

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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KATKA ZUPANČIČ

Povodenj

PRAVILA si mi, mamica, včasih,
da sta človeštvu največja opora
ogenj in voda,
pa da utegneta biti i strašna pokora,
če nas dobita v svoje pesti.
In sem si mislil: Kaj ogenj nam more?
Dokler v peči zaprt je ko v ječi,
nič nam ne more, prav nič!
Če pa le sika in sili hlastaje predaleč,
ga pa pristrižemo s curkom vode!
Vode pa — kdo bal bi se nje?
Ni taka nesreča, če v klet nam zaide;
vajen sem tudi, da v čevelj mi pride,
No in kdor kopat se hodi, a plavat ne zna —
sam si je kriv, če vanjo zabrodi, da jo grglja . . .
Toda nikoli, o mamica mila,
ne bi verjel, da bi v tako strahoto narastla,
pa prihrumela ko zver pobesnela,
in se vsa grda in spenjena v naše domove zagnala
ter se z njimi in z nami zlokobno igrala . . .

* * *

NAŠ GODRNJAV

Noč za nočjo podoknice poje;
če pa ga prosimo: Poj, mucek, še nam!
se zvitež potuhne in pravi: Ne znam . . .!

A. P. Krasna:

KOMPOZICIJA O ULICI

KO sem bil star mesec dni,
 me je mati prvič peljala na ulico,
 da mi zrak mala pljuča osveži.
 Od tistega dne sem bil menda vsak dan
 gor in dol po ulici prepeljan.
 Nekako ob letu sem napravil prvi korak—
 od tistih dob me je mati radevolje pustila,
 da sem z negotovimi stopinjami meril
 sajasti tlak.
 Pred menoj so se odslej odkrivala vedno nova čuda
 našega bloka,
 in ob vsakem novem koraku sem srečal novega otroka.
 Spoznal sem se z malčki, ki so jim rekli
 bambini
 in sklenil prijateljstva s črnimi pikanini.
 Na ulici so bile barve brez pomena—
 in mi mali se nismo brigali za razlike plemena.
 Če je prišlo do spora, so črne, bele in rjave ročice
 vsevprek lasale—
 Če je prinesla črna ali bela mamica sladkorčkov,
 so se vse, črne, modre in rjave oči smejale.
 Gor za vrati gostih, tesnih domov
 so pač mnogo o razlikah govorili—
 ali mi smo na naši ulici vedno
 kako novo bratstvo in nov svet odkrili.

Nilka Potočnik:

OB poti v travici zeleni
 ubog siromak sedi.

OB poti v travici zeleni
 ubog siromak sedi.
 Kaj? A res v hišici nobeni
 za njega več kotička ni?
 Željno ozira se v mladino,
 ki proti njemu se lovi,
 in ko pridirja čez ledino
 pri njem osuplo obstoji.
 Le pridite otroci k meni,
 povem vam žalostno povest;
 bil tudi moj je gaj zeleni,
 ko svojih let naštel sem šest.
 Da, tudi meni je sijala
 radost kot vam z veselih lic,

tudi meni je pomlad dajala
 veselje, petje drobnih ptic.
 Zdaj sta mi nogi ohromeli,
 zapušča me že luč oči,
 lasje so meni osiveli
 in v rokah ni je več moči.
 Telo mi v cunje je zavito,
 ves zrušen čakam zadnjih dni;
 a v prsih srce silovito
 nazaj si mladih dni želi.
 Mladost ne ve, kaj je trpljenje,
 kaj je pomanjkanje in glad;
 mladost veselo gre v življenje,
 življenje polno lepih nad.

Milan Medvešek:

Tudi zamorci so ljudje

ŠOLARČEK "Rolly," Roland Ayeres, Amerikanček od nog do glave, je zelo, zelo sovražil zamorce. Kadarkoli je imel priliko, jih je žalil, jim kazal zijala in zmerjal z grdo psovko "nigri." Čestokrat jih je tudi tepel in lasal. Seveda mali "junak" se ni poizkusil s sebi enakomočnimi, marveč z onimi, ki so bili neprimerno šibkejši in mlajši od njega.

Vsako človeško čustvo, mišljenje, vedenje izvira iz kakšnega vzroka, tako je imelo tudi Rollyjevo sovraštvo do zamorcev svoj izvor. Mržnjo do vsega, kar ni bilo "ameriško," posebno do zamorcev, so mu vzgojili njegovi starši, ki so mu neprestano vbijali v glavo, da so oni nadpovprečni ljudje, ker so se njihovi potomci naselili v državi Ohio že pred 150 leti, še prej pa so živeli v državi Massachusettsu.

Pregovor pravi, da jabolko ne pade daleč od drevesa, in dasiravno so pregovori često nepravilni in neresnični, je v tem primeru ta izrek popolnoma na mestu. Rolly je v svojem sovraštvu do zamorcev celo prekašal svoje starše, in se je od ponosa na svoje stoođstotno američanstvo šopiril kakor pav in še grje ravnal z "grdimi" črnici. Razumljivo, da so se oni čez njega pritoževali pri njegovih starših, ali prav tako je razumljivo, da niso njihove pritožbe nič zalegle. Mati in oče sta ga vpričo tožitelja malo ozmerjala, ko pa je tožitelj odšel, sta ga še pohvalila, češ, le daj jih, saj niso drugega vredni.

Seveda, "američanstvo" ni vselej merilo bogastva in še daleč ni bilo pri družini Ayeres. Še pred depresijo niso bili na bogve kako sijajnem stališču, ko pa je prišlo usodno leto 1932, je oče izgubil delo in družina je docela obubožala. Izstanili so jo iz mnogih stanovanj, da ji nazadnje ni drugega kazalo, kakor

nastanitev v neki napol podrti hiši v Hamiltonovi ulici, kjer je bilo središče zamorske naselbine.

Sedaj, ko so Ayeresovi morali živeti v slumski četrti, so zamorce še bolj sovražili. Mrs. Ayeres je venomer ponavljala, da so črnici tako grdi, da bi samo mater božjo v slabo voljo spravili ter tarnala, kdaj pride čas, ko se rešijo zamorske sosesčine.

Nekega dne je bila Rollyjevemu očetu sreča mila. Dobil je delo voznika tovornega avtomobila pri neki prevoznici družbi. Tisti dan so vsi trije skoro od veselja jokali in vzhičeno vzklikali:

"Sedaj se bomo rešili zamorske soderge, zamorskih sosedov!"

Drugi dan se je mister Ayeres silno resno pripravljaj za delo, kakor da bi šel na kakšno važno slavnost in ne v tovarno, ali ko je prišel zvečer domov, ni bilo nikjer več sledu o tisti prazničnosti, ki mu je zjutraj sijala z vsega obraza, ampak baš nasprotno: v očeh mu je prikrito ždela utrujenost in nezadovoljstvo.

"Delo je težko," je tožil. "Preveč zahtevajo od človeka, preveč je treba hiteti in če se predolgo zamudiš, ti grozijo z odslovitvijo. Komaj sem pričel, pa so mi že namignili, da bom šel . . ."

"Ate, vzemi me seboj, ti bom pomagal izlagati tovor iz avtomobila," se je ponudil Rolly.

"Kaj boš ti? . . ." mu je oče odgovoril. "Kakšnega 'nigerčka' že še namikastiš, za delo pa še nisi!"

Oče je drugi dan sinčka vseeno vzel s seboj. Ko sta prispela z avtomobilom, ki je bil težko natovorjen z železnimi sodčki, v katerih so bili delci za stroje, v neko tovarno, sta tam našla dolgo vrsto drugih voznikov, ki so isto-

tako pripeljali tovore, zato je jelo očeta skrbeti, kaj bo, če kmalu ne izloži. Bil je pač novinec in drugi vozniki so ga kratkomalo odrinili v zadnjo vrsto.

Končno se je vendarle odprla pot in Rollyjev oče se je zagnal na delo, kakor da gre za stavo. Zvračal je težke sodčke s tako silo, da so mu kar mišice pokale, medtem pa je Rolly občudoval njegovo moč in skoro naglas vzklikal ob treskanju, ki so ga povzročali iz avtomobila padajoči sodčki.

Toda, delo ni nikoli večje od človeka, človek zmore le toliko, kolikor mu dopušča moč, in ko se ta izčrpa, je ne more nadomestiti z nasilno voljo.

Delavec Ayeres se je preveč silno zagnal v delo, preveč hitel in se napenjal, zato mu je nenadoma udarila kri v obraz, potem zopet bledica; roke so se mu tresle, noge šibile in iz vsega telesa mu je curkoma lil znoj.

Rolly je takoj opazil, da je očetu slabo, zato mu je hitro priskočil na pomoč, toda sodčka ni mogel niti dvigniti, kaj šele, da bi ga zvrnil.

Očeta je bilo sram svoje slabosti pred sinčkom, zato je ponovno poprijel, ali bilo je vse zaman! Omotica ga je tesno držala v objemu: v glavi mu je razbijalo in v ušesih šumelo, kakor da bi v bližini bučali razjarjeni slapovi. Naglo se je oprijel ograje avtomobila in se z vso silo upiral omedlevici.

Rolly se je neizrečno prestrašil in zadrževal kakor vejica na vodi. Vzne-mirjeno se je oziral okoli, ali v bližini

ni bilo žive duše, da bi jo poklical na pomoč.

In tedaj, ko je Rolly vsled bojazni za očeta malone strepetal, tedaj je mimo prišel sam "angel" v podobi mladega zamorskega orjaka.

Lahkomišljeni Rolly, ki ni nikoli drugače imenoval zamorce kakor s psovko "nigri," je sedaj z milim in ponižnim glasom poklical zamorca:

"Mister, mister, lepo prosim, pomagajte, očetu je slabo!"

Zamorec se ni vprašal, ali potrebuje pomoči beli ali črni človek, ampak se je s prožnim skokom zavihtel na avtomobil, se široko razkrečil in jel metati sodčke iz avtomobila, kakor da bi bili žoge. V nekaj minutah je bil tovor izložen, nakar je "črni angel" odhitel po svojih opravkih.

Američan Ayeres ni izgubil zavesti, toda prišel je popolnoma k sebi šele tedaj, ko je zamorec odšel, zato je urno naročil svojemu sinčku:

"Teci za njim, Rolly, teci! Zahvali se mu, stokrat zahvali, v mojem in tvojem imenu!—Službo mi je rešil, kruh nam je rešil!—"

Dogodek je v hipu preobrnil ponosno družino Ayeres in odtlej niso več sovražili zamorcev, ampak so spoznali, da ni merilo dobrega človeka, katere narodnosti je, ali je belega ali črnega ali rumenega plemena, ali je Italijan ali Nemeč, Poljak ali Slovenec, marveč, kako plemenit in človekoljuben je posameznik v svoji notranjosti!





Courtesy of "Proletarec"

STANKO ŽELE

POEM

Anna P. Krasna:

Daleč je zdaj vse to

(Iz pripovedi "Mi smo zrasli v vojno")

TETA je obrnila listič na dnevnem koledarju in se je ob pogledu na datum spomnila: Pred devetnajstimi leti, na ta dan, v popoldanskih urah, je umrla mati . . . In obenem se je spomnila na dva druga doma, ki sta ostala brez matere tisto jesen. Težka, a popolnoma različna žalost vseh treh hiš, ji je z vso potankostjo stopila pred oči in misli.

Štilnovka je bila zdrava in močna ženska, pa jo je prijelo nenadno in v hiši je ostalo osem sirot—Cenka, drobna, blede in od pestovanja malih upognjena v šibkem hrbtu, je prevzela gospodinjstvo in po zapovedi skopega očeta odmerjala krompirčke, oblice, kislo repo in koruzne močnike. Ljudje so govorili, da pri Štilnovih ni bilo treba skopariti, da bi tudi ranjki ne bilo treba tako mladi umreti, če bi ne bilo škoda denarja za zdravnika . . . vendar, "flu" je tisto jesen pobrala tudi take, ki so imeli hitro pomoč zdravnika.

Zapuščeni otroci, ki so jih vašcanke močno pomilovale, so pod strogo disciplino nesentimentalnega očeta zakrknili v neverjetno resigniranost in na videz se je zdelo, kakor da svoje lepe rdečelične matere nič ne pogrešajo. Ali Cenka je prišla v vas k teti (takrat se ji je bolj prilegalo ime Malka) in se je bolešno razjokala. Malka ni mogla jokati z njo, le pripomnila je otožno:

"Saj bomo tudi pri nas kmalu brez matere—zdravnik je rekel včeraj, da ne bo ostala—in oče je slab . . . pri vas imate vsaj trdnega očeta."

"In hudega," je jokaje pristavila Cenka.

Malka jo je spremila, da pozabi lastno bolečino strahu pred tem, kar se je neizogibno bližalo. Pa ni mogla dolgo obstati v kot ura urejenem Štilnovem

domu. Prej je zmirom rada povasovala tam z očetom, zdaj je ležala neznanska praznosta in tihota nad vso hišo. Dvojčka sta ždela v kotu kakor odrasla človeka, niti igrala se nista več, ostali so pa zbirali fižol v velikih neškah. In Malka je videla, kako se je zdaj pa zdaj kateri ozrl proti stopnišču v veži . . . mislili so pač na mater, na rakev, ki so jo prinesli po stopnicah. Čudno je zgrabilo Malko v grlu, poslovala se je. Domov grede si je ponavljala:

"Tako bo kmalu pri nas—pusto, prazno—neznosno . . ."

Vmes se ji je trenutno in negotovo vrinjal up, da mati znabiti ozdravi. Prišedši domov je prisledla k očetu, ki je pregledoval časopis ob svetlobi ognja na ognjišču.

"Kako je mati?" je vprašala.

"Kot je bila—" Oče se je zastrmel v plamene in odložil časopis.

"Pri Štilnovih je strašno žalostno in tiho," je omenila Malka, pripravljajoč čaj, da ga ponese materi.

"Da, bil sem gor dan po pogrebu," je, še zmirom v ogenj strmeč, dejal oče, "in niso že nič več omenili ranjke—čuden človek je Štiln . . . jaz pa se bojim dneva ko—"

Odtegnil je pogled od gorečih polen in ne da bi končal namerjen stavek, je zopet razgrnil časopis.

"Oče," je vprašala Malka, "ali je še kaj upanja, da bi mati ozdravila?"

Ozrl se je vanjo skoro plašno in je rekel: "Saj veš, kaj je rekel zdravnik."

"Ali vojaški zdravniki kar reko—vaje so umiranja ljudi, nič jim ni naznati še eno smrt . . . morda . . . morda ne bo res . . . O, oče! lepo bi bilo, če bi mama ostala, zdaj ko bo, pravijo, vojne skoro konec. Lipe bi prišel domov, Andrej je tudi morda še živ—"

drugim so že davno sporočili, nam še niso—

“Ne, nam še niso,” je pritrdil oče, “ali tudi če je samo zajet, ga še dolgo ne bomo videli—jaz in mati mogoče sploh ne—vojne ne bo konec mogoče še leto dni ne, mogoče še več. Tu berem, kako pomaga Amerika sovražniku, opomogli si bodo in se bodo klali dalje . . . tako bo.”

Malka ni rekla nič. Vlila je par kalic tropinca v vroči čaj in je šla k materi.

“Kako vam je, mati?”

“Ne vem—menda ne bo nič z menoj,” je rekla tiho mati in se nasmehnila hčerki ter dodala: “Kje si bila, Malka?”

“S Cenko sem šla.”

Materi je izginil smehljaj iz obraza, a rekla ni nič. Malka ji je podložila blazine, sedla k njej na posteljo in ji držala čaj. Bolnica je zavžila par žličic, potem pa ni mogla več.

“Trudna sem,” je dejala, “ne morem.”

Malka jo je pripravila za nočni počitek, kakor vsak večer, odkar je legla v postelj. Zopet je nato privila luč in sedla k vznožju.

“Kdaj bo pogreb Grbove?” je vprašala nenadno mati.

“Jutri,” je rekla Malka.

“Si jo šla kropit?”

“Da, danes popoldne.”

“Jokajo sirote?”

“Ne, ko sem bila jaz tam, so bili sami. Sedeli so na ognjišču in pekli repo za večerjo, v kotličku se je parila želodna kava. Mleka nimajo nič. Šla sem torej domov in jim nesla malo jedi—pri nas vsaj lačni še nismo—ne tako . . . Za mano je prišla Borštova in jim je prinesla mleka pa jokala je na ves glas. Otroci so jo gledali in se niso niti ganili od repe v pepelu, niti niso imeli solz v očeh . . . Rezki so lezle uši po laseh.”

“In kaj bo šele sedaj, ko bodo brez matere.” Materin pogled se je ustavil na Malkinih kitah.

“Dobro jim ni bilo nikdar,” je menila Malka, “toda zakaj ni žena naučila otrok vsaj malo snage in reda, tako so zanemarjeni, siromaki, pa je Dorka tudi že v petnajstem letu, a ne naredi nič, sedi v pepelu in gleda zastrmljeno skozi vrata. Peterček jih ima dvanajst in tudi ždi tam in se neprestano drži na smeh . . . čudni otroci . . . še bolj čudni kot Štilnovi.”

Mati jo je gledala in poslušala in potem je dejala:

“Revščina, otrok, huda revščina, je grozna—otroke zamori, kakor slana cvetje . . . Grbova je zrasla tako kot rastejo njeni otroci, omožila se je v revščino . . . otroci so prinesli s seboj še več beraštva . . . tako je vse topo. Ona sama je, sirota, poginila kakor žival—mrtvo so jo našli, kaj ne?”

“Da, vso noč je bila mrtva, pravijo, otroci so jo šli pogledat, ko so vstali in so jo tipali, ker se ni oglasila. Peterček je nato šel k sosedu in je neumno se smejoč povedal novico: “Naša mati so pa kar trdi in mrzli in nič ne rečejo.”

Mati je na blazini zganila z glavo.

“V čudni družbi bom počivala, Malka—ko boš sadila rože na moj grob, ne pozabi Grbove.”

Malka je sklonila glavo in ni rekla nič.

Tisto noč je mati zelo oslabela, druga noč je bila še huja in potem je prišla poslednja noč čutja ob materini postelji. Malka se je ob štirih zjutraj zgrudila v spanec in je sanjala težke sanje. Oče in sosedu sta molče čula ob materi. Ko se je v jutro Malka prebudila, je šla v kuhinjo kuhat zajutrek. Duh po virhu, s katerim so ponoči prekajevali volnene krpe za ovijanje bolnice, je visel v zraku in Malki je bilo neznosno. Odprla je vrata do kraja in stopila na prag. Ozrla se je po kamenitem stopnišču in se je spomnila na Štilnove otroke, na smejočega Peterčka, strmečo Dorko, na uši na Rezkini glavi.

“Malka!”

Zanjo je stala mala sestra.

“Zakaj si že vstala, Nadica?”

“Kako je mami?”

Malka je stisnila zlato glavico k sebi in je rekla mirno:

“Mama je slaba—danes ne pojdeš v šolo.”

“In Nikec ne?”

“Ne.”

Mala je zajokala in Malka jo je tolažila:

“Ne joči, Nadica, ti boš imela mene, glej, jaz sem že velika, sedemnajst let mi bo, in mati me je naučila vsega. Toda poglej Grbove sirote. Tako lep obraz in tako čudo-lepe kodraste lase ima Rezka, pa je polna uši in mora sedeti sama v šoli—Dorka pa ždi v pepelu in ne umije niti sebe.—Žalostno bo brez mame tudi pri nas, a pri Grbovih je stokrat huje. In končno, Nadica—, mati še ni umrla—lahko še ozdravi.”

Ali ko so začele prihajati sosede in so ob gorečih svečah molile iz velikih mašnih bukev v materini sobi, je vedela Nadica, da mama ne bo ozdravela. Vsi so vedeli, a nobeden ni črhnal besede o smrti, ne oče, ne Nikec, ne Malka. Tihi so bili in so čakali na nekaj velikega in težkega in slovesnega. Mati sama je ležala mirno in se je zavedala vsega. V presledkih je zdaj pa zdaj govorila, kakor da je ta zadnji dan vsakdanjost. Malki je naročala to in ono kot bi se odpravljala na daljšo pot. Potem se je počutila utrujeno in je želela zaspati—ženske so se spogledale in so

zapustile sobo. Malka je sedela ob vznožju, kakor vsaki dan, prijela je materino roko in je čutila, da postaja mrzla . . . nekaj nepopisljivega ji je prešinilo vse bistvo. Jokala pa ni. Zdaj je imela odgovornost, opravila, delo . . . gospodinjstvo na plečih . . . tekom bolezni je bilo vse zgolj čakanje na zopetno vstopitev matere v dnevne opravke in dolžnosti doma. Zdaj je bila sama!—

Kakor ji je bila mati naročila, je vzela iz predalov vse potrebno za materin poslednji praznični počitek v hiši. Spodaj na dvorišču je povedala vojaku, ki je imel konje v hlevu, da je preminila mati. Vojak je resno dvignil roko k čepici, zamrmral nekaj po madžarsko, odšel v hlev in peljal konje drugam. Ženske so umile, praznično opravile in položile materino truplo na bel oder.

Vse velike ofenzive, ki so dolge mesece pretresale in polnile materino srce s strahom za sina, za vse sinove in očete, so se oddaljile in bobnenje je bilo zdaj komaj slišno. Ostanki rezervnega vojaštva so bili izmučeni in zamišljeni v težo dolgih dni trpljenja—nič niso bili glasni in šumno razpoloženi, kakor prejšnji oddelki . . . mati je počivala v miru.

Štilnovi in Grbovi otroci so jo prišli kropit. Malka je oboje spremila k odru in je čutila, kakor da jo veže zdaj z njimi velika zapuščenost. Pa so kljub skupni žalosti stali tam brez solz in Peterček Grbov se je čudno smehljal pred se.



Uho in roka

UHO in roka sta živela v toplem prijateljstvu: uho je poslušalo lepe reči in jih pravilo roki. Ta ga je dostikrat pogladila v zahvalo in se nastavljala z uhljem, da je zajemala več glasov in da je bilo veselje tem večje. Uho je časih kar striglo od same poskočne radosti. Tudi zaplesalo bi rado, pa ni imelo nog, kaj šele pete, da bi udarilo z njo ob tla. Roka je zamahovala semintja, prav kakor so jo ščegetali vablji- vi glasovi, ki jih ji je šepetalo uho.

Človek bi mislil, da ne pride nikoli nič takega med uho in roko, da bi zadnja v jezi segla po prvem in mu navila uro.

Uho ni maralo dosti za spanje. Zaspalo ni prej, dokler ni odbrnel od nje- ga poslednji glasek. Celo muho je slišalo, ko se je brenče odpravljala spat.

Roka pa je bila zaspanka prve vrste. Komaj se je zmračilo, je že omahnila kakor dveinpolletno otroče, ki se mu hoče spati s kokošmi vred. Legla je na blazino, a ni mogla zaspiti, saj jo je še vedno dražilo uho, ki ji je izblebetalo vsak ničvredni glasek, najsi ga je ujelo tudi od krmežljave mačke, ki je predla na zapečku.

Ob jutrih pa je bila vsa ta reč še sitnejša!

Imeli so na dvoru petelinčka. Bil je lep gospodek, jehasta! Nosil je ostroge, dolge in ostre, kakor kak ogrski huzar. Grebenček mu je bil lepo načesljan in rdeč kot iz same rdeče krvi. Pel je sicer visoko in tanko, a za uho tako neznan- sko lepo kot nobene orglice. Komaj se je zjutraj utrnil prvi žarek mlade zore, že je splehetal petelinček na dvoru in zapel ljubemu dnevu pozdravnico. In komaj je splehetal petelinček in zapel ljubemu dnevu pozdravnico, že se je zbudilo uho in se polagoma in čisto od- prlo sladkim glasovom petelinčka-hu- zarja.

Roka pa bi rada spala še tri dni in tri noči in tri ure na vrh. Ali kaj— zbuditi se je morala. Vsa je šinila pod odejo, a petelinček je pel, uho poslušalo, roka se dramila. Jezna je vrgla odejo s sebe in se hotela maščevati nad uše- som, ker jo je zbudilo tako zgodaj. A kako, ko ni mogla do njega? Od rame do komolca in dalje do konca prstov je čutila, kako se izprehajajo po nji mrav- ljinci. Vsa je bila topoglava in neokret- na, da se še prvi hip ni mogla pošteno umiti. Ko se je pa vendarle oprala, se ji je ohladila jeza, in spoznala je, da ni krivo pravzaprav uho, da mora tako zgo- daj vstajati, nego da je temu vzrok kri- čačevi kokotek.

V takih mislih ni videla, da govori glasno predse. Uho je pa slišalo in po- vedalo petelinčku: "Ljubi moj gospo- dek, čuvaj se roke! Davi se je zaklela, da ti zavije vrat in potrga sladke tvoje strune v grlu!"

Petelinček to sliši, in obide ga kurja polt od kljuna do repka. Vendar se do- misli pravega. Zleti na plot sosedovega vrta in se poroga roki: "Hej, petero- prsta avša, daj me, daj! Šlek, ali sem ti nastrgal korenčka!"

Roka se raztogoti in reče: "Nihče drugi mu ni povedal tega nego uho!"

In komaj je petelinček zevnil enkrat, je padla roka z vso jezo na uho in mu še hotela pokazati Benetke, da je ni zdramilo iz jeze neusmiljeno vpitje pe- telinčka-huzarja.

Izza plota je namreč segla po njem druga roka, ki je takisto kuhala jezo, ker ji vedno moti in krade spanje.

Hipoma se je umirila v roki razbur- jena kri in prijazno je pogladila po uše- su, češ, oprost, saj nisem mislila tako hudo!

A kaj to pomaga, ko je po ušesu ta- ko šumelo in vršalo, da ni bilo razločiti

nobenega določnega glasu. Tudi roka je čutila to brečnanje. Bilo ji je, kakor bi godovali v nji sršeni.

“Pojdiva pogledat, kaj je sedaj s petelinčkom!” reče roka, da se razmisli, in si kakorkoli prežene tisto čudno drnavsanje in začuje od ušesa zopet kakšen lepši in veselejši glas.

Tako prideta k sosedu.

Stopita v kuhinjo. Na ognjišču zagledata nesrečnega petelinčka, ki je brez srpastega repka in blestečega ovratnika žalostno ležal v ponvi.

“Čakaj, malo te pa le moram!” reče roka in seže v ponev. Ali kakor bi jo pičila osa, se brž umakne od vroče pečenke, ki ji je opalila kožo na prstih.

Ker ji ni hotelo in moglo povedati uho, da je petleinček šele pečen, ker tako cvrči v razbeljeni masti, si ni mogla misliti roka, da jo bo izplačal mrtvi junak, ki je pravzaprav uklonil ponosni vrat po njeni krivdi.

Dasi žalostno, se je uho potihem nasmejalo, a med njim in roko ni več pravega prijateljstva.

ANNA P. KRASNA:

Negotovost

MAMICA, tu so se gotovo zmotili—
poglej, na vse zgodaj smo že solnce dobili.

Vidiš, kako se veselo v vsa okna smehlja—

Mamica, kaj če nas pošljejo nazaj, kjer

ždi med pustimi stenami

mrak in tema?

Če pridejo nenadno in poreko:

Pojdite odtod, siromaki—

Mi lahko dražje prodamo jasnih juter zlato!?

—Če se ne bi potem nikoli več

nobeno jutro nasmejalo—

če bi pod okni, kot prej, neprestano

vse dolge dni tisto zatoхло in smrdljivo

dvorišče ležalo?—

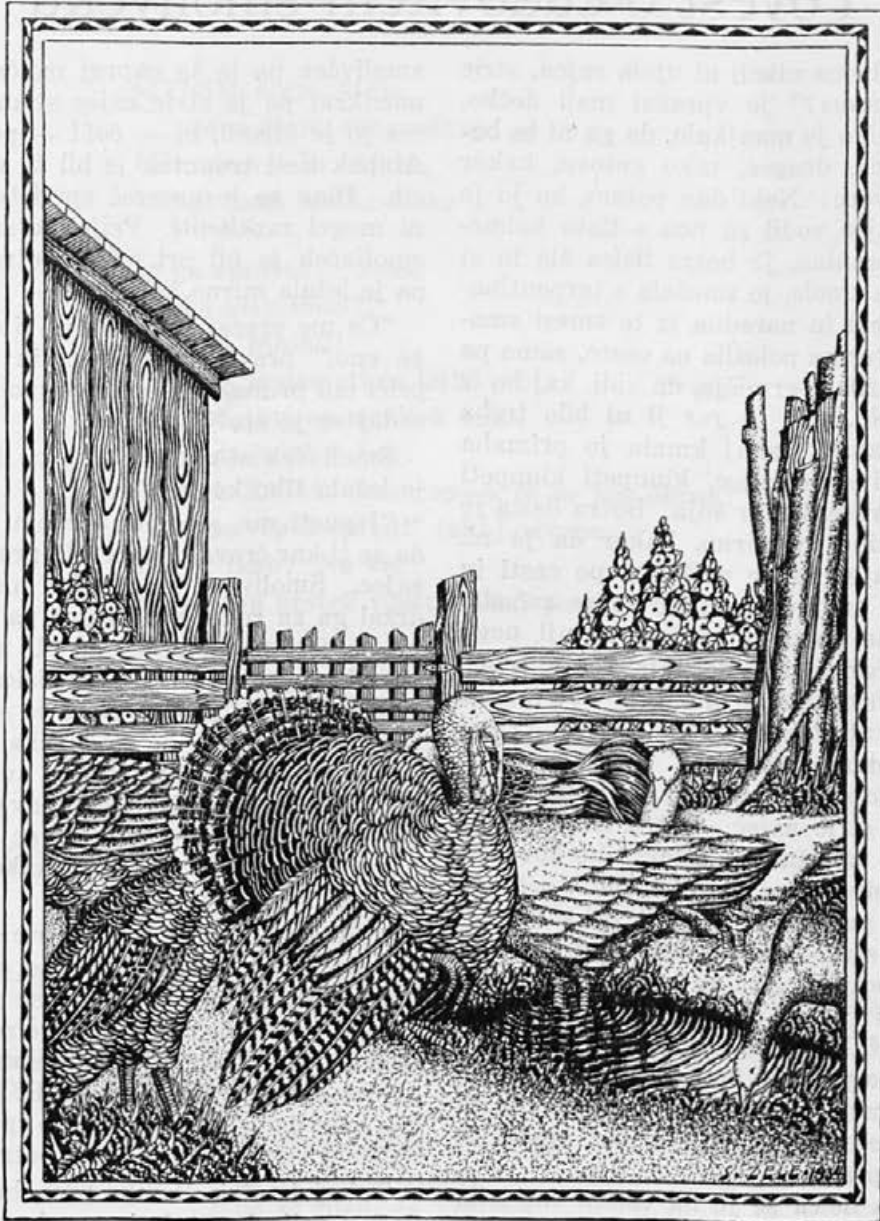
Če bi se oče ne vračal več z dela

po zlati poti—

Če bi . . . o, mamica! — če bi sredi zlatega jutra

grenko doznali, da smo bili v zmoti?—

(Iz zbirke *Babilonski stih*)



Courtesy of "Proletarec"

STANKO ŽELE

PERUTNINSKO PLEMSTVO

Joel Chander Harris:

Povešt o čudovitem smolivčku

“ALI lisica nikoli ni ujela zajca, stric Remus?” je vprašal mali dečko.

“Za piko je manjkalo, da ga ni ta botra lisica, dravec, tako gotovo, kakor si na svetu! Neki dan potem, ko jo je stric zajec vodil za nos s tisto kolmeževo korenino, je botra lisica šla in si poiskala smole, jo zmešala s terpentinovim oljem in naredila iz te zmesi smolivčka, ter ga položila na cesto, sama pa se je skrila v grmičje, da vidi, kaj bo iz tega. No, veš, pa res ji ni bilo treba dolgo čakati, zakaj kmalu jo primaha po cesti stric zajec, klunpeti klunpeti živ, pa vesel kakor šoja. Botra lisica je ležala tiho in mirno, kakor da je ni. Stric zajec pa se prišopiri po cesti in zagleda smolivčka; tako se je začudil, da se je postavil kar na zadnji nogi. Smolivček pa je sedel tam, res je sedel, botra lisica pa je bila tiha kot miška.

“Br jutr,” pravi stric zajec. “Lepo vreme danes, kaj?”

“Kako se pa imate kaj pri zdravju?” vpraša stric zajec. Botra lisica je na eno oko zamižala pa ležala tiho kot miška, smolivček pa ni rekel nič.

“Kaj pa je s teboj, kaj? Ali si gluhi?” vpraša stric zajec. “Veš, če si gluhi, pa lahko bolj na glas zavpijem!”

Smolivček pa ni rekel nič, botra lisica pa je ležala mirno in tiho kot miška.

“Ti pa preveč vihaš nos, prav gotovo, da,” pravi stric zajec, “ampak jaz te bom precej ozdravil, veš, kar precej te bom!” pravi.

Botra lisica se je na tihem smejala, da se je kar za trebuh držala, res se je, ampak smolivček ni rekel nič.

“Presneto te že naučim, kako se govori s poštenimi ljudmi, če se ti ne zljubi besediti,” pravi stric zajec. “Če ne snameš tistega klobuka z glave, ti kar precej odprem usta,” pravi.

Smolivček ni rekel nič, botra lisica pa je ležala tiho kot miška.

Stric zajec ga je izpraševal še naprej,

smolivček pa je še naprej molčal. Kar naenkrat pa je stric zajec stisnil pest, res jo je stisnil, in — čof! — po glavi. Ampak tisti trenutek je bil že v škripcih. Dlan se je namreč sprijela, da je ni mogel razkleniti. Prijel je smolo, a smolivček je bil pri miru, botra lisica pa je ležala mirno kot miška.

“Če me precej ne izpustiš, ti dam pa še eno,” pravi stric zajec, in pri tej priči mu primaže še eno z drugo roko in sedaj se je sprijela še ta.

Smolivček ni rekel nič, botra lisica pa je ležala tiho kot miška.

“Izpusti me, sicer te brcnem z nogo, da se ti kar čreva pokažejo!” pravi stric zajec. Smolivček pa ni rekel nič, samo držal ga za roke, stric zajec pa je ravno na isti način prišel še ob nogi, da jih ni mogel rabiti. Botra lisica je ležala mirno kot miška. Nato je stric zajec začel vpiti, da bo smolivčka, ako ga ne izpusti, butnil še z debelo svojo glavo. In ko ga res udari še z glavo, se mu sprime še glava. Tedaj pa se prikaže botra lisica, tako nedolžna kakor ljubljeneček tvoje mamice.

“Kako pa se kaj imaš, stric zajec?” vpraša botra lisica. “Grozno visok si videti danes,” pravi, potem se zvali po tleh in se smeje, da ji kar solze prihajajo v oči. “Stric zajec, nadejam se, da prideš danes k meni na kosilo! Namočila sem malo kolmeža, pa ne sprejem nobenega opravičila,” pravi botra lisica.

Tukaj je stric Remus prenehal in izgrebel velik krompir iz pepela.

“Ali je lisica zajca pojedla?” je vprašal mali dečko.

“Zgodba gre samo do tukaj,” je odgovoril stavec. “Mogoče, da ga je, mogoče tudi, da ga ni. Nekateri ljudje pravijo, da je župan medved prišel po cesti in ga osvobodil—drugi pa govore, da ga ni. Ali slišiš, učiteljica te kliče. Sedaj pa kar hitro beži.”

Katka Zupančič:

MODROST ZA TRI

ŠTEJE, šteje, šteje,
vedno šteje, vse prešteje —
hiše, drevje in oblake,
knjigi liste, mački dlake . . .

In ga vprašaš: "Znaš,
koliko glav imaš?"
"Eno le, hihihii!
a v njej je pameti za tri!"
tako postavi se možiček mali.
Pa nadaljuješ v šali:
"Psiček ZADAJ ima rep—a če se pes obrne?"
"Ima pa repek spred!" takoj odvrne.
Je res tako? Ne ve.
Morda mu prstek v ustih kdaj pove . . .

Sokolov:

BUKEV KIMA . . .

V ZMRZLEM snežcu bukev kima
z vejicami drobnimi,
skoz oblačke luna bleda
z žarki zre milobnimi.

Bukev kima, sladko sanja,
da že zre pomladni raj,
oj, pa daleč, za goro še
tiho sniva zlati maj.

In čarobne sanje sanja,
da jo biseri krase,
pa si misli, da kraljica
slavna je postala že.

In mesecen, kralj ponosni,
v snežcu poleg nje šušti,
Bukev v lahnem vetru kima
jasna noč se ji smeji . . .



POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI"

Zanimanje za M. L.

Slovenski dopisi se množijo! To je sicer že star pojav, da se dopisi čez zimo povečajo. Vendar pa sedanji pričajo, da se naša mladina čedalje bolj zanima za svoje glasilo Mladinski List. Pridružilo se nam je par novih dopisovalcev, še več jih pa pričakujemo sedaj na pomlad. Na noge, dečki in deklice! Pa tudi starši pridejo pri tem vselej v poštev s svojim sodelovanjem. Pomnite, da M. L. čita nad trideset tisoč ljudi, tako tudi vaše dopise. Predstavite se številnim čitateljem s svojimi dopisi v M. L.!

Konvencija SNPJ

Enajsta redna konvencija Slovenske narodne podporne jednote se bo vršila v Clevelandu, v naši največji naselbini. Pričela se bo 17. maja in bo zborovala v Slovenskem narodnem domu na St. Clair ave. Ta konvencija bo važna po-

sebno za našo odraslo in doraščajočo mladino. Bolj kot katera prejšnja bo letošnja konvencija posvetila mnogo časa in pozornosti našemu naraščanju. To je naravno in logično, kajti bodočnost jednote je v veliki meri odvisna baš od naše mladine.

Nastop pomladi

V marcu se vrne pomlad. Tako nam pove koledar, ki označuje 20. marec za nastop pomladi. Seveda bo tudi po tem dnevu še mrzlo, vendar pa bo močno solnce prisililo zimo, da se umakne gorkejšim dnevom. Vsakdo se veseli vstajenja narave, najbolj pa menda mladina. Vzbujenje narave se praznuje na razne načine, razne vere pa so to izrabile v svoje koristi, četudi tega nočejo priznati. Te pravijo, da slavijo svoje bogove, o katerih pa nihče ničesar ne ve.

UREDNIK.

Olga na veselici društva 513 SNPJ

Dragi urednik! Že zopet sem izostala z mojimi dopisi. Vzrok ni bila nemarnost, pač pa to, ker nisem imela časa. Vedno sem imela obilo dela. Sedaj je treba to, sedaj ono, za pisanje se pa človek vselej ne počuti, da bi kaj napisal.

Na 4. decembra m. l. je umrla naša prijateljica mrs. Knapp. Jaz jo zelo pogrešam. Meni in mojemu bratu je

bila zelo dobra. Zato se je bova tudi vedno spominjala.

Dne 27. januarja je društvo št. 513 SNPJ priredilo veliko plesno veselico v Providence Auditoriumu. Veselica je bila uspešna. Bilo je mnogo mladih in starih ljudi. Godci pa so veselo igrali polke, valčke in tudi čardaš. Seveda sem se tudi jaz parkrat zavrtela, četudi se šele učim.

Zelo me veseli, ker sem v januarski številki Mladinskega Lista videla dopis Violet Vogrin. Le tako naprej, draga

sestrična! Moj bratec in jaz sva bila zelo vesela, ko si pisala, da se učiš igrati na violino. Morda se nam bo kdaj nudila prilika, da bomo skupaj igrali. Jaz se namreč še vedno učim na glasovir.

Pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem!

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

* *

Pomlad že prišla bo . . .

Cenjeni urednik! Najprej se Vam moram lepo zahvaliti za dopis, ki ste ga tako lepo uredili. Z velikim veseljem sem prejel februarško številko Mladinskega Lista, ki je prišla k nam že na 27. januarja.

Letošnja zima je zelo lepa; tako je zunaj lepo, da bodo menda tudi kmalu rože cvetele. Morda pa se bo še kaj spremenilo, kajti nahajamo se še vedno v zimskem času. Kljub temu bo kmalu prišla pomlad. Ko bomo dobili to številko v roke, bo že konec februarja in nastopil bo mesec marec. Potem pride kmalu april in tako naprej. In na 21. marca nastopi pomlad. Solnce bo ogrelo zemljo in privabilo cvetlice iz nje. Spet se bomo zunaj igrali brez težkih oblačil in rokavic.

Pozdrav uredniku in čitateljem M. L.!

JOSEPH ROTT,
18815 Chickasaw ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

Mladinski List napreduje!

Dragi urednik! Mladinski List prihaja ali izhaja bolj zgodaj. To je res napredek. Sedaj ga dobimo že pred prvim v mesecu. Februarškega smo dobili zadnje dni januarja. Ste se pa res potrudili, kakor ste nam obljubili, da boste poskrbeli, da bo M. L. pravočasno izhajal.

Povedati Vam moram, kar že sami veste, da slovenski bolj slabo pišem. Pa bo že šlo. Počasi se daleč pride. Zadnjič sem omenila, da sem pisala Miklavžu, naj mi prinese kaj lepega. Pa se je odzval z igračami, pa tudi lepo

obleko mi je prinesel. Tako tudi moji sestri. Seveda ne bi on sam nič prinesel, ker ga ni. Za darila morajo poskrbeti starši ali kdo drugi. Vsekakor upam, da bo prihodnji božič stari Miklavž spet tako obložen kakor je bil lani.

Mama in ata pa sta dobila za božiča rejenege prašička in smo ga z veseljem sprejeli v svojo sredo. Moja mama pa mi je povedala, da je bil Miklavž zato tako radodaren, ker je ata delal vsak dan in zaslužil.

Ata mi je pravil, da so v starem kraju radi prepevali ali ponavljali tole pesmico: Mi smo slišali, da pri vaši hišici ste prašiča davili. Pripravite nam klobas, pošljite po nas, mi bomo radi ubogali vas. Prašič široko zija, z debelim repom vije, ker se boji zadnjega dne, ko ga bo Matija zaklal.

Prihodnjič bom spet kaj napisala. Lepo pozdravljam vse deklince in dečke, kateri dopisujejo v M. L. in ki ga radi čitajo!

ANGELA GROBIN,
Box 17, Broughton, Pa.

* *

Lojzkov prvi dopis v M. L.

Cenjeni urednik! Pravijo, da vsak začetek je težak. Tako je tudi s tem mojim PRVIM dopisom za Mladinski List. Sedaj sem se šele začel učiti slovensko pisati in čitati. Zato mi gre težko. Upam, da boste popravili moje napake.

Moja mama mi vedno pravi, naj se učim slovensko pisati in brati. Sedaj sem se odločil, da se bom kar naprej učil. Pisal bom, pa naj gre v M. L. ali pa v koš. Nekaj se bo že prijelo M. L., nekaj pa bo menda zletelo v koš.

V naši družini nas je pet in vsi smo pod okriljem naše velike Slovenske narodne podporne jednote (SNPJ) pri društvu št. 322. Jaz imam dva brata, sestre pa nobene. Star sem 10 let in hodim v 5. razred ljudske šole.

Zelo smo se veselili božičnih počitnic in pa starega Miklavža. Toliko pričakanja je bilo in toliko upanja. Mamo smo vedno nadlegovali, kdaj pride Santa

in kaj nam prinese. Končno se je oglašil. Mama je rekla, da mu ni ničesar naročila, ker ne more. Za božiče pa je prišla teta Frances Krainik in tudi teta Mary Casey. Vsaka mi je nekaj prinesla, zraven pa dodala še moja mama, tako da sem dosti dobil. Seveda sta tudi moja brata dobila dosti.

V Minnesoti smo imeli že obilo snega. Noč in dan so delavci čistili ceste, tako da smo šli v šolo, ker so bili zameti zelo visoki.

Zimski večeri so dolgi večeri. Zato se toži in zeha marsikomu. Mladinski List v roke vzemite, pa ga počasi in vestno berite. In ko bomo vse v njem prebrali, bo vsakemu nekaj v glavi ostalo.

Pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem, mladim in starim!

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

* *

Prišla bo pomlad . . .

Dragi urednik! V mojem zadnjem dopisu sem menda nerazločno zapisala, pa se je glasilo Hutchinson Minn., namesto Mine. Končno pa ni velika razlika, samo ena majčkена črkica.

Spet se nam bliža ljuba pomlad, ki jo vsi težko pričakujemo. Kmalu se bo narava odela v zelenje in izvabila krasne cvetice iz zemlje. To bo veselja za stare in mlade. Novo življenje! Narava se bo prebudila iz dolgega zimskega spanja. Vse bo oživel, ljudje, živali in rastline. Ni lepšega časa kot je pomlad. Tudi drugi letni časi so lepi, a pomladnega se najbolj vse veseli.

Polovica šolskega leta je tudi že minila. Samo še dva meseca, pa bodo šolske počitnice. V nekaterih krajih seveda več, v drugih manj. Pa bo spet dosti časa za dopisovanje v M. L. Narava je spala, pa zopet bo ustala, prišla bo ljuba, zala pomlad!

Prav lepo pozdravljam vse čitatelje in dopisovalce ter tudi Vas!

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

Zanimiva vsebina v M. L.

Dragi urednik! To je moj prvi dopis za Mladinski List. Zato je tudi bolj kratek. Prihodnji bo daljši.

Mladinski List zelo rada čitam. V njem je mnogo lepih povesti, pesmic in pa toliko veselih dopisov v "Kotičku." Mnogo zanimivega za deklice in dečke je v M. L. Zato pa bi ga morali vsi čitati.

Jaz sem članica društva št. 21 SNPJ v Pueblu, Colo. Dne 25. marca bom dopolnila 8 let. Sedaj sem v drugem razredu v šoli. Ker sem še premlada, mi gre pisanje težko. Učila pa se bom, da bom kaj znala. Prosim Vas, da priobčite ta dopisek v M. L. Nikar ga ne vrzite v koš. To me bi užalostilo. Popravite napake v njem in priobčite ga, zakar Vam bom hvaležna.

Iskren pozdrav Vam in vsem čitateljem!
DOROTHY KOVACICH,

1236 Bohmen st., Pueblo, Colo.

* *

Joškova dva dopisa v M. L.

Cenjeni urednik M. L.! Nič zato, če bosta v tej številki M. L. kar dva moja dopisa. Tega sem napisal še predno sem prejel februarsko številko M. L., drugega pa pozneje. Prosim Vas, da priobčite oba.

Veste, mislil sem že, ker ni bilo mojega dopisa v januarski številki, da ste ga zagnali v koš. Potem sem videl, da ste ga priobčili v februarjem M. L. Hvala! Hvala tudi SNPJ za božično voščilo!

Tu je kratka povestica o ubogem kmetu ali farmarju: Kmet je res revež na svetu, ker se trudi in muči, da se preživi. Pride nesreča in mu vzame pridelek. Zraven pa mu naložijo visoke davke, da ga še bolj k tlom tiščijo. Če mu ne vzamejo vremenske nezgode, mu pa vzamejo za davke itd., itd.

Upam, da ne bo šel ta dopis v koš, ampak da bo priobčen. Hvala in pozdrav Vam in vsem mladim čitateljem!

JOE ROTT, Cleveland, O.



JUVENILE



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Number 3.

The Early Pithecanthropus

BEFORE the time of cave men,
In the early Pliocene,
There lived a pack of wild things,
All hairy, squat and lean;

They fought with tooth and sharp nails
And wielded mighty stones;
That they walked as you and I do,
Is proven by their bones.

They had no tools or weapons;
They feared the fire, too;
They hid, and sulked, and shivered,
As weaker creatures do.

They did not have a language;
Could scarcely speak at all,
But grunted sounds of portent,
Should good or ill befall.

They heard the tiger roar, when
He gorged upon his kill,
And when he had departed,
Crept out to eat their fill.

In wood, or swamp, or jungle,
Or out upon the plains,
They hurried forth in numbers,
And stole the grim remains.

And when they met a stranger,
They hit him on the head,
And ate, and ate, these cannibals,
Till all the pack was fed.

Perhaps a million years ago,
The human race began,
For the early pithecanthropus
Erectus was a MAN!

—Early Jungle Folk.

Modernized Jingles

*I see you, my little man;
I don't wonder that you ran
From the bosh of fairy tales
Out to Nature's hills and vales.
I see you, my little man;
I don't wonder that you ran.*

*

*Rap-a-tap, rap-a-tap,
Let's play a game.
You be a worker,
And I'll be the same.*

*Now I lay me
Down to sleep;
Why should I pray to the Lord
My soul to keep?*

*Rap-a-tap, rap-a-tap,
So useful are we,
You couldn't live without us,
Just try and see.*

*For what is the Lord?
And what is my soul?
Imagination, my dear,
Without any goal.*

*

*Sam, Sam, the magnate's son
Stole a million and away he run;
But Jake, Jake, the widow's son
Stole a chicken,*

*And all the town's horses
And all the town's men
Couldn't get Jake
Out of jail again.*

*

*Did you ever see a lassie
Go all through the grade school
And all through the high school?
Did you ever see a lassie
Go higher than that?*

*And when she got through, sir,
She never had heard, sir,
That right here in this world, sir,
There's no need to starve?*

*There's plenty for you, sir,
And plenty for me, sir,
And if we were wise, sir,
How happy we'd be!*

—M. J.

Jean Fights Back

By Romain Rolland

(When our boys and girls are grown up they should read that great book by Romain Rolland, "Jean Christophe." The accompanying chapter tells about one of Jean's experiences when he was a little boy—when a little boy and girl of the rich made fun of him because he was wearing their old clothes and because his mother was their cook. Many boys and girls know what it is to be "looked down on" because their clothes are cast-off by some one else or worn out. But Jean Christophe's rebel spirit was alive even in those days and the same spirit made him a great fighter for the workers and liberty when he grew to manhood. Perhaps it wasn't nice for him to fight the little boy and girl but they were much more at fault in making fun of him and taunting him about his clothes. We don't like boys and girls who go around looking for trouble, neither do we like youngsters who are too meek. We working people are just as good as anybody; let's hold our heads up and assert our rights. We don't need rich people patronizing us—what we need is justice. And our fathers have learned, through their union that we very often have to fight for our rights!)

LOUISA, who let no opportunity escape of earning a little money, used to go out as cook for exceptional occasions, such as marriages or baptismal feasts. Melchior pretended to know nothing about it—it touched his vanity—but he was not annoyed with her doing it so long as he did not know. Jean Christophe had as yet no idea of the difficulties of life, he knew of no other limit to his will than the will of his parents and that did not stand much in his way, for they let him do pretty much as he pleased. His one idea was to grow up, so as to be able to do as he liked. He had no conception of obstacles standing in the way at every turn, and he had never the least idea but that his parents were completely their own masters. It was a shock to his whole being when, for the first time, he perceived that among men there are those who command and those who are commanded, and that his own people were not the first class; it was the first crisis of his life.

It hapened one afternoon. His mother had dressed him in his cleanest clothes, old clothes given to her which Louisa's patience had turned to account. He went to find her, as they had agreed, at the house in which she was working. He was abashed at the idea of entering alone. A footman was swaggering on

the porch; he stopped the boy and asked him patronizingly what he wanted. Jean Christophe blushed and murmured that he had come to see "Frau Krafft" as he had been told to say.

"Frau Krafft? What do you want with Frau Krafft?" asked the footman, ironically emphasizing the word Frau. "Your mother? Go down there. You will find Louisa in the kitchen at the end of the passage."

He went, growing redder and redder. He was ashamed to hear his mother called familiarly Louisa. He was humiliated; he would have liked to run away down to his dear river, and the shelter of the brushwood where he used to tell himself stories.

In the kitchen he came upon a number of other servants, who greeted him with noisy exclamations. At the back, near the stove, his mother smiled at him with tender embarrassment. He ran to her and clung to her skirts. She was wearing a white apron, and holding a wooden spoon. She made him more unhappy by trying to raise his chin so as to look in his face, and to make him hold out his hand to everybody there and say good-day to them. He would not, he turned to the wall and hid his face in his arms, then gradually he gained courage, and peeped out of his hiding place with merry bright eyes,

which hid again every time any one looked at him. He stole looks at the people there. His mother looked busy and important, and he did not know her like that, she went from one saucepan to another, tasting, giving advice, in a sure voice explaining receipts, and the cook of the house listened respectfully. The boy's heart swelled with pride as he saw how much his mother was appreciated, and the great part that she played in this splendid room, adorned with magnificent objects of gold and silver.

Suddenly conversation ceased. The door opened. A lady entered with a rustling of the stuff she was wearing. She cast a suspicious look about her. She caught up her dress in her hand, so as not to brush against anything. It did not prevent her from going to the stove and looking at the dishes and even tasting them. How dryly and abruptly she spoke to Louisa! And how humbly Louisa replied! Jean Christophe hated it. He hid away in his corner, so as not to be observed, but it was no use. The lady asked who the little boy might be. Louisa fetched him and presented him; she held his hands to prevent his hiding his face. And, though he wanted to break away and flee, Jean Christophe felt instinctively this time he must not resist. The lady looked at the boy's scared face, and at first she gave him a kindly motherly smile. But then she resumed her patronizing air, and asked him about his behavior, and his piety, and put questions to him, to which he did not reply. She looked to see how his clothes fitted him, and Louisa eagerly declared that they were magnificent. She pulled down his waist-coat to remove the creases. Jean Christophe wanted to cry, it fitted him so tightly. He did not understand why his mother was giving thanks.

The lady took him by the hand and said that she would take him to her own children. Jean Christophe cast a look of despair at his own mother; but she

smiled at the mistress so eagerly that he saw that there was nothing to hope for from her, and he followed his guide like a sheep that is led to slaughter.

They came to a garden, where two cross-looking children, a boy and a girl, about the same age as Jean Christophe, were apparently sulky with each other. Jean Christophe's advent created a diversion. They came up to examine the new arrival. Jean Christophe, left with the children by the lady, stood stockstill in a pathway, not daring to raise his eyes. The two others stood motionless a short distance away, and looked him up and down, nudged each other and tittered. Finally, they made up their minds. They asked him who he was, whence he came, and what his father did. Jean Christophe, turned to stone, made no reply; he was terrified almost to the point of tears, especially of the girl, who had fair hair in plaits, a short skirt and bare legs.

They began to play. Just as Jean Christophe was beginning to be a little happier, the little boy stopped dead in front of him, and touching his coat, said:

"Hullo! That's mine!"

Jean Christophe did not understand. Furious at this assertion that his coat belonged to some one else, he shook his head violently in denial.

"I know it all right," said the boy. "It's my old blue waist-coat. There's a spot on it."

And he put his finger on the spot. Then, going on with his inspection, he examined Jean Christophe's feet, and asked what his mended shoes were made of. Jean Christophe grew crimson. The little girl pouted and whispered to her brother—Jean Christophe heard it—that he was a poor little boy. Jean Christophe resented the word. He thought he would succeed in combating the insulting opinions, as he stammered in a choking voice that he was the son of Melchior Krafft, and that his mother was Louisa, the cook. It

seemed to him that this title was as good as any other, and he was right. But the two children, interested in the news, did not seem to esteem him any the more for it. On the contrary, they took on a patronizing tone. They asked him what he was going to be—a cook or a coachman. Jean Christophe revolted. He felt an iciness steal into his heart.

Encouraged by his silence, the two children tried various amusing ways of tormenting him. The little girl especially was implacable. She observed that Jean Christophe could hardly run, because his clothes were so tight, and she conceived the idea of making him jump. They made an obstacle of little seats, and insisted on Jean Christophe clearing it. The wretched child dare not say what prevented him from jumping. That did not satisfy his tormentors, who decided the obstacle was not high enough, and they built it up until it became a regular break-neck affair. Jean Christophe tried to rebel, and declared that he would not jump. Then the little girl called him a coward, and said that he was afraid. Jean Christophe could not stand that, and knowing that he must fall, he jumped and fell. His feet caught in the obstacle, the whole thing toppled over with him. He grazed his hands and almost broke his head, and as a crowning misfortune, his trousers tore at the knee and elsewhere. He was sick with shame; he heard the children dancing with delight around him; he suffered horribly. He felt that they despised and hated him. Why? Why? He would gladly have died! Jean Christophe tried to get up; the little boy pushed him down again; the little girl kicked him. He tried again and they both jumped on him, and sat on his back and pressed his face down into the ground. Then rage seized him—it was too much. His hands were bruised, his fine coat was torn—a catastrophe for him!—shame, pain, revolt against the injustice of it, so many mis-

fortunes all at once, plunged him in blind fury. He rose to his hands and knees, shook himself like a dog, and rolled his tormentors over; when they returned to the assault he butted at them, head down, bowled over the little girl, and with one blow of his fist, knocked the little boy into the middle of the flower bed.

They howled. The children ran into the house with piercing cries. Doors slammed, and cries of anger were heard. The lady ran out as quickly as her long dress would let her. Jean Christophe saw her coming, and made no attempt to escape. He was terrified at what he had done; it was a thing unheard of, a crime; but he regretted nothing. He waited. He was lost. So much the better. He was reduced to despair.

The lady pounced upon him. He felt her beat him. He heard her talking in a furious voice, a flood of words; but he could distinguish nothing. His little enemies had come back to see his shame, and screamed shrilly. There were servants—a babel of voices. To complete his downfall, Louisa, who had been summoned, appeared and instead of defending him, she began to scold him—she, too, without knowing anything—and bade him beg pardon. He refused angrily. She shook him, and dragged him by the hand to the lady and children, and bade him go on his knees. But he stamped and roared, and hit his mother's hand. Finally, he escaped among the servants, who laughed.

He went away, his heart beating furiously, his face burning with anger and the slaps that he had received. He tried not to think, and he hurried along because he did not want to cry in the street. He wanted to be at home—to find the comfort of tears.

Finally, he arrived; he ran up the old back staircase to his usual nook in the bay window above the river; he hurled himself into it breathlessly, and then there came a flood of tears.

A New Kind of Hero

By Karl L. Leathwood

(Continued from last month)

WE will now turn to our own day, to an American. Dr. Walter Reed, whose adventures in pursuit of the "bug" which causes yellow fever cost the lives of men. Since the day of sturdy old Leeuwenhoek had lived Louis Pasteur, the French scientist who proved that microbes may be harmful—cause diseases—and who taught people to kill the germs in milk by "pasteurizing" it. Pasteur had conquered hydrophobia, the strange sickness which drives dogs "mad" and may kill humans. Robert Koch, the great German bacteriologist, had discovered the germs that cause anthrax and tuberculosis. Great inroads had been made by scientists since the day of Leeuwenhoek in their battle against the tiny invisible animals.

Walter Reed was employed by the United States government. The time was at the turn of the century. The presence of American soldiers in Cuba during the Spanish-American war called attention to yellow fever. Reed was sent to Cuba as head of the Yellow Fever Commission. His orders were to find out the cause of the disease and conquer it if possible.

Well, here is Dr. Walter Reed and his assistants, Dr. James Carroll, Dr. Jesse Lazear, and Dr. Aristides Agramonte, on the semi-tropical island of Cuba. And here is the yellow fever, breaking out on every side, popping up in unexpected places—its victims turning yellow, and hiccupping and vomiting black. But the Commission didn't solve the problem. Something was wrong. Samples of blood taken from the dying victims were under the microscope. The victims were examined from head to foot. The cases were studied, studied, and studied some more.

Finally, to use a good old American term, they had to admit they were "up a stump." Here was a terrible disease. No germ could be found with the most powerful microscope. Is the germ too small to be seen by the most powerful microscope? How is the disease carried?

And right here is where Dr. Carlos Finlay of Havana steps in. For years, Dr. Finlay had maintained that yellow fever was caused by the bite of a mosquito. Why? Well, he had observed certain things. The Commission questioned him. Why not? What if the people of Havana laughed at Dr. Finlay's theory about the cause of yellow fever. They thought him just another old crank. But the Commission was up a stump. Here they had been many weeks searching like Sherlock Holmes for the guilty yellow fever "bug," and not a clue in sight. Dr. Reed must have scratched his head when he heard Finlay's theory. "Impossible, but it may be—" he must have muttered. He milled the idea over and over in his mind. "You have to admit that this Dr. Finlay is no fool," we can hear him saying. So we will just look into this little matter. But—

Animals don't have yellow fever. Since the days of Pasteur and Robert Koch, guinea pigs and dogs have given their little lives to prove and disprove theories about microbes. (We should erect a great monument to the humble guinea pig, we happen to think.) But you can't experiment with human beings. But they did, and that makes the romance of our story.

Drs. Carroll and Lazear volunteered at once to permit this peculiar mosquito to bite them. So the experiment began.

With the mosquitoes they had hatched from eggs furnished by Dr.

Finlay, they went to the army field hospital where lay rows of American soldiers down with the yellow fever. The mosquitoes were allowed to bite the sick soldiers. Then Dr. Carroll and a soldier permitted themselves to be bitten. Down they came with yellow fever, but recovered. Dr. Lazear permitted himself to be bitten; down he went and he didn't get up. On September 25, 1900, he died, a martyr to the war on yellow fever. Well, it began to look like there was something to Dr. Finlay's idea after all, and mosquitoes did carry yellow fever.

But, no scientist can stop at a place like that. It must be PROVED that the men did not get the disease in any other way. Dr. Reed started to do that very thing. One of the Cuban ideas about the disease was that it was carried by clothing worn by injected persons. Very well. The soiled, bloody, and foul-smelling bed-clothing on which yellow fever victims had died was placed in a little house. Three privates of the U. S. Army volunteered to help on that experiment. For 20 days and nights, they slept on those dirty sheets and pillows. Not very nice, perhaps, but we suppose Dr. Reed provided plenty of good food and cigarets and newspapers and playing cards, and maybe the boys smuggled in a few bottles of whisky. But one thing DIDN'T enter that house and that was mosquitoes. So the boys lived in their little prison. They had volunteered to do so, and we may imagine that in spite of its unpleasantness, it was no worse than drilling under a boiling tropical sun. At the end of 20 days, the soldiers were examined. How did they feel? Fine! In fact, it looked like in their idleness they had gained a few pounds. None the worse for the experiment in spite of the unpleasantness and the "contaminated" bed-cloth-

ing. Well, they were somewhere. They KNEW now that it wasn't clothing.

Another little house, as clean and neat as a pin was built. Say, it was a palace compared with the dirty stinking place where the other experiment had been carried on. But there were plenty of mosquitoes there—big husky ones who had sucked the blood of yellow fever victims. As screens kept mosquitoes out of the house where the "contaminated" bed-clothing was, so screens kept these mosquitoes in. Some more human guinea pigs entered; again soldiers of the United States Army. One of them, John J. Moran, came down with the yellow fever. He came within an inch of dying, too. Were there any doubters now that yellow fever was carried by this mosquito? Some scientists stroked their beards. Well, one day a few of these solemn old fellows (15 to be exact) were in the room of Dr. Reed. The experiments were remarkable, it was agreed. But, of course, and they hammed and hawed, and admitted they were still doubtful. There was a jar on the table filled with the particular breed of mosquitoes that Dr. Reed had learned caused yellow fever. Was it an accident when the gauze lid was tipped and the mosquitoes flew out and made for the eminent scientists with blood in their eyes? Maybe so, maybe not. The doubters suddenly ceased doubting, turning over chairs and waste baskets to get out of that room. The screen was torn off the door because two large doctors tried to go through it at the same time. Dr. Reed laughed. After all these mosquitoes had never bitten a sick victim, and they couldn't have hurt the good scientists. But Dr. Reed was pleased to note that they weren't running any chances. Perhaps they weren't so doubtful after all.

(Continued next month.)

A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

I wonder if when you pick up my letter today you will sigh "Ho-Hum" something like the little dummy that the ventriloquist operates on a certain radio program. By that I don't mean that you're like the dummy—not at all!—but I thought maybe you have noticed the way he gives that sigh: as though he must go on and appear interested even if he is bored.

Well, I got to thinking that I've been writing you these letters for a year now and some of them have been pretty well filled up with heavy facts. So to "give you a break," I'm going to tell you a bundle of fish stories for today. Yes, they'll really be just that. Fish stories! Some of them are better than any "fish story" you've heard.

You've read about flying fishes, haven't you? If nowhere else, you know the line, "Where the flying fishes play," etc. Have you ever heard about "climbing fishes"?

About 145 years ago, a Danish traveler in India saw a small fish climbing a tree. Now whether it had climbed there by itself or whether it had been deposited by some bird has not been settled, since no one knows. But the fact is that this fish was living and breathing. It was given the name "Anabas." It was found that it had a second breathing apparatus, which made it possible for it to live out of water as well as in it. Besides, it was noted that this fish could make its scales stand upright, so that it could wiggle on dry land and move itself forward. This is about the same way that a snake moves itself forward.

On the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans there are a great number of fishes that are called mudskippers. They come up out of the water and go

about the beaches searching for food. Every now and then they go back into the water to moisten their gills.

Have you ever seen a picture of the iguana? If you haven't, open up your dictionary right away and look at it. This is one of the most curious animals. The iguanas live mostly on the shores of the Galapagos Islands—a special type, that is. Well, there is something very funny about these creatures. While they are on the land they are very lazy. You could catch hold of one of them by the tail, and it wouldn't put up a fight at all. But if you took it by the tail and threw it into the water, it would suddenly become all alive and swim to the shore as fast as it could. Another thing: the iguanas on these islands are all drab-colored, while the iguanas on the shores of South America are of many bright colors.

There must be a reason for this. There is. These islands were formed from the mainland of South America. On the drifting timber, eggs and seeds were carried. When these living things came to life on these islands, they found that their life was going to be a great deal different from what they had been accustomed to in their natural place. They didn't have much food to eat; the only thing was the green sort of sea-lettuce that was on the beaches. So they had to eat that. If they didn't, they starved and died. Then when this sea-lettuce went further and further into the water, they had to travel after it. But there were huge sharks in the waters. So they had to swim fast if they wanted to get away. Also, the more brightly-colored the iguanas were the easier it was for the sharks to see them. So in time, it was only the drab-colored ones that survived and that were safe. This little iguana

somehow got the habit of swimming very fast while he was in the water to get away from sharks that might eat it. And so when it is thrown there by man, it does the same thing.

But how about the climbing and flying fishes? We'll come back to that later. I want to tell you some other stories.

As you probably know, about a half mile below the surface of the sea, there is no light. When Dr. William Beebe went down 3,000 feet below the surface, he was amazed at what was there. He saw many-colored creatures drift past them and some of them were all lighted as though they had electric lights. Some of them looked like lighted Christmas trees. Some have head lights and tail lights. One specimen had 256 of such lamps on it. Some of them carry lamps on their heads much like a miner's light.

Some fish are like firemen. They shoot streams of water. Two such fish were brought from the East Indies to the New York aquarium and watched. These fish would swim about just below the surface of the water. Every time they would see an insect or a bug on some plant just above the water, they would squirt water with enough force to make the bug fall off of its twig and onto the water. That is the way these fish get their food.

There is another kind of fish called the drum fish. They travel together and they make a noise that sounds like beating on a drum.

You may know people who hitchhike; maybe you have tried hitchhiking yourself. There are some fish that do that, too. There is one fish that has a kind of suction pad on the top of its head and it attaches this on to some larger fish and rides around for hours without making any effort at all.

There is also such a thing as an electric eel. This kind of fish discharges electricity. It is actually strong enough to knock down a horse. It doesn't need

any ground connection to do this, either. Whenever attendants decide to move these shock-givers, they wear rubber gloves.

These are only a few examples of some of the very strange fish that live in the waters—especially the deep seas. What all goes on in the life of the ocean bottom, we have never been able to know thus far, because we have not been able to get down to the depths of ocean life. For one thing, the pressure at a depth beneath the water is so great that man is overcome by it.

The next thing about all these forms and their customs is that there is a reason for everything. Just as in the case of the iguanas of the Galapagos Islands, there must be a reason for everything that seems curious to us.

Now to come back to the funny climbing or flying fishes we talked about earlier. Scientists say that those fishes give us a clue as to how the ancestors of the land animals first came up out of the water millions of years ago. Some time or another these water creatures had to crawl up on the shores and learn how to live on land where it was much more difficult for them than in the waters. There was danger of drying up. And so, for every changing need Nature changed the form to correspond. When we go right to the bottom of everything, living things all have a medium of water. Can you imagine how man would live if he did not have water?

There is another very interesting thing about changes in plants and animals, too. Sometimes we might think that all life was going only from the waters on to the dry land. But it was not always that way. Now and then when some of these creatures got settled on the land and could live on it, they decided to go back into the water. For no special reason at all! Then there were other types that sprang up. The animals got more fish-like again. The seals, sea lions, and whales are exam-

ples of what form some land animals took when they went back into the waters. That is the reason why again: the whales are mammals! They are warm-blooded and they produce milk to suckle their young. Every so often they have to come to the surface to get a breath of air—out of the water. But they are very fish-like.

Some plants have gone through the same changes. They had been acclimated to living on dry land and then went down to the waters again.

There are a few things as interesting to study as these early forms of animal and plant life. Each one seems so queer to us and yet each one has an

entire history back of it that gives us one clue after another of the earth at different stages of its development. And that is why—everytime you come across a queer or curious thing in Nature, it will repay you to ask How? and Why? **Because there is always a reason for it!**

All of this brings us back to the thing we have been saying over and over again: That things did not come about by someone saying "Hocus-pocus!" or by simply deciding to put this thing here and that thing there. It came about very, very slowly, and there was some cause in the constantly-changing Nature to account for it!

Why Easter?

THE ancient **Hindoos** had a god whom they called Crishna. They believed that he "rose from the dead" after he was crucified.

The **Buddhists** believed that their savior Buddha "rose from the dead" after his death.

The ancient **Persians** believed that the founder of their religion, Zoroaster, rose from the dead.

The **Egyptians** believed that their god, Adonis, rose from the dead. They held great festivals in honor of this even as late as 362 years after Christ. This was on the 25th of March.

Bacchus, another Savior, was supposed to have risen from the dead and they celebrated this event on the 25th day of March.

Hercules, who was supposed to be the son of Zeus, was believed to have risen from the dead and this event was celebrated.

The **Scandinavians** had the gods Bal-dur and Frey, who rose from the dead after they had been put to death.

The ancient **Druids** in the British Isles thought that Bacchus was risen from the dead and they celebrated for this event.

The name "Easter" is taken from a heathen goddess "Ostrt", of the Saxons, and the "Oestre" of the Germans.

The **Jews** in Palestine celebrated the feast of the "Passover" on the same day that the Pagans celebrated their gods who "rose from the dead."

The **Christians** copied these ancient celebrations and customs and decided to celebrate their Christ who "had risen from the dead" on the 25th of March. They quarreled for a long time just which date should be selected. The Council of Nice finally decided for them when they should celebrate their Easter.



TALKING IT OVER

Letters

A number of letters sent in during the past month were left out of this issue. But all of them will be included in the March edition. They are too interesting to be omitted. We appreciate your efforts and we hope that you will continue to contribute to our "Chatter Corner." So—please have patience. Your letters will be published in the order as they were received.

SNPJ Convention

The 11th regular convention of the Slovene National Benefit Society will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, at the St. Clair ave. Slovene National Home. May 17 is the date set for its first session. This convention will be important especially for our youth. It will devote much

more time to our juveniles and our youth in general than any previous convention. It is only natural that this should be so, because the future of the Society to a very large extent depends on the ability to keep on increasing our forces.

Springtime

Spring's almost here! It will make its bow officially on March 20. Boys and girls can hardly wait for it. Spring means much fun and joy. You will spend much of your time outdoors at plays and games. Spring means the awakening of Nature. It means new interests, new hopes and new life. We hope that you will enjoy yourself during the coming spring and that you will greatly benefit by its opportunities.

EDITOR.

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is station H.M.S. in Joliet, Illinois, bringing you again a brief summary of the latest "what-nots."—It has been a lapse of about four months since my last letter appeared in this grand magazine. Since that time I have been taking life as it comes. I go to school at 7:45, come home at 4:45, then study a little, listen to the radio and go to bed. And the same day after day. But I have just finished a vacation. Vacation? Yes, that's what I said. Well, it wasn't really a vacation. We had our examinations on the 15th, 18th and 19th of Jan., and

the rest of the week was left free. I have passed all of my exams and you can be sure it is a load off my mind.

Our second semester began on January 25. The subjects which I now have are: A4 Art; B4 Art; A4 Dressmaking; U. S. History; Business Organizations and A Cappella Choir. This being my last semester in this school I will try to get all the friendships and companions that I can hold. The graduation date is set for June 3, the day after my eighteenth birthday. So I'll be able to enjoy a double celebration.

I think the flood tragedy can be classed as a recurrence of the tragedy of 1913 which occurred in the same stricken area.

Another event going on is the war in Spain. Everyone realizes this, but what people don't realize is that we are having war right here in our own U.S.A. Yes, war. The word war does not only refer to states versus states, countries versus countries, and nations versus nations. It also refers to war for construction and war against destruction. We are fighting a war against crime, floods, tornadoes, fires, disease—and also against depression. I think we are winning in these wars.

Through this magazine I received many pen pals and I want to take this time to thank all of my pen pals and also this magazine from which I obtained all of my pen pals. I'm making another request for more pen pals.

With lotions of love, Your Reporter,

H. M. Sternisha,
1616 Wilcox st., Joliet, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—I was very happy when I saw my first letter in the M. L. That gave me a courage to write again, and this time in English. I told you last month that we belong to a singing chorus, called "Škrjančki" (Larks). Sometime in March we are going to have a concert. If you knew how nice we sing you would like to listen to us. And here is one of our nicest Slovene poems in English:

LOOKING INTO AN INNOCENT EYE

("Pogled v nedolžno oko")

Oh fear me not, Oh fear me not,
Thou angel gentle, innocent,
Come hither, sit beside me,
From eye to eye behold me.

Your glance is pure, your eye serene,
In it reflects the azure sky,
In it there beam reflections,
Of days, with joy resplendent.

You bring me wondrous memories,
Of days that were as yours are now,
You bring me recollections
Of youth that knows no sorrow.

The original was written by Simon Gregorčič and translated by Ivan Zorman.

Best regards to Editor and Readers.

Violet Vogrin, 19515 Kildare ave.

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Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the Mladinski List. There was a big flood along the Ohio river and many houses were destroyed. Many people were driven from their homes.

Here is a riddle: Down in the field there

is a red bull; it eats and eats and never gets full. Ans.: A threshing machine.

Best regards to all readers of the M. L.

Mary Culkar,
R.F.D. 1, Box 123, Brunswick, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I am 12 years old and I am in the 6A grade at Waring school. We had a little snow in November and very little in December. I didn't write to the Mladinski List for a long time, but I hope I will continue writing. Best regards to Editor and the Juvenile members.

Zdenka Mahnic,
3222 Lakeside ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the M. L. I was sliding on the pond and it broke, so I fell in. I didn't have so much fun that time. My sister did not go on, but my girl friend fell in with me. We had boots and snow-suits and didn't get wet too much. One day we were going to school on the bus but we did not get to school early enough because we got stuck. The boys were trying to pull it out, but they couldn't. We were late for one period; it was arithmetic. Our school was collecting money for the flood victims. The first day we collected quite a bit. When there is a flood, the people need help.

Best regards to all.
Rose Culkar,
R.F.D. 1, Box 123, Brunswick, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L., because I am a new member of SNPJ. I have been in the Golden Eagles Lodge since September, 1936. I want to thank the SNPJ for the nice Christmas card they sent me. I want to thank the secretary of the Golden Eagles Lodge 643 for the little Christmas package she made up for the children. Her name is Mrs. Jennie Verbic, of Girard, Ohio. I have been down with the "flu" for a week now, but I am getting better.

Best regards to all.
Bernice Luky,
R.F.D. 1, Box 168, Niles, Ohio.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—I am sorry I could not write to this wonderful magazine before, but my school work has delayed me. First of all I wish to thank the SNPJ for the nice greeting card I received. Our "Home Economics Club" is progressing. Our officers are: President, Shirley La Forte; Vice President, Margaret Zeigler; Secretary, Olga Knopich; Treasurer, Madrene Wattlelet; Reporter, Mary Troyan, Historian, Gladys Heydorf, and Pianist, Mary Troyan. We also have elected song leaders at our last meeting and they are to be music instructors. There are 40 girls enrolled in our club and the dues

amount to 20c a semester. Miss Marshal of Kansas State Teachers College of Pittsburg and Ruby Enmitt, also of Pittsburg, were guests at our Christmas gathering. We enjoyed Miss Marshal's talk very much, then we presented our gift we bought our teacher, which was a tea set. Refreshments were then served. At our last meeting we voted on having a Valentine Party on Feb. 11.

I wish my pen pal, **Mary Zager**, would see my letter in the Mladinski List. She is one of the best friends that I've ever had. I am also very interested in the pen pals whose names appear in this magazine. I will gladly answer all boys' and girls' letters.

I read all the letters in the M. L. and never see a member from Girard writing, but I finally woke up first again. Come on, boys and girls, wake up and boost this wonderful magazine.

A proud member,

Olga Knapich,

R.R. 3, Box 714, Girard, Kans.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—I forgot to write last month, for which I am very sorry. We are always so busy at school that I don't have time. In the night I don't have time because I have night work. The only time that I have time is on Saturday and Sunday, but most of the time I like to take a rest on Saturday and Sunday. I think that is why Helen Skerbetz, Albina Skerbetz and their cousin, Edward Skerbetz, don't want to write, because they like to rest just as I do. I am in the fifth grade and I have six teachers, Miss Morous, Mrs. Danley, Miss Rothar, Miss Smith, Mr. Bolte and Mr. Bee. I would like to see Elizabeth Koshier's, Helen Skerbetz', Albina Skerbetz', Edward Skerbetz' and Dorothy Ferlic's letters in the Mladinski List. I'll be looking for your letters. Best regards to all.

Anna Grobin,

Box 17, Broughton, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—I hope that all of you readers had a much enjoyable vacation over the holidays.

I am a Sophomore at the Avela high school. I also am secretary of our class. I held that position from the Freshman class. The subjects that I take are English, history, biology, geometry and health. I belong to the Avella high school chorus. We sang at Christmas and when the school presented the play, "Merry Death".

On Christmas I went to see the movie "Old Hutch", featuring Wallace Beery, Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker. I enjoyed the play very much.

I attended a soccer game Sunday, December

27. The opponents were the Moon Run players. Our team lost the game.

We had our Mid-Year exams on January 15, 18, 19. The students having an average of B were exempt from the exams. Our Freshie and Sophomore party will be held in January.

For Christmas I wanted to go to Youngstown, Ohio, but I didn't. I think it is so nice out there. I wonder if there aren't any girls and boys from there that could write to the Mladinski List. I haven't read any letters from Youngstown.

I would like to have some pen pals from all over. I promise to answer all letters. I thank the SNPJ for the nice card I received for Christmas.

Mary Bogatay,

Box 211, Avella, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. Our lodge number is 216. I go to school. My best subject is "health". My home-room teacher is Mr. Calhoun. I have six teachers. Our school had a play called "Marry Before Midnight". It was a spooky play.

I wish the M. L. would come every week instead of every month. We are having cold weather out here. They are fixing the roads. I hope all the readers had a wonderful Christmas. — Best regards to all.

Josephine Samec,

Box 241, Penn st., Verona, Pa.

* *

Dear Readers: I didn't write for a long time. I go to school. I am in the sixth grade. I like school very much. Christmas came and went. We had lots of fun. On Dec. 5, my teacher took the first 6 grades to Marshfield where we saw a parade. It was about Santa. Most of all I liked the funny clowns. They had big heads. We saw all of Santa's helpers. We also saw his reindeer. I wish I could see one every year.

Amelia Bergant,

R. R. 1, Willard, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 11 years old and am in the sixth grade at Robinson Torp school. I have three sisters, Mary, Victoria and Frances. Mary and Victoria are the oldest. Frances is the youngest. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge. I like the M. L. I think it is a wonderful magazine. I love to read it.

Best regards to all.

Johnny Ambrozic,

R. 3, Box 188, Crafton Branch, Pa.

Dear Editor and Readers:—Since my last letter was published, I thought I'd write again to the M. L. In my last letter I said I had five teachers, but I meant to say six. I forgot to count my music teacher. We are just having our first semester tests. We hadn't had much winter this year yet. I don't like winter. It's too cold and I don't like to see it snow. I wish some of the members would write to me and I'd gladly answer their letters.

Genevieve L. Tazely,

R.D. 2, Windher, Via Krayn, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. Once upon a time there was a little mouse and a cat. The cat said to the mouse, "I want you to be there where you are right now to-morrow morning at eight o'clock." "Yes, I will be right here at eight o'clock." Then the mouse fell into a barrel full of whiskey. The next morning the cat came along, "Little mouse, where are you? Why didn't you come when I told you to come?" "Well, last night I fell in a barrel full of whiskey."

Rosie Zaubi, (Lodge 49.)

14 Browns court, Girard, Ohio.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—It certainly is wonderful reading this nice magazine, but it sure is hard for me to write a letter. As **Helen Vidmar** said in her letter last month, that we West Virginians are asleep, I believe she is right, in my case, because I was asleep up to now. **Mary Potisek's** jokes were exceptionally good, and others also. I am 12 years old and in the 8th grade. The name of our school is Jayenne (pronounced J. N.) I have several teachers, but don't think mentioning names here would do much good. The activities that I belong to in school are Press Club, Girls' Safety First Club, Dramatic Club, and a few others.

Our Press Club issues a paper every month. I am the Society Editor and a News reporter. Our paper has a colored back and front and is a colored mimiograph paper. The inside of our "Jayenne Jay" is white mimiograph paper. The name of our Dramatic Club is "Beta-Zeta Club." I have one sister, Mary, 16 years of age, and one brother whose name is John Jr. "Sis" is in her third year in the Fairmont High School and "Buzzy" is in the fifth grade. My dad works in a mine, but we don't live in a mining camp. We live right out of Fairmont, which is at the edge of town. I would like everyone to write letters to me that possibly could. I belong to SNPJ Lodge 469.

"A Proud Member,"

Dorothy Prele,

Westchester, R.D. 1, Fairmont, W. Va.

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have been reading the M. L. for the past eight years and was too busy to write before. I enjoy reading the magazine very much. Very few Gilbertans write to this magazine. Come on and write! We want a good record. I am a sophomore in high school. We are going to start a girls' basketball team. Basketball is my favorite sport. Gilbert has a good basketball record. I hope they keep it up. I would like some pen pals.

Margaret Barle,

104 New York ave., Gilbert, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—I made up my mind and decided to write every month to the M. L. Our entire family which consists of my sister Marie, my father and myself, belongs to SNPJ Lodge 189. My age is 15 years and I go to Joliet Township high school. I wish to tell all members that I am willing to receive letters from anyone, and promise to answer all letters promptly. Sending my best regards to all.

Louise Pucel,

105 Hacker ave., Joliet, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to M. L. I am in the 6th grade. My teacher is Miss Mead. I was 12 years old on Feb. 17. The new Fruitvale school which I and my brothers attend, is made of adobe brick and it's not quite finished yet. They are making the auditorium now. The whole school is being modernized. Two of my brothers and I belong to the SNPJ here. My three younger brothers are going to join soon. There have been several snow storms this winter and it has gotten quite low in temperature. We have nice, long summers here, and raise all kinds of vegetables and fruits. We have irrigation system to water our crops. I would like to hear from girls and boys from other parts of U.S.A.

Frank Marchun Jr.,

Route 1, Grand Junction, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am ten years old and I go to the Jefferson school. I am in the fourth grade. My teacher is Miss Mainwaring. She is a nice teacher. My favorite subjects are Spelling, Reading, and Social Studies. I play a button-accordion. I have been playing my accordion since I was three and one-half years old. I won a loving cup when I was five years old. I won a picture with the loving cup. I also play a piano accordion. I am taking lessons and enjoy playing. I have five pieces now. My music teacher is Mr. Piloto, a very nice teacher. I will write more next time.

Julia Moyl,

4822 17th ave., Kenosha, Wis.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter for this magazine which I like to read very much. I only hope the M. L. would come more often. I am 16 years of age and do not go to school. I help with all the work at home. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 361, McIntyre, Pa. I also enjoy reading the daily Prosveta. — I'll try and write again.

Lubert Vuckovich,
Box 81, Clune, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I go to school every day and am in the fifth grade. My teacher is Miss McCombs. There are seven of us in the family, and six of us belong to the SNPJ Lodge 138. My father and two brothers work in the mine. It is very warm in Strabane these days (Jan. 12). I wish some of the Strabane children would write to this wonderful Mladinski List. So—wake up, Strabane, and write to the Mladinski List!

Hedvi Sterle, Box 176, Strabane, Pa.

* *

Editor and Readers:—Trying to keep in bounds of one of my new year's resolutions I again let you visualize a concise edition. In issues of the Prosveta I have read of the successful Juvenile Campaign, also the increase in membership enrollment in the adult department. Due to this vast number of membership we are expecting fine cooperation and as a result of this we wish to call ours the most outstanding fraternal organization!! Thanks is due to our Society, the SNPJ, for the lovely cards sent to all Juveniles.

My appreciation for the M. L. is shown by sending in a poem:

OUR MAGAZINE

Each month from the Society's headquarters
A journal goes on its way
To a multitude of homes that welcome it
Like sunshine on a cloudy day;
It specializes in letters and poems
From cities, towns, and everywhere;
And once each month we're found together—
Mladinski List, myself and the easy chir.

To find the answer to a riddle
M. L. will prove to be
The answer to the mystery lock,
And its readers hold the key.
Friends will envy your wealth of knowledge—
One word should be a reminder:
Just tell them what they wish to know
Will be found within the M. L. binder.

Writing to this magazine (which is read by thousands and thousands) has, for me, brought spontaneous correspondence with a number of juveniles, all of whom are loyal

members of the SSNPJ. They have liked the letters which I have written to the M. L. and written me letters. Included in my list are the names of two young juveniles, **Mary Dermaine** of Cleveland and that of **Betty Stambal** of Sharon, from whom I have recently received very nice letters. I appreciate all of them!! Thanks to all who sent me letters.

A proud Juvenile,

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

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. My birthday was on Jan. 31. I was 11 years old. My brother is going to be 9 years of age March 21. I thank the SNPJ for the Christmas Card and Calendar. I like the picture on it of Ljubljana. It must be a very nice place there. I like the M. L. and SNPJ. Our whole family belongs to Lodge 142.

Olga Koporc,
785 E. 157th street, Cleveland, O.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade and have two very good teachers. I go to the Marquette school which I enjoy very much. I wish **Mary Znidaric** would write to me. Best regards to all.

Ann Sertich,
706 — 12th st., North Virginia, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am sorry I haven't written before. I have always been reading the M. L. I am 12 years of age and am in the 8 grade, and I belong to the SNPJ Lodge 168. We had big times here for Christmas. On Dec. 24 the lodge gave a big treat to the members. On Dec. 27, 1936, the UMW gave a treat to the children. I am glad to hear that in other towns and cities Slovene lodges gave presents. I will write more next time. I wish the girls and boys would write to me, I would be glad to answer their letters. A proud member,

Ruby Stermec,
303 Main st., Conemaugh, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I enjoyed reading last month's M. L. I saw many letters from Broughton, Pa. I also enjoyed reading **Anna Grobin's** letters very much. I wish she would write me a few lines next time. I now live in West Allis, Wis., but my home town is Broughton, Pa. That's about all I have to say now. But from now on I will write to the M. L. every month. I will not forget.

HILDA CHRNELICH,
970 So. 60th, West Allis, Wis.

Dear Editors and Readers:—It's been such a long time since I wrote to this magazine, that I thought I would write again now. We had cold weather here. First it started to snow, but it changed into rain. The next morning the rain froze. Now I can skate in the middle of our yard. What fun I have! Our great president's birthday will soon be here, those are Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays. Valentine day is just around the corner. I don't see very many letters from Kansas. Wake up you Kansans and write.

Antonia F. Gabrsek,
R. R. 2, Pittsburg, Kans.

* *

Dear Editors and Readers:—I have written to the M. L. twice and this will be the third time. I have noticed many have been writing to this magazine, but not many from here. Our exams are coming and our principal is going to prepare them. Many of the pupils say they will be hard, but I hope not. Last year the Juveniles had members something in the 80's, and this year there are more than 100 members. In the summer the older SNPJ Comets take us places and we have a grand time. I hope many others will join the Comets. — I have got many letters from girls who saw my letter in the M. L. and I wish to get more. That means — get your pen and paper and get busy for a Pen Pal.

Your proud juvenile,

FLORENCE BREGANT,
Box 164, Universal, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—I hope everybody in the SNPJ will get more members in during 1937 than 1936. I would like to get members in, too, but most of the Slovene people we know are in the SNPJ or else live very far away. **Bertha Bots** and **Jennie Mestnik**, I thank you for answering my last letter. I didn't answer Bertha's 3rd letter because I'm so busy, but wish she'd send me the picture of her family she mentioned in her last letter. — We had a swell time at the Slovene New Year party with **Olga Gorup**. We danced to almost every song, and were we tired.

A Real Proud Member,

JENNIE VOLK (lodge 121),
16043 Manning ave., Detroit, Mich.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. Still I haven't seen no letters from Toronto in our magazine. I don't know what's the matter with the boys and girls here. But I will write often. I had quite a few pen pals when I wrote my letter. But what surprised me was that the first letter I got was from a girl in Chicago. I thought a boy would write first, but I was mistaken. However, I got

more letters from boys than from girls. I'm afraid that girls like sports better than the boys do in U. S., because the girls only mentioned in their letter about how they like sports and how the games are played. I thought that was the best part of the letters because I like sports myself. — Toronto is the largest City in Ontario. It is also Capital and most beautiful city situated in the north of Lake Ontario. It has many parks, beautiful boulevards, skating rinks, swimming tanks and amusements.—I graduated from my 2nd year high school, and was I glad when the exams were over. I am going to work harder next term and pass with honors, I hope.

(Listen, Mr. Editor:—If I don't get somebody else from Toronto to write to you, well, I'll consider myself a poor encourager.) Come on you Toronto boys and girls, why don't you write to the M. L.?!?! — I hope I will get more pen-pals through the M. L.

FRANK NAHTIGAL JR.,
33 Heintzman st., Toronto, Ont.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. My best regards to the SNPJ Juvenile Department for sending Christmas cards to all of us children who belong to the wonderful SNPJ. There are seven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. We are very proud of it too. There are five children in our family and we all go to school. I am the oldest, 14 years old, and am in the ninth grade. I will graduate in June. Ann, who is my next oldest sister, is 12, and in the seventh grade. Jennie is in the fourth, Sylvia in the third, and Johnny, the only brother I have, is 7½ years old and is in the third grade. He likes school very much. His teacher is Miss Clark. I would like to have some pen pals. Why don't the Elizabeth Juveniles wake up and write? I would like to see **Frank Pasariche's** letter in the M. L. I'd like to see **Lodge 540** to wake up a little.

MARY TURK, Lodge 540,
713 McKinley st., Elizabeth, N. J.

* *

Dear Editor:—I am ten years old and go to Universal Wright school. My teacher is Miss Easter. She is very good. My sister is fifteen years old, and is a Sophomore in high school. We all belong to SNPJ Lodge 305. My father is its sec'y. Our lodge had a Christmas party for all the Junior members. We each had to sing a song before we got our presents. Later on they served us ice-cream and sandwiches. — Most of the men around here work on W. P. A.

JOSEPHINE KOSMACH,
Box 86, Universal, Ind.