

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

Psicek Teffy

PROSIM, prosim, deček moj!
Vzemi me in naj bom tvoj!

— — —
Vidim, vidim: ves si razcapan—,
jaz pa vse preveč sem negovan.
Strašno, kar počenjajo z mano!
Dlako vsaki dan oprano, počesano
že tako imam, da koža me skeli;
z dišavo me namažejo, ki mi smrdi.
Pilijo mi kremplje, glej—!
O, le smej se mi, le smej!
Vidim, nič se ti ne smilim,
najsij še tako ganljivo milo cvilim.

— — —
Praviš, da okrogel sem, zalit;
ti pa večkrat lačen si ko sit—!
Veš kaj, deček? Pojdi raje ti z mano,
pa obleko boš dobil in hrano;
ker pri nas preveč je vsega! In jedi—
koliko je gre v smeti!

— — —
Ti ljudje so blazni, se mi zdi:
"Teffy, Teffy—" poljubili so me vsi;
mene—psička—poljubili . . .
njega—dečka—napodili . . .

Trgovec

MISLI si, mamica, da bi morala ostati doma in jaz da bi moral na pot v tujo deželo.

Misli si, da bi bil moj čoln pripravljen v pristanišču, do vrha natovorjen.

Zdaj pa dobro premisli, mamica, preden porečeš, kaj ti prinesem, ko se povrnem s potovanja.

Mamica, hočeš kupe in kupe zlata? Tam ob obrežjih zlatih rek so polja, polna zlate žetve.

In v senci gozdne steze kapljajo zlati, čampovi cveti na tla.

Nabrati jih hočem vse zate v mnogo sto košev.

Mamica, ali bi hotela biserov, velikih kakor deževne kaplje jeseni?

Popeljem se k obrežju bisernega otoka.

Tam trepetajo biseri v ranem jutranjem svitu na tratnih cveticah, biseri kapljajo v travo in bisere prše na pesek v penah divji morski valovi.

Moj brat dobi par krilatih konj, da bo letal z oblaki.

Očetu prinesem čarobno pero, ki bo brez njegove vednosti samo pisalo.

Zate, mamica, pa moram imeti skrinjico in dragotine, ki jih plačalo sedem kraljev s svojimi kraljestvi.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

ZIMSKA VOŽNJA

H EJ, tja čez polje prostrano,
mimo neznanih strmin
gladko sani mi drčijo,
zvončki zvenijo: cin, cin.

Semtertja tiho sneg vsiplje
z golih, dremotnih se vej,
bistro bežijo konjički
dalje in dalje naprej.

Vse se pred nami umika,
vse kakor veter beži,
daleč za nami je mesto,
v sivi se megli gubi . . .

Radivoj Peterlin-Petruška.

Oče stavka

T E DNI se je vrnil oče z dela in dejal:
Zastavkali smo.

Mati se je ozrla vanj in mirno rekla:

Tako, dozdaj je bil še kak belič,
odslej ne bo nič.—

Nič! kdo pravi, da ne bo nič!

Zdaj boj bo in potem—

no, potem bo zmaga . . .

Čigava?

Naša, je dejal oče odločno, mati pa se je nasmehnila.

Da, naša, a kdaj?

Vsi pravite tako—peščica tu, peščica tam—

Oni pa se smejejo in čakajo na vaše zahteve:

s kozaki in deputiji,

s strojnicami in puškami,

z vrelo vodo, solzavkami,

z živim tokom in—s posmehom moči!

Samo združena moč zmaguje.

. . . Tako, kot je, ne morete nič doseči.

Oče pa vztrajno:

Dosegli bomo zmago, moramo jo doseči!

Mi smo pa čepeli po kotih, ju poslušali in mislili:

Kako bi bilo vendar na svetu lepo,

če bi vsepovsod zastavkal našega očeta pogum—

in zavladal naše matere razum . . .

Anna P. Krasna



C. M. B.: VAŠKA IDILA

Anna P. Krasna:

Peter Komunist

DR. GOLDSTEIN se je ravno odpravljaj z doma, ko je nenadno, sunkoma in nestrpnostno zapel zvonec sprejemnice. Asistentka je skočila pokoncu, hitela k vratom in pritisnila na avtomatični gumb. V ključavnici je glasno zabrnelo, a oni tam zunaj očitvidno ni poznal tega znamenja; stal je naslonjen ob steno zunanjega oboka vrat in čakal, da mu odprejo. Asistentka je spustila gumb in stekla po stopnicah odpirat vrata.

"Dala sem znamenje, zakaj niste od — —"

Sredi končne besede se je ozrla na čakajočega in je osupnjena umolknila. Pred njo je stal, še zmirom naslonjen ob steno, mlad deček v ponošeni in pokrpani obleki in njegova polbosa desna noga je močno krvavela.

"Nesreča?" je naglo vprašala.

"Nesreča," se je glasil medel odgovor.

Asistentka ni nič pomišljala, trdno je prišla visoko-raslega vitkega dečka okrog pasu in zaklicala po stopnicah: "Doktor, hitro, nesreča!"

V trenutku je bil zdravnik pri vratih in z večjo roko in očesom dognal, da tu ni časa za oklevanje. Prijel je dečka v svoje močne roke in ga brez asistentkine pomoči odnesel v ordinacijsko sobo. Asistentka je naglo zaprla vrata in hitela za njim.

"Ali je nevarno?" je povprašala in naglo močila ustnice in čelo v nezavest padajočega dečka.

"Da, nevarno, glavna žila je skoro pretrgana in če se nama ne posreči ustaviti krvavenja prav kmalu, nama bo izdihnil na mizi.—Prokleti brezbriznež je moral biti tisti falot, ki ga je povozil; je pač videl takoj, da je siromaček capin.—Ali je bil kdo z njim, ko ste šli odpirat vrata, Priscila?"

"Ne, bil je sam in se je komaj še držal pokoncu; moral je že nekaj časa krvaveti, na pragu je cela luža krvi."

"Hm."

Zdravnikove roke so delale z naglico in spretnostjo, kateri se je Priscila čudila. Krvavenje je vidno ponehavalo. Zdravnik se je oddahnil.

"Zdaj pa pazite nanj, Priscila, dognati moram, če je kost samo počena ali docela zlomljena. Bolečine mu morda vrnejo zavest, držite ga trdno."

Asistentka je v momentu pritrdila par pasov, potem pa z rokama prijela za mršavi kolena, tiščoč ju v enakomerni legi. Zdravnik je delal počasi. Raztrgana koža, ki je visela znad členka do srede stopala kakor kos cunje, ga ni motila; njega je zanimala kost, čez katero je zdrknilo kolo neznanega vozila. Previdno je iskal ranjeni del in ko se mu je zdelo, da ga je našel, se je ozrl po ranjencu in čakal, da se zgane pod pritiskom bolečine.

"Pustite ga za hip," je dejal asistentki. Ta je ubogala in tedaj se je deček zganil in iz ust se mu je izvilo kakor zamrt krik bolečine.

"Aha, je že vse v redu," je rekel dr. Goldstein in si naglo umil okrvavljene roke.

"Ali ga odpeljete v bolnišnico?" je vprašala Priscila.

"Da, kakor hitro ga za silo obveževa in spraviva k zavesti. Dajte, hitite, Priscila, rad bi šel vseeno na svoj tedenski izlet."

Molče sta nadaljevala z delom. Slišati je bilo samo naporno dihanje, žvenket instrumentov in lahke korake asistentke, ko je brzela semintja med operacijsko mizo in stekleno omaro, donašajoč naročene stvari. Kmalu sta bila gotova. Deček je polagoma prihajal k zavesti in skušal govoriti.

"Vprašajte ga, kje se je ponesrečil in kako mu je ime," je naročal zdravnik in asistentka je z mehkim glasom ponavljala vprašanja ter skušala razumeti dečkovo mrmranje. Deček ji je sku-

šal odgovoriti, a še ni mogel spraviti različne besede iz grla.

"Pa pustite, Priscila," je rekel slednjič zdravnik, v bolnišnici bodo že izvedeli kdo je. Zdaj ga poskušajva prenesti v avtomobil, da ga odpeljem čimprej mogoče; kost je precej poškodovana."

Pristopil je k mizi in Priscila je takoj nalahko dvignila dečkovo glavo ter mu položila desnico okrog ozkih ramen. Njegov obraz se ji je dopadel, z materinsko nežnostjo je stisnila k sebi temnolaso glavo neznanega dečka in z nasmehom opazovala njegov izrazit, podolgovat obraz.

"Glejte, oči odpira.—Tako, tako moj mladi tovariš, zbudi se, ker zdaj se popeljemo malo na sprehod; lepo je zunaj, dobro ti bo delo." Govoreč je stiskala njegovo od solnca ožgano roko. Dr. Goldstein se ji je smejal.

"Lepo tolažbo mu nudite za vražje bolečine, ki jih bo kmalu čutil. Dobro da vas ne razume, sicer bi vam brez dvoma povedal kako trdo. Takile so ustrojeni v vseh ozirih, ne poznajo sentimentalnosti."

Asistentka se ni zmenila za zdravnikove besede, sklonila se je še enkrat nizko nad dečkov obraz in vprašala: "Kako ti je ime, mladi tovariš?"

To pot je dobila razločen odgovor.

"Peter K — — —"

Njegove odprte oči so obstale na zdravniku, in kakor da se je ravnokar zavedel, kje se nahaja, je umolknil, ko je že hotel povedati svoj priimek.

Dr. Goldstein je videl njegovo zadrego, sklonil se je k njemu in mu pogledal v razumne oči.

"Bravo, Peter, dobro boš vozil, že vidim, kar povej nam svoj priimek, pa nič se nas ne boj."

Petrove oči so se nasmejale in ta smejoč pogled je nenadno splaval na Priscilin obraz, ki se je z zdravnikovim vred sklanjal nad njim.

"Miss, ali mi niste vi rekli tovariš?"

"Da, jaz pravim tako vsakemu mlade-

mu dečku, a kaj ima to oprava s tvojim imenom? Zakaj se bojiš povedati svoje ime?"

"Jaz se ne bojim povedati, toda moje ime je radikalno kakor sem jaz, pa se bojim, da bi vaju osupnil z njim."

Zdravnik in asistentka sta se zasmejala. "Ti še sanjaš," sta rekla in se pripravila, da ga dvigneta z mize. On pa ju je gledal zavestno.

"Nič ne sanjam, jaz sem Peter Komunist," je rekel odločno in s še vedno smejočimi očmi.

Dr. Goldstein se je na glas zasmejal.

"Take fante imam rad. Skoro strto nogo ima, pa se nič ne cmeri, ampak nama še pove, da je Peter Komunist!"

Asistentka pa je hotela prodreti še malo globlje v življenje tega nenavadnega dečka.

"In kje si iztaknil to svoje rdeče ime?" ga je vprašala, božajoč z ljubeznivim pogledom njegov zanosen obraz.

"Pri tovariših, ki so me našli osirotelega in brez imena."

"Ali bi mi hotel povedati še kaj več o sebi, ko boš okreval? Zanimiv deček si."

S komaj vidnim nasmeškom ji je prikimal, nato pa zaprl oči, da ne bi videla solz, ki so jih naraščajoče bolečine rinitile v globoke temne jamice.

"Hitiva," je rekel zdravnik, in njegova roka je nevede obstala za hip na mladem čelu Petra Komuniste ter nežno potisnila nazaj, na obraz padajoče temne kodre.

"Tak fant!" je rekel kakor sam zase, ko sta ga skrbno spravila v avtomobil.

Priscila pa je molčala, ker je imela neko slutnjo v sebi.

Čez dobro uro nato jo je poklical dr. Goldstein na telefon.

"Priscila, sporočite mojim soizletnikom, da ostanem doma—Peter me potrebuje—tak fant! moram ga dobro ozdraviti."

In Priscila je vedela, da je bila njena slutnja prava in da je našel Peter Komunist srečo v svoji nesreči.—



August Renoir: NA TERASI

Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Tega pa ne more razumeti

(Vsakdanja, pa kljub temu morda premalo povdarjena zgodba)

BEBEC stoji ob robu ceste in vidi, kako koraka mimo četa vojakov, oboroženih s sulicami in havbicami.

“Odkod prihajajo ti možje?” vpraša bebec mimoidoče ljudi.

“Ti prihajajo iz mira.”

“In kam gredo?”

“V vojno.”

“Kaj delajo v vojni?”

“Pobijajo sovražnika in požigajo njegova mesta.”

“Zakaj pa delajo to?”

“Da bi imeli mir.”

Pa izjavi bebec, da on tega ne more razumeti.

“Prihajajo iz miru in gredo v vojno, da bi imeli mir? Zakaj pa kar takoj ne ostanejo v miru?” vpraša.

Toda on je pač samo bebec, ki takih stvari seveda ne more razumeti.

(Prir. Cv. K.)

ALI BDIŠ

JAZ slišim vzdihe, mamica,
ali bdiš?

In misliš težke misli in trpiš?

Ali so ti morda v sanje
zašle skrbi,

za jutri, za vse negotove dni?

Če bdiš, pridem k tebi
in vse misli spodim—
Če pa sanjaš,
se prikradem v tvoje sanje
in ti jih zvedrim.

Anna P. Krasna.

Ivan Jontez:

Sence otroških let

1. Zgodba o sinu in krivični materi

PRI Korenovih je umrla stara mati.

Bila je že zelo stara in njena smrt ni nikogar presenetila, vzlic temu pa je Peterčkova mati, njena hči, silno objokovala smrt svoje matere, kar posebno dvanvajstletnemu Peterčku nikakor ni hotelo iti v glavo. Peterček namreč ni ljubil svoje stare matere. Ko so se bili po očetovi nesrečni smrti v globočinah pennsylvanskega premogovnika preselili na farmo k nji—Peterčku je bilo tedaj osem let—jo je imel izprva rad, toda sitna, nestrpna žena je s svojim ravnanjem kmalu zatrla v otroku klice ljubezni do sebe ter vsejala v njegovo mlado dušo seme prve mržnje. Stara mati namreč ni nikdar lepo ravnala s Peterčkom. Ob vsaki priliki se je znašala nad njim, za vsako malenkost ga je lasala in vlekla za ušesa. Če je sedel Peterček v kakem kotu ter mirno čital kako knjigo, ga je mimo grede sunila s pestjo pod rebra, češ, za nobeno rabo ni, samo lenaril bi. Če je malce poskočil, ga je že držala s svojimi koščenenimi prsti za lase. In tako dalje. Na kratko povedano, stara mati je bila Peterčku pelin v kupi njegovega mladega življenja.

Peterčkova mati jo je seveda zago-varjala, češ, žena je bila dolgo časa sama, se je odvadila otrokom, zato ji ni zameriti, če ji gredo na stare živce. A Peterček tem izgovorom ni hotel verjeti. Zakaj pa je bila stara mati tako prijazna z Merico, njegovo desetletno sestro? Merica je smela storiti vse, a je stara mati vendar ni nikdar tepla, lasala in zmerjala! Celo bonbone in druge dobre reči ji je zmerom dajala! Torej ni sovražila otrok; mrzila je samo njega, Peterčka! Zakaj? Peterček ni vedel. Vedel je le, da ga stara mati ne mara, da ga prikrito sovraži, in to mu je zadostovalo, da jo je začel mrziti tudi on.

Pa ne samo njega, tudi mater je sta-

ra mati mnogokrat zbadala zaradi njega. Tako sta se sprli včasih zaradi njega, da so se tresle od kričanja hišne stene. In koliko grdih priimkov je imelo zanj stara mati! Mati ga je seveda branila, saj je bil prav tako njen otrok kot Merica, a pomagalo ni nič. Stara mati, ki je vzlic svojim starim letom še vedno nosila v duši skrito tiho mržnjo do mrtvega Peterčkovega očeta, je trdila svoje,—da ji je hudobni, nič prida Peterček—da je tak je trdila le ona—ukradel starim letom prepotrebni mir, da jo bo spravil v grob in še kopico podobnih trditvev je iznašala pred hčer, trditve, ki so bile po Peterčkovem prepričanju ne le neumne, temveč tudi hudo krivične. Nekoč se je bila mati zaradi takih krivičnih očitkov hudo razjevila. Skočila je po kuhinjski nož ter ga razburjena pomolila stari materi. "Prokleta, vzemite nož in zakoljite ga, če ga že ne morete videti živega, da vam bo odleglo!" je zakričala kot blazna, da je šlo skozi Peterčka tisoč ledenih igel. "Misliš, da sem nora!" jo je ujedla v odgovor stara mati, nakar je skočila mati k Peterčku ter mu pomolila nož, češ, naj Peterček zakolje njo, da je ne bo stara mati venomer zbadala zaradi njega. Peterček jo je debelo pogledal—joj, take je ni bil še videl!—in njegovo mlado srce je stisnila groza. Nato je planil skozi okno ven in bežal, bežal, kakor da ga je gonilo sto najpošastnejših furij. Šele tri dni pozneje ga je pobral neki farmar v gozdu ter vsega stradanega pripeljal domov.

In zdaj je hudobna stara mati mrtva. In mati jo objokuje, joče kot neumna, ker je končno umrla ta zlobna stara mati! Le kako naj majhen človek kot Peterček to razume? Saj bi morala biti vendar vesela, da je končno umrla ta hudobna starica, ki je s tako naslado grenila življenje njemu in nji! A ne,

mati se ne veseli, joče, joče na vse pretege. In Peterček se čudi, čudi. Preveč je to za njegove mlade možgane.

Staro mater se pokopali in Peterček se je oddahnil. Dokler je bila še v hiši, se je vedno bal, da bi se utegnila zbuditi ter se zopet skopati nadenj. Zdaj, ko je pokopana, je ne bo več nazaj. In to je dobro. Tako dobro. Zdaj bo prijetnejše živeti. Toda Peterčka je čakalo hudo razočaranje. Stara mati se sicer ni vrnila, zato pa ga je toliko bolj razočarala mati sama.

Bilo je zvečer, nekaj dni po pogrebu stare matere. Peterček je sedel pri oknu ter sanjavo strmel v ugašajočo večerno zarjo. Merica si je dajala opravka s punčko, ki jo je bila dobila od stare matere šele pred kratkim. Mati je bila v kuhinji ter pripravljala večerjo. Nenadoma pa je Peterček prisluhnil: iz kuhinje je prihajalo čezdalje močnejše ječanje.

"Mati zopet joče!" je blisknilo Peterčku skozi možgane in deček je jadrno stopil v kuhinjo, kjer je mati slonela ob štedilniku ter bridko jokala.

"Mati, ne joči!" jo je mehko zaprosil ter se je nežno oklenil, kajti svojo mater je Peterček jako ljubil, čeprav je tudi ona dajala prednost Merici.

Tedaj se je mati bliskoma okrenila in ko je uzrla Peterčka, se ji je vtrnilo v obeh nekaj čudnega, nekaj strašno čudnega, kar je poslalo skozi Peterčka snop ledenih igel.

"Ti, ti si kriv, da je umrla!" je kriknila mati ter zagrabila Peterčka za lase. "Ti si jo umoril! Ti, ti, hudobni otrok!"

In kot brezumna ga je vrgla na tla ter ga začela besno teptati.

Peterček je onemel. Strašni izbruh je prišel tako nenadno, da mu je vzledih. Ne jokati niti vzdihniti ni mogel, ko je padalo in topotalo po njem. Strašna, nerazumljiva stvar! Ali jo je obsedel duh stare matere? Ali, ali?—Peterček ni mogel več misliti. Preveč je bilo za njegove mlade možgane. Samo ena misel se je bila zajedla vanje: da ima mati dušo hudobne stare matere, da mu

pri nji ne bo nič boljše, kot mu je bilo pri stari materi.

Ko se je pobesnela mati končno pomirila, pustila otroka ter izčrpana odšla v obednico, je začutil Peterček v sebi silno grenkobo, ki je bila izpolnila prostor v njem, katerega je prej izpolnjevalo nekaj povsem drugega, nekaj sladkega, ljubezen do matere. Kajti tista nežna, globoka otrokova ljubezen je bila izginila neznanokam, trdi udarci so jo bili odpodili in na njeno mesto je prišla zoprna grenkoba, ki ji Peterček ni vedel ne imena niti izvora. Z grenkobo v sebi in z občutki s križa snetega človeka se je Peterček po štirih splazil ven na dvorišče, se dvignil ter se opotekel čez dvorišče proti vrtu in čez vrt v gozd. In gozd in noč sta ga požrla.

— — — — —
Kadarkoli se rudar Peter, samec, spomni tistih davnih dni, in še posebno tistega davnega večera, se mu obraz stemni in v očeh mu zatli bolečina. In roka mu poseže po kozarcu, ga ponese k ustim, zvrne žgočo vsebino vanje. In če ga v takih trenutkih kdo vpraša, kako to, da je ostal samski, mrko odgovori:

"Zato, ker si ne želim otrok!"

In zakaj se boji imeti otroke?

"Zato, ker ne želim, da bi se mojim otrokom kdaj godila krivica, kakršno je meni prizadejala moja mati, da ne govorim o krivicah, prizadetih meni po stari materi. Trideset let bo že, kar me je tista strašna krivica pognala z doma, a še danes me peče, žge, kakor da me je za vse življenje prepojila z vitriolom. Ah, grda krivica se mi je bila zgodila, nanesla mi jo je bila mati . . ."

Nato ponovi zgodbo o krivici, ki jo je bila prizadejala Peterčku njegova mati in čije spomin je poslej ležal na njegovi duši liki megla strupenega plina. Zaključil jo vselej z besedami:

"Blagor otrokom, čijih matere so pravične z njimi! Pravične in ljubeznive. Moja mati mi je bila krivična, tako krivična, da ji do danes nisem mogel odpustiti njenega greha. . ."

Mile Klopčič:

KAJ JE KDO

- MAČEK:** Vsi vedo le to o meni,
da sem maček in da miši si lovim.
Da pa predem, neprestano predem
in nikoli nič ne dovršim,
tega ne vedo.
To je hudo!
- OSEL:** Vsi imajo me za osla,
prvi pač moj gospodar.
To najbrž zato, ker delam
in ne puntam se nikdar.
Ves udan bremena nosim,
gobca nikdar ne odprem.
Če me s šibo kdo pretepe,
stisnem rep, oči zaprem
in si mislim: sem pač osel,
dvakrat, trikrat, petkrat osel!
- PES:** Moj ded je bil svoboden volk,
a jaz človekov sem čuvaj.
Pa naj me boža ali tepe,
pa naj bo tat in tolovaj,
za golo kost mu zvesto služim.
Takšen je pasji moj značaj!
- PUTKA:** Jaz z vami sploh ne govorim,
sicer pri žlahti ves ugled zgubim.
Saj vi imate štiri noge, jaz le dve.
In jaz naj z vami govorim?
To bi zmerjali me v družini!
In kaj bi rekli petelini!
Kodajc, kodajc, kodini,
jaz spadam k perutnini.

Mnogo klobukov

MALA Milenka še nikdar ni bila v gozdu. Ko gre njen oče nekega popoldneva nabirat gobe, jo vzame s seboj. Milenka hodi po gozdu in rado vedno pregleduje vse, kar vidi. Najbolj ji ugajajo mušnice s širokimi klobuki na tankih nožicah. Pa kliče atku: pri tem slučajno natančno opazoval ose, ki so gradile svoja gnezda. Pri tem je opazil, da so gnezda, ki si jih delajo te žuželke, skoro slična papirju oz. je dobil vtis, kakor da bi bila napravljena iz

papirja. Opazoval je naprej in videl, da lepijo te živalice skupaj majčkena lesna vlakna. Na ta način izdelujejo ose papir kakor si dotlej ni bilo mogoče boljšega niti misliti. Tako so ose pripomogle k odkritju nove sirovine za izdelavo papirja in to odkritje je dovedlo do struženja lesa ter izdelovanja papirja iz lesa. Brez tega odkritja bi industrija papirja ne mogla dandanes več delovati niti obstojati. —st—

Katka Zupančič:

SNEŽENEMU MOŽU

LEDENI mož, sneženi mož—
s teboj je pravi križ!

Ko mene zima stresa
in so mi prsti kakor hromi,
ker mraz za nohte me drži—
se ti režiš!

Ali ko se spet odpro nebesa,
ko hladni vetri so odpeli
in vse veselo oživi—
se ti solziš!

Če res si mož, počakal bi do kresa;
takrat krog tebe vedno bi sloneli.
Najljubši naš tovariš bil bi ti!
Si tega ne želiš?

Toda bojim se le nečesa—
da bi tvoj hlad prodajati začeli
in bi h tebi smeli samo ti,
ki dali bi drobiž . . .

O, prav imaš, da se topiš—
ledeni mož, sneženi mož!

Pogumna dekla

IMELI so sosedovi dekle Katro. Bila je za pol komolca večja od drugih žensk, pa močna in pogumna je bila kot malokateri moški.

Ko so se nekoč menile deklice na preji, da jih je tako strah, da ne bi šle za noben denar zdajle na pokopališče v Rupe, ustavi Katra vreteno in pravi: "Mene pa ni nič strah, deklice! Ako bi mi kdo dal šmarni tolar, bi šla precej."

To zaslišijo fantje za vrati. "To je pa težko, da bi bilo res, ženska je ženska; marsikoga, ki nosi hlače, bi bilo zdajle strah iti do Rup," menijo mladeniči in naglo zložijo za šmarni tolar. Eden ga dene na mizo, rekoč: "Katra, tukajle pred možem sem položil denar. Ti pojdi do Rup in tvoj bo. Mi pa ne bomo drugače verjeli, da si bila tamkaj, kakor da boš v sneg zasadila kolček, ki ti ga bomo dali." Pastir prinese kol s tnala in ga poreže v hiši, da bi se rajši zasadil v zmrzli sneg.

Katra vzame kolček ter odide. Vsi strahoma pričakujejo njenega povratka. "Tone," pravi naposled ded gospodar-

ju, ko je minulo že poldrugo uro, "Tone, ako imaš katero brezovo baklo suho na izbi, le naj gre eden ponjo, prižgite jo in pojdite gledat, kaj da dekliča ni. Bojim se—ako pa nimaš bakle, vzemi butarico trsak ali pol škopnika. Sam bi šel rad z vami, ali moje noge so preslabo, težko bi vas dohajal.

Šli so z lučjo deklet iskati, a so jo prinesli šele zjutraj mrtvo domov.

Ker je bil sneg zmrzel, da je držal vsakega človeka, so sledili sosedje, išoč Katre, njene stopinje le tako dolgo, dokler so se zamazani črevlji poznali po snegu. Ko so se bili črevlji odrgnili, tudi sledu niso več puščali, snežena skorja pa se ni vdiralala. Ko pridejo do Rup, ne najdejo Katre nikjer. Iščejo dve uri, pri Rupah, po poti sem in tja, ali nikjer je ne najdejo. Šli so domov, mraz jih je moril in so menili, da se jim je skrila doma.

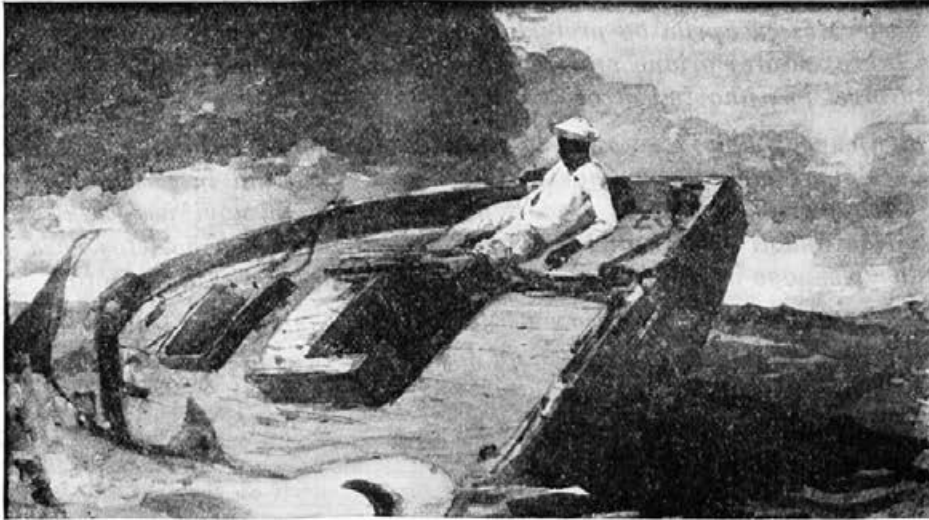
Šele drugo jutro jo najdejo dober streljaj daleč od Rup. Čepela je na tleh napol, pred njo je bil kolček zasajen skozi močni njen predpasnik globoko v

trdi sneg. Oči so ji bile izbuhle, lice blede kakor sneg pred njo in bila je mrtva.

Praznovorni kmetiški ljudje so dejali: "Strahovi so jo umorili. To je res, za denar, Bog obvaruj, ponoči kam hoditi!" Umnejši možje pa, zdravnik in drugi, o katerih pravijo, da znajo več kot hruške peči, so razkladali to reč takole: Hotela se je izkazati in je šla mimo Rup še malo dalje. Zasajala je kolček in ga po nerodnosti zasadiła skozi

svoj predpasnik. Ko potem pripeta ni mogla vstati, je mislila, da jo vrag drži nazaj. Ker se je prav dobro sledila lisica iz Rup in zopet na Rupe, morda je baš v tem strahu videla še lisjaka, lezočega iz jame proti njej, je to prazne vere polno dušo toliko prestrašilo, da je omedlela. Potem je zmrznila. Tako je potrdil zdravnik, ki jo je preiskal. Zdravnik je tudi trdil, da bi jo bili morda še oteli smrti, ako bi jo bili našli ponoči.

Josip Jurčič.



Homer Ryerson: V ZALIVU



POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI" IN ČITATELJI

Naša jednota — Slovenska narodna podporna jednota — slavi letos svojo 30 letnico. Meseca aprila bo preteklo trideset let, odkar je bila ustanovljena in vse od takrat naprej pridno vrši svoje podporno in vzgojevalno delo med slovenskimi delavci in njihovimi otroci v Ameriki.

Ob njenem jubileju se ji bodo njeni člani izkazali najbolj hvaležne s tem, ako ji bodo pridobili mnogo novih članov med odraslimi in posebno med mladino. Dvoje pride v poštev: novi člani za jednota in novi naročniki za Prosveto. Naši mladi člani tudi lahko veliko pripomorejo, da bo letos naša jednota pridobila mnogo novih članov. Pridobite svoje prijatelje za jednota.

Slovenski dopisi se množijo. To je povsem v skladu z jednotinim jubilejem. Naša mladina mora pokazati, da se zanima za svoje glasilo tudi s slovenskimi dopisi.

Naprej!

—UREDNIK.

KDOR SE UČI V MLADOSTI, ZNA V STAROSTI

Cenjeni mi urednik!

Zopet sem se namenila, da napišem en slovenski dopis. Čeprav mi gre počasi in bolj slabo, se bom potrudila, da bom nekaj skupaj zložila.

Najprej to: V novem letu bomo videli, če bo v Kotičku več slovenskih dopisov kot jih je bilo lani. Jaz bi večkrat pisala slovensko, ako bi le znala malo boljše pisati. Pa saj pravijo, da kdor se mlad kaj nauči, da v starosti tudi zna. In vsaka šola nekaj stane.

Kot izgleda, bomo letos bolj srečni, kajti mnogo ljudi je dobilo delo v Clevelandu. Prošli božični prazniki so bili boljši ko prejšnja leta. Mnogo delavcev si je lahko kupilo vsaj potrebnih jestvin in drugih potrebščin.

Moj ata dela po navadi. Par tednov dela

dobro, par tednov pa bolj slabo. Mnogo delavcev je, da delajo samo po en dan na teden.

Drugače je tukaj na "clevelandskem hribu" vse po starem. Zato pa naj za enkrat zado-
stuje, da ne bo preveč. Bojim se, da bi urednik vrgel dopis v koš, če bi bil predolg. Če pa bo ta dopis priobčen, bom seveda prav rada še kaj napisala. Rose Koprivnik,
8514 Vineyard ave., Cleveland, O.

* * *

STAVKA IN DRUGE ZANIMIVOSTI

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

Iz tega kraja ni drugih posebnih novic v teh časih, kot le to, da je bila oklicana tukaj rudarska stavka. To stavko je napovedala nova unija, ki je bila ustanovljena pred kratkim proti stari uniji.

V Scrantonu je precej mirno, le nižje, v dolini, okrog Pittstona in Wilkesbarreja je

bilo par spopadov in nemirov med pripadniki nove in stare unije.

Vreme je tukaj precej povoljno za sedanji čas. Sneg se tu pa tam malo pokaže, pa spet hitro izgine, a jaz pa ga imam zelo rada. Rada se sankam, četudi ni bilo mnogo časa, kajti veliko dela sem imela s šolskimi nalogami, ki pridejo navadno ob polovici šolskega leta. V mesecu februarju se prične nov semester in takrat gredo učenci v višje razrede.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem! **Olga Vogrin,**
2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* * *

ALBERT BO LETOS VEČKRAT PISAL

Cenjeni urednik!

Tudi jaz sem se spet namenil, da napišem par vrstic za Mladinski List, ki se nam tako dopade.

Letos bom skušal bolj pogostoma pisati dopise ko lani, tako da bo Kotiček večji.

Ko bodo te vrstice priobčene v M. L., bomo že v drugem mesecu novega leta in potem bo kmalu nastala pomlad. Kljub vsej mizeriji, ki prevladuje vsepovsod danes, čas vendarle hitro poteka. Že je božič in novo leto daleč za nami. Želim, da bi letos imeli vsi čitatelji obilo sreče in pa to, da bi naši očetje dobili zaslužek in delo vsak dan. Ako ni dela, ni zaslužka in ni denarja. Če pa tega ni, potem je mizerija in glad doma.

Lep pozdrav Vam in čitateljem!

Albert Volk, 702 E. 160 st., Cleveland, O.

* * *

NOVO LETO NI PRINESLO NIČ NOVEGA

Dragi urednik!

Že zopet sem sklenila, da napišem par vrstic v Naš Kotiček, ki je vedno tako zanimiv.

Povedati Vam moram, da sta minila božič in novo leto, kar seveda že davno vsi vemo. Vsi pa ne vedo, da ni meni novo leto nič prineslo novega, ampak samo to, da sem spet eno leto starejša ko lani. Na 15. januarja sem bila stara 10 let. Mojo mamo sem prosila, da bi mi naredila "birthday cake," pa je dejala, da so slabi časi, da je prazen žep.

Vsem skupaj želim v novem letu, ki ni več tako novo, mnogo zabave in razvedrila in bolj-ših časov!

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

* * *

NOVA ŠOLA, TRDE CESTE IN RAJANJE

Dragi urednik!

Zelo sem bil vesel, ko sem videl moja dva dopisa v januarski številki Mladinskega Lista. Zato sem se namenil, da napišem slovenski dopis za naš mesečnik, ki ga izdaja SNPJ za nas.

Na kratko hočem opisati našo naselbino. Tukaj sta samo dve slovenski družini. V naši šoli ni drugih slovenskih otrok kot le moj

brat in jaz. North Irwin je lepa naselbina. Stoji na prijaznem hribčku in je oddaljena komaj par minut od postaje železnice Pennsylvania.

Sedaj so tukaj začeli graditi veliko High School. Gradijo tudi tlakovane ali trde ceste. Pri tem delu delajo stari in mladi ljudje. Naš sosed je že 80 let star, pa tudi on dela. Dosedaj so delali po 30 ur na teden, sedaj pa delajo po 15 ur na teden. Nič se ne ve, kako dolgo bo to delo trajalo. Vsi trucki v naši naselbini so na delu.

Sedaj, ko so zgrajene trde ceste, smo vsi otroci pripeljali naše vozičke, bicikle, kittycars in skooterje na cesto. Če pogledaš na cesto, vse mrgoli, kakor da se bi pripravljali na vojno, le da manjka konjev in aeroplanov. Tudi midva z bratom sva spravila najin star voziček v obrat na cesti in se z njim voziva. V mojem razredu je en deček, ki nima nog. Pred enim letom mu jih je vlak odrezal, pa je najbolj uren na cesti.

Mislím, da je za enkrat dovolj tega pisanja, bom pa prihodnjic še kaj več napisal. Prosim Vas, da bi moje napake popravili.

Marion Mike Jereb,
92 Lincoln ave., Irwin, Pa.

* * *

JOSEPHINE POHAJA TUDI SLOVENSKO ŠOLO

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moje prvo slovensko pismo za Mladinski List. Stara sem deset let in pohajam Sowinski School, poleg tega pa obiskujem tudi slovensko mladinsko šolo. V naši družini nas je sedem in vsi smo člani društva št. 126 SNPJ.

Rada berem Mladinski List in zato hodim v našo Slovensko mladinsko šolo, da se bom naučila pisati n brati slovensko, tako da ne bom pozabila jezika mojih staršev. Saj sem vesela, da sem slovenska deklica.

Prihodnjic bom kaj več napisala, ako Vam ugaja moje prvo pismo. (Seveda mi ugaja, zato pa še kaj napiši. Z veseljem bom vse priobčil.—Urednik.)

Lep pozdrav uredniku in vsem, ki čtajo M. L.!

Josephine Cukyne,
7511 Cornelia ave., Cleveland, O.

* * *

MARY JE ŽE TRI LETA V AMERIKI

Dragi urednik!

Moj prvi dopis v Mladinskem Listu! Ker sem se malo privadila in prišla do spoznanja, da mi koristi, sem začela bolj z zanimanjem čitati M. L. Posebno me veselijo dopisi naših "Kotičkarjev."

Da se malo bolj spoznamo, naj povem, da sem stara 10 let in hodim v 3. razred ljudske šole. V Ameriki sem že tri leta. Prej sem hodila v šolo v L'tiji, Jugoslavija, in če bi ostala

tam še dva meseca, pa bi dokončala prvi razred. Pa smo morale z mamo prej odriniti čez veliko lužo, ker nas je moj ata čakal že sedem let. Pozneje sem tukaj dobila še eno sestrico, ki ji je ime Sylvia. Stara je dve leti.

Ker v Mladinskem Listu večkrat berem kakšno pesmico, bom še jaz napisala tole, ki sem se jo naučila iz moje šolske knjige:

Moja prva šolska knjiga!
Meni si prijateljica,
moje si mladosti priča,
moja si učiteljica!

Ti si mi studenec
prve učenosti.
Vedno me spominjaj
zlatih dni mladosti.

Prav lepo pozdravljam Vas in vse čitate-
lje M. L.!

Mary Potisek,

box 217, Hutchinson Mine, Rillton, Pa.

* * *

PRVE SLOVENSKE VRSTICE

Cenjeni urednik!

To so moje prve vrstice za "Naš kotic" v našem priljubljenem Mladinskem Listu. Že enkrat prej sem se nameravala oglasiti v M. L., pa menda nisem imela dovolj korajže (courage), ker ne znam dobro pisati po slovensko, čitam pa mnogo bolje. Pri tem mi pomaga moja mama.

Stara sem enajst let in sem v šestem razredu v šoli. Imam dva brata, oba mlajša ko jaz. Mi vsi smo člani društva št. 325 SNPJ. Želela bi, da se bi še kdo drugi oglasil s slovenskim dopisom v Mladinskem Listu iz naše naselbine, Gowanda, N. Y.

Ako boste te vrstice priobčili, bom skušala še kaj napisati prihodnjic. Zato Vam bom hvaležna, ako priobčite to pismo.

Iskren pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem M. L.!

Mamie Klun, 23 Aldrich st., Gowanda, N. Y.

* * *

PESEM O RUDARJIH

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Tudi jaz sem se namenil, da napišem par vrstic za naš Mladinski List. Sem se sicer že večkrat namenil, da bom kaj napisal, pa mi ni šlo. Danes bom pa vseeno kaj napisal.

Slovensko čitati znam že precej dobro, pisati pa ne morem tako dobro. Rad berem dopise in spise ter pesmi od A. P. Krasne in K. Zupančič. Težko tudi čakam vsak mesec, kaj bo novega povedala Josephine Mestek, ker se mi zelo dopade kar ona pove.

Delavske razmere tukaj so slabe. Premogorov ne obratujejo nič. Moj ata je bil tudi

rudar, pa je umrl na 18. oktobra. On me je naučil tole pesmico, ki se začne približno nekako tako:

Ko bi človek ti vedel,
kaj rudar velja, ki se
v nevarnost podaja pod
zemljo temno.
Tam vrta in strelja, obliva
ga pot, on dela in koplje,
naklada in dviga težko pod
zemljo temno.

Mnogo pozdravov Vam in čitateljem!

Marion Mezgec,

RFD, box 124, Lost Creek, W. Va.

NASSR-ED-DINOVE ŠALE

(Nassr-ed-din je bil turški šaljivec, ki je živel v XIV. stoletju v Mali Aziji in je bil turški oz. mohamedanski duhovnik, hodža.)

MOJSTER Nassr-ed-din je prišel nekoč na trg, in razni fantje, ki so ga poznali, so ga na vse načine dražili, kakor so pač bili navajeni.

"Vzemi ta denar," mu reče eden izmed njih, "in ponesi k čevljarju tale čevelj, ki me tako tišči."

"Kdor ima denar, tega čevelj ne tišči," je odgovoril mojster.

*

Nekdo je hotel imeti mojstrovega osla.

"Nobenega osla nimam," odgovori mojster.

Med tem začne osel v hlevu rigati, in kupec pravi:

"Slišim glas tvojega osla!"

"Oj, temu se zelo čudim, da meni nočeš verjeti, dočim mojemu oslu verjamem." (Cv. K.)

"Torej. Petrček, kaj pa ste delali danes v šoli?"

"Atek, naša učiteljica je rekla, da moramo pri kosilu govoriti samo o veselih stvareh. Govorimo zato raje o Chaplinovih filmih ali pa o Patu in Patachonu."



JUVENILE



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After They Are Gone

By Anna P. Krasna

I OFTEN used to think what a mother is to do
When she is left alone with memories for residue.

When there are no more toys to pick up from the floors;
No more "Let's fool Mother" knocks upon the doors.

And no more stubbed toes or even bandaged knees;
No more sleepy heads to beg her for a kiss.

And no one to drag home some dirty, wretched pup,
Or an alley kitten for her to feed and raise up.

Yes, when they have grown up and all have gone their ways,
What can a lonely mother do to occupy her days?

How often I have wondered thus, but now I clearly see
That while they no longer feel my need, their world is calling me!

A COUNTRY TOWN

By Carl S. Weist

IF I could ever settle down,
I'd choose a cozy country town. No mad crowds milling everywhere;
Soft drowsiness hangs in the air.

A town that lies just in between With friends enough to pass the day
The throbbing world and fields of green. And while the winter nights away.

There folks would know me as I am, Few strangers wander down the street,
Without pretense, false pride or sham. You speak to everyone you meet.

I like the friendliness that chats
In gardens on the ways of cats;

The kindliness that gives and takes
Raisins and flour, fresh pies and cakes.

One day a week in Sunday clothes
The whole town seeks divine repose;

Then peace and silence o'er me brood
And make me feel that life is good.

If ever I should settle down,
I'd find a friendly country town.

FOREBODING

WHEN the icy Winter breezes
Take on a wolfish howl,
And gray and somber cloud banks
Make the very heavens scowl;
When the dank and dismal drizzle
Of a marrow-chilling rain
Dislodges all the dead brown leaves
That on the trees remain;
When the rain before the nightfall
Changes o'er to hissing sleet,

And I harken with a shudder
To the pellets as they beat,
Weird and somber cogitations
Fill my weary heart with gloom
And my erstwhile gladsome spirits
All are darkened as a tomb;
And I wonder and I wonder,
Whilst my soul grows sick with fear,
Will my last year's underclothing
Last for still a half a year.

Oliver V. Kurker.

Liberty's Wardrobe

MANY, many years ago, as the legend goes, there lived in the country of England a very despotic ruler. Knowing that the people had granted him full power to rule, he took unfair advantage of his privileges and delighted to inflict various forms of cruel punishment upon his subjects.

"Make a list of all the provinces," he ordered to his courtmen, "and I shall draw up a set of rules for each of them individually."

And so it was that his lawmakers were busily engaged night and day devising new and unique laws with which to terrorize their subjects.

It happened that in the shire of Westchester a very prominent wedding was to take place. The bride-to-be, Flora, was famed for her beauty around all that countryside. The bridegroom was the son of a prominent merchant. Weeks were spent in preparation for the wedding—one that was to be remembered for its ceremonies.

"Our wedding will be a different one," said the bride-to-be. "It must be, first of all, distinguished by the splendor of its dress. We must engage designers to make new and appropriate costumes for every member of the wedding party."

This task was completed fully to the bride's wishes. Her own gown was made of the costliest materials, and of a distinctive fashion. The bridegroom's dress suit, too, made many of the men blink their eyes in envious scrutiny of the perfect fit. Each of the members of the wedding party was astounded by the richness and the design of his own dress.

It was at this time that a group of noblemen arrived in the village, ready to execute the king's orders.

"You are rejoicing in this festive occasion," said the spokesman to the

townspeople," and well you may for a brief time, for we are commanded to impose a very singular sentence upon you. You are strictly forbidden to change your style of dress in the slightest manner from that which you are wearing at the very present time. This decree starts from this date forward and as long as you remain lieges of the king of England. The bride and bridegroom must never alter the cut of their dress. Although the old wears out and new clothes must be made to replace them, they must never be of a different type. Such are the king's orders and such you must obey."

The bridegroom was enraged, and immediately following the wedding ceremony there were conferences held as to what should be done to escape this preposterous demand. But there seemed to be no escape from the orders, as a particular kind of punishment befell every shire in the country. Protests were voiced, group gatherings and discussions were held, but nothing ever materialized. The townspeople once again settled down to their everyday routine and accepted the decree of the king as a matter of fact.

Many years later Flora and her husband immigrated to a new land which was later to be known as America. A daughter was born to them, and Flora named her Liberty.

"In this new country," Flora said, "Liberty will find her opportunity to live a full and abundant life, freed from the mandates and impositions of rulers. As our child," she said to her husband, "we will give her every advantage to flower as she wills. Never will Liberty be placed under restraint or curbed in her freedom. Our child, brought from a land of bondage, will proclaim her greatness to all the nations of the world for all time to come."

And so it was that Liberty's mother painstakingly reared her in a manner that she thought best. She supervised her training, was her playmate and companion, and most of all, she provided for Liberty a large wardrobe. In this, being adept in the art of dress-making, Liberty's mother took special pride. But there was one very singular thing about the whole wardrobe. Every dress was fashioned after the pattern of the mother's gowns, and these, of course, were such as she wore on her wedding day.

As the legend says, a strange bond of affection arose between mother and daughter. Liberty dutifully obeyed her mother's wishes and struggled against any sign of contrariness. Many times she came home and said to her mother, "I seem to be different from the other girls. I think it's my dresses. The other girls look different. Can't you change my clothes somewhat? I heard one of them whisper something about 'shedding the old when the time and place changes.' Don't you think that perhaps the new country is different?"

But Liberty's mother always calmed her with a "Hush, darling, you wouldn't break your mother's heart by refusing to look as your mother wishes."

In this manner Liberty grew from childhood into womanhood and she still dressed in the custom of her mother's day.

It is said that Liberty's mother of a sudden became very ill. She called Liberty to her bedside and pledged her to a lifelong promise.

"I shall soon die," said Liberty's mother, "but give your word of honor that as long as you live you will not change your customs. Then you will pass the promise to your children and your children's children and so on for time to come. A tradition will grow up, Liberty,—a tradition from the days of your forefathers. Live true to it, and you shall be happy."

Liberty promised. Soon afterwards her mother died.

"I will keep my word," said Liberty. "A great tradition will carry on. My influence will be felt for generations to come."

And so it happened, according to the legend, that in the great land, that birthplace of Liberty, an old custom, an old tradition still exists. So great is the influence of that ancestral wish that it imbues every spirit, every heart. The shackles and customs of a previous day prevail. Every school boy and girl is awakened to their importance and taught to respect a sentiment. The old order changes, but does not give place to a new. The spirit of Liberty hovers over the whole countryside wrapped in the robes of Tradition.

Mary Jugg.

Health Notes

STERILIZE all instruments that enter the flesh.

Plucking your eyebrows will make them grow heavier.

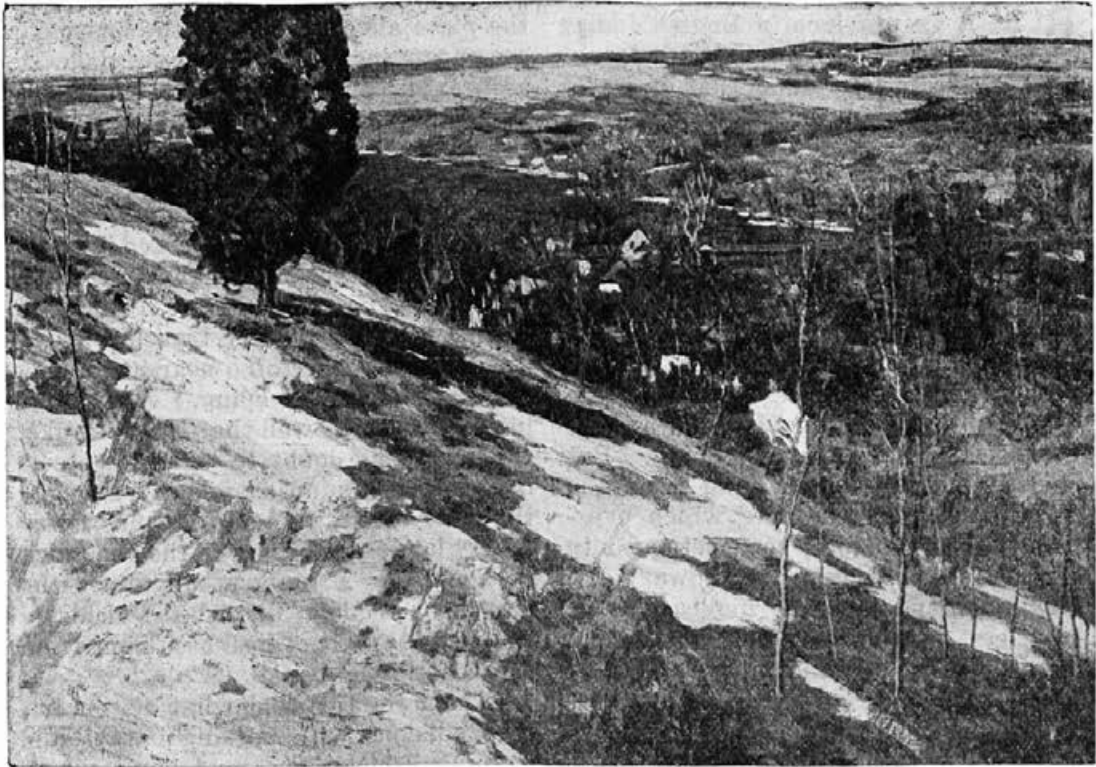
Never use a sharp instrument to remove wax from the ears.

Squeezing "blackheads" between finger nails is a dangerous practice.

Shaving the hairs on your arms and legs will make the hairs coarser.

Do not scrape your nails any more than is necessary to remove the cuticle.

Remove warts by tying a silk thread about them, drawing it tighter each day.



Edward Wallis: CENTER RIDGE

Traveling in Burma

By G. C.

BURMA (a province in British India; population over 10 million) was not always the orderly land that it is today. Not so very long ago, the "boh" (highwayman) made himself obnoxious to all who traveled by rail, boat and highway; while the European who rode from one point to another might be deprived both of his pony and his life, there being no limit to the "boh's" rascally enterprise. When brought to book, the "boh" certainly was hanged, with a few accomplices to keep him company, a proceeding which for a short time caused a lull in evil doing. But lawless Burmans, recovering from the shock caused by the fate which overtook their colleagues, soon returned to bad courses, waylaying the unwary and making things generally unpleasant for travelers. Trains were held up and the passengers robbed and murdered, their bodies, despoiled of rings and ornaments, being left to the prowling jackals.

In America kidnapings are frequent, and lynchings are a blot on civilization, a direct result of the present profit system. In Burma the British exploit the natives the best way they can.

Finding myself at Chittagong, a northern port of Burma, and wishing to reach Akyab, some two hundred miles down the heated coast, I once undertook a journey which, as will be seen, was adventurous to say the least. Nothing could have been more so.

In those days Chittagong possessed no railroad, though Akyab was connected with an inland line. So, to avoid discomfort for the whole distance, which usually was covered alternately by pony and boat, I became friendly with a Burmese hotel-keeper, who made arrangements for my conveyance by river to the railway terminus. "We cannot guarantee that you will reach

the place alive," chorused the boatmen, accompanying their dismal words with a cheerful grin. "Our boats sometimes knock against submerged rocks and, filling, send the occupants to the bottom where the mud is thick. Or alligators, of which there are many, swallow those who are shipwrecked."

I boarded the frail roofed-in craft, spread the coarse mattress which in Burma is used by every traveler, and—imagining danger to be near at hand—refrained from sleeping. As things happened, it was well that I kept awake, for, owing no doubt to defective steering, the boat's nose violently charged the river bank. In a few seconds I was on dry land—and it was in the very nick of time, for a hungry alligator, who had been rudely disturbed, viciously snapped at my boot heel as I leapt from the boat to the bank.

Except for two somewhat disconcerting collisions with passing barges and running ashore on a mud bank, which looked as though alligators might collect on it, the rest of the journey was uneventful. "You are lucky," remarked the steersman, fingering a nasty-looking knife. "The last white man who made this journey arrived with his throat cut. He and a boatman had disagreed."

Upon reaching the railway station, I found that no train could run for twenty-four hours. Robbers, coming in the night, had knocked out the station-master's brains, rifled the safe and, perhaps in a spirit of mischief, damaged a locomotive. Consequently, there was nothing for it but to wait, and to hope that the chief "boh" and his band would not repeat their activities. Waiting, however, was rendered difficult by hunger, the only available provisions being stringy, tasteless bananas, uneatable native bread, and oranges which, if obligingly growing wild, bore

absolutely no resemblance to the succulent American variety. So I dozed by fits and starts, awaking to find hunger gnawing at my vitals and, owing to the abominable heat, in a filthy state of perspiration. An odious way of passing the fleeting hours!

Finally, a relief engine made its appearance, and the belated train left the wooden shanty which took the place of a solidly constructed building.

Not for long, however, did the locomotive proceed on its way; scarcely had fifty miles been covered when a dark object was seen blocking the line. The engine, slowing down, came to a halt before two buffalo carcasses—one piled above the other—which formed a very effective obstruction. The passengers, with Burmese curiosity, crowded around the defunct buffaloes, to be, in turn, surrounded by a score of desperadoes, armed with spears and intent on robbery with violence. Fortunately I had brought with me two repeating rifles, which put the rascals to flight. Five minutes later, the obstructions were removed, and we went on our way.

Within ten miles of our destination, engine trouble set in, with the result that the half-caste conductor advised those who did not wish to remain several hours in a stationary train to get out and walk. The native passengers raised no objection, some even appearing to welcome the idea of tramping under a burning sun! But that was too

much for me, so I hired a rough cart drawn by a shaggy, ill-kept pony, loaded it with my luggage and, keeping a look-out for robbers, sat by the driver's rather odoriferous side. Except for the most abominable bumping over the cart-track which served as a road, nothing unusual occurred. No excitement beyond an occasional drop into a deep rut.

As the railroad ended at Elephant Point, a hundred miles from Akyab, which was the end of my adventurous journey, another means of transit had to be devised. An Elephant Point trader came to the rescue, and I secured a passage on a coasting steamer for half the distance. Then came twenty miles by a steam tramway, the rate of progress equalling six miles an hour—and sometimes less. The last thirty necessitated a pony, the distance being covered in almost as many hours, as the awful heat made it impossible to ride for long at a stretch. Much resting under shady trees was necessary, with a night spent in a stuffy "rest house," where a horrible dinner was served by a native cook. Indeed, so much did the garbage disagree with me, that when morning dawned, I feared cholera. Mercifully, it was a false alarm.

Nowadays the railroad has made the journey from Chittagong to Akyab an easy matter, and robbers no longer dare to hold up trains. But some years ago things were slightly different.

RIDDLES

WHICH is the more swift, heat or cold?—Heat, because you can catch cold.

Why is the Fourth of July like oyster stew?—We can't enjoy it without crackers.

What is the difference between an engineer and a teacher?—One minds the train while the other trains the mind.

When is a door not a door?—When it's ajar.

Spell hard water with three letters?—I-c-e.

Spell black water with three letters?—I-n-k.

Why is a king and a book alike?—Because they both have pages.

What is always behind time?—The back of a watch.



Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

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

LETTERS AND MORE LETTERS

And again—So many letters!

But not too many.

Yes, indeed, we have enough letters on hand to fill with them another Chatter Corner of the Mladinski List. And we like them all because they are so full of little interesting things and so sprightly.

We've said last time that this—the interest in the Mladinski List and the SNPJ on the part of our Juveniles—is indeed very appropriate of the time, for it is this year that the Slovene National Benefit Society is observing its Thirtieth Anniversary. And our Juveniles should celebrate the Society's Jubilee Year in their own way—by writing to the Mladinski List and by trying to interest their friends and acquaintances into our organization.

Help your parents to secure new members for the SNPJ and continue to write for the M. L.

—THE EDITOR.

ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER

Dear Editor and Members:—

February is now here, and all you members who have made up a New Year's resolution to write to this magazine should have written. There are only a few Milwaukeeans who write. Why don't they write? It's a puzzle to me. The only Milwaukeean that writes is *Mary Spek*, and she is a frequent writer. Keep it up, *Mary*, and show us your SNPJ spirit. Now, that's quite encouraging, isn't it?

On January 25, 1934, the pupils of South Division High school will start taking their exams. I will be one of the many who will take them. My only hope is that I will pass in them. I know that many of the members of the SNPJ are also taking exams and hope the same as I do. I wish they all succeed in making their present grade, and go on higher.

We have an orchestra and a band in our school. They both are wonderful organiza-

tions. Whenever a holiday occurs, one of them plays for the school. It is very enjoyable to listen to the band because it is so full of pep!

The girls and boys of our school also organized a Glee Club. This is also an entertaining club. We sing and sing to our heart's content, and every two weeks we have a program. I think everyone who is lucky enough to have an organization like this should be thankful.

The weather in Milwaukee is favorable and there is not much snow.

The working conditions are poor. There were about 5,000 men laid off in Milwaukee and the surrounding vicinities recently. The men who remained at work in the city limits were cut from 30 working hours to 24 hours. Out of the city limits they were cut down from 30 hours to 15 hours. So that gives you an idea of how the CWA workers were cut down in Milwaukee. All over the United

States the people are looking for the best of luck, but it seems as though they are looking at the world through the wrong glasses. I don't want anyone to think that I'm contradicting President Roosevelt when he says that working conditions are better, but in my opinion I don't think they are. We all differ in opinions, however.

Now, come all Milwaukeeans and let's give the Chatter Corner a boost. If you want to explain it as "Keep the ball rolling," you can. But no matter how you say it, it means the same thing.

I will close wishing all members of the SNPJ luck (including the editor).

A loyal reader, **Angeline Jenko** (16),
831 So. 22nd street, Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

LOUIS' DADDY IS WORKING

Dear Editor:—

This is only my first letter to the M. L., which I enjoy reading very much. I haven't seen any letters in it from this city. I am 10 years old and in 4th grade. I have only one sister. We all belong to SNPJ Lodge No. 266, except my sister who will be 3 years old next month.

My Daddy is working now a little after being home without work almost 3 years. I saw a letter from Cornwall, Pa., written by Mary Simenic. Her father is related to my father. We have very nice weather here this winter.

I can hardly wait for summer time, so I could go camping and swimming again. If you ever saw "Freckles and his friends" in the funnies, you have a good idea how I look.

Our lodge had a New Year party here and it sure was crowded. Mr. Anton Pavlin played his accordion and everybody seemed happy.

I would be very glad to hear from other SNPJ Juvenile members.

Best regards to Editor and all.

Louis H. Pavlic, 509 E. Broadway,
Muskegon Heights, Mich.

* * *

FRANK'S THIRD LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my third letter to the Mladinski List. I am in the eighth grade and my teacher's name is Miss McClelland. I am captain of the Patrol Boys of the McCormick school. I like to make radios that work by earphones. What has happened to the writers of Chicago? There isn't any one writing.

I go to the Slovene school and we will have rehearsals for the Spring Program we are going to give. We are going to celebrate the Thirtieth Anniversary of the SNPJ.

Best regards to all. **Frank Krebel**,
2720 So. Spaulding ave., Chicago, Ill.

BERTHA'S MIKLAVŽ WAS SICK

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Wake up, Pittsburghers! What's wrong with us? I think I waited long enough to see some letters from here. Since I read the M. L. I didn't see any letters from this city, except one and that was last year.

I'm sorry that I missed writing in the January issue; from now on I will try more often to write. I had so many things to write about, but so little time to write, because my Miklavž was sick. I didn't expect him to come, because my father doesn't work and the door was locked. He knocked hard on the door. It was raining hard outside and we didn't open the door right away. We said, "Who is there?" and he wouldn't say anything, so when he was all wet he said, "It's Santa." When he came in he was so mad he threw the bag on the floor. The bag broke and out jumped three cats, following them some other things. The cats had on the tails their names. First was Jiggs, Spareribs, then Skippy. Besides there were some toys and candy and Victorjeva šiba. But we didn't use the šiba, because Miklavž was sick. When Santa got up I felt the šiba on my back on St. Steven's day, because I went sleighriding and lost my glove.

Our whole family belongs to Lodge No. 118 SNPJ.

Best regards to all. **Bertha Jurjevic**,
48 Arendell ave., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

MARY'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am writing you a few lines to let you know this is my first letter to this wonderful M. L.—I was just eleven years old on Dec. 3, 1933. I am in the sixth grade in school, and like it very much. My teacher's name is Miss Brooks. She is a very good teacher.

Santa was not so good to me last Christmas. I hope the readers will enjoy this letter.

There are four in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 131. I wish some of the members would write to me for I would gladly answer them.

Best regards to the Editor and members.

Mary Dechman,
2307 S. Lincoln st., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

JEAN WRITES FOR THE FIRST TIME

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am 10 years of age and in the 5th grade in school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Worthing; she is a good teacher.

I like the M. L., and this is my first letter in it. I wish some members would write to

me as I would gladly answer them. And I would like to see more letters from Michigan.

Work is very scarce here and we had very cold weather and lots of snow.—I like Mary Jugg's poems and stories. I will write more next time.

Jean M. Ferde,

box 21, Channing, Mich.

* * *

JOHNNIE'S FIRST ATTEMPT

Dear Editor:—

I am in the 6th grade in school and am 11 years old, and this is the first time I am writing to the M. L. My teacher's name is Miss Margola. She is a good teacher. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ. I will write more next time.

John Mihin,

663 Penhale ave., Campbell, O.

* * *

A LETTER FROM W. VA.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. Our Lodge No. is 431 SNPJ. There are two in our family of three that belong to this lodge.

I have not seen Dorothy Fink's letters for a long time. I like to read her letters; I think they are interesting.

Here are some jokes:

Birds of a feather.—“D'd you feel the earthquake last night?”

“No, I was shimmying.”

Needless Question.—“Bane any letters for me today?”

“What name, please?”

“Ay tank de name is on de letter.”

I have not seen any letters from Fairmont, W. Va., so I decided I would write.

Best regards to Editor and Readers.

Helen Laskarin,

Box 707, Fairmont, W. Va.

* * *

VLADIMIR COMES FROM ŠEMBIJE NEAR ADRIATIC

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am in the tenth year of my age, and in the 4-B grade of Wm. H. Brett school. Beside the regular school, I am taking violin lessons, which I like better than any other subject.

As young as I am, I have seen many lands, for I was born on the “other” side, where I spent one-half of my life. I still remember those beautiful mountains on the coast of Adriatic and Mediterranean ocean and lands I was traveling by, and I wish I could see them again.

I believe I will never forget games and plays on the pastures and streets of the village Šembije; sometime later I will tell you more about them.

Here is something for the readers of the M. L. If you master it, I am sure that you will be able to name the days in Slovene. Practice and then surprise your parents with it.

Pondeljek je poslal torka k sredi četrtka vprašat, če je petek povedal soboti, da je v nedeljo praznik.

Best regards to the readers.

Vladimir Maleckar,

15928 Holmes ave., Cleveland, O.

(Editor's Note:—It would be interesting indeed, if you would tell us about your experiences in Šembije near Trnovo-Ilirska Bistrica. The Editor is well acquainted with that part of the country as he himself has spent the first seventeen years of his life in Trnovo. We feel confident that the readers will enjoy your story. Write either in Slovene or in English.)

* * *

A VERY INTERESTING LETTER BY FRANK MIKLAUCHICH

Dear Editor, Bro. and Sis. Members:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am thirteen years old. I go to the Mifflin school and am in the 6th grade.

I have four sisters and two brothers, and we are all members of the SNPJ.

I had a pretty good time on Christmas day at home, and the “movies.” On Christmas eve old Santa visited the Slovene hall and gave everyone a box of candy, as he's been doing for many years.

I didn't like New Year's day very well, because for a month and a half I wasn't allowed to go to school. And boy, did I like that! But, New Year's day spoiled all the fun, by reminding me the next day was school and my vacation was over.

Well, it isn't half as bad as I thought it'd be—now that I got started aga'n.

I hear a lot of people say that I should be glad to have a chance to go to school. “Get an education, an easy job, earn more money. If you don't, you'll have to work hard in the mills or with pick and shovel all your life.” I guess I'll go to school even if I don't like it—a little.

Most of my time is spent in school, so I don't have anything else to write about, or anything else in my head, except school. The first subject we usually begin with in school is arithmetic. So here goes: What is the area of a roof 60 feet by 40 feet? How many eggs in a dozen? These questions are part of an examination for jobs in Penna liquor stores, as truck drivers. Looks like we'll have to brush up a little on our school work, if we want a job as truck drivers, when we're old enough.

The school work that is having me stumped at the present time is fractions. In my arithmetic book it is put down something like this: "A fraction is one or more fractional units. A fractional unit is one of the equal parts into which a whole unit has been divided." As: divide 1 into 5 parts; 1 into 10 equal parts; into 15 equal parts. Sounds like as if it was easy, but I don't think a lot of folks would agree with me. With their financial problems to figure out, they're having a tough time with fractions—with the small pay envelop.

I shouldn't use the M. L. for school work, but I'll not use it very often if someone bright enough will "show me," ("My teacher can't") and send in next month a real, plain example solution of a problem like this: "In 7 days a man drank $16\frac{2}{3}$ quarts of—. How much did he drink per day?"

Now for some arithmetic-out-of-school. One Saturday I was loafing around watching a contractor's gang building road. In this gang there was a colored fellow. He seemed to be paying more attention to himself than his work. The boss watched him for a while, then went to him saying, "Gale, what seems to be ailing you, fooling around like that?" "Well, boss," replied Gale, "I got the 'rithmetic bug." "What the sam hill is that?" asked the boss. "M-mm-hmmm," grunts Gale; "dey Add to my mis'ry; su'trac' ma powa"; de'vid' ma ten'shum, and mul'e'pli lak' de dickens!" "That'll do, Gale, gwan up to the wash-house and take a bath, I know what they are," replied the boss.

I guess that's enough of arithmetic, so we'll try geography.

Altho, try as I have, I can't find anything (such as Louis Adamic has written about in the Prosveta) in my book about Jugoslavia, the land of our fathers and mothers. It seems as tho' nearly every other country is more important, one way or another, than Jugoslavia. It didn't make any difference to me, I always thought it was important, anyhow. Since I've read Adamic's article, I think it is more so.

I am studying Italy at present time. My brother told me when he went to school and was studying about Italy, our dad told him to tell the class what Italy exported to the U. S., and that was, spaghetti, salami, and olive oil.

I'll bet Italy doesn't export very much of those things these days. And I know why Armour's could do away with a mess of salami, if the people had the—money to buy it. With the wheat the farmers have been burning, a lot of spaghetti could've been made—if people had money to buy. Looks like money is causing a lot of trouble. It ought to be burnt.

Now I'll write a little about history. I've been going to school for six years, but learned

only lately, who are Americans. I listened to arguments among grown-ups, at home, and elsewhere, that Indians are the only real Americans. But, in our history, it is all different. Here's how it is in the book: "All nationalities mixed together; not like one, by itself, or any single one, such as English by themselves, are not Americans, nor are the Indians, but all mixed together are Americans." I don't believe anybody cares who's American, anymore. It's nothing to brag about.

Henry Ford said that history is bunk. Some folks say, a lot of his cars were junk. Still other folks say, junk and bunk are useful to somebody. I guess a lot of "useless" things are found to be useful these days. I agree with Henry Ford, history is bunk, so I'll quit writing it.

I'm sure some folks will accuse me that I didn't write this letter myself. Well, I'll confess right here that a friend of mine helped me out—a little, and I hope everybody will like it.

This is Frank Miklauchich,
box 3, Willock, Pa., Lodge 36.

* * *

STRABANE IN PENNA, NOT IN ENGLAND

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am 11 years old and am in 7th grade. We had our final exams on Jan. 4 and 5. They weren't very hard. I have four teachers: Misses Barton, Wilkinson, Pettit and Mr. Foulton. We have one teacher for two subjects.

I was glad to hear from Olga Grossek. I wish she would write every month. But if she has a time like I getting ready. I know she has a time like I getting ready, I know cousin, Dorothy, of Benld, Ill.

We had a play in the SNPJ hall on Dec. 31. There were many people present, but there would have been more, if they would have advertised it in the Prosveta.

I wish Strabane would wake up—and I don't mean the Strabane in England, either—I mean Strabane in Pennsylvania.

Best regards to all. Lillian Kosmach,
Box 172, Lodge No. 138, Strabane, Pa.

* * *

TOO MUCH RAIN; BIG DAMAGE

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I wish that the Chatter Corner would always be as full of letters as it was in December and January.

I am 12 years old and am in the 9th grade. In our school we've had the semester tests during the 2nd week in January.

This year we are having the queerest winter I have known. There is no snow in the valley and only a little on the mountains. For about a week we had continual hard rain.

The rain melted the snow in the mountains, which made the creek swell and overflow.

In many places the roads were washed out and many bridges were broken. The railroad track was washed out in many places also and the train has not been in Mullan for about a week and a half. Many of the people didn't receive their Christmas gifts because the stage did not carry packages. For a few days we were cut off from all outside communication. Even the telephone wires were broken. There was not much damage done in Mullan, but in Wallace, a town 7 miles from here, the damage was found to be about \$400,000. The damage in the whole county, which is not very large, is about \$1,000,000. Even a house in Wallace is hanging in the creek. Only cables are holding it up. The streets down there were filled with all kinds of debris.

Times are not improving much. The mine here is working only 15 days a month.—Best regards to all the members and I wish everyone a happy new year. **Jennie Smith,**

Box 994, Mullan, Idaho.

* * *

HELEN HAD A NICE XMAS

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much.

I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Thompson. I have three more teachers.

We belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 472. My father and brother work in the Harmarville mine. They work five days a week.

Oh yes, we had a very nice Christmas. On Saturday, Dec. 30, the Seniors' Lodge had a dance. The players were from Library, Pa. We all had a very good time.

Have you made up your New Year resolutions? I have one. It is, "I will be a better girl in 1934 than I was in 1933."

That's all for this time. Best regards to all.

He'en Langus,

Box 565, Harmarville, Pa.

* * *

FROM TRINIDAD, COLORADO

Dear Editor:—

As I have not written to the M. L. for a long time I decided to write. There are not very many children who write to the M. L. from Trinidad.

The weather we have here is very unusual. For Christmas and New Year's day we had very warm weather. Now (Jan. 4) it is snowing.

I enjoy reading the letters, jokes, and stories that are in the M. L. I am in the eighth grade. I am thirteen years old. I have six teachers and like them very much.

Work in Trinidad is not very good, but

President Roosevelt is doing all he can to help the people.

I enjoy reading **Mary Fradel's** letters very much.

Here are a few jokes:

Wife: "John, is it true that money talks?"

Husband: "That's what they say, my dear."

Wife: "Well, I wish you'd leave a little here to talk to me during the day. I get so lonely!"

Fullback (looking at semester's grades): "Well, I'm as famous as Washington now."

Halfback: "How do you figure that?"

Fullback: "I went down in history."

Dentist: "Do you use tooth-paste?"

Freshman: "No, sir, my teeth aren't loose."

I am closing with best regards to all.

Frances Fatur,

2201 Linden ave., Trinidad, Colo.

* * *

A FRESHMAN'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first attempt in writing to the M. L. I am 14 years old and a freshman of Sewickley Twp. High school. I'll try to write often.

Here are a few jokes:

Traffic officer: "Lady, didn't you see me wave at you?"

Lady driver: "Certainly I did. And, didn't I wave back? Did you expect me to stop and kiss you?"

Ikey and Rachel took little Moses to the movies. The attendant warned them that unless the child kept quiet they would have to leave and get their money back.

Half-way through the principal film Ikey turned to Rachel and whispered, "Vell, vot do you tink of it?"

"Rotten," replied Rachel.

"Yes," answered Ikey. "Pinch de baby."

"Here comes the parade, and your aunt Helen will miss it. Where is she?"

"She's upstairs waving her hair."

"Mercy! Can't we afford a flag?"

Best regards to all.

John Batis,

Box 287, Herminie, Pa.

* * *

SO MANY LETTERS!!!

Dear Editor:—

I am going to try to write to the M. L. every month since there isn't any one who writes from here.

There were many letters in the last month's issue.

I think Lowber is waking up because most of the letters came from there. I wonder if they will keep it up.

I think the girls and boys like the M. L. better, because there are more of them writing.

There are more girls writing to the M. L. than boys. Wake up, and don't let the girls do all the work.

Best regards to all. **Sophie Batis,**
Box 287, Herminie, Pa.

* * *

COLD WEATHER IN MINNESOTA

Dear Editor and Members:—

I have not written to the M. L. for a long time. I noticed that there were very many letters in the December and Jan. issues.

We have had very cold weather down here. Our coldest weather so far was 38° below zero. I go skating, skiing and tobogganing very often.

I am in the seventh grade and I receive very good grades. I have two brothers and one sister. We got out of school for our Christmas vacation December 22, and went back January 8. I had a good Christmas and hope all the members did. I wish everybody a happy new year. I will close with best regards to all.

Leo Kerzich,
box 57, Keewatin, Minn.

* * *

FROM LIBRARY, PA.

Dear Editors:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I wish I had written before. I am 10 years old and in fourth grade. I have two teachers. Their names are: Miss Sharpnech and Miss Foster. I read all the letters in the M. L. There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge. A proud member,

Christina Kiyfes,
R.F.D. No. 1, Library, Pa.

* * *

NO "TREAT" FOR EMMA

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I guess there hasn't been much news from Collinsburg in the M. L. lately. Well, here's some important news for our distant readers. The Singing Society Club donated a "treat" to all the children under 16 years of age whose fathers belong to this club, on Xmas day. I, being only 15, was waiting for a treat which I would appreciate very much. But my father told Mr. Zorko, the President of the club, not to give me a "treat," but only my younger sister. So Mr. Zorko had listened to my dad, and did not give me a treat, only my younger sister. My mother was very angry, and took my younger sister's box of candy back to the Pres. She told him that he could keep all the candy, if he couldn't give both of us girls candy. This was done on account of family

affairs; my dad and mother had separated a year ago. The club should not mix up in the family affairs. All the children love to have their treats, especially their last one, as mine was supposed to be.

Emma Krizner,
West Newton, Pa.

* * *

"VOICE OF INDIANA"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I'm hoping to see more letters from Indiana in this issue, and I hope I won't be disappointed. I suppose more readers will write to our Magazine now that the semester's examinations are over. Our tests were hard; I certainly am glad that I'm through with them.

The story entitled "A Needy Christmas Gift" by M. Paver was a most interesting little story. I suppose there were a lot of people who spent Christmas without a tree and other little things which help to make the Christmas day one of joy and pleasure to everyone. Not many were so fortunate as to receive the gift which they received from one of their unknown relatives. Anyway, I hope this year turns out to be a happier and more prosperous one for everyone than the last year has been.

There were many letters in the M. L. from Pennsylvania in the Dec. issue, but I saw none from Latrobe. I wonder why.

Best regards to the Editor and all Readers.

Emma Gorse, Universal, Ind.

* * *

SNPJ 30TH ANNIVERSARY

Dear Editor and Readers:—

King Winter is ruling the United States at the present time. Not as much snow is falling nor is it so cold as it was around Christmas time, but still he is king.

Many people are now suffering because they do not have houses to shelter them or good, heavy clothes to protect them. There are municipal houses in large cities, but there is not enough room for every person who is homeless. This is one example of the system under which we are now living. Need this kind of system exist? Of course not. And it is only up to the workingmen to remedy this situation and if they do not do it, no one will. So, I think they should begin right now and organize and fight against this kind of conditions.

Our car was turned toward Yukon January 20, and there's where we went because the Silver Stars of Yukon had their third anniversary dance there. A large crowd attended this affair and all were jolly. I met many young SNPJ members at this affair, who showed me a very good time. I think these young members would make fine contributors to the M. L. They are already creat-

ing a great SNPJ spirit among themselves.

This year 1934 marks the 30th anniversary of the Slovenska Narodna Podporna Jednota. For thirty years has it existed and progressed rapidly. It started with only a few members in Chicago and now there are branches all over the United States and Canada, and it has about 50,000 members. It is also the largest Slovene fraternal organization. This shows that it is an organization worth joining, worth dealing with.

The various lodges sponsor dances, plays and other entertainments, where both young and old can get acquainted with each other and create a greater feeling of friendliness among each other. I consider belonging to the SNPJ as a great opportunity.

I must not forget to tell you that on Christmas the International Brotherhood of Foundry Employees gave to the children whose fathers belong to the union, each a box of candy and some fruit. That added another Christmas gift to my list. "A Proud Torch,"

Mary Elizabeth Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

CEMENT MILLS

Dear Readers:—

Well, here I am again. By the time this letter is printed, I'll be deep in my studies at the L. P. High school. At the present time I am at home on a two-week vacation, because our school term has been cut short.

We have two cement mills in Oglesby. It is taking one of them a rather long time to join the union. The one my dad belongs to joined as soon as the union was started.

In my last letter I promised to send some more jokes. So here goes:

Proof Enough

"Have you ever been to sea before?" asked the captain of an Irishman applying for the position of cook on a steamer, docked in the harbor.

"At sea before! An' d'ya think Oi cam' o'er from the old country in a taxi?"

Little Birds

Mother (at seven in the evening): "Come, Ethel, it is bedtime. All little birds have gone to sleep in their little nests."

Ethel (next morning at five): "Come, mamma, it is time to get up. All the little birds are up and the mamma birds, too."

Splendid Yarn

Clerk (showing customer stockings): "Wonderful value, sir. Worth double the money. Latest pattern, fast colors, holeproof, won't shrink, and its' a good yarn."

Customer (walking away): "Yes, and very well told."

Well, I guess I'll sign off. See you again sometime.

Ange Nadvesnik,
251 E. 1st st., Oglesby, Ill.

FRANK'S FATHER ISN'T WORKING

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my third letter to the M. L. which I like to read. It is interesting to write to the M. L. Wake up, Imperial, and write to the M. L.

My Daddy isn't working yet, because he was hurt in the mine. His back and leg are sore yet.

We had a good Christmas night. We were in the Slovene hall and we had a good time. Santa gave us candy, oranges, and apples. I wish that Santa comes again next year.

Last week we had snow and had a good time. We went sleighriding. Now the snow melted and we have to wait till it comes again.

Best regards to all. Frank Perpar,
box 302, Imperial, Pa.

* * *

"TOO LAZY TO WRITE"

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to this good magazine. There are four in our family; we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 472.

I like to read the Mladinski List, but I am too lazy to write.

I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade. I have ten teachers; we also have manual training and gym. We had two weeks' vacation for Christmas. Santa was pretty poor this year. I hope next Christmas will be better than last one.

Here is a riddle:

"How many people are dead in the graveyard?"

Ans.: "They are all dead."

Will write more next time.

Best regards to the editor and readers.

Joe Kaus, 724 Elm Way, Oakmont, Pa.

* * *

FROM A YOUNG MUSICIAN

Dear Editor:—

This is my very first letter I have ever written to the Mladinski List. I am 11 years old and in the 5th grade. I like to go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Morris and she is a good teacher.

I have a good pal in our school. His name is Lean Ryan. Lean and I are always fighting "scabs." We are all for PMU. We had several "scabs" here, and it is only natural that children of the two groups would fight. But they all moved out of Jerseyville. Now there are only three left.

One night the PMU had a "Pep Meeting" and I played my accordeon for them. The hall was crowded.—I hope some members would write to me, and best regards to all.

Stanley Bergant,
R. 2, box 103, Taylorville, Ill.

THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY OF THE SNPJ

Editor and Readers:—

Looking over the January issue, I noticed the members are commencing to get out their pencils and papers. I saw that **Dorothy Fink** forgot to write last month. What's wrong? Is she getting that sleeping sickness too? Hope not.

On January 20 the English Speaking Lodge of Yukon, Silver Stars, celebrated their third anniversary at the Slovene Hall. They had a fine success and they had a big crowd. There I met **Mary Fradel** and her sister. I'm telling all of you girls and boys that don't know her yet, they'd better soon meet her; she's very attractive.

Anna Traven wrote about her trip to Pennsylvania. I hope she liked the trip and Pennsylvania.

It's thirty years since the Slovene National Benefit Society was organized. It's wonderful to see our Society hold for so long. Let's all wish that it would have many more successful years.

February brought us two noble men, Washington and Lincoln. They were two fortunate men; and January brought President Franklin D. Roosevelt's birthday. It looks as though Roosevelt is going to be a good president. He is doing fine so far.

Pennsylvania has the record for writing in the M. L. Last month's issue the state of Pennsylvania had twenty-nine letters in the M. L. only in the English part. None of the States had half as many as Pennsylvania. So you see that our state has some wide-awake boys and girls. Come on, other states.

Best regards to all. I'll be seeing you soon.
SNPJ Booster, Lodge No. 117,

Steffie Kaferle, Yukon, Pa.

* * *

WORK IS GETTING BETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I like to read it very much. I have two brothers and one sister, and I have a little niece; her name is Margaret. I am ten years old, and in the 5th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Mae; she is very good. I had a good report card.

The work here is getting better. The weather here is very bad. I wish some of the members would write to me. Best regards to all.

Carolyn Kutzler,
Box 203, Buhl, Minn.

* * *

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

Dear Editor:—

In my last month's letter I promised to write every month.

On January 29 our school planned to take "A trip around the world." The passport cost 10 cents. Our first stop was in Switzerland where much cheese with crackers was served. Then the guides took us to Ireland where Irish wit and custom prevail. Later we will go to France where we will see the latest fashions. The next stop, which will be the last stop in Europe, is Germany where music will excel.

From Europe we will go to Japan, the land of cherry blossoms, and oriental designs will be seen. Our last stop will be in America where delicious cake and ice cream will be sold.

Since this is all I have to write in this month's issue I will write more about my enjoyment on the "Trip around the world" next time.

Victoria Thomas,

602 Orange ave., Johnstown, Pa.

* * *

"ROVER" AND 'WYOMA"

Dear Editor:—

I am sorry I didn't write so long, so I decided now to write.

My 10th birthday comes February'.—I d'dn't see any letters from Hudson, so I wrote I would like to see a letter from my friend, **Jennie Majdic**. She said she was going to write.

There is no snow here yet, but there is ice on the creek. I wish it would snow.—I have a big dog—his name is "Rover." He is a black dog. I have two cats. The name of mine is "Marine"; my brother Rudy's cat's name is "Wyoma."

I had a good Xmas vacation. The name of our play was "Christmas Speekin' at Skaggs Skule." In the play I was named "Tillie." Joseph was a Negro, his name was Rastus. Rudy was Jack-in-the-box.—My cat is always running around.

Mary Pehin, box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

* * *

JULIA IS LEARNING TO READ AND WRITE IN SLOVENE

Dear Editor:—

I sure was surprised to see my letter in the M. L. My mother is teaching me how to read and write in Slovene. It sure is hard for me. We don't have any Slovene schools out here, and I don't think we will ever have once in this camp. I'm going to try to write in Slovene next time, just a few lines to the Mladinski List.

I haven't made any New Year's resolution; I forgot. The Sixth and Seventh grades are having a basketball team; I'm in it.

Here is a riddle: Twenty white horses on the blue hill, all saddle, all bride, all ready to go. I told you three times, and do you know it?—Ans.: All.

I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me. I would gladly answer them. Best regards to Editor and readers.

Julia M. Slavec, box 63, Morley, Colo.

* * *

ALBERT LIKES THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

Here I am again. I think that I am making a habit of writing to this magazine of ours. There certainly are many letters; in fact, so many that we are not getting enough stories and articles.

Talking about stories, I did like that story "Friends" by Mary Jugg. Who is this Mary Jugg who writes such good stories? "Arizona, Land of Winter Springtime," was a fine article. That's what I like to read. Things about other lands. That's why letters from members are so interesting, because each one tells us about their part of the country, occupations, climate and all the things.

Well, Mr. Editor, I think that this magazine should be much larger than it is. What do the members think?

EDITOR'S NOTE

Recently we received "so many" additional letters intended for the Chatter Corner that we find it difficult to print them all in this issue.

Letters received immediately before and after February 1 will all receive due consideration and will appear in the March number of the Mladinski List. More than thirty letters were received in two single days, at the time we went to press.

We sincerely appreciate the interest in our magazine which is evidenced by so great a number of our youthful writers' contributions. We trust that our inability to satisfy them all in this number will be interpreted in the right spirit, as explained above, and that our writers and their parents will understand our position.

The Sixth grade started a little school paper that comes once a month. In the first issue there was a short story by me which I shall send to the M. L. sometime . . . Have we got snow in Ely? I'll say we have. Today it's snowing again . . . Well, a call for supper is heard . . . Something smells good. Yes it is the smell of the good old "klobasa" that the neighbors sent over. Are they (klobase) ever good? Can't you smell them?

Best regards to the Editor and members!

Albert Pechaver,
648 E. Camp st., Ely, Minn.

* * *

"THIS WONDERFUL MAGAZINE"

Dear Editor:—

I am really ashamed to say that this is the first time I have written to this wonderful magazine. But I will now try to write often.

I am twelve years old and in the eighth grade. I will be thirteen on March 17. I enjoy my school days very much.

Come on! There's a Koracin, Louise Marvich and few others; help to make the Chatter Corner bigger. I enjoy reading Mary Fradel's and Dorothy Fink's letters very much. I also noticed Ann Traven's letters in "Naš Kotiček" and "Chatter Corner." That's the spirit, Ann.

The "Silver Stars" of Yukon had a very large crowd at their third anniversary. I was very glad to see Mary and Sylvia Fradel there.

On Jan. 21 the Ladies' Club of Yukon had a play in Slovene, followed by a dance. Many Slovenes attended.

Just think, it will soon be thirty years since the SNPJ has been organized.—I wish my cousin from Cleveland would write to me.

Best wishes to all the members and the Editor.

Frances Preseren, box 42, Yukon, Pa.

"How is your new hired man?"

"Well," replied Farmer Jones, "he broke two hoe handles yesterday."

"Working so hard?"

"No, leaning on 'em."

*

"Mother, have I been a good boy lately?"

"Yes, Bobby, you have been a very good boy."

"And do you trust me, mother?"

"Why, of course I trust you, son."

"Then why do you go on hiding the jam?"