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MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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ANNA P. KRASNA:

'KO BOMO MI KEDAJ DORASLI'

NEMO leži pisemce pred očmi,
s tiho bolestjo se vrača spomin
preko pečin, ki so leta, v otroške dni.

Mirno-vesela leži beseda:

Igramo se vojake—.

V mislih pa se zgane:

Glej, učili so tako deda, očeta, sina,
in zdaj tudi iz vnučkov vzgajajo—bedake.

Otroško-drzno se ponaša stavek:

Da nas vidiš, kako se znamo vojskovati!—

V misel se zapiči kakor ostra pšica:

Res, groza, da je bila očetova noga
zastonj žrtvovana granati . . .

H koncu je prislonjena bedne mladosti
grenka beseda:

Miklavž nam je prinesel samo zimo,
in sedaj nas tare dvojna beda.—

. . . Beda . . . in ta beda poje:

'Ko bomo mi kedaj dorasli.'—

Misel vprašuje sarkastično, žalostno:

Se bodo li tedaj tudi po vas črni gavrani pasli . . . ?

Katka Zupančič:

LEPE LAZI

PRAVLJIC polno sem prečital.
V vseh živali govore.

Vprašam psička, kaj vse ve?
Mi odvrne: Hav, hav, hav!
Muco vprašam, ona ve;
me pogleda: Mr—mrjav?
Mnogo glavic mnogo ve:
Živ, živ — žav!
se vrabiči razprše.
Riba zlatka? — Cav, ne bav! —
nema bila, nema je!

Nič ne bom več pravljic čital,
lepe so, a lažne vse!

MATI

BRALA knjigo sem življenja
poleg jokala solze,
polna skoro je trpljenja,
o veselju malo ve.

Slednji list pa o ljubavi
materinski govori,
ona v vsaki nam težavi
čelo gladi in hladi.

M. S-C.

POSTANEK PREMOGA

KJER premogovi so rovi,
stali nekdam so gozdovi,
zrušili so jih viharji—
kot jih zrušijo drvarji.

Voda zemljo nanosila,
obsežna debela zagrnla;
debela pa so zoglenela,
v črni kamen se sprijela.

So pretekla tisočletja
ko so bila ta početja,
danes to je premog črni,
iz njega novci so srebrni . . .

A. Č.

Katka Zupančič:

Rdeči letaki

VOLITVE so se bližale in Bert se je ponudil očetu, da bo on namesto njegga razdelil letake, ki jih je bil prinesel očetov prijatelj. Oče ni bil zadnje čase nič kaj trden v nogah, zato je bil sinove uslužnosti tako vesel, da mu je obljubil kar cel dolar, če razpeča vse.

Ni poteklo pol ure, in Bert že stoji ob ulici in se smehlja. Dolar bo zaslužil, pa mu ni treba drugega nego stati na mestu in podajati liste. Vreme je lepo in ljudi dosti. Zmišljajoč, kako bo najbolje porabil dolar, se ozira po tleh. Ali so ljudje čudni! Toliko da vzamejo list v roke, ga že spuste na tla. Saj bi on sam lahko takole sipal papirje po tleh. Komaj je začel, pa so tla že nasmetena.

"Hočeš, da ti pomagam?" Bert se ozre v črne, iskreče se oči. "Aha, tudi ti bi rad zaslužil? Kaj bi si pa kupil?"

"Veš, tri cele ducate kapseljčkov imam — pištole pa ne. Nočejo mi je kupiti! Jaz bi pa tako rad streljal . . .!"

"Tudi brez pištole lahko streljaš, če drugega ne — kozle!" se zasmije Bert in odpravi s tem dečka.

Toda v tem je ležalo po tleh že toliko papirja, da se je zdelo Bertu najpametneje, če se preseli.

"Tukaj že ne boš oviral prometa!" ga nažene prodajalka, in Bert se oddalji še za nekaj hiš.

Ni to delo tako lahko in prijetno, kakor se mu je zdelo. Ljudje niso nič kaj prijazni, obzirni pa že celo ne. Dobrohotnih pogledov je malo, nasmeškov še manj. Niso pa redki taki, ki postrani poškile na papir, pa vržejo glavo v tilnik in ne stegnejo roke.

Listov je pa dosti in tenki so.

Ženska s psičkom v naročju. Ščene zarenči in kaže zobe. Ženska poboža pudeljčka in grdo pogleda Berta.

Well, potrpeti bo treba. Nikoli se mu ni sanjalo, da je med ljudmi in ljudmi toliko razlike.

Tale stari mož recimo. Počasi se pomika. Ljudje ga prehitvajo. Pred njim in za njim jih je polno. On pa momlja in govori sam s seboj, kakor da bi ne bilo žive duše nikjer. Začuden premotri Berta, ko mu ta ponudi listič. Opre se ob palico in kima. "Papir. Vse imajo na papirju. V glavah pa nič. Seveda, v kočijah brez konj se vozijo; perutnice so si naredili in lete ko ptiči. Sploh se imajo za strašno učene, — pa crkajo od glada ob polnih piskrih . . . Kaj si se zazijal vame?" je iznenada zarentačil nad Bertom. "Star sem. Ali ko sem bil tvojih let, sem imel vse zmehurjene roke! Od dela, veš! Nisem ubijal časa in smetil ceste, kakor to delaš ti!" In zatrkal je s palico ob tla, da so se ljudje ozirali in je bilo Bertu tako nerodno, da se je kar hitro pobral in se ustavil daleč proč.

Očetov dolar — težko ga bo zaslužil. Morda bo moral do pozne noči prenašati vse te sitnosti.

Prideta dva. Režita se: "Vsakemu po enega? Pojdi no! Več nama jih daš, prej jih boš rešen!"

Bert je vesten. Pošteno hoče opraviti svoje delo!

"Saj jih bova razpečala. Ne boj se! V zabavo nama bo!"

"Če jih bosta res?!"

"Se razume! — Premalo! Več, več!"

Bert zre vesel in hvaležen za njima. Kupček se je znatno zmanjšal.

Toda zlikovca že nista prišla onstran križišča, ko sta že pričela 'deliti': metala sta liste v zrak in sapa jih je raznašala na vse strani. Preden bi naštel do petnajst, je bilo vse naokoli rdeče pokrpano. Bert je od silnega razočaranja odrevenel, a se je kakor udarjen stresel, ko je zagrmelo za njim:

"To je pa že od sile! Kdo, misliš, bo pometal za tabo? Poberi se s svojim rdečim smetjem, če ne . . ."



MATI IN DETENTE

Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Bert je pobegnil tri bloke daleč.

Najrajši bi odnesel vse skupaj domov in na skrivaj zmetal v peč. Toda obvezal se je, da bo letake razpečal in to bo storil! Nalašč! Tudi če ne bi šlo za dolar.

Nič več ne bo gledal obrazov. Videl jih je dovolj. Dovolj oholih, topih, čmerikavih, kislih obrazov odraslih in lažnivih mladih obrazov!

Bert je jezen in žalosten. Deli plakate, pa gleda ljudem pod noge.

"Halo, Bert!"

Bert naglo dvigne oči. Toda obraz je že mimo. Najbrž je bila katera od maminih prijateljic. Takoj mu je topleje pri srcu. Škoda da jih ne pride več — takih prijateljic. Nevede zopet pogleduje ljudi. Saj niso vsi tako odurni, toda če je le vsak deseti tak, jih je preveč. Veselje je lahko ubiti.

"Glejte, glejte! Bert nekaj deli!" pri-skovika skupina njegovih znancev. Med temi i njegov sošolec Bill, s katerim si pa nista nič kaj na roko. Oba sta sicer dobro odprte glave, toda Bill je precej stremuški in se brezobzirno rine povsod v ospredje.

"Oho! Slišiš, kaj pa to?" se Bill z letakom v roki razkorači. "Ti delaš za rdečkarje!"

Bert se hipoma spomni, da je tudi oni trgovec kričal nekaj o 'rdečem' smetju. "Brigaj se ti zase, ne pa zame!" odvrne zafrkljivo.

"Zate se ne brigam, marveč za to rdečo propagando! Ali te ni sram, da delaš za rdečkarje?"

"Za kakšne rdečkarje?" vzroji zdaj Bert in zardi do ušes. "Rdečkarji so komunisti. Človek pa, ki nam je to izročil, je socialist! Jaz in vsi, ki ga poznamo, ga cenimo in spoštujemo, ker je poštenjak skoz in skoz!"

Neprijetno mu je bilo, ker se je takoj nekaj radovednežev zgrnilo okrog njiju. Slavohlepni Bill si pa lepše prilike ni mogel želei.

"Poštenjak, seveda!" se mu je spatil obraz, "volk je v ovčji koži, kakor so vsi rdečkarji. Po demokratih in re-

publikancih udrihajo, ker jim diši kapital, ki bi si ga radi prisvojili. Potem bi rušili in uničevali vse, kar so naši predniki zgradili. Pobili bi vse, ki imajo v glavi ali v žepu kaj več, nego oni. Zato ščuvajo delavce, da bi se svojim gospodarjem uprli ter tako pomagali njim do moči. Ameriko bi radi spremenili v Rusijo! Ti pa jim pomagaš?! Sramota!"

Med ljudmi je zašumelo in nekaj jih je celo ploskalo. Dečki, ki so se doslej posmihavali zdaj temu zdaj onemu, so se polni občudovanja zastrmeli v Billa, ki se je zmagozavestno pozibaval na prstih.

V Bertu vre. Da bi se podal? Molče priznal, da je ugnan? Ne in ne! Bert je trmast. Toda, kako si naj pomaga? Nikdar se za take stvari ni posebno zanimal. Zdaj mu je žal. Slišal je nekaj o socializmu, nekaj tudi o komunizmu, ki sta si med seboj nekako tako podobna kakor potok in hudournik. Tako mu je nekoč razlagal oče. Oboji, socialisti kakor komunisti so si postavili za cilj osvobodjenje delavskih množic. Toda komunisti bi ta cilj radi dosegli na hitro, v skokih, kar bi pomenilo krvavo nasilje in tako ogromne žrtve, da bi jih človeštvo ne moglo zobra preboleti. Rusija nam ne more in ne sme biti za vzor, mu je pravil oče.

Prej je uboge ruske podanike tlačila in terorizirala carska vlada, od te ni bilo drugega pričakovati. Ali ko so s carstvom pometli in se je po strašni revoluciji povzpela do krmila rdeča garda — kakor so se imenovali komunisti, boljševiki — je ljudstvo kaj kmalu uvidelo, da se je v svojem pričakovanju v mnogočem varalo. Zakaj ta nova vlada je odpravljala zlo z zlom in se je pri tem razvila v pravi rdeči teror.

Mnogo tega mu je oče pravil. Ali Bert si je predvsem zapomnil 'rdeči teror' in njega pomen, zato je nekam začrtil besedo 'rdečkar'. Tako tudi razumemo, zakaj je Billovo očitiranje imelelo zanj še posebno ost. Toda vkljub

prizadevanju ni in ni mogel zbrati svojih misli, da bi Billa zavrnil, kakor bi ga rad.

Večina ljudi pa je čakala, a ni varčevala z opazkami.

"Takale dva mladca, pa se že pričakata o politiki!" — "Ah, mislil sem, da se je kakšna nesreča pripetila . . ." — "Pa ti je žal, ker je ni, je res hudo . . ." — "Smeh. — "Kaj pa imata med sabo?" — "Tale svetlolasec se je baje udinjnal rdečkarjem in zdaj ga le-oni z očali pridno krtači. No, mladi proletarec! Bo kaj, bo?" — "Ali pa zapoj: 'Komedijska je končana', pa bomo šli."

Bertu je žgalo pri ušesih. Že je bil na tem, da bi sebi in vsemu svetu navkljub zaklical: "Da, rdečkar sem In kdo mi more kaj?" ko je skoro nehotite posegel po letaku in ga pričel čitati glasno ter čezdalje bolj zanosito:

"Delavci! Zganite se! Ne podpirajte več kapitalistov! Kdor glasuje bodisi za demokratsko ali republikansko stranko, glasuje za profitarški sistem, ki je milijone nas delavcev pognal na cesto in v bedo. Zato doli z izkoriščevalci! Podprite svoje može!"

"Kaj je tukaj napačnega, vprašam? Ali ni res na milijone brezposelnih in v bedi? Če sta to zakrivali kapitalistični stranki s svojim bedastim sistemom, kdo bo tako nor, da jih bo še nadalje podpiral? Rabi pamet, Bill, pa ne boš na teh plakatih videl nič rdečega!" in Bert je Billu obrnil hrbet v znamenje, da je zanj debate konec.

Toda Bill se je že zopet oglasil: "Kaj je na teh listih rdečega? Vse od prve črke do zadnje! Delavci, kapitalisti, izkoriščevalci, profitarški sistem, to so besede, ki jih imajo rdečkarji vedno na jeziku! Po teh besedah jih poznamo! Ali zdaj vprašam jaz: kako pa bi delavci živeli brez kapitalistov? Ford sam vzdržuje na tisoče delavskih družin . . ."

Bert se je pravočasno spomnil očetovih besed. "Ford ne vzdržuje nikogar!" je zaklical. "Ford je samo moj-

ster v izkoriščanju. Delo jih vzdržuje, in njih delo vzdržuje tudi Forda in množi njegove milijone!"

"Ne segaj mi v besedo!" ga je samozavestno ukoril Bill in nadaljeval: "Kakor sem rekel, kompanije, kapitalisti nam dajejo delo in zaslužek, skratka vse, kar nam je za življenje potrebno. Več ko naredo profita, bolje je tudi za delavca. To je vendar jasno! Mar se ni baš v tej krizi pokazalo, kako slabo je za delavca, če kompanije ne izkazujejo profitov? Toda naš ameriški sistem je premagal že dosti kriz, pa bo i to. Zato bi ne smeli udrihati po njem, kakor to delajo rdečkarji! Kdo je pomagal Ameriki do razvoja? Kdo jo je dvignil na prvo mesto vsega sveta, če ne baš ta toliko obrekovani kapitalistični sistem ter republikanska in demokratska stranka, ki sta stebra tega sistema in s tem Amerike!"

Bert ni bil zdaj več v zadregi. Ne enkrat, pač pa ob vsaki priliki se je njegov oče dotaknil gospodarskih vprašanj, ki so se zdela Bertu od sile dolgočasna. Toda ker je imel očeta rad, ni bilo druge poti, kakor da se je premagal in ga poslušal. Tako mu je nekaj le obviselo v spominu.

Mirno je počakal, da je Bill končal, potem je pa začel: "Kaj pa je prvo in glavno: delo ali kapital? Iz česa se je razvil kapital, če ne iz dela? Komu bi torej kapital moral služiti, če ne v prvi vrsti tistemu, ki je delal zanj, to je delavcu? Komu pa služi v resnici? Peščici ljudi na vrhu in njihovim političnim hlapcem, to so tisti, ki so pri krmilu demokratske in republikanske stranke. Praviš, da sta to stebra ameriškega gospodarskega sistema in s tem tudi Amerike, kar pa je samo na polovico res. Steber Amerike je delavsko ljudstvo! Temu se je zahvaliti, da je Amerika tako napredovala in ta vkljub sistemu, ki ima za osnovo izkoriščanje, za cilj pa profit!"

"Tako je!" se je v Bertovo zadoščanje oglasil nekdo izmed okoli stoječih.

"Papiga!" je vzkliknil Bill porogljivo.

"Well, če je temu tako," se je nasmehnil Bert, "sva papigi pač oba! Zakaj ne ti, ne jaz še nimava svojih skušenj!"

Ljudje so se zasmjeli.

"Pa me zato ne bo nič več in nič manj", je nadaljeval Bert, "če povem, da so to nazori mojega očeta in bodo kaj kmalu tudi moji nazori, ker spoznavam, da so pravi. Nikdar ne bom podpiral sistema, ki delavca, kakršen je moj oče in na milijone drugih, izsesava po dvajset in več let, pa ga nazadnje pusti na cedilu: ne potrebujemo te več, ni profita, lahko pogineš. Tako, da mnogi izgarani siromak nima, kamor bi glavo položil, dočim se bogatim parazitom niti ne sanja, da veseljačijo in se kažejo po vsem svetu vse na račun delavskih siromakov. Vsak zaveden delavec se bo boril proti takemu sistemu, ki ne le dopušča, ampak povzroča take razmere. In zaveden delavec bom tudi jaz!" so se mu zasvetile oči.

Nihče ni odobral, nihče ugovarjal. Tišino je prelomil šele glas: "Ta pa bo, kar bo! Ušesa mi bi rekla, da govori štiridesetletnik, oči pa, da mu ne more biti nego šestnajst let, ali pa še toliko ne!"

Bert, ki je zopet nekoliko v zadregi mečkal letake zaradi nastale tišine, je odvrnil: "Res je mojemu očetu štiri-deset, meni pa šestnajst let."

Bill se je potajil. Delal se je, kakor da bi zdehal in je zdolgočaseno vrgel tjavendan: "Seveda, če mu je oče rdečkar . . ." in zmignil je z rameni.

"Moj oče ni rdečkar!" je planil Bert. "Socialist je, ne pa komunist!"

"Socialist ali komunist — sodrga rdeče je vse skupaj!"

"Ti mojega očeta ne poznaš, pa vkljub temu bi ga rad sramotil?"

"Še stepla se bosta!" se je dvignil ženski glas.

"Naj se! Ko sem bil jaz njunih let, nisem bil zdrav, ako se nisem vsaj dvakrat na teden pomeril s kom na pesti!" se je zasmjela nekdo.

Res bi bilo prišlo do spopada, da se ni še o pravem času preril do bojaželjne dvojice zastaven moški z mirnim glasom:

"Ej, dečka! Kakor dva odrasla sta debatirala, pa bi se zdaj prav po otročje stepla? Kaj vama ne pade v glavo!"

"Preklicati mora!" je zahteval Bert.

"Ah, pojdi no! Še vsakdo, ki se upa dandanes izreči kako pametno, je že rdečkar. Saj jim je že celo Roosevelt v Washingtonu rdeč, dasi ga je glavna skrb, kako bi staro polomljeno kapitalistično mašino popravil in jo spravil v tek. Kar vzemi ti svoje tiskovine in me popelji k svojemu očetu. Prav rad bi ga poznal. — Ti pa", se je obrnil k Billu, "hiti, da boš čimprej bogat in kakšen kompanijski magnat, zakaj težko že čakamo drobtin s tvoje mize."

Billu se je poznalo, da z izidom ni niti najmanj zadovoljen. "Bogat ali ne-bogat, rdečkar ne bom nikoli! Rdečkarji so plevel, ki ga je treba iztrebiti", je končal drzno.

"Fant! Iz tebe govori nevednost. A si še mlad, zato ti ni zamere. Toda če se boš tega držal tudi ko dorasteš, boš ali izkoriščevalec, ali priganjač, ali pa samo kupček gnoja na kapitalistični njivi." Pomignil je Bertu in sta odšla.

Ljudje so se zopet domislili svojih opravkov in so se porazgubili. S plakati na tleh pa se je še vedno poigravala sapa ter jih raznašala ves večer in vso noč.

Od hiše do hiše . . .

Ivan Jontez

SKLONJEN pod pezo let in revščine, je s tresočo se koščeno roko plašno potrkal na vrata ter čakal. Skozi okno je pogledala na verando postarana ženica okroglega obraza, srebrnih las in dobrodušnih sivih oči. Nato je obraz v oknu izginil. Izžeti starec v obnošenem površniku, prelahkem za decemberski mraz, in z ogoljeno papirnato škatlo pod pazduho, je resignirano vzdihnil. Tudi tukaj ne bo nič, je pomislil ter se razočaran obrnil. A tedaj so zajechala vrata in prijazen ženski glas je vprašal v okorni angleščini:

“Kaj bi radi?”

Mož se je obrnil in v očeh mu je zaltel odsev upanja. “Gospa, morda potrebujete sukanca, šivank, trakov, zaponk”, je z od mraza in starosti tresočimi se prsti začel razvezovati svojo škatlo. Jezik in naglas sta izdajala potomca anglosaških priseljencev.

Ženica je odkimala ter z nedvoumno kretnjo pokazala, da kani zapreti vrata, ko se je stari krošnjar hipoma opogumil ter jo, ne brez težave, zaprosil:

“Pa mi dajte vsaj skodelico tople kave, prosim, dobra gospa. Ničesar nisem še užil danes in zebe me tako . . .”

V ženičinih drobnih sivih očeh se je utrnilo sočutje. “V kuhinjo stopite”, ga je povabila.

V kuhinji. Krošnjar trepeta pri belo emajlirani kuhinjski mizi ter se radovedno ozira okrog sebe. Žena greje na štedilniku kavo. Kmalu stoji pred starcem skodelica tople kave, krožnik narezanega kruha in jabolčna mezga. Starec se na prijazno povabilo dobrodušne ženice hlastno loti kave in prigrizka. Vidi se, da je bil res lačen. Ženica ga sočutno opazuje pri tem.

Tri skodelice tople, dišeče, mlečne kave in krožnik z jabolčno mezgo namazanega kruha je potolažilo krošnjar-

jev kruleči želodec. Mož zadovoljno vzdihne, se ozre na svojo gostiteljico s hvaležnim pogledom, potem pa pokaže z očmi na stenski koledar Slovenske narodne podporne jednote:

“Slovenci, kajne?”

Žena prikima.

“Jaz pa sem potomec prvih priseljencev, ki so prošli preko Atlantika na ladji *Mayflower*”, pojasnjuje krošnjar in njegov glas je narahlo pobarvan s trpko ironijo. “Potomec prvih priseljencev prosi poslednje priseljence za gostoljubje . . . Čudno, ni res, gospa, to življenje? . . .”

Ženica se nasmehne. “Človeku se lahko vse pripeti”, meni. Nato zopet dene kuhat kavo za vnuka in vnukinjo, ki sta pravkar pridrvela iz šole in zdaj začudeno ogledujeta tujega moža.

Kako pa vaš posel?” vpraša moža mimogrede.

“Zanič!” potoži krošnjar. “Natančno sedem centov sem skupil vse dopoldne . . .”

“Razumem,” simpatično de ženica, “krošnjarjev je toliko zadnja leta, da drug drugemu kljuko podajajo in se jih ljudje žer kar boje . . . In nazadnje človek ne more kupiti od vseh, kam bi z vso šaro, tudi če bi bil denar? Kako dolgo pa se že pečate s tem?”

“Dve leti. Odkar sem ob delo. Ob vse!” pristavi in okolo tenkih brezkrvnih ustnic mu zatrepeta trpek usmev, huščne preko stisnjenega, izžetega obraza in utone v vodenoplavih resigniranih očeh. “Eh, časih je bilo drugače! Imel sem dobro delo na železnici, prijazen dom, dobro ženko in dvanajst tisočakov prihrankov na banki — dovolj, sva si mislila z ženo, za brezskrbno, preskrbljeno starost. Toda današnji svet ne pozna nobene gotovosti: danes ste prepričani, da sedite varno na

konju, jutri pa ležite na tleh s polomljenimi udi! Tako se je zgodilo nama. Bančni polom je naju spravil ob vse prihranke, potem sem zaradi opešane-ga vida izgubil delo brez pokojnine, nato sva izgubila še hišo, kar je njo tako potrla, da je kmalu shirala, k čemer je mnogo pripomogla nesrečna usoda najinega edinca, ki si je zaradi brezposelnosti vzel življenje, jaz pa sem se znašel na cesti, bolj ubog skoro kot sem se rodil. In ker človek ne more iti živ pod rušo, drugega zaslužka pa starrec ne morem več dobiti, sem se moral oprijeti krošnjarjenja, ki za silo drži dušo in telo skupaj."

Hišna gospodinja ga sočutno pogleda. "Mnogo ste morali pretrpeti in žaltava je vaša življenska pot." Nato pa se ženica domisli: "Toda, mar nimamo državne starostne pokojnine? Seveda jo imamo. Ali je vam ne dajo?"

Brezkvrne ustnice starega siromaka se zganejo v trpkem usmevu. "Premlad sem še — šele tri in šestdeset . . . do starostne pokojnine, kakor je revna, pa so upravičeni šele petinšestdesetletniki! Še dve leti bo treba pokačati . . ."

"In medtem lahko od glada poginete!" zmaje z glavo gospodinja.

"Da . . ." prikima on, "in tako prihranim državi pokojnino . . ."

Mož je nasičen in tudi ogrel se je. Vstane. "Tisočkrat vam hvala, dobra gospa, za vašo gostoljubnost!" se zahvaljuje gospodinja, odpre svojo škatlo ter ji ponudi: "Izberite si kaj v povračilo za vašo dobroto, drugega vam ne morem dati . . ."

Žena odmahne z roko, odpre kredenco ter vzame iz skodelice nekaj drobiža. "Nisem vam postregla za plačilo," odgovori odločno, "temveč ker je naša dolžnost, da si pomagamo v potrebi. Toda nekaj sukanca bom kupila od vas, nam bo že prišel prav."

Krošnjarjeve oči se prevlečejo z vlago. "Tisočkrat hvala, dobra gospa!" se zahvaljuje z drhčočim glasom in povezuje svojo škatlo. "Sreča, da je še med revnimi delavci dobrih ljudi, sicer bi morali reveži kot jaz konec vzeti od vsega hudega! Good by."

In spremljan s pogledi dobrosrčne slovenske priseljenke odrine osiromašeni potomec mayflowerjevcev dalje, od vrat do vrat za pičilim kruhom . . .

Jože Kovač:

PRED ZIMO

ZADNJI sad je šel z drevesa,
ptice pevke so nam odletele.
Zadnji list na veji še trepeče,
le vsesvetnice so še vzcetele.

Njih cvetovi blede so, prozorni,
smrtni hlad z vrtov in gajev veje.
Dolge sence so in nizko solnce,
z zadnjimi močmi ljudi in zemljo greje.

Toliko samo bo še sijalo,
da poslednji list bo z veje snelo.
Potlej se bo skrilo za meglo, vgasnilo . . .
Mesto, gozd in gaj—vse v sneg se bo
odelo.

Ivo Kozarčanin, Zagreb:

Brez čevljev

Z DEŽJEM, ki se je usipal gost, lep-ljiv, jesenski, je postajal Ivanović čedalje tišji, čedalje bolj žalosten in samotен. Glava, že tako vsa vdrta med ramena, se je spuščala niže in niže, kakor da jo upogibajo leta. To je že drugič, da ga je na hodniku ustavil ravnatelj (v spominu mu je le roka, ki ga je prijela za rame, mirne oči in šiljasta, siva, dobra brada):

“Kaj res ne veš, da ne smeš hoditi v šolo bos? Si res ne daš dopovedati?”

Ne, njegove oči niso bile stroge, tudi brada ga ni plašila, a vendar je bila to velika sramota. Izmed dveh sto dijakov ustavi ravnatelj ravno njega. Kako naj pojasni ravnatelju, da je bos samo zato, ker nima čevljev? Samo zato in zaradi nič drugega. Ravnatelj je dober (siva, šiljasta brada niha blago, očetovsko, ko se odpirajo usta).

“Tam v Bosni, odkoder si prišel, tam si nemara lahko hodil bos; tam ste najbrže tudi hodili bos. Tu pa smo v mestu. In zakone imamo. V zakonih piše, da ni dovoljeno hoditi v šolo bos. Zakone morava poslušati jaz in ti. Veš, kaj so zakoni?”

“Vem.”

“Ti tega ne veš, a morda vendarle čutiš, da nihče ne sme delati proti zakonom. Ti pa, vidiš, delaš proti njim.”

“Toda jaz ne bi hotel grešiti proti zakonom.”

“Vem, da nočeš delati proti zakonom. Ti samo čevljev nimaš, in to je vse. A tole mi povej! Ko sem te pred kakimi desetimi dnevi poklical k sebi, češ, da ti jih bom jaz dal, si rekel, da jih ne potrebuješ, ker ti jih bo še tisti dan kupil oče sam. Tega je zdaj že deset dni!”

Vendar ravnatelj ni bil strog. Saj bi ne bilo tako težko govoriti z njim, če ne bi stala na hodniku in če ne bi

okrog in okrog njiju stali tovariši. Študentje so govorili ravnatelju:

“On se samo baha zmerom: da bo dobil obleko, da bo dobil novo zimsko suknjo, da že ima čevlje in da jih samo varčuje—pa ni vse skupaj nič res.”

In ravnatelj gleda čudno preko glav v stene, ki so razsvetljene le do polovice. Pozno je že, malo svetlobe prihaja še skozi okna. In dežuje.

“Še dobro, da ne zboliš?” vpraša ravnatelj nenadoma Ivanoviča. “Mene zebе, ko sem obut. In še daleč stanuješ nemara? In dežuje.”

“Dežuje?”

Tedaj Ivanović ne odgovarja več na vprašanja, pa tudi ravnatelj je odšel, ker je bil odmor končan. Slišal je, kako na vrhu stopnic kriči slugi, naj prižge svetilke v razredih. Slišal je, kako na ulici žagajo drva. Slišal je pritajeni in mehki, kovinski ropot tramvajskih koles, ki teko po tračnicah, v katerih teče voda. Že kurijo v razredih. Plamen greje. Električna svetloba se vsiplje v slapovih na tla, na klopi in na stene.

To je v šoli.

Zunaj šole je Ivanoviću huje. Včasih, če dežuje, se pelje domov s tramvajem. Brez listka seveda, zvečer je zmerom polno ljudi, pa ga težko zasačijo. V priklopnem vozu pa, kjer se vozi on, je celo temno. V najhujšem primeru ga sprevodnik lahko spodi z voza, a to se je doslej dogodilo le dvakrat.

“Kje imaš listek?”

Molk.

Sprevodnik se preriva med gosto natrpanimi potniki (ravno zato so se tako nagnetili na voz! si misli). Toda priklopni voz je odprt na obe strani, pa se sprevodnik niti enkrat ni mogel preriti

do njega. Imel je celo čas, da je nekoliko počakal, da je tramvaj počasnil voznjo, ko se je bližal postajališču, da je lahko skočil z voza brez nevarnosti.

"Nimam listka," je odgovoril šele zdaj. A to ni bilo niti malo drzno. Tudi sprevodnik je začutil, da ni niti malo drzno. In tedaj ni več kričal za njim.

Huje je, kadar se najde kakšen usmiljen potnik, ki se mu reveži smilijo. Takoj se spusti v pogovor s sprevodnikom:

"Kaj bi nemara tramvajska uprava propadla, če prepelje tudi kakšnega potnika brezplačno? Kaj je to takšna škoda?"

Tedaj se sprevodnik razjezi:

"Povejte to upravi, ne pa meni. Jaz nisem uprava. Jaz sem navaden delavec, ki se mora ravnati po predpisih, če hoče, da ne izgubi službe in da ne bodo hodili njegovi otroci tako, kakor tale tu! Mar naj voham, kdaj pride nadzornik?"

Toda gospod ne odneha, uporno trdi dalje:

"Saj zato ravno, ker ste delavec in siromak, zato! Morali bi imeti usmiljenje s svojimi ljudmi. Saj vidite, da je bos. Kako naj gre po dežju?"

Zdaj sprevodniku vse skupaj že preseda:

"Če vam je toliko do tega, pa mu plačajte vi. Meni je vseeno, kdo plača, a plačati se mora. Tako je, da veste."

Gospod izzvan potegne listnico iz žepa:

"No . . . saj tudi bom plačal, mi-slite, da ne bom? Jaz se ne bojim, da izgubim službo kakor vi. A za dobro delo sem pripravljen, da jo celo izgubim, ste me razumeli? Takšen sem jaz."

Toda Ivanoviću je že od začetka dovolj, ker ga bližnji potniki ogledujejo in govore drug drugemu, za kaj gre.

"Res je bos," pravi mlad gospod mlademu dekletu, ki stoji ob njem.

Ona se čudi:

"Res, bos?"

Ivanović naglo reče usmiljenemu potniku in neusmiljenemu sprevodniku:

"Ne, hvala, ni mi treba listka. Sem že doma. Ne, hvala, res mi ni treba listka."

Še preden se je tramvaj ustavil, je že skočil s tramvaja, ker ni maral gledati, kako daje gospod dinar in pol zanj. Noče, da bi se vozil na njegov račun.

V luči uličnih svetilk se bleste pločniki, mokri od dežja in jesenske megle, ki vztrajno prši. Zato je pot iz šole težja kakor čas v razredu. Treba je iti celo uro.

A še hujši (kakor pot iz šole in v šolo) so dnevi, ko hodi gospa iz istega dvorišča na trg. Tedaj vselej pokliče očeta Ivanovića:

"Pošljite mi svojega fanta, da mi bo pomagal nositi stvari. Saj ne bo zastonj, še vselej sem mu kaj dala. Ne maram, da mi kdorkoli karkoli zastonj naredi."

In potem gresta ona in Ivanović. V tramvaju stoji zraven nje (ona plača oba listka) in čudno: sam sebi se zdi kakor pes. In potniki ga gledajo. Na trgu hodita dolgo med prodajalci in prodajalkami:

"Vidiš, ta sir je lep. Ko prideva domov, ti ga dam košček. Si sploh kaj jedel zjutraj?"

Ivanović dekliško zardi in si ne upa pogledati tubasti nos gospe in njeno lice, razjedeno od pudranja.

"Sit sem, pa tudi ne maram sira. Nikoli ga nisem maral!"

"Nimaš rad sira?" se čudi gospa. Tedaj sta ravno šla med stojnicami s sadjem. "Dobro, da sem se spomnila, kupiti moram banane in pomaranče. Si že kdaj jedel banane?"

Spet je Ivanović rdel in postajal zmeden. To je tem huje, ker so se mu ustnice pomodriale kakor slive od mraza, ki dobro in toplo zaviti gospej ne pride do živega, morda iz spoštovanja do denarja, ki ga je zapravila gospa za vso svojo obleko.

"Seveda sem jih že jedel, pa še kolikokrat!" Celo z roko je zamahnil.

"Vidiš, tega nisem vedela. Najbrže sem ti jih dala jaz, ko si mi kaj naredil."

"Ne, niste mi jih dali vi. Sam sem jih kupil. Hotel sem videti, kakšne so. Pa mi niso všeč."

Tako poteka čas na trgu. Ko prideta domov, mu da vselej dva dinarja, pa še sadja in kruha z medom ali marmelado. Tedaj pravi gospa:

"Toliko ti nihče drugi ne bi dal, saj moram tudi tramvaj plačati zate. In dva dinarja sta za tebe bogastvo. Kaj boš storil z njima?"

"Mami bom dal."

"Vidiš, ti si dober otrok, to me veseli, da vse, kar dobiš, daš svoji mami in ne zapravljaš za bonbone in kino. Tako mi ni žal, če ti kaj dam, ker vem, da vse prav obrneš."

— —

Tisti dan pa je bilo v šoli takole:

Zemljepisja niso imeli, ker je učitelj zemljepisja zbolel. Namestu njega je prišel mlad učitelj brez brk in brade, ki se je začel sprehajati pred klopmi in gledal učence.

"Vsake sorte ste," je rekel.

Študentje so ga gledali nezaupljivo, a potem so se le opogumili.

"Nismo vsake sorte," so odgovorili.

Učitelj se je smejal: "Vem, da ste dobri. To sem rekel kar tako, ne da bi bil kaj hudega mislil. Nikar ne bodite takoj užaljeni."

Potem je sedel na prvo klop ter jih izpraševal o vsem in vsakem, brez konca in kraja. Ko se je naveličal sedenja, se je sprehodil po šolski sobi, najprej po levi strani klopi, potem po desni, nazadnje po sredi. In tedaj se je ustavil pred Ivanovičem.

"Ti si bos?" je vprašal.

Ob takih prilikah Ivanović vselej zardi. To ve ves razred, zato vsi radovedno gledajo vanj.

"Nimaš čevljev?" je spet vprašal učitelj.

"Nimam."

"A starše imaš?"

"Imam."

"Očeta in mater?"

"Oba."

"In kaj je tvoj oče?"

"Bolan je, ker mu je padla tračnica na ramena. Toliko da ga ni zdrobila."

"Ali še lahko dela?"

"Ne more."

"Pa mati?"

Ves razred je vedel, da Ivanović ne bo prenesel tolikega izpraševanja. Da se bo zmedel, zardel in zajokal. Zato vsi napeto čakajo.

"Ali dela?"

"Da."

"Kje dela?"

"Ona je služkinja."

Tedaj je Ivanović res zajokal, a ne toliko zato, ker ga je sram, da je moral priznati, da je njegova mati služkinja, ampak zato, ker je vedel, da so vsi čakali, kdaj bo zajokal.

Toda tedaj se je učitelj nenadoma nagnil k njemu, kakor da je tudi njemu samemu nerodno, da ga je toliko izpraševal.

"Nikar ne jokaj zaradi tega," mu je govoril. "To ni nič takega, da bi jokal. Zakaj bi se sramoval, da je tvoja mati služkinja? To ni nič sramotnega, pač pa hudo in težko, še bolj za tvojo mater kakor zate. Nikoli se ne sramuj siromaštva, pa tudi ponosen ne bodi nanj, ker ni to ne za ponos ne za sramoto. To je zelo težko in hudo. A da ti povem po pravici, tudi moja mati je bila služkinja. Tudi mene je bilo prav tako sram kakor tebe. Zdaj me ni več sram tega, pa tudi ponosen nisem na to. Samo to bi rad, da bi mati še živela, ker se je mučila vse življenje, pa bi se zdaj malo odpočila. Rad bi ji vrnil vsaj del tistega, kar je storila zame. In tudi jaz sem hodil bos v šolo kakor ti."

Ogenj je prijetno prasketal v peči. Zunaj v oblakih je bilo nekaj zvezd. Saj sploh ni tako mrzlo (ali pa se je to

samo Ivanoviću tako zdelo?). Učitelj je stopil po sobi.

"In . . . nikar ne jokaj," je rekel Ivanoviću.

"Ne . . . ne bom."

"In rad imej svojo mater. Ne bo dolgo vzdržala v tem delu, to je gotovo. Če pa vzdrži, glej, da se ji oddolžiš, kakor hitro boš mogel. Le to je važno in le to je prav." — —

Ivanović je pozneje dobil čevlje. Očetu je tovarna, za katero je delal, ko se je ponesrečil, nazadnje vendarle izplačala odškodnino. Tedaj so kupili tudi drva za zimo in vse se je uredilo. Toda Ivanović je vsakokrat, kadar je srečal na hodniku mladega učitelja brez brade in brk, gledal v zemljo, ves zardel in ni upal dvigniti pogleda k njemu.

(Poslovenil M. K.)



G. BELLOWS

ZIMSKI SPORT



POGOVOR S ČITATELJI

ZAKLJUČEK KONTESTA

Naš natečaj ali kontest, ki je bil razpisan za dopisnike Mladinskega Lista v septembru in se zaključil 31. dec. 1935, je bil zelo uspešen. Odzvalo se je lepo število kontestantov s slovenskimi in angleškimi dopisi. To je dokaz, da se naša šolska mladina zanima za svojo organizacijo in njeno mladinsko glasilo.

Večina dopisov je bila dobra, nagrade zanje pa bo določila trojica gl. odbornikov, ki je bila določena, da to delo po svoji najboljši sodbi izvrši. Razume se, da ne bo mogoče ustreči z nagradami vsem kontestantom, kajti določenih je bilo le DESET nagrad. Nagrajenih bo onih deset dopisov, ki jih bodo sodniki smatrali za najboljše. Torej oni, ki so najboljše povedali zakaj hočejo biti aktivni člani SNPJ in kaj pričakujejo od nje, bodo deležni ene deseterih nagrad.

Pravila kontesta so vključevala dva glavna pogoja: ZAKAJ hočem biti aktiven član (članica) SNPJ, ko dosežem predpisano starost, in KAJ pričakujem od SNPJ. Upošteval se bo le en dopis vsakega kontestanta; če je morda kdo napisal dva, enega slovenskega in enega angleškega, se bo upošteval le eden. Ako je kdo kopiral ali prepisal dopis drugega kontestanta, se ne bo upošteval.

Dopisi kontestantov so bili priobčeni v Mladinskem Listu v jeziku, v katerem so bili spisani. V tej številki so priobčeni zadnji, ki so bili oddani na pošto do 31. dec. 1935. Kontesta se je lahko udeležil vsak član (članica) mladinskega oddelka SNPJ. Rezultat bo objavljen prihodnjič.

—UREDNIK.

ODMEVI KONTESTA

Cenjeni urednik!

Tudi jaz želim nekaj napisati za kontest.— Ko sem bila stara 2 leti, so me moji starši vpisali v SNPJ. Seveda nisem takrat ničesar vedela o tej organizaciji ne o ničemer drugem. Sedaj sem pa stara 14 let in se zavedam, da je SNPJ največja slovenska podporna

organizacija v Ameriki. Prestala je mnogo težav, ampak z dobrim vodstvom in članstvom se je povzdignila na prvo stopnjo. Zato bom ostala njena članica tudi ko dopolnim predpisano starost. (Slovenski mi gre še bolj slabo, učim se pa kar naprej.)

Mary R. Nolimal, Box 181, Franklin, Kans

Dragi urednik!

Podpisani sem član društva št. 300 SNPJ v Braddocku. V maju bom star 13 let. Ko bom dorastel, bom postal aktiven član SNPJ, ker je najboljša in poštena organizacija, ki nam pomaga v stiski in boleznih bolj kakor nobena druga. Zato pričakujem, da bo vedno bolj rasla in se razcvitala še mnogo let. Zato kličem iz srca: Naprej! Živela SNPJ!

John Križanc, Box 886, Pitcairn, Pa.

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Dragi urednik!

Član SNPJ sem postal zato, da sem v organizaciji. Ko bom dorastel, bom pomagal graditi našo organizacijo, da bo še močnejša in večja. Skrbel bom, da bomo korakali naprej. Slišal sem, da je SNPJ zato zrastle tako velika, ker ima dobre voditelje. Brez dobrega vodstva ne bi bila tak orjak. Njen član sem postal tudi zato, ker bi v slučaju moje smrti imela moja mati tudi pomoč za kritje stroškov. Mene moja mama uči slovenski pisati in brati. Če ni kaj prav, prosim, da popravite. Prihodnjič bom napisal kako moj ata dela in koliko zasluži.

Frank William Pečjak, Greensboro, Pa.

* *

Cenjeni urednik!

SNPJ je najboljša in najmočnejša slovenska podporna organizacija v tej deželi. Ona nam ne nudi le podpore, pač pa tudi izobrazbo potom Mladinskega Lista in Prosvete. Prosveta prihaja že mnogo let v našo hišo, tudi po smrti mojega očeta. Član SNPJ sem že približno 12 let, odkar me je moj oče vpisal, tako tudi moj brat. Po smrti mojega očeta je pristopila tudi moja sestra in moja mati. Spominjam se še, ko je bil moj oče več ko leto dni bolan in je točno vsak mesec prejemal podporo. In ko je smrt vzela očeta, nam je otirala solze naša ljubeča mati — SNPJ, ki je pošteno izplačala smrtnino. In ko bom dorastel, bom njej v zahvalo aktiven član. (Društvo 450.)

Louis Janežič, 977 E. 239th st., Euclid, O.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Zakaj sem članica SNPJ? Zato, ker vem, da je dobra in velika organizacija, ki skrbi za svoje člane vsaki čas. Ko bom zrastle, bom skrbela, da bo v SNPJ dobro vodstvo, kakor je sedaj. Ako ne bi imela dobrega vodstva, ne bi zrastle tako velika kot je sedaj. Zdi se mi kakor ena velika, velika družina. — Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L. Oglasila se bom še, če ne boste tega dopiska vrgli v Vaš koš, ki menda nima dna. (Stara sem 11 let in članica društva 101.)

Angela Pečjak, Greensboro, Pa.

Dragi urednik!

Stara sem 12 let in sem članica društva št. 119 SNPJ. Aktivna in zvesta članica, ko dorastem, bom postala zato, ker SNPJ je vedno v boju za delavske pravice in nas izobražuje. Kakor dobra mati za svoje otroke, tako ona skrbi za nas v boleznih in nesreči. Ona otira solze sirotam. Prepričani bodimo, da ona nam bo pomagala, če jo prosimo. Bojujmo se zoper sovražnike naše dobre SNPJ! Naprej po začrtani poti!

Lorraine Miller,

909 Lincoln st., Waukegan, Ill.

* *

Cenjeni urednik!

Aktivna članica SNPJ, ko dosežem predpisano starost, bom postala zato, ker se veselim, da se bom lahko udeleževala mesečnih sej. Na sejah sme vsak član povedati svoje mnenje. Želim in potrudila se bom, da se ustanovi angleško poslušajoče društvo. Tu je precej mladine, ki je napredna in jo bom skušala pridobiti v našo organizacijo. Pričakujem pa od SNPJ še mnogo izobrazbe. Z veseljem čitam Mladinski List in Prosveto. Za nas mlade bi bilo zelo koristnega pomena, če se bi ustanovila svobodnomiselna šola. (Društvo 277.)

Virginia Mikolich,

55 Ridgeway st., Struthers, O.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Na vsako vprašanje se dobi odgovor. Zakaj sem član SNPJ? Srečen sem, da sem član te organizacije — ne le jaz, temveč vsak Slovenec, Hrvat in Srb — ker je bila ustanovljena na pravi podlagi, svobodnomiselni in delavski. SNPJ je prava mati svojim članom. Podpira jih v boleznih, nesreči in potrebi ter v slučaju smrti. Vsem deli enako pomoč po pravilih. Zato naj SNPJ živi, naj se razvija in raste, da bo nad vse ostale razširila svoja krila! (Član društva 323.)

Ivan Perlich,

904 E. Ayer st., Ironwood, Mich.

* *

Cenjeni urednik!

Podpisani sem star 12 let in 11 let sem že član SNPJ, ki je najboljša slov. podporna organizacija v tej deželi. Ona nam ne nudi le podpore, pač pa tudi izobrazbo potom svojih listov. SNPJ izdaja Mladinski List, Prosveto in knjige. Upam, da bom vse svoje življenje dober član jednote. Nobena druga stvar nam ne more toliko koristiti v slučaju boleznih ali nesreče kakor SNPJ. Moj oče je dobil že veliko podpore od SNPJ v svoji bolezni. SNPJ je prava mati nam, ki smo njeni člani, kakor je mati svojim otrokom.

John Tolar, box 438, Rock Springs, Wyo.

KONTEST JE DOBRA ŠOLA

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis v tem letu.

Dopisi v "Kotičku" so se zadnje čase podvojili, če ne celo potrojili! Vzrok tej aktivnosti v dopisovanju je kontest, ki je bil razpisan za dopisnike Mladinskega Lista. Seveda, tak kontest z nagradami je zelo privlačen za mlade člane, a obenem jim je tudi zelo koristen in podučen, ker jim vzbuja zanimanje za jedno to in jih navaja k spoznavanju njenih svobodnomiselnih načel in idej. Te vrste kontesti v Mladinskem Listu bi se morali od časa do časa ponavljati, ker to bi bila, po mnenju mojega očeta, najboljša svobodnomiselna šola za mlade člane, šola, ki bi bila mogoča in vsem dostopna, izpeljiva in — predvsem — najcenejša!

Letos imamo v naših krajih precej hudo zimo. Snega in mraza imamo zadosti, tako da nam ni treba rabiti pahljač, ker burja piha neprestano. Tudi v dlani ni treba pljuvati, ker je dosti snega.

Ker nimam nič več za poročati, zato sklenem ta dopis in pozdravljam člane in članice in čitatelje širom Amerike, in Vas! Na svidenje prihodnjič!

Josephine Mestek,

638 N. 9th st., Clinton, Ind.

* * *

ZAHVALA SNPJ ZA VOŠČILO

Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet hočem napisati par vrstic in poskusiti mojo srečo sedaj ob novem letu. Morda bo imel moj dopis več uspeha v tem letu.

Najprej se moram lepo zahvaliti SNPJ za božično voščilo, ki me je zelo razveselilo.—Tukaj je precej mrzlo in tudi precej snega je padlo. Za božič smo imeli dva tedna počitnic, tako da smo se lahko vsaki dan sankali in drsali. Na 2. januarja pa spet nazaj v šolo.

Moja sestra Ludvika in jaz pošiljave pozdrave družini Vodopivec in vsem čitateljem Mladinskega Lista!

Milka in Ludvika Kopriva.

1709 Romine ave., McKeesport, Pa.

* * *

NAŠ MLADINSKI KONCERT

Dragi urednik M. L.!

To pisemce sem napisala 17. dec. 1935. Na 8. septembra 1935 se je vršil velik mladinski koncert v Public avditoriju v sredi mesta. Nastopile so sledeče skupine: "Slavčki", pevski zbor iz St. Clair ave., Slovenska šola iz Collinwooda, "Škrjančki" iz Euclida in "Kantarčki" iz Newburgha. Ta koncert skupnih slovenskih mladinskih društev se je vršil pod imenom "Slovene United Junior Chorus."

Iz Newburgha smo se peljali v avtobusu. Med potjo smo veselo prepevali in mahali. O-

stali so se pripeljali z avti. Mi smo odpeli 11 pesmi. Po koncertu smo se peljali v Slovenski narodni dom na St. Clair.

Na 22. sept. smo spet imeli parado na St. Clair ave., na 14. dec. pa so "Kantarčki" uprizorili dve kratki igri. Peli smo razne lepe slovenske pesmi v zboru, solih in duetih. Jaz sem pela v duetu z Albino Kodek. Potem je nastopil pa Miklavž s svojim običajnim spremstvom.

Dragi dopisovalci! Ko boste to čitali, bo božič že minil, tako tudi novo leto. Upam, da ste se čez praznike imeli dobro. Upam tudi, da je bilo dovolj snega, ker se ga otroci povsod veselijo. Želim, da bi bilo mnogo slovenskih dopisov v "Kotičku" skozi vse leto. Pozdravljam vse čitatelje!

Rose Koprivnik,

8514 Vineyard ave., Cleveland, O.

* * *

PIŠIMO SLOVENSKI!

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz sem se odločil, da napišem kratko slovensko pisemce. Ko čitam razne dopise, vidim, da je največ angleških dopisov. Zato sem se pa odločil, da tega napišem po slovensko.

Bratci in sestre! Kar slovenske dopise pišimo, tako da bomo našega urednika razveselili, ko bo videl, da se zavedamo, da smo otroci slovenskih staršev. Angleško že itak znamo, ker je tu naša domovina.

Na 7. feb. 1936 bom star 15 let. Hodim v 9. razred v Central Hi school. Mi vsi—vsa naša družina—smo pri društvu št. 315 SNPJ. Pa tudi angleško poslujoče društvo imamo v Cantonu. Pa tam me še ne veseli.

Namenil sem se, da bom za prihodnji mesec še kaj napisal. Seveda moram povedati, da mi pri tem pisanju pomaga moja mama. Zato Vas tudi prosim, da popravite moje napake. Rad pišem in čitam slovenski, pa tudi kako lepo pesem zapojem.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje in dopisovalce M. L.!

Edward Kompara,

1608 Sherrick rd., Canton, O.





JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XV

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, 1936

Number 1.

WHY SHOULD I WRITE—

By MARY JUGG

WHY should I write of things that are not—
Such as goddesses, spirits, imaginary lot—

*Of unseen powers that govern our fate,
And all we must do is to sit still and wait—*

*Of make-believe wonders and castles and dreams,
When so much of the world with ugliness teems;—*

*Of pictures and fancies that make our minds soar—
When the world's filled with dreamers and idlers galore.*

*Why should I write of things as they are—
Where cruel realities our gay pleasures bar—*

*I have you, my friend; you cannot escape
Or make better your state 'til you're master of fate—*

*'Til you understand where the cruelty breeds
Neither grass nor bright flowers can grow through the weeds.*

*When the grime and the weeds we can full clearly see,
We can lay the foundation for the world that's to be—*

*So radiantly glorious with the wonders 'twill weave
That our wildest dreams now cannot even perceive.*

BY THE FIRESIDE

HOW well I know what I mean to do
 When the long dark autumn evenings come,
 And where, my soul, is thy pleasant
 hue?
 With the music of all thy voices, dumb
 In life's November too!

I shall be found by the fire, suppose
 O'er a great wise book as beseemeth age,
 While the shutters flap as the cross-
 wind blows,
 And I turn the page, and I turn the
 page,
 Not verse now, only prose!

Till the young ones whisper, finger on
 lip,
 "There he is at it, deep in Greek:
 Now, then, or never, out we slip
 To cut from the hazels by the creek
 A mainmast for our ship!"

I shall be at it indeed, my friends!
 Greek puts already on either side
 Such a branch-work forth as soon ex-
 tends
 To a vista opening far and wide,
 And I pass out where it ends.

Robert Browning.

THE NIGHTINGALE

SWEET bird, that shunn'st the noise
 of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee chauntress, oft, the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon
 Riding near the highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless
 way;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through the fleecy cloud.

J. Milton.

Petition

By Anna P. Krasna

"FELLOW citizens," said Mr. Justem, the chairman, "Mr. Hunthem, our secretary, has procured a list of road supervising expenditures for our township for the last two years. Will someone make a motion that the list is read to the here assembled taxpayers?"

"I make a motion to that effect," proffered promptly a young chap renting a shack by the roadside.

"And I second the motion", put in swiftly the know-it-all village loafer.

The chairman's face frowned, but he resumed his duties solemnly and quickly.

"Motion is being made and seconded that the list of expenditures is read at this meeting. All those in favor of the said motion say, aye."

"Aye", grumled the taxpayers.

"Contrary? None. Fine spirit! Mr. Hunthem, you may read off your list now. Everybody, please, pay attention."

Mr. Hunthem rose slowly, moved his chew to the other side of his mouth and began to read, then compare. The taxpayers listened, exchanged meaning glances, and grumbled occasionally as the comparison showed sheer squandering of money by the former set of their road supervisors. Their eyes narrowed dangerously when the figures ran into thousands of dollars. The atmosphere in the dingy hall grew somewhat hot, and one guilty fellow coughed uneasily while making his way toward the door on presumption of seeking some fresh air. All eyes followed him, and the low grumbling rose to an enraged massmurmur. The chairman's gavel, however, soon restored the peaceful attention. The reading and comparing continued without further interruption. Mr. Justem's count-

enance expressed officially pleased satisfaction; he was always a bit proud of his "co-boosters" when they complied with the rules of his authoritative discipline.

Mr. Hunthem's chew was back in the regular place, and Mr. Chairman spoke:

"You have heard the facts and figures now, fellow-citizens, and they are very convincing! They show distinctly and clearly which set of supervisors actually tried to serve the taxpayers. But, nevertheless, I have a reason to ask you to openly voice your opinion—if you were to decide between the two sets, which one would you entrust with supervising duties again?"

The taxpayers grunted indignantly.

"Rats, ain't it plain which?"

"So it is, fellow-boosters, very plain, but in spite of that a petition asking for dismissal of our present road supervisors is being circulated, and some of you taxpayers have signed it!"

"What the deuce—"

"Patience, please, everything will be explained, that's why we called this meeting tonight. But before we go on, I'll have Mr. Clerer here read to you the petition that the citizens opposed to the before mentioned petition have prepared. Mr. Clerer, here is our petition, please, read it as audibly as you possibly can."

Mr. Clerer, having a suitable voice and some higher education to his credit, did some very oratorical reading for the next ten minutes. The taxpayers' faces beamed proudly. And that was a fine petition, containing just what they would have had put in it themselves. They nodded approval to one another, their eyes signifying the fact that it

pays to elect smart, educated fellows to important positions.

Their appreciation was exhibited fully by the thunderous cheering and clapping at the conclusion of Mr. Clerer's eloquent reading. Shouts of encouragement and consent bursted forth from all sides.

"That's the way, boys! give the honest guys our credit and support, and hell to those others!"

Mr. Justem was delighted, but he realized the importance of his position at any event.

"All right, fellow-citizens," he rapped, "I am immensely pleased to witness such fine enthusiasm, but—" they were still noisy, and he rapped some more, "—but, I am here to keep the meeting going!" The noise subsided then and he continued, "You have heard what is presented in our petition, and now I'll ask you to file past this table and sign the petition. Do I hear any objections to this? None. That's excellent! Let's begin."

He signed first and half of an hour later the last signature was safely affixed, and the general business resumed. With proper formality, the chairman then introduced a young attorney, Mr. Gethem, who was a native of the troubled township, and for that reason accorded exceedingly warm welcome.

"Hurrah! Mr. Gethem! Let's hear Mr. Gethem! We want him to handle our case! Come, Mr. Gethem, give us some legal advice!"

Mr. Justem, the chairman, lifted his gavel and let it rap so that it accentuated his displeasure at such an prolonged and disorderly demonstration of esteem.

"That'll do now, boys! Order, please!"

Order restored, Mr. Chairman turned politely toward the young attorney, and bowed slightly.

"Mr. Gethem, it would please us extremely if you'd honor us with a short talk."

The attorney was an amiable fellow. Smilingly, he stepped forward, and pulling a sheaf of papers from his coat-pocket, began to talk in low but clear voice.

"Being an attorney", he said, "this case of your township road-supervising problem interests me very much, and I am decidedly pleased to have an opportunity to legally aid the taxpayers of this township in this particular case. To win the case, however, we'll need all the evidence we can possibly gather. There is the question of the signatures, for instance. I do not know under what pretext the petition, asking for the dismissal of the present supervisors, was circulated, but the charges are, or seem to be, that the present supervisors' economy is practically ruining some of the township's roads and machinery. The statement, of course, is false, as most of you taxpayers know, yet, the petition is signed by a large number of taxpayers who are present at this meeting! It would be interesting and of much value as well to have someone that signed the said petition furnish an explanation. Is anyone willing to tell us why he had signed the petition in question?"

"Sure, I tell it", said a husky voice from assemblage. "They tole me it was ordered from the courthouse, so I think maybe I better sign."

"Hm . . . Thank you. Anyone else willing to give further explanation?"

"Yes, me, mister."

"All right, step up front here, if you wish to."

"O, no, no, I tell every tink here. Yes, the petition, they say petition good for citizens, so I sign."

"More good facts. Some more coming?"

"You bet. Here is another damn fool that signed for the same reasons. But I signed this other petition, too, so they've got nothing on me."

"Not so sure of that, my good man,

if they lose, you'll be obliged to help pay the costs."

"O, yeah? Well, I am all the more a goddamn fool then."

The whole assemblage roared with laughter, then suddenly another sullen looking man stood up.

"So we been cheated, eh? And we help pay the coast? By gimmel, I pay right now!" Without further comment he grabbed a chair and dived for the fellow that made him sign the petition.

"I'll teach you, you dirty skunk, you son . . ."

The dirty skunk, however, had no desire to be taught anything in such manner. He leaped toward the door and out into the night as fast as he could manage, while the more peaceful taxpayers tore the chair from the angry man's grip.

"You don't gain nothing that way, John", they were saying to him, but John already had a pen-knife in his hand, and holding it high up in the air, he dashed through the door.

"I'll show him, the . . ."

"And me, too, John, get him, we'll give him court orders, the god . . ."

They finished the rest outside. More

men followed them, some with intentions to pacify, others to give vent to their grievances. Mr. Justem swung the gavel with all his authority, and finally the gavel gave out. With the broken stick of the handle in his hand, he shouted for order and discipline until he found that he was left alone with Mr. Gethem, the attorney, who was putting on his coat in a hurry. From outside he could hear tumult of angry voices and thumping sounds.

"They must be fighting one another now", he muttered to himself, and then aloud in the direction of Mr. Gethem: "Better wait, Mr. Gethem, the boys are having a little fist fight, I presume, but they'll be right back".

But the attorney was already on his way, only the flying ends of his coat being yet visible to Mr. Justem, the chairman.

"Well", said Mr. Justem wisely, "there goes our legal advice," and picking up the scattered parts of his gavel, he stepped outside and yelled at the top of his lungs:

"That'll do, boys, you all come back now and discuss the petition in a more orderly manner!"

Try These Riddles

Round as a saucer, deep as a cup,
and the Mississippi River can't fill it
up; what is it? *A flour sifter.*

Tie it up and it walks; unfasten it
and it stops; what is it? *A shoe.*

What is being worn in women's hats
this year? *Heads.*

When the dog ran after the cat, how

did the green persimmon taste? *Bit'er.*

What is a ten-letter word meaning a
holdup? *Suspenders.*

If a goat swallowed a rabbit, what
would be the result? *A hare (hair) in
the butter.*

When is a doctor most annoyed?
When he is out of patients.



MARTHA S. BAKER

PORTRAIT

Local Color—*The Civilized Indian Girl*

By Frank Sodnikar

"JUST call me Annie. It isn't my real name, but everyone would laugh if they'd have to call me by my Indian name, White Flower. You see, I'm a civilized Indian!" She accented the "civilized" sarcastically.

Annie was a waitress in a Baraboo, Wisconsin, restaurant. Her broad bronze face and straight black hair typified the open spaces and didn't harmonize at all with her prim white laundered smock. She never smiled, went about her duties with a bored look, used everyone with frigid insolence and was perfectly indifferent to the customers. She talked only after being spoken to a few times, and even then assumed a sneering attitude to show a superiority she didn't feel.

Once I asked her why she had never been dismissed for her impertinence.

She smiled sarcastically. "Why, I'm 'local color' around here. The white people come in here so they can go back home and brag that they were actually served by a squaw! I do my duties as demanded of me," she continued, anger and resentment creeping upon her and making her speech very rapid. "What do you want me to do, pale-face, also talk heap big Indian lingo?"

Then I found her reading poetry.

"Pretty high class stuff, not?" I blurted out and was sorry the next moment. She misunderstood, and was hurt.

"Sure, for an Indian, not? Well, I told you before: I'm a civilized Indian!" She again accented the "civilized."

The remark had made her angry. For once she was willing to talk about herself so as to convince me that the white man can't consider the red man inferior.

Civilization is a funny thing. Annie wasn't civilized until she was ten years old, when she started in the first grade of school. Until then, she had heard all about her uncivilized ancestors. Her father told her about the Algonquin who every full moon sat outside his teepee and admired the moon. She was told about the Indian warrior who had dared the rapids of the river in its spring rush because he heard that a girl, prettier than all the stars, lived at the other end. She heard of another who gave his brother his last arrow and himself stayed behind to be devoured by the horde of wolves that was pursuing them. She was happy in her admiration of her ancestors.

Then she went to school. Once she ran out of the classroom crying, because the teacher had described Ouster's Last Stand and blamed the slaughter of the white people on a drunken Indian chieftain, Sitting Bull. Her father had told her that the Indian was right in opposing the white invaders of his territory. It was the Indian's country and no one had a right to take it away from him. The principal called her a "wild swine" for running out of the room, and threatened to send her to a bad girls' school if she didn't believe what was told her.

After that Annie tried to be a good girl and forgot her wild Indian spirit. She tried hard to be as civilized as the white girls.

One summer she worked as a guide on a sight-seeing boat in the Wisconsin Dells. Dressed in a buckskin costume, mocassins and a feather in her hair, she had to stand at the prow of the boat and pretend to be an Indian princess staring blank-eyed into space and talking her descriptions as from a

dream. Often she held back tears and her voice shook as she looked at the river waters rushing between crags rising perpendicularly into the blue skies. Nature had made this beauty for one's personal satisfaction and now civilization was making money by advertising it a hundred miles around, packing gapping tourists into boats and pointing out to them the marvels their civilized souls could not see for themselves. Once she couldn't subdue her disgust and let out a tirade at the customers on the boat. For once she told them what she considered true. They thought she was suddenly insane and almost panicked on the boat.

"What has civilization done for me?" she asked arrogantly, after she had

finished her story. "It has reduced me from a woman who would be happy bearing children for some loudly-painted warrior, into a parcel of commerce, as little human as this fork I'm holding and only good for the circus tent—I'm no woman, I'm local color!"

I was pleased after that talk. I felt that I had broken through her shell, and that we were friends.

She surprised me. As I was paying my bill, she asked me as insolently as ever. "You ought to give me a bigger tip today for all the pleasure I gave you to study me under a microscope as though I were a butterfly! You see, civilized local color must live!" she laughed.

PUNCTUATION PEOPLE

By Norah Smardige

OF ALL the punctuation folks
I like the comma best,
For when I'm getting out of breath
He lets me take a rest!

The period's a busy man,
A reading "traffic cop";
He blocks the helter-skelter words
And brings them to a stop.

Quotation marks are curious!
When folks to talk begin,
You'll always find these little marks
Are busy "listening in."

The question mark's a little dwarf,
He's small, but very wise;
He asks too many questions
For a fellow of his size!

A Beautiful Friendship

By Louise Millinger

LOYALTY, devotion, friendship and love—these are traits of character usually attributed to humans. I once knew of a dog who possessed them all—and more.

His name was "Shep" and he was a shaggy, brown and white fellow of the breed indicated by his name. He lived on a ranch on the edge of a small town near the Kansas-Colorado state line.

"Buck," an old buckskin, who had been a faithful family horse for many years before he was pensioned to a life of ease, was the other member of this remarkable friendship. Each morning Buck went out to the pasture, and all day he grazed there. In the evening he came plodding slowly home. Old and feeble, but contented and happy!

Buck and Shep had lived in the same family all their lives, but it was not until the old horse became blind that their beautiful friendship began.

It was then that Shep took it upon himself to be the protector and guardian of the old horse. Walking close beside him, he took him to the pasture in the morning and brought him safely home at night. Day after day, month after month, for more than a year,

wherever the old horse went the dog led him. Shep and Buck! Inseparable pals!

And then a strange thing happened. Old Shep began to train "Jerry," one of the younger dogs on the place, to accompany them to the pasture every day. Carefully and painstakingly, he worked until there were three pals instead of two. How he trained Jerry no one ever knew. It must have taken a great deal of wisdom and patience for an old dog to teach a younger one to watch over an old horse. Yet Shep did just that.

One day Buck and Jerry went out to the pasture alone. Shep had gone off somewhere to die, as old dogs often do. But he had done his work well, for Jerry carried on in his place until the end of old Buck's days.

Did Shep know he was going to die, and was that his reason for training Jerry to do his work? Did his great love and loyalty, and the sterling quality of his friendship prompt him to do this? In my heart, I firmly believe that "Yes" is the answer to both questions.

—(*Our Dumb Animals.*)

A Real Friend

Johnny and Jimmy, two young friends, were trying to learn a new game. Johnny "caught on" much more quickly than Jimmy, and after the game an onlooker said to Johnny, "You are a lot smarter than Jimmy."

And what do you suppose Johnny said? Jimmy had gone, and Johnny could have easily strutted a bit because of his superiority. But Johnny wasn't that kind.

"Oh, Jimmy is all right," he ans-

wered; "he's a year younger than I am, and he isn't used to playing many games. He'll catch on, and he'll be good at it, too."

That was mighty decent in Johnny, don't you think? He wasn't looking for a chance to show that he was smarter than his friend. Instead, he was ready and eager to defend Jimmy when anybody said anything against him. Jimmy is pretty lucky to have a friend like Johnny.—*Sunshine Magazine.*



CHATTER CORNER

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

THE LETTER-WRITING CONTEST

Closed in This Issue

"FIFTY dollars in ten cash prizes for contributors of the Mladinski List!"

That was the offer announced by the M. L. in its October number. Every member of the Juvenile Department of the SNPJ was eligible to enter his or her letter during the contest which closed Dec. 31, 1935. The first prize-letter will be given an award of ten dollars and the remaining nine best submitted letters will be given the awards as announced previously.

The rules of the contest were simple: WHY you wish to become an active member of the SNPJ when you attain the prescribed age, and, WHAT you expect from the SNPJ. You had a chance to tell this in not more than 100 words, either in English or Slovene. Only one letter from each contestant was considered; if anyone submitted two, one shall be disregarded. In case that anyone copied any other letter entered in this contest, his or her letter will not be considered even though, perhaps, printed.

The contest was a grand success, judging from the many letters submitted and from their contents which showed that you are interested in the SNPJ and in its Juvenile Magazine. All letters were printed in the language in which they were written. In this number appears the last batch of letters. The three Supreme Board members, acting as judges, will now go to work to decide the awards. The prize-winners will be announced in the February number of the Mladinski List.

Would that you were one of the lucky TEN!

THE EDITOR

CONTEST LETTERS

Dear Editor:—

I would like to become an active member of the SNPJ when reaching the prescribed age. We should be ready to look forward to our future life and look for a larger benefit organization than we have, which carries the name of our nationality—SNPJ. I like the organization because it was founded on the Free-

Thought basis. I expect from the organization, in case of an accident or sickness, sick benefit. If the member dies, his closest relative gets the death benefit. I am a member of Lodge 168.

Dorothy Brezovsek,
P. O. Box 74, Conemaugh, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ, because it's a good helper and a good teacher for all who obey the rules and regulations that are in the by-laws of the SNPJ. I am very proud of the SNPJ and will never be ashamed to say so; I have been its member ever since I was one year old, and wish to be as long as I live. I'll try to work and help the SNPJ as much as I can when I grow older.

Julia Slavec,
Box 153, Louisville, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of Lodge 215. I joined when I was one year old, that was 13 years ago, and will remain in the SNPJ always. I will tell others to join because the SNPJ is the best fraternal society for our people. I like to attend meetings and shall always see to it that all violators of the by-laws get their due. When I grow older I am going to work for the SNPJ at every opportunity. I will respect and comply with its principles.

Mary Sertich,
706 Twelfth st. No., Virginia, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—

At the prescribed age I will become an active and loyal member of this great organization, the SNPJ, because through this union I know I will benefit in many ways. This Society will fight for my labor rights, and educate me through its fine various social activities. Then, in case of an accident, sickness, or death, I will be relieved of financial worries and taken care of in every way possible by the SNPJ, the one and only great Fraternal Mother. (Lodge 22).

William Briski,
Box 342, Trimountain, Mich.

* *

Dear Editor:—

"Why I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ and what I expect from it. — Jugging from my observations, I understand that it is of a benefit to me to be a member of the SNPJ, because: 1. It teaches me the value of organization and the pleasure obtained through fellowship. 2. It develops in me a sense of responsibility through the insurance I carry. 3. Through it I realize the meaning of thrift and above all the value of good citizenship. There is but one more thing that is beneficial to me, and that is, the sick benefit which the organization offers in an honest and considerate manner.

Dorothy Brezovic (Age 13),
496 First street, Conemaugh, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ because it is the largest Slovene society in the world. I became a member in 1931 (I am 11 years old) and I am proud of it. My father told me all about the SNPJ. He told me all about the things they do if you should happen to get sick. It would give you a sick benefit. At first I joined the 711 in Detroit, Mich. But I came to Flint and I am in the Lodge 459 now. And I am proud of it too.

Anna Dunjak,
1149 Campau ave., Flint, Mich.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I think the SNPJ is the best Slovene fraternal organization in the United States. It teaches the workers how to organize to better their conditions. I only wish to be old enough to join the adult membership where I could work with fellow members for a better human society. I believe that all workers should be organized, and instead of praying they should demand their rights. I am ten years old and go to fifth grade. (Lodge 44.)

Thomas F. Podboy,
Box 61, Park Hill, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I want to become an active member of the SNPJ, because it is one of the best benefit organizations. It takes care of all of its members. When my father was sick he received sick benefit from operation and disability fund. The SNPJ paid every cent according to the by-laws. I am sorry that the depression has caused my brothers and sisters to leave the SNPJ. Before the depression our whole family, consisting of ten members, belonged to the SNPJ, and now there are only five. I would like to have my brothers and sisters join the SNPJ soon again. I have been a junior member of the SNPJ for eleven years. (Lodge 112).

Anna Sigurnik,
Box 1135, Bearcreek, Montana.

* *

Dear Editor:—

To join the SNPJ was one of my secret ambitions for a long time. I always admired the way my sister, who is a member of the lodge, was able to make friends. After returning from a lodge meeting or outing, she would tell me all about the fun she had there. I really envied her and wished I could be a member also. Now that I am, I intend to be a member always. Already I have acquir-

ed new friends and enjoyed the meetings. Furthermore, in time of need I hope to enjoy the comforts of the lodge. (Was admitted Oct. 1, 1935, Lodge 650.)

Anne Peterka,
320 Alba ave., Eveleth, Minnesota.

* *

Dear Editor:—

In my estimation, there are several reasons which would attract me or anyone else to become an active member of the SNPJ. They may be listed as: 1. The sick benefits. 2. The disability benefits. 3. The death benefits. As a matter of fact, any money that you pay as assessment to the SNPJ will at one time or another be paid back to you through one or more of the above benefits. Through the SNPJ organization the Slovene people are brought into the public light.

Marie Widmar,
Box 463, Benld, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I want to become an adult member of SNPJ because it is the only Slovene organization that offers you more for your money than any other organization in the United States or elsewhere. In case of sickness I am always protected and the loved ones in case of death. We all had experience in the last five years what the SNPJ did for most of the members who could not pay their assessment.

Robert Unetich, Box 211, Republic, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

Everybody tries to find a way of enjoying himself. Now, if you'll listen closely, I will tell you one way: Be a very enthusiastic member of an SNPJ lodge (I wish we had a juvenile branch here), hold regular meetings, dances, picnics, programs, and—oh, there's lots of things one can do! Also everybody knows we expect beneficial help from the SNPJ. I will try to show my gratification when I will receive such benefits by trying to be the member our SNPJ wants. Long live the SNPJ, the Mladinski List and the Prosveta!

Kathleen A. Stonich,
R. R. 3, Box 135, Pueblo, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

Ever since I have been attending school, I have been given notice by my school-mates and even teachers that I was "below" them until I contracted an "inferiority complex." I could do nothing about this until I mustered enough courage to fight for my birthright—equality. As I grew older I came to realize that most Slavs are discriminated. Members, we can gain and keep our equality by uniting

and cooperating. Surely such an organization as the SNPJ is just this opportunity. And think of the benefits we all expect and get when unpreventable accidents and sickness occur!

Josephine M. E. Stonich,
R. R. 3, Box 135, Pueblo, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

The SNPJ is the most fraternal organic structure in this country and when I reach the prescribed age to become an adult member, I will cooperate with my fellow members to make the SNPJ a bigger and more outstanding organization than it is today. I intend to make myself a worthy descendant of the originators of this great institution—the Slovene National Benefit Society. In return I expect to participate in the entertainments and receive the help of the SNPJ during my greatest needs.

Audrey Maslo,
14904 Pepper ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member soon, to be able to help the SNPJ to make it bigger by trying my best to get new members for the Lodge 704. I hope the SNPJ would stay the biggest Slovene organization in the U. S. and the best, just like it is. It helps a person in sickness and accident, like the best mother. I really like this organization best and our whole family does too.

Elsie Absec,
R. 1, Opportunity, Wash.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I joined the Lodge 704 at Spokane, Wash., in December, 1935. My mother introduced me and my sister, because the SNPJ is one of the best in America. It helps in sickness and accident. There are seven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. I wish to become an active member, just like my mother and father, who belong to this lodge many, many years. It helped them very much when they were sick. I would like to be in the SNPJ as long as I live and help the organization.

Eddie Absec,
R. 1, Opportunity, Wash.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I desire to become an active member of this great organization and I am proud to have my name in the list of lodge members. In all my life I haven't seen an organization as good as the SNPJ. It is the same as a good mother lending a helping hand to her sick children. In turn, when the children are

well, they must help their mother. This is the only organization I can depend upon and I know I never will be deserted. From now on I will try to get loyal members for the SNPJ.

Martin Absec,

R. 1, Opportunity, Wash.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I can hardly wait to become an active member of the SNPJ. My parents told me many nice things about it. It helps its members better than any other organization, financially. It also guides them in fight against capitalism. When I become an active member I shall know the SNPJ even better, and maybe some day I shall be president or some other lodge officer. As SNPJ is prompt in paying obligations so should we be prompt in paying our dues, attending meetings and other activities, bringing in new members, and so help to make the SNPJ even greater.

Irvin Zagar (11),

3623 Dayton ave., Seattle, Wash.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I'm a little girl, and when older I want to be a good member. When I grow to be real old, old lady, and nobody would care for me, my parents would be gone, but I could still call for mother—the SNPJ. (I am 9 years old. Lodge 347.)

Evelyn M. Sabich,

Vermon—Congress st., McKeesport, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I am 11 year old and a member of SNPJ Lodge 10. I am in this lodge 10 years. My dad and my sisters are faithful members, and I hope I will be also. I will be a good member when I grow up. I'm going to try to get some new members for the SNPJ. I have been a member since I was one year old and I am proud of it. The SNPJ helped my dad a lot when he was sick. The SNPJ is the best in the United States.

Mary Tolar,

Box 438, Rock Springs, Wyo.

* *

Dear Editor:—

Are you and your friends prepared to safeguard your future and to overcome that terrible menace, misfortune, that visits every person at some time or other? If not, please tune on station Eveleth to hear all about SNPJ, the popular guaranteeing inexpensive remedy. I have this remedy in its juvenile size, but I'm striving hard to get it in its largest size. The SNPJ is an economical and safe, sound type of insurance. It was founded

by our sturdy forefathers who had worked, studied, and improved this system of protection for us. It grants you a sick benefit, a compensation each day during your illness. This proves that while your premiums (assessments) are protecting you, it is also helping pay the sick benefit of your fraternity brother or sister. It is an organization that keeps its members informed in regard to its social and business functions by distributing papers and magazines. Give it a trial as I have and I am sure you will never give it up.

Margaret Venranth,

311 Douglas ave., Eveleth, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—

Why I want to be a member of the SNPJ—because she is one of the best Slovene organizations. When her members are in need, she is right there to help. I am proud that I belong to such a wonderful society. When I grow to be a man, I am going to work hard and help so that SNPJ will grow stronger and stronger forever and ever.

Walter Yanc, Lodge 132, Klein, Mont.

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Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member of SNPJ because it is the best progressive Slovene workers' benefit society in the United States. When I grow up I will work and help the SNPJ. When you are sick, you get a sick benefit without any trouble. In case of accident or death, the SNPJ will help. The SNPJ will always help in many ways. I was three years old when my father let me join the SNPJ. I am a proud member of the SNPJ. The whole family belongs to Lodge 121.

Olga Gorup,

17806 Wanda st., Detroit, Mich.

* *

Dear Editor:—

My wish to become an active member of the SNPJ has many reasons. First of all, the SNPJ is the largest and most outstanding of Slovene organizations in America. Second, for its help in case of illness or accidents. Third, the enjoyment of picnics, dances and so on. And fourth, many of us would not know or care to know the language and customs of our forefathers, of their country, were it not for the SNPJ. I have brothers and sisters who belong to the SNPJ. We all enjoy the Mladinski List because there are many interesting letters by boys and girls from different parts of the country.

Helen Golovich,

Box 357, Sutter Creek, Calif.

Dear Editor:—

I wish every Junior SNPJ member feels as anxious as I do to become an active member of the greatest Slovene fraternal organization in the United States. The greatest and most important thing about this order is, it lives up to its principles. There is no misrepresentation whatever. First, it's based on good security; second, it has small dues; third, it offers a close relationship with our Slovene people in social and emergency cases. So why not forget those red tape organizations and boost for a beneficial and reliable benefit society like our SNPJ?

Vivian Cvetich (11),
Route 2, Box 22, Ridgefield, Wash.

Dear Editor:—

I want to be an active member of the SNPJ when I reach the prescribed age because I think that it is one of the best Slovene organizations in the United States. In case of any emergency it provides us with help. What I expect from the SNPJ is to protect me in case of sickness or death, as for me, to pay my dues as long as I am her member. In return I would expect enjoyment out of the affairs which the SNPJ lodges hold.

Fred Brezovec,
496 First st., Conemaugh, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

Here is my contest letter with which I hope to win a prize. I am a member of the Juvenile department of Lodge 207, Butte, Mont. The SNPJ is founded on principles particularly suited to the working class. It offers greater mutual protection, social education and wholesome entertainment. It assures personal freedom of religious, philosophical, ethical and political ideas. For those reasons I believe to be the nucleus of a still greater Slovene organization. When I become an adult member as I intend to do, I pledge to do my utmost to bring it towards that goal.

Chas. Jeniker,
2303 Cottonwood st., Butte, Mont.

Dear Editor:—

When I grow up I will become an active member of the SNPJ because I believe it is our best friend. I belong to Lodge 581. I like to be a member of the SNPJ because of its labor character and for its sick benefit. I am proud to be a member of the SNPJ. And furthermore, I am also proud of our publications which have brought many and many new members into our Society.

Anna Unich,
498 So. Michael st., St. Marys, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

The SNPJ is a good organization. It has a great past and a great future. It pays prompt benefit in case of sickness or accident. A person is never safe; danger may be waiting him. So why not join the SNPJ and be safe? You do not have to pay much for your insurance while you get more benefit than from any private insurance company. I intend to be a member of the SNPJ until I live, to be protected in case of sickness or accident. (I am 14 years of age and am a member of Lodge 427.)

Anna Kostak, RFD 7, Library, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ when I reach the prescribed age, because the object of the organization is to organize Slovene and Slav workers into one complete fraternal lodge and to insure its members in cases of inability to work and their beneficiaries in cases of death. The SNPJ aids its members by enlightening them culturally and awakening in them a genuine sense of democracy. It aids them educationally and materially. Upon the death of a member the amount due the beneficiary is promptly paid.

Helen Hafner,
Box 624, Louisville, Colo.

Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member in the adult class of the SNPJ because it is the best Slovene organization in the United States. She is the best mother of her children. She protect us in case of sickness or death; her hands are open to every member who is in need of help. It is a great joy to be a member of SNPJ. I am a member of Lodge 365 for six years and I am proud of it.

Michael Spretnak, Jr.,
201 Beaver st., Fallston, New Brighton, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I would very much like to become an active member of the SNPJ when I reach the prescribed age. I am nine years old, and have six more years to wait. I am a proud juvenile member. I love the Mladinski list and its writers. As the depression is very prominent here, I would like to be provided for in case of sickness or death. After I am once an active member I expect to pay the very reasonable dues regularly. The lodge has sponsored many entertainments which I have enjoyed.

Edward Pauzell,
807 Ponlar st., W. Crosby, Minn.

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of Lodge 581, SNPJ. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. My father, mother and my youngest sister belong to the lodge. I read the articles in the English section of the Prosveta. Prosveta is one of the best Slovene newspapers in America, and our "Good Mother," the Slovene National Benefit Society, is the best benefit society. It supports its members when they are ill or in accident. Our supreme officers are one of the first class officers. I am proud to be a member of this wonderful Society because I know when I need support I am sure I will receive what I am entitled to.

Elizabeth Shuster,
718 Hall ave., St. Marys, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ because I know that it is an honest organization. I trust it not because of my own mind but because of my mother and father who have been always active members. I am now 14 years old and I know it will not be long before I'll be a lodge president or a vice president. I know I'll be somebody of high rank in our Lodge. I belong to Lodge 315.

Edward Kompara,
1608 Sherich rd., S. E., Canton, Ohio.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I have been an active member of the SNPJ since I was a year old and will be even after the prescribed age, for I think it's the best organization in every case of need. For the SNPJ has made many a tear disappear from many saddened eyes in cases which I have myself witnessed attending funerals and sickbeds with my parents. And also many orphans have been saved from going to orphanages. Joining and keeping the SNPJ is doing a good deed; and you will be repaid in case of need. We have English Speaking lodges, the Mladinski List and the Prosveta. Keep up the spirit and help the SNPJ in every way to keep it on top. A proud member,

Dorothy Prelec (age 11),
R. 1, Fairmont, W. Va.

Mother (to badly bruised son):
"Didn't I tell you to count a hundred before you started fighting?"

Son: "Yes, but Jack's mother told him only to count fifty."

Johnny Shows Originality

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Since this is my first letter to the Mladinski List, I wish to tell you several things. There are 8 in our family, all members of the SNPJ. I am 14 years of age and go to St. Mary's school. Working conditions? Work is picking up slowly. The PWA started in Penna and relief was cut off. Work is better than relief. In the past few weeks the Carnegie Steel and the Westinghouse Electric company received large orders. In Pittsburgh, streets are filled with workers coming to and from work. In the downtown section you can hardly find your way out. (I guess this letter will make a rush for Pittsburgh.)

We had a few snowfalls in Penna, but not much. From now on I will try to write every month. I wish someone would write to me, for I will gladly answer their letters, and especially the Ulices of Lewistown and from W. Va. Shall I say, at this late date, a happy New Year to all?

John Ujic,
5334 Wickliffe st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* *

"Not Very Pleasant"

Dear Editor:—

It is not very pleasant to tell you that this is my first letter to the M. L. I really think I should have written before.

I am ten years old and in the fourth grade. My teachers' names are Miss Lytle and Miss Angus. I like them very much. My sister goes to Cochran Junior high school. This is her first year. It would take too long to write all of her teachers' names since she has—fourteen of them. She likes to go to high school for one big reason which is, that they have a talking movie picture machine which, I think, no other school has.

My mother, sister and I belong to the SNPJ Lodge 600. This is a Ladies' lodge. I think anyone who belongs to an SNPJ lodge should be very fond and proud of it.

I haven't seen any letters from Johnstown in the Dec. M. L. The next time I wish to hear from Margaret and Louise Ukmar from Johnstown. She started to write, but stopped.

Mary Znidarsic,
417 Woodland ave., Johnstown, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read the M. L. very much. I am 10 years old and in 5th grade in the Robinson school. I have 2 sisters and 2 brothers. Everyone in our family belongs to the SNPJ,

except my youngest brother. Here is a song my mother made for the SNPJ in Slovene:

S. N. P. J.

Malo dete se je rodilo
v velikem mestu daleč tam,
je po svetu zaslovelo,
danes je znano tudi nam.

Postalo dete si orjaško—juhej!
Žarelo kakor sončni sijaj,
vsi o tebi so pisali—S.N.P.J.
Največja si med nami zdaj!

Best regards to all. Frances Krally,
Box 65, Moon Run, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I belong to Lodge 450 in Euclid, Ohio. My two brothers, Louis and Victor, also belong to the Lodge. I go to Noble school and I am in the third grade. My teacher is Miss Snow. She took us to the museum in September. I also belong to the Slovene Singing Club "Škrančki" (Larks). Our singing teacher is Louis Šeme. We had a concert in the Public hall in Cleveland, Ohio. There were about 800 children in this concert. I will write more next time, because my hand is getting tired.

Rosemary Janezic,
977 East 239th st., Euclid, Ohio.

What Have the Dem. and Rep. Done?

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have decided to start the new year right by writing to the Mladinski List.

Cleveland is the convention city for the National Republican and Socialist parties this year. It is said that Hoover and Borah will probably be candidates on the Republican ticket, and Roosevelt on the Democratic ticket for the presidency. In my opinion I believe that Roosevelt will be elected, that is, unless the workers organize and vote for the Socialists. You all know well that Hoover was president of the United States from 1929 to 1933 and what did he do to get us out of the depression? Nothing. Then look at the Democrats, they're no better than the Republicans. Did Roosevelt do anything? No, except to ask congress to appropriate money for relief, but who wants relief? I know well that if you should ask any person who is on relief the question, "Would you rather get relief or work with your own hands to provide for you and your family," all except those who care not what happens, would answer, "I would rather work." So you see people would be

doing a very foolish thing if they went to the polls on election day and voted for Roosevelt or Hoover or any other capitalist candidate. The capitalists have had their chance, so it's about time the workers began to run the government.

I will now close my letter wishing the Editor and all the readers of the Mladinski List a happy New Year! Audrey Maslo,
14904 Pepper ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editors and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I am going to tell about the wonderful time I had on Dec. 14 at the Slovene hall on Prince ave. Our singing club "Kanarčki" had a concert on that day. We sang Hej Slovani, Pesem ameriške mladine, Pesem materam, Planinska, Žabja svatba, Na hribih, and Bog živi vas. Then we had two plays and after Santa Claus gave present to everybody. My sister and my two brothers got presents. And then there was a dance. The players were Frank Culkar and one of his friends. I had lots of fun. Then I went home. Boy, I wish we had another concert like that.

Best regards to one and all.

Joseph M. Segulin,
10709 Prince ave., Cleveland, O.

A Brief Review

Dear Editor:—

I want to say "Hello" to every member of the SNPJ throughout the country. The contest is over. There were many contest letters in the December M. L. I also liked very much what Katka Zupančič had to write and, also, the songs by Jelka Vuk from Ljubljana.

The Mladinski List is one of the things that make me like to be a member of the SNPJ. My mother was telling me that the SNPJ is well known and respected because it has strict labor principles. In its organ, the Prosveta, the members can express thoughts and opinions. This paper is educational. It tells how to improve the conditions for the workers.

I must not forget to tell you the most important thing, that I am a member of the Pioneer Lodge 559, SNPJ, of which I am very proud. I am sure all of you have heard of the big Pioneer celebration, our 10th anniversary, for which we put on an excellent program. Those who have not heard it, can read about it in the Pioneer anniversary souvenir which is still available for those who wish to obtain a copy by writing to the Pioneer lodge secretary.

Elaine Turpin,
4844 W. 23rd st., Cicero, Ill.