

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Mladinski list in konvencija SNPJ

KO BODO te vrstice v tisku, bo 10. redna konvencija Slovenske narodne podporne jednote skoro končana, in ko bo ta številka Mladinskega Lista v rokah naročnikov, se bo že odločila bodočnost našega mladinskega mesečnika. Naša iskrena želja je, da Mladinski List obdržimo, ker je velike važnosti za našo mladino in za jednoto samo.

Deseta redna konvencija SNPJ je pričela zborovati dne 22. maja v Chicagu v jednotinem avditoriju. Zbralo se je okrog 200 delegatov in glavnih odbornikov, katerih glavni namen je, da določijo jednoti pota, po katerih bo šla naprej prihodnja štiri leta. To bodo gospodarska pota, kajti jednotina prosvetna pota so izražena v njeni načelni izjavi, katera sloni na izrazito delavski temeljni podlagi s svobodomiselnimi smernicami.

Z ozirom na postoječe ekonomske razmere, ki so najkritičnejše odkar obstoji jednota, bo delo desete konvencije zelo težavno, njeni sklepi zelo pomembni in odločujoči. Cela vrsta važnih vprašanj bo na dnevnem redu; ta vprašanja zahtevajo trezne in konstruktivne rešitve. Da se bodo vsa glavnejša vprašanja rešila v obči dobrobit, je treba dobre previdnosti in resnega sodelovanja.

Slovenska narodna podpora jednota je že veliko storila za izboljšanje razmer med svojim članstvom, istotako pa je storila obilo dela na prosvetnem polju med našim delavstvom v Ameriki. Bila jim je prava vodnica skozi dolgo dobo let, odkar se je ustanovila pred devet in dvajsetimi leti. V ta namen je jednota ustanovila svoj dnevnik za odrasle in pozneje svoj mesečnik Mladinski List za vzgojo naše mladine. Dnevnik Prosveta pridno širi delavsko zavest med našim ljudstvom od svojega začetka. Je neprecenljive vrednote za našega delavca v Ameriki. Kar je Prosveta starejšim članom, to je mladini mesečnik Mladinski List.

Sedanje slabe razmere so povzročile marsikakšno izpremembo pri raznih ustanovah. Prisilile so že mnogo publikacij, da so skrčile svoje izdaje ali pa popolnoma prenehale. Tudi dnevnik Prosveta je bil prisiljen, da je skrčil svojo obliko in suspendiral sobotino izdajo. Vsled tega je prišlo na površje tudi vprašanje našega mesečnika, dasi ne izkazuje nobene finančne izgube ali deficita. V glavnem gre za to, da se ukine mesečnik v prid dnevniku.

Naša želja in želja vseh, ki radi čitajo Mladinski List, je, da naš mladinski mesečnik ostane kot je! Upajmo, da se nam bodo naše želje izpolnile, da bo Mladinski List še mnogo let zahajal v slovenske hiše, kjer prebiva slovenska mladina!

V tem upanju pozdravljamo vse delegate in glavne odbornike, ki so se zbrali na deseti redni konvenciji SNPJ!

H. Kr. Andersen:

Kolovrat

POSLUŠAJ, kaj mi je povedal mesec:

“Pred več leti je bilo, in tu, v Kopenhagnu, se je zgodilo; gledal sem skozi okno siromašne sobice. Oče in mati sta že spala, mali sinek pa ni spal. Videl sem, kako so se premikale posteljne zavese in je zdaj pa zdaj pogledala izza njih otroška glavica. Najprej sem mislil, da gleda na stensko uro; saj je bila tako lepo pisano poslikana v rdečo in zeleno barvo, na vrhu je čepela kukavica, težke svinčene uteži so visele na njej in nihalo z bleščeco medeno ploščo je šlo sem in tja tik-tak!”; pa le ni gledala glavica za tem.

Ne, ampak na materin kolovrat, ki je stal ravno pod uro. Najljubša dečkova stvar je bila v vsej hiši. In še dotakniti se ga ni smel, če ne jih je dobil po prstih. Ure in ure je sedel pri njem, če je mati predla, in gledal na preslico, gledal na veliko kolo in pri tem je imel čisto svoje misli. Oh, če bi smel tudi

on tako prestiti! Očka in mamica sta spala. Pogledal je najprej nanju in potem na kolovrat in kmalu nato je pogledala iz postelje gola nožica in nato še ena nožica in, hop! že je stal na tleh! Še enkrat se je ozrl, če očka in mamica spita; da, spala sta. In zdaj je stopical prav po prstih, le v svoji kratki srajčki h kolovratu—in pričel je prestiti. Sprva počasi, nato pa vedno hitreje in hitreje. Kako se je vrtelo kolo! Poljubil sem njegove svetle lase in njegove višnjeve oči. Lepa slika je bila!

Tedaj pa se je zbudila mati; zavesa se je premaknila in pogledala je h kolovratu. Mislila je, da vidi malo vilo ali kako drugo prikazen.

“Za božjo voljo!” je rekla in dregnila svojega moža; odprl je oči, si jih pomencal in videl malega škratka, kako je hitel prestiti . . .

“Saj to je najin sinek!” je rekel.

Učite se tujih jezikov

UČITE se tujih jezikov, drugače se vam bo nemara kdaj tako zgodilo kakor Amerikancu Benjaminu Franklinu. Franklin ni bil le izumitelj streljarskega orožja, bil je tudi eden najuglednejših ameriških državnikov 18. stoletja. Ko so Američani pri neki priložnosti nujno potrebovali nekoga, ki bi o važni zadevi poročal francoski vladi, so za ta posel izvolili Benjaminu Franklinu, ki se jim je zdel najbolj primeren. Stvar je imela samo en zadržek: Franklin ni bil več francosčine, vendar pa je upal, da bo v Franciji hitro dobil potrebno vajo.

Tako je odpotoval v Pariz, vendar se ni mogel tako hitro priučiti jeziku, kakor je bil pričakoval in čez nekaj te-

dnov se je moral udeležiti važne seje. Naprosil je neko znanko, da ga je spremlila tja in sklenil je bil, da bo ploskal govorniku, kadar bo gospa ploskala, da se bo zasmeljal, kadar se bo gospa zasmejala in da tako občinstvo ne bo moglo zapaziti, da ne razume francoskega jezika. Toda napravil je bil račun brez govornika. Govornik se je zelo razveselil znamenitega ameriškega gosta in je govoril le o njem in o njegovih vrlinah. Seveda se je znanka Benjaminu Franklinu zelo veselila tega govora in je navdušeno ploskala. Franklin pa je tudi ploskal kakor obseden in navzoči se niso malo čudili, s kakšno vneto si ameriški državnik sam hvalo poje!

—“Mlaj.”

Anna P. Krasna:

Bazenček in njegov voziček

KOLIKOKRAT je priropotal z njim po klancu na vse zgodaj zjutraj in spodbudil matere h karanju:

“Ali ne bo še nič, zaspanci zaspani? Poglejte Bazenčka, on že gre s svojim vozičkom, se mu nič ne toži zgodaj vstati.”

napajali vaščani živino, je pobiral živinske odpadke.

Ne posebno zavidanja vreden posel, toda Bazenček je bil vzlic temu na svoj način ponosen nanj. Ne toliko zaradi poklica samega kakor radi dejstva, da je imel lastno vozilo za opravljanje svc-



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Adam Emory Albright: SPRAVLJANJE BARČICE

Pa ni bilo res tako enostavno. Bazenček je prav tako nerad vstajal zgodaj kakor mi ostali vaški otroci, a na izbiro je imel dvoje: vstati ali jih dobiti z leskovko. In je, razumljivo, raje vstajal ob zori. Majhen kakor je bil, je namreč že imel svoje vrste poklic—po vaških potih in ob studencih, kjer so

jega posla. Imeti voziček, to je pomenilo za Bazenčka pol življenja—pol, pa nič manj. Brez vozička bi najbrž niti živeti ne hotel.

In je končno tudi težko živeti brez vozička, ki je človeku prijatelj, tovariš, potreba in zabava obenem. Vse to in več je bil Bazenčku njegov voziček.

Nanj je bil navezan kakor na nobeno drugo stvar v svojem svetu. S pohvalo njegovega vozička mu je bilo mogoče izkazati največjo uslugo in si pridobiti njegovo prijateljstvo. Če pa je kdo bril norce iz njegovega lesenega prijatelja, je bil močno užaljen, bolj, kakor če je kdo zasmehoval njega samega.

Vaški dečki, ki so v tem oziru marsikaj zagrešili, so izgubili vse zaupanje pri njem. Naj so še bolj moledovali, da jim prepusti voziček, da se z njim potegnejo parkrat gor in dol po klancu, niso nič dosegli.

"Naka," jim je odgovarjal, "ne dam vozička, da bi vi vozili z njim. Že vem, tako bi šli z njim kakor elektrika po cesti, oče bi pa potem mene nabil." (Elektrika je imenoval motorno kolo.)

"Pa saj je tvoj voziček trden, Bazenček," so navadno silili vanj dečki, "tudi če bi šli z njim kot z elektriko, bi se ne razbil. V vsej vasi ni boljšega vozička kot je tvoj."

"Mhm," se jim je nasmejal zategnjeno, "ker bi se radi peljali z njim. Pa ga ne dam, naka."

Nadaljnemu prigovarjanju se je enostavno umaknil z vozičkom vred.

Vse kaj drugega pa je bilo, če si je kak deček želel ogledati njegovega čislanege tovariša z namenom, da si po njegovem vzorcu napravi lasten voziček. To je bilo njemu in vozičku v čast, zato je Bazenček s ponosom obračal četverkolnega prijatelja in razlagal:

"Ja, pa moj je tudi malo okovan, vidiš. In kolesa so hrastova, pa gladka, da se kar svetijo, ker jih je naredil stric Tišlar. Zadnja prema in akselni (osi) so tudi hrastovi, in tružica,"—itd., dokler ni bil skrbno opisan slednji delec dragocenega vozila.

V posebno čast si je štel dejstvo, da mu je stric Tišlar pomagal napraviti voziček. Te velike usluge mu kar ni mogel pozabiti. Iz same hvaležnosti se je skoro preselil k Tišlarjevim s svojim vozičkom. V prvi vrsti seveda zato, ker je teta Tišlarjeva kuhala dobre stvari in mu zmirom kaj priponudila. In Ba-

zenček, ki mu je že izza detinstva kupal oče, ni pred tako dobrosrčnostjo nikoli bežal.

Kakšen prijatelj res tak voziček, ki pomaga sestradanemu želodčku do dobrih stvari! Pa do zabave! Bazenčku ni bilo nič ljubšega kakor prevažati svoj voziček preko nastavljenih bosih nog vaških malčkov. Tako nalahko in spretno je znal potegniti, da ni čisto nič bolelo. Joj, to je bilo vrišča in smeha!

"Še enkrat, Bazenček," so vpili malčki razposajeno, "še enkrat!"

In Bazenček je potegoval voziček in se smejal. Včasih pa jih je po vrsti nalagal v tružico, jih vozil v krogu ter jih prevračal v mehko travo, da so vreščali žive radosti:

"Samo še enkrat okrog, Bazenček, samo še enkrat, a?"

Pa jih je, četudi že utrujen, zopet naložil, galopiral z njimi naokrog in jih varno in z neizrečenim zadovoljstvom prekopicnil v travo:

"Ste videli, a?! Nihče drugi ne zna tako voziti, a?"

"Nihče, Bazenček!"

In je šlo vnovič:

"Hiii! Uuu! Bonk! Kopica!"

To je bila šala za Bazenčka! Gledati ta živ drobiž, kako se kotali, pobira in smeje, smeje. Smeh—da, v smehu je bilo življenje. Doma ni videl, ne slišal veselega smeha—doma je bilo pusto, čmerno, beraško, žalostno. Voziček pa mu je ustvarjal smeh, mehe smeha, ki ga je tako ljubil.

Vselej pa se zabava ni končala s smehom. Zgodilo se je često, da se je pojavil na koncu trate Bazenčkov oče. Mrk, pritlikav, razljuten, skrivajoč roke nekje za preohlapnim, obledelim in ogoljenim suknjičem. Bazenček je vedel iz izkušenj, da se bliža nevihta s točo. Pograbil je voziček in dirjal. A dirjati je znal tudi oče in če ga je prijel, je bilo dečku joj!

Ob dobrem tovarišu se seveda tudi na take neprilike pozabi. Tudi Bazen-

ček jih je pozabljal sproti, ker je bilo tako najbolje. Čemu bi se držal čemer-no ob veselo ropotajočem prijatelju, v katerega ploščatih gladkih kolesih je bila vtisnjena njemu najljubša melodi-ja? Bilo bi zares nespametno. Kaj za-to, če sta mahala za odpadki, na apro-vizacijo po odmerek moke, ali pa po bu-če in zelje za Tišlarjeve prašiče—od

ploščatih koles je odmevala vedno ena-ko prijetna pesem. Od njih je odmeval smeh, ob katerem je bilo pozabljeno vse: črna čorba, nezabeljen močnik, v zelju kuhane žarke svinjske kože in parklji, buške, maroge, bunke, nelepi priimki, zasmeh, prezir—prav vse.

— Nič čudnega, kaj ne, če je bil Ba-zenčku njegov voziček pol življenja? —

Vino in žganje

(Srbska narodna pripovedka)

VINO naroči nekoč žganju, da naj pride k njemu na razgovor. Naj pohiti:—stvar je važna in je ni moči odlašati.

Pa se žganje dvigne in pride k vinu na razgovor. Vino se zresni pa začne karaje govoriti žganju:

— Pozvalo sem te, da ti kot starejše svetujem. K meni so prišli možje in žene in pritoževali so se nad teboj. Vsi se pritožujejo, da si močno in zahrbtno, in nič ne vem, po kom si se vrglo. Jaz sem ti oče, pa zakaj si ne vzameš mene za vzgled? Mar ne vidiš, kako sem blago in krotko, in kako ne storim nikomur nič žalega? A ena tvoja čaša zdela človeka bolj kot pa moje tri. Zastrupilo si toliko sveta. Kaj ti ni žal? Kaj se ne bojiš greha? . . . Poslušaj me, torej, in umiri se malce. Bodi od danes moje pravo dete!

Komaj je vino nehalo s svojimi oče-tovskimi nasveti, je že žganje klepeta-vo začelo kot da bi stresalo iz rokava:

— O, glej ga no . . . Moja krivda naj bo, ker sem hudo in zahrbtno! . . . A zakaj si me tako rodilo in vzgojilo? . . . Pa zakaj sem jaz tako hudo in zahrbtno? Zakaj nisem tako, dokler se ne se-stanem s človekom? Poglej me v kleti poln sod, pa sem mirno in krotko kot

jagnje, a čim pridem v človeško telo je pa kakor da bi pobesnelo ali pa se oma-milo. Sem mar samo krivo, da so ljudje slabi? Saj jih ne vzdržujem jaz ne-go oni mene. Naj me ne pijejo čez me-ro, pa jim bom samo v dobro . . .

Vino skomigne z rameni in umolkne, a po žganje pride sluga, da ga kličejo domov, in pravi, naj pohiti, ker ga išče-jo na vseh straneh.

— Glej torej, kdo je kriv, — ponos-no reče žganje, in odide domov.

(Cv. K.)



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute
MATI IN OTROCI

Izbruh gejzira

KDOR obišče domovino velikih gejzirjev na Islandu, bo razočaran, ko bo videl gorato deželo, polno strašnih puščav, kjer bo le redkokje srečal drevo. Med zapuščenimi, z ledom pokritimi gorami drve po soteskah reke, ki izvirajo pod ledenim oklepom gora. Sredi te puščave pa naletimo na enega največjih čudežev sveta, na "veliki gejzir."

Zdaj je že vse okoli njega mirno. Si-vo ognjeniško žrelo je na vrhu vdolbeno in ta vdolbina vodi v velike globine pod zemljo. V njej vidijo obiskovalci čisto, zelenkasto vodo. Ta vdolbina pa ni nič drugega kakor navpičen rov, ki je v zvezi z vročo ognjeniško notranjostjo zemlje. Torej nekakšen lonec. Voda je mirna, nenadoma pa se začne bočiti navzgor in z dna se dvignejo veliki mehurji, ki se na zraku razpočijo in vržejo vodo več metrov visoko. Kmalu je vsa okolica Gejzira v soparo zavita.

Ves prestrašen se vsak obiskovalec umakne. Iz globin se oglasi zateglo bobnenje. Ali je spodaj pekel? Tedaj se voda v vdolbini spet dvigne, toda s tako silo, kakor bi jo pihnil orjak, vrtnec nastane in valove poganja čez rob.

Nenadoma pa se spusti curek več metrov visoko v zrak in potem čedalje višje. Tam se razprši v majhne, leskečoče se vodne bisere. Kmalu zagledamo

drugi curek, še višji, in še tretji, še dosti višji. Iz kotla se dvigne sopara in ovije stebre vode, da jih varuje kakor angel varuh pridnega otroka.

Zdaj pa je videti, kakor bi se duh v notranjosti oddihoval. Zamolkel sunek požene vodo, pomešano s kamenjem, še višje, potem pa nenadoma vse poneha, kakor bi se visoko poslopje podrl. Presenečen gledalec vidi spet mirno, zelenkasto vodo.

Kako si lahko razlagamo ta prirodni čudež? Čuli smo že, da vodi rov v notranjost zemlje. Ogenj v notranjosti razbeli vodo do vrelišča. Sopara, ki pri tem nastane, se hoče sprostiti, toda hladnejša voda naj njo zadržuje. Časih se pač posreči, da jo odrine stran in zmanjša njen pritisk. Tedaj je upor vode že dosti manjši in sopara vrže z veliko silo še preostalo vodo navzgor. Ta voda se deloma ohlapna vrne, največ pa je nadomeste podzemeljski gejzirjevi dotoki. Potem se vnovič segreje in čez 24 do 30 ur naš lonec spet prekipi.

Nekateri gejzirji imajo smešna imena. Enemu pravijo "Lonec masla," drugemu pa "Točni."

Gejzirji pa niso samo na Islandu. Precej jih je v Yellowstonskem narodnem parku v Ameriki. —"M. J."

Lev N. Tolstoj:

Dediščina

Neki oče je imel dvoje sinov. Rekel jima je: "Kadar bom umrl—razdelita si moje premoženje; vsak naj dobi polovico." Ko je oče umrl, sinova nista mogla brez spora razdeliti dediščine. Šla sta k sosеду, naj rzsodi on. Sosעד ju je vprašal: "Kako vama je velel raz-

deliti oče?" Povedala sta: "Velel nama je razpoloviti delež." "Torej raztrgajta vse platno v dve polovici, razbijta na polovico sleherno posodo in presekajta na polovico vso živino."

Brata sta poslušala soseda in nič jima ni ostalo. Iz rušćine B. Ž.

URBAN IZ RIBNICE

V 12. šte. Mladinskega lista je priobčila s. Caroline Strell iz Tire Hilla, Pa., dve kitici ribniške pesmi o žlicah. Ker bo naše čitatelje gotovo zanimala celotna pesem o Urbanu iz Ribnice, ki jo je zložil in menda tudi skomponiral Cenetov gospod iz Ribnice, pok. župnik Ivan Podboj (1848-1911), jo prinašamo spodaj v celoti.

Vse opozarjamo, da je pesem pisana v ribniškem dialektu (narečju) slovenskega jezika. (Cv. K.)

SEM z Ribnice Urban,
po cejlem svajti znan;
jest brihtne sem glave,
pa žlice imam novje.

Sem rjeku: kje je veselica,
bi se prodala kova žlica;
sem semkaj se podav,
da bi jih kej prodav.

Jest hvalit se ne smejm,
le tolku vam povejm,
de take ruobe nej,
ne ljati ne drugej.

De buom pa jest Urban
pri vas še bolj poznan,
letu vam zdej povejm,
k nej znanu vsem ljudejm.

Jest dejlam žlice vsake suorte
kar se jih le zmislit muorte,
škatejle, škateljce,
pa tud kuhavence.

Jest dejlam škafe in rešjeta,
rajte, brjente, vsega šjenta,
sem majster jest od žlic,
čeburu, keblu, kebluc.

Poslušajte vsi narprej,
kar se vam zdej povej
od žličnega gradu,
k je tam pr sklejdneki.

Koku je lejpa ta posuoda,
kjer se spravlja suha ruoba;
letu je tisti grad,
ki hrani muj zeklad.

Kok žalosten ta svejt
je biv zarejs poprejd,
k nej tacih blu ljudi,
de b žlice dejlali.

Se skorjami so župo jejni,
sklejde na kolejna dejli,
to rejs nej bještru¹⁾ blu,
od uist je kapalu!

Prebrisani možje
od svjetga Primože
se zmislijo narprej,
kar se vam zdej povej:

Od šruocih uist so mjero vzjeli,
so žlice dejlati zečjeli,
so sturli ruobe tje
za cejle deželje.

Zdej so pa šli po svejt
po zimi in po lejt,
pa ne samu možje —
kar lejze inu grje.

Križem vsejt so se podali,
suho ruobo ponujali;
vse mejsta in vasi
so z žlicami obšli.

Vsak muora bit učan,
predajat ruobo sam;
če muodro govori,
si že kej perdobi.

Kislu mlejku si zgovarja,
v torbo kruha, v mošnjo dnarja.
Ku ruobo vso preda, na,
nej dnarja, nej blaga.

Ku ruobo vso preda,
nej dnarja, nej blaga,
nej dnarja, nej blaga —
ker vse ze vince da.

Op.:—Ribniška dolina je na Dolenjskem, torej nižje doli od Ljubljane pro-

(¹⁾bještru—bistro, pametno.)

ti Kočevju, Novemu mestu in Beli Krajini. V tej ribniški dolini, imenovani po starem mestecu Ribnici, je zelo razvita po vaseh domača obrt izdelovanja takozvane suhe robe. To je izdelovanja lesenih izdelkov potrebnih za domačijo. Saj nam pesem pripoveduje, kaj delajo: žlice vsake sorte, vilice, nože, kuhavnice, škatlje, čebre, škafe, rešeta, sita, brente, keble, kljuke, držala itd. In to suho robo, ki so jo izdelovali doma vsi člani družine, je nosil navadno družinski oče ali pa starejši sin po vsej srednji Evropi, ko je bil od nog do glave oprtan s suho robo (s krošnjo) in jo je prodajal po hišah. Ribniški krošnjari s "suho robo" so bili poznani povsod in v tej pesmi se opisuje, kaj delajo,

kako hudo je bilo, ko jih še ni bilo, kako so začeli delati žlice in kako hodijo po "cejlem svejtu." Ta kos našega narodopisja in domače obrti pa umira pod vplivom strojev in njih konkurence. Rešetarji se zdaj združujejo v večja podjetja in bijejo boj za življenski obstoj. Vendar pomoči ni, stroj bo zmagal in poleg mengeških slavnikaarjev, šentviških mizarjev, žimarjev iz Stražišča, kroparskih in kamnogoriških kovačev, žebjarjev iz Železnikov, čipkaric iz Idrije in Železnikov, tržiških čevljarjev, savinjskih splavarjev bo z leti izumrla tudi svetovno znana ribniška "suha roba" iz domače industrije. To je zahteva današnjega napredka in našega časa. (Cv. K.)

Kako je prišel krompir v Evropo

PRED nekaj stoletji ljudje v Evropi niso mogli jesti krompirjeve kaše ali vobče krompirjeve kuhe, zakaj takrat še niso poznali krompirja.

Toda nekega dne je prišel mož iz daljnje Amerike, ki so jo bili komaj odkrili. Ta mož je dal kmetom čudne rjave gomolje, ki jih niso bili še nikoli videli, in velel:

"Vsadite gomolje v zemljo namestu žita in rži; doživeli boste veliko preseenečenje!"

In kmétje so res vsadili gomolje, ki so imeli mnogo drobnih belih poganjkov, in čakali.

Najprej je zrastle iz tal zelišče, potem so začele rastlinice cvesti. Vsaka je imela polno majhnih belih cvetov, hkrati pa so bile polne črnih jagod.

Kmetje so se razveselili—trgali so črne jagode in jih pokušali. A groza! Jagode so bile grenke, morali so jih izpljuniti. Tako so res doživeli presenečenje, ali to preseenečenje ni bilo veselo! Mar bi bili nasejali žita in rži! V sveti jezici so porovali vse rastline iz zemlje, jih zmetali na kup in jih zažgali. Med tem, ko so stali okoli kupa in gledali, kako je ostudna reč gorela, se je nena-

doma začel širiti iz ognja krasen, blagodejen vonj. Tedaj je stopil eden izmed njih bliže in potegnil iz plamenov nekaj opečenih rjavih gomoljev, ki so viseli na koncu korenin.

"Zdaj vem," je vzkliknil, "ne jagod, ampak gomolje moramo jesti!"

Tako je prišel krompir v Evropo! A kdo je bil mož, ki mu Evropa dolži za ta zaklad?

Dolgo so mislili, da je bil znani angleški pomorščak Francis Drake, in tako so mu tudi kot "Očetu krompirja" postavili spomenik.

Zdaj pa se ve, da so prinesli krompir Španci v začetku šestnajstega stoletja iz Južne Amerike v svojo domovino. Tu pa ni našel pravega odziva, ker ni ugal ljudem.

Šele, ko je dvajset let pozneje Francis Drake svojemu vrtnarju spet in spet zapovedal, naj sadi krompir, in ko je naposled sam začel skrbeti za sajenje krompirja, in ko sta dva njegova rojaka vedno iznova opozarjala ljudi na blagoslov krompirja, je krompir nastopil svoj zmagoviti pohod po Evropi.

Tem trem možem bi bili torej morali postaviti skupen spomenik!



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Clare Leighton: PENISTONSKE PEČINE (LESOREZ)

Carl Dantz:

O materi in očetu

Tako-le je napisal šolarček Peterček
o svojem očetu in svoji materi:

Moja mama

MOJA maja je zmerom doma. Ne-prestano dela. Nikoli se ne utruji. Močna je skoroda prav tako kakor moj oče. Veliko kad s perilom prenese kar sama do pralnice. Oče pravi o sebi, da dela kot konj. Mama pa pravi, da dela za dva konja.

Ko je oče ležal z zlomljeno nogo in smo vsi imeli hripo, je mama 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 raztrgane cunje. In zvečer je lupila krompir in je spala zelo malo. Oče pravi, da dela mama noč in dan brez odmora, kar dva šihta skupaj.

Kadar dela, ji ne smemo nagajati, sicer lahko kakšna 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 mamo.

Še v grobu mi ne boste dali miru, je rekla takrat mama.

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

Poprej nekoč je bila tudi moja mama lepa. Pri nas doma visi slika, na kateri je naslikana v poročni obleki. Najlepša ženska je, kar jih je na svetu. Še mnogo lepša od najlepše gospe v modnem časopisu.

Moj oče

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

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

"Ata, blit! In pojčkaj 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: Sodrugi, pridite vsi! — tedaj stori. In največkrat traja do dvanajstih.

Govori zelo malo. Kvečjemu zdaj pa zdaj kako besedo ali dve. Pa moramo kar brž poslušati. Sicer odpne svoj pas.

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

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

Hermana ima rad. Ker ima slabo glavo. Toda jaz imam odprto bučo, pravi. Jaz se lahko učim. In večkrat mi prinese knjige. In mi jih razloži. 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.

Boris:

RUDARJEV SIN

JUTRI pojdeš z menoj
premog kopat v globoko jamo.
Dobro si zdaj še solnce oglej —
doli ga več ne poznamo.

Doli poznamo le medlo luč,
v njej se demanti črni iskre,
gledaš jih, koplješ, z znojem zalivaš,
potlej v njih soju oči oslepe.

Doli v jami poznamo le smrt,
doli v jami življenja ni,
doli v jami ni pesmi, veselja,
v jami še solze prah zasuši."

"Oče, čemu me jemlješ v jamo?
Ti si je vaje, jaz sem še mlad.
Solnca bi hotel, pesmi, veselja,
smrti ne maram, življenja bi rad."

"Sin, pet sestic za kruhom kliče,
mati že drugo leto leži,
koča na bregu nas komaj še skriva,
meni že roka od let drhti.

Danes prišel je k meni gospod.
"Ti si doslužil," je rekel samo.
"Star si že — delo za mladim kliče!
Jutri pripelji ga — služil nam bo."

Sin, pet sestic kliče za kruhom,
mati že drugo leto leži,
jutri, jutri boš prvič suženj . . .
Moja roka od let drhti . . ."

Zasledovana kuščarica

KAKO vesela sem, da sem končno ubežala sirovemu dečku, ki je vrgel za menoj težek kamen! Kako varno se lahko skrijem v teh kamnitih razpokah! Da, kamni so mehkejši in milejši napram meni, ubogi živalici, kakor pa sirovi ljudje! Skoro bi me ta nepridiprav zmečkal; pohabljen sem in trpim bolečine. Če pade kdaj dečku na nogo debel kamen in mu jo zmečka ter ne bo mogel deček cele tedne stopiti na njo, se bo morda naučil sočustvovati. Kaj pa je pravzaprav moj pregrešek? Saj vendar iščem na njivi dečkovega očeta

samo črve, mušice in male gosenice; o, da bi samo pomislil ta tepček, da vendar uničujem škodljive, njemu sovražne živalice, ki uničujejo njegovo žetev! Tako se mi zahvaljujejo za mojo dobrotelost! Ali pa me morda ima ta nevedni človek zaradi moje kači podobne prikazni za strupeno in nevarno in me zaradi tega preganja? Tudi to je odpušljivo. Svojemu hudobnemu sovražniku nočem želeči, da bi moral hoditi kdaj po svetu tako pohabljen in pokvečen, kakor moram hoditi zdaj jaz.

—st—

I. S. Turgenjev:

Na morju

POTOVAL sem na neki majhni ladji iz Hamburga v London. Na ladji sva bila dva potnika: jaz in majhna opica, ki jo je poslal neki hamburški trgovec v dar svojemu londonskemu prijatelju.

Opica je bila z verigo privezana za klop na ladijskem krovu, neprestano se je preobračala in žalostno cvilila.

Kadarkoli sem šel tam mimo, mi je opica nudila svojo črno, hladno ročico in me je gledala z žalostnimi očmi, ki so bile slične človeškim. Kadarkoli sem jo zagrabil za roko, se je opica prenehala preobračati in tudi cvilila ni več.

Tišina. Morje se je razprostiralo kakor daleč je seglo oko nalik sivemu pregrinjalu. Pritisnila je megla, ki se je ovijala celo okoli vrhov jamborov in je z nekakšnim mehkočnim izhlapevanjem utrujala oči. Solnce je bilo v tej megli podobno blede-rdeči žogi in proti večeru je ta megla porumenela s čudnim tajinstvenim sijajem.

Pod ladijskim vijakom je nastajala pena, bela kakor mleko, in se je pršeč razbijala v vijugaste proge ter se izgubljala nekje v megli.

Na krmu je neprestano zvonil zvonec tako žalostno, toda otožno kakor opičino cviljenje.

Sem in tja je skočil na morsko površino morski pes, se nato pripognil in spet izginil v globočini.

Kapitan, varuh ladje, pregret od solnca je kadil kratko pipo in pljuval v morje. Kadar sem ga kaj vprašal, je odgovarjal kratko in brezbrizno in vrniti sem se moral — hote ali nehote — k svojemu edinemu sopotniku — opici.

Sedel sem poleg nje. Takoj se je pomirila in mi ponudila svojo ročico.

Gosta megla nas je ovijala v svoj vlažni plašč. Zatopljena v negotove, temne misli sva sedela drug poleg drugega kakor dva sorodnika ali rojaka . . .

Zdaj se smejem . . . ali tedaj je v moji družbi prevladoval povsem drugačen občutek. Vsi smo otroci ene matere — in milo mi je bilo, ker se je uboga žival umirila in se tako zaupljivo in domače privila k meni, kakor k svojemu rojaku.

Hokus—pokus

MIHEC je nekoč videl v mestu glumača, ki je izlil jajce v klobuk. Rekel je: "Hokus—pokus!" in poveznil klobuk na glavo. Jajce pa je izginilo.

Mihec si je vse to dobro zapomnil in hotel posnemati. Skliče torej vaško mladež skupaj, vzame očetov klobuk in odnese materi jajce. Modro pogleda okrog sebe in ubije jajce v klobuk. Nato reče: "Hokus—pokus!" in se pokrije s klobukom. A iz klobuka ni izginilo jajce. Rumenjak in beljak se izlijeta Mihcu po laseh, po licu in po obleki. Mihec se joče, a gledalci se mu smejejo . . .

Josip Ribičič.

Priroda

IZ VASI se vije pot. Po njej se razlega veselo petje. Šolski otroci gredo v prosto prirodo.

Na vzhodu se rdeči. Veličastno solnce priplava na jasno nebo in pozdravlja krasno prirodo. Pozdravlja jo od strmih gorskih pečin, preko zelenih gričev in prijaznih dolin do silnega morja.

“Oj, kako je vse naokolo lepo!” vzkliknejo otroci. In dalje gredo po poti. Veselo jim je srce.

Solnčni žarki pa poljubijo mater zemljo in črna gruda zadehti.

Travniki so posuti z nešteti biseri, ki se leskečejo v jutranjem solncu. To so rosne kaplje. Lepše so nego demanti.

Otroci zavijejo v gozd. Ljubko petje se oglasi v solnčnem zelenju. Ptički pevci pojo jutranjo pesem. V vrhovih mogočnih dreves šumi rahel vetrič.

Izpod sive skale žubori bister studenček. Otroci se ustavijo za trenutek in pokušajo hladno vodicu.

Toda dalje drži pot—strmo navzgor. Zdaj so prisopihali otroci na vrh zelene griča. Krasan razgled se jim odpre krog in krog.

“Kako lepa je priroda v solnčnem svitu!” vzkliknejo otroci.

“Res lepa in prijazna se nam vidi, kadar jo gledamo ob belem dnevu,” pritrди učitelj. “A še vličastnejša se nam zdi ponoči, ko tema zagrne vse stvari, ko se prikaže mila luna na nebu in se zaiskrijo daljne zvezde. A grozna se nam zdi priroda, kadar nam pokaže svojo moč, ko tuli vihar, bobni grom in švigajo ognjene strele. In vendar tako radi hodimo v krasno prirodo! Taki izprehodi so jako poučni. A tudi zdravi so za vse telo, ker bistrijo oči, širijo pljuča, krepijo srce, urijo noge in roke ter zdravijo želodček.”

Ferdo Kleinmayr.

Alfred Frankengerger:

Kaj pripoveduje skala v vodi

Tam, kjer prodira reka skozi ozko dolino, kjer visi na strmem obrežju skalovje, se je na pomlad sprostil mogočen kamen in padel na sredo korita v reki. Cele mesece je potem ležal tam na mestu kot nepregibna skala, ob kateri se je znova in znova razbijala napadajoča moč vode—in tako se je res videlo, kakor da bi bila skala nepremagljiva.

Poletje je minilo, prišla je zima in za njo je bila spet pomlad. Po burni noči je začelo nad tem krajem deževati.

S prasketanjem je pokal led na reki, voda je naraščala in se glasno valila med bregovi. Po nekaj tednih je reka imela spet svoj poletni videz—in glej, skala je izginila. Daleč, tam, kjer napravlja reka oster ovinek, je ležala v podjedenem bregu, kamor ga je vrgla ogromna moč deroče vode. Združeni moči nakopičene vode se je torej posrečilo odstraniti to težko oviro.

Skala na bregu govori nemo, pa vendar na vsem razumljiv način. Kaj mar to ni resnica? (Cv. K.)



Dragi čitatelji!

Skušali smo, da bi izdali majsko številko Mladinskega Lista v prvi polovici meseca, toda ni bilo mogoče. Potem smo upali, da bo izšla vsaj predno začne zborovati deseta konvencija Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Tudi to ni uspelo. Vzrok: zamudno delo v tiskarni. Naše tretje upanje je, da izide predno bo konvencija zaključena. In morda bo!

V tekočem letu so bili Kotičkarji zelo pridni. Marljivo so prispevali v Kotiček svoje zanimive dopise in vzpodbujali ostale dečke in deklice, da pišejo slovenski. Uspelo jim je tako, da ni bilo prej še nikdar v isti letni dobi toliko slovenskih dopisov v Mladinskem Listu kot jih je bilo letos v prvih štirih številkah. To naj bo v priznanje vsem, ki so poslali svoje dopise za Kotiček, obenem pa vzpodbuda, da bodo v bodoče ostali zvesti sotrudniki Mladinskemu Listu.

Pozdravljam vse, ki se zanimajo za M. L., vsem šolarjem pa želim, da bi imeli obilo zabave tekom šolskih počitnic in da bi jih porabili sebi v korist, v zdravo razvedrilo in napredno izobrazbo!

—UREDNIK.

MLADINSKI LIST NAJ OSTANE!

Dragi urednik!

Upam, da boste dobili to moje pisemce pred konvencijo, tako da bo priobčeno v majski številki našega lepega mesečnika.

Nikakor ne bi rada videla, da bi M. L. ustavili. To je naš list, k ga vsi potrebujemo. Ravno Mladinskem Listu se imam zahvaliti, da se bom vsaj malo naučila slovensko pisati in čitati. Mladinski List je zanimiv. V "Kotičku" je vedno mnogo slovenskih dopisov, zato pa M. L. vsi zagovarjamo in priporočajmo. Naš mesečnik je dobro urejevan in otroci ga radi čitajo. Zato naj naš Mladinski List še nadaljuje svoje delo!

Sedaj je konec šole in imamo dolge šolske počitnice. Jaz bom šla prihodnje šolsko leto, v jeseni, v deseti razred. Sedaj bom imela dosti časa, da bom lahko večkrat kaj napisala za naš priljubljeni mesečnik.

Prav lep pozdrav vsem, ki bodo to čitali, uredniku pa še posebno!

Mary Marinac, box 37, El Moro, Colo.

"SLOVENSKO GOVORIMO BREZ VSAKEGA SRAMU"

Cenjeni urednik!

Hvala Vam lepa za priobčitev prvega mojega dopisa v Mladinskem Listu. Pa mi ne smete zameriti, urednik, ker sem izostala v aprilski številki M. L.

Povedati Vam moram, da sem precej pozabljiva, in tudi igram se rada z drugimi deklicami, posebno spomladi in poleti.

Sedaj je zunaj lepo, gorko in prijetno. Vse je zeleno in v cvetju. V bodoče bom pazila, da ne bom več nobene tevilke našega priljubljenega mesečnika zamudila z dopisom.

Povedati Vam moram, da smo imeli pri nas lepo igro dne 7. maja, namreč v Slovenskem domu na Holmes avenue. Tudi jaz sem bila navzoča. Bilo je zelo lepo, igra in ves program.

Naš učitelj, Mr. Mario Urbančič, je rekel, da nas pohaja slovensko šolo na Holmes avenuji 150 otrok. On nas je naučil lepo pesmico, katero smo v zboru zapeli—vseh 150 učen-

cev in učenk skupaj! Peli smo na dan upri-
zoritve naše igre 7. maja. Pesem se glasi:
"Mladi smo mi Amerikanci in slovenskega
rodu, mi slovensko govorimo brez vsakega
sramu!"

Vsem skupaj—malim in odraslim čitateljem
—želim obilo veselja to pomlad in poletje!

Mary Volk,
702 E. 160th st., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *
**KRASNA SPOMLAD NA PACIFIČNEM
OTOKU**

Cenjani mi urednik!

Pošiljam Vam mali doips za majsko števil-
ko Mladinskega Lista.

Najprej naj Vam povem, da še nisem doži-
vel tako lepega maja v svojem mladem življe-
nju kakor ga doživljam letos na tem otoku—
Friday Harbor, Wash.

Vse je v bujnem cvetju. Sadno drevje je
prav lepo, tako tudi razno grmičevje. Prav
vse je v cvetju! Ves otok zglada kot en sam
cvet!

Veste, urednik, da ni Chicago tako daleč,
bi Vas povabil sem za par dni, da bi se tudi
Vi naužili tega dišečega zraka, katerega v vel-
kih mestih tako manjka. Ker sem tudi jaz
že živel v velikem zaprašenem mestu—v
Clevelandu—zato nisem od tistega časa nič
kaj prijatelj velikih mest.

Tukaj Vam pošiljam pesmico, ki je času
primerna:

Brezposelni

Od tovarne do tovarne
noga za nogo hiti.—
Delo so nam glavne marnje,
a dobiti moč ga ni!

Pred pisarnami krdela
delavcev—slone, stoje,
povprašujemo za delo,
a povsod nas odslove.

"Nič, prav nič!" odgovor dajo,
"Imamo dovolj jih že."—
Zopet se naprej podajo,
vse utrujene noge.

Mrzla burja, težke misli,
spremljajo nas od vrat do vrat,
bledi so obrazi—kislji,
a zraven se oglašča—glad.

Dan za dnev enaka sreča,
ki nas mozga in uči,
klub brezposelnih se veča,
a je vendar brez moči.

Na križiščih in ob potih
se v gruče zbiramo,
modrujemo o zmotah
in vesti požiramo.

Ta godrnja čez srečo,
drugi se na vse jezi,
tretji s kletvico gorečo
ves pogovor osoli.

Imamo žene in otroke.—
To presega vse skrbi,
ker na upanje, obroke,
se sila težko dobi.

Eden pravi, da moliti
treba je za boljše dni;
drugi pravi, da razbiti
treba je sistem zlobni.

Sam pri hiši sem za delo
in skrbeti sam za vse;
rad zaslužil bi za jelo,
pa kako, kdaj in kje?!

Še mladenič čvrst pristavi,
zaročenka se jezi.—
"Kdaj jo bom poročil," pravi,
"ker nobenega sredstva ni!"

Razni se slišijo nasveti,
ki med nami mrgole,
tu pa tam se nam zasveti,
kaj in kje narobe je.

Prej ne bomo nič dobili,
ker se nas nič ne boje,
dokler ne bomo se združili
v močne vrste delavske.

Hvala Vam za priobčitev! V kratkem bom
spet kaj poslal. Iskren pozdrav!

Anton Groznik, Friday Harbor, Wash.

* *

KRASNI MAJ IN SPOMIN NA OČETA

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Prav lepa in iskrena hvala Vam, ker ste
priobčili prvo moje slovensko pismo v Mladin-
skem Listu meseca marca. In že spet sem
zaostal z dopisom za mesec april. Prosim
Vas, da mi oprostite!

Zelo rad listam po Mladinskem Listu, in
vselej vse dopise prečitam. Ko sem prečital
aprilsko številko Mladinskega Lista, sem bil
nekam potrtn in vznemirjen. Toliko nas po-
haja slovensko mladinsko šolo na Holmes ave-
niji—toliko slovenskih dečkov in deklic—pa
je bilo od nas v aprilski številki tako malo
slovenskih dopisov. Več jih je pa bilo iz dru-
gih krajev. Obžalujem, da se moji součenci
in součenke tako malo zanimajo za dopisova-
nje. Upam, da bo v bodoče boljše.

Sedaj je mesec maj, krasni maj. Pa jaz
ga nisem posebno vesel, ker me spominja na
veliko izgubo. Dne 28. maja 1931 sem nam-

reč izgubil mojega ljubega ateja. Nikdar ga ne bom pozabil, ker je bil tako dober.

Želim, da bi mnogo dečkov in deklic pisalo slovenske dopise za Mladinski List. Obenem pa pozdravljam vse skupaj, posebno pa urednika.

Albert Volk,

702 E. 160th st., Cleveland, O.

* *

NE POZNAJO SPOMLADI

Cenjani urednik!

Četudi nimam prav nič veselega poročati za majsko številko Mladinskega Lista, sem se pa vseeno odločila, da napišem par vrstic za Kotiček.

Najprej se seveda moram opravičiti, ker nisem nič napisala za aprilsko številko Mladinskega Lista. Vzrok je bil ta, ker sem bila preveč zaposlena v šoli. Sedaj bo boljše.

Kmalu nastopijo šolske počitnice, katerih se seveda zelo veselim, ker bom imela več časa za skakanje in igranje zunaj.

Povsod se ljudje veselijo spomladi že v aprilu in maju, ponekod pa še celo prej. Le tukaj ne poznamo skoro nobene pomladi. Ko to pišem, dne 16. maja, ni še nič zeleno.

Tukaj se zelo slabo dela. Moj ata dela komaj en dan na teden, kar je zelo malo, kajti tukaj je vse jako drago. Mnogo ljudi je brez dela. Ljudstvo je zbegano. Ljudje si ne vedo pomagati, ker je povsod enako — povsod slabo. Tudi če gre kdo kam za delom, ga ne dobi.

Dvajsetega maja se zelo veselim. Če nam bo vreme naklonjeno, bomo šle šolarice mojega razreda v hribe za ves dan. Z nami bo kajpak šla tudi naša učiteljica Miss Easton. Upam, da se bomo imele prav dobro. (O tem bom morda prihodnjic kaj napisala.)

Frances Rolih, box 82, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

NAŠA MLADINSKA ŠOLA

Dragi mi urednik!

Letos se menda še nisem oglasila v Mladinskem Listu, napisala pa sem precej dolgo pismo o delovanju slovenske mladinske šole društva Pioneer št. 559 SNPJ takoj po božiču. In to pismo je bilo priobčeno v januarški številki Mladinskega Lista. Čitateljem sem skušala predočiti naše šolske aktivnosti in sploh vse delo, ki ga vrši ta šola. Pozneje sem slišala z mnogih strani opazke, da sem "dobro napisala". Tudi jaz mislim tako, četudi morda nisem. Vsak človek misli, da je njegovo delo dobro.

Naša šola gre h kraju. Zadnja šolska stvar bo ponovitev igre "Janko Bric in njegovi otroci", ki jo je za našo šolo napisala naša učiteljica Mrs. Katka Zupančič. Ta igra ima tri

dejanja in je lepa. Želim, da bi jo videli vsi starši in vsi Slovenci. Uprizorjena bo na 30. maja, na Decoration Day, v dvorani SNPJ, ob priliki desete jednotine konvencije. Ta prireditev bo v počast delegatom. To se bomo postavili! Upam, da se bomo res!

Kaj naj vam še povem? Počitnice so pred nami in teh se menda najbolj veselijo vsi šolarji. Tudi jaz sem jih vesela, proti koncu pa se mi navadno spet toži po šoli. Le da bi imeli malo več denarja za hrano in potrebno obleko. Tako pa ni nič. Naša hrana mora biti bolj slaba in obleka tudi bolj slabe vrste. Zakaj tako? Praviijo, da se kmalu vrnejo dobri časi. Ampak to nam pripovedujejo že par let, pa gre še vedno na slabše. Uh, to nas vodijo za nos!

Well, naj bo tako ali tako, upam, da bo naša šola še nadaljevala svoje delo prihodnje jesen. Upam pa tudi, da bi dobili boljše in stalne prostore. Potem bo več zanimanja med šolarji in splošnega napredka v šoli. Želim, da bi se vsa čikaška jednotina društva in tudi vse napredne ustanove zavzele za našo šolo in šle šolskemu odboru na roke. Potem bo uspeh še večji. Nobenega dvoma ni, da nam je taka šola zelo potrebna.

Mnogo lepih pozdravov vsem, ki to čitajo!

Učenka Slovenske mladinske šole
društva Pioneer št. 559, SNPJ.

Stric iz Amerike pride k Potočniko-
vim na obisk. Stric pokaže Mihecu foto-
grafije New Yorka. Mihec se zagleda
v slike, potem pa zaničljivo mahne z
roko:

"Poglej te visoke nebotičnike! Saj ni
čudo, da je Kolumb tako lahko odkril
Ameriko!"

□

Mihec, ki leži v postelji, zakliče:
"Mama, žejen sem!"

"Tiho bodi in zaspil!"

"Ko sem pa žejen!" razlaga Mihec.

"Če ne zaspil hitro, pojdem po pa-
lico!"

"Oh, prosim te, mamica, prinesi ob-
nem še kozarec vode!"

□

"Kaj imaš nad seboj ob jasnem dne-
vu?"

"Modro nebo in solnce."

"In kadar dežuje?"

"Dežnik."



JUVENILE



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THEY told me I stood at the crossroads
Of momentous importance — four years ago.
One way diverged from the road I had traveled;
Continued: Success; and there I should go.

But I come to a stand at a wall that is buttressed,
That denies me a glimpse of Success it would show.
No longer the pathways that once stood divided;
But united in one, where all travelers go.

And others who parted the ways at the crossroads
Like me, seek the Fortune the field would bestow,
Like me, through dark, gloomy nights plodded onward.
The wall looms before me; where must I go?

—MARY JUGG.

NATIONALITY

AND does it, then, make difference — The blond Norwegian sows the wheat,
The language that you speak? The German turns the mill,
And is it nationality The Slovak bakes the loaves of bread,
Or brotherhood we seek? Nor question we who who filled the bill.

“Mavourneen” of the verdant isles,
“La belle” of sunny France,
Or “deklica” are merely words
That maidens’ state lend emimence.

For life we each on all depend,
From Nature’s store existence eke,
And does it, then, make difference
The language that we speak?

—MARY JUGG.

TEN STRIDES AHEAD

A LONG and lonely road,
 Face leashing wind;
 My weary soul,
 And faint echo of a step
 Treading the road ten strides ahead.

Ten strides ahead—
 Through the gathering dusk,
 My eyes are beholding
 Slouched shadow that was:
 A Human—
 Until like I today,
 By the heartless world
 He was turned away.

Ten strides ahead . . .
 Through the dark and wind
 I hear distant echo of countless steps.
 Treading the roads
 As I and that shadow ten strides ahead

A. P. K.

LITTLE CHATTERER

SHE COMES sometimes when I need her the least,
 But somehow I can't help feeling happy,
 When I hear the sound of her little fist.

Her knocking and her voice sound like rollicking cheer,
 And I never can fail to hasten and let in,
 That little chatterer so sincere.

She has such amusing thoughts packed in her brain,
 That long after she'll cease hammering on my door,
 Her chatter will resound as a sweet old refrain.

A. P. K.



A Primer of American Art

By Louis A. Grebenak, Jr.

(Continued)

Winslow Homer

THIS great interpreter of the sea and its moods was born at Boston in 1836.

Homer came of robust, sea-faring stock. The inherent love of the sea was to crop out in his work, years later. His pictures, incidently, deal almost entirely with life in the open air.

After his school days he was apprenticed to a firm of lithographers. He stayed with them several years and then started out for himself, making drawings for Harper and Brothers and other houses. Beginning to realize his need of schooling he went to New York. He studied under the French artist Rondel, and the following year in the National Academy of Design.

Upon the outbreak of the Civil War he was sent to the front where he made drawings of camp life for Harper's Weekly. At this time he began his first work in color, producing two pictures, "The First Goose at Yorktown" and "Home, Sweet, Home," which were accepted by the National Academy.

In 1865 he was elected a member of the National Academy, this action being influenced by his excellent "Prisoners from the Front." It created a sensation when shown at the Academy and later at the Paris Salon.

In 1867 he went to Paris where he spent several months. Upon his return to America he left for the mountains and rural districts; the city held no charm for him.

He paid two visits to England and one more to the West Indies, always studying and painting, and finally returning home, settling down near Scarborough on his beloved Maine Coast.

These proved to be his most fruitful years. He was represented at the various exhibitions by such canvases as: "A Voice from the Cliffs," "Tyne-mouth," "Inside the Bar," "Eight Bells," "The Life Line," "Fog Off the Banks," "Undertow," "High Seas," and "Watching the Tempest."

In 1900 he received a medal at the Columbian Exposition and the gold medal at the Paris Exposition.

Winslow Homer died in 1910 within sight and sound of his comrade, the sea.

John La Farge

John La Farge was born at New York in 1835. Unlike the majority of artists, he was born amid luxury. From the day of his birth he was surrounded by the best that could had in the way of books, pictures, and culture. Nevertheless his development as a painter was slow; his time for the greater part being taken up by travels in Europe, and half-hearted study of art, and law studies.

He was saved from this slough of indecision by the American artist, William Hunt, whose influence soon put La Farge on the right track.

An interruption to his artistic career came in the form of the Civil War. He tried to enlist but was debarred from service because he was near-sighted.

His first picture of note was a figure of Saint Paul. It paved the way for other work of a like character. In 1863 he finished the pictures of a Madonna and a Saint John for the Church of Saint Peter in New York.

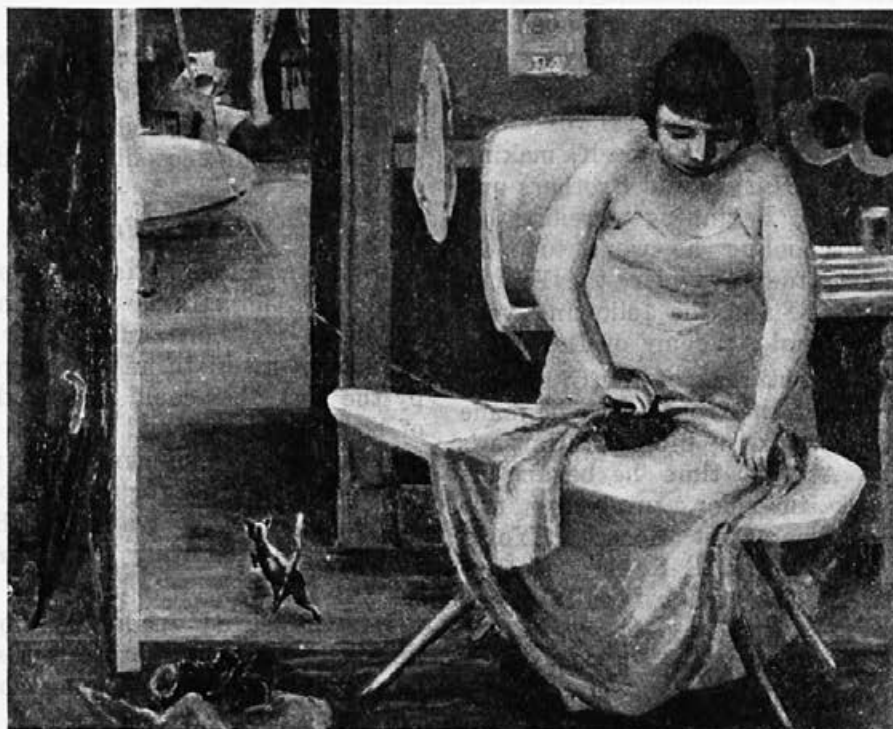
During an illness of three years he illustrated Browning's and Longfel-

low's poems, and Tennyson's "Enoch Arden."

In 1869 he was made a member of the National Academy. Four years later he made a trip to Europe where he seized an opportunity to study stained-glass windows, a decorative medium in which he was later to become a master.

La Farge executed his first mural decoration (that is, wall decoration)

His fame as an expert in making stained-glass windows spread and he was asked to supply many windows for churches and private residences. One of his first was for the Congregational Church at Newport. Then came the superb "Battle Window" in Memorial Hall, Harvard University; and The Watson Memorial Window, in the Trinity Church, Buffalo, which received a medal of the first class at the Paris



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

McCosh: DOMESTIC INTERIOR

for the Trinity Church in Boston. It was considered to be the most important work of its kind done thus far in America. Immediately afterward he began to decorate Saint Thomas' Church in New York, finishing it in 1877. His fine work was lost, however, when the church was destroyed by fire, twenty-five years later.

Exposition of 1889 and won for the designer a decoration of the Legion of Honor.

Besides being an artist, La Farge was also an extensive traveler, a teacher, and writer.

After a lifetime of work he died in 1910.

James A. McNeill Whistler

James Whistler was born in 1834 at Lowell, Massachusetts.

Whistler is one of the most peculiar figures in the history of art. The man is so unlike his work that there is no end to the flood of misconceptions that cover ream upon ream of paper.

He himself was a stormy petrel with a rapier-like wit, bitter, impatient; yet his work was delicate and beautiful. He preferred fleeting nocturnal effects to "foolish sunsets"; his portraits are not garish sign-painter productions but masterpieces of harmony; his etchings are placed above even those of the immortal Rembrandt.

The public distrusts and ridicules anything it can't understand. It laughed at Whistler's wit and scrapes; but when his nocturnes and arrangements appeared they thought it another good joke and laughed again—for a while.

When he was nine years old he was taken with the rest of the family to St. Petersburg, Russia, where his father, an engineer, supervised the building of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railroad. There the boy first began to study drawing. In 1849, after the death of his father, the family returned to America. Two years later Whistler entered West Point.

The routine at the Academy oppressed him, however, and like the American poet Poe, he was forced to leave at the end of two years.

He then obtained a position in the Coast Survey, making topographical drawings. The mechanical nature of the work held no interest for him and he soon left.

Upon leaving the Coast Survey he departed for Europe, never to return to this country. In Paris he studied for a time and then began to paint in earnest. The Paris salons continued to refuse his pictures, one of them being the now famous "White Girl", and

he left Paris for London in disgust. Though the atmosphere was uncongenial he continued to live there the rest of his life.

From now on he produced steadily, varying the routine with trips on the continent where he found material for his wonderful etchings.

His fame as a painter rests on such portraits as "The Artist's Mother," "Miss Alexander," "F. R. Leyland," "Theodore Duret," and "Pablo Saraste"; and nocturnes, "Nocturne in Blue and Gold: Old Battersea Bridge," "Nocturne in Blue and Silver: Bognor," and "Nocturne in Black and Gold: The Falling Rocket," with several "arrangements," "The Music Room," "The White Girl," and "At the Piano."

He was also the author of several brilliant books pertaining to art; "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," "Four Masters of Etching," "Ten O'clock," and "The Baronet and the Butterfly."

His quest for the beautiful came to a sudden end in 1903.

Augustus Saint Gaudens

It may seem a bit incongruous to place a sculptor amid so many painters but even the most elementary study of American art must include a reference to this most famous of American sculptors.

Augustus Saint Gaudens was born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1848, but came to New York in his infancy. Here he learned the trade of a cameocutter. He studied drawing at Cooper Institute and at the National Academy of Design.

In 1867 he went to Paris and studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts (one of the most famous schools of art in the world) and later at Rome. It was there that he produced one of his first sculptured figures, "Hiawatha."

Upon his return to New York he opened a studio where he created many statues, busts, and emblematic sub-

jects. His most prominent statues are those of Admiral Farragut, General W. T. Sherman, Peter Cooper, and the famous one of Abraham Lincoln in Lincoln Park, Chicago. He also executed many portrait-busts, memorial sculptures, and bas-reliefs.

Notable, also, are his "The Puritan, Diana," on the tower of Madison Square Garden in New York; the bas-reliefs "Adoration of the Cross by An-

gels," in St. Thomas Church in New York; and the Shaw memorial tablet in Boston Common.

He received many honors in his lifetime. France made him an officer of the Legion of Honor and corresponding member of the Institute of France.

He died at Cornish, New Hampshire, in 1907.

(To be concluded)



Sweet Waters of The Springtime

ONCE there was a bee who had troubled dreams during his winter sleep for he had overheard the red people long for something sweet to eat at the dawn of spring. So the bees, in the maple tree near the village, decided to leave a store of honey for the Indians.

Now it happened that the ants found the store of honey and carried it on their backs and stored it in the ground half-way between the maple and the little singing brook. The maple sighed to the brook that the naughty ants had robbed the store and the brook decided to help the maple regain its sweets.

So when the spring thaw gave the snow waters of the hills to the brook, it pushed its swollen waters out of its banks and ran over the ground where the ants had stored the sweets; then

the wise maple drew the sweetened water into its long roots and way up into its trunk.

It was about this time that the arrow of a passing hunter missed the deer, and his stone arrow-point pierced the trunk of the maple. He noticed the arrow-point was moist and placing it to his lips, he found it was sweet. Soon he shared the news with the whole village. Thus it was that the neighboring brook gave the stolen sweets back to the maple.

Even today, the Iroquois still give thanks to the Great Spirit and the maple for the sweet waters of the springtime when the red turning boughs mark the upward trail of the sap beneath the inner bark of the friendly maple.

E. A. Bates, Cornell.

The Hottentot Boy and The Lion

SOME years ago, a Hottentot Boy was in the service of a Boer farmer in the Orange River Territory. This part of South Africa was at that time much infested by lions.

It was the lad's duty to drive his master's cattle to pasture every morning, and to bring them back to the farm at night. This employment left many

them home, he perceived that a fine cow was missing. In one of his truant absences she had doubtless wandered away from the rest. To search for her at that time was impossible, and he could only trust to the carelessness of the upper servants, who often neglected to count over the animals as they entered the fold, or kraal.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Molly Luce: CONCERT IN THE PARK

idle hours on his hands; and what boy could, under such circumstances, resist an occasional ramble after the honey-bird, or in search of ostrich eggs, or of some other treasure so pleasing to boy nature?

The cattle, during their keeper's absence, generally proved quite capable of taking care of themselves. But on one occasion, when the Hottentot counted the herd over before driving

In this hope he was not deceived. The loss passed unnoticed, and he resolved it should be replaced, if possible, before it was discovered. Without telling any one, he set out at once, in quest of the missing cow. He took with him a little dried meat and a gourd containing water, and started at a pace which few of his countrymen could equal, fleet of foot as they are.

The dread of the whip of rhinoceros

hide made him forget the dangers of his lonely journey. An hour or two of daylight still remained, and he had no difficulty in finding the trail of the lost animal.

His own safety became a matter of anxiety as night closed in and he found himself alone in that desolate country, far from all human help, and without any means of defense. He was not long in resolving what to do. After marking with his stick the spot at which he had left the trail of the missing cow, he looked about for some place in which he could pass the night.

Selecting an acacia tree which grew close by, he climbed up and settled himself in a fork of its branches. He ate and drank sparingly, keeping a supply of food for the morrow. Then he lashed himself to the main branch of the tree with his waist belt, drew his sheepskin blanket over his head, and fell asleep.

It was a still night. The silence was broken only at intervals by the shrill notes of the screech owl, the howl of the jackal, and the dreary laugh of the hyena. But the Hottentot was too well accustomed to these sounds to be kept awake by them.

How long he slept he did not know, but he was aroused by a noise which, once heard, could never be forgotten. Full and deep rose the dreadful sound, seeming to come from under his very feet—the roar of a hungry lion!

A second roar thoroughly awakened him, and looking down he saw in the moonlight a large black-maned lion seated at the foot of the tree. The eyes of the animal were fixed on the boy, and his body was motionless, save for an occasional angry lash of his tail.

It was a dreadful moment, and the hours which followed were more dreadful still. All through that awful night the savage beast sat watching his intended victim. The terrified boy lay motionless, afraid to stir, almost afraid to breathe. At last his cramped attitude became unbearable. Come what

might, he felt that he must stretch his stiffened limbs for a moment; and, as noiselessly as possible, he changed his position.

But he paid dearly for this momentary relief; for, at his first cautious movement, the lion rose with a roar, and sprang at the tree. The Hottentot's blood ran cold. As he threw himself back and coiled his limbs into a still more cramped position, he could hear the deadly claws tearing at the bark of the tree with a sound which might well make his heart die within him.

More wretched hours dragged on, and the hot sun rose, darting its burning rays on the poor Hottentot till his brain throbbed painfully. The lion, too, was greatly distressed. His tongue lolled out of his mouth, and he lashed his flanks uneasily with his tail.

At least, toward noon, heat and thirst seemed to overcome the beast. With a throbbing heart, the lad saw him move slowly off. But he was mistaken if he supposed that the relentless animal would abandon his prey so easily. The lion stalked away a few paces, and then looking back with a low growl, stopped. This action he repeated every minute or two until he reached a pool of water some distance from the tree. Here he quenched his thirst, and then returned to his post. In despair the Hottentot saw day fade again into evening, and evening into night.

It is useless to describe that second night; it was worse than the first. The fearful end seemed more certain, and mind and body were worn out with terror and weariness. But the boy was cheered by the failure of the lion's repeated attempts to reach him.

When the daylight returned, after refreshing himself with a little food and water, he ventured to climb to a higher branch, whence he could see in the direction of his master's farm. His last hope now was that some of the servants might discover his absence,

and come in search of him. Long and wearily did he strain his eyes toward his home.

The rage of the lion, when he saw his prisoner no more, was fearful to behold. He tore up the ground, bit the tree, and furrowed it with his claws. But the boy felt more secure in his new position, and the very peril of his situation gave him courage. Through all the hot hours of that long day he remained on the lookout, often fancying that he saw his master or some of his stalwart sons coming to his rescue.

But every hope ended in disappointment. At least, late in the afternoon, he gave up in utter despair, and prepared, with a sinking heart, to return to his former place in the tree, the only one in which he could fasten himself securely. As he began his cautious descent his eye caught sight of four dark objects in the distance coming toward him. Did his longing hope deceive him again?

This time he was not mistaken; for presently he could see clearly that four men were approaching on horseback. Taking off his sheepskin cloak, the boy waved it over his head, shouting with all his strength, "A lion! a lion!" long before his voice could reach his deliverers.

The riders, meanwhile, came steadily on; and now he could recognize them, the old farmer himself heading the party, two of his tall sons, rifle in hand, and a Hottentot servant carrying a flint musket. The lion was raging furiously, maddened by the cries and gestures of his prisoner, who thought only of warning the advancing horsemen of their danger before they came upon the animal unawares.

Suddenly servant, who had dismounted and was following the trail on foot, stopped and looked up. He pointed toward the tree, and then in an instant, he was on his horse, and the whole party came on at a brisk gallop. This

was a moment of great suspense to the poor worn-out boy, who could hardly find voice to send out his warning cry, "A lion! a lion!" Suddenly the horsemen halted—they had seen the lion.

At the same moment, the magnificent beast became aware of their presence, and with leisurely pace advanced a short distance to meet them. Then he stood still, moving his tail slowly from side to side, and uttering a low, deep growl. His rage was terrible. The riders hastily dismounted and tied their horses together, with their heads turned away from the angry lion.

And now the men came forward on foot, all moving slowly and cautiously, and each with a finger on the trigger of his gun. The lion moved a step or two toward them, then suddenly crouched down with his head resting on his fore paws, and so remained until his enemies were within twenty paces of him. Then he began slowly and noiselessly to rise to his feet.

As slowly and noiselessly did the old farmer drop on his knee, the other following his example. The four men raised their guns to their shoulders, and as the lion was in the act of springing, the sharp crack of the three rifles and the report of the flint musket were heard at the same instant. The noble animal bounded forward and fell dead at the feet of the farmer and his sons.

(From "Animal Stories.")



Water Habit

- Two glasses when you get up.
- Two glasses between each meal.
- One or two glasses with each meal.
- One or two glasses at bed-time.

There is one thing you can drink without being afraid of taking too much—good, pure water.

Approximately 80 per cent of the body is water, so you can understand how necessary this fluid is to that body's normal functioning.

Your body demands at least six ordinary glasses of water daily. From eight to ten glasses may be taken with beneficial results.

Forget the old idea that water, when taken with meals, is injurious. Drink a couple of glasses during each meal but just be careful not to wash your food down with the water.

And, while we are on the subject of water, remember that it should be applied in great quantities externally, as well as taken internally.

Ice water is particularly harmful if taken on an empty stomach just previous to a meal. It contracts the blood vessels of the stomach and does not permit the usual circulation which is necessary to the digestive process.

Cold water is also injurious if taken when you are perspiring freely. Chilled or cool water is best at this time. Cramps are often caused by drinking large amounts of cold water when one is over-heated.

There are many fads about drinking water. For healthy people, the drinking of hot water has no especial value. Cooled or chilled water will help to counteract constipation a great deal more than warm or hot water.

Many of the beneficial effects of going to a "Springs" resort are due to the increased quantity of water taken and rarely to the quality. In most cases it would be just as well to say at home and drink more water.

—The Healthy Worker.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

B. Gifford: PIGEON COVE

THE MOTHERS OF MEN

THE bravest battle that ever was fought!
 Shall I tell you where and when?
 On the maps of the world you will find it not—
 'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with the cannon or battle shot,
 With the sword or noble pen;
 Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
 From mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in the walled-up woman's heart—
 Of a woman that would not yield,
 But bravely, silently, bore her part—
 Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
 No banner to gleam and wave;
 But, oh, these battles that last so long—
 From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
 The fight in her walled-up town—
 Fights on and on in the endless wars,
 Then silent, unseen, goes down.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

A Tribute To Mother

THERE is one great journey in this life and one only. It starts with the cradle and ends with the grave.

The swiftest word is Time. The nearest word is NOW. The meanest word is Hypocrisy. The broadest word is Truth. The strongest word is Right. The truest word is Love. The sweetest word is Home. And the dearest word is MOTHER.

How poor the man who has never felt the presence of a mother's kiss, and in the corridor of whose memory there lingers no sound or echo of a mother's voice.

Gladstone, in Parliament, gave a touching instance of a mother's devotion, referring to the death of Alice. Her little boy lay stricken with diphtheria. Stretching out his arms he cried, "Mamma, kiss me." Though strongly cautioned to keep away from her babe, she answered the boy's appeal and took him in her motherly arms, and they laid them to rest in the same grave.

To many a boy and girl thousands of miles from home, the name of mother has the value of love, pure and undefiled, enshrined in a living personality.

NATURE'S MESSAGE

DOWN along the winding river Pussy willows wake from sleep.	Did you ever stop to wonder Why they're here on Spring day?
Little grasses in the meadows Through the dark ground gently peep.	Every one has some glad message; Listen, friends, to what they say.
Daffodils gay and yellow Rub their eyes and look around.	Pussy willows tell of courage. Little grasses say, "Be true."
Rows and rows of dainty tulips In their garden beds are found.	Daffodillies softly whisper, "Scatter joy, whate'er you do."
Lovely, golden-hearted lilies Shed their beauty far and near.	Tulips bid us live for others. Lilies say, "Look up above."
Robin redbreast in the treetop Sings and sings a song of cheer.	Robins sing the Spring story, Full of season's hope and love.

—Author Unknown.

MY MOTHER

MOTHER, someone very dear, Mother, always very true, Mother fills our hearts with cheer, When near her, no one e'er feels blue.	Mother, one whom all should love, Who when death shall draw its line; Will surely go to God above, I'm meaning you, oh, mother mine.
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Margaret Wright.

THE JOY OF RETURN

I WILL depart from all I love With this in mind, The joy of coming back again To you, I'll find.	I will go swiftly on my way, dear. Because I hold The picture of homecoming And framed in gold.
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So kiss me quickly now that I
Be on my way,
And earlier going earlier make
Homecoming day.

—George Elliston.



Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

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

Dear Readers:—

When these lines go to press, the Tenth Regular Convention of the Slovene National Benefit Society will be in full progress. And when this number will reach our subscribers and readers, the convention will be on the verge of adjourning. Our hopes to be able to issue this month's number a little earlier, at least a few days before the beginning of the convention, have been abruptly shattered; we realized that the accumulated rush-work in the Printing Department would prevent it.

The existing conditions are pushing the future of the Mladinski List in doubtful position. Although the M. L. is in no financial straits, it is not in deficit, its suspension is considered advisable, in some circles, in favor of the daily Prosveta. It is our sincere hope, however, that the delegates to the 10th convention will solve this problem sanely, with necessary discretion and sincere purpose, so that the SNPJ will be able for many more years to come to give to our Juvenile members their beloved monthly visitor — the Mladinski List!

Let the M. L. remain as it is! Its work has been a worthy endeavor and a recognized success! We hope that the delegates are aware of its value to our youth and the organization. In this spirit we greet them and wish them much success at their responsible work at the convention! —THE EDITOR.

MOTHER—A WORLD TO ME

Dear Readers:—

There are four in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge. May is a month for mothers to have a holiday. I am sending a poem about mother.

Mother

Mother is a word that means a world to me,
M is for the million things she gave me,
O means only that she is growing old,
T is for tears she shed to save me,
H is for her heart of the purest gold,
E is for her eyes, a loving light shining,
R means right and right she'll always be,
Put them all together, they spell Mother,
A word that means a world to me.

Matilda Debelock, Cliff Mine, Pa.

"STILL ON VACATION"

Dear Editor:—

Since I have been reading the interesting letters in the Mladinski List, I have decided to write also.

I am a freshman in high school at the age of 13 years and like school very much. Last year at graduation time my mother promised me that for my graduation present she would let me go for a vacation. I got my vacation and I still seem to be on it. My home is in Thomas, West Virginia. Perhaps many of you readers know the place, and now I am living in Irwin, Pa., at my aunt's and uncle's place.

I came over here last spring. It was 117 miles from Thomas to Irwin and I thought it

was a joyful ride. I saw many large cities and beautiful mountains. After the summer was over I decided to stay and go to school here because I liked it here very much. I am going back home at the end of the school term which I know will be another exciting ride.

At present I am going to school every day. We only have a half-day session at our school because, you know, it is depression now and many boys and girls are out of work, so they try to have an education and thus are coming to school. This makes the school very crowded and we have only a half-day of school. I know many of you readers would like to have a half-day of school, but your wishes cannot always be granted.

I take gym twice a week, which I like very much, and cooking twice also. I never think school is troublesome for me. Do you?

Best regards to all.

Elizabeth Komac, Box 157, Irwin, Pa.

* *

ARE WE ASLEEP?

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have eagerly scanned the pages of the M. L. in hopes I would read a letter from Spokane. What's wrong? Are you all asleep, do you not know spring is here? Why don't you, Theresa Spehar, Johnny Prus and the rest drop a line to our beloved magazine?

In the March number I noticed that in the letter of Steffie Kaferle she said I had not answered her letter and asked me if I was asleep. That's just what I want to ask of her. I haven't heard from her. Here's hoping we have some cooperation from the members of Spokane.

Katherine Paladin,

Route 5, Spokane, Wash.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading the beloved M. L. very much. I would like to hear a little more about Annie Skurcha from Pa. I am nine years old and in the 4A. My teacher's name is Miss Christopher.

I used to take guitar lessons, but I had to quit because my father is out of work. I wish people had sense enough to vote for socialists. Socialists want to help and protect working people. We have Mr. Roosevelt now, but times are no better. My father is still out of work and we have no hopes for his starting soon. Mr. Roosevelt gave us beer, but my poor father would be glad to buy bread for us.

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

Vida Marie Keruz,
Box 256, Oglesby, Ill.

TWO SLOVENE RIDDLES

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am eight years old and I am in the third grade. I haven't seen many letters from Willock. Come, you sleepy heads, wake up!

There are nine in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. I have four brothers who belong to a soccer club. They play soccer and can they kick!

Here is a joke that the Slovenes ought to get: What is hole upon hole and hole beside a hole and still rain won't go through?—A straw (thatch) roof.

What can go up the chimney down but can't go down the chimney up?—An umbrella.

I wish some of the members would write to me. I remain a small reader of the M. L.

Collette Peternel, Willock, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am 13 years old and in the 7th grade in Jr. High school. I have two brothers and one sister. Billy is 11 years old and in the 6th grade. Johnny is 10 years old and in 4th. Mary is 9 years old and in the 3rd grade. There are six of us in the family, we all belong to the SNPJ. My mother is sick; she is in the State hospital for 3 years. My father is not working most of the time. He has nothing to do, so he watches the garden and the baby chicks. We have about two dozen big chickens and they all lay well.

I wish someone would write to me.

Frankie Kastel,

(General Delivery) Martinez, Calif.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading the M. L. I have 3 sisters and one brother. Their names are Rosy, Celia, Jennie, and John. Rosy (seven years) is in the first grade, Celia (10) in the third grade, Jennie (15) a sophomore of the Bellaire high. John does not go to school; he works with my dad and is nineteen years old. I am 13 years old, in the seventh grade. We all love to go to school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Suella Ball; she is very nice to us. Our school will be out May 12. I will write more next time.

Sophie Maurie, Neffs, Ohio.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. I am 7 years old and in the second grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Olgr.

I do not like this State much. We would like to move away from here but it is too much snow; we have to wait till better weather comes.

I belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 689 with the rest of the family. My best regards to all who read the Mladinski List.

Frankie Bergoch, Sweets Mine, Utah.

WAKE UP, MOON RUN!

Dear Editor:—

I am 12 years old and in the 6th grade. I have four teachers; their names are: Mr. McCalmont, Mr. Hail, Miss Phillips, Miss Kelley. I like to go to school. I have a brother in the 9th grade; he is 14 years old. There are 7 of us in the family. Mother, Dad, Albert, Edythe, Fannie, Louis and I. I read the M. L. every month. I hope the children in Moon Run would wake up. They must have fallen into a deep sleep. I wish some of the M. L. readers would write to me.

Josephine Groznik, Box 30, Moon Run, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I wish the M. L. would come every week instead of every month. I was nine years old on May 17 and I am in third grade. My teacher's name is Miss E. Gotham. She is a good teacher.

There are three in our family. My mother and I belong to the SNPJ and my father belongs to SSPZ. We live on a farm. I have a dog and 3 cats to play with. Here in this part of the country are many Slovene farmers. There is a Lodge No. 73 of SNPJ in our town.

I wish some members write to the M. L. from Sheldon, Wis.

Jenny Pugel,
Sheldon, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am thirteen years old, and in the Seventh grade. My teacher's name is Mr. L. M. Bull. He is very nice to us all. I am taking music lessons on the piano for three years. I can play most any kind of music, and my sister also. Work is very scarce around here. We live on a farm for eight years and are getting along fine. We all belong to the SNPJ. There used to be many Slovene people here, but most of them have left.

Anton Novak,
box 133, Huntington, Arkansas.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am nine years old and on December 17, 1933, I am going to be ten years old. I like school very much.

We all belong to the SNPJ lodge. There are three in our family. Father, mother and I.

I am going to tell a riddle: In the morning it walks on four, in the afternoon on two, and in the evening on three.—Ans.: A baby before he is able to walk. Walks on all four, when he gets older he walks on two feet, and when he's an old man he walks on two and uses a cane and that makes three.

Frank Pockay, 381 E. 160 st., Cleveland, O.

Fun in Gym

Dear Editor:—

Since I wrote last to the M. L. we moved and I had to change schools. Now I go to Brett school. All public schools have the same system. Every day we have gym. I like games. The gym teacher's name is Miss Ballow. When we play bases on ball I always make three bases or a home run.—My birthday was March 19 and I was 10 years old. Then I received several presents that I liked very much. Thanks! Josephine Gorjanc,

778 E. 159th st., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I like to read the letters that other little boys and girls write in the M. L. I am seven years old. My teacher's name is Miss Roberts. I like to listen when she reads us good stories. I am in second grade. I have a brother and a little baby sister at home. My mother reads M. L. to them, too. My little baby sister is too young to join the lodge yet. But she will soon. My daddy works in a mine. The work is poor here. I can hardly wait till next month to read all the little letters in the M. L. The whole family enjoys it.

John E. Korber,
Bon Air, Johnstown, Pa.

Pedestrian (to boy leading a skinny, mongrel pup): "What kind of a dog is that, my boy?"

Boy: "This is a police dog."

Pedestrian: "That doesn't look like a police dog."

Boy: "Nope, it's in the secret service."



JUNIOR JOTTINGS (First Letters)

Dear Editor:—

I am 11 years of age and in the 6A grade. My sister's name is Margaret and my brother's name is Henry. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 69. Work is scarce here. Best regards to all!

Pauline Perushek,
Box 973, Eveleth, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—

On March 12 I was 9 years old. Now I am in 3rd grade. My teacher's name is Miss Winkler. There are three in our family and all are members of the SNPJ Lodge No. 391. Best regards to all.

Josephine Bostyancich, box 47, Kane, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am nine years old and am a twin. I have three sisters and six brothers. I have a brother who plays soccer football. I like to see football games. For Easter I got lots of candy and I went away with my mother for the holiday. Best regards to one and all.

Martha Mahoney, box 134, McDonald, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am 8 years old. My teacher's name is Miss Noon and she is very good to all of the children.—Work is very scarce around here. There are five in our family and we all belong to Lodge No. 98, SNPJ.

Angeline Trebusak,
RFD No. 3, box 38, La Salle, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I like to read the wonderful little magazine the Mladinski List. I would like to get it every week.—There are five in our family and we are all members of the SNPJ, except my mother. I am 11 years old and in the 7th grade. I wish some members would write to me. Best regards to all.

Katherine Adlesich,
% Ray Warren, Ozone, Ark.

* *

Dear Editor:—

The mine here is not working. Our school is going to close soon. We are going away soon. I like to read letters from boys and girls in the M. L.—People out here get very little money for their hard work. I hope that conditions will soon be better.—Spring's here and we can at least hope for the better.

Ludvick Bergoch, Sweet Mine, Utah.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am eleven years old and in Fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Evans; I have two other teachers. I take piano lessons. My

teacher's name is Miss Gillespie; she is a very good teacher.

There are six in our family; we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 23. My father works two days a week. I like to read the M. L. very much. I live in Herminie (No. 2). I go to Washington school. I wish times would get better.

Best regards to the editor and readers.

Frances Samich,
R.F.D. 3, Box 85, Irwin, Pa.

SPIDER CAPTURES BIRD

An unusual incident is recorded from the Transvaal. "Passing a bush," says a correspondent, "I became aware of excited flutterings. On going to investigate I found a small bird hanging upside down, apparently in the air, between two branches. A nearer view revealed that its feet were firmly entangled in a very large spider's web. The spider was not to be seen. It had evidently retreated to a place of hiding. The captive was doing its utmost to escape, fluttering and twittering loudly. It appeared, however, to be getting more and more entangled, so I released it and let it go. Although they are not found here, bird eating spiders are well known in South America."

Man: "Over a period of three years I have directed the destinies of over seven football teams at as many colleges, and never lost a game."

Boy: "Who are you, some superman?"

Man: "No, I'm a motion picture director."

TRY THESE RIDDLES

When was beef the highest that it has ever been?

When the cow jumped over the moon.

When is a schoolboy like a postage stamp?

When he is licked and put into a corner to make him stick to his letters.

What is the oldest piece of furniture in the world?

The multiplication table.