flu" zadržala, a sedaj spet pohajam šolo.

Vedno se veselim, kadar pismonoša prinese Mladinski list. V njem vidim zelo veliko slovenskih dopisov, kar se mi zdi zelo lepo. Posnemanja je vredno. Lepo je, da se zanimamo za naš lepi slovenski jezik. Seveda je pač težko za nas, ker nimamo slovenskih šol, pa počasi se daleč pride.

Prišla je spet preljuba pomlad in prinesla nam mladim, razigrani mladini mnogo veselja. Vrnili so se zaželjeni gorki dnevi. Tu je kratka pesmica o pomladi:

Priroda je spala,
pa zopet je vstala,
prišla je zelena pomlad.

Vse okrog veselice,
nam delajo male ptice,
in mlade cvetlice
olepšajo vse!

Mnogo pozdravov vsem skupaj!

Mary Yuvancic, Bridgeville, Pa.

"PRELJUBI MESEC MAJNIK"—SLOVENSKI DOPISI SE MNOŽE

Dragi mi urednik!

Spet sem si vzela malo časa in sem napisala teh-le par vrstic za Mladinski list.

Mislila sem, da so Mladinski list ustavili, ker ga ni bilo toliko časa. Pa je vseeno prišel. Prejšnjo noč se mi je ravno sanjalo o Mladinskem listu, naslednje jutro pa ga je pismonoša res prinesel.

Zadnjič sem bila pisala, da so se dopisi precej pomnožili. Da. V tem letu so pa res naši mladi čitatelji in dopisovalci pokazali, kaj da znajo, če hočejo. Vsi dopisi so tako lepi in zanimivi. Zato pa ni čuda, da dopisovalce brat urednik večkrat pohvali.

Ko bo ta moj dopis priobčen, bo že vse zeleno, vse v cvetju. Takrat bo v deželi že prelubi mesec majnik, ki je praznik delavcev, praznik spomladi in prerojenja. Vsa narava se veseli. Rožice cveto in ptičice pojo.

Pred kratkim so tukaj spet zaprli en rov, tako da je spet mnogo članov SNPJ ob delo. Kdaj se bodo vrnili dobri časi?

Za sedaj naj zadostuje, se bom oglasila pa spet v kratkem. H koncu pozdravljam vse čitatelje M. L. in urednika!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

KO JE MATI V POSTELJI, SE SINČKOMA NEPRIJETNO GODI

Cenjeni urednik Mladinskega lista!

Ker slabo pišem, Vas prosim, da malo popravite. Obljubil sem materi, da bom napisal slovenski dopis za "Naš kotichek"—in tukaj je:

Dne 13. junija lanskega leta nam je požar uničil vse. Sedaj je mati bolna že pet mesecev. Dela se slabo in je mnogo ljudi brez dela. Z bratom hodiva v šolo in upava, da bova kmalu zmožna za delo, da bova pomagala staršem.

Tu Vam pošiljam kratko pesmico, ki sva jo skupaj "spravila" z mojim bratom:

Mati

Mamica draga,
kdaj ozdraviš?
Že dolge ti dneve
na postelji ležiš.

Kako težko že čakam,
da vstala bi ti,
po hiši hodila in
veseli bi bili vsi.

Kako hiša prijazna
in vse bo lepo —
ko mamica zlata
okrevala bo.

Mamica draga,
povemo ti zdaj,
ko boš ti ustala,
pa bo spet raj.

Louis Speck, 3305 Illinaos ave., St. Louis, Mo.

* *

ODKRITOSRČNOST IN DELO BO DOBER SAD IMELO

Dragi urednik!

Po večerji, ko vidim na mizi vse polno posode, ki jo je treba pomiti, ali pa kadar je treba krompir lupiti, takrat vzamem šolske knjige v roke in se lepo potuhnem, kot da bi se učila. In ko me mamica vidi, da se "učim," pa ona posodo pomije in vse namesto mene stori. Hm, jaz sem pa vesela, da me mamica v miru pusti.

Ko pa prinesem šolsko spričevalo domov, ga mamica pregleda in se name ozira ter pravi: "Ti hčerka se pa slabo učiš. Vedi, da te čaka še težko delo: pomivanje posode, pospravljanje, šivanje, kuhanje in snaženje ter še več drugih hišnih del, ki jih mora znati opravljati vsaka deklica ko doraste. Ako jih ne zna, je slabo. Ko dorasteš, pa ne boš znala delati, se boš spomnila svoje mamice, ki te je učila lepo."

Te vrste nas učijo, da se moramo pridno učiti, pomagati materam ter da moramo biti odkritosrčni, ne pa potuhnjeni.

Elica Strajnar, Piney Fork, O.

"POZEMELJSKI BOG." PRAZNOVERJE ŠKODUJE LJUDEM

Cenjeni sobrat in urednik Mladinskega lista!

Tukaj Vam pošiljam kratek dopis in malo "pesmico," ki smo jo v družini skupaj "zložili." Prosim Vas, brat urednik, da popravite in priobčite v "Naš kotichek," ako je sploh za priobčitev, in mi Vam bomo vsi hvaležni.

Glasi se:

Pozemeljski bog

Po gozdu se sprehajam, v naravi lepo,
nad glavo mi prepevajo ptičice milo,
ker mislijo, da sem jaz njih pozemeljski bog,
ker jim lahko razderem gnezda in poborem
mladiče.

Po zemlji pa lazi iz mravljišč milijone mravelj,
v procesijo se zbirajo in noge mi poljubljajo,
ker mislijo, da sem njih pozemeljski bog,
ker jim lahko mravljišče razderem, ker so mi
na poti.

Jaz nisem pozemeljski bog, ne razdiram mladič
gnezd in ne mravljam mravljišč; jaz
samo prosim našega boga kapitalista kruha,
pa mi ga ne da, namesto kruha dobim svinca,
zato, ker sem—suženj.

Delavec Proletarec.

Pred kratkim nam je naša učiteljica Miss Elsie Johnson naznanila, da nas zapusti in da nas uči zadnje leto. Nam bo vsem žal, če jo bomo res izgubili, ker je bila dobra in prijazna. Bojimo se, da bo njena namestnica, naša nova učiteljica, bolj stroga in neprijazna.

Moji starši nam večkrat pripovedujejo, kako strogi so bili učitelji v starem kraju, da so otroke pretepali s palico.

S sestro večkrat vprašamo starše, da kaj pomeni beseda "vera" in kaj da je "kaplan." Pa dobive odgovor, da o takšni veri, kakršno so jim v starem kraju v glavo vbijali razni kaplani, da čim manj o takšni veri vemo, boljše bo za nas.

Zato sve s sestro vesele, da nisve v starem kraju, kjer bi nam kakšen kaplan v glavo vtepal praznoverje, ki je škodljivo vsakemu svobodnemu človeku. Poleg tega pa še sam ne verjame, da je res, kar otroke in odrasčene ljudi uči.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem skupaj!

Elica Strajnar, Piney Fork, O.



MAJNIKU!

Dragi urednik!

Tudi pri nas, v deželi divjega pelina, se je pričela pomlad. Ptički žvrgolijo, pelin že zeleni in duhti.

Misli mi uhajajo nazaj v državi Oregon in Washington. To mora biti krasno tam in vse v cvetju maja meseca!

Prosim, priobčite to pesmico, ki je prikladna za mesec maj.

Majnikova

I

Ko pomlad cvetoča pride
in odklene temna vrata,
z radostjo nas vse obide,
doba nam zasiže zlata.
Ljubi maj, krasni maj,
konec zime je sedaj.

II

Sladki čujejo glasovi
ptičic v mladi se naravi,
ki sree v krasoti novi
vabi k radostni zabavi.
Ljubi maj, krasni maj,
konec zime je sedaj.

Olga Groznik,
Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

BOJEČA SPOMLAD

Cenjeni mi urednik!

Zopet se oglašam v "Našem koticu. Zimo smo prestali z lahkoto, ker je bila mila. Zdaj je že tukaj preljuba spomlad, cvetlice se plašno ozirajo in kažejo svoje mlade glavice izpod suhe zemlje, ker si ne upajo na dan s svojim nežnim cvetom, ker nimajo še vlage od narave. Pa se vedno ozirajo, kdaj jih bo narava obdarila, da bodo zagledale svoje novo življenje—veselo spomlad. Ptički ne morejo prepevati svoje vesele melodije, ker je vse pušto in suho. Vendar se mora spreobrniti v prirodi. Kakor se glasi tista lepa pesmica:

Spomlad že prihaja,
priroda vstaja veselo,
nam ptički po drevescih pojo.

Pa žalostno je tukaj, ker ni veliko ptic, le kakšen vrabec čivka svoj živžav. Drugo je pa pušto kot puščava.

Na društvenem polju pa napredujemo. Imamo tukaj tri društva, ki spadajo k SNPJ. Nas je veliko Slovencev tukaj, pa malo dopisov.

Pozdrav čitateljem M. L.!

Mary A. Krivec, Box 135, Klein, Mont.

VESTI IZ METROPOLE

Cenjeni urednik!

V zadnji številki Mladinskega lista je bila pomota. Glasilo se je, da je imelo društvo "Cvet" SNPJ veselico. Glasiti bi se moralo: "samostojno društvo." Ne vem, če je bila moja pomota ali pa gospoda urednika.

Kampanja se je zaključila dne 31. marca. Tedaj smo videli, kdo je dobil in zaslužil krasne nagrade.

Z delom gre v naši naselbini nekoliko bolje. Toda—saj je že čas. Vreme je tudi lepo; če bo tako lepo, ne bo bolezn.

Najbolj me pa to veseli, da so se slovenski dopisi v M. L. tako pomnožili. In tudi to sem opazila, da je vsakokrat nekaj novih dopisnikov.

Napisala bi še mnogo, toda bom pustila za drugič. Sedaj pa pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega lista in tudi urednika!

Anna Traven, 11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

IMAJO SLOVENSKO UČITELJICO

Dragi urednik!

Jako lep je M. L. za mesec marc. Prav rada bi kaj novega napisala za "Naš koticek," pa tukaj ni dosti novic.

Tukaj imamo še precej snega (19. marca). Pa vseeno bo kmalu spomlad. O naši šoli sem že pisala. V bližnjem Limestoneu imajo za učiteljico Slovenko, Miss Angelo Knaus. Tudi tam je nekaj slovenskih otrok.

Prav lepo pozdravim urednika in vse čitatelje M. L.!

Mary Knaus, Box 26, Traunick, Mich.



OBŠIREN DOPIS

Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet se hočem malo oglasiti v Mladinskem listu, katerega tako zelo rada berem.

Kakor povsod, tako so tudi tu na Sygan Hillu in v okolici razmere precej slabše. Mnogo družinskih očetov je brez zaslužka že vso zimo. Moj ata dela v premogorovu, a le tri dni na teden. Malo zasluži, tako da še za hrano ne zadostuje. A smo veseli, da vsaj nekaj zasluži. "Bolje nekaj kot nič," pravi pregovor. Mnogo ljudi pravi, da tako slabih časov še ne pomni nihče. Poročati moram, da bo priredil socialistični klub na Sygan Hillu veselico z igro in govori. Ne vem še, kakšen bo program. Deklamirala bo mala hčerka Josef Snoja iz Bridgeporta v angleškem, jaz pa v slovenskem jeziku. Kako bo prireditev izpadla, bom pisala pozneje.

Moj stric Maks Kramžar je bolehal delj časa, a noben zdravnik ga ni mogel ozdraviti. Umrl je 9. marca. Kako smo ga vsi ljubili in on nas. Bil je človek, kakršnih je malo na svetu. Bil je ljubitelj narave, a ljubil je tudi otroke, ne le svoje, temveč tudi druge. Najtežje ga bomo pogrešali ob poletnem času.

Marsikatero nedeljo poleti ob lepem vremenu mi je rekel: "Anica, danes bomo pa zopet napravili v gozdu "piknik." In res, ko smo prišli na prostor, ki ga je on pripravil, smo že našli gugalnico obešeno na drevo in hajd gori! Po odmoru smo malo jedli in se igrali kakor je pač navada v gozdu. Lepo je bilo. A letos? Kdo nas bo letos zabaval s svojimi dovtipi, ko tebe ni, dragi striček? O, pozabljen ne boš nikdar! Tukaj zapušča pet otrok in ženo, brata Rudolfa in sestro Angelo in mnogo sorodnikov. Težko ga bodo pogrešali vsi, zlasti troci svojega dobrega ata in žena svojega skrbnega moža. Pokopali so ga po civilnem obredu na Melrose pokopališču. Cela vrsta avtov s sorodniki, prijatelji in znanci od blizu in daleč ga je spremila k zadnjemu počitku. "On je že rešen," pravijo moji starši, "a nas pa še čaka."

Pozdravljam vse prijatelje Mlad. lista!

Anica Kramžar, Box 411, Morgan, Pa.

* * *

METKA

Metka je majhna punčka. V vodo si ne upa. Ima 5 igrač, živali. Kadar se de k škafu, vzame v roke dve igrači. To sta ovca in kuža. Na vodi plavata žaba in riba in še neka žival. Kako se imenuje? Napiši imena gornjih štirih živali tako drugo pod drugo, da boš dobil v srednji poševni vrsti od leve zgoraj desno navzdol ime pete igrače.

"NI ZIMA NE LETO"

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Slovenska prislovica pravi, da obljuba dela dolg. Zatorej rajši napišem par vrstic za prihodnjo številko takoj.

Ko to pišem, pada tukaj dež in sneg vmes. Letos smo imeli jako muhasto zimo in spomlad. Vse skupaj je skrpučano, da ni zima in ne leto.

Prosim, da bi priobčili tole pesmico, ki sem se jo naučila od mame.

Stoji učilna zidana

Stoji učilna zidana,
pred njo je stara jablana
ta jablana je votel panj,
sinica znosi gnezdo vanj.

Sinica zjutraj prileti,
na šolskem oknu obsedi,
na oknu kljunček svoj odpre,
tako prepevati začne:

Poslušaj me, učitelj ti,
kako se pod teboj godi!
Vsi dečki tvoji me črte,
povsod love, povsod pode.

Zalezli so moj ptičji rod,
iz gnezda vrgli ga za plot.
Mladički tam pomrli so,
oči svetle zaprli so.

Grdobe grde, paglave,
masti ste vredni leskove!
Kdor v gnezdu ptičice lovi,
ta v srcu svojem priden ni!

H koncu lep pozdrav mladim čitateljem, enako uredniku!

Elsie Groznik, Box 202, Diamondville, Wis.





JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume X.

MAY, 1931

Number 5.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

By William Cowper

*OH that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"*

*Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bids me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.*

*My mother! when I learnt tha thou wast dead?
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss:
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—Yes.
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours o thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere.*

THE COMING OF THE RAIN

(From Spring)

AT first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapor sails
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
 Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom:
 Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
 Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
 Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
 In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
 The fallen verdure. Hushed in short suspense
 The plumed people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
 And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand
 The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
 In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.

James Thompson.



An Old Cattle Trail

Come along, boys, and listen to my tale,
I'll tell you of my troubles on the old
Chisholm trail.

THE famous cattle trail from Texas to Kansas—celebrated in the galloping measures of the song crooned by all cowboys a generation ago and now broadcast to the far corners of the land—has recently acquired belated but official recognition from the Lone Star state, says a writer in *The New York Times*. For the state highway commission has authorized the Chisholm Trail Association to name two highways and mark them at historical spots with long-horned steer heads. By this action the most important of the south-to-north trails linking parts of the Far West before the coming of the railroads takes its place with the Santa Fe and Oregon Trails in the nation's history.

Along this well-worn trail and its western branches 5,250,000 head of cattle and 1,000,000 Texas horses traveled north in the 20 years following the Civil War, some of the cattle finding their way to Chicago slaughter pens and others to the new ranches of the Northwest which sprang up on the range of the disappearing buffalo. It was a marching trail which wound across the Indian Territory, past the headwaters of numberless rivers, up thru Kansas to the rail head at Abilene, or, later, west to Dodge City, and on to Ogalalla, Nebraska, the Dakotas, or Montana.

Around this annual trek have sprung up the best of cowboy folklore, songs, adventure tales, legends of bravery, and devotion to duty, and all the romance of life in the saddle along a thousand miles of unfenced virgin country filled with game. Texas does well to take the lead in marking the Chisholm Trail, for her recovery after the Civil War would have been retarded for at least twenty years if this outlet for her natural wealth had not been found. While

her men were at the front their cattle roamed the prairies free as buffalo and became quite as wild.

Almost as fleet of foot as deer and armed with a formidable pair of horns like their Spanish progenitors, the cattle grazed in the dense scrub thickets bordering South Texas rivers, and there they multiplied with amazing rapidity. Not only were they vicious and hard to fatten but they were surprisingly cheap by comparison with present standards. In 1866 a "cow critter" was worth only \$5 and in 1873, after the slump in prices, they were being killed for their hides alone. Yet at the close of the war the returning Confederates found themselves land poor and these cattle their easiest source of revenue—provided they could catch them.

To capture these wild, horned, fleet and vicious cattle in dense scrub—to corral, subdue and brand them—was a task calling for the highest skill with the lasso as well as in horsemanship. The proficiency of the vaquero of South Texas in these respects has never been surpassed. Handling dehorned tame cattle on the open range was child's play compared with his job, and a top Texas cowman had every right to regard himself as something of an artist.

To take a big herd of cattle over a thousand-mile trail, threatened en route by Indian raids, droughts, and stampedes, was no small undertaking. The average size of a trail herd was 4,000 to 6,000 of the smaller southern cattle or 1,500 to 3,000 of the larger North Texas stock. About eight cowboys were allowed to 1,000 head and each man required six to ten horses. A round-up of 10,000 cattle would be split into three herds, with about twenty-four men each and 224 horses, or a total of 72

men and 672 horses, not to mention the cooks and the wagon stock. At the start of the drive the cattle would be pushed twenty to thirty miles a day; but after they had become trail wise, the distance would be reduced to twelve to fifteen miles. The number of days necessary for the drive varied from forty to sixty.

Many a stirring tale has been told of the organization of the vast industry—the clashes over ownership, rustling, grazing and water rights, and, finally, over the outlet to the North. In 1867 Joseph G. McCoy, an Illinois stockman, came to Abilene, Kansas, with the idea that if he could induce Texans to drive their stock to his pens he could ship East with profit. In casting about for ways and means he discovered that a vaguely marked trail ran south from Wichita toward the Texas line. It had been used before the war to guide Federal troops from frontier posts to Fort Leavenworth, and afterward had been followed by Jesse Chisholm, a half-breed Cherokee, in trading trips between government forts and the Indians of the Territory. Legend has it that McCoy hired Chisholm to turn a furrow along this trail from the Kansas line to the Red River of Texas, and that later McCoy himself helped guide the first herds into Abilene.

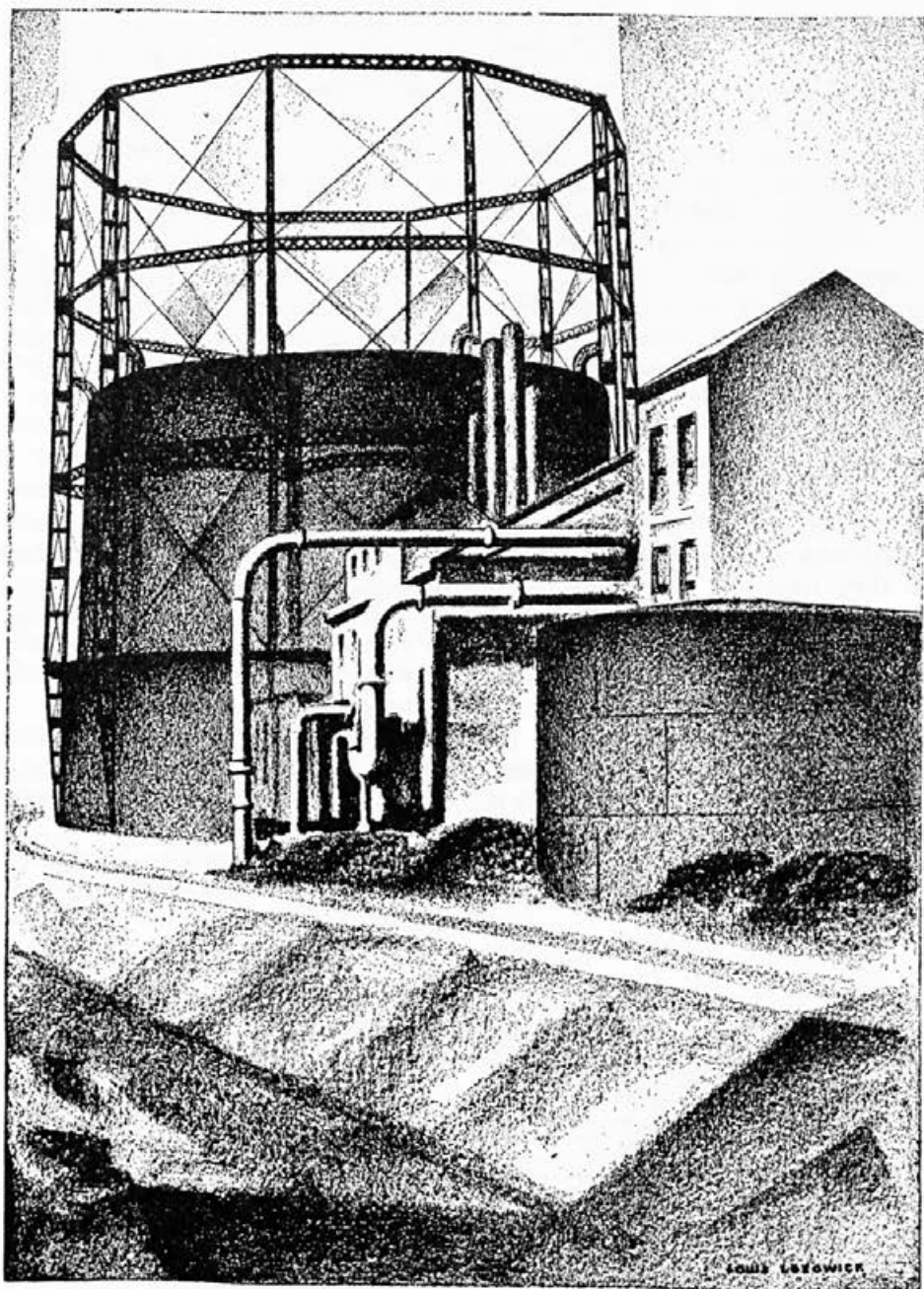
This was the original Chisholm trail (sometimes incorrectly called Chisum, after the name of one of the largest Texas cattle owners), but southern extensions ramified to all parts of Texas,

most of them finally converging in one or two well-defined routes. The longest of these started at Matamoras, Mexico, and crossing the Rio Grande near Brownsville came by the route offering the best water to San Antonio, thence to Austin, Belton, Waco, Fort Worth, and Red River Station. By 1875 the extension of the railroads and the incursion of "nesters" or "little hoe men" with fenced pastures thru Southern and Central Kansas made a bend in the trail, which then curved west to Dodge City and connected with Texas at Doan's Crossing instead of Red River Station.

The boom period of the Texas cattle trade reached its height in 1871, when 600,000 cattle were marketed. This deflated prices and reduced the size of the drivers for a number of years, but the number had risen to 300,000 by 1884, and a number of Scotch and English investors bought ranches in the Southwest or in Wyoming.

The Indians were by this time on reservations and depended upon Uncle Sam for meat. Government soldiers at western forts likewise needed beef, and Montana and Dakota ranches were not yet completely stocked. By the end of the decade, however, the drives had practically ceased. The range was fenced, railroads could haul as cheaply as owners could drive, and stock cattle from Iowa and Illinois were being introduced to grade up the quality. The day of the great drives was over, but their romance lives on.





Louis Lozovick: GAS TANKS

How The Trees Store Sunshine

A TREE pumps a water supply to its crown, even tho that crown be 300 feet or more in the sky. Then it completes the cycle of circulation by sending the water back down as sap, loaded with food to build up the living part of the trunk, the sheath of new bark. It also fortifies its bark overcoat with a new layer every year.

The tree is a self-operating chemical laboratory possessing "trade" secrets unknown to the best human chemists. With water, mineral matter and carbonic gas from the air it manufactures its food, part of which is stored away as wood. If you would know how much of this product is made out of air and water and how much is mineral matter sluiced thru root and cell canals from the ground, cut a block of wood, weigh it, and then weigh the ashes. The difference is what a tree manufactures out of insubstantial air and water.

The tree's chemical laboratory requires, in place of gas and electric power, light and heat from the sun. So it spreads a net of marvelous mesh (its leaves) to catch the sunlight and heat.

In the temperate zone, at least, a tree

is a more stalwart individual than all members of the animal kingdom and most fellow members of the plant kingdom. The tree turns off the water system to keep it from freezing, hauls in its sunlight net (winter sun is not so much, anyway) and faces the music of the bitterest northwest winds.

Fossil forms in coal show that trees were important and perhaps the chief dwellers of the rank jungles that laid down their lives in the carboniferous age to be fuel for the present age. The tree forms of that era were different from those we know; many of them gigantic ferns and palmlike trees.

While Nature was storing away the sun heat captured by the prehistoric jungles, Nature also put away the color of that tropic world. Within the last 50 years chemists have discovered vats of every imaginable color concealed in gummy black coal tar.

Modern styles for women's clothing quickly took possession of these color "mines" so our avenues are brilliant with the hue of luxuriant herbage which we may imagine beautified our earth millions and millions of years ago.





Let's Play

Horns.—The group is seated with their forefingers placed on their knees or a table. The leader says, "All horns up," "Cat's horns up," "Cow's horns up," and so on. If the animal named has horns, the players must obey, otherwise they disobey. All who make mistakes take chairs and sit outside of circle until all the players are eliminated. The last one to remain is the winner. To change the game, instead of eliminating those who make mis-

takes, the first one making a mistake may be required to become the leader.

* * *

Blowing Out the Candle.—Place a lighted candle on a table at the end of a room. Invite someone to stand in front of it, then blindfold him, make him take three steps backwards, turn around three times and then advance three steps and blow out the candle. If he fails he must pay a forfeit. It will be found that very few are able to succeed, simple though the test appears to be.

To Keep You Guessing

WHY is the world like a cat's tail?
—Because it is fur to the end of it.

What is a good thing to part with?—
A comb.

If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relation is she to you?—
Your mother.

Unable to think, unable to speak, yet tells the truth to all the world!—A true balance, or a pair of scales.

Why are spiders good correspondents?—Because they drop a line by every post and at every house.

Apropos of money, why are lawyers such uneasy sleepers?—Because they lie first on one side and then on the other, and remain wideawake all the time.

And what do they do when they die?—
—Lie still.

When is sugar like a pig's tooth?—
When in a hogshead.

What tongue is it that frequently hurts and grieves you, and yet does not speak a word?—The tongue of your shoe.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

By Oliver Goldsmith.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms dealed:
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
 How often have I paused on every charm,
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!
 How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed;
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round. . .

From SONGS OF INNOCENCE

By William Blake

(Introduction)

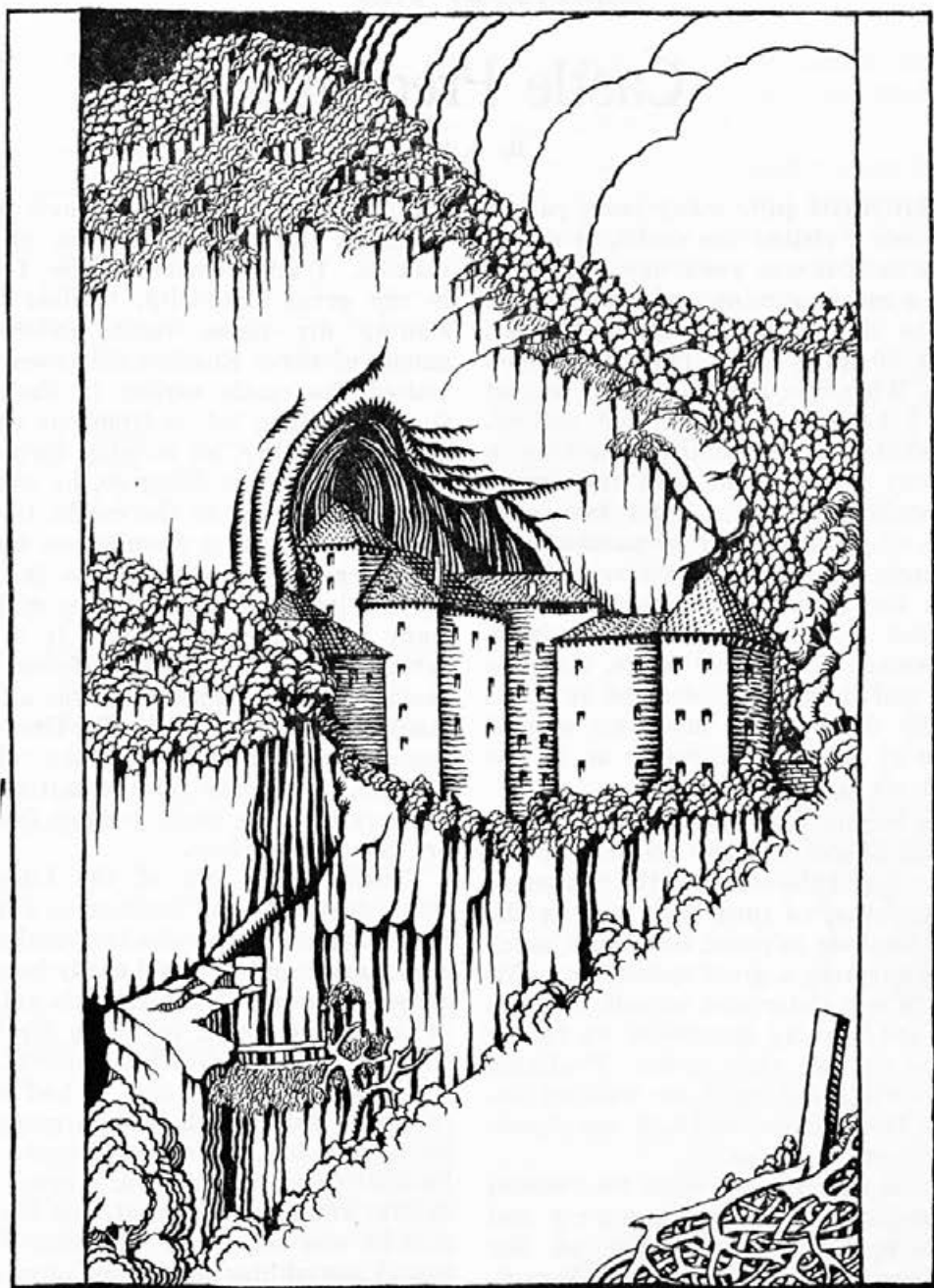
PIPING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 "Piper, pipe that song again;"
 So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
 So I sung the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book, that all may read."
 So he vanished from my sight;
 And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stained the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.



ZELE '93
ALF of RADA

Castle Predjama

By S. Zele

ALTHOUGH quite many years passed since I visited the castle, it seems to me as if it was yesterday. My sister Elca, a cousin of mine, and I decided one day to climb the mountain Nanos*, about 30 miles away from my hometown. Whenever I think of that project now I have to smile at our naivete. We wanted to accomplish something in one day what would take the expert mountain climbers at least two. We made all the necessary preparations on the night before our departure and early in the morning we started off all "pepped up" and full of enthusiasm. We walked about four hours, stopping here and there as children of 10 to 14 usually do, but the mountain seemed to be at the same distance as it was when we started off.

We became skeptical, whether or not we will be able to make the trip, so our cousin, being the oldest of the trio, made a suggestion to turn back and let the mountain rest in peace, but found, much to his surprise, a great opposition to his plan in my sister and myself. After a long and arguing discussion we finally agreed to visit the castle Predjama which was about one hour walking distance from where we held our "pow-wow," near Postojna.

It was nearly noon when we reached the castle, weary, very hungry and all covered with dust. But all the weariness and everything was forgotten as we gazed on the magnificent castle pasted on the solid rock like a swallow's nest. While admiring the castle an old man greeted us, asking where we came from and what was our wish. After we explained and made our desire clear to him, he smilingly invited us to enter the castle and sign

our names in the great big book made especially for the signatures of the visitors. I still remember how I was, in my great simplicity, thrilled from signing my name right under the names of three Russian noblemen who visited the castle earlier in the day. Our guide then led us from one chamber into another, all lavishly furnished and while he was doing so, he told us about the history of the castle, though we knew most of it from school books.

The castle dates back into the era of Charlemagne, and carries with it many legendary anecdotes. It is understood that it had a different appearance at that time for it was altered many times afterwards. The first possessors were Luegers, great valiant knights, but it was for the last of the Luegers that the castle became famous or rather notorious.

Erasmus, the last of the Luegers, was a dexterous and courageous knight. His prowess at arms was known all over the country and he could easily be compared with any of King Arthur's knights of the Round Table, including Sir Lancelot or even Sir Galahad himself. It is a little wonder then that he had many friends. But though he had many he loved only few. His best friend was Baumkircher from Vipava, a brave and skillful knight like himself, and besides that he was very rich. Emperor Frederick IV. owed him large sums of money, but he had a hard time to collect it, and was, in fact, forced to engage in war against Frederick to do it. So it happened that Baumkircher was killed in the war. His death was a great blow to Erasmus Lueger; he could never forget his friend. At one of Frederick's festivals a certain knight passed the remark that Baumkircher was a traitor because of his war with the Emperor, and Erasmus Lueger hearing that de-

* Nanos (4315 ft.), a mountain peak on the boundary of Italy and Jugoslavija.

manded an apology from the insulter. When the offender refused to do so, Lueger drew his sword and killed him on the spot. Lueger was then sentenced to be executed for his crime, but on the night of his execution, a friend helped him to escape. He fled to his invincible castle Predjama and from that time he was a terror to the people far and near. Unlike Robin Hood he robbed rich and poor alike.

People made frequent complaints about it to Emperor Frederick, and to put an end to it, the Emperor sent a knight by the name of Raubar with an army of soldiers to capture the thief-knight Lueger. Raubar learned very soon, however, that he will never be able to capture him by force, so he tried to do so by besieging the castle in good hope to starve him out and so compel him to capitulate. But imagine his surprise, when, after a couple of months of besieging, Lueger sent him by one of his best men, Francesco, loads of roasted beef and baskets of fresh fruits with a remark to give it to his soldiers so they won't be hungry. He repeated that many times afterwards.

R a u b a r was disgusted. He was ready to abandon the fruitless besieging when he thought of an idea. Philip of Macedonia said once that there is not a wall so high that an ass loaded with gold would not climb over it, so when Francesco came again with his usual supply, R a u b a r spoke to him very nicely, promised him freedom and lots of money if he would tell how to capture his master.

The temptation was too great for Francesco. He told Raubar about the weak spot in the castle's wall, about

four miles long subterranean passage through which they get their food, and many other things.

A couple of days later the castle was taken and Erasmus and his men killed. But before they died they killed Francesco for they knew it was he who betrayed them. This happened in the year 1485.

After Luegers the castle changed hands many times and at the time of our visit it was a property of the duke Windishgraetz.

Well satisfied with the visit we left the castle late in the afternoon, and it was pitch dark when we got home.





Dear Readers:—

Again we are somewhat late with the *M. L.* It has been our hope that the May number would come out on time, but circumstances in the printery prevented this. In the future, however, we shall try our best to speed up the work and insure prompt delivery.

The numerous letters from our many correspondents give evidence that our readers are very interested in the *M. L.*, and some expressed the desire to make the *M. L.* a weekly magazine. But our sincere desire is, to make our monthly magazine better every month.

Do not forget to write original letters!

—THE EDITOR.

"WHAT PRICE COAL?"

Dear Editor:—

I am going to write about my trip to Johnstown, Pa. On March 14, the Sub-branch No. 5 held a program. They presented a play in English—"What Price Coal?" It was a nice play. It tells about the miner's life. I learned from that play that if you are a miner, you are not sure whether you will come home safe that evening. They did very good.

After that there was a comedy in Slovene—"Vedež." It was a very nice play, too, as it was a comedy.

I also had the pleasure of hearing Anna P. Krasna who writes poems and stories for the *M. L.*, speak. After the program the people danced.

We left Johnstown about 1 o'clock. The road was full of snow, especially on the mountains. I think the trip was worth while taking.

Now I will tell a joke about my sister when she was sick. She said: "Give me orange juice. I will give directions: get an orange and squeeze the lemon juice out of it."

Best regards to all!—Mary E. Fradel, 1004 Alexandria st., Latrobe, Pa.

THEIR HOUSE BURNED DOWN

Dear Editor:—

I have not written to the *M. L.* since March, 1930. Our house burned down March 13. I had pneumonia and the "flu" with it. I stayed home from school three weeks, and just started school again. I am now in seventh grade and my teachers are: Mrs. Brown is my (spelling, geography, physiology and writing) teacher, Miss Smith (arithmetic), she is our principal too; Miss Cumpson (history and reading); Miss Sherbondy (English). We change rooms, that's why I have 4 teachers. I like them all.

I wish Mary Merella of Collinsburg would wake up and write. I wish that Stanley and Justine Peves would wake up and write to the *M. L.*—Emma Krizner, RFD 2, Box 117, West Newton, Pa.

* *

FROM LODGE NO. 98

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ Lodge No. 98. I have two brothers and three sisters in the SNPJ lodge. I am a little Slovene girl, 9 years of age and enjoy reading the *M. L.* I am in fourth grade and attend the Matthes-

sen school. My teacher's name is Miss Marie Feeney. She is very good. Here is a poem I would like to see published in the M. L.

Let's Learn

The fisher who draws his net too soon,
Won't have any fish to sell;
The child who shuts up his book too soon,
Won't learn any lessons well.

Theresa Helen Uranich, N. St. Vincent ave.,
La Salle, Ill.

* *

HARD TIMES

Dear Editor:—

I am pausing a moment to see what I can say. I am in high-school and am 14 years old. Just a "Freshie Weshie." There are hard times around our place. Many men lost jobs at the mines. At our mine there were more than 160 men.

I want to say Hello to Lucy Kosik, and that she had a nice snapshot in the M. L. She is of Smithdale. Mary Merella of Collinsburg said she was going to write.

Tillie Krizner, Box 117, W. Newton, Pa.

* *

FROM A NEWSPAPER BOY

Dear Editor:—

I have been reading M. L. for 2 years. My age is 14, am going to school and am in the 8th grade.

I have 5 teachers. I am a newspppper boy, and am making \$2 a week. I am proud of making money at that age.

There are seven members in our family; all are in the SNPJ, counting my mother and dad. The Bentleyville V. F. Department are having a play. My oldest brother is a fireman. He is 2nd ass't chief of the fire fighting force—William Skerbetz, Box 678, Bentleyville, Pa.

* *

FINDS M. L. A VERY DEAR FRIEND

Dear Editor:—

I received my M. L. March 16 and have read it through from cover to cover. It certainly has wonderful poems and stories. The members surely contribute interesting letters. I enjoy reading them.

If Vida Zabrie or Adeline Pray see this, I hope they will write as I have missed their letters.

I was sixteen in April and am not a Juvenile member any longer.

Through the M. L. I found a very dear friend I had known as a little child. I surely am grateful to this wonderful magazine. I hope it keeps up its good work and that more members write—Elsie Kotar, 1702 Tichenor, Des Moines, Iowa.

GOES TO COLLEGE

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ Lodge No. 98. I am fifteen years old and go to Browns Business college twice a week. My dad owns a grocery store in which I am a clerk. I have three sisters and two brothers who are members of the SNPJ lodge No. 98.

Best regards to all.—Mary Uranich, N. St. Vincents ave., La Salle, Ill.

* *

FROM LODGE 683

Dear Editor:—

There are six in our family and all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 683. My father was the organizer of the Lodge and also its Secretary.

This town is just a new place. I go to the Cameron school. My teacher's name is Mr. Lash.

Next time I will try and write in Slovene. Best regards to all—Anna Juvan, Hutchinson, Mine, Rillton, Pa.

* *

BELONGS TO PATHFINDERS LODGE IN SAN FRANCISCO

Dear Editor:—

I am proud to say that I was the first Juvenile member to join the Lodge Pathfinders, No. 681, SNPJ, in San Francisco. My father belongs to the Senior SNPJ Lodge here; my sister belongs to Pathfinders.

I am very fond of music, and my favorite instrument is the accordion. I am very grateful to my father because he bought it for me. I am making a rapid progress by taking lessons. In the near future, I hope, I will be able to play the SNPJ March over the radio so that all the SNPJ's can listen.

Here's my snapshot posing with my accordion:



Charles Kremesec, 2000—19th St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

"COLONEL LINDBERGH WAS THERE"

Dear Editor:—

A long time has passed since I wrote to the M. L. During this time many things have happened in Harrisburg, Pa., and vicinity.

When the Harrisburg airport was dedicated as a stopping point for the aeroplanes, Colonel C. Lindbergh was there. Three thousand people came to see him, of which I was one.

One of the most interesting events of this year was the inauguration of Governor Gifford Pinchot, which took place on January 20, 1931. The inaugural parade lasted two hours. The parade consisted of the Governor's troops, bands, people from all over the state, men masqueraded in Indian clothes, which was the most beautiful feature of the parade, an elephant and a groundhog. Governor Pinchot and ex-Governor Fisher rode in a colonial buggy. The Capitol grounds were crowded with people who listened to the inaugural address given by the Governor after the parade. The inauguration was ended by a ball in the evening in the Zembo Mosque.

In the same week there was a farm show in Harrisburg. When the inauguration was over, people rushed to it. The farm show building covers nine acres of ground of which the cost exceeds \$1,000,000. It would take a person one day to look over the building carefully and take note of everything. The show lasted five days. During that time approximately 200,000 people attended it. The auditorium was the place where the prizes were given for the animals. It was funny to go into a room which was full of prized chickens and turkeys and listen to them chuck and gobble. There was also on exhibition of canned foods, as well as fresh ones, pastry, clothing, wild birds and animals, and old farming implements which the museum had loaned to make it more interesting. There were farmers from all over the state to see the show.

I am now taking a 10-month secretarial course at Beckley College which is situated in Harrisburgh. I expect to complete my course in the early part of this Spring.

I wish that some of the boys and girls from Bishop, Pa., would write in the M. L. as I have not seen a letter from there for a long time. We used to be members of Lodge No. 203, Bishop, Pa., about five years ago, but since we have moved to Steelton and there is no Lodge of the SNPJ here, we are members of Lodge No. 528 at Cornwall, Pa.

Wishing that some members would write me.—Saddie Ann Kocovar, 501 S. 41 street, Steelton, Pa.

SPRINGTIME—JOYTIME

Dear Editor:—

There are signs of Spring and I can hardly wait for the time when I shall go out in the fields to pick violets. Every year my girl friends and I go out for May walks and we have great times in the woods watching the birds and studying nature. Many times we find birds' nests that have many different kinds of eggs. Once we found some little birds that had fallen out of their nest and one of my friends put them carefully back in.

I have always enjoyed reading M. L. but haven't contributed much since I have been studying hard so that I can get good grades.

Dorothy Vitavec, 1614 Sherrick Rd. S. E., Canton, Ohio.

* *

Ludvick Loushin, 2024 Mariposa st., San Francisco, Calif., sent a joke, but since his letter is written on both sides of the paper and in pencil, we cannot publish it.

* *

Mary E. Bruder, 2819 W. 10th st., Indianapolis, Ind., sends a story, "not original but funny," which cannot be published since it is written on both sides of the paper.

* *

Frances Sivec, Box 1, St. Michael, Pa., is only 9 and likes the M. L. She also likes jokes and poems, and her school work.

* *

John Evanson, Box 304, Koppel, Pa., tells us that his mother died recently. His father, Tom Ivančan, is the Secretary of lodge 385, of which Johnny is also a member.

* *

On the picture below is Josephine Androja of Sheboygan, Wis., member of the SNPJ. With her is her pet dog "Snowball." At present she attends the Jefferson school.



Little Mary Novacic of Republic, Pa., tells us that she is a member of Lodge No. 85, SNPJ, as well as the rest of the family. She likes the M. L. and begs to have her snapshot in the M. L. Here she is!



* *

JUNIOR JOTTINGS FROM MANY POINTS

Mary Marinac, of El Moro, Colo., wrote this note April 4, but it did not look like spring yet there. She also tells us about the bus tragedy when several children lost their lives in snow drifts.

Alice Strajnar, Box 88, Piney Fork, O., says that her father works 4 or 5 days a week. She is 8 and her sister 6 years old.

Lucy Potocnik, Box 108, Cherokee, Kans., wishes we would publish her picture, but sends only the negative.

Christina Krapesh, Box 354, Clinton, Ind., is a member of lodge 213 SNPJ and goes to school every day.

Helen Izanc, 824 E. 237th st., Euclid, O., is 13 and a member of lodge 450. Her brother is 16 and her sister 10; all are members of the same lodge.

Steffina Hefferle, Box 387, Herminie, Pa., belongs to Lodge 87. Her teacher's name is Miss Torzza, "and she is very nice," adds Stefina.

John Mlaker, 427 Foster st., Duryea, Pa., sent a few jokes and says he likes the M. L.

Alberta Naprudnik, 15606—14th st., Detroit, Mich., is a member of lodge No. 121. She likes her teacher, Mrs. Conzelman, because "she is very good," meaning the teacher.

Nicky Barich, of Amherstdale, W. Va., belongs to Lodge 530, SNPJ, and is already a big boy, 15 years old, and likes his high school teachers.

Henry Potnik, Box 81, Bridgeport, O., is member of Lodge 13, SNPJ, and he likes this magazine. He has a friend, Tommy Jancic, in Roundup, Mont.

Mary Omahen, Box 38, Danville, Ill., likes the M. L. and goes to 5th grade. She is a member of Lodge 316.

Emil Sertich, 512 Kennedy st., Ironwood, Mich., writes a long letter—and on both sides of the paper, for which reason it cannot be published, as every letter must be written on one side of the paper only. Emil will remember that and oblige us next time with a nice short letter written on one side.

Mary Horvat, 7413 W. 64th st., Argo, Ill., belongs to lodge 707 and would like to get some letters. There are seven in her family and all are members of the SNPJ.

John Lever, 10010 Prince ave., Cleveland, O., is 15 and in the 9th grade in Edison school. Their whole family of six belongs to SNPJ. He likes to receive letters.

Dorothy Mlakar, 2044 Crosat st., La Salle, Ill., goes to Grant school, and her teacher is Miss Duncan. Dorothy is 12 years old.

Anna Cerar, Box 76, Broughton, Pa., is 14 and in the 8th grade. She writes a long letter on BOTH sides of the paper which is wrong. Next time, we are sure, she'll write on one side only.

John Cyctor, Box 254, Wyano, Pa., is 15 and belongs to the SNPJ for 15 years. "My teacher Mr. Nickols is married and has a good looking wife," Johnny informs us. Johnny has a little Austin and goes to school with it. "It has a rumble seat—in back."

Mary E. Merella, Box 127, Collinsburgh, Pa., is in the 7th grade and is 14 years old. She goes to Kerr school. Her teachers are: Miss Brown, Miss Cumpson, Miss Sherbondy and Miss Smith.

Lillian Kosmach, 227 Alexander ave., Strabane, Pa., tells us that their family of five belongs to lodge 138, SNPJ. She likes the M. L.

Mary Dolinar, Box 72, Coverdale, Pa., likes the M. L. They (the family) are all members of SNPJ.

Mary Lever, 10010 Prince ave., Cleveland, O., has many copies of the M. L. and likes to "look them over."

* *

Rose Milavech (below) lives at St. Michael, Pa., Box 48, and is a member of Lodge 190, SNPJ, as well as her whole family. She is 8 years old and goes to 3rd grade in school.



Riddles

- What's in an empty box? Plenty of room.
- Why is a dirty boy like a carpet? Because they both get a beating.
- Why doesn't an elephant go visiting? Because he has to carry his own trunk.
- Tom came along and I gave him ten cents,
- Mary came along and I gave her ten cents,
- John came along and I gave him five cents,
- What time would it be? Quarter to three.
- Where do the birds go in the Winter time? On the women's hats, in the days gone by.
- There's a spring and near the spring there's a field. What is it? Springfield.
- What eats and eats and never gets full? A meat grinder.
- Which is the strongest day in the week? Sunday, because all the rest are weekdays.
- What is that which you and every living person has seen, but can't see again? Yesterday.
- Why could a pie never grow into a giant? Because it has too much shortening in it.
- What asks no questions but requires many answers? A door bell.
- What is an old lady in the middle of a river like? Like to be drowned.
- Why should a greedy man wear a plaid vest? To keep a check on his stomach.

THE LAST STEP

IF YOU will look around you, you will find that the failures are those who could not hold out and make the last step. Some few may have been forced to stop before completing their task, but ninety out of every hundred failures never learned to stick it out, and finish up a discouraging job. Such people give up just short of the goal, and their reward. They never drilled themselves to remember that it is the last step that brings success just as it is the last step that wins the race. Success cannot be won without completing the task. The top of the grade is the hardest for the engine, but if it sticks it out, it will get the easy trip down again.—The Boy's World.

