

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Anna Krasna:

Soseda

OB jasnih jutrih odpre včasih okna,
takrat vidim za umazano-mrkim steklom
razposajen žarek solnca na njenih srebrnih laseh —
tiho-tlečo, smehljajočo luč v njenih irskih očeh.
Potem slišim njenega starega, kako godrnja
v svojem brlogi,
vidim, kako počasi ginejo bohotne rože
v starinski preprogi.
Če imam čas, postojim in prisluhnem, kako
ob kavi glasno o svojih težnjah govorita,
kako preštevata drobiž in si kot dva otroka,
desetice delita.

* * *

Šolarje bude

MATERE kuhajo kavo, pogledujejo v tesne kamrice
in kličejo mladež iz prijetno-lene
toplote jutranjega polsna.
Zgoraj, spodaj, po vseh teh panjih,
čez vse četrti gre ob isti uri ista beseda
nadepolne in malce ponosne skrbi.
Na slednji skuštrani glavici se ustavlja
božajoč pogled,
ki se sprehaja po daljnih še neumerjenih potih
mlade bodočnosti . . .
Milijon malčkov, še več solčnih cest
v negotovi čas —
a skozi revne četrti pa vedno in za vse ista široka cesta
v izkoriščevalčevo past . . .

Zdravo, pomlad!

IZZA meglene tenčice
solnce pogleda — kukuk! —
Pomlad, glej, vije cvetice
mladim ljudem za klobuk.

Sinčki: vesele mi ptice
židano voljo pojo;
hčerke: dehteče cvetice
meni na radost cveto.

Gora zbudjena in polje,
zdravo, vesela pomlad!
Kralj sem, ki pisane volje
z boja v svoj vrača se grad!

Polje, nebo pomladanje —
pije vas žejno oko,
misli, vesele mi sanje,
v naravo potovat gredo.

Pojdi z menoj po poljani,
vabi deviška pomlad,
polje in livada prostrani
njen neizmerni sta grad!

Fran Žgur.

Pogum

PRED nami so strmine, hrib,
pred nami temna noč,
a mi gremo naprej — naprej,
veselo vriskajoč.
Saj dobro vemo, da dehti
za hribi ravna plan,
da nam zasiže za nočjo
vesel in jasen dan.

Pomladni dan

KAKO si lep, pomladni dan,
ko vse brsti, cvete, prepeva;
kot z biseri si posejan,
blestiš, žariš kot mlada deva.

Pomladno solnce iz višav
po zemlji tople žarke lije;
lahkoten veter sred dobrav
budi vesele melodije.

Vse diha čilost in prostost,
veselja žar ves svet obdaja:
veseli zdaj se, o mladost,
ko tvoj veseli praznik vstaja!

Junak Milko

FURLANOVEGA Milkota bi morali videti! Za pomlad so mu obljubili prve hlače, pa stopa že danes kakor da je vojak. Takšen junak je Furlanov Milko, "junak od mejdana", kakor pravi brat Hrvat. Zato ga imajo tudi vsi radi; mama, ata, stric, teta, da, celo starejši bratje in sestre, dasi jim njegovo junaštvo največkrat izpiha iz maminih rok mnogoter poboljšek, ki izgine potem nekam v Milkovo — pozabljivost.

Milko se tudi zaveda svojega junaškega dostojanstva, in prav to je, kar ga nemalokdaj spravi v zadrego. Ko hoče prenesti metlo, pride teta, ki vidi njegove slabotne moči in predolg metlin rep, pa prenese junaka in metlo na zahtevano mesto. Nič bolje se mu ne godi, če hoče prinesti mami ali sestri smetiščnico. Lotil se je celo že stola ter ga s silnim ropotom in truščem rinil k mizi, da bi ata sedel nanj. Toda prej nego je bil stol pri mizi, je bil Milko v atovem naročju.

Ta splošna uslužnost domačih prebivalcev ga je celo prevzela, da je pomalem začel čutiti svojo moč in veljavo; začel je ukazovati. Ako ga ni vsakdo slušal, in sicer takoj, je vpil na vse pretege še veliko huje nego Čič z jesihom na vasi. Krik je bil tudi ponajveč povsod, da so se vsi Furlanovi nekako bali naraščujoče veljave junaškega Milka in njegove sitnosti. Še najlažje je izhajal z mamico, že navajeno njegovih sitnob. Vsi drugi so se le smejali Milkovemu junaštvu in mirno umikali ušesa trgajočemu vpitju. Seveda se je Milko umiril prav brž, ko je videl, da ga ne poslušajo nihče. Najlepše solnce je potem zasijalo z njegovega lica in obsevalo vso Furlanovo hišo.

Priznati pa moramo, da je bil Milko navzlic vsemu temu jako delaven. Od jutranje kave do večernega mleka s kruhom je marljivo pomagal mami,

očetu, stricu, teti ali tudi bratom in sestram, če so ga le marali pri delu, kar je bil pa le redek slučaj, ker jim je Milko navadno več podrl in pokvaril nego koristil s svojo pridnostjo. Zato so ga najrajši podili stran. Tu je bilo pa zopet na poti njegovo junaštvo, ki je bilo krivo, da Milko ni slušal rad in zlasti ne ob prvem opominu. Veljava, ki so mu jo priznali početkoma s smehom in pri-trjevanjem, se je sčasoma izpremenila v pravo trmoglavost. Znal je odgovarjati in tudi ugovarjati, zakaj ne sluša.

Domači so ga strašili tedaj: "Milko, nehaj, če ne, pride — pes!"

Odgovor je pa bil kratek, a izdaten: "Psa — zapodili!"

"Milko, slušaj, če ne, pride — volk!"

Deček je modro ugovarjal: "Volka — ubili!"

"Mož te vzame v koš, Milko!"

"Mi-mi koš vzeli."

Seveda je bilo malemu junaku za toliko premetenost plačilo zopet gromovit smeh. Kdo naj se jezi na Milka, ki so ga imeli vsi radi?

Nekoč jo je vendar izkupil — celo doma pri mami.

Manjši otroci so odšli dopoldne v šolo, odrasli na delo, vsakdo po svojem opravilu. Milku je bilo pri mami zaraditega prav pošteno dolgočasno. Hotel je že mami popravljati ogenj, pa se je hipoma pobiral na sredi kuhinje. Potem se je lotil brskanja po pepelu, a trska, ki jo je imel v rokah, je bila prej, nego se je zavedel, kaj se je zgodilo, v štedilniku. V kotu samevajoči stol mu je bil tudi na poti. Uprl se je nanj in ga z velikanskim ropotom rinil po kuhinji. Ta neugnani Milko! Mama mu je obljubila že vsega, česar koli se je spomnila, da mu ugaja, če bo vsaj za hipec na miru; toda Milko je pogledal, če pride za obljubo tudi dejanje; pa ker tega mama ni utegnila, je on nadaljeval svoje sitnosti.

Kmalu se mu zazdi, da drva pod štedilnikom niso na pravem mestu: polence za polencem — tebi nič, meni nič — jih začne nositi pred peč. Nič niso zalegle mamine besede ne prošnje ne opomini ne svarila, vse se je poznalo toliko kot dež v morje. Pes, volk, mož s košem — vsi so minili brez strahu in tudi brez uspeha: Milko je nosil, vztrajno nosil, kakor da gre za stavo. Mami slednjič ni ostalo nič drugega kot misel: "Ker že ni drugače, se pozneje pogodiva tako, da znese polena izpred peči zopet pod štedilnik, naj stane karkoli." Toda sedaj jo je ukanilo dobro, Milkovo mamico.

Nenadoma neha junak nositi drva, preplašen pogleda mamo, potem zopet pod štedilnik, pa se zateče pod materin predpasnik in boječe pogleduje izpod njega, govoreč natihem: "Mama, mama, tam-le nekaj! Me bo — nekaj, mama, me bo! Lej no, mamica!"

Furlanova mama se začudi, kaj je vendar ustavilo neustrašenega junaka v tako vztrajnem delu, ko je bil Milko doslej popolnoma neobčutljiv za vsa strašila?

"To treba vendar pogledati."

Milkova mama stopi bliže, se skloni pod štedilnik in vidi, da je iz podne deske skozi razpoko prišel pozdravit junaka Milka in njegovo marljivost — pravcati ščurek, kuhinjski ščurek ali žohar!

"Aha! Milko, vidiš, ker ne slušaš, ta-le, ta-le te je došel pogledati. Aha, Milko, tega se pa bojiš, kaj? Ima sajasto suknjo in sajaste oči, kako?"

Junak Milko se stisne tesneje k mami in zajoka.

"Ne boj se, Milko! Pridi z menoj, da vidiva, če te še gleda!"

Toda Milko ni maral z mamo k štedilniku. Tudi radovednega ščurka ni bilo več tam, polen pa deček tudi ni znošil izpred peči; bal se je najnovejšega neznanca, dasi ga je mama zagotavljala z vso resnobo, da ne stori in ne stori nikomur nič žalega.

Od tega dne je ginilo Milkovo junastvo, kakor gine kafra na zraku. Seveda: pes in volk in mož s košem ga niso mogli oplasiti, ali sajasti neznanec, žohar v črni suknji, ta ga pa je!—I. T.

Anna P. Krasna:

SLUMSKI DOM

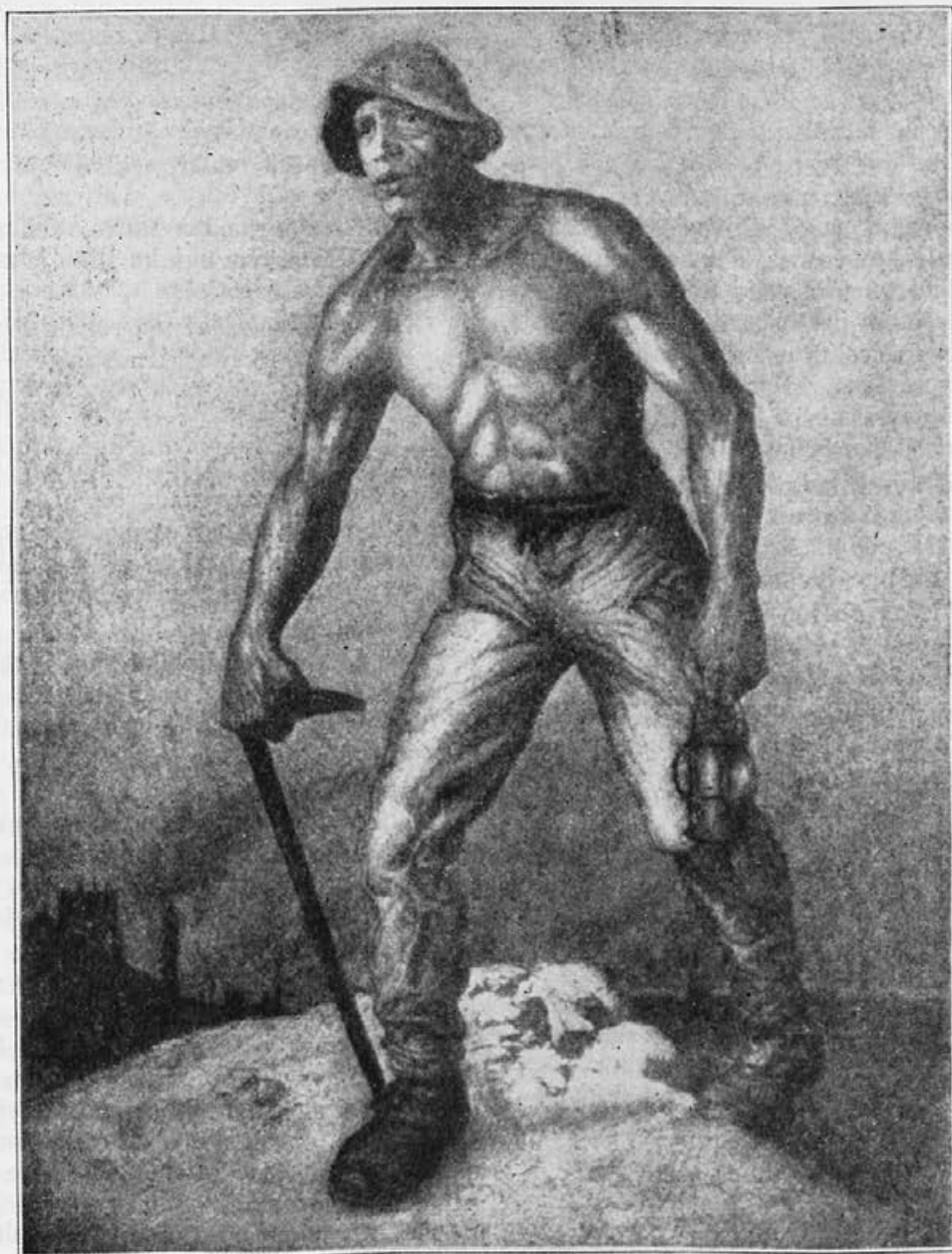
V medhišni predelek gledajo okna,
kakor napol slepi starci v večerni mrak.

Prav dol na dnu se včasih igrajo miške,
visoko od zgoraj pa se spušča do slednje šipe
mračni in sajasti zrak.

— Za vsakih par oken solnca
dvojno mero saj —

za vsak tih trenutek soseski šum, otroški jok,
pijani dirindaj.

Za vsako dobro večerjo nekaj neprijetnih duhov —
v vsako dobro noč spanja sirenski opomin:
nekje se je užgalo gnezdo nanizanih domov.



Courtesy of "Proletarec"

KARL HANSEL

RUDAR

Anna P. Krasna:

Jerbasi

DO deželne ceste je šlo vse dobro, a tam, kakor nerodni nevesti na novem pragu, se je Roziki spodtaknilo. Kar tako, in češnje, debele, sladke kot med in temnordeče ko Rozikina lica, so si v cestnem prahu sramežljivo pudrale mehko kožico. Rozika je zajokala sramu in Birtova, ki je naravnost sovražila nepripravne in jokave ljudi, je lopnila po njej s težko besedo.

"Tako je z motovili! Človek vzame s seboj štora štorastega, pa si namaže smole na podplate. Kje bi že zdaj bili, če bi ne bilo treba pobirati in brisati teh češenj!"

Pirnova, ki ni bila več novinka, se je zavzela za Roziko.

"Saj ni treba pomagati s tem, če nočeš, Pavlina. Pojdi z ostalimi naprej, midve z Roziko vas bova dohiteli še preden boste pri gradu."

"Vidve z Roziko, haha! Dobro, kar pobirajta, saj prav za skupaj sta. Pa zdravi! Če ne prej, se vidimo v nedeljo pri maši—dohiteli nas ne bosta, ne to pot, ne drugo, coklji polžavi."

Dekleta, ki so bila še malo izkušena v branjevskih poslih in potovanjih, se niso hotela zameriti Birtovi, ki je poznala vse Rovte, vso idrijsko okolico, vse bližnjice in vse primerne kraje za odpočitek in prenočišče. Molče so zadele jerbasa na glavo in šle svojo pot. Nekaj časa so prihajali nazaj do Rozike in Pirnove njih veseli glasovi in smeh, potem pa je bilo, kakor da se je ločil od njih svet. Roziko je namah pograbil strah:

"Pepca, res jih ne bova došli, nazaj pojdiva."

"O, ne," je dejala Pepca krepko, "nazaj ne greva, jaz se malo teme nič ne bojim, tudi v Idrijo pridem brez Birtove. Zdaj ko sve samo dve, se nama zna pripetiti, da naju kdo pobere na voz, pa

jim bova voščili dobro jutro kje ob poti."

Pobrali sta jerbasa s tal in vzeli pot pod noge. Na prvem ovinku jima je preskočil cesto velik zajec.

"O, če bi imela zdaj pri rokah dobro poleno!" je vzkliknila Pirnova.

"Poleno! Zakaj poleno" se je začudila Rozika.

"Da bi spodbila zajca, neumnica, zakaj drugega."

"Jaz sem mislila, da se morda s polemom odžene nesreča, ki jo prinese takole srečanje z zajcem," je plaho pripomnila Rozika.

"Ti si polna vraž, Rozika. To je otročje, danes ljudje ne verjamejo več v take otročarije."

"Pa le še drži," je menila Rozika.

"Kje?"

"Ne vem, a tako povedo stari ljudje, ki so že takrat, ko je solnce mrknilo in je šla repatica čez nebo, pravili, da bo kaka velika vojna . . . pa je res vojna, vidiš."

"A za balkansko vojno ni bilo nič repatic, vsaj moj oče ne ve, da bi bile—in on je prebral o balkanski vojni vse—kako torej naj bi bila sedanja zato, ker je solnce mrknilo in se je pokazala repatica na naši strani neba? Rozika, čemu si ti drsala šolske klopi Nič se te ni prijelo, samo vraž in strahov, ki ti jih je vbil v glavo vaš stari ded, si polna. Skoro bi rekla, da je imela Birtova prav, da te je oštela—najbrž si se domislila kakega vražjega strašila, ki se podi po deželni cesti v malih jutranjih urah, pa je šel jerbasa v prah . . . poznam tvojega deda, za vsako križpotje ima svojo svojat strahov, ki vlačijo rakve in okostnjake za seboj, ali pa kurijo ognje. Kakšna neumnost! Samo živi ljudje morejo strašiti, če so zlobni dovolj, mrtvi ne delajo nikomur več

krivice, zapomni si to, če nočeš, da te bo stresal mraz vsakokrat, ko se bo zganil list v grmovju . . .”

Rozika je pohlevno poslušala in s svojimi čokatimi nogami pridno sledila prožnejšim korakom tovarišice, želeč spotoma, da bi strahove, ki so bili vkljub Pepčinim trditvam in omalovaževanju čvrsto na delu v njenih mislih, pregnal kaj kmalu žar dneva. Če bi se tudi Pepca bala strahov, bi bilo Roziki lažje, ker bi lahko vsaj govorila o njih, kar bi jih napravilo manj nevarne in pomembne. Kot je bilo, so tičali nekje v temnem zakulisju njenih možgan, in zakulisje samo se je raztezalo daleč nazaj v nočno temo, iz katere so zdaj pa zdaj posegle dolge koščene roke s tako silo, da se je zamajal težki jerbas na njeni glavi. Ali Pepca je stopala naglo in se ni brigala za prste strašil, ki so suvali v Rozikin jerbas, v redkih presledkih je le brezbrizno popravila svitek pod svojim jerbasom in vprašala Roziko:

“Ali te že kaj peče glava? Ali boš zdelala do gradu brez počivanja? Čim manj bova oddihali tem prej bova došli našo družbo.”

O, Roziko je pekla glava, in kako! Ali strahovi so bili vsi za težkim jerbasom in so prežali na pripravno samoto, da pokažejo svoje muhe . . . ene same Pepce se gotovo ne bojijo, če pa bi došli one druge, potem bi nehali sezati za njo. Zdaj z levico, zdaj z desnico je krčevito podržavala svoj jerbas in s pohlevnim glasom zagotovila Pepco, da lahko hodi brez oddiha še dlje ko do grada, ako je treba.

Voznika nista srečali nobenega in noben ju ni dohitel; zdelo se je, kakor da so odšli vsi moški in vsi konji v Galicijo na fronto. Stari grad se je menda tekotom noči zavlekel kilometer dalje v svet, zakaj ko so se končno pokazali sivi zidovi v komaj znatnem prvem obrisu zore, se tudi Pepci ni zdelo ta samotna pot nič več prijetna.

“Ko še ni bilo vojne,” je dejala, “sem šla s staro Šmeljevko nekajkrat do Logatca in drugam, pa sva vso pot sreča-

vali voznike in potnike, zdaj pa nobenega človeka od nikjer, ne oglarja, ne gozdarja, viničarja, ne vojaka. Pusto je takole hoditi, Rozika, in najraje bi, da bi sploh ne počivali, dokler se ne prične daniti.”

“Pa ni treba,” je rekla Rozika in privzdignila jerbas z roko, da malo ohladi pekoče občutje vrh glave. Hiteli sta mimo gradu, skozi tržič, preko gmajnskih pašnikov, kratkih njiv in zelnikov in posameznih hiš, ki so stale zunaj občine, ob cesti in ob gruntnih potih, kakor da jih je tu zalotila nekoč na potovanju noč, pa so občepele kar ob daljnem robu tržiča. Dospeli sta do gostilne, kjer so se navadno ustavljali vozniki in drugi potniki, in sta videli luč v kuhinji. Rozika se je zveselila:

“Najbrž nas tu čakajo, Pepca, pojdiva notri!”

Pepca se je zasmejala:

“Če misliš, da ima Pavlina tako kratkoživo zlobico v sebi, se zelo motiš; ona bo skrbela, da jih ne doideva in midve ne bova nič več poskušali—če bova sami, bova prej prodali. In zdajle pova počivali, zaslužili sva odmor in morda čašo kave, če pa nimajo še nič kave, bova grizli kruh, ker po tem oddihu ne bova tako kmalu odložili jerbasa, Idrija je še daleč.”

“Koliko pa misliš, da je že ura?” je vprašala Rozika.

“Okrog polštirih. Vidiš tisti belkasti rob, ki se pojavlja po obronkih vrhov? Ta ti pove čas natančneje kot ura. Oče me je naučil dognati čas po stopnjevanju zore, ko me je jemal s seboj na branjevska potovanja. O, pa takrat sem se vozila, Rozika, samo kadar je šlo v hrib, sva z očetom pomagala šarcu potiskati voz. Takrat je bilo prijetno.”

Rozika je vzdihnila, odgrnila jerbas in poiskala prtič s kruhom.

“Ti imaš vsaj lep spomin, Pepca, na lepe čase, jaz pa nisem nikoli nič prijetnega doživela. Sprva sem mislila, da bo prijetna sprememba nositi jerbase, pa je to taka muka . . . danes pa še nesreča

in strah. Ali bo nam še kdaj lepo, Pepca?"

"Menda, saj nas še iz šole niso spustili—to se pravi, mene so to pomlad, a ti boš ponavljala še nekaj mesecev —"

"Če ne bo prišel Lah in nas pregnal . . . saj bo zdaj kmalu vojska z Italijo . . . ne, nikoli več ne bo nič prijetnega in veselega."

Pepca je vstala in se zravnila v svežem, po gozdu dišečem zraku. "Ti si prežalostna, Rozika," je dejala smeje. "Vržeš jerbas v prah in zgubiš vse veselje, vidiš nove vojne in Laha v dolini in kaj še vse. Pa nimaš niti enega brata v vojni, jaz pa že dva in še dva morda pojmeta, če bo vojna dolgo trajala. Kaj pomaga se žalostiti, pojdiva pogledat, če ima Cila kaj kave."

Stopili sta do vežnih vrat in potokli po težkem lesu. Postarna ženska je prišla odpirat.

"Bog se usmili, sem mislila, da so kakri vozniki, pa sta dva otroka. Saj pravim, kje imajo ljudje vest, da pošiljajo šolarice na dolgo pot ponoči."

"Samo ena je še ponavljalna šolarica, mati, pa še ona to lahko utaji, če je treba," je smeje odvrnila Pepca, ki je Cilo poznala izza potovanj z očetom. "In od doma sva šli s celo kopico tovarišic, ali Rozika tukaj je nekaj sanjala pod jerbasom in češnje so šle po cesti . . . medtem ko sva midve pobirali in čistili, so ostale odrinile dalje. Ali so se znabiti kaj ustavile tu?"

"Ne," je rekla Cila, "pred vama ni nihče potrkal na naša vrata. Toda deklina zanikrne, kako so le mogle dva otroka pustiti zadaj! Ali bi pili kofetek, punčki? Pa kajpak, da bi ga, zato pa sta tolkli, kaj ne. No, le za mano stopita, se že kuha, koj bo pred vama."

Široko, nagubano Cilino krilo je zamotalo med prvimi vrati na desno in preko njega je zavel duh po vojni kavi. Ljudje so že v prvem letu velike vojne množili, mešali in raztezali živila kakor so le mogli in znali . . . lakota je bila na poti, kajti meje so se zmirom bolj ožile

in armada je pogoltnila ogromne množine živil dnevno.

"Ježeš, otroka," je pojamarala Cila odstavljajoč kavo, "kofetek ni več tak kot je bil včasih, ali nekaj pravijo, da še obeta še huje, da bo vojska z Lahom in da bo vse pomandrano. Ali so tudi pri vas take govornice?"

"Seveda so, že vso pomlad," je dejala

"Seveda so, že vso pomlad," je dejala Pepca. "Nekateri pripovedujejo, da je italijanska vojska že na meji."

Cila je zakrilila z rokama po zraku in majala z glavo v velikem in resnem zamišljenju. A vzlic vidni zaskrbljenosti in strahu pred hudimi časi je spretno zmešala v loncu rjavkasto tekočino, ki naj bi bila kofetek, ter postavila lonec na mizo. Od nekod je zatem potegnila na svetlo širok krajec velikega hleba, od katerega si je urezala znaten kos in držeč nož v redu za ponovni urez, vprašala dekleti, če bi malo prigrizli.

Rozikine oči so se blaženo zasvetile—doma ni bilo nikoli takih hlebov, vojna pa je še koruzne pogače zredčila. Pokrila je z roko svoj skromen košček kruha in pogledala Pepco v upanju, da se bo odločila za sprejetje preblage ponudbe. Pepca pa je poznala gostilničarke in se je zbalala računa. Kdove koliko bi Cila znala zaračunati za takle božansko vznešen krjec kruha—v njenem žepu je bilo komaj dovolj za kavo, za Rozikinega je vedela, da je prazen, sirota je imela komaj dovolj, da je kupila češnje od Borštarnarja. Ne, Cilo je bilo treba obvestiti, da je ves denar še v jerbasu . . . v sočnih češnjicah.

"Imava nekaj kruha s seboj mati," je rekla potihom, "pa tudi nisva posebno lačni. sva zajtrkovali doma pred odhodom. Zdaj se hočeva le malo okrepčati, da bova lahko dolgo šli, ne da bi počivali."

Mati Cila se je dobrodušno nasmejala in zarezala dvakrat v krajec pšenične drobte:

"Nista lačni! In doma sta jedli! Mati božja, saj vendar vem, kako jedo mladi ljudje, posebno če ni kos nikoli dovolj

velik. Nata, jejta in pijta, preden gre-
sta dalje, pa mi naložita malo češenj v
tole."

Potisnila je majhen pehar pred njiju
in jedla kavo in kruh iz velike latvice
s tekom človeka, ki se ne ustraši nobe-
nega dela in nobene sklede. Rozika jo
je postrani občudovala in se je spomni-
la, kako po malem je njena mati in kako
je zmirom bolehnna. Zaželela si je, da bi
imela ona tako krepko, zdravo in ješčo
mater. Za tako mater pač ne more biti
človek nikdar v skrbeh, da bo umrla ali
še težje zbolela. Tudi Pepci so se vri-
njale slične misli. Toda dočim bi bila Ro-
zika najraje obsedela pri dobri materi
Cili, je Pepca kmalu vstala izza mize in
pohitela s peharjem k svojemu jerbasi,
da povrne dobroto in postrežbo.

"Pot je še dolga," je dejala, "tako
morava naprej. Najlepša vam hvala,
mati Cila, drugič vam prinesem kaj po-
sebnega, nalašč za vas!"

"Če ne bo prej prišel Lah," je prero-
ško podvomila gostilničarka in jima sle-
dila na cesto, da bi jima pomagala z jer-
basoma. Še preden pa se je pripravila,
sta mladenki zavihteli težka jerbasa na
svoji glavi. Cila je spet zmajala z gla-
vo nad temi čudnimi, čvrstimi in hitri-
mi branjevskim deklinami. Gledala je za
njma, kako sta stopali, kot brzeči srni,
pod težkim bremenom. Na prste je šte-
la ure, ki bodo minile, preden bo dose-
gel jerbasa svoj cilj . . . potem pot nazaj
. . . koncem tedna drug jerbasa na trg . . .

"Ježeš," je vzdihnila mati Cila, "kruh
teh otrok je še bolj oznojen kot moj."

Usoda

NEKOČ sta živela dva brata v skupni
hiši. Eden je pridno delal, a drugi
pohajkoval brez dela ter samo jedel in
pil.

Imela sta srečo povsod: pri govedi,
konjih, ovcah, prasičih, čebelah in po-
vsod drugod.

Brat, ki je rad delal, si misli nekoč
sam pri sebi: "Zakaj bi jaz garal za
onega lenuha? Bolje je, da si razdeliva
in da delam sam zase, on naj pa začne,
kar mu drago."

Reče torej svojemu bratu: "Brate,
ni pravično, da delam samo jaz, ti mi
pa ne pomagaš prav nikjer, temveč sa-
mo ješ in piješ. Jaz hočem, da si raz-
deliva."

Brat ga začne pregovarjati: "Nikar,
brate, saj nama je dobro v vsakem ozi-
ru. Ti imaš v rokah vse, svoje in mo-
je, in jaz sem zadovoljen, karkoli ukre-
neš!"

Drugi brat ostane pri svojem in tako
privoli končno tudi prvi ter mu reče:
"Ker je tako, ti dam na voljo, da raz-
deliš, kakor veš in znaš."

Potem razdeli oni vse po vrsti in vsak
prevzame svoje.

Lenuh najame za krave kravarja, za
konje konjarja, za ovce ovčarja, za ko-
ze kozarja, za svinje svinjarja, za če-
bele čebelarja in jim reče: "Prepuščam
vam vse imetje."

Živel je potem še dalje doma kakor
prej.

Prvi brat se muči s svojim imetjem
kakor prej, čuva in nadzira vse, a ne za-
pazi nobenega napredka, temveč samo
nazadovanje. Bilo je slabše od dneva
do dneva, dokler ne obuboža tako, da ni
imel niti opank več, temveč je hodil bos.
Tedaj pravi sam pri sebi: "Grem k svo-
jemu bratu, da vidim, kako se godi
njemu."

Spotoma pride na travnik do neke
ovčje staje. Ko dospe bliže, ne vidi pri
ovcah pastirja, temveč sedela je tam
prelepa deklica in predla zlato nit. Le-
po jo pozdravi in vpraša, čigave so
ovce, a ona mu odgovori: "Čigava sem
jaz, onega so tudi ovce."

On jo zopet vpraša: "A čigava si ti?"

Ona mu odvrne: "Jaz sem sreča tvojega brata."

Tedaj se on razjezi in ji reče: "Kje je pa moja sreča?"

Deklica mu odvrne: "Tvoja sreča je daleč od tebe."

"Ali bi jo mogel najti?" jo vpraša zopet on.

Ona mu odgovori: "Lahko, poišči jo!"

Ko to sliši in vidi, da so bratove ovce lepe in da ne morejo biti lepše, niti ne mara iti dalje, da bi si ogledal še drugo živino, temveč odide odtod naravnost k bratu.

Ko ga brat zagleda, se mu zasmili in zaplaka: "Kje si bil tako dolgo?" In ko ga vidi golega in bosega, mu da takoj nove opanke in denarja.

Ko se nekaj dni gostita, se odpravi prvi brat zopet domov. Doma obesi torbo čez rame, dene vanjo kruha, vzame v roke palico in odide v svet iskat svojo srečo.

Tako potujoč pride v velik gozd, in ko gre skozenj, naleti pod nekim grmom na staro ženščino, ki je spala. Zamahne s palico in jo ogrene po zadnji plati, a ona se komaj dvigne in leno odpre oči ter mu reče: "Vesel bodi, da sem zaspala! Ko bi bila bdela, bi ne bil dobil niti teh opank."

Tedaj ji reče on: "A kdo si ti, da bi ne bil dobil niti teh opank, če bi bila bdela?"

Ona mu odgovori: "Jaz sem tvoja sreča."

Ko to sliši, se začne tolči po prsih: "Kaj ti si moja sreča? Vrag te vzemi! Kdo te mi je dal?"

Ona se takoj postavi: "Mene je dala tebi Usoda!"

Tedaj jo vpraša on: "A kje je ta Usoda?"

Ona mu odgovori: "Idi in jo poišči!" In v tem trenutku izgine.

Potem mož odide iskat Usodo.

Tako potujoč, pride do nekega sela, kjer opazi lepo kmetsko hišo in v njej velik ogenj. Misli si sam pri sebi: "Tu bo najbrže kaka veselica ali domač praznik" in vstopi. Ko pride v hišo, vi-

di nad ognjiščem velik kotel, kjer se je kuhala večerja, poleg ognja je pa sedel gospodar.

Mož pozdravi: "Dober večer!"

Gospodar mu odzdravi in ga povabi, da sede poleg njegga. Začne ga izpraševati, odkod prihaja in kam je namenjen.

Mož mu pove vse, kako je bil gospodar, kako je obubožal in kako sedaj išče Usodo, da jo vpraša, zakaj je postal tak siromak. Potem vpraša gospodarja, zakaj kuhajo pri njem toliko jedi, a ta mu odgovori: "Ej brate, jaz sem gospodar in imam vsega dovolj, a svoje družine ne morem nikdar nasititi, kakor bi metal zmaju v žrelo. Boš videl, ko začnemo večerjati, kaj bodo počeli."

Ko sedejo k večerji, so trgali drug drugemu iz rok. V trenutku je bil kotel prazen. Po večerji pride gospodinja in pobere vse kosti na kup ter jih vrže v kot. On se začudi, da meče gospodinja kosti v kot, a tedaj prideta nenadoma dve stari bitji, suhi kot trski, in začneta sesati kosti. Potem vpraša gospodarja: "Kaj je ono za pečjo, brate?"

Gospodar mu odgovori: "To sta, brate, moj oče in moja mati. Kakor da sta prikovana na ta svet, nočeta ga zapustiti."

Drugo jutro pred odhodom mu reče gospodar: "Brate, spomni se tudi mene, če najdeš kje Usodo, in vprašaj jo, kakšna nesreča je to, da ne morem nikdar nasititi družine, in zakaj mi nočeta umreti oče in mati."

On mu obljubi, da jo bo vprašal, pa se poslovi in odide dalje iskat Usodo.

Tako potujoč, pride čez dalje časa nekega večera v drugo vas in poprosi v neki hiši prenočišča. Gospodar ga lepo sprejme ter vpraša, kam potuje. In on mu pove vse po vrsti, kako in kaj je.

Tedaj mu začne pripovedovati gospodar: "Moj dragi brate! Ker greš že tja, vprašaj tudi, zakaj nam ne uspeva naša goveda, ampak zdržema propadajo."

On mu obljubi, da bo vprašal Usodo, in odpotuje drugo jutro dalje.

Tako potujoč, pride do neke vode in začne klicati: "O voda, o voda, prenesi me!"

Voda ga vpraša: "Kam greš?"

On ji pove, kam gre, in voda ga prenese, potem mu pa reče: "Prosim te, brate, vprašaj Usodo, zakaj v meni ni rib."

On obljubi vodi, da bo vprašal, in odide dalje.

Čez dolgo časa prispe v neko šumo, kjer najde puščavnika, in ga vpraša, ali bi mu lahko povedal kaj glede Usode.

Puščavnik mu odgovori: "Pojdi tu preko planine pa prideš baš pred njen dvor. A ko stopiš pred Usodo, ne zini ničesar, ampak stori vse, kar stori ona, dokler te ne vpraša sama."

Mož se zahvali puščavniku in odide preko planine.

Ko pride do Usodinih dvorov, uzre čudne stvari: dvor je videti kot carski grad, povsod se vrti vse polno slug in služkinj, vse je praznično. A Usoda sedi sama za pogrnjeno mizo in večerja. Ko mož to opazi, sede tudi on k mizi in začne jesti. Po večerji leže Usoda spat in tudi on leže v posteljo.

Okrog polnoči nastane strašno tuljenje in iz tuljenja je bilo slišati glas: "O Usoda, o Usoda! nocoj se je rodilo toliko in toliko otrok. Daj jim, kar hočeš!"

Tedaj vstane Usoda, odpre omaro z denarjem in začne razsipati po sobi same rumene cekine, rekoč: "Kakor meni danes, tako naj bo njim vedno!"

Ko zasi je zjutraj solnce, izginejo vsi dvori in namesto njih se pojavi srednje lepa hiša, a tudi v njej je bilo vsega dovolj. Na večer sede Usoda k večerji in tudi on sede poleg nje, a ne črhne nobene besede. Po večerji ležeta spat.

Okrog polnoči se začuje zopet strašno tuljenje in iz tuljenja glas: "O Usoda, o Usoda! nocoj se je rodilo toliko in toliko otrok. Daj jim, kar hočeš!"

Tedaj vstane Usoda, odpre omaro z denarjem, a ni cekinov, temveč srebrn

denar in le tu in tam tak cekin. Usoda začne razsipati denar po sobi, govoreč: "Kakor je meni danes, tako bo njim vedno!"

Ko se zasveti zjutraj dan, ni niti te hiše več, a namesto nje stoji manjša.

Tako je delala Usoda vsako noč in hiša se je manjšala vsako jutro, dokler ni ostala od nje le še kolibica.

In Usoda je vzela v roke motiko ter je začela kopati. Tedaj vzame tudi on motiko in začne kopati. In tako kopljeta ves dan. Na večer vzame Usoda kruha, odlomi od njega polovico in ga da še njemu. Tako večerjata, po večerji pa ležeta spat.

Okrog polnoči se začuje zopet strašno tuljenje in iz tuljenja se sliši glas: "O Usoda, o Usoda! nocoj se je rodilo toliko in toliko otrok. Daj jim, kar hočeš!"

Tedaj vstane Usoda, odpre omaro in začne razsipati sam drobiž, le tu in tam kako desetico, rekoč: "Kakor je meni danes, naj bo njim vedno!"

Ko napoči dan, se pretvori koliba zopet v velike dvore, kakršni so bili prvi dan. Tedaj ga Usoda vpraša: "Po kaj si prišel?"

On ji pove po vrsti svoje nezgode in ji reče, da jo je prišel vprašat, zakaj mu je dala slabo srečo.

Tedaj mu pravi Usoda: Videl si, kako sem razsipala prvo noč cekine in kaj je bilo potem. Kakor je meni tisto noč, ko se kdo rodi, tako bo njemu do konca njegovih dni. Tvoj brat ima hčer Milico, ki je srečna kakor njen oče. Ko prideš domov, vzemi k sebi Milico, in kar koli pridobiš, reci, da je vse njeno."

Tedaj se on zahvali Usodi in ji še reče: "V tej in tej vasi živi bogat kmet, ki ima vsega dovolj, le nesrečen je, ker ne more nikdar nasititi družine. Na mah izpraznijo poln kotel jedi, a še to jim je premalo. In njegova roditelja kakor da sta prikovana na ta svet."

Usoda mu odgovori: "To je vse zato, ker ne spoštuje očeta on matere. Meče jima za peč kosti, da morata jesti tam, a ko bi ju posadil na častni sedež in bi

jima dal vselej prvo čašo vina, bi ne pojedli niti polovico tega in obadva bi se poslovila."

Potem jo vpraša še glede vode: "Kaj ko sem prenočeval v neki hiši, mi je tožil gospodar, da mu ne uspeva goved, temveč da mu vedno bolj propada. Prosil me je, naj te vprašam, kaj bi bilo temu vzrok."

Usoda mu odgovori: "Zato jih ni, ker zakolje na svojega godu dan najslabšo žival, a ko bi zaklal najboljše, bi goveda lepo uspevala."

Potem jo vpraša še glede vode: "Kaj je vzrok, da v oni vodi ni rib?"

Usoda mu odgovori: "Zato jih ni, ker ni nikdar utopila nobenega človeka. A ne šali se in ji ne povej, dokler te ne prenese, kajti če ji poveš, te takoj utopi."

Potem se zahvali Usodi in odide domov.

Ko pride do one vode, ga voda vpraša: "Kaj si zvedel pri Usodi?"

On ji odgovori: "Prenesi me in potem ti povem."

Ko ga voda prenese, zbeži, in ko se nekoliko oddalji, se obrne in zakliče: "O voda, o voda! nikdar nisi utopila nobenega človeka, zato nimaš rib!"

Ko voda to sliši, se razlije preko obale in se udere za njim, a on zbeži in komaj uteče.

Pride v vas k možu, ki mu niso uspevala goveda in ki ga je že komaj pričakoval. Mož ga hitro vpraša: "Kako je, brate? Si li zvedel kaj pri Usodi?"

On mu odgovori: "Sem! Usoda pravi: Ko praznuješ svoj god, zakolješ vselej najslabše živinče. Če bi zaklal najboljše, ki ga imaš, bi ti goveda kar plesala."

Ko to sliši, mu reče: "Ostani, brate, pri nas! Glej, do mojega godu je komaj tri dni še, in če je resnica, kar si povedal, dobiš lepo darilo."

On ostane tam do gospodarjevega godu. Tedaj zakolje gospodar najboljše-ga junca in od tistega trenutka se začne živina boljšati. Nato mu pokloni

gospodar petero goved. On se mu zahvali in odide dalje.

Ko pride v drugo vas k onemu gospodarju, ki je imel nenasitno družino, ga je gospodar že komaj pričakoval in ga je hitro vprašal: "Kako je brate? Kaj pravi Usoda?"

On mu odgovori: "Usoda veli: Ne spoštuj očeta in matere, temveč jima daješ jesti v kotu. Če bi ju posadil za mizo in bi dal prvo čašo vina njima, bi ti ne pojedla družina niti polovico tega, oče in mati bi pa našla mir."

Ko gospodar to sliši, pove ženi. In ona takoj umije in očisti tasta in taščo, ju lepo preobleče, gospodar ju pa posadi za mizo in jima ponudi prvo čašo vina. Odslej ni pojedla družina niti polovico toliko več in drugi dan sta umrla tudi ded in babica. Tedaj mu podari gospodar dva junca in on se mu zahvali ter odide domov.

Ko pride v svojo rodno vas, ga srečujejo povsod znanci in vprašujejo: "Čigava so ta goveda?"

On odgovori vsakemu: "Prijatelj, ta goveda so Milice, moje nečakinje."

Ko stopi v domačo hišo, gre takoj k svojemu bratu in ga začne prositi: "Daj mi, brate, Milico, da jo vzamem za svojjo! Saj vidiš, da nimam nikogar."

Brat mu odgovori: "Dobro, brate, tu je in vzemi jo!"

On vzame Milico ter jo odvede domov in odslej se mu je vidno množilo bogastvo, a za vsako stvar je rekel, da je Miličina.

Nekoč odide na njivo, da bi požel žito, ki je bilo lepo, da mu ga ni bilo para. Mimo pride popotnik ter ga vpraša: "Čigavo je žito?"

Pa se zmoti in reče: "Moje."

Komaj to izgovori, se žito vname in začne goreti. Ko to opazi, steče za popotnikom in kriči: "Počakaj, brate, to žito ni moje, ampak Miličino, moje nečakinje."

Tedaj zopet ugasne ogenj in on ostane srečen z Milico.



POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI"

Za aprilsko številko ste napisali lepo številce dopisov. Zastopani so kar trije Vogrini—Olga in Felix, oba naša stalna dopisovalca, in njuna sestrična Violet. Dalje Mary Potisek, Mary Renko, Mildred in Helen Jordan in Joseph Rott. V prejšnji številki so sodelovali tudi Angela Grobin, Louis E. Perkovich in Dorothy Kovacich. Želim, da se bi tej skupini pridružilo še več deklic in dečkov. Poskusite in šlo bo! Saj tudi mora. Kar pišite!

Menda še niste pozabili, da sem vam zadnjič omenil 11. konvencijo SNPJ. Vršila se bo v Clevelandu. Slovenski dom na St. Clair ave. ji je določen za zborovanje. Pričela se bo 17. maja. Velika dvorana SND bo pozorišče zanimivih dogodkov. V njej bodo konvenčne seje podnevi, zvečer pa razne prireditve. Škoda, da ne moremo biti vsi navzoči. Navzočih pa bo mnogo naših clevelandskih bratcev in sestic. To srečo jim malce zavidamo.

UREDNIK.

Pomlad—vstajenje narave

Cenjeni urednik! Pomlad je že tu! Ozračje ima pomladanski vonj! Vse že brsti! Vse se veseli!

Prve dni marca smo še imeli zimo. Snežilo je več dni skupaj. Toda tisti sneg je hitro skopnel. Zemljo je pokrnil s svojo belo odejo, pa se je moral umakniti solnčnim žarkom in gorkemu vetru. Pobelil je okolico kakor bi jo pokrnil z belo ruto, tako nežno in rahlo. Zemlja ni bila zmrznjena in tudi bele mačice na vrbah so se že pokazale. Vsa znamenja so kazala, da je pomlad tu, četudi se je morala za par dni umakniti pojemajoči zimi. Tega naravnega pojava ni mogoče ustaviti. Trava je ozelenela, čim se je snežec umaknil. Pomladne sile se ne da ustaviti. Tako je tudi v življenju, ali ne? Pa tudi pri delu: stavke so na dnevnem redu in nobena prepo-

ved jih ne ustavi, kajti čas in razmere jih zahtevajo, delavci pa zmagujejo!

Sedaj, na pomlad, se tudi v naši šoli pridno pripravljamo. Uprizorili bomo namreč našo 12. pomladansko igro, ki se imenuje "Očarljiva šola." Jaz nisem v igri, pač pa pri pevskem zboru, ki bo tudi nastopil med odmori. O tem bom morda prihodnjič kaj poročala, namreč o našem šolskem programu.

Tu je primerna pomladanska:

Obšla sem vso okolico,
da našla bi vijolico —
Ha, tu je ena, oj veselje!
Izpolnjene so moje želje.
Dovoli, oj cvetica, mi,
ti prva med sestricami,
izgrebla te bom z gručo celo,
skrbno, da te ne bo bolelo.
Itd. Itd. Itd.

Lep pozdrav Vam in čitateljem!

OLGA VOGRIN,
2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

Naši novi sosedje — živ-žav

Dragi urednik! Tukaj v Scrantonu je precej žalostno, kar se tiče razmer. Nič boljše ni kakor je bilo v depresiji. In naše mesto hitro občuti, kadar se premogovniki ne "vrtijo". Že par mesecev moramo pridno poslušati, če bo piščalka spet naznanila, naj gredo delavci na delo. Kajti ta rovska sirena ali piščalka vselej zapiska zvečer ob sedmih, ako je naslednji dan delo. Takrat namreč zapiska glasneje, svoj pisk potegne. Kadar pa se ne dela, naznani z daljšim in kratkim piskom. To pomeni za rudarje, da se spet lahko oddahnejo za par dni. In taka naznanila so sedaj zelo pogosta, naši očetje pa so doma.

Večkrat si mislim, kadar ne delajo v majni, ako ne bi bilo šole, da bi jo z očetom popihala ribe lovit. Tako pa grem v šolo, oče pa pridno kuri doma in se greje pri topli peči ter premišljuje, kaj bo jutri.

Povedati Vam moram, da smo dobili nove sosede. In to v moji majhni hišici, o kateri sem vam že povedal, da sem jo naredil lansko poletje. Vedno sem bil v skrbeh, odkar sem to hišico postavil na vrt, če bo dobila kaj stanovalcev. Nobenega ptička, katerim je bila seveda namenjena, nisem videl, da se ji bi približal ali da si jo bi ogledal. Čudno se mi je zdelo in nič me ni veselilo, da so se ptičji sosedje tako izogibali moje hišice. Končno sem pronašel vzrok.

Na hišici sem namreč imel mali vetrnjak s pušico na vrhu. Seveda je veter pridno sukaj vetrnjak, ki je delal malo šuma, kar je ptičke odganjalo. Vendarle so se privadili, ker so videli, da ni nevarnosti. Tako sem letos opazil v moje veliko veselje, da sta si v hišici uredila svojo domačijo dva ptička. Eden je čepel na porču (to je menda gospodar), drugi (menda gospodinja) pa je skozi okence gledal. To sem opazil pred par tedni. Hitro sem poklical sestro in mater ter jima pokazal moja dva nova soseda. Seveda je ta par le navadnega vrabčjega plemena, jaz sem pa le ponosen nanj!

Naj Vam ju malo opišem. On (tisti na porču) je večji kot ona (tisti, ki gleda skozi okence). Pa kako bahaško se postavljata! On koraka po porču in živ-živka, ona pa mu zgovorno odgovarja s svojim živžavom. On pravi: "Živ-žav." Ona pa: "Živ-žav-živ-žav-živžav" in še več. Očividno se veselita svojega novega domovanja. In kaj se ne bi? Saj je udobno in jima nudi zavetje. Za vsak njegov "živ-žav" mu ona natrosi vsaj štirikrat toliko "živ-žavov." Zelo zgovorna je. On prinaša v kljunčku bilke, ki jih spusti v hišico kar skozi okno, ona pa pridno pospravlja in plete gnezdo. In če se ponesreči, da se bilka odlomi in pade na porč, tedaj ona hitro prihiti ven skozi drugo okno in pobere padlo bilko.

Ta moja opazovanja vrabčje družine so zanimiva. Vsako jutro, predno grem v šolo, rad opazujem moja nova soseda.

FELIX VOGRIN,

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

"Škrjančki" na konvenciji SNPJ

Dragi urednik! — Kakor sem slišala na seji mladinskega pevskega zbora "Škrjančki", bomo letos imeli v Clevelandu konvencijo Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Ta konvencija, ki bo že enajsta, se bo vršila v Slovenskem narodnem domu na St. Clair ave. Pričela se bo na pondeljek, dne 17. maja.

Jaz že komaj čakam dneva, ko se bo pričela ta konvencija, posebno zato, ker smo bili povabljeni tudi mi "Škrjančki," da gremo našim delegatom zapet. Seveda smo se temu vabilu soglasno odzvali. Zakaj bi se pa ne? Saj gre vendar za našo delavsko podporno organizacijo, ki se je že mnogokrat izkazala kot zaščitnica delavcev.

Torej: Na veselo svidenje v Clevelandu v maju!

Zelo me veseli, da je moja draga sestričina **Olga Vogrin** tako pridna in navedna. Ona namreč redno dopisuje v

Mladinski List in živi v Scrantonu, Pa. Tudi njen bratec Felix pridno dopisuje. Zelo rada čitam dopise obeh dopisovalcev. Le tako naprej, Olga in Felix! Ako bi bila tukaj v Clevelandu, bi imela še več prilike, da se bi učila slovenščine. Tukaj imamo slovenske šošle in pevske zборе.

Naš mladinski pevski zbor "Škrjančki" bo priredil svoj pomladanski koncert dne 4. aprila. O, da bi nas mogla slišati moja sestrična Olga iz Scrantona, kako znamo žvrgoleti! Oj, to je veselja! No, pa se odloči in nas pridi poslušat. In če prideš, me obvesti. Ostani mi zdrava! Pozdrav staršem in vama dvema!

Upam, dragi urednik, da mi boste oprostili, ker se kar tako pogovarjam v tem pismu z mojo sestrično in bratrancem. To pa zato, ker sta tako pridna z dopisi v našem Mladinskem Listu. Pozdravljam Vas in čitatelje!

VIOLET VOGRIN,
19515 Kildeer ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

Milkin rojstni dan

Dragi urednik! Rada bi videla, da bi priobčili tole pisemce v Mladinskem Listu, ako je mogoče. In če ga boste priobčili, me boste zelo razveselili. Hvala!

Predvsem želim sporočiti čitateljem, mladim in starim, da bom praznovala moj rojstni dan (birthday) dne 24. aprila. Tega se zelo veselim. Takrat bom stara 13 let. Upam, da bo lep dan, vsega dosti, ljudi in jedače.

Starši so mi namreč obljubili, da bom letos lahko lepše praznovala moj rojstni dan kot kdaj prej, namreč z zabavo. Komaj pričakujem, da vidim kaj mi bo oče pripravil. On vedno dela in skrbi za vse nas in je malo doma.

Jaz hodim v prvi razred srednje šole (high school). Učim se šivanja in več drugih koristnih predmetov. Prihodnjič bom napisala še kaj. Vesele pomladne pozdrave vsem skupaj!

MILDRED JORDAN,
1304 Jackson ave., Windber, Pa.

Še en rojstni dan

Dragi urednik! Najprej Vam želim povedati, da z veseljem prebiram dopise v Mladinskem Listu. Žal mi je, da nisem še nič napisala za ta naš mladinski mesečnik, ki je tako zanimiv. Seveda pišem ta dopis s pomočjo moje mame, drugače bi ga ne mogla skupaj spraviti. In tako je menda z večino nas, ki hodimo v ameriške šole. Razume se, da v angleškem veliko lagje pišem.

Stara sem 10 let in moj rojstni dan bo dne 1. maja. Moja sestra Milka bo pa stara 13 let dne 24. aprila. Zato pa bova menda kar skupaj praznovali najina rojstna dneva.

Jaz hodim v 4. razred ljudske šole in imam 4 učiteljice. Vsako uro gremo v drugo šolsko sobo. Zima je bila lepa in mila, skoro nič snega nismo imeli, tako da se nismo mogli smučati. Tudi z drsanjem ni bilo mnogo veselja.

HELEN JORDAN,
1304 Jackson ave., Windber, Pa.

* *

Lojzek se je okorajžil

Dragi urednik! Zelo sem bil vesel, ker ste zadnjič priobčili moj prvi dopis v Mladinskem Listu. Hvala!

Z delom gre tukaj dokaj povoljno. Nekateri delajo pri WPA, mnogo fantov pa je odšlo v šotorišča CCC, kjer delajo, imajo stanovanje in hrano, poleg tega pa pomagajo staršem z denarjem, ki ga dobijo. Moj ata dela v rudniku pet dni na teden, da nam zasluži za vsakdanji kruh. Vsi pravijo, da je predsednik Roosevelt veliko pomagal k izboljšanju razmer.

Naj zadostuje, prihodnjič pa kaj več. Tu je neka pomladna pesmica:

Na okno trka ptič droban:
Odpri, odpri, odpri, odpri!
Pomlad je zunaj tvojih vrat:
Odpri tedaj — pomlad je spet!

Pozdrav vsem!

LOUIS E. PERKOVICH,
304 E. Oak st., Chisholm, Minn.

Pomlad spet prihaja

Cenjeni urednik! Moj zadnji dopis ste lepo uredili. Iskrena hvala! Februarski Mladinski List sem prebirala z velikim veseljem. Z Vašimi lepimi in potrebnimi popravki v mojem dopisu mi dajete več korajže in več veselja do pisanja v slovenskem jeziku.

Letošnja zima, ki je že minila, je bila res mila. Ni bilo dosti snega ne hudega mraza. Sedaj pa se nam bliža lepa zelena pomlad. Kako se je veselimo vsi — mladi in stari. Saj pa bo zunaj na prostem obilo veselja za vse. Drevje bo ozelenelo, cvetice bodo cvetele in ptice pletle gnezda. Solnce bo ogrelo naravo in mi se bomo veselili življenja in pomladnega vstajenja.

Velikonočni prazniki so za nami. Zelo smo se jih veselili, ker smo pričakovali pirhov in takih reči. Navada je, da otroci dobijo jajca iz cukra in igrače.

Tukaj sta dve kitici pomladne:

Pomlad spet zelena prihaja,
 polagoma zima beži,
 veselje se v srcu poraja,
 se upanje novo budi.

Mladina pojoč poskakuje
 in starček drži se veselo,
 vsakdo se pomladi raduje,
 kdo šteje človeku to v zlo?

Mnogo pozdravov Vam in vsem čitateljem Mladinskega Lista!

MARY RENKO,
 114 E. Oak st., Olean, N. Y.

* *

Velikonočni pirhi

Dragi urednik! Napisala bom le kratek dopis. Ker bomo M. L. prejeli okrog velike noči, morda par dni prej ali par dni pozneje, želim vsem čitateljem in dopisovalcem vesele velikonočne praznike in obilo pisanih pirhov, posebno pa veliko veselja skozi vso pomlad vsem skupaj!

Povedala bom kratko povestico o pirhah. Nekoč je prišla tuja ženska in se nastanila v samotnem kraju blizu neke gorske vasice. Odrasli ljudje se niso dosti zmenili zanjo, otroci pa so bili zelo radovedni. Ogledovali so čudne živali, ki jih je imela. Takrat v tistih krajih namreč še niso bile udomačene kokoši. Žena je videla, da so otroci radovedni, pa jih je povabila, naj pridejo na velikonočno nedeljo k njej na pirhe. Pobarvala je lepo pisano kokošja jajca in z njimi obdarovala otroke. Tako nekako gre ta zgodba o o pirhah.

Prav lepo pozdravljam vse naše čitatelje in dopisovalce, posebno pa Vas, ker imate obilo dela z našimi dopisi!

MARY POTISEK,
 Box 217, Hutchinson Mine, Rillton, Pa.

* *

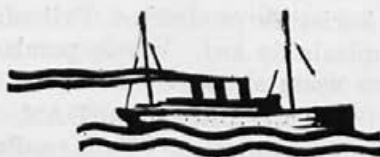
Pomladni pozdravi

Dragi urednik! To sem se začudil, ko sem zadnjič videl v Mladinskem Listu kar dva moja dopisa! Iskrena hvala Vam, ker ste jih tako lepo uredili.

Sedaj pa Vam bom povedal, kako smo se z botrom peljali na stričevo farmo v Huntsville. Tam so imeli veliko kokoši in samo enega petelina. Ko je šel stric za delom po farmi, me je vprašal, kako se mi bi dopadlo, če bi pazil na peteline. No, pa sem ponudbo sprejel. Teta je dejala, naj prinesem vode. Ubogal sem in šel, petelin pa za menoj. Oziral sem se in petelin mi je kar sledil. Hotel sem stopiti na travo, petelin pa kar vame. Takrat sem pa skočil čez plot in pričel bežati, kajti zdelo se mi je, da ni več šala. Tako sem petelinu ušel.

Lepe pomladne pozdrave pošiljam Vam in vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

JOSEPH ROTT, Cleveland, O.





JUVENILE



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Number 4.

In The Spring

THE foolish young robin
Flew madly about:
"Everything's wrong!
There's a way out!

"The whole world's around me;
I want a good nest!
I'll shout, screech, and flutter
"Til they give me the best!"

But the wise, thoughtful robin
Without frightening clatter
So quietly and busily
Took hold of the matter.

He saw there was plenty
And set in to use
The building stuff 'round him,
Without shouting abuse.

And so in the summer
The loud, sputtering bird
Was lost; while the other
Sang songs that all heard.

* * *

Modernized Jingle

See-Saw, Margery Daw,
Jack will be a new master;
Machines he'll have to work for him
And they'll work better and faster.

—M. J.

I Just Stay at Home

DOWN at the docks I love to stray
 And watch the ships that sail away
 For Liverpool and Singapore,
 For Rio, Shanghai, Nome,
 And every other foreign shore,
 And yet—I just stay home.

Sometimes I think that I will sail
 Out on that heaving ocean trail,
 But deep inside of me I know
 I'll never get to roam.
 I watch the steamers come and go,
 But me—I just stay home.

The liners and the tramps depart
 And I go with 'em, in my heart,
 Across the seas to ports that gleam
 Under the blue sky's dome.
 To travel to them in my dream,
 And yet—I just stay home.

For I'm the timid sort of guy
 To watch the ships and sit and sigh
 And dream about the course they take
 Across the ocean foam—
 And never, never make the break
 But just stay home!

Berton Bradley.

Fraternity

IF I could write one little word
 Within the hearts of men
 I'd dip into the Fount of Love
 And write with Golden Pen
 One Little word and only one
 And feel life's work on earth well done
 For every tongue would speak to me
 That one sweet word

The chorus everywhere'd sing a song
 The sweetest ever heard
 If they could read in hearts of men
 That simple little word.
 For kindly acts and kindly deeds
 Are more than thrones or creeds
 By these the happy host would see
 The children of

Fraternity.

Fraternity.

A man will need no other bark
 To guide him o'er life's sea
 If he embark upon the ark
 Of true Fraternity.
 For love will clasp his hand
 And lead him to the promised land;
 Love to our fellow man shall be
 Our password to

Fraternity.

A New Kind of Hero

By *Carl L. Leathwood*

(Continued)

Anyway, Dr. Reed had obeyed his orders. He had found what causes yellow fever. The Army, upon orders of Dr. Leonard Wood began to clean up Cuba and destroy the breeding places of the mosquitoes, but that is another story. It has not been certainly determined what germ causes yellow fever, although a very small one has been found and many believe is the guilty one. What matters, however, it's the mosquito that carries them, and the knowledge has enabled doctors practically to clean the world of a disease which once killed thousands every year. Isn't that romance?

Our next hero is one of De Kruif's hunger fighters. Why should we bother to fight hunger? Mainly because the population of the world has gone up rapidly within recent years. The soil of America has become impoverished. Unless the farmer can make a big yield from his land, he can not "make expenses." Remember that it takes about as much labor to raise 60 bushels of wheat to the acre as it takes to raise 10 bushels to the acre. And always, the prosperity of the world depends on cheap food. That is why it is important that the yield of corn and wheat and rye and potatoes is large—that we get big crops with small labor.

Mark Carleton was a Kansas boy, you might say, although he was born in Ohio, and never saw Kansas until he was ten. On the rich black prairies of the Sunflower state, Carleton learned to love wheat.

Says De Kruif: "The year he was eleven, the black stem rust sucked the sap out of the stalks and shriveled the kernels in the spikes of the wheat of the settlers. The rust demon jumped

from farm to farm, rode the whistling west wind from one country to another. Carleton said, long afterwards, 'Many fields of wheat were destroyed, never harvested.' He was still in knee pants then, but he remembered: 'Sulphur-like clouds of spores filled the air and irritated the nostrils of the workmen.' . . .

"It would be romantic claptrap to say that this experience made the eleven year old Carleton resolve to free the wheat men from the terror of that black marauding parasite. But the point is that at the swimming, the baseball age, his eyes were open, his nose sniffing, his brain stamped with the look and the smell and the terror of those food-devouring rust spores."

So interested in wheat did he become that it was natural its study should be his life work. At the Kansas Sate Agricultural College, he studied botany. For a while he taught in a small Kansas college, and then drifted back to the State Experiment Station at Manhattan, Kansas. Wheat had become his passion and he found it necessary to be where he could carry on his experiments.

It had downed upon Carleton, (and the more he thought about it, the stronger became his conviction), that the wheat farmers of the west were growing wheat unsuited to the climate and soil. Why, the first seed wheat had been imported to America from Scotland, Germany, and England, and those countries are as different from Kansas and the Dakotas as day is from night. Not as bad as planting orange trees in Canada, perhaps, because after all, they did raise crops of a sort. Wheat is not native to the North American continent, yet there must be places where wheat has grown for thousands of years

which are like Kansas and the Dakotas in climate, soil and rainfall, Carleton resoned.

Out came his world maps of rainfall and climate, his charts showing sea level elevation, his books dealing with soils and descriptions of climatic conditions in Europe and Asia, where wheat originated. He peered over these books by night while he carried on his wheat experiments by day. Finally, he put his finger on the map of the Eurasian continent at a spot representig Central Russia. Here, he said, is where we shall find the seed wheat which Kansas farmers should be planting. The rainfall is the same and it comes in the months when it does the growing wheat good. There is an intensely hot summer and a very cold winter. The land is level and grassy, so there must be strong winds like those in Kansas. The soil is described as rich and black. And maybe—maybe, the plant has become immune to the rust; is strong enough that the plant laughs at the little rust spores (germs) which try to live from it.

Now to go to Russia. But Carleton was a poor man, with a wife to support, and rent and grocery bills and clothing bills to pay. There was only one thing to do and that was convince the U. S. Department of Agriculture officials that it was NECESSARY for him to go to Russia. So the wheat-loving Carleton became at Washington, D. C., the pestiferous Carleton. They considered him a crank, a foolish dreamer. But persistence paid, and the officials at last agreed to pay his expenses to Russia in search of the sort of wheat Kansas and Dakota farmers ought to be growing. Some say that he never convinced the officials; that they merely sent the crank, Carleton, to Russia to get rid of him. Of course, it took some time. They objected that Carleton couldn't speak Russian. Very well, Mr. Carleton studied the Russian language. That objection crumbled too.

Arrived in Russia, Carleton spent a

little time with the Russian scientists and authorities on agriculture, but mostly, he was out looking—for two things:

1.—A tough wheat you sow in the fall that will stand the blast of winter.

2.—A hard wheat to sow in the spring to stand the dryness and attacks of the black rust.

Carleton's hunch was right. He wrote afterwards, "A traveler on the plains of Kansas, if suddenly transported while asleep to South Russia and deposited in the Crimea, would discover very little difference in his surroundings except as to the people and the character of the farm improvements and live stock."

He found it. The Russian called it Kubanka. It is a very hard wheat, with a great root system. It stands drought and hot winds like a desert plant. It ripens quickly. And it was immune to the rust and other diseases of wheat. His Russian trip was successful.

The wheat thrived wonderfully on American soil. One of the farmers who planted the seed reported in a bad year when the other wheats were burned so badly the yield was only two to six bushels, that the strange Russian wheat yielded thirty bushels. But another difficulty for Carleton. The next year, thousands of farmers, hearing of the wonderful yields of the new wheat, planed it. But it was a very hard wheat, rich in gluten. The millers were not used to grinding that sort. They declared it would ruin their machinery. They refused to buy the crop. Many thousands of bushels were thrown to the hogs. That was the new job for Carleton. Here he had combed the world for the right wheat for American soil and climate, and the flour-makers wouldn't have it. They must be educated. So Carleton next spends much time at Minneapolis, the American milling center. He argues, he pleads, he urges a demonstration. There was one thing the millers admitted—that the new wheat's flour would make excel-

lent macaroni. Carleton became then in addition to a wheat crank, a macaroni crank. He collected macaroni recipes. He demonstrated that the macaroni served in most American cafes was abominable and inferior stuff. He gulped down whole mountain of macaroni with cheese, macaroni in stews, and smacked his lips over all of it. Gradually his teachings bore fruit. The millers lost their prejudice against the hard wheat. They ground it into excellent flour. And America began to produce macaroni which compared with the macaroni of France and Italy. People learned that the new wheat made good bread. Millers learned to mix the hard wheat with the softer varieties so that they got varying grades of flour. Carleton had won another battle!

Another Russian variety, the Khar-kov, was suited to the dry plain of western Kansas, western Oklahoma, and the "Staked Plains" of Texas. There was prejudice against it, too, at first, but never the battle that was necessary to establish the hard spring wheat which thrived in the Dakotas, and which made such fine macaroni.

You would think that with all that Mark Carleton did for America, the government would have rewarded him with a million dollars. After all, he increased the wheat yield of America millions of dollars in value. No one knows how many Chicago and Kansas City and Minneapolis millionaires got their money because of the milling and trading in Carleton's imported Russian

wheats. The automobile manufacturers, the clothing manufacturers, the lumber people are all indebted to Carleton, for without him, how could the farmers of Kansas and Nebraska and Oklahoma and the Dakotas have bought all those thousands of cars, nice clothes, radios, better houses, and vacations in California, unless Carleton had discovered a wheat they really grew in those states? But the United States government gave Carleton nothing of the sort. Of course, he had a lifetime job at small pay with the Department of Agriculture. But he had a large family; he was always in debt. There were big doctor bills. One of his daughters died. It became a joke in the Agricultural Department of Carleton's borrowing money from one of his associates to repay to another. He never quite caught up. But likewise he never gave up his search for new and better varieties of farm products. He died in tropical Peru on April 26, 1925, aged fifty-nine, of acute malaria. "And of a broken heart," one of his scientist colleagues added.

Was Carleton not a hero? It may be only the fool idea of this writer and of such men as Mr. De Kruif, but they believe he was a hero of much more importance than mere soldiers and politicians and sailors; they even think one Mark Carleton was worth more than a dozen John D. Rockefellers, Herbert Hoovers, Calvin Coolidges, and General Pershings combined. What do you think?

(To be continued.)



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

QUENTIN MASSYS

MAN WITH A PINK

A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

Before I can go on telling you more of the fascinating things about the evolution of the earth and life itself, I must set in to answer some of the many questions you have sent me. They are all so different and seem to have no connection with one another, but you may be more satisfied if I take them as they come.

1. "How can you say there is no life after the one on this earth?" you ask me. Well, Edward, whole chapters could be written to prove to you that such an idea is without any basis whatsoever, but I will begin with some statements that should point the way for you.

I know you have a dog, "Ginger", which you say is your best pal. You have a very friendly cow, too, and a pony that your Dad got you for your birthday. None of these animals does the least bit of harm; they are all gentle; they all give you pleasure. I'll bet Ginger has a friendship for you that you aren't even aware of. He would stick with you to the last. Just the other day I noticed a picture of a dog keeping watch over the body of another dog that had been killed by an auto. It would let no one come near. You have seen the same examples of a dog standing beside the dead body of its master. Other acts of animals show you that the intelligence of an animal does not differ from that of a man in kind but only in degree. Now if there is a life after death, why should it be denied to animals just because they may not have as much intelligence as a human being? And yet, we see very many human beings who do not show much intelligence at all and certainly not nearly as much kindness as these animal

pets of yours. Why, then, should a god say that there will be a life after death only for human beings—and regardless of whether they are dumb or not? Aren't all the creatures "His" according to the people who teach this?

So, you see, if there were any life after this, it would have to hold true for every living thing. This means that all animals, plants, and everything that we now hold as living would still live after death. But think again what that would mean: Imagine, if you can, how many things have died up to the present time. Imagine the years upon years in which living things have been dying. Does this mean, then, that each "spirit" of each of these things which once lived is somewhere about us? This would make such a lot of "spirits" that they would all be crowded for room, in fact, there wouldn't possibly be room for all of them! Would you believe any sensible person, then, who would try to tell you that on a certain day in the far-away future (when the number of things dead will be multiplied many times over) a trumpet will sound and all these tangled-up affairs will know exactly where they belong and where to go so that they can stack up their "sins" against their good deeds? The further you go the sillier it gets, but that's just what you must expect when you start with this "life-after-death" idea.

Now to come to another aspect of this same question. If it were true that people actually believe that they will live again in a next world, why do they cling so hard to the life here? Why do they, when they get sick, get the very best medical care they can and hope that they will get well and live a few years more? You read all about the sickness

of the Pope. You saw how men of medicine were trying to save his life and make him well. If he so thoroughly believed what he had taught all these years about "rewards in the hereafter" he would have been glad to die—the sooner the better. Or, on the other hand, if there were a god—and a just one—he would surely have given his hand towards the Pope's recovery and let him continue his work as a well man.

No, Edward, there is no "spirit" outside of the body. The body is **matter**, and when it dies, the matter takes a different form, but nothing that had been connected with the body can go on living by itself. That is what we mean when we say that we believe in **material** things.

All the progress that has been made in this world has been because of **material** things and not because of spirit. When printing was invented—that was a step in progress. When the telescope was used for the first time, it was one of the biggest "eye-openers" the world has ever known. The steam engine was progress; the airplane was progress; radio was progress. Everything that has made life on this earth better for man has come about because of some **material** thing being perfected. Nowhere yet has the "spirit" entered in. And there is no need of it! We should work toward greater and greater improvement, more and more knowledge about the make-up of life and how to prolong it, so that we could all live long and happily, and so that when death came we would welcome it because we no longer cared to live! One scientist in a recent article has said that there is no reason why people—in the far-future—after they had continued with their scientific research shouldn't live thousands and thousands of years!

2. Didn't God make everything?

Well, Edward, all I can say to that is that: if God did make everything, then he should take the responsibility for everything. Then there is no one who

should be more blamed than God himself.

Right here in the city where I live I can see more things that are bad, that are wrong, that are ugly, that are cruel, that are unjust than I can of the opposite. I can see families with four or five children living in dirty, two-room flats. I can see children diseased, poorly-dressed, and hungry—through no fault of their own. Would a kind God stand for things like this? Could a God say he was punishing them for their sins—when they aren't old enough to know anything but that it hurts when you cough and that it's an awful feeling to feel hungry and not see any food to eat?

You remember your cousin Henry, don't you? He died from tuberculosis and he was always one of the nicest children to be found anywhere. Why should God, if He made everything, be excused for letting a dreadful disease like tuberculosis kill innocent children?

You have read in your school books about all the horrible diseases that have tortured men from long ages past. Has God ever lifted his finger to do away with one of these? Wasn't it always some man of medicine or some chemist or scientist that found a cure for every disease that we have cures for so far? Some of these discoveries were made only in the last century after so many years of suffering and pain that they caused the people. Wouldn't the people all through these centuries have been much happier if they had never been afflicted by these frightful maladies?

And what about that other frightful killer of men—War. Could there ever be a merciful God in a heaven somewhere and permit such a horrifying thing as a war to be waged among the men on earth? And all the time he is supposed to have the power to "do everything."

I have been showing you in my letters how slowly man evolved to the way

he is now. It has taken millions and millions of years—by very slow process—for this creature to develop to his present state. In some sections of our earth, there are still savage and backward people, who we think are far beneath us in their development. If God was so all-powerful, why didn't he make man a perfect being right from the first and let him enjoy a good and plentiful life?

If God intended to punish people who did not believe in him, why did he make them like that in the first place? Couldn't he have made all people so that they would all believe in him? And why does he allow so many different kinds of gods on this earth among the various peoples? Does he intend to punish all those other people who believe in a different kind of god? Why? He should have made all the people of one race and nationality and give them all the ability to believe in Him. The way it is now—the other religions say that everyone who does not believe **their** way will be punished by **their** god. If all those other gods are a mistake,

why doesn't he do away with them in the minds of those other people?

Wouldn't it be more than unjust of God to let some people say they do not believe in Him—when he could make them different—and then say that they will be "punished forever?"

Another thing: Why does he scare the people with a Satan? If he made everything, he should be strong enough to do away with Satan, too. Did he make Satan, too? If he did, what was the idea of letting a Satan be so that he could torture people who are bad when God could have made all the people good in the first place?

All this could go on and on. The more questions you ask, the more you will see that your second question becomes ridiculous. I cannot see how anybody would be so unjust as to permit all these things I have mentioned and yet expect people to praise and worship him. And common sense will tell you that there is no such thing. You don't expect praise and adoration when you are not deserving of it; I am equally as sure that there is no god who would.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Games To Play

An Alphabet Game

There should be twenty-seven children to play this game. Some evening a child may give an alphabet party and invite twenty-six of his friends to come to his house and help him to learn how to spell. Each letter of the alphabet is printed on a large white card with a brush and India ink, and to each of the children one of these cards is given which he pins on his coat. Mother, father, grandfather or any other older person who can be pressed into service leads the game. The alphabet children sit or stand in a row, and the leader quickly gives some word for them to spell. As soon as the word is given the children whose letters spell the word step forward in the exact order in which the letters should appear in the word. The players will have to think quickly and if any letter fails to hop into place at the right moment, he should be asked to pay some sort of forfeit.

The forfeit for this game may be to say the alphabet backward, without making any mistakes.

The Sheep Game

The child who stands in the center of the ring, impersonates a farmer who has lost a sheep. He asks a child who stands in the circle:

"Have you seen my sheep?"

The child who is questioned answers, "yes," and immediately faces about, standing with his back to the others.

"How did it look?" the farmer asks.

The second child at once describes the dress of one of the other children.

"Your sheep had a red dress and a white apron—" or

"Your sheep had pink hair ribbons—" or

"Your sheep had a white suit."

The child described must run quickly about the outside of the circle followed by the farmer. If he is caught before he gets inside the circle, he must be the next farmer. This game is educative along the line of attention. Every child must listen to see who is described.

A Peanut Party

A Peanut Party is delightfully simple for mother to prepare and will amuse children hugely.

There are all sorts of peanut games to be played. One small table may hold a big bowl of the fascinating nuts, and a group of children armed with hat pins try to stab them. The child who has the most peanuts at the end of five minutes wins the game. Another small table is equipped for peanut jack straws. There is a pile of peanuts in the centre which the children must extract, one by one, without moving the others in the pile, by means of tooth picks. A third table has more peanuts, tooth-picks, pencils, paste, and scraps of white paper by means of which the children can make all sorts of strange peanut animals. A pair of paper wings will transform a peanut into a butterfly; four toothpick legs and a cut-out paper trunk make a peanut elephant; and countless other peanut beasts can be made by the ingenious child.

At the end of these peanut games, each guest is provided with a little bag, made of bright cloth for the occasion, and there is a merry hunt for peanuts which have been hidden in nooks and corners all over the house.

The supper has a peanut menu. There are peanut-butter sandwiches, cookies with chopped nuts inside, nut salad, salted peanuts, and delectable peanut taffy, in addition to ice cream which is served with nut sauce.



CHATTER CORNER

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

TALKING IT OVER

THIS is the April number of the Mladinski List—but let no one take the following chat for “April Fool.”

Let's have a brief heart to heart talk, and let us take a little self-administered spanking. Let us talk about our common trials and tribulations; let's consider your own letters as they are.

To be frank with you, my dear girls and boys, I must state that some of your little contributions are neatly written. But there are others (majority) that are—well, not exactly a pain in the neck but many times pretty close to that. The new crop of contributors which has made its appearance in recent months is causing us a little trouble. Their letters were poorly written, unreadable and in many cases minus names.

The number of this month's chats was unusually large (about 80). And

so it was necessary to “boil down” each and every one drastically, in order to find room for all of them in the space allotted for this purpose. Some of these were cut to one-half their original size, others two-thirds, and still others to one-fourth, or even less. It is a common mistake and a bad habit to write on BOTH sides of the paper, and on the smallest writing paper at that. That practice, once and for all, must stop. You can just as well write legibly on a good-size paper as you can illegibly on a small-size paper. And please do not scribble with pencil. Write in INK.

You might as well learn right from the beginning that ALL letters, particularly those intended for publication, must be written ONLY on ONE side of the paper. Please observe these rules. Thank you!

—THE EDITOR.

Dear Editor:—Clinton high school is fairly up-to-date, but it didn't have a school paper until now. Our high school has a band, orchestra, basketball and football team, Latin and oratorical contests with the other schools in our county, district and state, and we also have many different kinds of clubs. The school had these things for years and years, but now a school paper was introduced. A Press Club with Mrs. McWethy, Mr. Tuck, and Mr. Hays as sponsors, was formed. The Daily

Clintonian which is a daily paper in Clinton, has made arrangements to have one extra page placed in it for our school paper. The paper was named the “Wildcat Chronicle,” because Wildcat is the name of our football and basketball team. The first edition was published on March 2. Although I like the “Wildcat Chronicle,” I like the “Mladinski List” a hundred times better. I also wish that when the SNPJ holds its national convention that arrangements will be made to have the Mladinski List

become larger and that we will receive it oftener. I want to thank Dorothy Prelec for liking and appreciating my jokes.

Mary Potisek,
949 Bogart street, Clinton, Ind.

* *

Dear Editor:—Here I am, keeping my new year's resolution to write often to the M. L. I want to take this opportunity to thank all my pen pals who wrote to me. I've answered most of their letters, but it is impossible for me to answer the rest just now. I've never done so much writing since I started to write to the M. L., which brought me many pen pals and, of course, I promised to answer them, so I did.

Frank Nahtigal Jr.,
33 Heintzman st., Toronto, Ontario, Can.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to this fine magazine the M. L. I always read every letter in it and I enjoy them very much. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. I go to the Buch Bottom school and enjoy it very much this year. I have four teachers who are: Mr. Still for hygiene, Miss North for arithmetic, Miss Cawley for geography, and Miss Shaddick for English. I hope that more children who belong to the SNPJ Lodge 353 would write to this magazine. I hope that somebody would write to me and I will answer them gladly.

A proud member,

ANNA MARIE GRGOS,
Box 26, Windsor Hights, W. Va.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—I had been busy with the 4-H Club work. I had been in the 4-H Club one year when I won a trip to the Minnesota State Fair. I joined it last March. I had only two months of practice for my demonstration. Miss Fertig is our County Club leader. My friend, **Margaret Barle** and I, are going to try out for a team demonstration this year. We are both in our second year of 4-H Club work.

I am now fifteen years old and a sophomore in high school. I would like very much for any boy or girl to write to me as I promise prompt answers.

ELSIE ZAGER,
Box 312, Gilbert, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—I am glad it's school time because I rather go to school than stay at home. — Our next big holiday is Easter and with it comes my birthday. I will then be 12 years of age. — We are having nice weather now. It looks like it was Easter instead of Christmas. Probably for Easter we will have a cold spell. Maybe we won't. I wish there would be snow on the ground so

that I could go sled-riding. — One resolution everyone should make, is to resolve to write in the M. L. The ones who haven't joined the SNPJ, I advise to do so, because it is the best and the largest organization of its kind in the world.

A proud member of SNPJ,
FRANCES KRALLY,
Box 65, Moon Run, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher is Miss Wipple. My favorite subjects are: spelling, reading and arithmetic. I enjoy reading the stories and jokes in the Mladinski List.

MARY VIDMAR,
Box 55, Coketon, W. Va.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 13 years old and in the 8th grade. My teacher is Miss Maurer, and seven others beside her. — There are four in our family. I have one sister and we belong to the SNPJ. — My best subjects are: Art and English. — Our nationality is Croatian.—A riddle: Which is lighter, a man carrying one bag of corn or a man carrying two bags? Ans.: The one carrying two bags because they're empty.

FRANCES LUCAS,
Box 161, Cairnbrook, Pa.

* *

Dear Editors:—This is the first time I'm writing to the M. L. and I am very sorry that I didn't write sooner. I am thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade. My teacher is Mr. Rouck; he is also my music teacher. We have a school band and orchestra, and I play the violin in the orchestra, and the clarinet in the band. There are thirteen students in our eighth grade class.—The mines have been working five days a week for quite a while and I hope they continue. Somerset is a small town which is surrounded by mountains. The mountains are very beautiful the year around, especially in the fall; they are all sorts of colors. Then in the summer time they are green, and in the winter thick with snow. I would like some member write to me for I would gladly answer their letters. I am sending my best regards to my cousins in McIntyre, Pa., and in Cle Elum, Wash., and I hope to see their letters in this magazine also.

Pauline Penko, Box 164, Somerset, Colo.

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Dear Editor:—I am writing for the first time to the Mladinski List. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. I have four teachers. I have a sister and a brother and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 700. My brother

goes to the School of Mines in Butte. I live in a coal mining camp. The mines are working five days a week. I wish some boys or girls would write to me. I would gladly answer their letters.

Rudy Jancic,

Box 714, Roundup, Mont.

* *

Dear Editor:—Why don't you local members wake up and write?—My oldest brother, Tommy, now an adult member, is attending the School of Mines in Butte. He says that there are boys from all over the world there—Alaska, Asia, India, Persia, Spain, and the West Indies. The mines, here in Roundup, are working quite well, five days a week.—Exams are over and we are working on our second semester, many of us making the resolution to study harder than what we did during the first semester.—I'll be writing oftener now, I hope, than I have for the past years.

Mimi Jancic, Box 714, Roundup, Mont.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is the first time that I am writing to this wonderful magazine, which I enjoy so much each month. I will try to write each month. I am in the eighth grade and am 13 years old. I enjoy going to school very much, after school I work at the local meat market and grocery store. I hope to grow up a business man some day. I play ball in the summer on the Reds baseball team. I am the regular catcher. We had a successful season last summer. I was glad to read Mary Renko's letter last month. I hope she writes some more. I wish pen pals would write me, especially those who are interested in stores or baseball players. I am interested in the Boston Red Sox. I am a member of SNPJ Lodge 581.

Louis (Barney) Rollick,

430 Atlantic st., St. Marys, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—Hello, everybody! Don't you think it's about time for me to write to the M. L.? I got a letter from a pen pal, Anna Valencic. I was very glad and surprised to hear from her. I thought it was from my cousin, at first, because I have a cousin by that name. I would like to trade snapshots with Anna. I am going to answer her letter as soon as I can.—I will close hoping to write more next time. **Stella Marie Plesovich,**

Box 744, Dawson, New Mex.

* *

Dear Editor:—Hello, I am a newcomer and I am glad of it. What a fine magazine M. L. is! We fight for it, but I usually get it last. (Wait until I grow up!) We always have fine times at our lodge doings, especially at picnics and dances. There are 7 in our family that

belong to Lodge 581. St. Marys is a small city and it is in the heart of Allegheny mountains. The main industries are carbon, beer, clay, leather, electrical lamps and radio tubes. Also railroad repair shops. We have lots of fun in Boys' Club, parks, boy scouts and wonderful show house. My ambition is to be a radio engineer.

Edward Rollick,

St. Marys, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this wonderful magazine, the Mladinski List. I always enjoy reading its fine letters and stories. Keep it up, young writers! The number of our lodge is 464. My mother and dad are in it, too. One day, as my little brother was out sled riding, he ran under a car, but he didn't get hurt. On Feb. 1 I went to Ambridge with my dad to a big concert.

John Chavka,

508 Ohio ave., Midland, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first attempt at writing a letter to the Mladinski List. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. My best subjects are arithmetic, reading and spelling. I belong to Lodge 197, SNPJ.—I will try to write every month. **Edward Butorac,**

Box 553, Ironton, Minn.

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Dear Editor:—I enjoy reading the M. L. very much, but was too busy to write. I am a sophomore in Waller high school. I belong to two clubs in school, Girl Reserves, and Girls' Athletic Association. My brothers received a scholarship award in 8-B from Knickerbocker school. My sister and brothers and I are members at Christopher House (settlement house). We have dramatics, sewing, cooking, and dancing. My sister and I belong to a basnetball team. Sports is my favorite hobby. The Junior Red Star orchestra from Branch No. 20 gave a dance Feb. 13, 1937, and also a very nice program.

Anna Chavich,

2254 Magnolia ave., Chicago, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is the first time I'm writing to the Mladinski List. I live in Tacoma, Washington, and go to McCawer Junior high school. I am 14 years old and in the 8-A. I came to America on Oct. 10, 1930, from Trieste, Italy, with my mother, father, and sister. My hobbies are: Collecting pictures of movies stars, collecting stamps, and typing; my favorite sports: Playing tennis, baseball, and going swimming. I also enjoy all winter sports.

Vera Klasich,

809 So. 21st st., Tacoma, Wash.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

Little **Johnny Ambrozic** of Crafton Branch, Pa., R.F.D. 5, Box 188, 12 years old, writes that he goes to Robinson Township school, and so does his sister **Victoria**, who tells us that she is 10 and is in the 4th grade. They are members of SNPJ Lodge 88. — Away from far off Crested Butte, Colo., Box 534, sends her first letter to this magazine 14-year-old **Anna Shaffer**, who is an eighth-grader in school. She has four brothers, and her fifth brother, who was 8, died a year ago. — **Louise A. Opitz**, R. R. 1, Mulberry, Kans., enjoys her M. L. more than anything else, she announces to us in her letter. She has but one brother, a 19-month old baby, and he, too, is a member of the SNPJ, and so is she, of course, Lodge 206. — **Annie Franich** of Tacoma, Wash., 1950 So. G. st., who is 12 years of age, goes to 7th grade. She along with her sister joined the SNPJ about a year ago, and they both like the M. L. She would appreciate any letters that she received.

From Detroit, Mich., writes **Edna Podar**, 17157 Hull st., member of Lodge 121, SNPJ, that her parents always urge her to write to the M. L. because they know that she likes to read it. — **Rudy Kumer**, R. R. 1, Mulberry, Kans., of Lodge 65, announces the SNPJ Federation annual May 1st celebration at Breezy Hill, and Lodge 65 will cooperate because on the same day the Lodge will observe its 30th anniversary. They're going to have a big program and dance. On Jan. 24, his father brought a nice prize for him from the Federation which he won at its last picnic. — And then there is our little member **R. Ujcic**, of 5405 Celadine st., Pittsburgh, Pa., who forgot to tell his first name. Their Lodge is No. 118, SNPJ. — Eleven-year-old **Emma Zolar**, 21 Paradise ave., Fairport, O., writes her first letter. She is in the fifth grade in school.

From Oglesby, Ill., 208 E. 3d st., 13-year-old **Emma Stock**, member of Lodge 95, writes that she likes the M. L. and would like "some pen-pals." — **Elizabeth Rodman**, of Van Houten, N. Mex., writes instead of her brother **Tony**. — **Anne Marie Muzek**, 1956 Van Buren st., Gary, Ind., is a member of Lodge 271, and so is her family. — **Vanda Anzlovar**, Box 88, Slovan, Pa., enjoys the M. L. The family belongs to the SNPJ. — **Jennie Bradely**, Box 823, Cadosia, N. Y., announces that her Father and Mother organized their SNPJ Lodge 391. — **Joe Mestek**, 128 4th ave., Durango, Colo., member of Lodge 40, is 12 years of age and is in grade seven in school. — **Frank Shamrov Jr.**,

15180 Broadway, Maple Heights, O., Lodge 460, lost his twin brother a year ago and is missing him very much. The family moved here from Holsope, Pa., years ago, where they were neighbors to **Dorothy Prele's** family, whose letter he read in the M. L. and with whom he used to play years ago. — **Violet Mae Berman**, Windber, Pa., Lodge 174, has been with the SNPJ since she was one year old. — **Carl Skerl**, Rund st., Carnegie, Pa., is 10 years of age and member of Lodge 166. — **Rita Supan**, Bodine, Okla., 13 years old, would appreciate letter from members. — **Betty Tomsic**, 837 W. 7th st., Walsenburg, Colo., has a new friend, **Betty Tomich**, in Minnesota. — **Gerald Zalaznik**, 133 Espy st., Nanticoke, Pa., will be 13 years old April 22, attends the 8th grade, and likes the M. L. — **Alice Mumeck**, Box 171-A, Niles, O., is a 7-grader at Washington Junior hi, and would like to receive letters. — **Mary Bogatay**, Box 211, Avella, Pa., enjoys her school work, their school paper, "Ratitatat," and the M. L.

Out in Flint, Mich., at 4521 North st., lives **Catharine Vukovich**, who hastens to say that she is having a "swell time every time the M.L. comes." — Little **Mildred Canker**, who will celebrate her 10th birthday on July 17, lives in Pittsburgh, Pa. at 5126 Keystone st., and goes to fourth grade. — 10-year-old **Johnny Kriznik** of Slovan, Pa., Box 776, goes to fifth grade. He has two brothers, one is 11 and the other two years old. They and their parents are members of SNPJ Lodge 241. — **Pauline Seljan**, Box 331, Cairnbrook, Pa., is 14 years of age and in the 8th grade in school. Four of their family of six belong to the SNPJ Lodge 247. She says her nationality is Croatian. — From Cleveland, O., 12830 Bennington ave., writes 10-year-old **Mary Knefelc** that she goes to fourth grade and her family belongs to SNPJ Lodge 257. — **Stella Marie Plesovich**, who resides at Dawson, New Mex., Box 744, was very much surprised to see her last letter in the M. L. She received four letters from her pen pals. — And, finally, the last letter comes quite appropriately from the farthest corner of the United States— from 'way out in California, Cudahy, which is only 6 miles from Los Angeles—from **Audry Ruth Bros**, and her address is 4839 Cecelia st. She is 9 years old, has an older sister, age 20, and a "big" brother, age 18. Audry will write more next time.

Editor's Note—With one or two exceptions, every one of the above letters was written

on both sides of the paper, which is a bad habit. From now on decide that never, never, never again will you write on both sides of the paper. But instead that you will write on ONE side of the paper ONLY. Thank you.

Dear Editor:—This letter is my first attempt at writing to the M. L. I will be 12 years old June 12. I have 3 brothers and no sisters; I am the only girl. There are six in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 138. Not many children from Strabane have been writing to the M. L. I saw Madalena Chestnik's letter in here from Verona, Pa. She was my girl friend when I stayed out there for my vacation back in 1935. Why doesn't Frances Zele and my other girl friends write sometime to this M. L.? I read every letter and story in this wonderful magazine. I am in the sixth grade in school and I like my five teachers very much. I would write in Slovene sometimes, but I don't know how. I just know how to read a little bit. They said they were going to have a school for Slovene children in 1936.

Veronica Barbish, Strabane, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I have just become a member of the SNPJ. My brother, John, has become a member in December. We have both received our membership pins on Feb. 23 and we were very glad to get them. My other brother and sister were members when they were small children. Our Lodge No. is 95.—I have written once before to this magazine, even though I was not a member then. We have lived on the farm for three years now. I was eleven years old Jan. 16. For my birthday present I received four baby pigs which were born on my birthday.

Helen R. Pohar,
Route Six, Ottawa, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—I found out not long ago that the M. L. is important. I see where President wants to put new members in the court.—John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers of America, is organizing the workers everywhere. His CIO is becoming a very strong factor in the Labor Movement. Workers everywhere are organizing under its management.

Genevieve Logar,
768 Coleman ave., Johnstown, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—These are my first printed words in the Mladinski List, which I enjoy reading very much. I am 13 years old and am in the 8-A. I like school very much. I have ten teachers. My homeroom teacher is Miss Laurey. I go to Collinwood high

school. I belong to the "Little Comrades" Lodge 566, SNPJ. We have had election of temporary officers who are as follows: President, Edward Stefanic; Vice President, Victor Vehar; Recording Secretary, Mary Vehar; Entertainment Committee: Margaret Stefanic, Otilia Stefanic, and Tnoy Elerisch. The Feb. 28 meeting was very poorly attended. I urge all children who have not joined "Little Comrades," please join.

Otilia Stefanic,
1426 East 172nd street, Cleveland, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—I am 15 years old and in the 8th grade. Our family of five belongs to SNPJ Lodge 201. We live on a ranch and have 600 head of cattle, and in February there was no snow and no rain, so it was hard to find water for our cattle. I wrangle horses, punch cows, cook and eat—well, I might just as well call myself a cowboy (or would it be cow-girl in my case?). Will write more next time.

Pauline Fatur, Box 232, Delagua, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor: One day at school an announcement was made that the "C" men were going to play basketball against the School Faculty. The "C" men are men that graduated from Clinton high school and earned a letter "C" which stands for Clinton and it is given to every good basketball or football player. The reason for the game was to raise enough money for an electric scoreboard for our new gym. It has a clock that tells how many minutes there are left to play and number of quarters to play and the score. The score was 39 to 42 in favor of the "C" men.

John Potisek, 949 Bogart st., Clinton, Ind.



Dear Editor:—I kept my promise of writing regularly to this magazine and am now writing my second letter. In the last month's issue there were some very interesting letters, some of which were written by H. M. Sternisha, Frank Nahtigal, Dorothy M. Fink, and many others. There was only one letter besides mine from Joliet, and that was from H. M. Sternisha. (We're not the only two members from Joliet, I hope.) I am chief cook at our house and my sister is housekeeper since we have no mother. I wish to say to all members that they will never be sorry for writing to this magazine and asking for pen pals, because I got one and am very proud to say it.

Louise Pucel,
105 Hacker ave., Joliet, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor—This is my fourth letter to the Mladinski List. I have been a member of SNPJ for 10 years and I do hope I can be a member as long as I live. I have been receiving the M. L. since July, 1935, and saved every copy, so now I have 21 copies of the M. L. I certainly liked **Dorothy M. Fink's** letter. I belong to two lodges, but I like the SNPJ the best. I wish I could write and read in Slovene. I enjoy reading the M. L. and Prosveta, and I wish that the M. L. would come every week instead of every month.

Mary Stemberger,
Box 139, R. D. No. 1, Masontown, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—Since my last letter was published I thought I'd write again to the M. L. I wish the M. L. would come every week or every day instead of every month. It's too long to wait until we get the next one.—The mines in Krayn are working five days a week.—We have a fire tower. I don't know how high it is, but you can see very far from it when you are up in the cabin. We live in the Allegheny mountains. Last year, on April 15, a private plane crashed in the mountains. It crashed on the electric wires and knocked them down. Two people were killed. The lady was just arriving from a visit to London.—I wish some members would write to me and I'd gladly answer their letters.

Genevieve Tazely,
R. D. 2, Windber, Via Krayn, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 12 years of age and am in the seventh grade at the Bridgeport high school. I have seven teachers. My birthday was on February 12. My father works in the Blaine mine. Our whole family of eight belongs to SNPJ Lodge 13. I read all the let-

ters in the M. L. and I do enjoy them. Wake up, Boydsville or Bridgeport.—I wish some girls would write to me and I would gladly answer them.

Johanna Kroflich,
Box 36, RFD 1, Bridgeport, Ohio.

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Dear Editor:—This is my very first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade at Horace Mann school. I take six subjects: English, math, reading, science and geography. My sports are skating, sliding, skiing, basketball and swimming. My best subject and sport is mathematics and skiing, respectively. I like the stories, poems, and letters published in here. I take things from the M. L. about science and put them in my scrapbook. I'll continue writing to the M. L.

Helen Kasteliz,
Box 466, Biwabik, Minn.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first attempt to write to the M. L., and I made up my mind to write every month. I was 13 years old March 16. I have two brothers, and—six teachers. I enjoyed reading last month's M. L. We all belong to SNPJ Lodge 240. I wish the girls and boys would write to me. I would be glad to answer their letters. A proud member,

Justina Lousin, Bentleyville, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—This being my first letter to the M. L. I am going to be 12 years old and am in the 7th grade. I have five sisters and three brothers, and they all belong to the SNPJ Lodge. I wish to thank the SNPJ Lodge for the lovely yule card. I go to Base Line school and my teacher is Miss Velma Viets. My favorite subject in school is spelling. I have always been reading the M. L. and I like to read the Chatter Corner. I wish my friends and other boys and girls in Kansas would wake up and write to this lovely magazine.

Robert Femec,
R. R. No. 2, Pittsburg, Kans.

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Dear Editor:—I am writing my first letter to the M. L., and I enjoy reading the letters and jokes that are published every month. I am 12 years old and in the sixth grade. My teacher is Miss Miller.—We all belong to SNPJ Lodge 476. My Dad is the Secretary of our Lodge.—I've been disappointed this winter because the weather man wouldn't let us use our sleds.—Now I wish all members of Lodge 476 would occupy a space every month in the M. L. Would like to hear from all you members.

Anton Hrvatin,
863 Morris ave., Salem, Ohio.