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MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

ZA NOVO LETO

NOV na steni visi koledar —
In kakor leto osorej,
bi srca naša govorila
ter — mnogo sreče! si voščila —
prav kakor leto osorej.

Toda, radi ali pa neradi smo spoznali,
da vsa voščila naša, lepe vse besede
so le pesek v morje bede, —
ker srečo našo so v denar vkovali.

O, le poglejmo v oči resnici:
dokler se svet ne bo prebudil,
spoznal, kako je VSE v denar zabubil —
dotlej zaman želje po sreči in pravici!

Lahko je leta naša meriti s koledarjem —
težko pa srečo našo z dolarjem —!



Kristijan Andersen:

Dve sliki

1.

POSLUŠAJ, kaj mi je včeraj povedal mesec: "Danes sem videl višek sreče, videl sem otroka, štiriletno dekletce, ki je dobilo novo krilce, nov rožnato rdeč klobuček. Pravkar so ji pomerili novo obleko, in vse na njej je klicajo po solncu, po žarki svetlobi, ker moji žarki, ki so se vsipali skozi okno, niso bili svetli dovolj. Vse je klicalo po solncu.

Vrtelo se je tam sredi sobe dekletce, pokonci kakor lutka, roke je boječe držalo daleč proč od krilca in prste narezan.

O, kako se ji je svetil obrazek, kako so se ji bleščale oči. "Jutri pa že smeš na cesto!" ji je rekla mamica. In mala pogleda na svoj klobuček, pogleda na novo krilce in se blaženo nasmehlja:

"Mamica!" pravi, "kaj si bo naš Sultan mislil, ko me bo jutri videl!"

2.

"Videl sem jokati otroka, ubogo deklico. Jokala je nad zlobo sveta. Najlepšo punčko je dobila v dar, o! to je bila punčka, tako lepa in pridna in doslej vedno tako srečna. Zdaj pa sta brata male deklice, dolgina zlobna, vzela punčko, jo obesila na visoko drevo sredi vrta in stekla stran. Dekletce pa ni moglo doseči svoje punčke in ji pomagati doli in zato je jokalo.

Tudi punčka je gotovo jokala, saj jo

je tako lepo prosila z razprostrtimi rokami med zelenimi vejami. In vsa nesrečna se ji je zdela. Da, to je tista nesrečna usoda, o kateri mamica tolikokrat govori!

O uboga punčka! In tema se že dela in kmalu bo noč! Ali naj ostane sama tu na drevesu, vso dolgo, strašno noč! Ne, tega si mala ni mogla misliti. "Ostati hočem pri tebi!" je vzdihnila, čeprav ji je bilo tako čudno tesno pri srcu.

Saj je že skoraj čisto razločno videla male vile v visokih, koničastih čepicah, kako šepečejo med grmovjem. In tam v temnem hodniku plešejo strahovi, bližje in bližje prihajajo in stegujejo roke po drevesu, kjer se skriva njena punčka. Smejejo se in s prstom kažejo nanjo!

Ah, kako tesno je postalo deklici! Pa če ni nič slabega naredila, si je mislila, ji ne more nihče nič žalega storiti. Ali sem kaj zakrivila? se je vprašala in pomislila.

"Aha, že vem!" je vzdihnila, "smejala sem se ubogi raci, ki ima nogo obvezano z rdečo cunjjo; pa tako smešno šepa. In zato sem se ji smejala. In to ni lepo, smejati se nesrečnežem!"

Pogledala je punčko na drevesu: "Si se ti tudi smejala raci?" je vprašala; in zdelo se ji je, kakor da bi odkimala z glavo."

OB NOVEM LETU

KO gremo spet v novo leto,
vam, dečica, vsakdo želi
zlatega solnca in sreče
in lepih, veselih dni.

In smeha in pesemc srebrnih,
kakor jih ptički pojo,
a v dušicah misli prejasnih,
da bo veselo kolo!

Anica Černejeva.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Arthur Hacker: USPAVANKA.

Kako toži zajček pozimi

NESREČNI zajček sem, vse me sovraži in preganja, od vseh strani mi preti smrt. Lovec me išče s puško na rami, pes me zasleduje, ptica roparica se spušča iz zračnih višin nadme, mladiče pa mi jemlje maček. Niti enega prijatelja nimam! Da bi znal skakati po drevju kakor veverica ali pa da bi mogel pre spati vsaj pusto in neusmiljeno zimo kakor jazbec ali medved! A tudi nikake obrambe nimam. Z dolgimi in močnimi zobmi lahko sicer oglodam najtrše deblo, a braniti se z njimi ne znam. Nisem baš junak! Če zaslišim najmanjši šum, napnem ušesa, potem pa zbežim, kot bi me nesel veter.

V teku pa sem vam mojster! Skačem zdaj sem, zdaj tja, na levo in na desno, zdaj naprej pa zopet nazaj, da se moji preganjalci jeze, da je kaj! A kaj mi vse to pomaga, prej ali slej me vendar dohiti smrt iz lovčeve puške. Najhuje

je zame pozimi. Travniki so pokriti z debelo sneženo odejo, zelniki prazni, gozdovi goli in zasneženi. V hudi sili se moram lotiti drevja in glodati trdo skorjo, da vsaj malce potolažim sitni želodček . . . In vrhu vsega prirejajo baš v zimskem času lov za lovom na nas uboge živali . . . Psi lajajo in cvilijo pa dreve za nami in nas pode naravnost do lovcev in—pok—po nas je!

Pa ko bi še vsaj po smrti ravnali malo lepše z nami! Mrtve konje in pse zakopljejo v zemljo—nas pa čaka kuhinja. Tam nas najprej slečejo iz gorkega kožuščka, ki ga posuše in prodajo. Naše okusno meso pa skuhamo ali spečejo, najrajši pa ga snedo v omaki, a naše kosti vržejo psom, da jih požro . . .

Zdaj pa preudarite sami, če ni smola in nesreča biti zajčjega rodu!

Iz hrvaščine A.

NAŠ DOMEK

OČE pravi,
da ga je s krvavimi žulji zaslužil,
in mi vemo:
nič manj kot nas otroke
ga je tudi ljubil.

In mati je z radostjo
tiho sodelovala,
da bi prej v lastnem gnezdecu
svoje malčke odgojevala,

Saj je vanj vzdal vse,
kar mu je ostalo,
od njegove mladosti in moči,
ki jo je vse dni
izkoriščevalno tiranstvo sesalo.

— Pa mi? —
Oj, kako bi se popisati dalo,
vse sladko veselje,
ki je naša srčeca
na naš domek prikovalo? —

— Ali zdaj —
O! ubogi oče in mati in mi —
naš domek je vzela kriza —
naš domek nič več naš ni . . .

Anna P. Krasna.

A. P. K.:

Bazenček

TAKO so mu rekli vsi, četudi to ni bilo njegovo ime. Jaz sem ga poznala izza najzgodnejše mladosti in več kot enkrat sva se udarila z lesenimi žlicami preko lončene sklede, v katero nama je mati napravila kosilo ali popoldansko južino, včasih tudi večerjo. Bazenček je namreč imel to priskutno navado, da je srebal kakor dobršen pujssek in jaz sem to mrzila, ker mi je bilo silno odvratno poslušati srebanje ali pa smrčanje. Stvar mi je šla često tako na živce, da sem z žlico zamahnila po Bazenčku ali pa se spustila v jok in ostala brez obeda. In Bazenček mi je navadno vrnil milo za drago; če sem ga lopnila, je lopnil tudi on, in če sem se namrdnila, je hitel jesti kakor deset pujskov, tako da bi se mi niti ne izplačalo odstavitati rilčka, ker skleda je bila prazna v trenutku.

Moja mati pa je bila svojevrstna ženska. "Bazenček je otrok kakor si ti," je rekla, "in ako nima lepših manir, je to zato, ker je tak siromaček. Podučí ga, namesto da se cmeriš in raztresaš svojeglavost."

"Podučíte ga vi," sem protestirala, "vam ne bo vrnil z žlico."

In res ga je mati večkrat poizkušala naučiti lepše olike pri skledi, a zaman; Bazenček je ostal mali, nenasitni človeški pujssek in jaz sem končno izvojevala svoje pravo in jedla iz lastne skledice, tudi kadar je bil Bazenček pri nas. Po pridobitvi te osebne svobode in pravice sem Bazenčka tudi rajša imela; ni mi bil več tako zoprni. Skupaj sva obtrgavala fižol, nosila vodo iz studenca ali pomagala podobne malenkosti doma in na polju. Sicer sva se še večkrat sprla in posebno še, če se me je hotel držati za krilo, kadar sem šla v šolo. Imel je poleg drugih tudi to lastnost, da je hodil tik za človekom kakor majhen koštrunček, ki nima gospodarja in se pri-

lizuje vsakomur, ki mu vrže košček pri-grizka. Mene je to jezilo skoro tako kot srebanje.

"Naprej pojdi, ali pa ostani bolj od zadaj," sem se včasih trmasto ustavila in ga grdo pogledala. — "Mar misliš, da imam rada, da se mi drugi šolarji smejejo, da se me Bazenček drži za krilo, kadar grem v šolo?"

Bazenček pa se je samo neumno smejal in mirno čakal, da sem se zjezila in spet vzela pot pod noge.

Parkrat sem potožila materi, pa me je zavrnila smeje: "Goska otročja, mogoče te, ko boš deklet, niti Bazenček ne bo maral, če boš tako cmerava in pusta."

Kaj sem hotela, morala sem svoje probleme z ne posebno ljubim tovarišem sproti reševati in urejevati sama, to se pravi vselej, kadar smo imeli na dnini Bazenčka in njegovega očeta. Mnogokrat seveda nista bila na dnini, prišla sta samo takole malo v vas, da ni bilo treba kuhati močnika doma. Sploh pa mali ni bil nobenkrate na dnini, toda kadarkoli je kdo udingjal njegovega očeta, je to pomenilo, da bo prišel z njim tudi Bazenček.

Bazenčkov oče je bil, kakor on sam, nenavaden človek in včasih, ko sem prečitavala povestice o malih škratih, sem resno premišljevala, če ni morda Bazenčkov oče kaj v sorodu s škrtati. Bil je majhen, suhljat, siten, zajedljiv in prepirljiv ter zamerljiv, da joj. Ubogega Bazenčka je često pretepal, ga stradal in pestil kot kako neukročeno zverinico. Za prazen nič ga je pustil po cele ure klečati z golimi koleno na polenih in včasih mi je revček pokazal podplute višnjeve maroge na životku, ki ni imel od rojstva prilike ne svobode, da bi se razvil v pravilno bitje. Ob takih prilikah se mi je zelo, zelo smilil in bila sem strpna in dobra z njim ter mu celo po-

magala z vajami in nalogami, katerih sem se jaz naučila z lahkoto sproti, a on jih ni mogel niti najmanj pojmiti v treh letih sedenja v istem razredu. Prečitavala sem mu pesmi, da bi se jih naučil na pamet, pa mi je najčesče zaspal sredi mojega učiteljevanja in sem ponovno obupala nad njegovo bedasto, zanemarljivo in ušivo glavo.

No, in potem, še preden smo nehali biti otroci, je privršala vojna in med to je Bazenček (ki je že garal v tovarni) izgubil očeta, po katerem ni nič žaloval, in ne posebno dolgo po tistem dogodku so ga nekje vzeli k vojakom. K vojakom! Bazenčka! napol gluhega, sirotnega fantiča; vsi smo se čudili in možakarji so zaključili, da mora biti cesarju presneto trda za soldate.

In tudi na fronto so ga poslali, ubogega Bazenčka. Kaj neki je tam počel, ni nihče izvedel, toda, ko se je s preostalo stotnijo srečno vrnil v zaledje je pisal neki dobri sosedi takole pismo: "draga teta meta zdaj sem v vojski pošlite mi kaj kobaka." (Mislil je tobaka). Potem ni bilo več glasu o njem do konca vojne. V končni vojni zmedli pa ga je nenadno odkril stric Lipe, ki je šel barantat za živino, katero so vojaki privedli s seboj od Piave in jo prodajali kmetom.

Odkritje je prišlo čisto po naključju. Stric je mahal mimo velike kasarne in začul nenadno svoje ime, in ko se zato ni takoj zmenil, je reklo tik za njegovim hrbtom: "Halt!" To pa je že treba upoštevati, si je mislil stric in se ustavil, obrnil. Pred njim je stala v salutni pozi vojaška suknja, iz katere je kukala potlačena čepica, visoko v zrak preko nje pa je štrlel nasajen bajonet.

"Če bi ne bil dan, bi mislil, da je strah," je zabrundal stric Lipe in de-

belo gledal, kaj bo iz tega. Tedaj pa se je suknja zganila, stopila malo nazaj in salutirala:

"Nič se ne bojte, stric Lipe, sem jaz tu."

"I, saj se ne bojim — pa vendar, čegav si?"

"Me nič več ne poznate?"

Stric si je pomencal oči in gledal, gruntal: "Je ali ni — — bo, bo, nemara." Stopil je bližje k strumni straži in malo odstranil ovratnik, ki je skrival kar celo glavo.

"Ja, pa menda res Bazenček, presneta reč. Kaj pa delaš tukaj?"

"Stražim kasarno," se je odrezal Bazenček smehljale in malce ponosno.

"Tako! potem smo pa brez skrbi. No, soldat si pa kakor se šika; ne pozabi priti k nam, ko dokončaš vojsko"

— — Pa ni prišel. V isti veliki vojaški suknji je šel, ko je dokončal vojsko, za kruhom in le redkokdaj je prišel na obisk v rojstno vas — saj ni imel kaj iskati in to je tudi vedel.

Tudi jaz sem šla za kruhom, mnogo dlje nego Bazenček in v vrvežu borbe za kos proletarskega kruha sem skoro pozabila na svojega otroškega tovariša Bazenčka. Enkrat pa je prišlo pismo iz domovine in v njem je bila med drugim novica o smrti Bazenčka. Takrat sem sklenila, da kdaj napišem serijo dogodkov in doživetij Bazenčka za naše male čitatelje. Sklepa še nisem izvedla, razen v kolikor to pot, ali ob priliki mogoče vendarle spet pridem z zanimivimi odlomki iz Bazenčkovega mizernega, vaško-proletarskega življenja — kajti Bazenček bi ne bil tisti žalostno-smešni Bazenček, če bi ne bilo na svetu nepotrebne proletarske mizerije, ki ustvarja revčke-Bazenčke . . .





Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Tadeusz Kulisewicz: POLJSKA KMETICA.

Katka Zupančič:

ZIMA

HUDO se je zima z jesenjo sporekla:
jeseni da doba že je potekla.

Jesen pa se v gosto je meglo zavila
in se za grožnje ni dosti zmenila.

Poklicala zima je burjo strupeno —
udarila zima je z burjo ledeno:
požgala je polje in trate zelene,
in drevju je slekla obleke zelene.

Kaj urno je zima jesen ukrotila.
Kaj urno je zima jesen prepodila.
A poleg uničila vso je krasoto —
in zima je zrla zdaj v rjavo goloto.

Pa hitro iz biserne svile je plašče sešila,
da gola drevesa je vanje zavila;
in stkala odejo, lepo prikrojila,
da z njo opustošeni svet je pokrila. —



Lev Tolstoj:

Volk

ŽIVEL je nekoč deček, ki je strašno
rad jedel piščeta in se silno bal vol-
kov.

Ko je nekoč legel spat, je zasanjal.
V sanjah pa se je videl samega sebe,
kako hodi po gozdu in išče gob, ko ne-
nadoma skoči izza grma volk in se vrže
nanj.

Deček se je ustrašil in zakričal: "Oj,
oj, požrl me bo!"

Volk pa pravi: "Počakaj, ne bom te
požrl, ampak pogovoril se bom s teboj."

In govoril je volk s človeškim gla-
som.

Rekel je: "Ti se bojiš, da te ne bi
jaz požrl. Kaj pa ti delaš? Imaš rad
piščeta?"

"Rad."

"Zakaj jih pa ješ? Glej ta piščeta so
prav tako živa bitja kakor ti. Vsako
jutro pojdi in poglej, kako jih love, ka-
ko jih kuhar nese v kuhinjo, kako jim
prereže grlo in kako stara koklja koko-
daka za to, ker ji kradejo piščeta. Ali
si to že videl?" ga vpraša volk.

Malček odgovori:

"Ne, nisem še videl."

"Bi bil pa pogledal! Zdaj je že pre-
pozno. Zdaj te požrem. Ti si prav tak
piščanček!"

In vrgel se je volk na malčka in mal-
ček je zakričal. Ko pa je zakričal, se
je zbudil.

In od tedaj je deček nehal jesti meso
in ni jedel perutnine, ne govedine, ne
jagnjetine.

Vzgoja mladine v dobre ljudi

EDEN največjih in najvažnejših ciljev otroške vzgoje, pa bodi to po starših v predšolski dobi kakor tudi po učiteljih in vzgojiteljih v šoli, je: otroke in mladino vzgojiti v dobre in plemenite ljudi. Življenje potrebuje ljudi zdravih in nepokvarjenih nazorov, potrebuje ljudi dobrega srca in plemenitega duha, potrebuje ljudi, ki ne bodo gledali samo nase in gojili sebičnosti v svojem dejanju in nehanju. Ljudi, ki bodo znali soditi pravičnost, ki bodo nesebični in objektivni, ki bodo socialno čuteči, ki bodo poleg lastnega "JAZA" videli tudi še koga drugega: takih ljudi potrebuje življenje, potrebujeta jih svet in človeštvo. In morda še nikdar v toliki meri kakor ravno dandanes. Mar ni danes zatiranje nižjih slojev in nižjih plasti tako hudo in tako razširjeno kot še nikdar? Mar ni izkoriščanje vseh slabejših v bujni rasti? Mar se ne povdarja povsod in vsekdar samo lastnega JAZA, otroka sebičnosti in vnuka zločina. Prav zaradi vseh teh dejstev je treba našo mladino vzgajati v duhu plemenitosti, socialnega čutenja in nesebičnosti. Vsak tvoj sočlovek ima enako pravico do življenja, in to do **prav** tako srečnega in zadovoljnega življenja kot ti! Pusti mu torej, da se razvija poleg tebe in da poleg tebe in s teboj uveljavi svoje moči in svoje znanje! Take naj bi bile smernice te dandanes tako potrebno vzgoje naše mladine!

Otroci! Često ste se že morda iz lastne skušnje prepričali, da ni ravno najlažje, biti vedno dober in priden. Kar naprej se je treba bojevati proti grdim navadam in nespodobnostim vseh vrst, ki pridejo kar same po sebi, med tem ko je potreben za vsako dobro in pametno stvar nekaj napor. In vi ne smete misliti, da je treba biti dober in priden samo tako dolgo, dokler kdo obiskuje šolo. Nikakor ne, vse življenje se je treba učiti in izpopolnjevati, če noče človek obtičati vedno na eni in isti stop-

nji izobrazbe. Še več: kdor se ne izpopolnjuje, pada in nazaduje, saj je treba slediti vsaj razvoju človeštva in stvariti kot takih.

Ali kal dobrote je treba vsaditi in gojiti v srcu že od malega, če naj postane človeštvo boljše in znosnejše, kakor pa je dandanes. Za tem težijo tudi naperi, da se vcepijo oz. podajo otrokom že v šoli nekaka temeljna pravila, ki naj jim služijo za spodobno in plemenito obnašanje. Taka temeljna načela imajo razobešena na primer v češkoslovaških šolah in češkoslovaška deca jih mora poznati in izvajati. Ne bo odveč, če jih podam tu v prevodu:

Deset zapovedi za otroke

Ljubi svoje součence! Postali bodo tvoji tovariši v življenju in pri delu.

Ljubi pouk—hrano za duha! Bodi zanj svojim učiteljem in staršem hvaležen!

Posvečuj vsak dan z enim dobrim in koristnim delom in s prijaznostjo!

Spoštuj vse spoštovanja vredne ljudi! Spoštuj ljudi, vendar ne plazi se pred nikomur!

Zatiraj ves srd in ne žali svojega sosedu! Ne bodi maščevalen, ali brani svoje lastne pravice in pravice drugih! Ljubi pravičnost in hrabro prenašaj žalost in nesrečo!

Opazuj skrbno in skušaj priti resnici do dna! Ne varaj niti samega sebe niti drugih in varuj se laganja, kajti laž razruši srce in značaj! Zatiraj jezo in maščevalnost in izžarevaj mir in ljubezen! Premisli dobro, da imajo tudi živali pravico do našega sočustvovanja in ne prizadeni jim niti trpljenja niti jih ne draži!

Misli na to, da izvira vse dobro od dela! Kdor hoče, da bi mu bilo dobro brez dela, krađe kruh iz ust delovnih.

Ne imenuj nikogar za prijatelja domovine, kdor sovraži ali zaničuje dru-

ge narode, ali kdor želi ali zagovarja vojno! Vojna je vendar preostanek barbarstva.

Ljubi svojo zemljo in svoje ljudstvo, vendar spoštuj tudi pripadnike drugih narodov in pomagaj njim, ki hočejo doseči bratsko slogo vseh ljudi v miru in sreči!"

Tudi naši otroci naj si zapišejo te zapovedi v srce, čeprav še ne vise po

naših šolah in učilnicah. In ko postanejo te zapovedi iz besed dejanja, ko postanejo, kakor se pravi, meso, tedaj bo življenje vsem prijetnejše in srčnejše in godilo se bo bolje vsem. Hudo bija in zahrbtnost, laž in zločin, sovraštvo in vojna: vse znanilke grdobij bodo izginile s sveta. Zemlja postane vse lepša in krasnejša! Cv. K.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Daumier: DON KIŠOT IN MLINI NA VETER

Zdravstvena pravila za otroke

Trikratno uživanje redilne jedi je prav toliko vredno in zaleže prav toliko kakor cel dan raztresenega jedenja ali morda še več.

Si morda praznoveren? Luč, ki pada pri pisanju preko levega ramena, prinaša srečo. Dobra namestitvev in drža sta važni.

Prvi del vsakega jela bi moral biti serviran v umivalniku. Nič ni tako važno kakor čiste roke pri jedi.

Vsak mesec preskusi, kako visok si. Nadziranje rasti vzpodbuja.

Vsaka mati bi morala skrbeti zato, da dnevno kakršnokoli sadje zdrsi skozi vrat oz. goltanec njenega sinka.

Dolge noči spanja pomenijo dolga leta zdravja.

Kadar se umivaš, misli vedno na to, da si ti edini, ki ne vidiš zadnje strani svojega vratu.

Močan čaj in šibko telo hodita z roko v roki.

Privošči si redno uro za vsak obed oz. za vsako uživanje, ne pa redno jed za vsako uro.

Rez kruha z maslom naj bo edina jed v dobi med obedi, ako že moraš brezpogojno jesti.

Nikdar ne vrži proč šopka špinače, preveč železa je v njem. —st—

Lažnive in resnične o Pikcu in Nikcu

Zbira Jože Kovač

ZDAJ je pa res že čas, da vam po dolgem času spet povem katero o Pikcu in Nikcu. Naj kar začnem!

Lepega dne je rekla mati Pikcu in Nikcu:

“Jutri pojdeteta pa z očetom teto in strica obiskat. Glejta, da bosta pridna. Če vam teta kaj da, recita vselej: Hvala. Sta razumela?”

Naslednjega dne zjutraj so šli. Ni bilo daleč, z vlakom dobri dve uri. Toda za naša dva junaka je bil to velik dan, ker sta se peljala z veliko lokomotivo po lepi pokrajini. Ves čas sta gledala skozi okno. Malo je manjkalo, da se nista stepla za okno. Potem sta pa le dobila vsak svoje okno, da sta gledala skozenj. Oče je bral v kotu vagona svoj časopis. Vsem trem je naglo minil čas vožnje. Ko so stopili iz vlaka, so imeli še kake pol ure peš do domačije, kjer sta živela stric in teta. Teto sta imela rajši kot strica, ker sta pogosto slišala, da tete zmerom kaj darujejo. Pa tudi sama sta že dobila nekaj stvari od tete, kadarkoli je prišla k njim na obisk.

Lepo so se pozdravili s stricem in teto. Teto sta otroka poznala, strica pa še nista videla. Pa sta se ga hitro navadila. Oče, stric in teta so se pogovarjali o draginji in slabih plačah v mestu, stric je tožil, kako težko kaj pridelkov proda—stric je bil namreč kmet—in kako malo dobi zanje. Še za sladkor nimata dosti in teta ne more več piti toliko kave kakor včasih. Pikec in Nikec pa sta skakala okrog hiše, pogledala v hlev, trepljala telička in ovce, se bala konjev in volov ter drugemu kazala kake imenitnosti.

Ko sta zavila okrog hleva, pa je priskočil k njima velik pes Muren. Stopil je k Pikcu ter ga povohal. Pri tem se je dotaknil z mrzlim gobcem Pikčeve noge. Pikec se je prestrašil in odhitel v hišo, kakor hitro je le mogel. Nikec

je bil starejši in bolj pameten, tudi pse je bolje poznal. Videl je, da veliki Muren maha z repom, kar pomeni, da je vesel obiska. Zato Nikec ni zbežal.

Pikec pa je v eni sapi priletel v hišo, da so se oče, stric in teta prestrašili. Stisnil se je k očetu in jokaje potožil:

“Me je že ovohal Muren, da sem iz mesa.”

Bal se je in jokal, komaj so ga potolažili in mu razložili, da se ni treba bati Murna, ker ima posebno otroke zelo rad. Tudi Pikčevega mesa ne bo pokušal.

Šele čez čas si je upal Pikec ven k hlevu. Ko pa je videl, kako se Nikec igra z Murnom, kako skačeta in kako Muren lovi kamenje, ki ga je metal Nikec, se je opogumil in se sam začel igrati s psom. Tako je dopoldan v igri z Murnom naglo potekel.

Pri kosilu so sedeli vsi lepo za mizo, Muren pa na tleh poleg mize in čakal, da mu kdo kaj vrže. Pikec je bil tisti, ki je metal Murnu največje kose, saj sta postala prijatelja.

Nikec pa je opazoval strica. Tako čudno se mu je zdelo, da nima strič nič las na glavi. Ves plešast je bil stric in kar svetila se mu je gola glava. Še malo bolj se je svetila kakor očetov obraz, ki je bil lepo obrit. Pa se je Nikec spomnil, da se oče z britvijo obrije obraz, kadar hoče imeti gladka lica. Mogoče ravna stric s svojo glavo prav tako? Kot bi ustrelil, je Nikec nenadoma vprašal strica:

“Stric, kaj ne, vi se pa z britvijo česete, ker nimate nič las na glavi?”

Seveda so se smejali in zato Nikec ni maral izpraševati dalje.

Pa je izpregovoril Pikec: “Teta, skoro bi bil pozabil. Mama vas lepo pozdravljajo.”

Teta je bila vesela: “No, je mama še kaj drugega naročila?”

Pikec pa kar naravnost z besedo na dan: "Je, še to je rekla, da moram reči: Hvala, če mi boste kaj dali."

Vsi so bili malo v zadregi, a ne dolgo. Zamerila pa teta ni nič. Ko so se proti večeru poslavljali, je teta stisnila Pikcu in Nikcu nekaj sladkorčkov v roke.

"Hvala," je naglo dejal Nikec. Za njim je ponovil še Pikec.

"Saj se ne izplača, ni vredno hvale!" se je branila teta.

Pa je spet Pikec kar naravnost povedal: "Ja, je mama rekla, da se mora zahvaliti tudi, če bi nama dali kakšno malenkost, ki ni mnogo vredna. Zato."

Teta je menda preslišala, drugače bi bila gotovo kaj nejevoljna.

Ko se je oče s Pikcem in Nikcem vrnil domov, je vprašala mati oba otroka: "No, sta bila pridna?" Oba sta seveda pritrnila. Oče pa je bil drugačnega mnenja.

"Vama je v vlakcu ugajalo?" je še vprašala mati.

"O, to je bilo lepo. Gledala sva skozi okno. Veste, to je kakor knjiga s podobnicami, samo listov ni treba obračati, kar samo se je spreminjalo: gozd pa travnik, pa vasica in potok, pa spet travnik in krave na njem, pa spet gozd, vas in potok in ovce — lepo je bilo."

Ves večer sta jedla fantička slad-

korčke in še naslednjega dne. Nikca so začeli boleti zobje.

"Prav ti je," se je jezila mama, "zakaj pa greš in poješ vse sladkorčke kar naenkrat, potlej te pa bolijo zobe."

Pa bolečine v zobeh kljub materini jezi niso hotele ponehati. Nikec je jokal, jokal. Mati je morala ž njim k zdravniku. In preden je Nikcu izpulil zob, je še povedal Nikcu:

"Sladkorčkov ne smeš veliko jesti. Zob začne zaradi sladkorčkov gniti in boleti."

Potem mu je izpulil zob. Šlo je skoro brez bolečin.

"Ali date zob meni," je tedaj zaprosil Nikec zdravnika, ki je hotel zob vreči v nekak lijak.

"Čemu ti pa bo?" je vprašal zdravnik.

"Kar tako," je rekel Nikec.

In dobil je Nikec svoj nagniti zob ter ga vtaknil v žep. Doma je poiskal v kuhinjski omari sladkor v sipi, ga nekaj nasul v majhno čašo ter vtaknil vanj izpuljeni zob.

Mati ga je zasačila. Nikec je hotel skriti, a je bil prepozen.

"Kaj pa počneš?"

"Nič," je rekel Nikec. "Izpuljeni zob sem dal v sladkor, naj zdaj njega sama bolijo!"

Mati se mu je smejala.

VEVERICA

VEVERICA vitka
lešnike obrala;
nekaj jih je skrila,
druge pozobala.

Zdaj po smrečku stika
po borovju skače,
ko ogloda storže,
so ji za igrače.

Z drevja jih pomeče
in plaši živali;
zajčki dolgouhi
so jo že pobrali.

V gosti smreki gnezdo
vranje je izbrala.
Pravi, da pozimi
tam bo stanovala.



Dragi dečki in deklice!

Priznati moram, da ste v prošlem letu pridno dopisovali v "Naš kotichek", v katerem je bilo lepo število vaših prispevkov, zanimivih po vsebini in po načinu pripovedovanja. Priznati moram tudi, da se je v prošlem letu "Kotichek" vsebinsko zelo izboljšal; postal je večji in privlačnejši.

Da se Mladinski List s svojim "Kotichek" lahko ponaša, so največ pripomogli številni prispevatelji. Med temi naj v prvi vrsti omenim tele: Josephine Mestek iz Clintona, Ind., Anna Matos iz Blaina, O., Olga in Anton Groznik iz Friday, Harborja, Wash., F. Rolih, Diamondvill, Wyo., Anna Traven iz Clevelanda, O., dva Vogrinova iz Scrantona, Pa., sestrici Strajnar iz Piney Forka, O., Maroltova iz Penne, Francelj Čeligoj iz Cleveland, O., Antonija Škoda, Mary Fradel, Mary Marinac in več drugih, ki so poslali po enega ali več dopisov v prošlem letu.

V zadnji številki smo pogrešali ime Josephine Mestek, upamo pa, da bo ostala zvesta dopisovalka še nadalje v tekošem letu. Isto velja za Travnovo, Matosovo, Groznikova, Vogrinova, Čeligojevo, Fradelovo, Strajnarjevi, Škodovo in vse druge, ki se zanimajo za "Kotichek". Pišite vsak mesec! Pri tem naj vam pomagajo vaši starši. Treba je obojestranskega zanimanja, od strani mladih dopisovalcev in od strani njihovih staršev. Ako se starši ne zanimajo, navadno tudi njihovi otroci ne kažejo posebnega zanimanja za slovensko besedo.

Deklice in dečki, ob nastopu novega leta sklenite, da boste ostali zvesti vašemu mesečniku Mladinskemu Listu in da boste vanj dopisovali pogosto, vsak mesec, če le mogoče. Mogoče je, le če hočete. Postavite se s slovenskimi dopisi v februarški številki vsi stari dopisovalci in pa tudi novi!

Če bi kaj izdalo, bi vam vsem skupaj želel obilo veselja in sreče v novem letu, ampak v željah odločajo druge sile, ne naše želje. —UREDNIK.

ELICA POZNA KLOPČIČA

Cenjeni urednik:—

To je prvo moje slovensko pismo v Mladinski list. Enajst let mi je in hodim v Gary school. Zraven pa še hodim v našo slovensko mladinsko šolo. Moja mamica in Mr. Beniger nas učita. Zdaj se pripravljamo na igro. Jaz bom igrala pustega Percyja. Včasih imamo predavanja. Zadnjič nam je govoril Mr. Joško

Oven. Razumela sem ga vse, kar je povedal. Nato smo dobili malico in smo se dobro zabavali.

Rada čitam Mladinski list. Lepe pesmice ima in zanimive povestice.

Pred dvema letoma sem bila v Jugoslaviji. Bilo je jako lušno tam. Vsi otroki so mi bili tako dobri prijatelji, da bi bila skoro tam ostala. Vesela sem bila, ker sem znala govo-

riti slovenski. Videla sem večkrat Mileta Klopčiča in še nekaj drugih pisateljev. Vsi so bili prijazni in Mile Klopčič rad poje (O dona Klara—).

Upam, da bo še več otrok pisalo v naš Mladinski list in morda meni tudi.

Lep pozdrav uredniku in vsem, ki čitajo Mladinski list!

Elica Zupančič,
2627 S. Ridgeway ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

KAJ RRINESE NOVO LETO?

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Namenila sem se zopet napisati en par vrstic za "Naš kotichek."

Minili so božični prazniki in že smo v novem letu.

Preteklo leto je bilo zelo slabo. Delavskih razmer ne bom nič omenjala, ker so povsod enake. Vsi smo mnenja, da je "prosperitete" kriv Hoover. Obetajo nam boljše čase sedaj, ko je izvoljen demokrat. Ali ne vemo kdaj se bo obrnilo na boljše. Upamo in želimo, da bi nam prineslo leto 1933 boljšo bodočnost.

Naša slovenska šola na Holmes ave. je priredila prvo igro in koncert. Pri tem koncertu sem bila tudi jaz. Slovenske pesmi se imenujejo Kukavica, Hej Slovenci itd. Prireditve se je vršila 25 decembra.

Sedaj pa voščim vsem bratcem in sestricam veselo novo leto, posebno pa še uredniku!

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



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Victoria Hutson: NOTRANJŠČINA IZBE.

RAZVESELJIV DOPIS SLOVENSKE UČENKE

Predragi mi urednik!

Jaz sem učenka slovenske mladinske šole društva Pioneer št. 559 SNPJ v Chicagu. Rada hodim v to šolo, ki se nahaja v spodnji dvorani jednotinega poslopja. Pouk se vrši vsako soboto popoldne dve uri ali več. Vseh učenk in učencev nas je nad 40. To je lepo število. Pa še ni dovolj veliko. Jaz bi želela, da nas bi bilo vsaj 80! In ko bi nastopili s šolskim programom na odru—to bi bilo lepo videti! To se bi veselili naši starši in odrasli ljudje sploh!

Slovenska šola se mi dopade. Zato pa jo obiskujem že tretje leto. Naša učiteljica Mrs. Katka Zupančič se zelo trudi in ima mnogo potrpljenja z našo porednostjo; isto velja tudi za Mr. Louis Benigerja, ki se istotako trudi z nami, da se bomo kaj naučili. Hvala obema!

Omeniti moram, da je letos v naši šoli več živahnosti in volje, ker imamo po enkrat na mesec domačo zabavo in predavanje. In vsi se veselimo domače zabave. Pri prireditvah in predavanjih sodelujejo tudi drugi odrasli jednotinini člani. Ti so: Mrs. Beniger, Mrs. Novak, Mrs. Bozicnik in Mr. Donald Lotrich, Mr. Oven, Mr. Molek, Mr. Zaitz, Mr. Godina in Mr. Kopach ter drugi, katerih imena pa sedaj ne vem.

Povedati moram tudi to, da je naša šola uprizorila že tri mladinske igre. Prošlo spomlad smo dali na oder lepo dvodejanko "Krojač in škrati." Ljudem se je dopadla. Pred božičem na 18. dec. smo pa uprizorili zanimivo tridejanko "Janko Bric in njegovi otroci." To je spisala Mrs. Katka Zupančič. Tudi ta igra se je občinstvu zelo dopadla. Veste, tudi jaz sem imela kratko vlogico v njej, katere sem bila vesela. Zelo lepo so igrali Mary Reich, Joseph Koren, Mary Zorko, Frances Pintar, Bučar, Koder, Robaus, Zvokelj, Zupančič, Krebelj, Omahen in vsi drugi, ki so nastopili v drugem dejanju. V igri sta pomagala tudi Mrs. Frances Vider, ki je igrala lepo in slavno pevko, katero je zelo dobro predstavila, in Mr. John Rak, ki je igral očeta, katerega je dobro pogodil. Igro sta vodila Katka Zupančič in Louis Beniger, ki sta si mnogo prizadela, da smo se naučili. Ljudje pravijo, da je bilo prvo dejanje najlepše podano. Jaz ne vem, ker ga nisem videla, ampak sem se nekam tresla za kulisami, kdaj da bom jaz nastopila.

Naša šola se bo kmalu pričela pripravljati za novo igro, ki bo menda uprizorjena meseca maja o priliki konvencije SNPJ. Vsaj tako pravijo in jaz upam, da bo to res. Saj bi rada šla na oder kar vsak mesec! Tudi v

novem letu bomo imeli domače zabave in predavanja. Tako so nam povedali v šoli.

V igri "Janko Bric in njegovi otroci" smo tudi peli. Bilo je v drugem dejanju. Trikrat smo peli. Nazadnje, predno je šlo zagrinjalo skupaj, smo zapeli:

Prišla bo pomlad, čakal bi jo rad,
da bi zdrav vesel, sladko vince pil.
To me veseli, travca zeleni-i-i-i,
da bi zmirom tak' lušno b'lo!

Tako nekako je šlo. In kako so nam ljudje ploskali! Dobro smo se postavili s to pesmico. Tudi lansko spomlad smo peli lepe pesmice v igri "Krojač in škrti." Upam, da se bomo naučili še več takih pesmic.

Igra "Janko Bric in njegovi otroci" se vrši na farmi. Trije otroci so ostali brez matere sami z očetom. Slabo jim gre, ker ni gospodinje, a oče se trudi, da jim da kar pač more. On čita in ve, da so slabe razmere zato, ker so jih povzročili bogatini, ki podpirajo nepravilne razmere. Pa naj bo dovolj o tem, sicer bo imel urednik z mojim dopisom preveč dela, predno ga bo pripravil za tisk.

Omeniti želim še tole: V Clevelandu, kot sem brala, imajo kar tri ali še več slovenskih šol. Pa zakaj ne bi njihovi šolarji včasih kaj napisali za "Naš kotiček?" To velja tudi za čikaške slovenske šolarje, ki hodijo v slovensko šolo. Zadnjič sem videla dopis Raymonda Božičnika, vsi drugi pa kar lepo molčimo. In ravno njegov dopis me je navdušil, da sem napisala te vrstice. Želim in upam, da bodo od sedaj naprej naši šolarji, moji sošolci, postali pridni in da bodo pisali dopise za Mladinski list. Tudi naši bratci in sestrice tam v Clevelandu se naj potrudijo, da bodo tudi oni zastopani v Mladinskem listu s slovenskimi dopisi. Ali ne bi bilo lepo, da bi bila kar cela vrsta slovenskih dopisov v "Kotičku" od slovenskih učenk in učencev iz vseh slovenskih šol v Ameriki? Seveda bi bilo. Zato pa kar pišite, saj se boste vendar tudi s tem mnogo naučili, da boste znali bolj pisati in čitati slovensko.

Upam, da ne bodo moje vrstice zaman, ampak da bo v prihodnji številki mnogo slovenskih dopisov od članov in članic, posebno pa še od naših slovenskih šolarjev in šolaric.

Torej veselo na delo vsi!

Učenka Slovenske mladinske šole
društva Pioneer, Chicago, Illinois.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

DEČEK IN ZAJEC.

ČEBELICA IN ČMRLJ

NA dišeči cvetki sta se sešla čmrlj in čebela.

"Uj, čebela," pravi čmrlj, "kako si suha! Poglej mene, kako sem debel in rejen! Kaj pa delaš z medom, ki ga nabiraš po cvetju? Ali ga ne poješ sama?"

"O ne!" odgovori čebelica, "dajem ga tudi drugim!"

"To si bedasta!" reče nato čmrlj, "jaz ga pa sam pojem. Čemu bi ga dajal drugim? Zato sem pa tudi životen in rejen, hm, ti si pa kakor trska!"

"Naj bom kot trska, zato me pa tudi ljudje ljubijo bolj nego vse druge živalce moje vrste. Tebe pa se boje in te ne marajo," odgovori čebelica in odleti proti ulnjaku. Dragotin Kette.

DOPIS Z ZAPADA

Cenjeni urednik!

Ker rada čitam Mladinski List in najprej pogledam v naš slovenski kotiček, moram tudi nekaj napisati. Tukaj ni nič posebnega, le da imamo hudo zimo.

Z Miklavžem se ne morem nič pohvaliti, ker mi ni nič prinesel. Menda je tudi on prizadet od te krize.

Ker je starega leta konec, želim, da bi nam prineslo novo leto boljše čase. Upam, da se bodo tudi mladi dopisovalci in dopisovalke bolj zanimali in več pisali v "Naš kotiček." Rada bi videla, da bi se še kaj oglasila Frances Čeligoj. Njenih par dopisov sem čitala v M. L. Z njo sem prišla skupaj iz starega kraja. Ona je nekje v Clevelandu, O.

H koncu želim vsem mladim dopisovalcem srečno in veselo novo leto 1933, kakor tudi vam, urednik!

Frances Rolih,
Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

TA PRESNETI MIKLAVŽ!

Dragi urednik!

Tudi letos je hodil Miklavž od hiše do hiše in delil darila, pridnim lepa, porednim pa bolj grda. Tudi pri nas, kot se spodobi povsod, smo nastavili vsak svojo nogavico ali pa po-

sodico. Zgodaj naslednje jutro sem ustala in šla gledat, če je kaj v moji skledici. A glej! Bila je na tleh, prevrnjeno, poleg nje pa nekaj umazanega, pa niso bile slaščice. Sestra Kristina in brat Leo sta se mi smejala, jaz pa bi skoro jokala.

Brat Leo je dobil novo trempeto; sedaj ploza kakor kakšen star vojak. Pisala mi je Anna Maroltova, da so tudi pri njih nekaj dobili. Stric Lojze je tudi nekaj dobil, pa pravi, da tega mu ni Miklavž prinesel, ampak dober človek. Moja mama mora vsak večer dati Leotu njegovo trompeto z njim v posteljo, ker se boji, da bi mu je kdo ne vzel.

Nastopilo je novo leto. Kdo ve, ali bo kaj boljše od starega? Bomo videli. Meni se zdi, da ne bo nič boljše, morda še slabše.—Slišala sem, da je mnogo ljudi bolnih na "flu." No, še tega je bilo treba, potem pa nas mora res biti konec.

Rada bi videla, da bi mi pisala Anna Maroltova. In kako je z Joškotom? Ali je že kaj vlovil v zanjke? On pa ima res veselje do vsega. Dobro pa se mi je zdelo, ker je moral puško nesti za peč. Imel je pač smolo, ha-ha-ha!

Želim vsem čitateljem obilo sreče v tekočem letu! Tončka Škoda, Smithfield, Pa.

UGANKE

1. Belo zagrinjalo, in ko se je raztrgalo, so se zbrale vse šivilje, pa ga vendar niso mogle zašiti.

2. Kdo je na svetu najmočnejši?

3. Kaj je za posvetenje najboljše?

4. Kdaj ima gos najmanj perja?

5. Kaj dela vol, ko vleče tovor?

6. Kdor to dela, tega noče; kdor to kupi, tega ne potrebuje; kdor to potrebuje, tega ne ve. Kaj je to?

7. Na kateri strani leži zajec?

8. Kaj ima mačka, česar nima nobena druga žival na svetu?

9. Trli so me, trgali so me, prebadali so me in vendar sedim s kraljem na prestolu. Kdo sem? (—st—)

Odgovori: 1. Pajčevina.—2. Polž, ki nosi celo svojo hišo.—3. Sveča.—4. V ponvi, ko se peče.—5. Korake.—6. Rakev.—7. Na kosmati.—8. Mačkice.—9. Srajca.

Slovaške uganke

1. S kakšnim plugom je oral prvi človek?

2. V kaj ni mogoče izvrtati luknje?

3. Koliko las ima cigan na glavi?

4. Na kaj vlivajo vodo v vrč?

5. Kaj mora napraviti človek, kadar hoče zaspati?

6. Kakšnih kamnov je v potoku največ?

7. Kdaj je zajec najboljši?

Rešitve:

1. Z novim.—2. V vodo.—3. Kolikor mu jih je zrastle.—4. Na dno.—5. Zapreti oči.—6. Mokrih.—7. Kadar je pečen. —st—

Šala

"Kaj imaš nad seboj ob jasnem dnevu?" — Modro nebo in sonce." — "In kadar dežuje?" — "Dežnik."



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XII

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, 1933

Number 1

DECISION

I *HOLD* before me a closed book;
Not a page has been scanned nor a cover lifted;
The words, inspiration, and message
Are held within bounds of stiff, coarse buckram
That encloses.

*A chest of potent ideas
Lies locked somewhere within power of my reach.
Their strength has never been tested;
They are held by strong padlocks
Of doubt.*

*The New Year stands before me;
It may forever remain a closed book
Until the covers and titles are faded
And the book is discarded for others;
It may be securely locked in the chambers of time
With but a change of the padlock proclaiming it new.*

*My New Year shall be
A read book
And an opened chest.*

MARY JUGG.



ODE

On Intimations of Immortality from
Recollections of Early Childhood

<p>THERE was a time when meadow, grove and stream, The earth, and every common sight, To me did seem Appareled in celestial light, The glory and the freshness of a dream. It is not now as it hath been of yore;— Turn wheresoe'er I may, By night or day, The things which I have seen I now can see no more.</p>	<p>The rainbow comes and goes, And lovely is the Rose, The Moon doth with delight Look round her when the heavens are bare, Waters on a starry night Are beautiful and fair; The sunshine is a glorious birth; But yet I know, where'er I go, That there hath past away a glory from the earth.</p>
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Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous
 song,
 And while the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of
 grief:
 A timely utterance gave that thought
 relief,
 And I again am strong;
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from
 the steep;
 No more shall grief of mine the season
 wrong;
 I hear the Echoes through the moun-
 tains throng,
 The Winds come to me from the fields
 of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
 Thou Child of Joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
 thou happy Shepherd-boy!

William Wordsworth.



A Bad Night

I.

IN his youth Carl Wieserle was a strong athlete. Many stories were told of his adventures. It was his duty to tend the flocks of the village of Haute-Saxe.

One evening after he had searched in vain for the cows which had wandered into the forest he saw coming down from a tree a bear of enormous size. Carl was not exactly charmed with such a meeting, but he never lost his head. He threw himself at once toward the tree on the side opposite that of the animal. As the bear touched the ground with his hind legs Carl seized him by his front paws. Mr. Bruin growled, showed his teeth, and attempted in every way to get loose from this unpleasant situation, but his paws were in the grasp of a pair of hands as strong as his own. It was impossible for him to get at Wieserle with his nose or with his hind feet as the large tree separated them.

The position of the bear was very disagreeable; that of Carl's was no better. He could not come to grips with the animal; and if he let loose, it would be his end. The bear would never forgive such treatment.

The sun had long gone down and the shades of night fell upon the forest. You may imagine the anxiety of poor Carl.

The residence of the blacksmith, Joseph Wurmer, was not very far from the scene; so Carl yelled with all his might hoping that some one would come to his rescue. Vain efforts! No one appeared and Carl was forced to pass the night face to face with the terrible quadruped. The bear pulled, growled, hurled himself back and forth, but his adversary held him firmly. When morning appeared, it seemed to Carl that his hands were riveted to the paws of the bear.

II.

At sunrise the smoke arose from the chimney of the blacksmith's home and announced that some one was up and stirring about. Carl began to yell again and soon was delighted by the sight of Joseph Wurmer who came slowly toward him with an ax on his shoulder.

"My gracious, Mr. Wurmer, did you not hear me last night? I called you to come to my rescue."

"I heard several cries, but I was very tired. Let it go until tomorrow, I said to myself. If I had known that it was you—Ah me, are you holding the bear, or is he holding you?"

"We are holding each other. Come take my place for a minute."

"Hold on," said Wurmer, "Don't let go yet, until I split the bear's head."

"No, no," said Carl, "This animal caused me to spend a very bad night. I wish to have the satisfaction of killing him myself. Come here, Mr. Wurmer, grab him by his paws as I did. . . . There, that's good, hold him tight. Now I am going to take the ax and send my friend, the bear, to join his ancestors."

Carl took the ax, placed it deliberately on his shoulder, and walked away as slowly as the blacksmith had come.

In his turn, Joseph Wurmer began to fill the forest with his cries. He did not seem to have the strength to hold the strong paws of the bear for even ten minutes.

Carl left him for a short time in this perplexity; however, he was too kind at heart to show vengeance toward his friend; so he soon returned, calmly killed the bear and delivered the blacksmith, who undoubtedly would soon have been devoured.

(Translated from the French.)

Watch Your Winter Breakfasts

By Betty Barclay

BREAKFAST is one of the most important meals of the day. It is usually eaten upon an empty stomach and the food secured is called upon to start the body engine working at high speed so that the body may be kept warm on a cold day.

Naturally, the winter breakfast calls for much heavier food than the summer breakfast. The pancakes, sausage, fried bread, fried potatoes, hot cereals, and other famous winter breakfast dishes are just the things we need to combat the cold.

But each breakfast eater should remember that no meal is a good meal unless it is a well balanced one. No

matter how valuable a food may be it is seldom, if ever, a food that one could live on alone. Bread, pancakes, biscuits, fish, meat, and eggs are all acid-producing foods. A sufficient number of alkaline-producing foods must be secured to balance these or trouble will ultimately result. The milk secured with the cereal and in the coffee helps a little. A good liberal supply of orange juice used as an appetizer, will help a great deal. A dish of apple sauce, stewed apricots, or a liberal helping of jelly or marmalade may also be listed among the alkaline-producing acids.

Very often a meal may be made more alkaline by using some of the alkaline foods in an unusual way.

Why, Of Course Daddy Would Dress The Baby

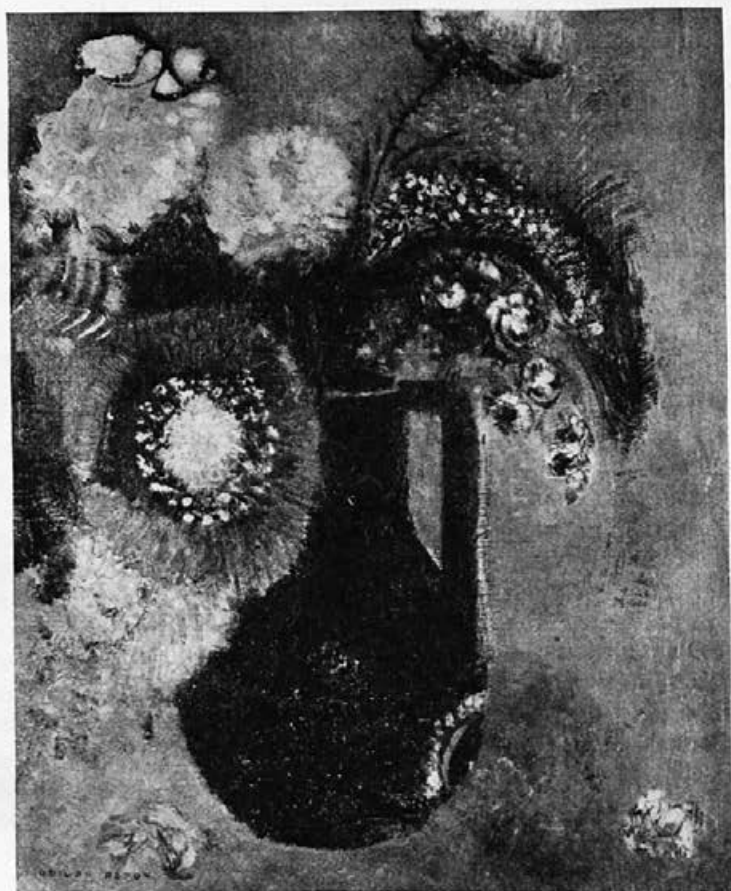
"John, dear, will you dress Tommy this morning? I'm in such a hurry, and it won't take you more than a minute or two."

"Certainly," replied John, cheerfully. "I'd just as soon dress the little chap as not. Here, son, come and let daddy dress you. I'll have you as neat as a pin in a jiffy."

Tommy, aged four, reluctantly left his playthings, and his father began:

"Now, let's off with your nightgown and—keep still, dear, or I can't unbutton it. There, now we'll—sit still, child. What makes you squirm like an eel?

Where's your shirt! Ah, here it is, and—sit still! Put up your arm—no, the other one, and—can't you keep still half a second? Put up your other arm and stop pulling so. No, let's—come here, boy. What do you mean by racing off like that with nothing on but your shirt? Now come here and let me put the rest of your clothes on. Put your leg in here. Not that leg. There you go, squirming around like a worm. Now, if you don't keep still, I'll—stop pulling at that chain, and—here, Doris, you'll have to dress this wriggling animal yourself. I couldn't do it in ten years."
—London Tit-Bits.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Odilon Redon: FLOWERS (PASTEL).

THREE SONNETS

1. Birth

THE dark, a light, a quick and strangling cry—
 A far faint voice—the touch of a deft, clean hand—
 A smoothness blanketing this small thing called "I,"
 Who am a pilgrim out of the shadow-land,
 A hunger-wail— and lips to a fragrant breast:
 The milk and honey after a long dark night,
 And sleep comes down—a pilgrim has need of rest
 For eyes grown blind in the glare of a sudden light.

O, what is Life—but the beat of a small red heart?
 And what is Life—but a quick and strangling cry?
 And how does a warm, sweet-flowing breast have part
 In the essence of this immortal thing called "I"?
 I am a pilgrim—and a pilgrim goes
 Asking the way of Life—and no one knows.

2. Life

And now that I have wandered many miles
 Down many a road, and many a crooked lane,
 And know life is a thing of tears and smiles,
 Of peace—and white-winged joy—and bitter pain.
 Yet should some brother ask the way to go,
 I could not tell him, nor which road is best,
 I do not know his way—I only know
 That every road and every trail leads West.
 I cannot go where other trails have run,
 No one can go the way that I have gone.
 Thru light and shadow—Life has beckoned on
 Into the glories of the setting sun.
 The way I go—no other feet have trod,
 And no one walks the road with me—but you!

3. Death

Not knowing Life—how can I well know Death?
 Yet when he comes, I think that I shall be
 Tip-toe upon a shore, with bated breath,
 Watching a broad gold band lead out to sea.
 The sun will gild the spires of the town;
 Clear bells will call the village folk to prayer;
 The sudden summer darkness will drop down—
 And I shall turn—and see Death standing there.

The shadows will be very deep that night,
 But O, I trust I shall not be afraid.
 Perhaps Death carries in his hand a light—
 These are the things for which I long have yearned,
 And looking in his face—that I shall see
 The one friend who has walked the road with me.

Nature's Marvel In Trees

The Banyan

IN the country of India there grows a curious tree known as the Banyan. The curious thing about this tree is that it draws its nourishment more thru its leaves from the oxygen and the moisture in the air than it does thru its roots from the nitrates and ther chemicals in the soil.

Thanks to this peculiarity, it needs a dense mass of foliage. It sends out great horizontal limbs, which in turn subdivide into a network of branches and twigs. This framework of limbs and branches it clothes with a great canopy of leaves, so weighty and so widespread that in time the tree becomes topheavy. It needs more support.

Accordingly it will send down from the outer ends of its horizontal limbs, 40 feet away perhaps from the original trunk, little tendrils that drop down, and seek the earth, and take root in the soil, and thicken in bulk, until they become new stems, auxiliary trunks, additional pillars of support, from which in turn more horizontal branches are put forth, and more foliage is spread to the oxygen and moisture of the air.

So the Banyan tree grows, until it becomes a dense interlocked canopy of foliage, supported by a dozen separate trunks, and all one single tree.

Colossal Growth

Recently, Captain A. W. Elam, a forest engineer of California, came across a large and particularly fine tree while cruising on the company's holdings. His employers asked that he make careful measurements of the tree, even tho it was in a remote portion of the property.

He found this tree to be 308 feet

high, with a diameter of 20 feet, measuring five feet above the ground.

Captain Elam's tree is not unusual as to height; a number of individual trees have been measured by foresters and lumbermen that greatly exceed 300 feet, but they lack the diameter and gentle taper of the tree here described.

Many years ago a large church was built in Santa Rosa, California, every stick of which is said to have been cut from the same tree. Not long ago, a scaler, measuring the logs on a recently felled tract, found portions of it to contain as much as 1,000,000 board feet an acre. Captain Elam's tree equaled fifteen acres of timber.

"The Strangler Fig"

What a homely name for so beautiful a thing as a tree—but some are more strange than beautiful. This tree's habits make its name a fitting one. Out of the 100 species of trees found growing nowhere but in Florida, the strangest and most interesting of all is the strangling fig, because of its manner of growth. It is a relative of the rubber tree, the banyan of the East, and of the fig of commerce.

It starts life in a haphazard way from a seed dropped by a bird, or carried by the winds, where it finds lodgement among the branches of a would-be friendly tree. There it germinates and sends out roots which grow downward to the ground. These roots branch, enlarge, and coalesce until the fig becomes a cylinder around its friend, which is slowly but inevitably killed.

Later aerea roots are sent out, which reach down and become props and new trunks, until eventually all trace of the helpful tree disappears, and in its place stands the fig.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Mabel Dee

THIS year I will be very good;
 I'll never fret or disobey;
 In school I'll be the very best;
 I'll mind my mother every day.

So that when Christmas comes again,
 She cannot help but see
 That all the things I wanted most
 Should rightfully belong to me.

Willie

Hilariously welcome a Year from the cold!
 The sands of the old one are numbered and told.
 Lads! We're so steadily growing old.

What need resolutions? We throw them away.
 Let's hope that the morrow will dawn better day,
 That any bright outlook will come here to stay.

Grandfather

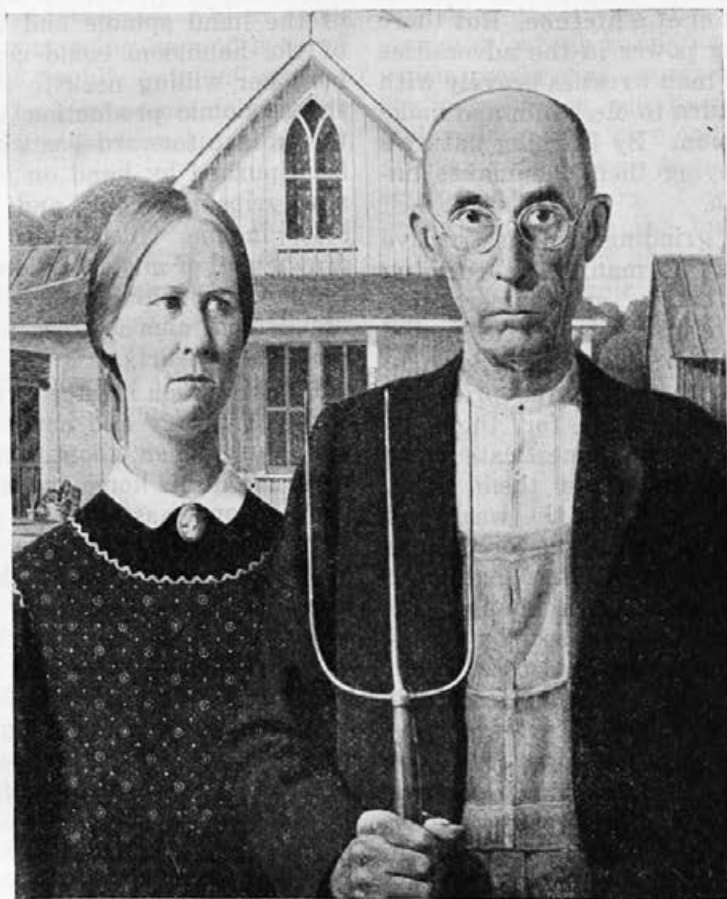
I will carry the flickering candle into the darkened room,
 So that the dying beams will penetrate the gloom.
 A light that will break the shadows can never disappear,
 But illumine Time's eternal stretch with a streak of
 hope and cheer.

Mary Jugg.

 JANUARY

<p>IT'S frosty and cold and the rivers are ice, They're some of the things that make January nice, The ball's up for skating, and the chil- dren flock thick To the pond where you hear the skates' merry click.</p>	<p>And then there are snowmen to build by the fort, Oh, this is the month for gay winter sport, The first of the year, and so, full of fun, We always are glad a new year has begun.</p>
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—J. M. Blaine.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Grant Wood: AMERICAN GOTHIC.

The Machine

MAN has always suffered want and the fear of want. His dangers have always come from two sources—nature and man. Drouth or flood, locusts or wild beasts, swept away his crops or herds. Earthquake and fire shook his home to ruin or ate up in the flare of an hour the toil of a lifetime. But there is a discipling power in the adversities of nature. If man wrestles bravely with her, she will turn to bless him and make him more a man. By learning nature's laws and obeying them, he makes nature obey him.

The really grinding and destructive enemy of man is man. The roaming savage in famine and superstition hunted and ate his enemy as he hunted the beast. When men settled down to till the fields, they captured prisoners and made them drudge for them as slaves, jut as they domesticated the horse and ox and made them work. Strong people conquered the weak and exacted forced labor or rent for the use of the land which the serf had once owned. Exploitation has changed its form from one stage of society to another, but it has always existed. From the beginning until now man has divided his fellows into those who were to be fed and those who were, figuratively at least, to be eaten. There has always been social misery. The pyramids of Egypt were built on it; the Roman roads were cemented with it. But today we face a new form of it, which affronts all just conceptions of human life in new and peculiar ways. Modern poverty, strangely enough, began when man for the first time in history began to escape from poverty.

The American Declaration of Independence in 1776 and the French Revolution in 1793 were the birth of modern democracy. But about the same time another revolution set in beside which these great events were puny. In 1769

James Watts harnessed the expansive power of steam for human use. Hitherto man had used only the localized power of falling water and the fitful power of blowing wind. The only ready force had been the vital energy of man and beast. Now at least the weary hum of the hand spindle and the pounding of the handloom could cease. Nature bent her willing neck to the yoke, and the economic production of our race took a leap forward—as when a car has been pushed by hand on the level, and now grips the cable and rushes up a steep incline. Instead of that a long-drawn wail of misery followed wherever the power-machine came. It swept the bread from men's tables and the pride from their hearts.

Hitherto each master of a handicraft, with his family and a few apprentices and journeymen about him, had plied his trade in his home, owner of his simple tools and master of his profits. His workmen ate at his table, married his daughters, and hoped to become masters themselves when their time of education was over. He worked for customers whom he knew and honest work was good policy. He supplied a definite demand. The rules of his guild and the laws of his city barred out alien or reckless competition which would undermine his trade. So men lived simply and rudely. They had no hope of millions to lure them, nor the fear of poverty to haunt them. They lacked many of the luxuries accessible even to the poor today, but they had a large degree of security, independence, and hope.

Then arrived the power-machine, and the old economic world tottered and fell like San Francisco in 1906. The new machine was too expensive to be set up in the old home workshops and owned by every master. If the guilds had been wise enough to purchase and operate machinery in common, they might have

effected a co-operative organization of industry in which all could have shared the increased profits of machine production. As it was, the wealthy and enterprising and ruthless seized the new opening, turned out a rapid flow of products, and of necessity underbid the others in marketing their goods. The old customs and regulations which had forbidden or limited competition were brushed away. New economic theories were developed which sanctioned what was going on and secured the support of "public opinion" and legislation for those who were driving the machine thru the framework of the social structure.

The distress of the displaced workers was terrible, even as it is at the present time. In blind agony they mobbed the factories and destroyed the machines which were destroying them. But the men who owned the machines, owned the law. In England the death

penalty was put on the destruction of machinery. Sullenly the old masters had to bow their necks to the yoke. They had to leave their own shops and their old independence and come to the machine for work and bread. They had been masters; henceforth they had a master. The former companionship of master and workman, working together in the little shops, was gone. Two classes were created and a wide gulf separated them: on the one hand the employer, whose hands were white and whose power was great; on the other the wage-earner, who lived in a cottage and could only in rare and lessening instances hope to own a great shop with its costly machinery. Now the employer still rules and the masses are exploited, if not out of work. Want and starvation is their plight. But some day the masses will become the collective owners and producers, not for private profit but for the good of all alike.

Try These Games

Blindman's Buff reversed.—All the players, instead of just one, are blindfolded, and they are to catch this player. He must wear a small bell tied around his neck in order to help them in their search, and must keep going. The player who finally catches him takes his place.

It is safe to say, without doubt, that no neighborhood of children during the warm summer dusk but has resounded to the cry, "Here I come" and the scurry of feet as the hidden ones race to come in "free." It has been great fun but for a change play HIDE AND SEEK REVERSED.—This variation of the familiar old game is great fun and is achieved by having one person hide

himself and the remaining players search for him. The players go singly in search of the hidden one, and as each finds him, joins in his hiding place. The seekers are finally reduced to one player, who must search for all the others.

These lively fall days call for action. You will get plenty of "action" in SQUAT TAG.—The player chosen as "It" chases the others, trying to tag one of them. By suddenly stooping the other players may escape being tagged, but may do this only three times. After the third time, the player may resort only to running to escape being tagged. The one tagged then becomes "It."

"Y. S."

WINTER

THESE Winter nights against my window-pane
 Nature with busy pencil draws designs
 Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray
 of pines,
 Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
 Which she will make when summer
 comes again—
 Quaint arabesques in argent, flat and
 cold,
 Like curious Chinese etchings.
 T. B. Aldrich—*Frost-Work*.
 * * *

Look! the massy trunks
 Are cased in the pure crystal; each
 light spray,

Nodding and tinkling in the breath of
 heaven,
 Is studded with its trembling water-
 drops,
 That glimmer with an amethystine
 light.
 Bryant—*A Winter Piece*.
 * * *

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happi-
 ness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the
 hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
 Cowper—*The Task*.

HOLD FAST YOUR DREAMS

By Louise Driscoll

HOLD fast your dreams!
 Within your heart
 Keep one still secret spot
 Where dreams may go,
 And sheltered so
 May thrive and grow—
 Where doubt and fear are not.
 Oh, keep a place apart
 Within your heart
 For little dreams to go!

Think still of lovely things that are not
 true,
 Let wish and magic work at will in you
 Be sometimes blind to sorrow—make
 believe!
 Forget the calm that lies
 In disillusioned eyes.
 Tho we all know that we must die,
 Yet—you and I
 May walk like gods and be
 Even now at home in immortality!

We see so many ugly things—
 Deceits and wrongs and quarrelings;
 We know, alas! we know
 How quickly fades the color in the West
 The bloom upon the flower,
 The bloom upon the breast
 And youth's blind hour.
 Yet keep within your heart
 A place apart
 Where little dreams may go,
 May thrive and grow.
 Hold fast—hold fast your dreams!



Dear Readers and Members:—

This department—the Chatter Corner—is always overloaded, so to speak. At no time in the past years have we had any problem as to not having enough contributions to fill several pages with them. In the past year, perhaps more than in the previous years, the numerous contribs presented a somewhat different trend in juvenile letters. Majority of them were more mature; their contents departed from the usual beaten path of relating personal history which at times is all right, but when repeated too frequently becomes monotonous, uninteresting. Many of you showed originality in treating the subject you selected from observation rather than from your immediate self.

In the future, I wish that you continue with your originality. Describe things as you see them. Observe and then try to put your impressions on the paper. There are always a number of things and events of interest about which you can write and make your letter interesting to the reader. Write on one side of the paper only! Do not crowd words and lines; leave sufficient space between the lines and also a margin on either side of the paper.

Resolve that this year you will improve in every way; that you will be helpful to other people, especially to the aged and the poor; that you will not waste any time foolishly; that you will never take an undue advantage of your opponents in play; that you will obey your parents and help them; that you will read good books and constantly improve your mind, and that you will write monthly to the Mladinski List a neat little letter—always on one side of the paper only—and that you will boost the S. N. P. J., its magazine the Mladinski List and the official organ Prosveta.

—THE EDITOR.

"DARN THAT CLASS!"

Dear Editor:—

By the time this letter is published I shall have graduated from the Nolan Intermediate or Junior High School. On January 16, 1933, I shall enter the Senior High School. Our class has a very nice swimming pool, and goes there every Thursday. In length the boys' part of the pool is about 45 feet and 20 feet wide.

In the English class we had to write several compositions. One contribution ran as follows:

"Some Student's Name," was the title. He had been invited to a banquet in honor of his huge body which weighed about 500 lbs.

As he was coming through the door, he took part of it with him. Fate was against a chair which he crushed with ease. Dinner was announced and he had to stand, for no chair

could hold his enormous carcass. He spluttered along with his soup, and the gentleman across from him applied his napkin to his eye. After dinner the hostess noticed his absence and a diligent search began. A lady found him in the pigpen sharing in the animals' frolic.

He went to his cast iron bed and slept soundly except that a mouse's squeaking woke him up and he fled in terror to a cop. Breakfast consisted of a slice of toast and a cup of tea. On the back of his overalls was this inscription:

CITY
GARBAGE
COLLECTOR

Well, I have to close, for I have some Math homework to do. (Darn that class!)

Yours truly,

Adolph Koss,
17457 St. Aubin ave., Detroit, Mich.

* *

LEO LOST HIS BEST FRIEND

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is the second letter I'm writing to the M. L. I like to read it very much.

One of my best friends, James Emanuel, died. He died a little after Thanksgiving. He was in my room in school. We were in the sixth grade. He had the sickness of spinal meningitis.

We got out of school December 23 for our Christmas vacation.

I have two brothers and one sister.—We have had snow here for quite a while. I go skating almost every day.—My father hasn't been working for a long time. I am sending a joke which, I hope, will be published:

Which way would be the correct way to say this, Johnnie said to his English teacher: "The yolk of an egg is white; or the yolk of an egg is yellow?"

Ans.: "The yolk of an egg is yellow."

I am sending best regards to all members.

Leo J. Kerzich, Box 57, Keewatin, Minn.

* *

FROM PRICE, UTAH

Dear Editor:—

This is the first time I have written to our magazine, but I hope I will be able to write many more times. I don't think I have to tell you of the kind of condition we are in, because it is the same all over.

I am in the 8th grade and will soon be going to high school.

We all belong to the SNPJ and are proud of it. I will close with best regards to all.

Rose Vuletich, Price, Utah.

BETTY WAS AT GRANDMA'S

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am seven years old and I am in second grade. My teacher's name is Miss Weller. She is very nice to us.

I have one little sister; she is three years old. I like to read the poems and jokes in this book. Wish it would come every week instead of every month.

For my Christmas vacation I was at my grandma's and had a wonderful time. My little sister was with me.

The work in Bessemer is very poor. I hope it gets better sometime.

Best regards to all.

Betty Jane Macek, Box 79, Bessemer, Pa.

* *

ROSE WALKS A MILE TO SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I wrote in the December magazine. I sure like to read the stories, poems, riddles, and jokes. I like to go to school and I have a mile to walk. I have two sisters and one brother.

I don't think I have much to write this time, so I am closing with best wishes for a happy New Year to all.

Rose Kuseck,
Box 4, Reliance, Wyo.

□

Ha! Ha!

First Farmer: "I've got a freak on my farm. It's a two-legged calf."

Second Farmer: "I know. He came over to call on my daughter last night."

□

THEN SIT DOWN

WHEN you're called upon to speak

On things current and antique,

Please don't try to talk a week,

But, just say your little say,

Then sit down.

Famous men I've listened to

Hardly start before they're through;

They've won praise and so can you,

If you'll say your little say,

Then sit down.

There's a moral and it's true,

In what I am telling you,

You can say your little say,

And be asked another day,

If you'll say it quickly, pray,

Then sit down.

—Anon.

"THE BILL OF FARE"

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I like to read the Mladinski List very much. I like school very much. For Thanksgiving we had a nice program. I said a poem "The Bill of Fare." I wish Santa Claus would bring me lots of things, but I couldn't hope that because time is too poor here. Happy new year to the Editor and the readers.

Albert Tomsic, Box 122, Walsenburg, Colo.

* *

VICTOR LIKES FOOTBALL

Dear Editor:—

I like school very much and my general average is 85. And I wish I will get a "hire" grade than 85.

When I come home from school, I feed the chickens, then I ask my mother if I could go out playing. I like to play football better than the other games. We played football on Nov. 26. My number is one and I play halfback on our team.

Mines work very slow. It only works two to three days a week. A Happy New Year to the Editor and the readers!

Victor Tomsic, Box 122, Walsenburg, Colo.

* *

LODGE NO. 104

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter in M. L. I am nine years old and in grade 4 B. I will be ten on January 29.

My father is not working for a long time. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 104. I do not see many letters from West Allis. I wish the members would write to me.

Happy New Year to all!

Louis Ernest Susterich,
2197 S. 95 st., West Allis, Wis.

* *

THAT DEPRESSION

Dear Readers:—

I haven't seen any letters from Oglesby for a long time, so I thought I'd wake up and start the year right by writing. Almost every one who writes tells about this depression. If they'd write something else once in a while maybe the depression will blow away.

Here's a joke:

Johnny and his mother were traveling on a train. They both had upper berths across from each other.

Johnny was laying quietly and thinking for a while. Then:

"Mother!" in a stage whisper.

"Sh, yes, son?" replied his mother.

Son: "Does God watch over aunt Katie?"

Mother: "Yes, son."

Silence.

Johnny: "Mother, does God watch over Uncle Edger?"

Mother: "Aha—yes— over everyone."

Silence again.

Son: "Mother"—

By this time a man in a lower berth, tired of listening to this conversation, replied: "Yes, son, God watches over aunt Katie, uncle Edger, cousin Jackie, the cow and everyone else on earth. Now for Pete's sake let a fella sleep."

Silence. Then—Johnny: "Mother, was that God?"

Well, I guess I've taken enough room for this time so I'll close with best regards to all the readers. I wish some of the boys and girls (my age) would write to me. I am 15.
Helen L. Nadvesnik, 25 E. 1st st., Oglesby, Ill.

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LIKES LETTERS IN THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I would like to have it published.

We all belong to the SNPJ lodge. I am 10 years of age and in the 5th grade.

I enjoy reading the stories and jokes in the M. L. I read over the letters in the M. L. and saw that some of the girls want the members to write to them. I am going to write to them. If the members would write to me I would gladly answer their letters.

Best wishes to the Editor and the members of the SNPJ lodge.

Mildred Chesnic,
Box 617, Canonsburg, Pa.

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CHILDREN'S DISEASES**Ear Troubles**

THE common notion that swelling behind the ear is always an indication of a mastoid is refuted by Dr. Joseph Popper in a Hygeia article on ear-ache. This point is well worth remembering for it may save much anxiety when swelling appears behind the ear. It may merely be inflammation of the ear canal.

Children are affected more often by inflammation of the middle ear than are adults. The tube connecting the back of the nose with the middle ear is known as the eustachian tube. In children the mouth of the tube is in a direct line with the back of the nose; the tube is shorter than in the adult, and inflammation of the nose easily infects the middle ear.

J. N.

EDWARD IS GETTING WELL

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read it very much. I am nine years old and have a stiff leg. For this I have been in hospitals for many years. The last one I have been to is State Hospital of Elizabethtown, Pa. I just came home about 3 months ago.

I was glad to see my mother and father. My nurses and doctors treated me fine. My leg is in a brace. I hope it will be removed in a short time. Maybe the next clinic which will be held I will get my brace removed. My doctor's name is Francis S. Chambers. He lives in Elizabethtown.

Now I go to the Wendel school. My teacher's name is Miss Nesbit. She is very kind to me and the rest of the children. We had a play at our school. I had a part in it.

Edward H. Fink, Box 1, Wendel, Pa.

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COME ON, WRITE!

Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading the M. L. very much.

Come on, folks! We should not only read the M. L., but write to it, so we will all have something to read.

I will help out by sending a story which I know you will all like. The name of it is "Shums."

(Editor's Note:—Sorry, but the scout story you sent is not suitable for our magazine.)

Best regards to all and a happy New Year!

Angeline Bartolich, Box 79, Midway, Pa.

* *

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Since the vacation time is here and the snow flakes fly about, the wind is very cold. We all have some spare time to write to the M. L., our dear little magazine.

Our Glee Club had a party; they had lunch and a game in which you were to be blind-folded and put the missing tail on the donkey. I won the prize.

Here's a poem:

Give three cheers for the good old M. L.,
Let's boost it more and more;
For through its pages, we are sure,
For us there's a joy in store.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Once more
For the good old M. L.

I wish you all a happy New Year!

Dorothy M. Fink, Box 1, Wendel, Pa.

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A LETTER FROM STRABANE

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. And I would be glad to see my name in the next issue.

There are six in our family and all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 138.

I had a very nice vacation last summer. We started school Sept. 6. My teacher's name is Miss Wilkenson. I am in the 7th grade. I hope more boys and girls from Strabane would write. I hope some of the girls would write to me. Best regards to all the members.

Mary Cveton, Box 2167, Strabane, Pa.

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MAMIE'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 8 years old and I am in 3 A grade. We were waiting for Santa Claus to come and see us in our Slovene club.

There are four in our family. I have one brother; he is 5 years old, his name is Donnie.

I like school. My teacher's name is Miss Ketter. I wish all readers of the M. L. a happy New Year!

Mamie Triller, Box 121, Library, Pa.

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LODGE NO. 138

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read it very much. I wish it would come every week instead of every month.

There are seven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ, No. 138. I like to read jokes and stories. I like the letters and stories Victor Slavec writes.

I will close my letter now. But I will write more next time. Best wishes to all.

Anna Strle (age 14), Box 176, Strabane, Pa.

