

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Anna P. Krasna:

## SPET BO POMLAD

**D**A, skoro bo tu,  
in pri nas se je veselimo vsak po svoje:  
Oče,  
ker opaža vedno nove luknje v naših čevljih  
in ve, da ne bo s čim kupiti novih.  
Mati,  
ker ji je znano, kako dolgo  
se bo še dalo krpiti naše zimske cunje—  
In mi,  
ki smo samo otročji otroci, pa zato,  
ker bomo zdaj spet metali pisane frnikule in žoge,  
ter stikali za ptičjimi gnezdi po gozdu.

Pa nam pravita oče in mati,  
da se lahko tako veselimo,  
ker še ne poznamo skrbi—  
A mi pravimo:  
Ni nič res, tudi mi jih poznamo,  
zakaj, če nam nimata s čim kupiti obleke in obutve,  
ne bo tudi novih frnikul, ne žoge—  
Ali, ker smo samo otročji otroci, smo veseli,  
da imamo še starih—in pa,  
da bo spet pomlad!



## Modri izreki

**BOLJŠE** je biti med prvimi zadnji,  
kakor pa med zadnjimi prvi.

Nikdar ni treba delati zla, pa čeprav  
bi nam prinašalo največje dobro.

Pametnega boš spoznal po popušča-  
nju, neumnega pa po trmi.

Potrudi se in pohiti, da dosežeš one,  
ki jih občuduješ.

Med onim, kar si videl in kar si slišal,  
je velika razlika.

Najprej se mora človek naučiti var-  
čevati, potem šele lahko zapravlja.

Nikdar ne računaj na srečo, kajti  
slepa je.

Če je treba ubogati, bodi prvi; če  
je treba govoriti, bodi zadnji.

Oni človek, ki zna biti gospodar svo-  
jih želja in strasti, je gospodar vsega.

Ničesar nisi napravil, če nisi stvari  
dokončal.

Vsak zavistnež je nesrečen.

Modrost, odločnost in dostojnost naj  
spremljajo vsako tvoje delo. —st—

Danilo Gorinšek:

### DOM



**PREDOBRO** staro hišico  
na vasi jaz poznam.

Če zanjo mi palačo kdo  
ponudi, je ne dam!

Ne bi je dal, če svet ves zlat  
v darilo bi dobil,  
ker moj najdražji je zaklad  
in v njej sem rojen bil.

Anna P. Krasna.

### PRVE VIJOLICE

**KDOVE**, če ob poti v šolo  
še raste grmovje gosto;  
če v listju in travi še zmirom  
beli cveti se skrivajo?

In bogve, če zdaj, kakor nekdej,  
drobni prstki razbrskujejo  
po listju, travi in trnju,  
da bele cvetke odkrijejo?—



## Nočni čuvaj jež

“JEŽ, jež!” so klicali otroci.  
“V potok ga zakotalimo.”

“Zakaj neki?” sem vprašal. Tega sami niso vedeli.

“Ker bode,” je rekel po dolgem preišljevanju eden. “In ker žre naša jabolka!”—“In hruške!”—“In češplje!”

Kar naenkrat so mi napovedali cel seznamek grehov. Jež pa je ležal zvit pred nami in ni rekel v svojo obrambo niti besedice.

“Ali se vzpenja na drevesa?” sem spet vprašal.

“Ne, ali žre sadje, ki pade doli.”

“To je pa tako in tako črvivo ali nagnito.”

“Že res, ali jež bode.”

“Torej se zažene proti vam in vas zbode?”

“To ne. Ampak bode, če ga hočemo prijeti.”

“Torej, ga pa ne prijemljite.”

Otroci so me gledali razočarano. Često so taki otroci kar kruti in ubogega ježa bi najrajši ubili. Neki mladenič med njimi je nato priznal, da je nekoč že jedel ježa. Ostali so se kar zgražali.

“Zakaj?” sem vprašal. “Ježevo meso lahko prav dobro tekne. Kaj menite? Vzemimo ga s seboj, zaprimo ga v velik zaboj in hranimo ga nekaj dni.”

S tem so otroci soglašali, in ježa smo dali na opazovanje v zaboj. Dajali smo mu jabolka in hruške, ali dozdevalo se je, da ni preveč lačen. Drugega dne so prinesli otroci s seboj rjavih hroščev. Ukazal sem jim, da naj jih dajo v zaboj

k ježu in naj počakajo, kaj se bo zgodilo. Komaj je jež zaslišal gomozenje teh hroščev, je potisnil svoj nos naprej in je vohnjal na okrog. In zdajci, ko je zapazil rjave živalice, je hitro vstal, šinil naprej, in že se je drobil rjavi hrošč med njegovimi zobmi. Naš jež je nenadoma postal kar od sile živ, in je žrl, dokler ni požrl vseh hroščev.

“No, kaj takega!” so rekli otroci.

Potem je prinesel neki mladenič s seboj dva velika, črna ščurka. Jež se ni prav nič dolgo pomišljal in jih je kar pohrustal. Neki miši je skočil spet za tilnik, še predno se ji je posrečilo splezati po steni zaboja ven, in požrl je tudi njo. Polže, bube, gosenice, črve, vse je požrl in niti pomislil ni na to, da bi vgriznil v jabolko, ki je ležalo poleg njega.

Potem smo nesli ježa spet na rob gozda, in spotoma sem pripovedoval otrokom, da mora jež opravljati važno službo nočnega čuvaja po poljih. Neštete rjave hrošče, ki padejo slučajno s črešenj ali pa hočejo morda leči v zemljo svoja jajčka, odstrani, mnoge druge škodljive hrošče, bube, gosenice in metulje podavi, in marsikateri krt mora ustaviti za vedno svoje stikanje po naših poljih. Jež je tudi pogumen junak, ker se kar brez strahu spusti v boj z živaljo, ki se je na naših sprehodih po gozdu najbolj bojimo: z gadom. Včasih, ali samo takrat, kadar je zelo lačen in ne najde nič boljšega, žre tudi sadje.

R. B.—Cv. K.



NOČNÍ ČUVAJÍCÍ



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

K. M. L.: DEKLE Z VRČEM

Katka Zupančič:

# Janko Bric in njegovi otroci

(Nadaljevanje)

## DRUGO DEJANJE

**NA** prostem. Redka drevesa. V ozadju gozd. Na desno farma. Na sredi klop in zadaj panj. Opoldanske ure. Lep dan.

### PRVI PRIZOR.

Mary in Johnnie.

**Mary** (pride od desne. Šopek rož in posodico za jagode ima. Sede na klop, ogleduje nabrane rože, nato jih odloži kraj sebe, pa potegne iz žepa verižico in si jo natakne okoli vratu.)

**Johnnie** (se pokaže v ozadju izza drevesa. Postoji, nato se smehljaje po prstih bliža Mary za hrbet in ji z rokami zatisne oči.)

**Mary** (se zdrzne, naglo potlači verižico za obleko, nato se nasmeje): Kdo drugi naj bi bil kot ti, poredni Johnnie!

**Johnnie** (umakne roke): Uganila. Zato dobiš kitajski poljub. (Vsede poleg nje, jo za rame zasukne k sebi in hoče podrgniti svoj nos ob njenega.)

**Mary**: Od kdaj si pa Kitajec? (Ga odrine.)

**Johnnie** (pobere posodico): Hej, to, to rajši prej kje so jagode?

**Mary**: Imam še eno posodico, tista je skoraj polna, ampak—je skrita.

**Johnnie** (se ogleduje naokoli): Kje pa?

**Mary** (se zaheheta in se potreplje po želodčku): Tukaj notri!

**Johnnie**: O ti sladkosnedna muca, ti! Vem, da bi tudi te rože posmugala, če bi jih pomočil v posladkano vodo.

**Mary**: No, taka pa spet nisem, drugače ne bi bilo nikdar sladkorja za kavo pri hiši. (In nevede prime za verižico in si jo potegne izpod obleke.)

**Johnnie** (ugleda nakit): Odkod pa to?

**Mary** (jecljaje): O, hm. našla sem, našla.

**Johnnie** (se dvigne, s kazalcem na bradi stoji napol obrnjen proti občinstvu, kakor da bi globoko premišljal, nato): Katera naših kokoši je neki to izgubila (naglo obrnivši se k Mary), ali morda katera raca? Ali koza?

**Mary**: Uh, kakšen si.

**Johnnie**: No ja, če pa praviš, da si našla. Kaj takega se ne najde okoli naše farme.

**Mary** (zmigne z rameni in se našo bi): Pa ne, no.

**Johnnie**: He, (pomolči in pokima) to je tisti včerajšnji zastoj, kaj ne? Dve desetici si imela. Koliko si ji dala?

**Mary** (gleda v tla): Obe.

**Johnnie** (se pripogne): Kaj? Obe desetici za takle nič? To boš imenitna gospodinja!

**Mary** (se otrese): Saj ne maram biti gospodinja, da veš. Ko bom večja, bom igralka in pevka. V Parizu bom živela.

**Johnnie**: Igralka in pevka, kakor teta, jeli? Pa boš dobivala šopke (pobere šopek in ji ga dene v naročje) in poklone (se ji norčavo globoko pokloni).

**Mary**: Huh! (huda, vzame cvetlice in jih vrže na tla, da se raztresejo. Se obrne proč in zajoka.)

**Johnnie**: Eh, ti se pa tudi jokaš za vsako figo.

**Mary**: Ko se pa samo norčuješ iz mene! Mi ničesar ne privoščiš, ampak karš me zmerom.

**Johnnie** (mirno): Nič te ne karam, Maryca. Vprašati bi bila morala prej.

**Mary** (se ostro obrne): Koga vprašati? Tebe? Kdo pa si ti?

**Johnnie**: Očeta bi vprašala. Pa ne bi treba lagati. Tommy se ni lagal. In ko bi se, to bi ga oštel!

**Mary** (že nekoliko pomirjena, zvedavo): Bi ga? Kako ga bi oštel?

**Johnnie**: Bojazljivec bi mu rekel, in strahopetec.

**Mary:** In kaj bi Tommy dejal?

**Johnnie:** Ne vem. Nobenkrat se mi ni zlagal.

**Mary** (po kratkem premolku): Tudi jaz se ne bom več. . .

**Johnnie** (ji dene roko okoli vratu): Nisi več huda name? Mary, moja sestra, in Tommy, moj prijatelj! Hočeš, da se poigrava?

**Mary** (si hitro obriše obraz): To pa to! Samo kaj? O, že vem. Igrajva se Hollywood. Ti bodi John Barrymore, jaz pa (se nasmehne, vstane in naredi pozo) Greta Garbo.

**Johnnie** (se ji smeje): Na, prav zares, ti boš Greta Garbo takrat, ko bom jaz John Barrymore. So mi pa že afriški divjaki bolj všeč. Veš kaj? Jaz naj bom Sir Burton, ti pa poglavar kanibalov.

**Mary:** Nisem oblečena zato!

**Johnnie:** Hočeš reči slečena?

**Mary:** In to smo se že zadnjič igrali.

**Johnnie:** Nič n de. Zdaj si misli, da imaš okoli sebe vse polno divjakov (ponazoruje), ki so ujeli mene in Livingstona in vse druge belce, pa so nas prignali k tebi. Roke takole prekrižaj na prsih in grdo glej. Tako. Zdaj pa govori!

**Mary-poglavar** (stori po njegovem navodilu, potem pokaže proti občinstvu, oblastno): Zakurite pod kotli, da jih skuhamo in pojemo!

**Johnnie-Burton** (se strahoma ozira): Počakaj, poglavar! Usmili se mojih ljudi, ki ti niso storili nič žalega. (Roke drži predse, kakor da bi bile zvezane.)

**Mary-poglavar:** Ne razumem tvojega jezika. (Stopi do njega, ga otipava.) Ampak meso tvoje bo žilavo in malo ga je, malo.

**Johnnie-Burton** (kliče nazaj): Skrij se, Sanders, ti si rejen! (In proti poglavarju.) Vsi smo suhi, kaj boš z nami? In jaz sem še bolan povrh.

(Oddaleč se sliši puhanje vlaka.)

**Mary-pogl.** (proti občinstvu): Za golaž bodo dobri, za drugo ne bodo.

**Johnnie** (se nasmehne): Golaž—pa divjaki!

**Mary-pogl.** (nadaljuje proti občinstvu): Plešite in veselite se na gostijo. (Sede kraj odra na tla.)

**Johnnie-Burton** (pogleda pod nebo): Oh! Ko bi se mogel spomniti kanibalškega jezika! (Pomisli.) O, že vem! (Proti poglavarju, glasno): Nama sanga!

**Mary-poglavar** (skoči na noge in gleda začudeno): Uuu!

**Johnnie-Burton** (ponovi prijazneje): Nama sanga!

**Mary-poglavar** (stopi k njemu, tudi prijazno): Vahke, vahke! (Stisne roko v pest in pomoli palec.)

**Johnnie-Burton** (stori isto in pritisne svoj palec ob poglavarjevega).

**Mary-pogl.** (se obrne proti občinstvu): Pogasite ognje! Ne bomo jih pojedli, ker so naši prijatelji!—Škoda! (Vzdihne.)

(Iz dalje se sliši govorjenje in vzklikanje.)

**Johnnie** (prisluhne): Čuj! Kaj pa to?

**Mary** (prisluhne in se nasmeje): Morda so kanibali?!

**Johnnie** (poslušša): Blizu so.

**Mary:** Kdo? Tvoji kanibali?

**Johnnie** (odmahne z roko in steče v ozadje.)

**Mary:** Počakaj me! (Naglo pobere cvetlice in jih položi na klop, pa odide za bratom.) Johnnie, počakaj!

Kratka pavza, glasovi se bližajo, govorjenje, vzkliki in smeh.

## DRUGI PRIZOR.

Prejšnja, učiteljci z otroci.

**Tommy in Johnnie** (vstopita prva. Za njima Pete.)

**Tommy** (kaže): Tam je tvoj dom?

**Johnnie** (veselo): Da, tam. Vse ti bom razkazal. (Se domisli). In vprašal bom očeta—morda bi lahko prišel za kak teden k nam na počitnice.

**Pete:** Veš kaj, Johnnie? Še zame vprašaj. Samo fižol bom jedel in mleko pil. Veš, jaz bom farmar, ko bom velik.

**Tommy in Johnnie** (se zasmejeta).

**Johnnie:** Bom vprašal.

**Pete** (ugleda na klopi šopek, se nasmehe in si ga vtakne za srajco).

Med tem so vstopile: **Mary, Elsie, Stasy, Elvira, Elica, Miss Hartl** in **Miss Leban**, za njima **George** in **Louis** z veliko škatljo, za njima **drugi**. Med zadnjimi **Percy**, ki se edini drži kisko.

**Miss Hartl** (pokaže na škatljo in v ospredje): Kar tamle odložita in se odročijta.

**George** in **Louis** (prineseta svoje breme v ospredje).

**George:** Ha! (Se oddahne.) Precej težka je ta reč. (Briše si obraz.)

**Louis** (si drgne dlani): Tudi mene roke pečejo. (Ogleduje z Georgem okoli in se nato pomešata med druge.)

**Johnnie** (kaže vsem): Tam je, glejte, naš dom! To le je pa naš park. Imenuje se Lucijin park.

**Mary:** Lucijin zato, ker je naša teta, očetova mlajša sestra, Lucija. Ona je slavna igralka in pevka.

**Miss Hartl:** Tako? Kje pa živi?

**Johnnie:** Tistega pa ne vemo. Najzadnje je pisala z Ruskega.

**Mary:** Sedem let je že, kar ni glasu od nje.

**Miss Hartl:** To pa je že precej dolgo!

**Mary:** Samo sliko imamo od nje. O kako je lepa! In oče pravi, da sem ji jaz podobna.

(Vsi se zasmejejo in Mary tudi.)

**Miss Leban:** Ali boš tudi ti, Mary, igralka in pevka?

**Mary:** Rada. Ko bi le tega bilo (dvigne roko in podrgne palec ob kazalec.)

**Pete:** Hm, rajši kot farmarca?

**Mary** (se obregne): Uh! (Ugleda šopek za Petejevo srajco.) Čigavo je pa tisto, haaa?

**Pete:** To si nabrala zame, ali ne? (Se nasmeje in zbeži v ozadje.)

**Mary** (steče za njim): Počakaj me!

Vsi se smejejo.

**Miss Hartl:** Lepo je tukaj! Vsa farma se vidi odtod. (Proti Miss Leban):

Mislím, da bi za zdaj kar tukajle ostali, ali ne?

**Otroci** živo prikimavajo. Posedajo in čebljajo med sabo.

**Miss Leban:** Zame je prav. Posebno tale klop mi je všeč. (Smeje se, sede.)

**Johnnie** (nežno pogladi klop): To je očetovo delo.

**Miss Hartl:** Najbrž sta z Mary večkrat tukaj. (Sede.)

**Miss Leban:** Kadar imata čas, kaj ne?

**Johnnie** (prikima): Da. Posebno ob nedeljah. . .

**Tommy** (pride od zadaj): Johnnie! In studenec imate tam zadaj. Je zdrava voda?

**Johnnie:** Seveda je. Vsak dan jo pijemo. (S Tommytom odideta v ozadje in sedeta.)

**Elsie** (zapoje v ozadju): Poj, poj, ptiček moj . . . Kak' bom pel, sem se vjel . . .

**Učiteljci** (sedita na klopi in se menita med sabo).

**Percy** (z rokami v žepu sloni ob strani, čisto sam je in drži se pusto).

**Elvira** (se oglasi): Pojdimo se igrat skrivalnice!

**Elica:** Pa vsi. Tudi Percy. Percy, pojdi sem! (Steče k njemu in ga vleče za roko.)

**Percy** (se je otrese): Maram jaz za vaše igre.

**Miss Hartl:** Percy! To ni lepo! (Vstane.) Sicer pa, otroci, skrivalnice niso v našem programu.

**Percy** (se škodoželjno posmehe in jim strže koren).

**Miss Hartl:** Vse lepo po vrsti, kakor je v našem programu. Sami ste ga sestavili. Lahko ga pa tudi črtate, če hočete.

**Tommy:** Samo dve točki—saj vesta kateri!—naj ostaneta. Vse drugo črtajmo. Vse drugo naj bo izven programa.

**George:** Kdo je za to?

Vsi razen Percyja, Mary in Johnnieja dvignejo roko.

**Miss Hartl:** Prav tako. Saj bi nas

naš program samo tesnil na tem krasnem odprtem prostoru, kamor smo prišli, da voščimo našemu Johnnieju vso srečo k njegovemu rojstnemu dnevju.

**Vsi** (razen Percyja ploskajo in kličejo): Živijo, Johnnie! (Naglo se strnejo v krog okrog Johnnieja, pa zapojejo):

Veselo zdaj zapojmo vsi,

saj naš je lepi svet!

Tovariš mili naj živi

še mnogo srečnih let!

Na zdravje, na zdravje, na zdravje!

(Po napevu: Ko telovadec zjutraj gre . . .)

**Miss Hartl**: Nisem še povedala vsega. Da smo te prišli obiskat, Johnnie, je zasluga tvojega prijatelja Tommyja. On se je spomnil. Želim tudi v imenu onih, ki niso mogli priti.

**Johnnie** (pristopi in ji poda roko): Hvala, Miss Hartl!

**Miss Leban**: Zdaj pa naj povem še jaz svoje. Spomnila sem se Mary, svoje bivše učenke in Johnniejeve sestrice. Njen rojstni dan je sredi zime —

**Mary** (jo prekine): Petnajstega marca, Miss Leban.

**Miss Leban**: Da, Mary, sredi zime. In smo se v naglici dogovorili, da bomo tudi njen rojstni dan obvrševali danes, skupno z Johnniejevim.—Vse najboljše naši Mary!

**Mary** (poskoči, vzame Peteju šopek in ga nese Miss Leban): Oh, Miss Leban!

**Miss Leban** (jo poljubi na čelo).

**Vsi** (kakor prej, sklenejo krog okoli Mary in Miss Leban, ter zapojejo):

Še enkrat zdaj zapojmo vsi,

saj naš je lepi svet!

in Mary mila naj živi

še mnogo srečnih let!

Na zdravje . . . (kakor zgoraj).

Vzklikanje: Živijo Mary! Živijo Johnnie!

**Miss Hartl** (stopi, ko otroci pojo, k Percyju): Kaj je s teboj? Si bolan?

**Percy** (ošabno): O ne, nisem.

**Miss Hartl** (pokaže na škatljo): Tam!

Odveži. (Ko se Percy obotavlja, ostro): Hitro!

**Percy** (jezno potegne iz žepa nož in prereže vrvice, pa se vrne na svoj prejšnji prostor.)

**Miss Hartl** (ga pusti in se obrne k ostalim): In zdaj pogledjmo, kaj imamo v tej zakladnici tukaj. (Vzame ven večji zavitek.) Johnnie, tukaj je tvoje! (Mu izroči.) Le odveži in pogledaj!

**Johnnie**: Hvala vam! (Se obrne.) In vam vsem drugim! (Odhiti na levo, Tommy za njim.)

**Miss Hartl** (vzame ven drug zavitek in ga izroči Miss Leban).

**Miss Leban**: In to je tvoje, Mary. Od tvoje bivše učiteljice in součenk.

**Pete**: Od součencev tudi.

**Miss Leban**: In od součencev tudi. Je tako prav, Pete?

**Pete** (prikima): Seveda.

**Vsi** se zasmеjejo.

**Mary** (vsa iz sebe vzklikne): O, Miss Leban, Miss Leban! (Pa s svojim darilcem odpleše po odru na desno. Okoli nje deklice.)

**Pete** (stika okoli skupine deklic in se končno prerine med nje).

**Miss Hartl**: Ste lačni? Hočete sandviče?

**Otroci** (odkimavajo): Ne, nismo še lačni. Pozneje, pozneje.

**Percy** (pristopi).

**Miss Hartl**: Samo ti si lačen?

**Percy**: Ne, nisem, pa vseeno hočem svoje.

**Miss Hartl** (poišče njegov zavitek in mu ga da, pa ga potegne nekoliko še bolj v ospredje. Polglasno in počasi): Percy! Zakaj se držiš tako leseno?

**Percy** (zavije nos in zmigne z rameni.)

**Miss Hartl**: Poskoči, bodi vesel, kakor so drugi! Tak kisel obraz (pokaže nanj) ne sodi sem!

**Percy**: Jaz grem lahko, kamor hočem.

**Miss Hartl** (pomirljivo in smehljaje se): Pa ne da prodajaš puščobo. Ali ni škoda denarja, ki si ga dal za vozni listek?



**Percy:** Škoda denarja? Bunk! Moj oče ga ima dovolj!

**Miss Hartl** (mu požuga s kazalcem, resno): Pazi se, Percy! Denar ima spolek rep! Rajši si najdi kakega prijatelja in se poveseš z otroci. Poglej ga Georga in Elsie poglej in Chesterja, kako se znajo veseliti, dasi so njihovi očete tudi bogati.

**Percy:** Hm, bogati! Moj oče premore več, ko ti vsi skupaj.

**Miss Hartl:** Ne govori tako bedasto! Dobi si prijatelja, bo boljše zate.

**Percy** (odmahne z roko): Maram jaz za take berače!

**Miss Leban** (stoji ob strani in posluša).

**Miss Hartl** (strogo): Berače? Otroci delavcev so. Delavci niso berači.

**Percy:** Če jim moj oče vzame delo, pa so berači. In moj oče pravi tudi, da se za denar kupi vse, tudi prijateljstvo!

**Miss Hartl:** Se strašno motiš! Glej, da se ne boš kesal, mladi prevzetnež!

**Miss Leban** (pristopi): Kaj je, kaj?

**Miss Hartl:** Ah, tukajle s to žverco tratim čas in besedo.

**Percy** (grozeče): Bom povedal očetu.

**Miss Hartl** (se naglo obrne): Sem predolgo na svetu, da bi se bala tebe, ali pa tvojega očeta. In pomni, da je bilo že dosti takih, ki so letali visoko, pa so sedli na nizko. (Odide k Mary, ki razkazuje svoje stvari.)

**Miss Leban** (položi Percyju roko na ramo): Si tudi name hud? Percy?

**Percy** (zanika).

**Miss Leban:** Ti boš še nekoč velik mož, vidim! Dejal si, da si lahko kupiš prijateljstvo.

**Percy:** Saj ga tudi lahko! Kadar hočem, ga lahko kupim.

**Miss Leban:** Pa veliko sreče. (Se odstrani. Skriva se smehlja. Stopi k Johnnieju.) Halo, Johnnie, si zadovoljen s svojim darilom?

**Johnnie:** Zadovoljen—pa kako! Posebno knjig sem vesel. Poglejte, samo naslove pogledajte!

**Miss Hartl** (pristopi. Čita naslove posameznih knjig, ki jih Miss Leban

vzame iz Johnniejevih rok): "Zbirka najvažnejših dogodkov" — "Naravna čudesa" — "Moderne iznajdbe" — (Johnnieju): Tommy ti jih je izbral, veš to? Pa, ali ne bodo preučene zate?

**Johnnie:** O ne! Tommy že ve, da jim bom kos.

**Tommy:** Ko bi jih (vzdihne in roko okrog Johnnieja) le skupno mogla čitati. To bi bilo nekaj! Ali ne, Johnnie?

**Johnnie** (željno prikima).

**Percy** (posmehljivo, dokaj glasno): Bedarija, vse skupaj bedarija! (In se obrne proč.)

**Johnnie** in **Tommy** (ga slišita. Se naglo okreneta. Eden za drugim): Kaj si rekel? Kakšna bedarija!

**Tommy** (si grozeče suka rokave).

**Johnnie** (Tommyju): Pusti ga, moj gost je danes.

**Percy** (se napol okrene, ne da bi pogledal dečka): Tvoj gost? Bunk! (Se zopet obrne proč.)

**Miss Hartl:** Percy!

**Tommy** (korači proti Percyju, a mu Miss Hartl zastopi pot.)

**Miss Hartl:** Tommy, imej pamet!

**Mary** (priteče in vleče za seboj Elico, Elsie, Anito, Lilly in še nekaj drugih. Naglo sklenejo krog okrog Percyja in prično skakljati, pevaje):

Percy je en zavber fant,  
Holadrija dro! . . .

**Dečki** (ploskajo in se smejejo).

**Učiteljci** (se važno pomenjkujeta, nato stopita bližje, baš ko je pesem končana.)

**Miss Hartl:** Mir, otroci!

**Vsi** (utihnejo. Deklice se spogledajo in odstopijo od Percyja, ki kaže vso svojo jezo.)

**Percy** (proti vsem): Očetu bom povedal, kako ste se norčevali iz mene.

**George:** Hohoho-ho-ho!

**Miss Hartl** (s prstom na ustih): Šššt, George!

**Olga** (kaže na Percyja): Na, zdaj se pa še bolj kislo drži.

**Anita:** Oh, taka kisla kumara!

**Miss Leban** (se ozira po deklicah):

Katera pa si je izmislila to norčavost? Ti, Mary?

Mary (pogleda Johnnieja, potem pokima in povesi glavo).

Miss Leban (karajoče): Vidiš jo, no!

Elsie: Do veselja ga je hotela pripraviti.

Mary: Da, ko se pa drži, kakor da mu je mačka mlade snedla.

Otroci (se zahehetajo).

Miss Leban: Na, na! Kako pa govoriš?

Mary (prostodušno in veselo): Smo na farmi in imamo mačko in mlade tudi.

Elica: Kaj? Muco imaš? In mlade mucike? O, Mary, (se oklene njene roke) pojdi, pokaži mi jih! (Jo vleče na desno.)

Olga In meni tudi

Anita: In meni, kakšne so?

Druge deklice hočejo za Mary.

Miss Hartl: Pozneje, pozneje. Nam vsem bo pokazala mucike. Kajne, Mary?

Percy (med tem pogrozi s pestjo iz drevesa, nato se odkrade na levo in izgine.)

Miss Hartl: In kaj vse imate še na farmi? (Sede na klopico in potegne Mary k sebi. Poleg Mary sede Miss Leban. Drugi počenejo naokoli, nekaj dečkov v ozadju.)

Mary: Kozo vam bom pokazala in teličke. Teličke imamo tri.

Elsie (se začudi): Tri teličke?

Mary: Da, vsak imamo enega. Moj ima belo liso na čelu, oh kako luškan je!

Johnnie: Moj pa, kakor da bi imel bele čevlje.

Frances: Bele čevlje?

Elvira (se čudi): Ali so vaši telički obuti?

Pete (se glasno zasmije): Telički — pa obuti!

Vsi (se smejejo).

Elvira: Zakaj ne? Videla sem že psičke, ki so oblečeni. (Se našobi.)

Elica (se potegne za Elviro): In opi-ce, tiste, ki gredo z lajnarji in ki pobirajo drobiž, tiste so tudi oblečene. Ja,

so! Kaj ne, Elvirica? (Jo prime okrog vratu.)

George (zgine na desno, pa se vrne in namigne Louisu. Oba izgineta.)

Stasy: In jaz imam doma oblečenega medvedka!

Frances: In jaz raco, ki ima suknjico, samo da ni živa rasa.

Stasy: Saj tudi moj medvedek ni živ!

Leo: Zato ga še bolj zebe, kaj ne? (Smeh.)

Stasy: Le norčujte se, le! Saj drugega ne znate.

Miss Hartl: Malo se smemo posmejati, ne? (Vstane.) Zdaj pa zapojmo, in ko odpojemo, bomo malicali. (Gleda po otrokih.) Zdi se mi, da niste vsi tukaj!

Miss Leban (vstane in pogleda): Moji so vsi. Imam preštete.

Miss Hartl (kliče): Louis! George! Percy!

George (se pokaže od desne): Tukaj sva. Louis in jaz. Percyja bova že midva poiskala. Pa če ga tudi ne — mala škoda zanj.

Louis (se za kulisami glasno zasmije. Drugi se potihoma zahehetajo.)

Miss Hartl: Tako pa spet ne gre, ne gre, George. Tvoj součenec je.

Tommy: Miss Hartl, ga smem poiskati jaz? (Vsi se namuzajo.)

Miss Hartl: Ne, ti ne. George ga naj poišče!

George (se smehlja dvoumno): Bom. (Izgine na desno.)

Miss Hartl: Tako. In zdaj pesem. (Sede.)

Miss Leban: Mary naj izbere pesmico.

Mary: Zapojmo tisto: Kje so moje rožice . . .

Elica (se zasmije): Saj sedaj ni zime!

Tommy: Ali nismo črtali programa? Črtajmo še koledar za danes!

Leo in drugi: Črtajmo ga! Vsi smo zato!

Elvira: In zdaj se stisnimo skupaj kakor da bi nas zeblo in zapojmo prav žalostno! Mary, daj znamenje!

Mary Eden, dva, tri!

Kje so moje rožice,  
pisane in bele?  
Moj'ga srca ljubice,  
žlahtno, žlahtno so cvetele.  
[: Ah, pomlad je šla od nas, :]  
vzela jih je zima, mraz.

**Mary** (se dvigne): Pa še eno, bolj veselo! (pomisli za trenotek.) O že vem, tisto: Prišla bo pomlad. (Ko jim da znamenje, zapoje. Mary napol obrnjena proti njim, jim taktira.)

Prišla bo pomlad, včakal bi jo rad,  
da bi zdrav, vesel, lepe pesmi pel!  
To me veseli, k' travca zeleni,  
drobna ptičica pa žvrgoli.

Prišla bo kukav'ca, moja ljubica,  
in bo kukala in prepevala:  
kukala kuku, kukala kuku,  
o' da b' vedno nam tak' luštno b'lo.

### TRETJI PRIZOR

#### Prejšnji in oče s Frankiejem

**Mary** (ponovi sama zadnjo vrsto pesmice, kolikor more iz srca): O da b' vedno nam tak' luštno b'lo! Kaj ne, Johnnie? (se obrne in ugleda očeta, ki je med petjem druge kitice neopaženo vstopil. Plane k njemu; veselo): Oče, naš oče!

**Oče**: Tako, tako! Sem dejal, da so to posebne sorte ptički, ki so danes kar nenadoma zažvrgoleli v tej samoti!

**Johnnie**: Moj rojstni dan so prišli obhajati.

**Mary** (vzraste): Hej! Kaj pa jaz in moj rojstni dan?

**Johnnie** (hitro): Obeh, obeh!

**Oče**: Sem prav vesel!

**Mary**: Tukaj, oče, je moja bivša učiteljica in tam je Miss Hartl, Johnniejeva prejšnja učiteljica.

**Učiteljici** (pristopita in si sežeta z očetom v roke.)

**Miss Leban** (se skloni h Frankiejem, ki ji pa uide za očeta).

**Miss Hartl**: Saj nam ne boste zamerili, ako smo prišli pogledat, kje domužeta naša dva, Johnnie in Mary?

**Oče**: Zameril? Baš nasprotno: prav vesel sem vas!

**Miss Leban**: Lepo imate tukaj, Mr. Bric.

**Oče**: Ni prenapačno, ne. Zraka imamo dovolj in solnca več, nego smo ga bili vajeni v mestu.

**Miss Hartl**: Lepše se vam zdi na deželi, kakor pa v mestu, jeli?

**Oče** (zmigne z rameni): Ha, jaz sem star, meni je že vseeno. Ampak otrokom, se bojim, da jim ni vseeno. — (S spremenjenim glasom): Ho, tale je pa Tommy, kaj ne?

**Mary** (prehiti Johnnieja): Da, Tommy in to so moje prijateljice!

**Pete** (se potrka na prsa): In prijatelji!

Vsi se zasmеjejo.

**Miss Leban** (se skoraj ves čas trudi, da bi si pridobila Frankiejevo zaupanje, s pomočjo Mary ji končno uspe.)

**Oče** (ganjen, poda roko Miss Hartl): Saj vam ne morem povedati, kako sem vesel, ker ste se spomnili mojih otrok. (Proti vsem): Zato pa vsi z menoj! Vse vas povabim s seboj na farmo! Sadja imamo nekaj, in mleka in kruha. In morda se bo našlo še kaj drugega. (Jih vabi z roko): Kar za menoj!

**Pete** (izmed vseh najbolj veselo): Juhej, farma! (Se zrine prvi za očetom, nato Miss Leban in Mary s Frankiejem na sredi; za njimi vsi drugi.)

### ČETRTI PRIZOR

#### Louis, George in Percy

Ko se govorjenje in smeh odhajajočih dodobra oddalji, se oglasi od desne za kulisami:

**Louis** (kliče): O, George! (vstopi.) Kje si ostal, George!

**George** (za kulisami na levo): Grem, že grem! (Pride in si briše roke ob hlače; se muza.)

**Louis** (hiti): Vsi so odšli. Jaz pa sem skoro pozabil na tole reč tukaj. (Pokáže na škatlo. Se domisli): Saj res, si našel Percyja?

**George** (hudomušno): Našel. (Kliče): Percy! Brž sem! Gremo! In potem,

da veš, niti koraka več nikamor od nas!

**Louis** (pogleda v ozadje): Ho, tam sloni? Niti gane se ne. Ali joče?

**George**: Joče — — hm! Piha, piha in se repenči od jeze. (Kriči v ozadje): Ali bo kaj, ali ne bo? Hočeš, da te še malo potipljem?

**Percy** (se pokaže od leve. Oko ima črno obrobljeno. Pogrozi s pestjo; emravo): Za to boš plačal!

**Louis** (zazija, ko ugleda P. obraz, potem pa se obrne vstran in prasne v smeh. Nato): In kaj bo rekla temu Miss Hartl?

**George** (zmigne z rameni): Miss Hartl ga je izročila meni. Jaz pa poznam samo dvoje: ali zlepa — ali zgrda. Beseda ni pomagala: sem rabil pest. Saj nisem prišel zato sem, da bom ves čas stražil in lovil tega napihnjenca tod okoli! (Gre in prime škatljo pri e-

nem koncu, Louis prime pri drugem koncu, pa mu George odmahne): Ne ti! Percy bo pomagal. Percy, primi!

**Percy**: Jaz? Jaz da bi nosil? Še tega se manjka! (Vrže glavo vznak.)

**George** (ostreje): Primi, sem rekel! (Ko se Percy ne zmeni, se George vzravna in si navidezno viha rokave.: Ko bom naštel do deset, bo padalo! Eden, dva, tri, štiri, pet —

**Percy** (se ustraši in uboga.)

**George**: In za kazen boš nosil sam. Da, da, sam! In če ti bo pri tem krona padla z glave, jo bova že midva pobrala.—Kar hitro! Eden, dva, tri —

**Percy** (zatuli od jeze, dvigne breme in ga pred sabo nese z odra.)

**Louis**: Biba leze, tovor nese. (Se smeje.)

**George**: Ali zlepa — ali zgrda.

(ZAVESA.)



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

F. Tillender: POGLED NA CHICAGO Z GRANTOVEGA PARKA



*Dragi dečki in deklice!*

*Tudi v tej številki Mladinskega Lista — ki pa se je radi zamude v tiskarni spet precej zapoznala — je lepo število slovenskih dopisov. Nekaj jih je izostalo, bodo pa vsi priobčeni v aprilski številki, ki jo bomo skušali izdati pravočasno.*

*Opozarjam vse, da prečitate drugo dejanje igre "Janko Bric in njegovi otroci", ki jo je spisala naša marljiva sotrudnica Katka Zupančičeva. Uverjen sem, da ste čitali prvo dejanje v februarški številki z zanimanjem; tretje in zaključno dejanje bo izšlo prihodnjč.*

*Vaši dopisi so vredni vsega priznanja. Nadaljujte!*

—UREDNIK.

#### PESEM IN POMLAD

Cenjeni urednik!

Dovolite mi, da spet nekaj napišem za "Kotiček," ki je postal zadnje čase precej zanimiv in živahen. Slovenski dopisi se množe bolj in bolj. V februarški izdaji jih je bilo kar sedemnajst. Če se ne motim, je to največje število slovenskih dopisov kar sem jih še videla v "Kotičku."

Le tako naprej, koticarji! Ne sramujmo se, negujmo in ohranimo si slovenščino, ki je jezik naših staršev, tako dolgo kot mogoče. Angleščina nam itak ne uide.

Tu v Clintonu nismo imeli prošlo zimo hudega mraza, izvzemi v prvi polovici februarja, ko je toplomer kazal 10 stopinj pod ničlo. K sreči ni nikdo zmrznil. Marsikomu so pa "zmrznile" denarne vloge in razni bondi v bankah tu in tudi drugod, in dvomljivo je, da bi se tisti denar še kdaj "odtajal." Najhuje so prizadeti seveda delavci, ki so dolga leta hranili za "deževne dneve," pa so zgubili vse. Ni čuda, če marsikdo obupa, ko vidi, da se je vse, kar je prihranil, razblinilo v nič. Tega je kriv današnji kapitalistični sistem, in današnja kriza ni nič drugega kot produkt tega sistema. Želeti bi bilo, da bi se ta trhla stavba kapitalizma kmalu zrušila v prah.

Ker se bojim, da bi moj dopis ne bil pre-

dolg, bom zaenkrat nehala. Dodam naj samo še tole pesmico, ker se že spet vrača pomlad.

#### Rožica in metulj

V zelenem gaju krasna rožica  
se v rahlem vetru je zibala.  
Na vse strani se je ozirala,  
kot bi koga pričakovala.

Nad njo pojavi se prelep metulj,  
ki jo pohotno obletuje,  
predrzno plane nanjo kot kragulj,  
jo stiska k sebi, poljubuje.

Ljubezni sit, metuljček odleti,  
a roža sama je ostala.  
Povešena ji glavica rudi  
kot bi se reva sramovala.

Preteklo je od tega mnogo dni,  
nesrečna roža omahuje.  
Metuljček k njej se več povrnil ni,  
zaman ga reva pričakuje.

Tam v gaju vene revica, blede,  
zgodila se ji je krivica.  
Metuljček ji v spomin pozabil ni  
pustiti malega črviča.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje Ml. Lista in Vas!  
Josephine Mestek, 638 N. 9th st., Clinton, Ind.

## NA OBISKU PRI BEČLARJU

Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet sem se namenila, da napišem par vrstic v "Naš kotichek," ki mi je zelo priljubljen. Jako sem bila vesela, ko sem videla v zadnji številki toliko zanimivih dopisov. Le tako naprej, mladina!

Anice Maroltove dopis mi je jako ugajal in me veselil, da se ji je dopadlo na naši veselici v Clairtonu. Res smo se lepo zabavali.

Žal, da nisi bila tudi sedaj tukaj. Smo se lepo zabavali na Large, Pa., pri dobro poznanem rojaku Tonetu. Tudi on je član našega društva št. 719 SNPJ. Navzoče so bile tudi družine Cebašek, Princ in Trdin, vsi so člani SNPJ. Vsi se Tonetu zahvaljujemo, ker nas je povabil in nam tako izvrstno postregel. Moram povedati, da Tone je bečlar in dopadlo se nam je vsem pri njem.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem mladim čitateljem, posebno pa mojemu stricu Lojzetu in pa vam, urednik Mladinskega Lista!

Antonia Škoda.

449 Park ave., Clairton, Pa.

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## MARY OBISKUJE SLOVENSKO ŠOLO

Dragi urednik!

To je moje prvo pismo za Mladinski List. Stara sem 9 let in hodim v slovensko šolo na Holmes ave. v Collinwoodu v 2. razred. V Wm. H. Brett šoli sem v razredu 3 a. Mi smo vsi člani S.N.P.J. pri društvu Vipavski raj št. 312. Moja mama je vesela, da se učim slovensko pisati in brati.

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam S. N. P. J. in uredniku!

Mary Volk,

702 E. 160 St., Cleveland, O.

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## ŽIVLJENJE NA OTOKU PACIFIKA

Cenjeni urednik!

Povem naj, kako mi je Mladinski List delal skrbi. Od petnajstega v mesecu sem hodil vsak dan gledat na pošto, ako je že prišel zaželjeni mi M. L. Tri noči sem zaporedoma sanjal, da sem ga prejel. Na enoindvajsetega sem pa sklenil, da bom še pismonošo vprašal, da menda ja ni moj magazin dal v napačni predal. Ko pa sem prišel na pošto, sem ugle dal toliko pričakovani Mladinski List.

Tukaj smo že pričeli regrad nabirati (ali kakor moja mama pravi "radič"). To je prva pomladanska solata.

Naj povem, kaj se mi je pripetilo na Friday Harborju. Prvi dan, ko smo prišli sem, me je mama poslala v trgovino. Dal sem de-

nar in čakal, da mi trgovec vrne drobiž, pa mi je naštel samo kanadski denar. Jaz sem se ga branil, da ga nočem, ker bi ga ne mogel oddati, ali pa bi nekaj zgubil na njem. Trgovec se mi je smejal in rekel: "Samo da bi ga ti mlad mož kaj dosti imel, pa se ga ne bodo v Friday Harborju nič branili."

V Wyominiu sem imel večkrat smolo, da sem dobil kanadsko desetico ali kvoder, kar sem potem težko oddal in trgovec me je parkrat ozmerjal, da drugje dobim, njemu pa prinesem.

Tukaj imajo več kanadskega denarja v prometu kakor pa ameriškega, to pa menda zato, ker smo tako blizu kanadske meje.

Pošiljam eno pesmico, da bi jo priobčili, ker sem prijatelj pesmic. Moja sestra Olga in jaz sva v Glee klubu (pevski klub).

Med cvetjem

na solčni vrt, gredice,  
hitijo mi želje.—

Med ljubljene cvetice  
tja žepe me srce.

Saj so mi tovarišice,  
nedolžne kakor jaz,  
jih čuvam kot sestrice,  
da ne umori jih mraz.

Med njimi najsladkeje  
življenje se mi zdi  
v družbi njih hitreje  
mi dan za dnem beži.

Zalivam jih, presajam  
in skrbno jih gojim,  
jim plevem, okopavam  
ter z njimi govorim.

Jaz tudi sem cvetica,  
kot ve, narave hči,  
usoda vrtnarica,  
kdaj mene presadi?

Če bom presajena  
kdaj v življenja vrt,  
li bom skrbno gojena,  
da cvet ne bo mi strt?

Povejte mi, cvetlice,  
nedolžne sestrice,  
povejte, vrt, gredice!  
Vprašuje vas srce.

Iskren pozdrav! Anton Groznik,  
box 22, Friday Harbor, Wash.

## VRAN ZASPAN IN POMLAD

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Prav lepa hvala Vam za priobčitev mojega dopisa!

Le tako naprej, dečki in deklice! Napredujmo, da bodo vse številke napolnjene z dopisi!

Jaz poznam mnogo slovenskih dečkov in deklic, ki znajo slovensko pisati in čitati, a se ne zanimajo za M. L. Jaz pa komaj čakam, da prečitam vse dopise.

Tukaj smo imeli precej mrzlo vreme. Delavskih razmer ne bom nič omenjala, ker so povsod enake.

Hočem Vam povedati, da je bil moj rojstni dan na 5. marca. Stara sem 12 let. Jaz hodim v ljudsko šolo v razred 6 A in v slovensko šolo v 3. razred.

Prosim, da priobčite tole pesmico:

*Vran*

Kdo berač je vendar ta,  
črno suknjico ima?  
Zdaj, ko sneg leži povsod,  
k vsaki hiši prosit hod,  
Kdo mi vendar kruha da?"

Prišla pa je pomlad čez noč,  
beraču prija to na moč.  
Krila svoja široko je razpel,  
zletel visoko nad hiše vesel,  
dol hripavo kričal nam:  
"Lepa, lepa hvala vam!"

Lep pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam, posebno pa uredniku!

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

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## SPOMIN NA LANSKE POČITNICE

Cenjeni urednik Mladinskega Lista!

V februarški števec Mladinskega Lista je bil dopis od sestre Anne Maroltove iz Smithfielda, Pa. Ana želi, da iz Clairtona kaj napišemo za Mladinski List, zato bom pa napisala iz nekaj spomina na prošlo poletje.

Lani ob šolskih počitnicah so šli Škodovi na počitnice na farmo k staremu očetu v Smithfield, Pa., in nekega dne smo se peljali tudi mi k njim na obisk. Z nami je šel tudi ata Antonije, Kristine in Leota Škoda, da se prepriča, če so kaj pridni za časa počitnic.

Jaz sem bila takrat prvič pri Maroltovih, večkrat sem pa čula o Škodovih in tudi o Anni Maroltovi, ki je prišla na obisk v Clairton, in so se pogovarjali o stricu Lojzetu, ki živi pri Maroltovih na farmi. Meni se je čudno zdelo, zakaj stric Lojze vedno sedi v stolu na treh kolesih in poganja ga z rokami. Ata mi je pojasnil, da stric Lojze vedno sedi v stolu zato, ker je bil pobit v majni, kjer mu je

zlomilo hrbet in sedaj ne more hoditi. Mislila sem, kako mora biti to hudo.

Večkrat sem čula pogovor, da je v majni nevarno delo, sedaj to verjamem, ko sem videla strica Lojzeta, kako ga je potolklo v jami. Maroltov Frank nas je peljal v majno. Čudno je notri. Mislila sem, zakaj da ni v jami nikakega okna, da bi se kaj videlo.

Pozdrav vsem!

Caroline Cebasek,  
Box 477, Clairton, Pa.

\* \*

## ALBERT SE UČI SLOVENSKI

Dragi urednik M. L.!

To je moje prvo pismo. Star sem 10 let. Moj ata nič ne dela. Prve dni februarja nas je obiskala mrzla zima. Sedaj imamo malo boljše vreme. Jaz obiskujem slovensko šolo na Holmes ave. z mojo sestro. Naš učitelj Marijon Urbančič se precej trudi z nami. Moja mama vedno pravi, da kdaj bom napisal kaj za Mladinski List.

Ob koncu tega dopisa pozdravljam urednika, vse mlade čitatelje in čitateljice!

Albert Volk,  
702 E. 160 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

\* \*

## UČENJE V MESTU IN NA DEŽELI

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz se učim slovensko in to je prvi moj dopis, ki Vam pišem. Učenje slovenščine je počasno, kajti vsak dan moram v ljudsko šolo, kjer mi dajo obilo dela — pa vse v angleščini. Meni se zdi, da na deželi se otrokom ni treba toliko učiti kot v mestu. Tisti, ki so na deželi, bi menda radi živeli v mestu, mi, ki smo v mestu, pa bi menda radi šli na deželo.

Kod drugod, so tudi tukaj zaprli vse banke. No, potem pa so jih spet odprli, pa ne vse, le nekatere.

Lep pozdrav vsem skupaj!

Rose Koprivnik,  
8514 Vinyard ave., Cleveland, O.

\* \*

## MARY PIŠE PRVO PISMO

Dragi urednik!

To je prvo moje pismo za Mladinski List. Stara sem devet let in hodim v četrti razred, moja sestra v tretji in bratec v prvi razred. Pol ure je treba hoditi do šole. Včasih nas gre cela gruča skupaj in takrat imamo dosti zabave in smeha, posebno pozimi ko je sneg. V šoli se učim angleško, doma pa me uči mama slovensko. Tukaj nismo tako srečni, da bi imeli slovensko šolo kot v Clevelandu in Chicagu. Tukaj se slabo dela.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem, ki to čitate!

Mary Černe, RFD 2, Barberton, O.

## IZ COLORADA

Dragi urednik!

Dne 4. marca je zapadel zopet sneg, ali ne toliko debel, da se bi lahko sankali. Želim, da bi se kmalu vrnila ljuba pomlad, da se bomo lahko igrali na čistem zraku in toplem solncu.

Tukaj vam pošiljam pesmico, ki jo zelo rada poje moja 5 let stara sestra Betty.

## Vse mine

Kje so moje rožice,  
pisane in bele  
moj'ga srca ljubice,  
žlahtno so cvetele.  
Ah spomlad je šla od nas,  
vzela jih je zima, mraz.

Kje je tista utica,  
utica zelena,  
kje je hladna senčica  
iz lipice spletena?  
Hud vihar jo je podrl  
da zelena več ne bo.

Kje je tista deklica,  
na vrtu je sedela,  
lepa kakor rožica,  
pesmice je pela.  
Hitro, hitro mine čas,  
mine tudi lep obraz.

Kje je tisti pevec zdaj,  
ki je to prepeval —  
naj bi enkrat še zapel,  
kratek čas nam delal.  
Hitro, hitro mine čas,  
ah, ne bo ga več nazaj!

Albert Tomsic, box 122, Walsen, Colo.

\* \*

## KONČNO JE PRIŠLA POMLAD

Cenjeni urednik!

"Kdo pa je to napisal?" si boste mislili. "Ta se gotovo šele uči." Da, res je tako — šele učim se slovenščine, zato pa tako slabo pišem. Mama ne uči. Star sem 14 let in hodim v 9. razred v šolo. Imam šest učiteljev in vsi so dobri. Učimo se tudi rokodelstva.

V Minnesoti smo imeli hudo zimo, ki je trajala skoro tri mesece. Sedaj pa vse kaže, da je končno vendarle prišla pomlad tudi k nam. Jaz sem član mladinskega oddelka SNPJ že skoro deset let pri društvu 322. Ob tej priliki se moram zahvaliti članom tega društva za tako lepo zabavo, ki so jo nam priredili 22. feb. v Community poslopju. Dobro smo se imeli in Frank Smotz je igral na harmoniko.

Iskren pozdrav vsem čitateljem in uredniku!

Anton Baraga,

331 W. Locust st., Chisholm, Minn.

## PELIN—ZA ROŽE

Dragi urednik!

Zopet Vas prosim za malo prostora v "Našem koticu". Tu imamo zelo lepo vreme. Tukaj začne pomlad šele maja meseca.

V februarški številki M. L. sem čitala mnogo lepih dopisov. Čitala sem tudi dopis od Frances Čeligoj. Ona me prosi, naj kaj bolj natanko popišem od tukaj. Tukaj je samo gorovje. Pelin imamo za rože. Tukaj je komaj par mesecev poletja, tako da ne poznamo nobene lepote. Večkrat sem že čitala kako je lep Washington in kako je lepa in rožnata Californija, ali videla nisem še nič lepega, ker nisem nikjer drugje bila kot tukaj v Wyomingu.

Ob prvi priložnosti bom pisala Frances Čeligoj. Za enkrat naj mi oprusti, ker sem zelo zaposlena v šoli. Sedaj imamo ročna dela dve uri na teden. Se še večkrat oglašim.

Pozdravljam vse mlade dopisovalce in urednika!

Frances Rolih, box 82, Diamondville, Wyo.

\* \*

## STEFFIE BI RADA ŠLA V SLOVENSKO ŠOLO

Cenjeni urednik!

Že dolgo Vam nisem poslala nobenega dopisa, ker imam veliko šolskih nalog. Stara sem 14 let. Mama mi pravijo, da naj se učim, ker prihodnje leto ne bom več hodila v šolo, ker me potrebujejo doma. Nas je velika familija. Sestre nimam starejše, le eno mlajšo. Bratov imam 5.

Razveselil me je dopis slovenske učenke iz Chicaga. Škoda, da nisem tudi jaz v vaši slovenski šoli. Tudi jaz bi rada igrala v slovenskih igrah. Slovenske pesmi znam. Vsako nedeljo slišimo iz Clevelanda slovenske pevce po radiu. Lepo pojejo.

M. L. težko pričakujem in hitro pogledam, če je kaj slovenskih dopisov. Pozdrav vsem!

Steffie Kaferle, box 195, Yukon, Pa.

\* \*

## "MOJE SKRBI SO ŠOLSKE STVARI"

Dragi urednik!

Četudi nimam nič veselega poročati, bom vseeno napisala par vrstic za M. L. Moje glavne skrbi se sučejo le okrog šole in učenja, slišim pa odrasle ljudi, ki vedno pravijo, da so sedaj slabi časi, ker ni dela ne zasluzka. Moj ata dela ponoči že od jeseni.

Pomlad se je vrnila in kmalu bo vse spet zeleno. To bo lepo za nas otroke!

Moja mama me uči slovensko. Ona me vodi v tem, da napišem pismo za Mladinski List. Zato sem ji hvaležna, da se bom malo naučila slovensko pisati in brati.

Lep pozdrav vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Alica Strajnar, Piney Fork, O.





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XII

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH, 1933

Number 3

## MANAGEMENT

TEN million tiny crawling ants  
Pushed out to work by day,  
Emerged with food for ready need  
And some to store away.

Ten million working, buzzing bees  
Flew over fields of clover;  
The waxy combs in builded hives  
With honey sweet flowed over.

Ten million sturdy, willing men  
At labor trades plied long,  
Produced great heaps of wares in stock  
And built a surplus strong.

The seasons changed; the winter came;  
No more the fields, the food;  
The bees and ants with cupboards full  
Grim hardship's threat withstood.

The needy men gazed at their wealth;  
It was their wealth no more;  
They somberly surveyed their share  
And begged from door to door.

MARY JUGG.

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## MARCH

By William Wordsworth

THE cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun;  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest,  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—  
There's joy in the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!

## HOME

By E. J. Philips

**W**E may build perchance fine houses, *It must have a strong foundation;*  
*Costing the gold of Nome. This humble Home of ours*  
 We may build ourselves a palace grand, *Must stand on the rock of character*  
*With an alabaster dome. Before aloft it towers.*  
 But, of grand materials only, *To build this strong foundation*  
*We can never build a Home. Will take long years not hours.*

*A Home requires long years to build,* *So let us forget the palace*  
*And we can not hire it done, With the alabaster dome,*  
*For the workday of the builders "The humble shall be exalted,"*  
*Is not measured by the sun. Was spoken of the Home.*  
*Just two must do the building, So, we two humble builders*  
*And lastly only one. Will build the best we can.*

*"We will build us a house  
 by the side of the road,  
 and be a friend to man."*

---

 THE WAY YOU'RE JUDGED

**I**T'S the way you live, not the way *It's the way you do, not the way you*  
*you talk, say,*  
 Not the way you preach, but the way *Not the way you speak, but the way*  
*you walk, you pay,*  
 That the world will judge whatever *It will like the best or will like the*  
*you claim, most,*  
 That the world will praise, as the world *It's the way you work, not the way you*  
*will blame. boast.*

*It's the way you sing, not the way you*  
*sigh,*  
*Not the way you whine, but the way*  
*you try,*  
*That will hold you down, or will help*  
*you far;*  
*Not the way you seem but the way you*  
*are.*

—Douglas Malloch.

# For Your Health



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

**Chapman: MISS ELLA MARVIN**

## For Your Health

**DURING** the winter months when windows are closed and everything is shut up, we are prone to become sluggish and then towards March our vitality reaches a low ebb; we lack ambition, with a general feeling of lassitude. This is due to the fact that we do not absorb as much oxygen during the winter months as we do during the other months of the year. In the spring, summer and fall windows and doors are open, and we are outdoors much more. Consequently we take in more fresh air which helps us to keep our systems in better working order.

It is entirely up to each individual to guard and maintain his health. The four greatest things in this world, and to which we do not seem to give proper attention, are fresh air, diet, sleep and sunshine, all of which is within our grasp if we have enough will power to go after it. Get the necessary amount of sleep and fresh air every day.

Put on a pair of easy shoes and walk briskly in the sunshine one hour every day—longer if possible. Do not loiter on the way but keep up a brisk pace,

and if convenient take another half hour after the evening meal. Keep this up. Do not expect too much in a few days—but continue the practice and you will be paid in full by renewed health for the time expended. Your health is your greatest asset. It's up to you to help retain it. Do not say, "I have not the time." You are mistaken. Take the time because when you lose your health and you pass on time will mean nothing. Get eight hours' full sleep and eat plenty of fresh vegetables, such as lettuce, cabbage, spinach, asparagus, celery, watercress, tomatoes, etc. In fact, all vegetables that grow. Eat sparingly of white bread; instead substitute rye or whole wheat bread. Limit yourself to coffee for the morning meal, substituting tea, cocoa or milk with the other two meals. Use as little sugar as possible. Cut down on pastries, cake, puddings, etc., and try combinations of fruit salads for desserts. Fried meat and fried food that absorb grease is not good for you. Meats that are broiled or baked are most easily digested and most beneficial.

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## The Grumble Seat

You have all heard of a rumble seat; no doubt many of you have ridden in one. Did you ever ride in the grumble seat? Perhaps you never heard of such a thing. It is the seat where the grumbler of the family sits, the one who finds fault with everything, who climbs out of the wrong side of the bed and starts the day complaining.

Most homes have a grumble seat. Do you ever sit in it? Most classes have a grumble seat, too. The fault-

finder who never does anything but criticize the work others are doing is the one who sits in the grumble seat.

The ride you get in the grumble seat is not a pleasant one. It is bumpy and uncomfortable. You have a twisted view of the scenery from that seat, too. If you are in the habit of sitting in the grumble seat, why not climb out of it and sit in the seat of helpfulness or thoughtfulness?—(What To Do.)

## SMILE, THANK YOU, SMILE!

<p>THE thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while, That costs the least, and does the most, is just a pleasant smile— The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow men, That drives away the clouds of gloom and brings the sun again. It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent— It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.</p>	<p>There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile, It always has the same good look—it's never out of style. It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue, The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you. It pays a higher interest—for it is merely lent— It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.</p>
---	---

A smile comes very easy—you can  
wrinkle up with cheer  
A hundred times before you can squeeze  
out a soggy tear.  
It ripples out, moreover, to the heart-  
strings that will tug,  
And always leaves an echo that is very  
like a hug.  
So smile away, folks understand what  
by a smile is meant,  
It's worth a million dollars, and it  
doesn't cost a cent.

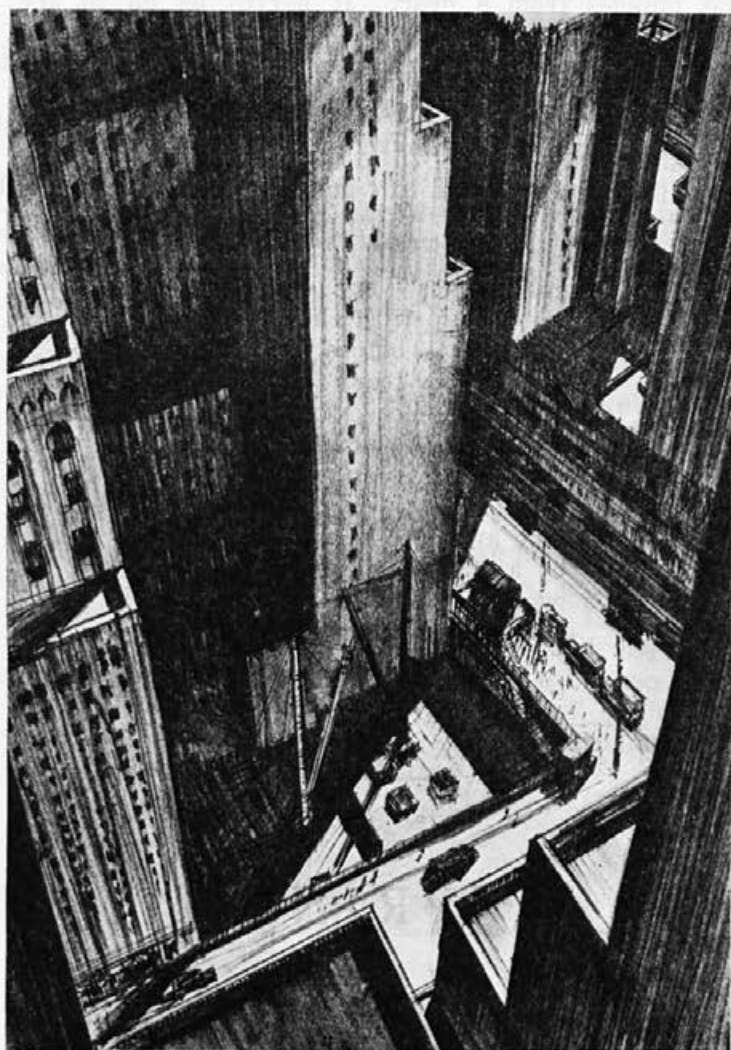
—(Selected.)

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## SPRING

By A. Leland

AND softly came the fair young queen  
O'er mountain, dale and dell;  
And where her golden light was seen  
An emerald shadow fell.  
The good wife opened the windows wide,  
The good man spanned his plough;  
'Tis time to run: 'tis time to ride,  
For Spring is with us now.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Ernest Boan: FOUNDATION CONSTRUCTION

# A Mother Sits by The Fire

By F. Britten Austin

(Continued.)

SHE took a deep, trembling breath, difficult in the anguish that seemed like a cramp upon her heart, looked at this stranger—this stranger who was her Peter—in despair that had no words. For this moment of repudiation she had sacrificed her entire life.

A sudden resolve formed itself in her. He was no longer a child. He was a grown man! She would trust him to the extreme of completeness! If she could not thus trust him, life were better ended for her. He claimed to be a man—she would give him his chance to prove it.

She went to the writing desk in the corner of the room, and took a sheet of paper and wrote:

"Dear Mr. Dane: Will you please take this as authority to transfer to Peter all the securities you hold for me? I feel that now he is of man's age he should undertake a man's responsibility—"

She looked round sharply in the sudden knowledge of a presence at her back. It was Peter looking over her shoulder.

—"I have implicit trust in him." Her pen flew over the paper, and she signed her name. Then she turned to Peter, handed him the letter speechlessly, trying to keep her hand still. He pushed it back.

"No, Mother," he said. She stared at him. There was a new tone in his voice. "I've had enough of your money." He spoke evidently with an effort, overcame a shamefacedness for which she loved him. "I want to tell you something. I've been thinking—and I've decided to go into Mr. Dane's office if he'll have me."

She sprang to her feet, was held, a little thing, in his big strong arms.

"Peter!"

"And, Mother"—he looked down into her eyes, "I've not played the game to you. Forgive me for making you unhappy."

"Peter! Peter darling!" she said, the tears streaming down her face, "it's the happiest moment of my life!"

\* \* \*

She smiled happily, as duster in hand, she went over the little house, the last touch given. It was a picture of domestic neatness, fresh and pretty with its new curtains against the sun. She wondered what Peter would say when he saw it. She was innocently excited at the surprise it would be for him. She had been wise to persuade him to go away alone for that month. He deserved a real holiday. He had had a hard time at the office. He was an important man there now. Mr. Dane was pleased with him, had hinted at a possible partnership in the future. Her mind leaped back years to a dreadful evening when Peter had hesitated at what she now saw to have been crossroads. She could scarcely identify that rebellious boy with the steady-eyed young man who had kissed her good-by. Eight years!

There was his key in the lock! "Hello, Mother!"

"Peter dear!" She was in his arms. "You have enjoyed yourself?"

"Heaps!" He looked down at her. "Little Mother, I've something to show you downstairs!"

She let herself be led with his arms around her, to the staircase; descended to the turn of the stairs. She stopped suddenly as tho a sword had gone thru her. Standing in the hall was a girl, at first glance young and pretty under her summer hat.

She turned to him. "Peter!" But Peter had already leaped down the

stairs, was leading the girl toward her. She forced herself to continue her descent. It was as tho the earth quaked and opened.

Peter was speaking.

"Forgive me for not writing to you about it, Mother. I wanted it to be a great surprise for you." He radiated a happiness that could see nothing beyond itself. "This is Ruth. I want you to love her—for she has promised to be my wife!"

"Mrs. Harcourt," the girl's voice was sympathetic, "I told Peter he ought to have written to you. Can you forgive me?"

She found herself holding the girl's hand as she looked into those brown eyes for discovery of the real woman behind that pretty face. Peter's happiness depended on that unknown. Suddenly she bent forward, took her in her arms with a kiss that sanctioned.

"Be good to him, dear," she said.

She led the girl into the drawing-room, left them on the pretext of ordering the tea. She invented pretexts to linger in the kitchen. Not for some minutes could she nerve herself for the ordeal of seeing them together—and then, suddenly, she could not stay away.

She went along to the drawing-room. The door was half open. Peter's voice, a strange new note in it, arrested her on the threshold. He held his affianced in his arms, looking up to him as he looked down to her.

"There's never been any real thing in my life till now, dearest," he said, as he bent down for the meeting of their lips.

On his face was a look his mother had never seen.

She crept away into the next room, pretty with the new curtains which he had not noticed, sank into a chair, sobbed suddenly as tho her heart would break.

Her thoughts ran on. It seemed a long way back now, that pretty little house where Peter had grown up from babyhood to manhood. It was lonely in this diminutive apartment whither she had removed the furniture she had not given Peter for his home. He rarely visited her. Weeks passed without his seeing her while she sat and listened for the sharp ring at the bell which should announce his presence. She did not blame him. He worked hard and after work Ruth, of course, liked to have him.

It was very lonely, and as she sat she wondered whether it had all been worth while. She looked back along a vista of sacrifice—of sacrifices of which Peter knew nothing, or had forgotten long ago. All her own life she had immolated for him, and at the end he thought (it was right that he should, of course!) only of another woman.

There was a sharp ring at the outer bell. Peter! Her heart leaped. She almost ran to the door, opened it. It was Peter but—she noted it with a little stab of disappointment—Ruth was with him.

Peter smiled at her, the affectionate old Peter!

"Ruth has something to tell, Mother," he said as he kissed her.

The pretty young wife nodded brightly to her, her face somehow more sympathetic than usual. The two women went into the bedroom for the younger to remove her hat and suddenly the daughter-in-law bent and whispered in her ear.

The old lady gave a start of joy.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she cried, throwing her arms about her and kissing her in a sudden annihilation of all hostility. "I'm so glad! I'm so glad for you. A woman can't know what happiness is"—she smiled in an ecstasy of transfigured memory—"until she is a mother." (The End.)





Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Schnakenberg: YOUNG HUNTER

## OLD AND ALONE

*By Henry Neele*

OLD MAN, old man, thy locks are gray, "Then haste to the friends of thy youth, old  
And the winter winds blow cold; man,  
Why wander abroad on thy weary way, Who loved thee in days of yore;  
And thy home's warm fold?" They will warm thy old blood with the foaming  
can,  
And sorrow shall chill it no more."

"The winter's winds blow cold, 'tis true,  
And I am old to roam;  
But I may wander the wide world through  
Ere I shall find my home."

"And where do thy children loiter so long?  
Have they left thee, thus old and forlorn,  
To wander wild heather and hills among,  
While they quaff from the lusty horn?"

"My children have long since sunk to rest,  
To that rest which I would were my own;  
I have seen the green turf placed over each  
breast,  
And read each loved name on the stone."

"To the friends of my youth in far distant  
parts,  
Over moor, over mount, I have sped;  
But the kind I found in their graves, and the  
hearts  
Of the living were cold as the dead."

The old man's cheek as he spoke grew pale,  
On the grass-green sod he sank,  
While the evening sun o'er the western vale  
Eet mid clouds and vapors dank.

On the morrow the sun, in the eastern skies  
Rose ruddy, and warm, and bright;  
But never again did the old man rise  
From the sod which he pressed that night



## Tolerance

THE most lovable quality that any human can possess is tolerance. Tolerance is the vision that enables us to see things from another person's point of view. It is the generosity that concedes to others the right to their own opinions and their own peculiarities. It's the bigness that enables us to let people be happy in their own way instead of our way.



# Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

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

*Dear Readers and Members:—*

*This month the Mladinski List is late again, but through no fault of ours. The delay was made in the make-up department. We hope that in future we shall be able to overcome all obstacles, so that the Mladinski List will be mailed to you on or soon after the 1st of each month.*

*There are many letters published this month and a few were left out. These will appear next month.*

*Spring is here! No doubt all of you enjoy its return, for it offers a number of amusements and cheerful experiences outdoors. But that should not diminish your interest for your monthly visitor. On the contrary, your interest for the M. L. should be increased!—THE EDITOR.*

## SUNLIGHT AND PLANTS

Dear Editor:—

In looking over some of the old editions of Mladinski List I saw a letter in regard to one of my former topics. The correspondent claimed that she did not agree with me that sunlight prevent the growth of plants. As I had been very busy I did not find time to answer her request. Before I begin trying to induce her that my theory is correct, I would like to ask everyone a few questions.

Have you ever planted corn? If so, did you notice that before you went to bed the ground contained no plant, and when you awoke a sprout had come up over-night? Doesn't this give you an idea that a plant grows in the night? Another thing, your mother might have left potatoes in a dark cellar. Observe that the potatoes begin to sprout without any sunlight whatsoever. This also proves that sunlight is not needed in the growth of plants. Sunlight causes the water in the leaves to evaporate, thus making the plant die.

As I have stated in my first letter, the cells on the shady side of a plant multiply so fast that the plant bends over due to the tremendous weight. The only thing that sunlight does to a plant is give it its green color. They say that no argument is satisfactory

unless it is backed up by authority. I find the most capable authority to be the Professor of Botany at the Ohio State University. I hope that my opponent on this question will correspond with me. With the best of luck to all the members, I remain a constant reader of the M. L.,

Olga Janzik,  
2838 Pearl ave., Lorain, Ohio.

\* \*

## WAKE UP, CLEVELAND!

Dear Editor:—

I just woke up from a long dream. I didn't write to the M. L. for a long time.

When I was reading the February M. L. I saw that Cleveland had only two letters in the "Chatter Corner." Cleveland must be fast asleep, like I was. Wake up and write to this wonderful magazine.

I am 11 years of age and in the 5A. My teacher's name is Miss Simkovitz. Our room just finished Daniel Boone in history. Our teacher decided to have the children in her room to make Boonesboro. Some children are making the Backwoods Men, while the others are making cabins and stockades. I wish it will be finished soon.

Audrey Maslo,  
1241 E. 172 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

**SLEEPY HEADS! WAKE UP!**

Readers, Writers, and Editor:—

The February issue was a little late. I thought it would never come. But it finally came. I noticed the heading of the "Chatter Corner" was changed. I also noticed with surprise a letter from Pauline Poverk in the Feb. issue. Keep it up! Although Santa didn't bring you anything, you write every once in a while or every month. Maybe, if you write always, Santa will give you something next time you hang your stocking. Because Santa gets an issue every month and he'll see who writes. How about some others like Theresa Koracin, Mary Vodipice, Frances Presern, and Helen Ometz.

The Feb. issue was made up of "This is my first letter." I wish I could see at least one month's issue with a letter from every state. Wouldn't that be great? I like the idea the four "Heart, Diamond, Spade, and Club," have been made. There's a good many letters in the "Kotiček" but I don't see any from these lazy letter writers of Yukon. Come on, get some "get-up" in you.

I wrote to Katherine Paladin, but she didn't answer. Now, Katherine, don't fall asleep.

Best regards to all. **Steffie Kaferle,**  
Box 195, Yukon, Pa.

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**ROSALIE'S FIRST LETTER**

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I was born in Clarksburg, West Virginia, Oct. 15, 1922. We lived in Clarksburg two years, then we moved to Cleveland, Ohio, and lived there 5 years. My father lost his job, so we moved to N. J. and then to Forest City, Pa. Now my father works in the mine on hard coal. I go to No. 1 school. I have a good teacher; her name is Miss Chudzinski. I am ten years old and in 4th grade. I got a good report card. I have a girl friend, Mary Zgaga.

**Rosalie Painter,**  
742 Hudson St., Box 147, Forest City, Pa.

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**LODGE NO. 98**

Dear Editor:

I am writing my second letter to the M. L. I like to read the M. L. because it is very interesting. I am twelve years old and in the sixth grade of the Columbus school. We have very much fun in our school. We were practicing ball for a week. We didn't have enough girls to play the boys. So each side had three girls. Then we had a ball game. My teacher's name is Miss Ries. She is very kind and gentle.

There are eight of us in our family, and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 98. My

mother and father are trying to teach me how to write Slovene.

The only place that has very steady work is the mine and it doesn't work so regularly. My father who had his leg broken, started to work about three weeks ago.

**Olga Kotar,**  
R. F. D. No. 3, La Salle, Ill.

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**ANOTHER FIRST LETTER**

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am ten years of age in the 3A. I skipped the 3B. My teacher's name is Miss Mills.

We do not get the M. L. Our neighbor gets it. When they are through reading it they give it to me to read. I enjoy reading the M. L. Audrey Maslo helped me to write this letter. I will write more next time.

**Angela Gregur,**  
1249 E. 172 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

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**TWO BIRTHDAYS**

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I am 10 years old and in the 5A grade. I like to go to school very much even though the studies are hard.

February was the month of Lincoln's and Washington's birthday. We didn't get off in school on Lincoln's birthday because it was on a Sunday this year.

Now that Roosevelt is elected, times aren't any better. The fact is that they are worse. If the people would only vote for Socialists, times would be better.

At school when we voted the teacher put Hoover and Roosevelt on the board. I told her if she didn't put Norman Thomas on the board I wouldn't vote. She put his name on the board, but he only got two votes. My cousin and I voted for him.

**Margaret Pohar,**  
box 63, Oglesby, Ill.

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**A LETTER FROM OKLAHOMA**

Dear Editor:—

I haven't forgotten about the M. L. yet. Who could forget this lovely little magazine. I haven't seen a letter from Adamson yet. Come on, you lazy children, and write—it will not cost a penny. We had a program on Washington's birthday. The times are not picking up a bit, the wolf is still at the door and will not go away. Most of the people are starving. There has been no work at all of any kind since before Christmas. One mine worker a few weeks before Xmas, but that was all.

**Edward Yeglic,**  
box 213, Adamson, Okla.

**SCHOOL WILL SOON BE OUT**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have decided to write to the Mladinski List once more. I haven't written for about three years. There's one thing I can certainly say for this wonderful little magazine, it is indeed very interesting and I enjoy reading the short stories and poems and the letters from all parts of the United States.

I am glad that everyone isn't as lazy as I am for writing to the Mladinski List, for if they were, it would soon quit coming because there would be nothing to publish. Hurrah! for all the boys and girls who keep up their job and write every month.

I go to the Hartshorne high school and am a struggling sophomore. I enjoy my work very much although I am afraid to get up in front of a class of thirty or fifty to recite. I always make my grade.

Our school will soon be out.

With best regards and wishes for every reader and also the Editor,

Josephine Yeglic,  
box 213, Adamson, Okla.

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**JOHNNY LIKES BASKETBALL**

Dear Editor:—

Before the last bell rings for school we play in the gym and then are very tired in school for the classes. We have gym every day during school days and have a lot of fun. Sometimes we play basketball which is a very good game. We also play volley ball, top ball, and many other games. Our teacher shows us how to play these games. If I pass to the seventh grade I will be allowed to go out for basketball. Last year I got a bicycle for passing.

I am in the Township orchestra. I play a violin.

John Leskoshek, (11 years),  
box 157, Irwin, Pa.

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**LODGE NO. 60**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old. I am in the sixth grade. I have four teachers, their names are: Miss Shoff, Miss Cranston, Miss McNellis and Miss Myers. They are all very good. Miss McNellis is the principal of our school.

There are seven children in our family, the oldest one is eighteen years old, the youngest is six years old. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 60, except my dad.

I enjoy reading the M. L. I hope some of the members would write to me.

Mildred Likovich, box 137, Lloydell, Pa.

**ROSE WAS IN LJUBLJANA**

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. We all belong to Lodge SNPJ No. 53. My father is the secretary for the third year. There are four in our family. I am nine years old. My sister is eleven years old. In 1930 we went to Europe; we liked it very much there. We saw many nice places. We were in Ljubljana and we like it very much. It is a very nice city. We saw many other cities. I never thought Europe had such nice cities as we saw. I wish I was there now. We had lots of good times everywhere.

Rose Hayny, 1272 E. 169 st., Cleveland, O.

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**WHY I AM WRITING TO THE M. L.?**

Dear Editor:—

I am writing to the M. L. because no one from West Aliquippa is writing. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. I am now on my vacation for three months. (This is the fourth letter to the M. L.) I had much fun outdoors since my vacation. I hope I can see more letters from West Aliquippa in M. L. I enjoy reading the poems, riddles and stories in the M. L. I hope that the M. L. would come once a week instead of once a month.

The work is very scarce here. The men only work two or three days a week and have another week to rest. Some do not work one day even.

My big brother has graduated from the Harding high school. My big sister is in the ninth grade. My little sister is in the second grade.

When I go back to school (April 7) I will be in 5A. Then three months in 5A. I will go to 6C. In July my both sisters will be on their vacations.

Edward Lampich,  
box 22, W. Aliquippa, Pa.

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**MARY STUDIES SLOVENE**

Dear Editor:—

It's going to be a year since I wrote my first letter to M. L. I am sure slow. I will write more often to the Mladinski List. We had a lot of snow last winter. My brother and I went sleigh-riding many times. My mother started to teach me how to read and write Slovene, but I am not able to write it yet. My mother always says, da začetek je težak. I think it is.

Mary Josephine Lambert,  
box 72, Diamondville, Wyo.

**SPRING AND FLOWERS**

Dear Editor:—

This is my third letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading it very much. I go to school every day.

Times are very hard here in Johnstown.

I thought that I was going to go sled-riding this year, but the snow melted right away.

I can hardly wait for spring to come, so that I can plant pretty flowers. They look very pretty in the garden and around the house.

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

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**IN SYMPATHY**

Dear Editor:—

It is a long time since I wrote to the M. L., so I have decided to write again. Today was the funeral of Anna Kattnecker, one of the beloved members of Lodge 540. She was only 19 years old and we all miss her. We all want to express our deepest sympathy to the family.

We had snow only three times out here in New Jersey. I had birthday party on December 26. I was 16 years old. I received many lovely gifts and everyone had a good time. It seems my brother and I are the only ones to write to the M. L. from Elizabeth or from New Jersey. Come on everyone, write to the M. L. Everyone would appreciate it more if we had more correspondence.

I wish work would pick up for all the poor people who are out of work.

Mary A. Pasarich,  
521 Bayway ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

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**IT'S SPRINGTIME**

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. We all belong to the Lodge No. 361 SNPJ. I will be 8 years on July 7 and I am in second grade. There are six of us in the family. I have two little brothers—they always fight—and one sister four months old. Times out here are very slack. There are many people sick.

It is spring out here now!

James E. Yaksetich,  
box 116, McIntyre, Pa.

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**ELSIE'S FIRST LETTER**

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I will be 14 years old in April. I am in the eighth grade. There are five of us in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ. My dad and brother belong to Lodge No. 36, and my mother, my sister and I belong to Lodge No. 149.

I wish some of the members would write to me. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much.  
Elsie Bashel, box 17, Willock, Pa.

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**ALICE'S FIRST LETTER**

Dear Editor:—

This is the first time I am writing to the M. L. I am seven years old and in the second grade. My teacher is Mrs. Baker, She is very nice to me. There are six in our family. We all belong to Lodge No. 122.

Alice May Lampich,  
box 22, W. Aliquippa, Pa.

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**"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MUSIC HALL"**

Dear Editor:—

Since the M. L. is very interesting I have decided to join the writers of this dear paper. I can hardly wait till it comes to our house every month. My brothers and I, all want to see it first.

I go to Hodge school and I am in the sixth grade. In January we went to the Severance Hall, which is the most beautiful music hall. Ringwall conducted the Cleveland symphony orchestra. He is the assistant conductor of it. We had a very good time.

I also go to Slovene school. I am a member of Lodge No. 147.

Dorothy Subel,  
1107 E. 68 st., Cleveland, O.

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**"THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE"**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the dear Mladinski List, the magazine of many young people's hearts. I wish the magazine would come in weekly issues rather than in monthly issues.

The work around Hutchinson is bad. If "Ole Man Depression" keeps on living around this country, I don't know if he ever will leave. You know how it is, when one thing sets for a while it stays.

I am 15 years of age and in the 8th grade, my teacher's name is Mr. Lash. Wonder, what happened to the Hutchinson members. Wake up, Hutchinson! Do not sleep all the time. Make the M. L. more popular.

John Ursic Jr., box 69, Rillton, Pa.

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**MANY LETTERS**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter in the M. L. As I look through the magazine I seen a lot of school children's letters. I would like to write in Slovene but I can't. Mother would like to teach us but she has no time.—We haven't any father. My mother got a letter from her sister in Europe and she told us that Joe Pric died last year. Lots of friends in Cle-

veland knew him because he lived there a long time.

I like to hear more about Joe and Frank Krancenic from Cleveland. We would all be glad if they would come over this school-vacation.

I am writing this letter on George Washington birthday. I wish it were summer already because I have more fun in summer.

**Frances Drnach,**  
1109 Worthington ave., Clairton, Pa.

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#### HER SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading it very much. There was a concert held at the high school on February 18 and was very good. I am in the third grade and seven years of age. I have been in the honor roll all of this term and wish to have the same luck the rest of the term.

**Anna Leskoshek,**  
box 157, Irwin, Pa.

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#### LIKES THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am fifteen years old and am a freshman in Canton high school. I have not read any letters from Canton, Ill., and I wish more members would write. I think this magazine is just wonderful. I wish it would come every week instead of every month.

There are nine in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 80. The times are very hard here. My father and brothers are working.

**Mary Franerskovich,**  
835 No. Sixth Ave., Canton, Ill.

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#### A LETTER FROM PRESTO, PA.

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. The weather was very cold for a few days where I live. The thermometer showed three below zero.

I am taking piano lessons. I am getting along fine with it. Some times I take my lesson on Saturday or Sunday. It is only a few months since I started to take them. Ferdinand B. Demsher is teaching me.

On Saturday, Feb. 11, my father hurt his eye while working in the cellar grinding a piece of steel. He got three small chips in his eye. It was grind stone. He had to go to an ear and eye doctor twice to get it out for him. It was very, very sore for a few days.

**Christina Klemenc,** box 17, Presto, Pa.

#### SPRING IS HERE!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

We had in our town some snow in Feb. and now the weather is as nice as any spring day, and I hope it lasts. Although I like to skate, I also like to go out and wander in the woods. It won't be long now until spring. We will all be able to go out to the woods to hear the birds singing, and see the new nests, and see how many new flowers you can find. I know that many city boys and girls are missing a lot of fun.

I am eleven years old, and in the sixth grade. My friends tell me that I am small for my age. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 275. There are five of us in our family. I have two sisters and no brother (I wish I had one).

**Louis Berlot,** Maynard, Ohio.

□

Bettie (aged 10, and crying): "Mamma, my t-t-train's busted."

Mother: "Well, dear, why don't you play with your other toys?"

Bettie: "I c-c-can't because pop's playing with them now!"

□

#### JUNIOR JOTTINGS

The following members and readers sent in their first, second or third letters for the March number of the Mladinski List:

*Margaret P. Zora,* Johnstown, Pa.; *Mary Nagode,* Waukegan, Ill.; *Freda Lah,* Cliff Mine, Pa.; *Anna Prelec,* Painsville, O.; *Albin Flis,* Dickson City, Pa.; *Philys Griman,* Ambridge, Pa.; *William Vidas,* Moon Run, Pa.; *Georgia Luznar,* Samsula, Fla.; *Frank Gorišek,* Broughton, Pa.; *Mary Sertich,* Virginia, Minn.; *Anna, Mary,* and *Frances Samich,* Irwin, Pa.; *Mildred Chesnic,* Canonsburg, Pa.; *Carolina Strell,* Tire Hill, Pa.; *Mary Smrke,* Sheboygan, Wis.; *Frank Andriancich,* Gilbert, Minn.; *Theodora Sedmak,* Conneout, O.; *Anna Zgela,* Mansfield, O.; *Tony* and *Julia Slavec,* Morley, Colo.; *Mamie Triler,* Library, Pa., and *Victor Tomsic,* Walsen Colo.

They all promised to write again. And if they do, their little letters will be published in these columns without fail, provided they will write in ink, on standard writing paper (tablet) and only on one side of the paper.

*Editor's Note.*—The M. L. discontinued printing snapshots some time ago, and we are very sorry that the "snaps" sent in during the last few months cannot be published and we will not return them.

**LODGE NO. 166**

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. I like to go to school and I have four teachers. My home-room teacher's name is Miss Burns; she is very good to us.

There are six in our family and all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 166. I wished some girls from Avella would write to me.

Rita May Widmar,  
box 23, Presto, Pa.

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**"HERE IS BILLY GOAT FOR YOU"**

Dear Editor:—

I found in the February issue that Jackie needs a Billy goat. So here Jack, there's a surprise for you. If you want to have a good time in summer, come to me and get a Billy goat. You don't have to go to the park if

you don't want to, if you have my Billy. You'll get a good ride and a good race.

We too live on the farm. When we want to have fun we just leave out Billy. Oh boy, if you could see us kids scramble up the trees like Tarzan. But he waits under the tree and says, baa-baa. Because he's mad—we won't come down.

Bertha Jurjevič,  
48 Arendell ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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**OUR GLEE CLUB**

Dear Editor:—

Our Glee Club sang two songs at the Greensburgh high school auditorium. There were about 1000 people present. We got many cheers! We were among the best also in the Greatville school. Our next one will be sung this month at Harrolds Jr. High.

Dorothy Fink, Wendel, Pa.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

**AFTER WORK—REST**