

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Mile Klopčič:

POMLADANSKA

(Prigodnica s pripisom)

[Z zemlje prvi zvonček je pognal,
se ves vzravnal in zacingljajal:
"Bim — br — bom — bom — br — bim —
mogoče še drevje iz sna prebudim."

Pa se je jablana vsa razcvetela,
v solnce žarela in zaželela:
"O—da bi s cvetovi dišala do panja,
da bi čebele zbudila iz spanja."

Iz panjev čebele so v rojih planile,
medú se napile in se bodrile:
"Nabirajmo med, da se založimo,
da bomo imeli sladkobe za zimo."

Še človek je sredi livade obstal,
—solnce je toplo sijalo z nebá—
oziral se je in pri sebi dejal:
"Zdaj je pa res že pomlad spet prišla."

PRIPIS:

Ta človek bil je učitelj. Iz mesta.
Ko se je vrnil domov, je šolarjem nalogo dal:
Napišite kaj o veseli in solnčni pomladi.
V zadnji klopi je šolarček premišljeval:
Kaj naj napišem? Do farme predolga je cesta.
V mestu pa ne poznamo pomladi. Pa bi jo radi.

Kotka Zupančič:

KO SE ZDRAVJE VRAČA

MAMICA, glej,
 na oknu je solnce, ki vabi me ven!
 Ven, da naj grem?
 Solncu povej,
 da ven še ne morem, ne smem.

Mamica, čuj,
 na veji je ptiček, ki kliče me ven!
 Ven, da naj grem?
 Ptiček miruj,
 ker ven še ne morem, ne smem.

Mamica, veš,
 v sobi je dolgčas, ki sili me ven!
 Ven, da naj grem?
 Kaj si pa češ,
 ko ven še ne morem, ne smem.

Mama, kaj ne,
 pred hišo je deca, ki hoče me ven!
 Ven, da naj grem?
 Deca naj ve:
 jaz ven še ne morem, ne smem.
 Mamica, daj,
 ko solnce me božaj, ko ptiček mi poj;
 sedi tu sem,
 z mienoj se igraj,—
 pa ven še ne maram, ne grem.





MILE KLOPČIČ

Sotrudnika Mladinskega lista

Mile Klopčič je proletarski pesnik in pisatelj v stari domovini. Zdaj živi v Ljubljani. Rodil se je v Zagorju, kjer je njegov oče še vedno rudar. Star je okrog 25 let. Ker je še mlad, je

pričakovati, da pokloni slovenskemu delavstvu še veliko dobrega in lepega.

Ivan Jontez je delavec. Zdaj živi v Clevelandu. Star je 29 let in rojen je bil na Gorenjskem. V Združene države je prišel pred nekaj leti in takoj je začel pisati povesti in druge stvari.



IVAN JONTEZ

Putka je šla v mesto

(Srbska narodna pripovedka.)

SLA je putka v mesto, pa si je umazala nožice, stopila h grmu ter rekla:

“Grm, obriši mi nogo!”

“Nočem,” je odgovoril grm.

“Nočeš? Le čakaj, grm zanikarni! Kozo pokličem, da te obgrizne. Hajd, koza, pogrizi ta grm!”

“Nočem,” je rekla koza.

“Nočeš? Le čakaj, koza zanikarna! Volk naščujem nate, da te požre. Hajd, volk, požri kozo!”

“Nočem,” je rekel volk.

“Kaj, nočeš? Le čakaj, volk zanikarni! Vaščane pokličem, da te pretepejo. Halo, kmetje, preštejte volku kosti, pobijte ga!”

“Nočemo,” so rekli kmetje.

“Nočete? Čakajte, kmetje zanikarni! Ogenj pokličem, da vam uniči vso vas. Alo, ogenj, požri vso vas!”

“Nočem,” je rekel ogenj.

“Nočeš? Le čakaj, ogenj zanikarni! Vodo pokličem, da te pogasi in zatre. Hajd, voda, pogasi ogenj!”

“Nočem,” je rekla voda.

“Nočeš? Le čakaj, voda zanikarna! Konja pokličem, da te popije. Halo, konj, popij vodo!”

“Nočem,” je rekel konj.

“Nočeš? Le čakaj, konj zanikarni! Sedlo pokličem, da te bo ožuljilo. Alo, sedlo, skoči na konja in ga žulji!”

“Nočem,” je reklo sedlo.

“Nočeš? Le čakaj, sedlo zanikarno! Miško pokličem, da te ogloda. Miška, zglodaj sedlo!”

“Nočem,” je rekla miška.

“Nočeš? Le čakaj, miška zanikarna! Mačko pokličem, da te požre. Halo, mačka, požri miško!”

“Nočem,” je rekla mačka.

“Nočeš? Le čakaj, mačka zanikarna! Psa pokličem, da te pograbi! Alo, Pazi, ugrizni mačko!”

Pes Pazi pa je rekel: “Bom! Jaz bom!”

In je pes ugriznil mačko.

In je mačka ugriznila miško.

In je miška začela glodati sedlo.

In je sedlo začelo žuljiti konja.

In je konj začel vodo piti.

In je voda začela gasiti ogenj.

In je ogenj zažgal vas.

In so kmetje zamahnili po volku.

In je volk planil na kozo.

In je koza začela muliti grm.

In je grm z vejico obrisal putki nožice, da je putka lahko šla v mesto.

Anna P. Krasna:

ŠOLARČKI



VSAK dan mimo okna
 — mali šolarčki hitijo,
 v dežju, v mrazu, v vihri, v snegu,
 razigrani in glasni
 po strmem potu brzijo.
 Gredoč med seboj brezskrbno kramljajo
 o psičku, o mucu, o šoli in igri;
 očetih, ki pod zemljo
 črno bogastvo kopajo — —
 Pa jih včasih ob oknu stoje opazujem,
 se jim smejem veselo,
 si obraze njih sveže
 v spominu vtisujem.
 In vsak dan, ko se vračajo
 iz hrama učenja—
 nove črte na slike že snete zaznamujem—
 Ker, vsak dan, ko se vračajo,
 so njih obrazi resnejši,
 njih glasi srebrni—za spoznanje modrejši.



Katka Zupančič:

DŽUNGLA

OKROG ognja kanibali plešejo svoj ples;
 vmes cviljenje, krič in ropotanje,
 da odmeva se v džunglin les.

Daleč v globokem lesu se podi zverjad;
 rjove, tuli: moč grozi nemoči.
 Za bežečim plenom dere glad.

Prav do rajajočih sega divji glas zveri;
 nagci ropotajo, cepetajo,
 le še bolj kriče, da strah jih ne mori.

Okrog ognja kanibali plešejo svoj ples;
 nič strahu več, le strasti gorijo:
 zmago nosi — — — jazz.

Turgenjev:

Vrabec

VRAČAL sem se z lova in stopal po vrtni stezi. Pes je tekel pred menoj.

Nenadoma je zaustavil korake ter se začel plaziti, kakor bi bil začutil divjačino pred seboj.

Pogledal sem po stezi in opazil majhnega vrabca. Še rumen je bil krog kljuna in puh je imel na glavi. Padel je bil iz gnezda (veter je na moč stresal breze ob stezi) in je stal nepremično. Slabotno je otepal s krili, ki so se mu šele začela razvijati.

Moj pes se mu je počasi bližal. Nenadoma je zletel z bližnjega grma star črnogrudi vrabec in padel kot kamen tik pred njegov gobec. Ves nasršen, hud, z obupnim in žalostnim živžavanjem je dvakrat skočil proti psu, ki je zarezal s svojim zobatim gobcem.

Prihitel je reševati, prihitel je obvarovati svojega mladiča, a po vsem svojem telescu je ves trepetal od strahu, glas mu je bil ves slaboten in tih. Zamrl je, sebe samega je žrtvoval!

Kakšna velika pošast mu je bil videti moj pes! In vendar ni mogel ostati na visoki varni vejici . . . Sila, močnejša od njegove volje, ga je pognala z veje.

Moj pes se je ustavil, odrevenel . . . Jasno mu je bilo, da je tudi on razumel in ocenil to silo.

Hitro sem poklical svojega zmedenega psa—in sem odšel s spoštovanjem.

Da, ne smejte se! Čutil sem spoštovanje do te junaške, neznatne ptičice, do njenega ljubezenskega izliva.

Ljubezen, sem mislil, je močnejša od smrti in smrtnega strahu. Samo z ljubeznijo se vzdržuje in suče življenje.

Mile Klopčič:

POLŽ

(Po Schönlanke)

Iz svoje hiše polž strmi,
tipalke svoje v svet moli,
kot prosil bi—ubog.
Ker prédse spušča svoje sline,
po slinah svojo hišo rine,
mu pač ni treba nog.

Le suša voljo mu kali.
Zato želi, da bi vse dni
dež curkom lil z nebá.
Na svetu lepe so navade,
da tudi ta up v vodó pade . . .
Biló bi res preveč dežjá!

Ivan Jontez:

Andrejčkova laž

BILO je na starega leta dan. Sedemletni Andrejček je bil sam doma nekaj minut. Oče je bil še na delu, mati je šla po opravku k sosedu. Andrejček, ki je bil silno sladkosneden, je brž izrabil priložnost ter se spravil iskat čokoladnih bonbonov, ki jih je prinesla iz mesta sestra Tilka. Kdor išče, najde, pravi pregovor, ki se je uresničil do pičice tudi v tem slučaju. Dasiravno dobro spravljeni, so bonboni kmalu prišli v dečkove roke, ki so jih marljivo nosile v sladkosnedčkova usta. Ko je prišla mati domov, je bil Andrejček že gotov.

Zvečer pa je prišla domov tudi sestra ter začela iskati bonbonov, ki jih je bila namenila prijateljici za novoletno darilo.

Lična skatulja, v kateri so bili bonboni, je bila malone prazna. Tilka je zazijala in rdečica ji je zaplula v obraz.

"Mama, ali si mi ti vzela bonbone?" se je obrnila k materi ter mimogrede ošinila bratca z nič dobrega obetajočim pogledom.

"Kakšne bonbone?" se je čudila mati. "Kdaj si jih pa prinesla? In kje si jih imela?"

"Sinoči sem jih prinesla iz mesta ter jih spravila pod blazino na svoji postelji," je pojasnila Tilka, že rdeča od jeze. "Zdaj jih je jedva še pet v škatulji!"

Materine oči so poiskale Andrejčka. Sladkosnedček je čepel na stolu pri mizi ter na videz marljivo prebiral pisano knjigo, v kateri so bile napisane čarobne pravljice. Strogost je legla na materin obraz.

"Andrejček!"

"Kaj bi rada, mamica?" ji je Andrejček nedolžno pogledal v oči.

"Kje so bonboni?"

Zdaj je bila dečka sama pravcata nedolžnost. "Kaj jaz vem! Jaz jih nisem videl."

Tako predrzno se je zlagal, da si mati ni mogla kaj, da bi se ne nasmehnila. Nu nasmešek je spet izginil in obraz je postal še strožji. "Lažeš! Na nosu se ti pozna, da si jih jedel!"

Pa Andrejček ni bil tako neumen, da bi se dal kar hitro ujeti. Saj se je malo popreje pogledal v zrcalu in videl, da na nosu ni nikakšnih znamenj.

"Mamica, jaz ne lažem," se je dalje lagal. "Jaz ne vem nič o bonbonih."

Mater je grabila jeza. "Nameči mi jih, mama, po zadku, boš videla, da bo rad priznal," je svetovala Tilka. A mati se je modro premagala ter se prijazno nasmehljala. "Kaj bi ga tepla, če je pa nedolžen? Kdo ve, če niso miši pojedle bonbonov. Nekaj jih je v hiši?"

"Saj res, mama," se je brž domislil Andrejček. "Miši so jih snedle. Saj sem jih slišal, ko so škreblyale v Tilkini sobi."

Tilka je skočila proti bratcu, da ga zlasa radi njegove nesramne laži, a mati jo je zadržala. "Pusti ga, na ta način ne opraviš nič," ji je dejala ter jo pomenljivo pogledala v oči. Tilka se je vdala, Andrejček pa se je zmagoslavno nasmehnil, češ, pa sem jih le speljal na led.

Bonboni, ki so se nahajali v Andrejčkovem želodčku, pa so medtem oživel in se začeli pomenkovati med seboj. "Ali ste slišali, bratci, kako nas je zatajil ta nepridiprav sladkosnedni?" se je oglasil prvi. "Gotovo," so v zboru potrdili ostali bonbončki. "Dobro smo slišali, kako se je lagal, da se nahajamo že v prostaških mišjih želodcih! Mi, plemeniti čokoladni bonboni, pa v mišjih želodcih! Fuj, kako nesramen lažnik je Andrejček! In mi—ali bomo mir-

no prenesli to grdo žalitev? Neš to se ne sme zgoditi! Maščujmo se!" je odmevalo po Andrejčkovem želodcu. "Ven iz tega nehvaležnega želodca, katerega lastnik nas tako grdo zataji ter nas sramoti!" se je oglasilo nekaj ogorčenih glasov in vsa množica bonbonov se je zagnala proti izhodu, ki pa je bil dobro zadelan, da bonbončki niso mogli na prosto. Tako se je zgodilo, da so razžaljeni bonbončki rogovilili po želodčku našega Andrejčka, da se je začel zvijati in se potiti kakor v največji vročini.

Bolečine so postajale hujše in hujše. Andrejček je končno milo zastokal. "Mama!" "Kaj je, sinek?" "Oh, mamica, tako me tišči v želodcu, da mi je umreti," je ječal in solze so mu lile po obrazu.

Mati se je nasmehnila. "Aha, bonboni ti rogovilijo v želodčku! Prav, zakaj si jih pa toliko pojedel. Malo prej bi bil nehal, pa bi bil zdrav. Ali ti nisem vedno zabičevala, da sladkarije niso dobre za želodec? Naj te le trpinči!"

"Mamica, saj nisem bonbonov," se je še v mukah lagal Andrejček. "Miši . . ."

"Kakopak . . . in zdaj te miši razsajajo v tvojem želodcu!" ga je zavrnila mati, Tilka pa se mu je škodoželjno posmehovala, češ, prav mu je, lažnjivcu sladkosnednemu. Deček je spet milo zastokal. "Mamica, pomagaj mi, če ne bom umrl!"

"Kako ti bom pomagala, če ne vem, kaj je vzrok tvoji bolezn?" je resno dejala mati, nakar ji je sinček s težavo priznal. "Če me ne boš natepla, ti povem. Niso bile miši . . . jaz sem snedel bonbone . . ."

In mati ga ni tepla, še pomagala je bonbončkom na prosto in Andrejček je spet lažje dihal. Mati pa mu je povedala nekaj resnih in podučnih in končala z besedami: "Zdaj si videl, kako ima laž kratke noge in da vsako slabo dejanje pride gotovo na dan, zato le glej, da se v bodoče ne boš več lagal, kajti ni gršega, kot lagati. Lažnivce vsi zaničujejo. In tudi za tvojo sladkosnednost bo to dober nauk. Zdaj vsaj veš, da je res, kar sem ti že tolikokrat rekla, namreč da bonboni in druge sladkarije niso dobre za želodec in da ga samo kvarijo."

In Andrejček je tedaj obljubil materi, da se ne bo več lagal in da tudi ne bo več jedel bonbonov, ki povzročajo same težave. In pravijo, da Andrejček drži svojo obljubo, več ne laže in tudi za bonbone več ne mara. Tilki jih ni treba več skrivati, kajti Andrejčku zdaj smrdi in se jih ne mara več dotakniti. Preveč trpljenja povzročajo, pravi. In domači ga imajo prav radi in Tilki ga ni treba več lasati, če hoče zvedeti od njega resnico. Tako pravijo in jaz rad verjamem.

Veverica in volk

VEVERICA je veselo skakala z veje na vejo. Nekega dne, ko je tako veselo skakala po drevju z veje na vejo, je padla naravnost na volka, ki je spal pod drevesom. Volk je planil pokonci, pograbil veverico ter jo hotel pojesti. Veverica pa ga je prosila in moledovala, naj jo izpusti.

"Dobro," je rekel volk, "izpustim te, a najprej mi povej: zakaj ste veverice vedno tako vesele? Glej, jaz sem vedno nevesel, žalosten, ve pa ste poskočne, vesele in se neprestano igrate."

"Izpusti me," je rekla veverica, "pa ti bom povedala; zakaj tako-le v tvojih šapah me je strah in ne morem govoriti."

"Ti si nesrečen, ker si zloben—a me smo vesele zato, ker ne storimo nikomur nič žalega."

Po Tolstem.

Mile Klopčič:

FABRIKA

NEKOČ sem naprosil očeta, da me v tovarno je vzal.

Hotel sem videti, kam hodi moj oče vsak dan.

Vedno ponavlja mi mati: "Tudi ti boš trpel,
tudi ti boš kot oče tvoj nosil žuljavo dlan."

In ker nisem razumel teh materinih besed,
sem šel z očetom in sva obiskala fabriko.

Biló mi je, ko da odkril sem nov svet,
svet, kjer domá je trpljenje veliko.

Počez in navzgor so hiteli široki in ozki jermeni,
gonili so silna in majhna kolesa,
ki se vrte neprestano, pomladi, jeseni,
pozimi, poleti—večno živa železna telesa.

Iz strojev, železnih teles je črno olje kapljalo,
to stroj se znoji od vročine vrvenja;
iz strojev je sikalo, pelo in glasno kričalo—
o to je dom krika, to je hiša hitenja.

"Vidiš, moj sinko,"—je oče dejal in se vame zagledal—

"tu v tem vrvenju vsak dan stojim.

Če bi govoril ti dneve, nikoli ti ne bi povedal,
kako neizmerno vsak dan trpim.

Stroji hitijo, jaz hitim ž njimi
osem ur, dolgih ur dan za dnem.
Sleherna ura hrbét ukrivi mi,
a odpočiti se v delu ne smem.

Tisoč nas je, ki ob strojih stojimo,
tisoč nas je, ki imamo žuljave dlaní,
tisoč nas je, ki le v stroje strmimo—
a zunaj nekje je pomlad in solnce žari . . ."

Ko sem se vrnil domov, sem materi svoji velel:

"Zdaj razumem, kaj mi ponavljaš vsak dan:

jaz sem očetov sin, zato tudi jaz bom trpel,
tudi jaz bom kot oče moj nosil žuljavo dlan."

Jože Kovač:

Zgodba o malem Jonu

BRAL SEM nekje zgodbo, ki vam jo bom povedal, kakor se je resnično dogodila v mestu, manjšem od Chicaga in večjem od Ljubljane. Zgodba pripoveduje o bednem fantiču Jonu, ki ni imel nikogar na svetu, ki bi ga ljubil in negoval. Sam zase je živel, se klatil po mestu in iskal hrane. Največ se je zadrževal blizu mestnega tržišča. Tamkaj je nekega dne padel pod avto, ki mu je šel čez roko. Prepeljali so ga v bolnico, ker se je zdelo, da mu je roka na dveh mestih zlomljena.

In tu se začne naša zgodba.

Glavni zdravnik bolnice je hotel baš oditi domov, ko so na umazanih nosilih prinesli v bolnico ranjenega dečka. Zdravnik je bil močan, visok človek, velikan spričo otrok; za otroško trpljenje pa je imel posebno dobro srce. Takega bednega otroka ni prepustil nikomur od svojih pomočnikov, marveč jih je vse zdravil sam. Ko so prinesli otroka v bolnico, je zdravnik takoj zahteval, da mu nosilci povedo, kako se je zgodila nesreča in čigav je otrok. Povedali so.

A na zadnje vprašanje ni vedel nihče odgovoriti. Rekli so le, da živi in prebiva otrok večinoma med stojnicami na trgu. Otrok sam je molčal; tudi zastokal ni niti enkrat. Celó ko ga je zdravnik preiskoval in je fanta vsekakor zelo bolelo, je dečko molčal in tiho trpel. Le iz oči so mu tekale solze. Zdravnik se je čudil temu potrpljenju ter je vprašal otroka, kako mu je ime. Otrok mu ni odgovoril, le plaho ga je pogledal. Zdravnik je mislil, da je otrok poleg sirotnega življenja še gluhi in nem . . .

Oprezno in rahlo so ga okopali, pristrigli njegove kodre na kratko, mu izmili glavo, roko pa povezali. Zdravnik ga je med tem pazno ogledoval: gluhi in nem ne more biti, a zapuščen in zanemarjen, kakor zdravnik še ni videl no-

benega otroka. In skozi njegove roke je šlo že sto in sto otrok. Otrok je bil zmeden od samega strahu pred ljudmi.

"Ti je mogoče Jon ime?" je vprašal zdravnik ter nežno pogladil otroka po kodrih.

Veliko začudenje se je razlilo po otrokovem obrazu, potem pa je s hripavim glasom dejal:

"Jon."

"Te zelo boli?" je dalje vpraševal zdravnik, da bi izkoristil svoj prvi uspeh. Otrok ni razumel vprašanja; gotovo se še nikoli nihče ni zmenil za njegove bolečine, nikoli ni nihče še skrbel zanj. Tudi pojmi oče, mati in dom mu niso bili znani. Ko pa so ga vprašali, kam je hodil ponoči spat, je pokazal z roko na trg, kjer stoje stojnice in prodajajo slanino in sadje, zelenjavo in rože.

Ko je zdravnik odhajal, je naročil usmiljenki: "Pazite skrbno na malega Jona, dajajte mu krepkih jedi in ustrezite mu z vsem. Videti je, da je ves sestradan. Pazite torej nanj!"

In je odšel.

Mali Jon pa je bil ves nemiren v svoji postelji. Ni strpel v njej. Ko mu je strežajka prinesla jedil, jih je zavrnil in tiščal usta; nikoli ni jedel takih stvari, teh ljudi krog sebe ne pozna in jim ne zaupa. In postelja—na takem še nikoli ni ležal. Neudobno mu je bilo. Splazil se je iz postelje ter se zavlekel na dvorišče. Usmiljenka ga je prinesla nazaj v posteljo. Pobegnil je vdruči.

Ko je popoldne prišel zdravnik, ga je našel pod stopnicami na honiku; sključen je bil ter ležal na kamnitih tleh. Zdravnik ga je dvignil ter odnesel v posteljo.

"Tukaj-le bo ležal Jon," je dejal odločno in vendar prijazno.

Zdravnik je vprašal usmiljenko, kaj je jedel fant. Usmiljenka je rekla: "Nič. Vse odklanja, ničesar ne mara zavžiti."

"Bržkone še nikoli ni jedel kaj toplega in kuhanih jedi sploh ne pozna. Prinesite eno jabolko in krožnik juhe."

Med tem je stopil zdravnik k drugi postelji, k tretji, in pregledoval otroke, ki jih je bila vsa sobana polna. Pogosto se je zdravnik ozrl v Jona in zaklical: "Da mi boš čisto tiho ležal in se nikamor ne ganil!" Resno je dejal, dvignil je prst ter požugal. In se nasmehljajal.

Usmiljenka je prinesla jabolko in krožnik juhe. Kakor hitro je Jon zagledal jabolko, je stegnil svojo zdravo roko po njem. Juhe pa ni maral. Vlili so mu v usta nekaj žlice juhe, pa ni maral več. Ko pa je dobil jabolko, ga je pojedel s pecljem in muho.

Zdravnik je pristopil k Jonu in mu dejal: "Če bo Jon v eni uri pojedel tri žlice juhe, bo dobil to-le,"—in potegnil je iz žepa krajcar. Fantek je takoj stegnil roke po krajcarju, ga strastno vzel ter skril nekam v robove svoje obleke. Zdravnik pa je potegnil iz žepa še drugi novčič ter dejal:

"Če bo ostal Jon vso noč v posteljici, dobi zjutraj še to-le."

Na tablico nad Jonovo posteljico niso mogli zapisati ne njegovega imena in priimka ne starosti ne odkod je. Nihče ni vprašal po otroku, ne oče ne mati se nista javila, da bi vprašala po svojem otroku. Zakaj Jon ni imel ne matere ne očeta. Ni ju poznal nikoli.

Zvečer se je zdravnik znova pripeljal v bolnico, sam ni vedel zakaj prav za prav. Že pred bolnico je našel gručo ljudi, ki so stali krog nekega otroka. Bil je Jon, ki se je kradoma splazil iz bolnice ter kupil za podarjeni mu krajcar pese in repe, da bi se najedel, kakor je bil vajen.

Zdravnik ga je odvedel v bolnico, po pravil mu je obvezo, ki jo je bil strgal

z roke, ter posadil k njegovi postelji usmiljenko, ki naj pazi samo nanj vso noč.

Jon je ležal v postelji, a zaspati ni mogel. V postelji mu je bilo tako neprijetno, kakor bi bilo neprijetno nam, če bi legli na gredo samih cvetočih nageljev. Jon je bil vajen, da je spal na goli zemlji za zaboji in stojnicami. Naslednjega dne so mu dali pomirjevalno zdravilo in Jon je spal—prvič, odkar je bil v bolnici—celih štiri in dvajset ur. Ko se je prebudil, je takoj uprl svoje oči v vrata. Ali je pričakoval prijaznega zdravnika, ali drugega krajcarja?

Zdravnik je prišel in imel v rokah dve svetli petici. Fant se je razočaran obrnil v stran. Svetlega denarja ni poznal, poznal je le zamazane rujave krajcarje, le s takimi je kupoval pražene bučne rezine.

A mali bolnik se je vendarle nekako sprijaznil z zdravnikom. Iz bolnikovih pripovedi in povpraševanja pri branjevcih na trgu, je zdravnik zvedel, da ta otrok nikoli v svojem življenju ni poznal prenočišča. Pozimi se je zavil v cunje ter zalezal pod stojnice na trgu, poleti pa je spal na cestah. S psi je tekmoval za hrano, ki je ležala po cestah, da si je tolažil svojo lakoto. Včasi je pomagal komu izmed branjevcev, ki so mu dajali krajcarje, za mazane rjave krajcarje. Tako je živel mali Jon. Kdo mu je bil oče in kdo mu je bila mati—ni vedel nihče v vsem mestu.

Njegova prva sreča je bil prav za prav tovorni avto, ki ga je povozil. Prišel je v bolnico, kjer bi si s svojo bolno roko pozdravil lahko tudi svojo bolno, razrvano dušo. To je zdravnik tudi upal in nameraval. Zato se je tako trudil z njim in skrbel zanj kakor za nobenega svojih bolnikov. Kako to, da fant ob takem pasjem življenju ni podivjal in postal zloben, marveč je bil potrpežljiv in mehak, to je bil prav za prav čudež. V črnih očeh je tičala samo bojazen, ki bi genila slehernega. Le čega se je tako bal?

Zdaj je imel pod svojo blazino že cel kup krajcarjev in petic. Zakaj za sleherno steklenico mleka, ki ga je bil izpil, za sleherno izmenjano obvezo je bil dobro nagrajen od doktorja. Pazljivo je poslušal na glasove avtomobilov pod oknom. Imel je tenak sluh in je točno razločeval avto svojega zdravnika od drugih.

Vzljubil je zdravnika. Bil je to prvi človek, ki se je brigal zanj, ki je negoval izgubljenčka, potepinčka.

Toda nekega dne je do večera zaman pričakoval zdravnika. Ni ga bilo od nikoder. Prišla je noč, zdravnika še ni bilo. Fant ni mogel zaspati, dasi se je bil že navadil, a skrb za zdravnika ga je budila stalno in mu ni dala zapreti oči. Kje je moj zdravnik—je ihtel pod odejo in malone pozabil na svoje krajcarje. Vso noč je čakal, vso noč je ihtel, ves dopoldan je poslušal ropotanje voz na cesti—pričakal zdravnika pa ni.

In opoldne je prišel tuj človek ter ga obvezal. Usmiljenka je rekla temu go-

sodu "gospod doktor." In Jon je slišal, kako je doktor dejal usmiljenki: "Tega bomo pa kmalu odpustili iz bolnice. V nekaj dneh bo okreval popolnoma. Kaj bi se valjal tod po postelji."

Jon je trepetal.

Kaj je z mojim starim doktorjem? Zakaj mi nihče ne pove?

In potem je ujel besedo "umrl," ki jo je prav dobro razumel. Videl je nekoč, kako je na trgu neki starec padel na tla, vzdihnil in utihnil. Tedaj so govorili, da je starec "umrl."

In zdaj je umrl njegov dragi zdravnik. Nikoli več ga ne bo videl.

Božal je svoje krajcarje, ki mu jih je bil daroval zdravnik, vzel jih v roke ter se splazil iz bolnice. Poslej ne bo nihče več pazil nanj. Šel je in nihče ni vprašal po njem.

Prihodnjega dne zjutraj so našli v parku v svežem snegu otroško truplo. Roke zmrzlega otroka so krčevito stiskale krajcarje.

Bil je naš mali Jon . . .

Mile Klopčič:

JOJ, KAR ČEZ NOČ . . .

JOJ, kar čez noč je prišel sneg
in mraz je dahnil po doleh.
Ves bel je travnik, bel je breg
in sveče iz ledú visijo s streh.

Čez noč je oče službo izgubil,
čez noč je v sobo prišel mraz.
Ta hudi mraz nas bo pogubil,
če bo še dolgo mučil nas.

Dokler je oče bil rudar,
biló pri nas je kar topló.
Z zdaj ni več toplo, odkar
ne hodi oče pod zemljó.

In če nas vržejo na cesto,
če dá gospod nam tak ukaz?
Tako veliko je to mesto,
pa nima nič srca za nas!

In kar čez noč je prišel sneg
in mraz prišel je z zimo.
Kdaj bo pomlad prišla čez breg?
Takó zelo si jo želimo!



Dragi čitatelji!

Zelo me veseli, ker so se slovenski dopisi tako pomnožili, da jih človek z zanimanjem čita. Njih vsebina je raznolična in zabavna. Vidi se, da so naši mladi dopisniki z novim letom dobili precej nove gonilne sile in so postali pridni.

V največje veselje mi bo, ako boste vsi dopisniki ostali zvesti in redno dopisovali v "Naš kotichek" ter povedali marsikaj zanimivega iz vašega mladega življenja.

Najprej za vedno zanimivejši "Kotichek"!

—UREDNIK.

VESEL POJAV V DOPISOVANJU

Dragi urednik!

Kakor vidim, so se v tem letu dopisi precej pomnožili. Čedalje več jih je. Slovenskih je bilo v februarški številki 20, angleških pa celo toliko, da jih nisem mogla prešteti. Če bodo naši dopisovalci tako pridno vsaki mesec dopisovali v "Naš kotichek," bomo imeli tudi kaj čitati v njem.

Tako je prav. Le vspodbujajmo eden drugega, da se bomo kaj naučili. Začnimo zgodaj, v mladih letih, vsako delo, da bo dober tek imelo. Saj pravi pregovor, da kar se človek v mladosti nauči, to tudi v starosti zna.

Zimo imamo brez snega, tako da se niti sankati ne moremo niti ne kepati. Vse tako izgleda, kot da bi nastopila kmalu spomlad, če se kaj ne izpremeni.

V šoli se precej dobro učimo, ker imamo dobrega učitelja. Za sedaj naj to zadostuje se bom pa prihodnjič še kaj oglasila, obenem pa pozdravljam vse mlade čitatelje M. L. in urednika!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

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UPA NA REGRAT IN POMLAD

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Takoj v pričetku tega kratkega dopisa moram priznati, da se mi M. L. zelo dopade, pa tudi Prosveto rad čitam.—Imam eno sestro in brata. Jaz pohajam sedmi razred ljudske šole. Delavske razmere so tudi pri nas

zelo slabe; tukajšnji premogorov obratuje le po dva dni v tednu.

Upam, da bo kmalu regrat ozelenel in vse drugo, ker potem bom vedel, da se je spet vrnila ljuba spomlad, ki se je otroci tako veselimo. Pozdrav vsem skupaj!

Joe Dremly Box 152, St. Michael, Pa.

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STRAŠNE DELAVSKE RAZMERE

Cenjeni urednik!

Delavske razmere v Clintonu so strašne. Rove so skoraj vse pozaprl. Ljudje stradajo. Osnovani so krušno vrsto (breadline), ki pa je bolj podobna vodni vrsti.

Neki Italijan, po imenu Frank Ferrara, ki lastuje klavnico, je pričel kuhati neke vrste juho z različnimi mesnimi poberki, po dvakrat na teden. Ni ta juha bogve kaj, pa gladni ljudje so jo primorani uživati.

Zopet pošiljam eno pesmico, ki sem jo predstavila iz angleške, priobčene v januarški številki M. L. Drugo kiticico sem dostavila sama. Ime ji je "Olika pri čaju."

1.

Karkoli piješ že
iz lepe skledice,
iz posode kjerkol,
ne smeš za hipec le
pustiti žlico v njej,
sicer ti pade dol.

2.

Ko piješ pa, da veš,
pozabiti ne smeš:—
Ne srkaj preglasno,
ker glasno srkanje
olikani ljudje
obsojajo hudo.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem!—Josephine Mestek,
638 N. 9th st. Clinton, Ind.

VRTNE GREDICE V FEBRUARJU

Cenjeni urednik!

Ker sem v mojem zadnjem dopisu obljubila, da bom še pisala v M. L., zato sem se spet pripravila, da napišem par vrstic. Na tem mestu pa se zahvaljujem uredniku, ker je popravil moj dopis in ga priobčil; bil je to moj prvi dopis. Kar veselo čudno se mi je zdelo, ko sem ga zagledala v Mladinskem listu.

Pri nas je že skoro pomlad. Jaz ne pohajam več šole, ker sem ljudske razrede dokončala lani, pa tudi v "high-school" ne hodim. Sedaj bomo kmalu prekopali vrtno gredico, da, moj ata je že prvi teden v februarju rahljaj grede. Pa tudi mene zelo veseli delati na vrtu.

Listi poročajo, da je groundhog videl svojo senco, zato da bo še zima. Temu pač ni verjeti, ker to je samo praznoverno prerokovanje, ki je brez vsakega pomena.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem, enako uredniku!

Julia M. Hudaj, Box 94, Gross, Kans.

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PREVIDNA ŠTORKLJA

Dragi urdnik!

Iz Smithfielda, Pa., mi je pisala Anna Marolt, da je bil njen dopis priobčen v M. L., pa sem se odločila da tudi jaz pošljem kratek prispevek. Sicer mi gre slabo, ba upam, da mi bo urednik popravil.

Pri nas imamo štiri delavce na hrani, ki so pred kratkim začeli delati s polno paro. Včasih se vrnejo z dela tako beli, kot bi bili v mlinu, pa jim pomagam očediti obleko.—Prešlo leto se je pri sosedovih ustavila ga. Štorklja in jim pustila malo hčerko, a pri nas pa se ni hotela ustaviti. Jaz bi rada, da bi nam prinesla srčkanega fantka, ker sedaj smo v družini le tri deklice. Moj ata in mama sta me že naučila plesati. Naj se povrnem k ge. Štorklji: gotovo bi bila bolj radodarna z dečki in deklicami, pa se ta gospa menda zaveda, da so sedaj povsod skrajno slabi časi.

Moj ata in mama sta pridna in lepo skrbita za nas. Napisala bi še kaj pa rajše odložim, da bo ostalo za prihodnjič. Ob koncu pa pozdravljam vse skupaj! Angela Marolt,

Box 146, So. Cannelsville, Pa.

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VESELJE RADI JOŠKOVEGA DOPISA

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

Predno prestopim v odrasli oddelek, bi rada videla moj dopis v M. L. V februarški številki sem opazila, da ste priobčili dopis od mojega brata Joškota, pa ni nihče doma vedel, da je pisal. Zato pa smo vsi bili toliko bolj

veseli, ker nas je veselo iznenadil. Ko smo prišli iz šole domov, nam je mama vsa vesela prečitala Jožetov dopis. To smo se smejali in bili veseli! Umeli smo, da mu je gotovo napake popravil urednik zakar smo mu vsi hvaležni.

Letos je pri nas zgodaj pomladno vreme. Jaz skoraj vsak dan postavljam moje rože na sonce, da lepše rastejo. Tudi rožmarin imam v loncu, pa tako lepo diši, mmm!

Moja mama pravi, da je bilo včasih boljše življenje kot je sedaj. Kot se vidi iz časopisov, so sedaj povsod slabe razmere in veliko delavcev je brez dela. Ne samo to, tudi veliko jih je brez vsakih sredstev. Ubogi reveži in njih družine pa stradajo, ker jim bogati kapitalisti ne dajo niti toliko zaslužka, da bi se za silo preživeli.

Veselilo bi me, če bi zagledala v M. L. dopis od Wileta Germška iz Clevelanda. Naj se nikaner ne boji, saj mu bo urednik rad popravil, če bo kaj napak. Iskreno pozdravljam vse mlade čitatelje in urednika! Anna Marolt,

RD 2, Box 16, Smithfield, Pa.

* *

PISMO IZ LJUBLJANE

Dragi urednik!

Dovolite, da se tudi jaz oglasim iz stare domovine. Danes je zadnji dan božičnih počitnic, jutri se prične zopet šola.

V Mlad. listu se mi najbolj dopadejo pesmice od gospe Katke Zupančičeve, katero tudi osebno poznam in jo najlepše pozdravljam.

Če boste natisnili to pismo, bo to že moje drugo pismo v Mlad. listu. Na prvo pismo sem dobila že celo prijatelja, Rudolfa Feltza, Box 114, Bryant, Ill. ki mi je že dvakrat pisal. Tudi njega prav lepo pozdravljam in ga prosim, naj kaj napiše za Mlad. list.

Pozdravljam tudi urednika in vse čitatelje Mlad. lista.

Mira Jerala,

Ljubljana, Židovska steza 4/II. Jugoslavija.
Ljubljana, 15. januarja 1931.

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ŽELI M. L. DVAKRAT NA MESEC

Dragi urednik!

Živimo v sredi zime, ker pa smo mladi, smo se je že naveličali. Sedaj željni pričakujemo pomladi, da se bomo zunaj igrali ko ne bo treba nerodnih sukenj in težkih čevljev.

Jaz želim, da bi Mladinski List bolj pogosto izhajal, ker ga tako rad prebiram. Sedaj je treba čakati po dva meseca, predno je dopis priobčen. Zato zahtevajmo vsi, da bo izhajal vsak dvakrat na mesec.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem!

Alice Strajnar, Piney Fork, O.

ZANIMIV DOPIS

Dragi urednik Mladinskega lista!

Zopet sem se namenila, da napišem nekoliko stavkov v "Naš kotichek." Vsi v naši družini smo člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote. Ata in mama mi pravita, da je naša jednota SNPJ najboljša podporna jednota.

Z mojo sestro Viržinijo sva se že angleško dobro naučile, znamo pa tudi slovensko dobro slovensko govoriti. Zato pa ne smemo doma drugače govoriti kakor slovensko, kajti obe znamo tako dobro govoriti slovensko skoro kakor mama in ata. Tudi pisati se bo treba privaditi.

Naj še to povem, da je moj ata prijatelj narave. Ves prosti čas porabi s tem, da gre v gozd. V poletnem času pa tudi mene in mojo sestro s seboj vzame. Zato se pa medve zelo veseliva toplega poletja in ljube spomladi, ki bo kmalu nastopila. Šli bomo na prosto, v naravo, gozd in na travnike. To bo spet lušno!

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam!

Alice Strajnar, Piney Fork, O.

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SLOVENSKO RADA ČITA

Cenjeni urednik Mlad. lista!

To je moje prvo pismo za Mladinski list in njegov "Naš kotichek," v katerega so začeli zadnje čase pridno dopisovati naši mladi dopisovalci.

Gotovo bom naredila mnogo pomot in napak. Pa vem, da bo urednik Mladinskega lista tako dober, da jih bo popravil in dopis pregleдал.

Stara sem šele 8 let in pohajam 3. razred ljudske šole ter se učim prav rada. Tudi slovensko rada čitam.—Opazila sem, da je precej dopisovalk poslalo svoje slike v Mladinski list. Tudi jaz bom poslala mojo o prvi priliki.

Mnogo lepih pozdravov vsem skupaj!

Josephine Lipovsek,
RR 2, Box 710, Nokomis, Ill.

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VELIK UREDNIŠKI KOŠ

Dragi urednik!

S tem mojim prvim dopisom za "Naš kotichek" pozdravljam vse člane mladinskega oddelka Slovenske narodne podporne jednote.—Moj bratec in sestrica sta bila oba bolna, zato pa tudi jaz nisem smela v šolo, ker sta ona dva imela osepnice.

Ker mi tako preostaja časa, sem se odločila, da napišem kratek dopis v Mladinski list. S tem, z dopisovanjem, upam, se bom malo naučila pisati po slovensko. Upam tudi, da urednik ne bo vrgel mojega dopisa v koš, o katerem pravijo, da je zelo velik pri uredniški mizi. Upam tudi, da se bom spet v kratkem oglasila v M. L.—Lep pozdrav vsem!

Mary Yuvancic, Bridgeville, Pa.

VSEGA JE KRIV KOŠ

Cenjeni urednik Mlad. Lista!

Tudi sedaj sem se namenila, da napišem par vrstic za Mladinski list v "Naš kotichek." Napisala sem kratek dopis tudi za januarско številko, pa ga je menda snedel uredniški koš. (Ne, Julia, priobčil sem ga v februarški številki, ker je za januarско številko dospel prepozno.—Opomba urednika).

Dragi urednik, ako boste priobčili ta dopis, Vas prosim, da popravite vse napake.

V januarški številki Mladinskega lista sem čitala dopis od nekega bratca, ki pravi, da imajo hudo zimo. Tukaj pa nismo imeli do 8. januarja, ko to pišem, še niti toliko ledu, da bi se lahko šli drsat. Tudi snega ni bilo.

Pri nas smo štirje in vsi člani SNPJ. Zelo bi rada videla kakšen mali dopis iz te naselbine. Zasedaj naj neham, da ne bo dopis predolg, ker bi se morda znašel v uredniškem košu.

Julia M. Hudaj, Box 94, Gross, Kans.

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NEIZKUŠENO, PLAHO LETO

Cenjeni urednik!

Že dolgo, dolgo se nisem oglasila v Mladinskem listu, zato je že čas, da napišem par besed v "Naš kotichek," ki ga tako rada prebiram. Zgodilo pa se je tudi tako, da sem imela vsaj malo časa na razpolago, pa sem napisala teh par vrstic.

Do 7. januarja, ko sem to pisala, nismo tukaj imeli nobene posebne zime. Nič posebnega se ni pri nas pripetilo. Staro leto nas je lepo mirno zapustilo in novo je prišlo med nas plaho in neizkušeno. Kaj neki nam prinese novo leto, bomo videli. Dobrega ne moremo pričakovati, posebno delavci ne, ker dela se povsod slabo in zasluži se še slabše.

Iskrene pozdrave pošiljam vsem, ki bodo čitali te vrstice!

Mary Krivec, Box 1355, Klein, Mont.

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SE BOJI UREDNIŠKEGA KOŠA

Dragi urednik!

Že dolgo, da, predolgo, se nisem nič oglasil v Mladinskem listu, ali vedno me misel drži, da imam očeta in mater in slovensko kri . . . In to me sili, da pišem slovenski dopis.

Pa kadar pišem, mislim na uredniški koš, in zdaj si mislim ravno tako. Ker pa sem vsakokrat izlezal iz blata, bom sedaj pa na sneg.

In kaj pa mi mladi, ker tako skačemo na Mladinski list!? Skačemo vanj kakor ovce na sol, so rekli moj ata. Ah, če bi postal M. L. dnevnik, potem bi šele bil vesel.

Blíža se spomlad, ki jo čakam prav rad, kakor vsi drugi, ki so mi dobri sovrstniki.—Sladki pozdrav vsem čitateljem tega mesečnika!

Frank Batista, Box 126, Strabane, Pa.

ZANIMIVEJŠI DOPISI

Dragi urednik!

Zelo se mi dopade novi način, po katerem je urednik uredil dopise. Sedaj so bolj zanimivi in tudi bolj pomembni.

Razvidno je, iz zadnje številke Mladinskega lista, da se člani mladinskega oddelka Slovenske narodne podporne jednote bolj zanimajo za dopisovanje sedaj kakor so se poprej.

Povesti iz zadnje številke M. L. so se mi zelo dopadle, posebno pa "Kako sva se spoznala," in tudi "Kakršna setev, takšna žetev." Samo to mi ni bilo všeč, ker sem videla "Dalje prihodnjič," ker sem bila zelo radovedna, kaj se bo zgodilo na koncu.

Dne 14. februarja je priredilo SNPJ društvo "Cvet" maškeradno veselico, ki je bila nekaj izrednega. Postrežba je tudi bila dobra. Maske pa so dobile tri lepe nagrade.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice!
Anna Traven, 11202 Revere avè., Cleveland, O.

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OBŠIREN DOPIS

Cenjeni urednik!

Po dolgem času sem se tudi jaz odločila, da napišem za Mladinski list nekaj vrst. To je sicer moj prvi dopis, a zanaprej se bom pa še večkrat potrudila pisati Mlad. listu kak dopis.

Nisem tu rojena, moj rojstni kraj je v Trbovljah v Jugoslaviji. Prišla sem v Ameriko k mojim roditeljem pred tremi leti. V starem kraju sem izdelala že 4 razrede ljudske šole, in tu pa hodim v 6. razred. Stara bom pa letos 14 let. Omeniti moram, da je bilo precej težko prvi dve leti v šoli, ko sem prišla sem. Rada bi bila govorila z otroci, a jih nisem razumela in oni ne mene. A sedaj je pa že dobro. Govorim, pišem in berem že dobro. Rada hodim v šolo.

Da ne bom porabila preveč prostora v Mlad. listu, hočem iti naprej in sporočiti hočem mojim malim bratcem in sestricam, kako smo se imeli na Silvestrov večer tu pri nas. Naše društvo št. 6 priredi vsako leto za člane in članice prosto zabavo. Tako jo je priredilo tudi letos. Preskrbelo je tudi kranjske klobase. Pa tudi za žejna grla, za naše starejše brate je bilo malo "moče." Za nas male so pa preskrbeli nekaj boljšega. Na naše veliko presenečenje je nas obiskal okrog devete ure zvečer "Santaklaus." Šel je naravnost na oder. Mi mali pa seveda za njim. Tedaj se je začelo. Naš predsednik br. Kvartič je vodil ves program. Najprvo na mje predstavil "Santaklaus," kako daleč da je prišel itd. Potem nam je govoril mnogo lepega o naši materi jednoti in o društvi sploh. Nadalje nam je želel vsem veselo novo leto. Govoril je v an-

gleškem in slovenskem jeziku, kar se je vsem zelo dopadlo. Program je bil sicer še daljši, a jaz napišem le glavne točke. Nadalje smo marširali in peli pesem "America." Ko smo končali s tem, smo začeli mi mladi člani z govori. Najprvo sem govorila jaz v slov. jeziku. Imela sem lep govor, katerega mi je spisala naša priljubljena pisateljica Anna Krasna. Rada bi spisala ves ta govor za Mlad. list, a si ne upam, mogoče bi ne bilo všeč uredniku, ker je precej dolg. Nadalje je deklamirala moja sestra Julči "Jednoti ob novem letu." Potem je govorila Annie Ramovž tudi v slov. jeziku, kar se je vsem zelo dopadlo. A drugi so govorili v angleškem jeziku, kakor Margaret in Frank Pintar, Berta, Kristina, Joe Dernovšek, Frank in John Dolinar in Marie Rose Pustoverh. Nadalje sta nastopila George in Elsie Prosen. Zapela sta nam dve lepi slovenski pesmi, ki so se nam vsem zelo dopadle, posebno Elsie, ki je stara šele šest let in je tako korajžna. Nazadnje sem deklamirala jaz "Naše novo leto." Spisala je tudi Anna Krasna, zakar sem ji zelo hvaležna. To deklamacijo bi prosila urednika, da bi jo priobčil v Mlad. listu. Vsem članom, upam, je bila všeč. Po govori nam je pa pokazala Berta Dernovšek "toe dancing," kar je bilo tudi zelo lepo in zanimivo gledati. Omeniti moram tudi, da je Santa Claus dal vsakemu, ko je nehal govoriti, škatlo sladšćic. Po končanem programu je začel deliti Santa vsem članom škatle sladšćic, par pomaranč in žvečilni gumi. Res lep večer je bil. Želim, da bi bilo več takih.

Nadalje vas prosim, urednik, če bi bili tako dobri, da bi priobčili to deklamacijo od Krasne:

Naše Novo leto

Naše Novo leto ne pride nocoj,
ko bo ura odbila polnoč;
ko bo iztekla se letnih dni broj,
in novo leto pozdravljaj svet rajajoč . . .

Naše nov letg Vam prinesemo mi
najmlajši, ki krivico trpimo.
Če smo tudi zdaj mladi in šibki vsi,
mi bodočnost Vam lepšo zgradimo.

Naše novo leto ne bo z žalostjo
polnilo revnih in mrzlih koč,
v sleherni dom bo z radostjo
posijalo—ko staremu letu odbije polnoč.

Naše novo leto bo naš velik dan,
ki popelje nas do luči svetlejše.
Mi smelo ta dan bomo prišli na plan,
da si ustvarimo dneve jasnejše! . . .

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista!
Anica Kramžar, Box 411, Morgan, Pa.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume X.

MARCH, 1931

Number 3.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face.
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en tho' vanquished he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

HENRY W. LONFELLOW

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
 When the night is beginning to
 lower,
 Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
 That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
 The patter of little feet,
 The sound of a door that is opened,
 And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
 Descending the broad hall stairs,
 Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra
 And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
 Yet I know by their merry eyes
 They are plotting and planning together
 To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
 A sudden raid from the hall
 By three doors left unguarded
 They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
 O'er the arms and back of my chair;
 If I try to escape, they surround me;
 They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
 Their arms about me entwine,
 Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,
 In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
 Because you have scaled the wall,
 Such an old mustache as I am
 Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
 And will not let you depart,
 But put you down into the dungeon
 In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
 Yes, for ever and a day,
 Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
 And moulder in dust away!

LITTLE HEARTS

LITTLE hearts, like little roses,
 Open buds to rays of sun;
 Gently play with warm breezes,
 But hard wind they ever shun.

Never is their true charm known,
 Their petals never do evolve;
 As if the icy wind had blown—
 Mournfully their heads revolve.

The little hearts, our youngsters,
 Often inwrapped in sad refrain;
 Instead of having li'l songsters,
 We encourage the'r—disdain.

Anna P. Krasna.



Stanko Žele: LAKE BLEED IN SLOVENIA

The Lives of Children Should Not Depend on the Uncertainties of Charity

WE had a concrete example of how the program of the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection works. We refer to the program of the conference relative to needy children. We quote it verbatim:

"Public authorities should undertake only those responsibilities which cannot be satisfactorily fulfilled by citizens themselves, thru their own private efforts."

So public authorities should keep hands off until it is known whether charitably inclined people are going to attend to the health, food, and clothing for dependent children, and whether these same charitably inclined people intend to find homes or build homes for these children.

It is a damnable program, because it damns tens of thousands of children to lives of poverty and crime. The lives of children are too sacred to be dependent on the uncertainties of charity. The social and moral status of society are too important to permit a million dependent, homeless children, many of whom were born mentally and physically handicapped, to grow to maturity without proper care. This class of children have never had proper care in

the past. The great majority of them arrived at maturity, after charity got thru with them, still handicapped. Today they fill our jails, poorhouses, and feeble-minded institutions. As the birth of dependent, defective children occur each year, and as their neglect is constant, so regularly each year new faces appear at our jails, poorfarms, feeble-minded institutions, and other such places that are supported by the taxpayers. If we had cared for them in their childhood, we could have brought most of them to maturity sound in mind and body, able to take their places in business, and support themselves. If we would properly care for these children and if we would prevent the mentally deficient, those who have inheritable diseases, those who come from families of confirmed criminals—if we would deprive these of the power of reproduction, we could make bonfires of most of our "institutions" where we harbor the unfit and the unsafe.

It should be the duty of the government—federal, state and local—to see to it that children are properly taken care of, and not let the charitable institutions humiliate the innocent children with charity.



How the Radio Works

ONCE in a while the operator of a radio set meets an inquiring soul who wants to know what it is all about. The question is heard less often than in years gone by, but the answer is just as difficult.

What is the underlying principle of radio?

How is it possible for a receiver to pick, from all the news in the air, exactly the one its operator desires?

What makes the blamed thing work?

Ellis L. Manning, of the General Electric Company explains, as follows:

"All the radio broadcast station does is to change the original sound—the music or the voice—into electric currents and then somehow use these electric currents to bump, jar, make splashes in the space around the station. The air hasn't a thing to do with it.

"Now the space behaves very much like jelly. If you bump or jar it in one spot, the disturbance travels—spreads out—and, in less than a twinkling of an eye, that jar has traveled around the world. Vacuum tubes, of course, make it possible for broadcasting stations to produce the right kind of bumps in space. Incidentally, sending stations are not the only things that make bumps in space. When a spark like lightning jumps from cloud to earth or back again, the bumps produced in space are apt to reach your

radio set and cause you to say unkind things about 'static,' whatever that is.

"A receiving set, essentially, is just a gadget that will pick up these little space disturbances and, in some way, make the tiny energy coming to the set, from far away places, control other energy, supplied by batteries or by the house current in your home. You see, the energy received from any broadcasting station is much too small to make a loudspeaker operate. You, yourself, must supply that energy. But the incoming radio waves must be made to control your local supply.

"Imagine a nice expensive vase resting peacefully on the piano. Along the street comes a truck, or on the nearby track a train or trolley rushes by. All at once the vase begins to 'sing,' that is, it vibrates. Not all trains or all trucks make it vibrate—just certain ones. Whenever the bumps—vibrations—caused by the train or truck exactly suit the temperament of that piece of china, off it goes on a 'song and dance.' Now the business of building a receiving set, boiled down, consists in providing a series of vases—or one vase with a lot of artistic temperament—that will 'sing' or vibrate whenever the bumps or waves in space reach it. Really, that's pretty simple, but it's taken years of adventuring, the time and best efforts of many skillful men to make 'vases' like that."





Tine Kos: MOTHER

My Trip to Yellowstone National Park

By Harland Krapp of Grand Island, Nebr.

One day last summer my father, mother, sister and I took a trip to Yellowstone National Park. This park is situated in the northwestern corner of Wyoming. The park is sixty-two miles long and fifty-four miles wide.

We had no idea what the park was like so we were greatly surprised when we found it to be a high plateau, diversified with hills, plains, and valleys. We were greatly astonished at seeing Electric Peak, the highest mountain within the park.

There are over sixty active geysers in the park. The largest is the Giant, which throws columns of water five feet in diameter to the height of two hundred feet and sustains the flow for one and one-half hours. The next geyser we saw was Old Faithful, so named

because of the regularity of its eruptions.

There are about four thousand Hot Springs, but of all these the most famous Mammoth Hot Springs.

Yellowstone Lake is the most important body of water within the park. The water is clear, sweet and cool, and the large lake holds an abundance of fish. The park is also a game preserve. Hunting is strictly forbidden and the forests are carefully protected. In the park there are two herds of buffalo, numbering in all about four hundred.

Last of all comes Grand Canyon, a gorge twenty miles long and in places over fourteen thousand feet deep. A trip through Yellowstone National Park is one of the most enjoyable excursions that one can imagine.—(Junior Age.)

A Memorable Saying

The few short years of aviation have been so full of swift progress and thrilling achievement that already the earlier conquests of the airmen are taking on something of the remoteness of ancient history. This is true even of the first flight across the English Channel, by Louis Bleriot. But one of the brave adventurer's speeches on that occasion rang with a spirit so noble that it ought not to lapse from the memory of men.

Bleriot was lame; so lame that he was actually on crutches, as he waited for sunrise that fateful morning. At last, when all was ready and he threw

aside the crutches to seat himself in his monoplane, he cried gaily, "If I can't walk, I'll show the world that I can fly!"

Surely those galant words must call forth a response from many a determined heart. Many are crippled, handicapped in one way or another for the great adventure of living. Some cannot walk—cannot pursue the ordinary, natural human course. But perseverance, hard work and patience will conquer everything. We cannot walk; but the great voices of earth summon us to the miracles of flight!

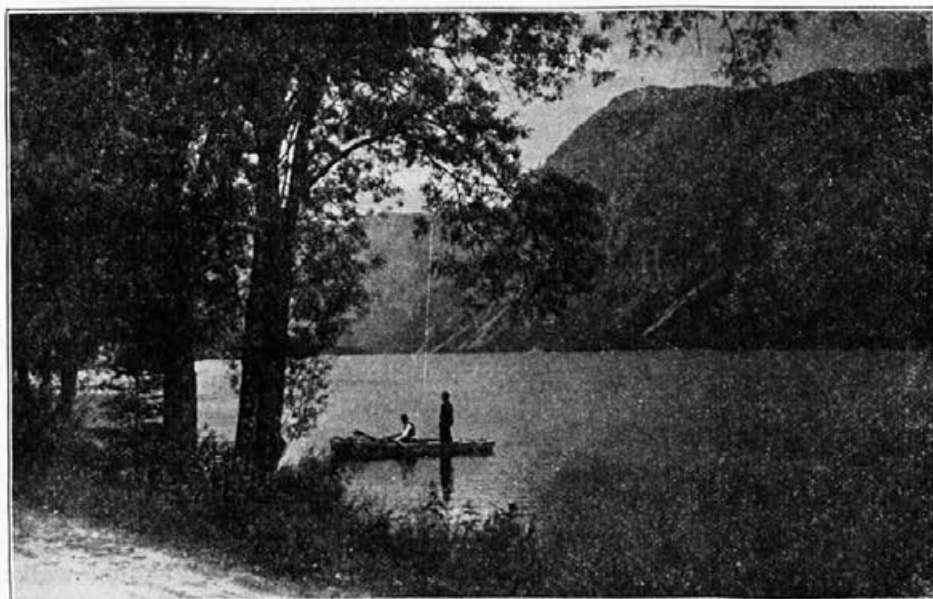
Wit and Humor Not Immortal

By S. B.

IT is a remarkable thing that there is neither wit nor humor in any of the immortal speeches that have fallen from the lips of man. To find a joke in Webster would be an offense. The only things which Ingersoll wrote that will live are his oration at his brother's grave and his famous "The Past Rises Before Me Like a Dream," and several famous utterances of that great champion of Free Thought. But in neither of these productions of this genius of jesters is there a single trace of wit. There is not a funny sally in all Burke's speeches. Lincoln's Gettysburg address, his first and second inaugurals, his speech beginning the Douglas campaign, and his Cooper Union address in New York, are, perhaps, the only utterances of his that will endure. Yet this greatest of story-tellers since Aesop did not

adorn or deface one of these great deliverances with story or any form of humor.

The reason for this is found in the whole tendency of human thought and feeling—in the whole melancholy history of the race—where tears and grief, the hard seriousness of life and the terrible and speedy certainty of our common fate of suffering and of death, make somber the master-cord of existence. The immortal things are all serious . . . even sad. It is so with speech—I mean speech that affects the convictions and understandings of men. I am excluding now that form of speech which is merely a species of entertainment. It belongs to the same class, though of a higher order, as the theatrical exhibition.



LAKE BOHINJ IN SLOVENIA

Says the Fly—

I AM only a fly, just a wee small atom in this big world, but I surely have lots of fun. I am a house-fly and some even call me the "typhoid fly," because I often play around where the germs of typhoid fever abound. I would rather be called by the first name, as it fools people and they don't try to get rid of me. If they all called me the "typhoid fly" they would think that I was responsible, in some ways, for that disease. The scientists have given me the dignified name of "*Musca domestica*," which I like very much as it shows people that I am, like themselves, domestic in my tastes and in my habits. Of course that isn't the name that my hundred-odd brothers and sisters call me.

How it amuses me to have people study my habits, watching me while I eat and sleep, as if they were trying to learn some of my family secrets. I always sleep with my eyes open, for one can never tell what may happen while one is asleep. A fly's life is comparatively short and so we don't waste much time in sleeping.

When we get numerous in the spring and summer, you would think that people, who call themselves the highest type of vertebrates, would kill us if we bothered them, but they don't. As soon as our numbers get abundant enough to bother them they buy strong wire screens and put them over the windows and doors. In this way they shut themselves in while they allow us to remain outside, enjoying perfect freedom. They must be afraid of us. It's great sport, tho, to slip into the house, when the door is open for a moment, and take a swim in the cream pitcher or walk on the butter.

You would think that folk would shut us up or kill our children in their nurseries if we were so distasteful to them.

They know that we spend our childhood in manure piles, garbage cans, and, oh, ever so many places, but most of them don't try to hinder our growth and future happiness. That is considerate of them, for we need such food in order to live. If it were protected or taken away from us we should soon perish. Instead of killing our progeny here, they try to kill us by hitting us, usually after we have laid most of our eggs and are ready to die anyway. These intelligent human beings tell others to "swat the fly." Wouldn't that amuse you? In spite of all their campaigns of swating, we are still here, apparently as numerous as ever.

Scientists have calculated that the progeny of a single pair of flies, during the active season, is about 195,312,000,000,000. Now just suppose that some dutiful citizen wanted to better the health of his community by swating the fly. If he had an indestructible swatter and an untiring arm and killed an average of one fly every ten seconds for twenty-four hours a day, he would have accounted for just 8,460 flies. In just 6,193,303 years he would have finished off the last of the progeny. Of course many other progenies would have lived and died before that. If he had prevented that pair of flies from breeding he would have saved himself a lot of work and would have led a more useful life.

The entomologist has for years been trying to teach people that the days of that old Baby-Bye ditty are over. It goes:

Baby-Bye, there's a fly,
We will watch it, you and I.
There it goes
On its toes,
Tickling baby's nose.

I am fond of that little poem for it makes us seem harmless. Now they are trying to teach the people a more dangerous doctrine, which, if followed, would certainly diminish our numbers greatly. It is in the words of Walt Mason:

The early fly's the one to swat,
It comes before the weather's hot.
It sits around and cleans its legs
And lays almost a million eggs,
And every egg will hatch a fly
To drive us crazy by and by.

(D. B. W.)

Thousands of People Flying

IN NEW YORK one morning, in Kansas that evening to spend the night in a hotel, and in Los Angeles the next evening—such is the schedule of the new New York-Los Angeles, all-air, 36-hour passenger and mail service.

A 36-hour passenger service between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans is just another of those things which a few years ago were wild impossibilities and today are inaugurated with hardly a ripple of excitement beyond that which the industrious press agent can supply.

The new transcontinental service cuts 12 hours, more or less, from the flying schedule between New York and Los Angeles.

Flying in three sections and bucking a boisterous wind from the west, America's first all-airplane mail and passenger service across the continent was launched from the Newark airport by Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc. It will fly regularly between New York and Los Angeles on a 36-hour schedule.

The first plane carried six passengers and 600 pounds of mail. In the second plane were seven passengers, four going all the way to Los Angeles.

The New York, Philadelphia, and Washington Airway has hourly service.

All world records for travel over a regularly established air-line were

broken during the first 10 days of operation. There was a total of 1,557 pay passengers carried and a 95 percent completion of scheduled trips.

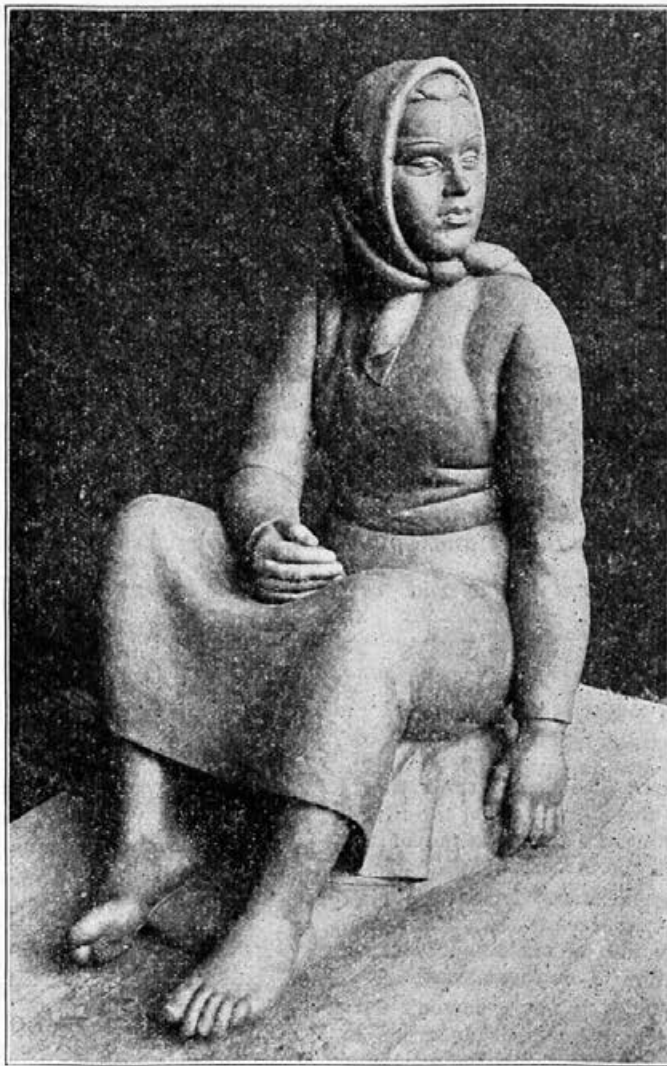
Americans are apt to think of the air-passenger movement across the English Channel as a high-water mark in air transport, but the statistics of a well-known trade journal show the total passenger movement for all companies across the Channel in 1928 was 43,179, an average of 118 a day.

The Air Transport between New York and Boston carried 1,348 passengers in August last year, as against 733 for the same month the previous year.

This figure is significant because Colonial has competition between New York and Boston, New England and Western, with headquarters in Springfield, Massachusetts, operates a service which takes in Boston, Albany, and New York by way of Springfield. This service was started last May. During July 1,400 passengers rode over certain divisions of the line, and in August the system carried 1,600 passengers.

Four passenger air-lines taken at random out of a score of operating airways in the United States carried more than 11,000 passengers in August.

The Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce reported 133,000 passengers on 29 lines in six months.



Tine Kos: SHEPHERDESS



Dear Readers:—

I am glad to say that of late some of your contributions became quite interesting. And it is indeed encouraging that you began to write original letters for the "Chater Corner." It is now important that you aquire the habit to write in ink on standard paper, neatly and plainly.

Remember that it is not how much you write, but how interesting and how well you write. Try it and you'll succeed.

Keep up the good spirit and write original letters!

—EDITOR.

FROM A PROUD MEMBER

Dear Editor:—

It gives me great pleasure to think that I am a member of this organization, the SNPJ. This organization ranks among some of the best organizations of America.

In most of the members' letters we read of how much they appreciate our little magazine, but which could be made much larger with the cooperation of our members.

We all know that it is not a person's duty who does not belong to this organization to support it; we do know that it is the members' duty to support it. Common sense will teach us that. Come on, fellow members. Pep up!

I notice where the girls are leading in writing articles for the Mladinski List. Congratulations for our female members. Come on, boys, do something!

This letter might not be of interest, as every letter should be, but I wish it will bring some of our lifeless members to life. (I hope I have not made enemies with any of our members.)—Henry Pangerchar, Forest City, Pa.

PROMISES A SNAPSHOT

Dear Editor:—

I am 11 years old and I am in the 5th grade. I get very good grades. I never get a "4" or a "5." Next time I write I will send my snapshot.

Catherine Turkaly,
32 N. Center st., Youngstown, Ohio

* *

HIS FATHER IS SECRETARY OF LODGE NO. 380

Dear Editor:—

Everyone in our family belongs to the SN PJ Lodge No. 380, and my father is its secretary for 8 years. He is working in the mine, and they only work three or two days a week. I am eleven years old and in 5th grade. I have a very nice teacher. My sister is 8 years and in fourth grade. My little sister is in first grade; she is six years old. My little brother is 2 years old.

John Mlaker,
427 Foster st., Duryea, Pa.

TAKES PIANO LESSONS

Dear Editor:—

I take piano lessons from Mrs. Swank, and I like it. I am sending my snapshot.



Maddaline Pecaric, Box 32, Krayn, Pa.

* *

LOVES M. L.

Dear Editor:—

I am getting to love the M. L. more and more. I also wish that it would come more often.

The weather has been very nice here. Mary Fradel wrote to me, and I answered her letters. I am closing with best regards to all. Frances Fatur, 2201 Linden av., Trinidad, Colo.

* *

FROM McKEES ROCKS

Dear Editor:—

I am 12 years old and in the 7 B grade in the Stowe Junior high school, which started Sept. 4.

I have two sisters and one brother who belong to the SNPJ. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. There aren't many letters from McKees Rocks. Why don't some of the children pep up and write? Next time I will have some more to put in the M. L.

Liberty Jakovac,

817—13th st., McKees Rocks, Pa.

* *

A LETTER FROM ALIQUIPPA

Dear Editor:—

I always read the letters, but never get a chance to write one.

I guess I better introduce myself. I am a little Slovenian girl, 12 years of age. I attend the Washington school, and am in the 7th grade.

The story sent by Vida Zabric was very interesting. I hope other members would send stories like this.

Anna Groznik,

141½ Main st., W. Aliquippa, Pa.

"THE MEN OF TODAY"

Dear Editor:—

Here is a poem I would like to see published in the M. L.:

The Men of Today

We stir, we wake, and then we sit,
 Upon the bed awhile,
 And meditate upon our fate,
 Our thoughts all mixed with bile.
 We dress, we shave, and then we rush,
 To gulp our breakfast down,
 To hesitate would make us late,
 We hurry into town.
 We work, we shirk and then we eat,
 And then we work some more!
 We ramble through, we fret and stew,
 And do things we abhor,
 At night we eat another meal,
 And then we get to bed,
 Tomorrow will be yet and still,
 The same till we are dead.

Clara Sakely, Box 11, Willock, Pa.

* *

THE M. L.—A GOOD FRIEND

Dear Editor:—

The Mladinski List is a friend to a friend in need of a good magazine. We are all "in need" of it, and miss it when it is not present.

I have a brother in the fifth grade, eleven years old; and a sister in the first grade, six years old. I am eight years of age, a student in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Stewarts.

I wish I would find a letter among my mail from some member of this organization.



Marian Mlakar,

427 Foster st., Duryea, Pa.

LODGE NO. 675 SNPJ

Dear Editor:—

I am 13 years old and am in the 8th grade. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 675. My dad was the organizer of the Lodge and also its Secretary. I am very interested in the Mladinski List. I am enclosing my snapshot.



Agnes Staudohar, 735 Lorain St., Girard, Ohio.

* *

LODGE NO. 31 SNPJ

Dear Editor:—

I like the M. L. very much. I am 12 years old and in sixth grade in school. I like to go to school very much. My teacher's name is Miss Miller, and she is a very nice teacher.

There are eight of us in our family and all belong to SNPJ lodge No. 31.

Josephine Cvelbar, 500 Wilson st., Sharon, Pa.

* *

LODGE NO. 225 SNPJ

Dear Editor:—

I am nine years old and in the fourth grade in school. We are 3 in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 225.

August Kovacic, RR 3, Box 804, Girard, Kans.

* *

LETTERS FROM OTHER CORRESPONDENTS

Veronica Janezic, 807 Otis ave., Rockdale, Ill., would like to see letters in the M. L. from Rockdale.

Matt. Rebich, Box 98, of Brachholm, W. Va., promises he will again write for the M. L.

Louise Kerkos, 1045 Moen ave., Joliet, Ill., would like to get personal letters from Detroit friends.

Jennie M. Majdic, Box 112, Hudson, Wyo., likes the mild winter they are having this year.

Mary Rupnik, 216 E. Washington st., Auburn, Ill., says her brother is ill two years already. He broke his leg on the ice on Feb. 21, 1929. He's 14 years old.

"HALF-SISTER . . ."

Dear Editor:—I belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 16. I have never written to the M. L. before, but I always enjoyed reading it. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade. I have a typewriter and love to type on it.

Here is a joke:

Mary came to school one day in a state of suppressed excitement. Going straight to the teacher's desk, she exclaimed:

"I've got a new sister!"

"How very nice," replied the teacher.

"Yes," said Mary, "but she is only a half-sister."

"Why, that doesn't make any difference, does it?"

"No, but I don't understand where the other half is."

Josephine Ganoni,

RR 12, Sta. F, 50th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

* *

FROM YUKON, PA.

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ Lodge No. 117 of Yukon, Pa. There are six in our family. I am 9 years old and in fourth grade in school. My teacher's name is Miss Van Dyke. She is very good.

I like to read the M. L., its jokes, riddles, and stories. I hope some of the Yukon members would wake up and write a letter to the M. L.—Agnes Flander, Box 140, Yukon, Pa.

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BASKETBALL

Dear Editor:—

We are studying hard and work hard to enter all the sports. I am a member of the Busch School Basketball team and expect to be as long as I attend there. We got new suits this year; they are orange and black—our school colors. We played three games and lost one so far.

I am glad the Editor of the M. L. made those new rules for our magazine.

Rose Pregel (age 14), Bx 134, Base Line, Mich

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Louise E. Kosik, Box 3, Smithdale, Pa., contributes a joke and sends in her photo.

WAKE UP, LA SALLE!

Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading the Mladinski List very much and wish it would come more often. There are very seldom any letters from La Salle and it seems as though the members are backing out. Come on, La Salle! Let's show what we really can do! I hope that in the next month's issue there will be many letters from La Salle.

(Sent by a little member whose address is at 664 Lincoln ave., La Salle, Ill., but no name was attached to the letter or envelope).



Christine Demoizes, Krayn, Pa., belongs to Lodge No. 174 and is learning to play piano.

Robert: "Mother, I had such an awful dream last night. Does it mean anything?"

Mother: "Yes, it means that I know now what became of that chocolate cake I couldn't find last night."

INTRODUCING HIMSELF

Dear Editor:—

I hope there will be a space in the Mladinski List for my picture to introduce myself to the Juvenile members, this being my first letter. I also like to attend a lodge meeting; I don't miss very many. I attended a meeting the 1st Sunday in February. There were 45 members present at the meeting which was very orderly. We all belong to the SNPJ.



Robert Unetich, Box 211, Republic, Pa.

A BABY'S HANDS

By Margaret Sangster

LIKE crumpled blossom petals moving slowly,
 Upon the wind's frail, sighing lullaby;
 And yet as high and wonderful and sweet,
 As Nature's great love that reaches from the sky!
 As helpless as a bit of thistle blowing,
 Across a meadow filled with beautiful things,
 And yet as strong—as subtle and as glowin,
 As a white bird that flies on golden wings . . .

A BABY'S hands—weak, tiny fingers, groping
 To find a place of tenderness and rest—
 They are the answer to the wistful hoping,
 The hope that lives in every woman's breast!
 A baby's hands—as shy as April weather,
 Yet strong enough to hold the world together.

THE TEACHER MUSES

By R. J. Gale

YEAR AFTER YEAR they come to
me
Year after year they leave me,
As they leave their outgrown books;
And I wonder sometimes if I've taught
them
Just some of the worthwhile things,
Just some of the things they'll need in
life,
Be they peasants, or poets, or kings.

Of course, they've learned civics and
history,
And how to divide and add,
But have they learned that these are
not all
That make life sad or glad?
Have I taught them the value of smiling
When things are at their worst?
Have I taught them there's nothing
that helps like a song
When the heart seems ready to
burst

Have I taught them the joy of clean
living?
That Honor is better than Fame?
That good friends are the greatest of
treasures?
Wealth, less than an untarnished
name?
Have I taught them respect to the aged?
Protection to those that are weak?
That silence always is golden
When gossip bids them speak?

Have I taught them that Fear is a
coward
Who is beaten when they say, "I
can?"
That Courtesy ranks with Courage
In the heart of the real gentleman?
Have I taught them these things and
the others
That will help make them brave, kind,
and true?
If I have, then, I care not if they tell
me
That Irkutsk is a town in Peru!

LETTERS FROM OTHER COORES-
PONDENTS

Virginia Mikolich, 55 Ridgeway st., Struthers, O., belongs with the rest of the family to Lodge No. 277.

Molly Turk, 21232 Naumann ave., Euclid O., tells us that the whole family belongs to Lodge No. 84 SNPJ.

Mary Jevic, 159—17th st. N. W., Barberton, O., is also our member and a junior in the Barberton high school.

Mary Mezek, 512 E. 4th st., Price, Utah, relates a nice little story about travelling. Her cousin Rosie Lotrich from Sunnyside spent her holiday vacations with her. They went sleigh riding. There are about 750 students in high school there and gave recently a very interesting play. She promises to write some more for our magazine.

Agnes Michcic, 417 Hopwell ave., W. Aliquippa, Pa., sent us a nice little poem called "A visit to Toyland."

Joseph Strauss, Box 107, Bridgeport, O., is 12 years old and in the sixth grade in school. There are nine in his family and all are SNPJ members.

Ray McCarthy (Corky), 1874 Fremont st., Chicago, Ill., contributes five jokes to the M. L.

Jennie Pregel, 57 Warta, Base Line, Mich., has heard Mr. A. Subelj sing over the radio, and every Sunday they listen in on the Slovene program from Cleveland over station WJAY.

Tillie Klemen, 16119 Waterloo rd., Cleveland, O., would like to know Steve Papish's address as she lost it.

William Skrbetz, Box 357, Broughton, Pa., likes letters in M. L. from his home town.

Dorothy Brezovsek, Box 74, Conemaugh, Pa., contributes her first letter. She is in 4th grade and likes her teacher.

Dorothy Ferjan, Box 98, Indianola, Pa., tells us that the whole family belongs to the SNPJ.