

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

EXTRA!

- **E**XTRA, extra! Hej ljudje!
extra to izdaja je!
novega vse polno v njej,
in vsebina pestra! Hej!

— Koliko je cena?
— Samo dva, centka dva bakrena.
Teško gre ljudem spod palca;
kriza stiska vnetega čitalca.

— Extra, extra! Hej ljudje!
Extra to izdaja je! —
Deček—truden, lačen—vzklika;
komaj se od vrat do vrat pomika.

Mati bolna mu leži —
— Extra! deček spet kriči.
Bratec ga pri oknu čaka,
čaka kruha, morda plaka . . .

Cente šteje; v prodajalno stopi.
Pa ga vpraša prodajalec skopi:
— Kaj je extra, dečko moj? —
— To: večerja bo pri nas nocoj! —



Anna P. Krasna:

MORNARČEK

NAJ se ti zdi, atek, kakor da se mi je izpolnila
 moja srčna želja in postal sem mornarček.
 Najina ladjica plove v lepi, daljni svet
 in njena jadra so bela in rdeča,
 ker midva sva poslanca miru in bratske ljubezni
 in ne greva v svet po trgovskih opravkih.
 Dih vetrov žene ladjico po valujočih vodah,
 ti pa stojiš pri krmilu in ji usmerjaš pot.
 Jaz plezam na visoke jambore
 in z daljnogledom pregledujem prostrano širino morja.
 Vselej, kadar ugledam v dalji mesta, ti dam povelje,
 da voziš h kraju—
 Zakaj, atek, na ladjico kakor je najina,
 čakajo na vseh obalah sveta!
 Ko dovršiva svoje poslanstvo,
 se vrneva v domač pristan, da razveseliva mamico
 z zanimivimi novicami o najinem potovanju.
 — Kaj praviš, atek, bi li ne bilo lepo,
 če bi jaz postal mornarček?—

SKRB

NA materinem obrazu vse dni,
 kakor siv oblak,
 skrb, neizbežna skrb leži.

Včasih se mati smeji
 in takrat
 se za kratek hip siv oblak razprši.

Skrije se v gube okrog oči—
 ali joj! kako hitro
 že spet ves siv
 na materinem obrazu leži . . .

Če se sreča smeje

(Bolgarska pravljica)

NEKOČ je živel zelo, zelo siromašen mož, ki ni prav ničesar posedoval. Delal je do onemoglosti in se je ubijal in ubijal, bolj kot vsi drugi, vendar vse, kar je zaslužil, ni zadoščalo, da bi mogel od tega živeti. Ljudje, ki so ga poznali, so pravili, da nima sreče, in kako naj potem kaj zasluži ali poseduje?

Pa je nekoč slišal nek bogat in dober mož o tej ubogi pari in si je rekel: "Kaj je to pravzaprav sreča? Ali je sploh kaj takega na svetu? Seveda, eni so pač rojeni na srečnem planetu, in ti imajo kaj, drugi pa nimajo ničesar, pa se morajo mučiti, in kljub vsemu nimajo ničesar."

Nekoč je odšel ta siromak na neko potovanje. Prišel je do neke reke, in moral bi prekoračiti most. Ko je to oni bogati slučajno videl, si je mislil, da bi mu zdaj-le hotel pomagati. Položil je zlatnik na bruno pri mostu in se je skrtil pod mostom. Hotel se je namreč prepričati o tem, da-li bo mož, o katerem pripovedujejo ljudje, da nima sreče, naletel na ta zlatnik ali ne.

Ko je prišel naš siromašni mož do mostu, se je domislil sledeče stvari: "Enkrat bi se lahko prepričal o tem, kako napravi slepec, če gre preko kakega mostu." In zato je zaprl svoje trepalnice in korakal, kakor kak slepec, preko mostu. Seveda ni videl zlatnika.

Zdaj je pa verjel njegov bogati prijatelj, da siromašni mož nima sreče, in je rekel: "Pa je vendar res to, kar trdijo o sreči." Priredil Cv. K.



Zvonček—bahač

ZGODAJ spomladi se dvigne zvonček iz zemlje. Bahato se ozira po snivajočem travniku, ki ves pust in premrl komaj čuti žarke pomladnega solnca. Zvonček kliče: "O, cvetice, mlade ve sestrice! Kako ste zaspane! Solnce se široko smeje z neba in vas vabi v veselo življenje. Kaj se niste še naspale, zaspanke?"

Druge pomladne cvetice so se šele prebujale iz zimskega spanja in komaj so v snu čule mladega bahača. Kar se oglasi izpod bližnjega grma trobentica, ki je samo z enim očesom gledala iz tale ruše: "Nam očitaš, da smo zaspane! Koliko prej si se pa ti lani spravil spat nego me! Ali ne pomniš, kako si bil že hromoten, zaspan, star in le še malo živ, ko smo me bistro gledale v solnce ter se košatile s cvetjem in zelenjem? Kdor dolgo spi, se tudi naspi."

Zvonček je previdno povetil glavico, spoznal resnico in molčal. I. T.

Ivan Jontez:

Tomazek in leseni Krist

ŽARKI dopoldanskega poletnega solnca so se upirali v streho ponižne vaške šole in silili skozi odprta okna v šolsko sobo, kjer je debeli župnik Janez baš poučeval krščanski nauk.

“Zdaj vam bom povedal zgodbo o čudežu, ki se je bil dogodil v tistih starih časih, ko so divji Turki prihajali v naše kraje morit in ropat.”

Gospod župnik se je premaknil, težko zasopihal in z velikim robcem otrl svoj potni obraz. Majhne, vodeno-sive oči so se nejevoljno obrnile v očesnih jamicah. “Taka vročina že dopoldne! Da bi jo šment!” Tolsti trojni podbradek se je podaljšal in obrvi so se stisnile. Vročina ni bila gospodu župniku po volji. Učenci, ki so svojega veroučitelja dobro poznali, so menili pri sebi, da bi ga ne bilo varno dražiti, zato so mirno pričakovali obljubljenega zgodbe. Potem, ko je nekajkrat težko zasopihal, je župnik z debelim basom začel:

“V tistih starih časih je pridrla velika tolpa Turčinov na Dolenjsko. Kakor divja povodenj so drveli čez pokrajino ter uničevali vse, kar jim je prišlo na pot. Požigali so kmečke domove, morili starce, otroke in žene, krepke mladeniče in zale mladenke pa so vodili s seboj v sužnost. Nekega dne pa se je manjša gruča nevernikov odtrgala od glavne čete ter se napotila proti neki vasi, ki je ležala precej vstran od glavne ceste, po kateri se je valila strašna povodenj. Pot jih je vodila mimo starega poljskega razpela, ki so ga bili postavili vaščani tiste vasi Bogu v čast. Nekemu Turčinu je bilo to razpelo na poti, izvlekel je krivi meč iz nožnic in—zamahnil po Kristu. In poslušajte, kaj se je zgodilo: leseni Krist je začel strašno krvaveti, Turčinu pa se je na mestu posušila roka! To je njega in njegove tovariše tako prestrašilo in presunilo, da so se

pri tisti priči izpreobrnili in postali kristjani.”

Župnik se je globoko oddahnil ter se ozrl po svojih učencih, da vidi, kako je njegova zgodbica učinkovala. Dvajset fantkov je mirno in nedolžno gledalo vanj. V nekaterih očesih je rahlo plamenela groza; teh se je prijelo. Drugi pa so bili videti zadovoljni, ker so slišali zgodbico in jim ni bilo treba poslušati suhoparnih stavkov iz katekizma. Nekaterim pa se je videlo na obrazih, da jim je popolnoma vseeno, kaj morajo poslušati in da bi se najbolje počutili zunaj, na polju ali v gozdu. Le živahni, včasih poredni in na moč radoznali Tomazek je bil videti zelo zamišljen. Bradico je zagozdil med pesti in nepremično opazoval začrnela Krista v kotu nad šolsko tablo, nad katerim si je dolgonogi pajk spredel svojo mrežo. Videti je bilo, da Tomazka obletavajo dvomi; da mu ne gre v glavo, kako bi mogel lesen kip krvaveti. In bolj ko je prevračal to zanj pereče vprašanje v svojih mladih možganih, bolj neverjetna se mu je dozdevala župnikova zgodba. Kdo ve, kako dolgo bi bil Tomazek premišljeval o tem, da ga ni iztrgal zamišljenosti župnikov globoki bas:

“Tomazek, kaj je rekel Krist apostolu Petru, ko mu je izročil svojo cerkev?”

Tomazek je planil na noge, toda odgovora ni vedel takoj.

To mu je prineslo pekočo zaušnico. “Si spal, a?”

“Nisem, gospod župnik!”

Pa je moral vzlic temu v kot za tablo klečat. Med opravljanjem te pokore je Tomazek izkoristil priložnost ter strmo ogledoval začrnela Krista in razmišljal o najnovejšem problemu, ki se mu je zagrizel v možgane.

Ko so šli fantki iz šole proti domači vasi, je bil Tomažek še zmerom globoko zamišljen. Vrtniki so ga dražili ter ga skušali oživetiti, a zaman. Dečkom se je čudno zdelo, ker je bil sicer vedno živahni in za vsako vragolijo vneti Tomažek tako čudno zamišljen, malone potr. Še bolj pa so se začudili, ko se je Tomažek ustavil pred velikim, od slabega vremena razbičanim trohnečim poljskim razpelom, ki je samevalo ob poljski poti, ki se tam vije tik ob zelenem gozdiču.

Tudi Tomažkovi tovariši so se ustavili. In se čudili. Kaj neki vidi na tem lesenem bogcu takega, da ne more naprej, so ugibali. Tomažek pa je ogledoval lesenega Krista in premišljeval. Težke misli so morale rojiti v njegovi glavi, kajti čelo se mu je nabralo v gube.

Tudi na Tomažkove tovariše je nekaj leglo. Tesno jim je postalo pri mladih srcih. Začuden so ogledovali zdaj Tomažka, zdaj začrnelega, že na pol strohnelega Krista, ki je le še z eno roko visel na razpokanem lesu križa.

“Ali je mogoče? Lesen bog, da bi krvavel?”

Tomažek je bil, ki si je stavil to vprašanje. Pa si ni vedel odgovoriti. Nenadoma pa se mu je obraz razjasnil. Obrnil se je k svojim tovarišem:

“Ali verjamate, kar nam je povedal danes naš župnik—tisto o Turku in krvavečem Kristu?”

Trije so potrdili, da verjamejo, eden je molčal; tega to vprašanje ni zanimalo. Vranje gnezdo v visoki smreki je Andrejčka bolj motilo, mu je bilo bolj pri srcu.

“Jaz pa ne verjamem!” je izpustil Tomažek ter se sklonil k tlom. Pred nogami mu je ležal debel, robat kamen.

Dečki so se zdrznili in trije hkratu so zavpili: “Tomažek! Saj vendar ne misliš . . . ? To je greh! Roka se ti bo posušila!”

Toda Tomažek jih ni poslušal. Pobral je kamen, stisnil ustnice in odstopil nekaj korakov od znamenja. Deček je ho-

tel priti na jasno glede vprašanja, ki ga je mučilo.

Z ostrim pogledom je Tomažek premeril trohnečega, brezmočno na eni roki na križu visečega Krista—nato je pomiril.

Nad visoko smreko sta zavreščali dve vrani, zavreščali divje, obupno, proseče in srdito (Tomažkov mali sosed Andrej, ki je bil preje opazil vranje gnezdo, je namreč že splezal v smreko ter že stegal roko po mladičih v gnezdu).

Dečki, razen Tomažka, so se stresli in onemeli v grozi pričakovanja nečesa strašnega in pošastno vreščanje vran jim je pretreslo kosti in mozeg.

Tresk! — — —

Dobro je pogodil. V polno je zadel. Leseni Krist je obležal ves razbit na mahovitih tleh v senci košatega hrasta, pod katerim je stalo znamenje.

Molk. — — —

Dečki pogledujejo zdaj na razbitega Krista na tleh, zdaj na Tomažka, ki z ostrim pogledom motri učinek svojega dejanja.

Vrane še vreščijo, se zaletavajo v Andrejčka, ki je že razmetal gnezdo in zdaj beži iz smreke pred črnima furijama zraka.

“Joj, kaj si napravil, Tomažek!” zastoka preplašeni Peterček.

“Ali te bodo—doma in v šoli!” sočuvstvuje Janezek in misli na batine, ki jih bo deležen ubogi, pregrešni Tomažek.

Tomažek pa se sklone k tlom in začne otipavati črvice ostanke lesenega Krista. Njegov obraz je čezdalje jasnejši in gube beže raz njegovo čelo. Nič krvi ni, sami črvi in trohneč, mrtev les!

“Saj sem vedel, da to ni mogoče!” vzklikne zmagoslavno in pomoli dečkom pod nos žalostne ostanke. “Poglejte! Nič ne krvavi! Trohneč, črviv les—nič drugega! Vedel sem, da si je župnik tisto izmislil . . . Če bi bilo res, bi se bil tudi zdaj zgodil tak—čudež . . . Pa ni . . . Ker ni res, ker ne more res biti! Kako naj les krvavi, če nima v sebi krvi?!”

Tisto popoldne se je odnekod pripe-
ljala huda nevihta. Lilo je, gremelo in
treskalo da le kaj. Tomažkovi tovariši,
ki so bili priče njegovemu dejanju, so
trepetaje pomilovali ubogega tovariša,
glede katerega so bili prepričani, da mu
božja jeza ne bo prizanesla. Toda To-
mažek je ostal živ in zdrav. Slabše pa
se je godilo poljskemu znamenju. Og-
njena strela je treščila v hrast, pod ka-
terim je stalo, ga preklala na dvoje in
padajoči orjak je zmlal pod seboj tudi

križ, raz katerega je Tomažek zbil Kri-
sta. Kakor da je narava sama hotela
rešiti predrznega, nevernega Tomažka
pred batinami v šoli in doma . . . Raz-
biti Krist pa je moral iti z umazanim
vodovjem naraslega potoka.

Ko so šli drugi dan zjutraj v šolo, je
dejal Andrej—tisti, ki je razmetal vra-
nje gnezdo—Tomažku:

“Večjo srečo imaš kot pamet!”

Tomažek pa se je zadovoljno smehljajal.

L. N. Tolstoj:

Trije tatovi

MUŽIK je peljal v mesto prodat osla
in kozo.

Koza je nosila zvonček.

Trije tatovi so ugledali mužika in
eden je dejal: “Ukradel bom kozo tako,
da mužik ne bo niti opazil.”

Drugi tat je dejal: “Jaz bom ukra-
del osla mužiku iz rok.”

Tretji je dejal: “To ni nič težkega,
jaz pa mu bom ukradel obleko.”

Prvi tat se je prikradel h kozi, vzel
zvonček in ga obesil oslu na rep, kozo
pa je odpeljal.

Ko se je kmet na križišču ozrl in vi-
del, da koze ni, jo je pričel iskati.

Tedaj je pristopil k njemu drugi tat
in ga vprašal, kaj išče?

Mužik mu je povedal. Drugi tat je
dejal: “Videl sem tvojo kozo: ravnokar
je tekel skozi tale les človek s kozo.
Lahko ga ujameš.”

Mužik je stekel za kozo in prosil tatu,

naj mu drži osla. Drugi tat je odpeljal
osla.

Ko se je mužik vrnil z lesa in videl,
da tudi osla ni več, je zaplakal in odšel
po cesti.

Prišel je do ribnika, kjer je videl člo-
veka, ki je sedel in jokal. Mužik ga je
vprašal, kaj mu je.

Mož mu je odgovoril, da so mu uka-
zali nesti v mesto vrečo zlata, da se je
hotel ob ribniku oddahnuti, pa je zaspal
in v snu potisnil vrečo v vodo.

Mužik ga je vprašal, čemu ne gre
ponjo.

Neznanec je odvrnil: “Bojim se vode
in plavati ne znam, toda tistemu, ki mi
privleče vrečo ven, dam 20 zlatnikov.”
—Mužik se je razveselil in pomislil:
“Usoda mi je ponudila srečo s tem, da
mi je vzela kozo in osla.”—Slekel se je,
zlezal v vodo, toda zlate vreče ni našel;
ko je zlezal iz vode, ni bilo obleke nikjer.

Bil je tretji tat, ki mu je ukradel
obleko.



Gozd nadlog

(Po skrbski narodni pripovedki priredil
Cvetko Kristan.)

V NEKI temni noči je stal mladenič na robu gozda. Krog in krog so bila drevesa, gosta hosta, in razpotje polno gručavega kamenja je vodilo na vse strani. Sprva je stopal mladenič čilo, s poveznjenim pogledom, zatopljen v svoje misli, kar naprej. Niti opazil ni, da sta postajala grmovje in goščava vedno bolj gosta, dokler se ni naenkrat spodtaknil črez korenino. Šele sedaj je spoznal, da je zgrešil pot in da se nahaja v strašni samoti. Vendar se je ohrabril in hitel naprej, potem v eno, nato zopet v drugo smer, iskajoč svojo pot. Toda zaman! Vedno je zopet opazil, da se je zmerom vrnil na isto mesto, iz katerega je izšel. Tedaj se je vrgel končno oslavljen in trpeč od lakote na zemljo. Svoj obraz je pokrtil z rokama in je glasno tarnal.

Ko je svojo glavo zopet dvignil, je naenkrat opazil, da stojijo pred njim trije možje, ki jih prej ni videl, in stresel se je. Prvi je imel z zlatom vezen jopič, krog ledja je imel zlat pas, ki je bil okrašen z dragocenim žlahtnim kamenjem. Drugi je nosil črno obleko in rdeč pas, tretji pa modro srajco, krog ledja pa je imel navaden pas iz usnja in v rokah je držal ogromno sekuro.

"Kaj pa vendar delaš tu?" so vprašali skoro sočasno vsi trije mladeniča.

"Pričakujem smrt," je odgovoril mladenič, "usmilite se me vendar!"

"In česa želiš?"

"Najprej, da pridem ven iz tega gozda!"

"Izberi si enega od nas, ki naj te izpelje!"

Mladeniču se je najbolj dopadel mož z zlatookrašeno obleko in z žlahtnim kamenjem. In hitro je odgovoril:

"Ti bodi moj vodnik!"

Mož s krasno obleko se je nasmehnil, podal mladeniču svojo roko, med tem

ko sta druga dva izginila. Tiho je stopal mladenič za svojim vodnikom. Izgledalo je, da se pot hitro končuje. Vendar kljub temu, da sta hodila že več ur po gozdu, sta se nahajala še vedno v njem.

"Truden sem," je odgovoril mladenič in obstal, "ne morem več naprej."

"Pot je dolga in tvoje noge so zelo slabotne. Ne morem te pripeljati od tu ven. Ali v kratkem pride tu mimo popotnik. Vzemi ta-le meč in prisvoji si njegovega konja, ki ga boš potem lahko potreboval."

"Gorje mi," je zaklical mladenič in lomil roke, "kdo si ti, ki mi daješ tak svet?"

"Jaz sem Zločin!"

"Izgubi se odtod," je zavpil mladenič in se vrgel na tla. Tedaj je nenadoma zaslišal za seboj satanski smeh, in zopet je ostal sam. Ko se je nato ponovno ozrl, sta stala pred njim dva moža."

"Kaj počneš tu?" sta ga vprašala.

"Umiram," je odgovoril mladenič, "usmilita se me vendar!"

"In česa želiš?"

"Najprej, da pridem ven iz tega gozda!"

"Izberi si enega od naju, ki naj te pelje ven!"

Mladenič je opazoval moža in si je nato izbral onega, ki je imel črno obleko in rdeč pas.

"Tebe si izvolim!"

Brez besede je podal tujec svojo roko mladeniču in ga je pustil korakati za seboj. Po dolgem blodenju sem in tja sta dospela do roba prepada, iz katerega je bilo čuti glasno tarnanje in stokanje.

"Ne morem več naprej," je zaklical mladenič.

"Zato sem te pripeljal semkaj," je rekel črnooblečni. Samo po tej-le poti

lahko prideva iz gozda. V tem prepadu preži smrt, ki te bo rešila od tvojega trpljenja."

"Gorje mi!", je zaklical mladenič. "Kdo si ti, ki mi daješ tak svet?"

"Jaz sem Obup!"

"Izgubi se proč odtod," je zavpil mladenič in se zgrudil.

Ko je zopet odprl oči, je stal pred njim oni mož, ki je imel na sebi modro, grobo srajco in je nosil v rokah veliko sekiro. Ta je zdaj rekel mladeniču:

"Sledi mi, mladi mož! Tvoja pot je dolga in polna trpljenja. Ali kdor je pripravljen trpeti in je pri tem dobre volje, temu pomagajo bogovi!"

Mladenič mu je podal svojo roko in tujec je stopal pred njim. S sekiro je lomil goščavo, podiral drevesa, ki so stala na poti, in je čistil pot od hoste, ki je ovirala napredovanje na poti iz gozda.

"Vzemi kos lesa s seboj!", je ukazal tujec.

Mladenič je ubogal, dasi je bil že zelo truden in ga je mučil glad.

Medtem se je gozd bolj in bolj redčil, mladenič je postajal vedno bolj vesel, breme se mu je zdelo vedno lažje in lažje, kajti upanje mu je dajalo moč.

Končno sta dospela zopet na rob gozda. Pred njim se je svetila v žaru jutranjega sonca široka, zelena ravnina.

"Končno sva dospela ven!" je rekel tujec. "Gozd, skozi katerega sva hodila, je bil gozd nadlog. Nikdar ne pozabi na to! In sedaj odvrzi breme!"

Mladenič je vrgel vejo na tla in vprašal:

"Kdo si vendar ti, ki si me tako dobro vodil?"

"Jaz sem D e l o!" je odgovoril tujec in izginil.

Katka Zupančič:

MALKA ZNA . . .

MALA Malka hoče že velika biti
in—kar več je—prazno glavo napolniti;
kajti velik biti, pa neveden
in vrh tega morda še poreden—
taka Malka biti noče!
Naj se, naj se Mihec ji krohoče,
češ, da knjigo le mrcvari;
ona ve, da čita, drugo ji ni mari.

Malka čita: "To je i in a in e;
kdor le pije, spi in je,
vreden ni ne pasje dlake—atek pravi;
pravi tudi: Mihec ima slamo v glavi."
To pa Mihecu ni več šala.
"Rada bi se norčevala, žaba mala,
napak knjigo še držiš," jo Mihec draži,
"črke? črke so ti križi-kraži!"

Mala Malka dolgo ni v zagati:
"Črke napak brati—to se pravi znati!"

Pameten mužik

(Ruska pravljica)

NEK pameten mužik ni imel ne kruha ne denarja. Odločil se je pa, oditi h gospodu in ga prositi. Da bi ne prišel kar tako praznih rok, je ujel gos, jo spekel in nesel gospodu. Gospod je sprejel gos in rekel mužiku:

“Mužik, lepo se ti zahvaljujem za gos; toda ne vem, kako bi jo razdelil. Imam ženo, dvoje sinov in dvoje hčera. Na kakšen način naj torej gos pravilno razdelim?”

Mužik se je ponudil. Pa jo razdelim jaz!”

Vzel je nož, odrezal je gosi glavo in jo podal gospodu: “Ti si glava hiše in tebi pripada zato glava.” Potem je odrezal zadnji del in ga podal gospe, rekoč: “Ti sediš doma in oskrbuješ hišo, zato ti pripada tole.” Nato je odrezal nogi in jih podal sinoma: “Vama pripadata nogi, da bosta hodila po poti očetovih nasvetov in naukov.” In hčera je dal perutnici, rekoč: “Kmalu bosta odšli iz hiše, zato vama pripadata krili. Ostanek si pa vzamem sam.” In

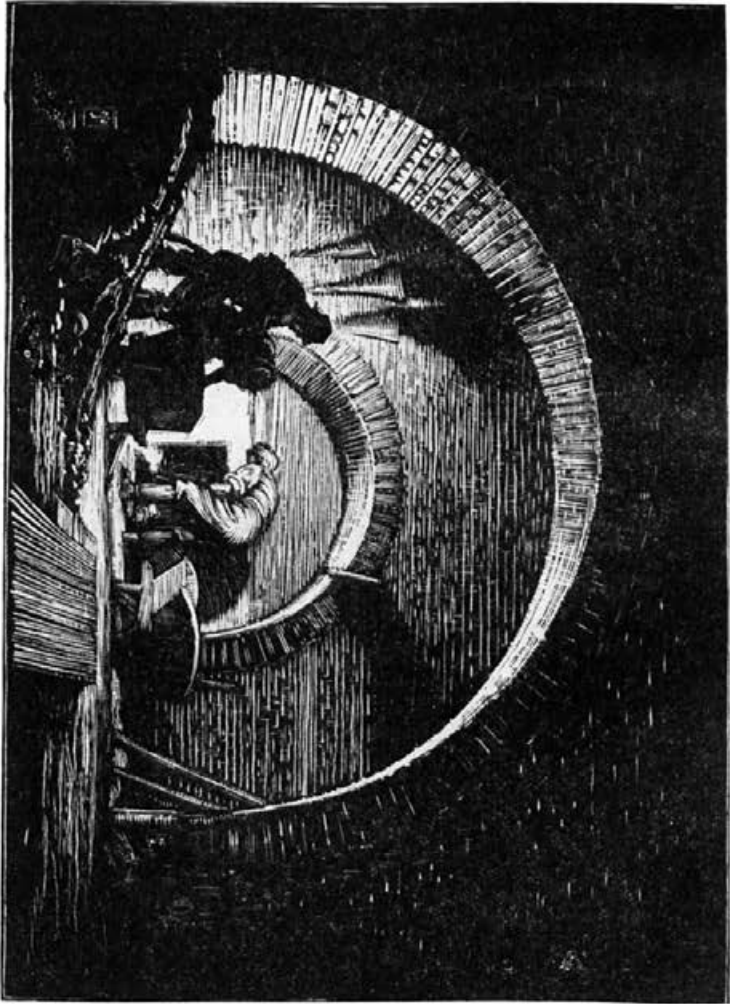
vzel si je ostalo gos. Gospod se je nasmejal in je dal pametnemu mužiku kruha in denarja.

Bogat mužik je pa slišal, kako je dal gospod ubogemu mužiku za gos kruha in denarja. Spekel je pet gosi in jih odnesel gospodu. Gospod mu je rekel: “Zahvaljujem se ti za gosi. Imam pa ženo, dvoje sinov in dvoje hčera: torej nas je skupno šest; kako naj si razdelimo tvoje gosi?” Bogati mužik je razmišljal, a domislil se ni ničesar. Tedaj je poslal gospod po revnega mužika in mu ukazal razdeliti gosi. Ubogi mužik je vzel v roki eno gos in jo podal gospodu in gospej, rekoč: “Tale je vama manjkala do treh.” Eno je dal sinoma: “Vama dam tole.” Eno je dal hčera, rekoč: “Vama dam pa tole.” Sam si je pa vzel dvoje gosi in rekel: “In meni sta manjkali do treh tile dve goski. Sedaj imamo enako.” Gospod se je spet nasmejal, dal je revnemu mužiku kruha in denarja, bogatega je pa napodil. (Cv. K.)

Anna P. Krasna:

BOŠ VIDELA, MAMICA

BOŠ videla, mamica, ko mi dorastemo,
kako bomo preuredili ta zmedeni svet,
ki nas tako muči s svojo grdo sebičnostjo.
Nič ne bomo prosili za kruh, za delo
kakor zdaj naš atek.
Združili se bomo v eno samo veliko trumo
in bomo rekli vsi z enim glasom:
MI HOČEMO DELA, KRUHA, PRAVIC IN MIRU!
Atek pravi, da bi le tako kaj dosegli
in zato bomo tudi tako storili.
Ker nas bo mnogo, in bomo vsi ene misli,
nam ne bo nihče ugovarjal,
pa bomo lahko uredili vse po svoji volji.
— Boš videla, mamica, da boš imela potem lepše življenje.



Norman Jones: APNENICA PONOČI.

K. Prachta:

Neumni osel

LJUDJE imajo mnogo predsodkov. Nepravilno sodijo o ljudeh in živalih in često ponavljajo nesmiselno slabe in hude sodbe drugih. Tako ne slišimo govoriti drugače kakor "neumni osel." In vendar osel ni samo dobra žival, nego je ravno tako modra kakor druge živali. Čujmo sledečo prigodbo:

V neki naselbini pri Madridu na Španskem je vozil neki kmet dolga leta na oslovem hrbtu v mesto mleko. Pot sta prehodila dnevno in ob istem času. Enkrat pa je kmet obolel in ni mogel iti z oslom v mesto. Prišlo mu je na misel, da bi se mogel osel brigati za mleko sam. Dal je živali na hrbet običajni tovor in za komat je pritrnil oslu listek, na katerega je napisal, da prosi, da bi si njegovi odjemalci od osla vzeli mleko sami. Potrepljal je še osla po hrbtu in žival je mirno odkljusala po znani poti . . .

Potem je dnevno nosil osel sam mleko v mesto. Ko je kmet ozdravel in se pripeljal spet z oslom v mesto, je slišal o pametni živali samo pohvalo. Osel je prihajal točno o pravem času in se je ustavljal povsod tam, kjer so mleko jemali. V neki hiši so kmetu celo pripovedovali, da niso bili takoj pripravljene vzeti mleko z oslovega hrbta, pa je postal dolgouhi nosač nepotrpežljiv; z gobcem je menda potegnul za vrvico pri zvoncu, ki ga je nosil in tako priklical svoje odjemalce.

Ne sodimo torej po predsodkih, marveč preiščimo vedno vsak slučaj in našli bomo, da so često preprosti ljudje in zaničevane živali boljši kakor oni, o katerih gre okrog najboljši glas.

Priredil Cv. K.



Vijolica

SOLNCE je začelo pošiljati toplejše žarke na zemljo. Bliža se topla pomlad. Vijolica se prebudi iz zimskega spanja.

Pognala je temnozeleno srčaste lističe in jih je lepo razvrstila okolo sebe. Kmalu so pokukali tudi popki na svetlo. Kako prijetno so božali solnčni žarki temnomodre glavice! Čez nekaj dni so se razvile v lepe cvetove, ki so tako sladko dehteli daleč naokrog. Mačice na leskovem grmu so se gugale v hladnem vetriču in trosile zlat prah nanje. Prvi hrošči so hiteli mimo njih in vonjali sladki vonj oznanjevalke novega življenja.

Nekega dne so vijolico zagledali otroci. Izkopali so jo s koreninicami vred in jo presadili v cvetični lonec. Odnegli so cvetko domov na solnčno okno. Kako vesela je bila zdaj skromna vijolica!



Dragi čitalci in dopisniki!

Juhej! Pomlad je tu!

Tu pa tam bo zima še malo ponagajala, uspeha pa letos ne bo več mnogo imela, kajti toplo sonce jo bo znalo ukrotiti.

V tekoči številki Mladinskega lista boste čitali basen o zvončku, ki je bil bahač, ker je prvi pomolil svojo snežnobelo glavico izpod ruše tik ob zametu, pa se je posmehoval ostalim zaspankam cveticam . . . Tudi o boječi, sramežljivi vijolici boste čitali.

Tudi to gradivo v tej številki znači, da smo na pragu vesele pomladi, ki nas vabi v naročje lepe narave.

Pa tudi sedaj ne smete pozabiti na "Kotiček", ampak spomlad naj vam da še več veselja za dopisovanje vanj.

Vigred se je povrnila! Otroci, veselite se je z menoj!

—UREDNIK.

POROČILO IN NAZNANILO

Cenjeni urednik!

Število dopisov v M. L. se vedno večja. To je lepo za nas mlade Slovenke in Slovence, da se tako širi "Naš kotiček." Toda še mnogo več dopisov bi lahko bilo, če bi se mladi člani in članice SNPJ bolj potrudili.

V naši naselbini (to je "Na Jutrovem") se obeta, da bo mnogo dopisov iz naše naselbine od novih dopisovalcev in dopisovalk. Glejte, da se te obljube izpolnijo!

Le pogum!

Angleško poslušajoče društvo Beacons priredi "card party" in ples dne 2. aprila. Pričakujejo veliko udeležbo. Glejmo, da ne bo pričakovane zastoj!

Na 2. februarja 1932 je priredilo plesno veselico društvo "Danica" SDZ. Udeležba in uspeh nista bila bogvekaj.

Clevelandska federacija SNPJ je priredila lep, zanimiv program in ples 28. februarja v Slovenskem narodnem domu na St. Clairju. Razdanih je bilo dvaintrideset krasnih dobitkov. Udeležba je bila zelo velika, čeprav še vedno vlada depresija.

Mislím, da lahko pričakujem še večje število slovenskih dopisov v prihodnji številki M. L.

Ali ne?

Če ne, zakaj ne?

Najlepše pozdrave vsem članom in članicam SNPJ kakor tudi uredniku.

Anne Traven,

11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

STARKA ZIMA SE ŽE POSLAVLJA

Cenjeni urednik!

Spet se oglašam z malim prispevkom za M. L. in Vas prosim, da bi ga priobčili.

Starka zima se že pripravlja na odhod.

Vsi želimo z dna srca ji srečno pot,

čeprav je bila letos zelo mila,

ne želimo, da bi se spet povrnila!

Da, da, letni časi se spreminjajo enakomerno, natanko po določenih naravnih zakonih, a želeli bi bilo, da bi se tudi slabi časi, ki zdaj prevladujejo po celem svetu, spremenili v dobre, kot se spreminjajo letni časi. A znamenja še nič ne kažejo, da bi se kaj na boljše obrnilo. Povsod vlada mizerija.

Tukajšnja Ninth Street State banka je pred kratkim zaprla vrata. Prizadeti so bili seveda najbolj delavci, ki so izgubili svoje pristradane prihranke, od katerih so bili odvisni v sedanji brezposelnosti.

Tudi to pot nimam poročati nič razveseljivega, da pa tudi ta dopis ne bo ostal brez pesmice, zato Vas prosim, da bi priobčili tole:

Česa še človek ni videl?

Nebroj stvari v življenju je, seveda, ki človek vidi jih, se jih zaveda, pa vendar najpomembnejših stvari v življenju svojem nikdar videl ni. Na drugih jih opaža dan na dan, na sebi pa jih ni še videl sam, čeprav poskušal že je marsikdo, a videl jih še ni in jih ne bo. — In to kar videl ni je: lastno spanje, svoje lastno rojstvo, smrt in sanje

Želim, da bi tudi drugi "kotičkarji" napisali kaj novega, kar bi napravilo Mlad. list zanimivejši in privlačnejši.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem!

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

* *

DA, RES JE SKALNATO GOROVJE

Dragi urednik!

Že spet se oglašam in prav res iz Skalnatega gorovja (Rocky Mountains). Ko to pišem (16. feb.) tako močna sapa ali burja piha, da si ne upam iz hiše, ker bi me morda odnesla in me nosila po gorovju, kar pa bi ne bilo lušno v hudi zimi.

Povedati Vam moram, da sem dobila ali prešla en dolar za marke ali znamke, da pišem v Mladinski list. Iskrena hvala dotičnemu, ki mi ga je poslal in nepoznanemu prijatelju iz Cicera, Ill., se tudi lepo zahvalim za poslano razglednico.

Tudi jaz bi rada videla sliko našega sobrata urednika v M. L., da bi videla, če bi tudi on glavo stisnil med ramena kot sem jo jaz.

Mi živimo na 20 akrov veliki farmi. Prideamo vsakega malo za domačo rabo. Na 15. feb. je mama posadila česen in je tudi posejala že malo solate. Če ne bi imeli tukaj te nadležne sapa ali vetra, bi bilo mnogo boljše in bi že mislili, da je spomlad. Tako pa nam ta dela nekoliko preglavice. Pa saj bo kmalu spomlad vseeno.

Mnogo podravov vsem!

Mary Marinac, El Moro, Colo.

* *

JOSIPINI MESTEK

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim Vas, da priobčite teh par vrstic, verzov v prozi, bi se menda reklo, ali kakor že.

Rada bi znala, čeprav sem mlada, zakaj na svetu toliko trpljenja je. Krivic, gorja, bolezní se med bednimi ne manjka. Zakaj tako, za-

kaj? Saj pravijo, da Bog neskončno je pravičen, ki rad deli revičem. Pa vidimo vse križem muko, izkoriščanje in gladovanje. Čemu to, čemu? Revščinna pritiska, za vse je huda stiska. Zakaj to, zakaj? Ljudstvo moli in ponižno prosi, usmili se ga pa nihče. Ponižno klone, tone že leta in sto. Kdaj pa bo vstalo in zahtevalo odločno, kar mu gre!

Zato pa, bratci mali in sestrice, zbudimo se s starši in pomagajmo graditi novo družbo. Odpravimo trpljenje in uboštvo, ki tare ljudstvo že stoletja. Stopimo na plan, ker sedaj je naš dan!

Iskreno pozdravljam vse čitatelje Mladinskega lista, posebno pa našo mlado in marljivo dopisovalko *Josipino Mestek*, kateri je poklonjen ta dopis! Kajti ona mi je dala povod, da sem napisala moj prvi dopis v Mladinski list.

Julia Zura,

1510 Merriam st., Muskegon Hts., Mich.

* *

KONČNO JE SNEŽILO

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Že zopet sem sklenila, da napišem par vrstic v "Naš kotiček."

Povedati moram, da smo po dolgem času dobili prvi sneg šele prve dni v februarju. Mi otroci se smo ga zelo veselili.

Društvo "Soča" je priredilo zelo zanimivo igro, ki se imenuje "Kakršen gospodar, takšen sluga." Moj brat je igral vlogo poročnika. Meni se je igra zelo dopadla, in mislim, da ravno tako tudi drugim.

Prosim, da priobčite tole pesmico:

Večerna

Mrak se spušča iz višin,
milo klenka zvon iz lin.
Ptičke v gozdu so odpele,
legle spat so cvetke bele.
Zovčček klenka, lepo poje:
"Spavaj sladko, dete moje."

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem, kičitajo te vrstice!

Frances M. Celigoj,

16024 Holmes ave., Cleveland, Ohio.



UČENKI SLOVENSKE ŠOLE

Dragi urednik!

Jaz in moja sestra Elsie že pišemo malo po slovensko, ker smo se že nekoliko naučile, kajti obe hodive v slovensko šolo v Chicagu, katero vodi društvo 559 SNPJ, ki se imenuje "Pioneer." Vsako soboto popoldne gremo v slovensko šolo in se učimo samo slovensko pisati in brati.

Decembra meseca smo uprizorili lepo igro, ki se imenuje "Sneguljčica." Sedaj pa se že spet učimo za drugo igro, ki bo uprizorjena enkrat meseca maja ob koncu šole. Imamo zelo dobro učiteljico, gospo Katko Zupančič, in učitelja g. L. Benigerja.

Pa naj bo za enkrat dovolj, bom pa še prihodnjič kaj pisala.

Naj še to povem, da imam rada M. L. Zelo bi me veselilo, ako bi M. L. večkrat na mesec prihajal med nas. Mi vsi smo člani SNPJ, ker je to najboljša slovenska podporna organizacija za mladino in za odrasle.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem!

Mary in Elsie Reich,
2141 W. 23rd st., Chicago, Ill.

* *

TA UREDNIŠKI KOŠ

Dragi mi urednik!

Sedaj pa znam že tudi jaz malo po slovensko pisati. To je moj prvi slovenski dopis. Zato pa mi sestrice in bratci nikar ne zamerite, ako ni kaj prav, ker se šele učim. Upam, četudi sem morda bolj slabo napisala, da ne bo tega dopisa urednik vrgel v koš.

Jennie Levec mi je že odpisala na moj dopis. Hvala ji. Želim ji, da bi kmalu okrevala ter da bi kaj kmalu sem prišla v Cleveland na obisk.

Lep pozdrav pošiljam Anni Traven, kajti njene dopise večkrat čitam v Mladinskem listu.

Josephine Verbich je v M. L. predlagala, da bi urednik M. L. priobčil svojo sliko v Mladinskem listu. Tudi jaz tako predlagam in želim, da bi dal urednik svojo sliko v Mladinski list.

Pozdravljam prav vse čitatelje Mladinskega lista in seveda tudi urednika!

Emma Koprivnik,
8514 Vineyard ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

MED SORODNIKI

Cenjeni urednik!

Meseca februarja je bil v Mladinskem listu priobčen dopis moje sestre Tončke. Sama ne vem, kdaj ga je napisala. Bili smo pri stricu Vinku na 7. feb., ki živi z družino tam na onem lepem gričku. Na vrtu ima mnogo sadnih dreves in drugega zanimivega. Vse polno ptic je bilo na drevju. Menda so si že ogledo-

vale, kje si bodo spomladi spletle svoja gnezdeca.

Pri tem sem opazila, da se je po vrtu plazil maček, ki je željno prežal na ptičke, da bi katerega ujel in ga pohrustal. Stricu Vinku sem rekla, naj mačka kar ubije, ako mori ptičke, ki se ne morejo braniti. Rekel je, da bo že pazil nanj, da ne bo nobenemu ptičku nič žalga storil.

Potem so Leota silili, naj zaigra na harmoniko, ker da zna že dobro igrati. Pri nas smo trije muzikanti, pa tudi stric Vinko zna dobro igrati na harmoniko. Ako bomo vsi skupaj nastopili, bomo lahko lepo zaigrali in bomo morda šli v Cleveland, da bomo tudi tam skupaj igrali. To bi nas gledali tam ljudje, ako bi lepo skupaj igrali. Mi pa bi bili veseli.

S tem bom končala ta dopis, ker se že temni in pri luči kaj ne maram pisati. Bom pa še prihodnjič kaj vselega napisala.

Pozdrav Maroltovim in vsem drugim!

Kristina Škoda, Smithfield, Pa.

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TUDI NJO VESELE SLOVENSKI DOPISI

Dragi urednik!

In spet prispevam kratek dopisek v "Naš kotiček." Februarsko številko Mladinskega lista sem vso prečitala, posebno pa sem pazno čitala dopise v "Našem kotičku" in "Chatter Cornerju." I reči moram, da sem mnogo zanimivega čitala v raznih dopisih. Nekateri poročajo vesele, drugi pa žalostne novice.

Strinjam se z urednikom, ki piše, da ga veselijo slovenski dopisi. Saj mene tudi veselijo slovenski dopisi bolj kot angleški. Najprej prečitam slovenske dopise v Mladinskem listu, potem pa še angleške. Seveda čitam tudi slovenske povesti in pesmice, ker so tako lepe. Rada čitam prispevke od Katke Zupančič, A. P. Krasne, I. Jonteza in drugih.

Drugih posebnih novic ali pripomb sedaj nimam, da bi jih omenjala. Bom pa še prihodnjič kaj več napisala o tem in onem. Upam, da bo zanimalo vse čitalec.

Pozdrav vsem bratec in sestricam pri M. L. in tudi uredniku!

Anna Matos,
Box 181, Blaine, O.



SANKE BREZ SNEGA

Dragi urednik!

Prošlo zimo mi je ata kupil sanke, pa sem se prav malo vozila ali sankala z njimi. Letošnjo zimo pa prav nič ne, ker ni snega in ne ledu. Vse izgleda, da tudi sedaj ne bo snega in ne zime, da bi se otroci lahko drsali in veselili zunaj.

Kot izgleda bo kmalu med nami ljuba spomlad, ko bo spet vse ozelenelo in ptičke bodo spet veselo prepevale. In cvetlice bodo dehte in cvetele, otroci pa bomo spet zunaj veselo rajali in se podili. Toda na šolo pa ne bomo smeli pozabiti, kajti tam se učimo, kar nam bo koristilo v poznejših letih.

Prav lep pozdrav vsem skupaj, ki čitate "Naš kotichek!"

Virginia Strajnar,

Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

* *

SLOVENSKO PETJE IN RADIO

Čenjeni urednik M. L.!

Moj ata in mama ljubita slovensko petje. Povedala sta mi, da imajo Slovenci povsod v večjih naselbinah pevska društva. Ker imamo radio v hiši, slišimo petje različnih narodov, tako seveda tudi govore in drugo. Jako zanimivo je to. Slovenskega petja pa ne slišimo, ker menda Slovenci nimajo prilike, da bi peli na radio.

Jaz bi zelo rada slišala slovensko petje po radiu, ker se mi tako zelo dopade. Zato bi bilo jako lepo, da bi večkrat naša slovenska pevska društva nastopila in pela v radio, kajti potem bi lahko slišali vsi. S tem bi dali vedeti ostalim narodom, da imamo mi Slovenci lepe melodije in lepe pesmi.

Elica Strajnar.

Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

* *

MED SVOJCI

Dragi urednik!

Želim, da bi tale dopis priobčili, za kar se Vam že vnaprej zahvaljujem.

Sedaj meseca februarja smo že pričeli orati, kajti vreme je bilo toplo in lepo ter ugodno za oranje. To je bilo pač nekaj nenavadnega. Letos nismo imeli skoro nobene zime, zato pa so ljudje tako zgodaj orali in pripravljali polja za letino. Pa tudi regrant smo prav pridno nabirali meseca januarja in tudi v februarju. Toda mesec februar pa je postal bolj mrzel in zima nas je končno vendarle malo obiskala. Pa se je nismo prav nič bali, kajti otroci se je itak vesele. Pa tudi vemo, da bo kmalu tukaj spomlad, vesela spomlad, ki se je vse veseli.

Sedaj, ko ima stric Vinko počitnice, je pri nas. Poleti bom pa jaz šla z njim, da jim bom kuhala in pekla ter prala, kar bom pač mogla.

Kako pa kaj Gizela? Sem ji pisala, pa mi še sedaj ni nič odpisala, ne vem zakaj ne. Rada bi, da mi kaj kmalu piše. Tukaj se nič

ne dela. Ljudje prosjačijo od hiše do hiše. Dela ni in denarja ni.

Tončka Škodova sedaj ve, kaj ima storiti. K nam naj pride, pa se bomo vsi skupaj imenitno zabavali in dobro imeli.

Anna Marolt, Smithfield, Pa.

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UČENKA SLOVENSKE ŠOLE

Dragi urednik Mladinskega lista!

Tudi jaz hočem prispevati par vrstic v "Naš kotichek."

Povedati moram, da je to moj prvi dopis. Stara sem 10 let. Imam eno sestro in enega brata. Nas je 5 v družini in vsi smo člani Slovenske narodne podporne jednote.

Sedaj pohajam slovensko mladinsko šolo, pa mi gre še bolj slabo. Upam pa, da bo že boljše čez nekaj časa, ko se bom kaj več naučila.

Za sedaj naj zadostuje. Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem in Vam, urednik!

Frances Popotnik,

1118 E. 66th st., Cleveland, O.

* *

NJENO PRVO PISMO

Čenjeni urednik!

To je moje prvo pismo za Mladinski list. Mama in ata me učijo pisati in brati slovensko. Sem stara 10 let in hodim v 5A razred. Imam dve sestri, Francko in Danico. Vse smo dobile spričevala za višji razred.

Prihodnjič bom pisala več. Za sedaj pa



upam, da boste to moje pisanje priobčili v "Našem kotičku."

Lep pozdrav vsem sestricam in bratcem, ki čitajo Mladinski list!

Mary Klun,

15934 Whitcomb rd., Cleveland, O.

* *

PET PRAŠIČKOV

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Upam, da mi boste priobčili teh par vrstic v "Našem kotičku." Tukaj vse lepo počiva in izgleda kot bi imeli vsak dan praznike. Moj ata je še vedno doma in pomaga mami, mi otroci pa hodimo v šolo.

Moj ata in mama radi vidijo, da pišem v Mladinski list. Pravijo, da se bom vsaj kaj naučila. Pri nas smo imeli štiri prašiče in smo jih že zaklali. Dobili pa smo spet mlade prašičke, katere bomo pitali in redili. Tako lušni so, da kaj.

Tukaj se že sedaj govori, da bomo imeli letos poleti piknik. Jaz se še dobro spominjam lanskega, zato se pa tudi tega veselim. Urednik piše, naj poročamo o veselicah in drugem. Tako je prav, da se poroča o različnih stvareh, da so dopisi v Mladinskem listu bolj zanimivi.

Upam, da se bodo kaj oglasili tudi Škodovi —Tončka, Kristina in Leo. Saj vsi tako radi čitamo "Naš kotiček," zato pa moramo kaj pisati vanj, da bo več dopisov in da bodo naši dopisi bolj privlačni in zanimivi. Pri tem se seveda tudi nekaj naučimo, kar je še največ vredno.

Šli smo na obisk k stricu Lojzetu, ki nam je pravil, da je tudi njemu Miklavž prinesel par opanjkov. Pa so bili premajhni in jih ne more nositi. Kam pa je gledal ta Miklavž, da je tako male prinesel.—Vas, urednik, pa prosim, da mi ne zamerite ter da popravite moje napake, ker vem, da sem jih mnogo napravila v tem dopisu.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem!

Angela Marolt, Smithfield, Pa.



L. N. Tolstoj:

Delež nasledstva

NEKI oče je imel dva sina. Dejal jima je: "Ko umrem, si vse razdelita, vsak naj dobi polovico." Ko je oče umrl, si sina dedščine nista mogla brez prepira razdeliti. Šla sta k sosedu, naj rzsodi. Sosed ju je vprašal: "Kako vama je oče ukazal deliti?" Odgovorila sta: "Vsakemu polovico." Sosed je dejal: "Raztrgajta torej čez pol vse obleke, razbijta v polovice vso posodo in razrežita na polovice vso živino." Brata sta poslušala soseda in jima ni nič ostalo.

Volk in žerjav

Volku se je kost zataknila v goltancu in ni je mogel izvleči. Poklical je žerjava in mu dejal: "Nu, žerjav, ti imaš dolg vrat, vtakni glavo v moj goltanec in izvleči kost, nagradil te bom."—Žerjav je vtaknil glavo v volkovo žrelo in izvlekel kost.—"Zdaj pa daj nagrado."—Volk je zaškripal z zobmi in dejal: "Ali ti ni dovolj, da sem ti pustil celo glavo, ko sem jo vendar že držal med zobmi?"

Danilo Gorinšek:

DVA ZOBKA

Majdica ima dva zobka
—to ni kar tako—
da pokaže jih, smeji se
kar ves dan zato.

Zobka dva—ha, ha, ha—
ni še taka stvar,
Zdaj bo treba tudi nekaj
za pod zob vsikdar!



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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GOOD-MORNING

BY J. W. FOLEY

GOOD-MORNING, Brother Sunshine;
Good-Morning, Sister Song.

I beg your humble pardon
If you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping;
To shut you out were sin.
My heart is standing open;
Won't you
walk
right
in?



Good-morning, Brother Gladness;
Good-morning, Sister Smile.
They told me you were coming,
So I waited on a while;
I'm lonesome here without you;
A weary while it's been.
My heart is standing open;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good-morning, Brother Kindness;
Good-morning, Sister Cheer.
I heard you were out calling,
So I waited for you here.
Some way I keep forgetting
I have to toil and spin
When you are my companions;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

FROM OUR RHYME BOOK

An "If" For Girls

- I**F you can dress to make yourself attractive,
 Yet not make puffs and curls your delight;
 If you can swim, and row, be strong and active,
 But of the gentler graces lose not sight;
 Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,
 Care for the weak, the friendless and the old;
 If you can master English, Spanish, Latin,
 And not acquire, as well, a priggish mien;
 If you can feel the touch of silk and satin
 Without despising calico and jean;
 If you can ply a saw and hammer,
 Can do a man's work when the need occurs,
 Can sing when asked without excuse or stammer,
 Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs;
 If you can make good bread as well as fudges,
 Can sew with skill and have an eye for dust;
 If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,
 A girl whom all will love because they must;
 If sometimes you should meet and love another
 And make a home with faith and peace enshrined,
 And you its soul—a loyal wife and mother,
 You'll work pretty nearly to my mind
 A plan that's been developed through the ages,
 And win the best that life can have in store;
 You'll be my girl, a model for the sages,
 A woman whom the world will bow before.

—Edwin R. Bentley.



THREE HEALTH FAIRIES

I KNOW three little fairy folks
That work for me each day,
Who do not mind a single bit—
Because they think it's play!

The second fairy is Big Brush,
Who has a right hand aid—
Without the ivory comb, he would
Be lost, I'm much afraid!

Now, Tina Toothbrush, is the first—
He keeps my teeth so white,
And washes clean and brushes them
Each morning and each night.

They work together very well,
And with the greatest care
They brush the tangles from my curls,
And keep them soft and fair.

I think these three small fairy folks
Are very kind to me,
So when they come to do their work
I'm good as I can be!

Progressive Teacher.



Little Thoughts

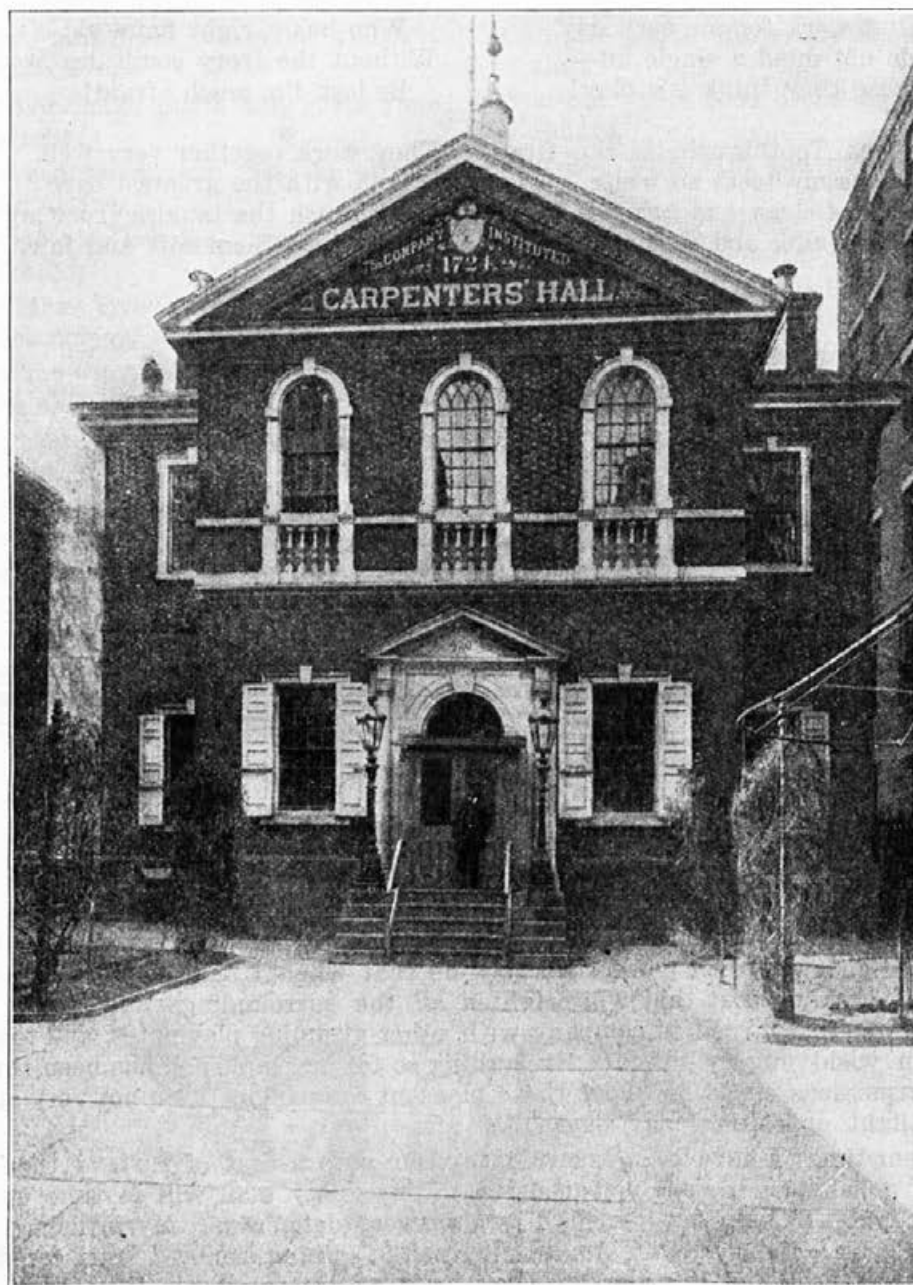
I AM a wee, little thought. Snuggling back in the deep recess of your brain, I am endowed with power. It may be that when I shall come forth I will wear a sparkling coat that will brighten all the surroundings about me. Perhaps I will find myself in company with other gleaming playmates, and together we can wield mighty deeds. Everything so far accomplished has been through our harmonious effort. Without these pleasant companions I am not very strong. Any slight opposition may overpower me.

Sometimes I have been known to appear with a coat of rust. I then need strong polishing. If I am not attended to, my rusty mail will in time entirely devour me. If I do not perish, I become very dangerous. My influence is no longer good. Even when I am clothed in the shining armor, I must constantly watch for these dull intruders. When many of them get together, I am completely smothered.

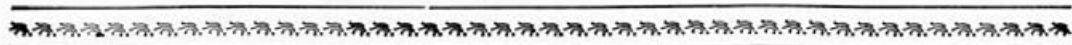
It takes effort to burnish tarnished metal. It takes patience to give me a shining coat. But I am anxious to serve you. Help me to survive. I will well repay your labor. For—I am a wee, mighty thought.

Mary Jugg

(Member Lodge Sunflowers No. 609.)



Carpenters' Hall in Philadelphia, Pa., where the First Continental Congress Met, in 1774.



The Village Idol

A DECADE ago, before the exclusive use of motor cars for all transportation had extended into the remotest villages of the country, before general air mail delivery and endurance contests, the inhabitants of Plainview found contentment without seeking for thrills. Life in the little village presented a peaceful aspect with slight variation of daily incidents.

"Eight-thirty," said Mrs. Simmons, as she put the bread into the oven. "I might have known without looking at the clock. Dad Stevens and Nick Simpkins are right on the dot."

She had pushed aside the curtains and looked at the unpretentious post-office across the road. Sitting on the spacious, warped porch were the two oldest settlers of Plainview. With indisputable right, the one-room postoffice was the social center of this once active middle-western town. In the prosperous days of the 1910 era, Plainview had kept pace with the boom and excitement. Its coal mines boasted an output surpassing that of any adjacent district. But the age of the coal mines was transient. The "big two-story Company Store on the corne" no longer cashed the Saturday pay checks. Everybody was moving. Within ten years Plainview had visibly dwindled. The postoffice—sturdy, old reminder of those better days, was true to the remaining inhabitants.

Truly it was a grayish splotch on the landscape, bearing traces of green paint on its worn boards and situated right at the cross-roads. The back door sagged obviously. The weeds in the back yard grew at will. But to Plainview it was capital. It personified life.

Dad Stevens tapped his pipe. Nick Simpkins pulled himself nearer the edge of the porch. Very seldom did they

talk. Of what use was it—between mutual friends?

Nine o'clock! The men "on list" down at the Shipley mine were coming to station themselves on the opposite corner.

"I made ten feet of crosscut over to Macey's entry last week," said Steve, the bow-legged fellow in denim overalls.

"You had no idea you'd end that little job so soon, eh?" put in Shorty. "Wal, I ain't never been lucky enough to strike on entry jobs myself. Never cared 'specially about playin' up to the pit boss."

"Not meanin' anything personal, are you?" said Steve, who had got a match ready to illustrate the position of the two entries.

Winky changed the conversation. "Yep, I hear the prospects for that Co-operative Store ain't so up and comin', either. This partnership business don't sell so sure fire around here."

"Wal," resumed Shorty, "what d'you say we meet over at Simmons this afternoon for a couple o' hands?"

The Simmon's front yard had an inviting shade tree under which a card game was often in progress and in a position that offered excellent view of the crossroads.

At ten o'clock came Lyman, Jerry, and Dobbs—the "regular fellows." None had a steady job since leaving school, yet if whistling may be called an occupation, Jerry had that. No one could make whistles as well as Jerry, and his demand was always greater than the supply.

Ten-thirty was the time for the mail-carrier. The train was a short distance away, and the mailbags were brought by wagon and team. Little children usually playing in the middle of the

dirt road announced his coming. Then the commotion began. Almost in an instant the entire village was astir. Women in newly-starched bonnets, girls keeping house while mother was away, big men, older men—all formed an eager, pushing group. All expected a message from the outside world, whether by letter, circular, or just a Sale Catalog.

While the carrier drove up to the porch with his team and big wagon, the postmaster closed the two little doors behind the little window, until the mail shall be "dealt out." Everyone volunteered to help pull the big sacks that made grating noises across the floor.

Those with an inborn curiosity peered through the little glass in the numbered boxes for anything shoved

in them from the opposite side. The "dealing out" was now going on.

All was excitement when the windows were opened. Those who were in a measure rewarded went away to their respective duties. To the constant occupants of the porch this was a signal to begin the afternoon session. While twos or threes went off for a bit of lunch on the run, the remainder sat—in talk or in silence.

Year after year the dilapidated postoffice remained true. It gave its time and space to its loyalists—faithful inhabitants of the warped porch.

One day Dad Stevens briefly announced, "I hear even the Paysons are movin' away. Guess this place ain't good enough for 'em."

Mary Jugg.



JOYS OF THE ROAD

NOW the joys of the road are chiefly these:

A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway cool and brown
Alluring up and enticing down . . .

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go thru—

Delusion afar, delight anear,
From morrow to morrow, from year to year,

A jack-o'-lantern, a fairy fire,
A dare, a bliss, and a desire! . . .

The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace; . .

These are the joys of the open road—
For him who travels without a load.

—M. A. S.

*AFTER SCHOOL**Helen Wolshimer*

A HOUSE should have a cookie jar,
 For when it's half-past three,
 And children hurry home from school
 As hungry as can be,
 There's nothing quite so splendid
 In filling children up,
 As spicy, fluffy ginger cakes,
 And sweet milk in a cup.

A house should have a mother
 Waiting with a hug,
 No matter what a boy brings home,
 A puppy or a bug.
 For children only loiter
 When the bell rings to dismiss,
 If no one's home to greet them
 With a cookie or a kiss!

POCKETS

By Susan Adger Williams

A CHILD should have a pocket—
 Supposing on the road
 He runs across a beetle,
 Or a lizard, or a toad?
 However will he carry them?
 Whatever will he do
 If he hasn't got a pocket
 To put them into?

A child should have a pocket
 On which he fairly dotes!
 Not one, or two, but many
 In his little waistcoats—
 And one will be for money
 He finds on the roads,
 And one for cake and cookies—
 And one for hoptoads!





Dear Reader:—

Inundated!

That's what the "Chatter Corner" is this month—with so many little letters from so many little members!

Count them—you'll have some job on hand—and you'll readily agree with me. But I was glad that so many of you contributed your cheerful little lines for this month's number of the Mladinski List. During winter months, as a rule, there are always many more letters, than in summer; it is natural, due to indoor life in winter.

Springtime!

Yes, Spring is almost here! This means more joy, more fun and good time outdoors. Come along and enjoy it with me!

—THE EDITOR.

FROM A FARMER GIRL

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 102. I like to read the M. L. I wish it would come weekly instead of once a month.

I live on a farm; we raised many crops each year. I like to live on a farm. Would you like to live on a farm, Mr. Editor? (Yes, indeed I would.) We had many Chicago visitors last summer (1931) at our farm. I wish we have more this year.

I was twelve years old on October 16. I am in the 7th grade. I like to go to school. We get out of school in May. I wish some of the members would write to me for I would gladly answer their letters. Best regards to the members of the SNPJ and the Editor. I remain a farmer girl.

Sophie J. Martinjak,

R. 1, Box 195, St. Joseph, Mich.

FOR MORE CONTRIBS

Dear Editor:—

I decided to write to the "Chatter Corner" for it has been a long time since I last wrote.

Recently the "Chatter Corner" got larger although it is not as large as it really should be. The "Chatter Corner" always has more articles than "Naš kotiček." I wonder why? Let us try to make "Naš kotiček" just as large, or even larger than the "Chatter Corner." Many boys and girls in our vicinity (that is "Na Jutrovem") have promised to write to the M. L. Now, let us see your promises fulfilled! Be sure!

Lodge Beacons No. 667 SNPJ has made a vow that before the year is over they want to have from fifty to seventy five members. And we certainly do believe it, because every member is busy, trying very hard to get new members. The Beacons are planning a "card party" to take place on April 2. Dancing will

follow the "card party." And the "Beacon Melody Pilots," who are well known for their wonderful music, will furnish the music.

February 28, 1932, the Cleveland Federation of the SNPJ held a program and dance for the benefit of the unemployed members of the SNPJ. It went over big even though the depression period still lingers in Cleveland.

I hope to see more Slovene and English articles in the next issue of our beloved magazine, M. L.

Best regards to all who read the Mladinski List and to the Editor.

Anne Traven,
11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, O.

* * *
MORE MEMBERS!

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Juvenile. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Peterson. She is very kind to me. I have four brothers. My father is working two to three days a week. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 168. I wish Lodge No. 168 would get more Juvenile members during 1932.

Erma Fink,
494 First Court Alley, Conemaugh, Pa.

* * *
ANOTHER FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am eight years old; in third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Feeny; she is very nice teacher. I have two sisters and two brothers. Here we have Mohawks lodge No. 573.

Angela Mirtich,
St. Vincents Ave., La Salle, Ill.

* * *
ENOUGH SNOW

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L.

For Washington's 200th birthday our class had to write a theme and make it into a booklet. We could either write on his boyhood, manhood, or while he was president. Then our teacher picked out the best ones and divided them into three chapters.

My brother Frank is secretary of lodge No. 532 and my father is treasurer. We all are SNPJ's but two of my little sisters.

The mine out here is working good, better than it did last summer. This winter we sure have enough snow. Everytime the snow just starts going away it begins to snow again. The children out here go sleigh-riding almost every day.

The "M-men" of Sunnyside has won every game that they have played so far in basketball. I hope they will be the champions this year in basketball.

Zorie Poglajen,
Box 95, Columbia, Utah.

AGNES LIKES THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List and hope to see it published. There are ten in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 292.

We live on a farm out in the country and ship our products to the near by towns. I am fifteen years old and in the eighth grade. I like to read the M. L. very much, so I will try to write every month.

Agnes Guzell,
R. D. 2, Box 52, Avella, Pa.

* * *
SPRING IN WINTER

Dear Editor:—

We had quite a warm weather this winter. The dandelion is growing nicely and starting to bloom. My father just works 2 or 3 days a week. Every Wednesday I hear a Slovene program on radio station WMBO, at seven o'clock. People from Canonsburg sing. I enjoy it very much. I suppose I will have to close to leave room for someone else.

Dorothy Skraba,
Box 142, Library, Pa.

* * *
THEN THE BATTLE BEGAN

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I don't see why the people around here do not write to the M. L. as they just love to read it. I wish he readers would pep up and write.—On New Year's Eve we had a dance at the SNPJ Lodge. All the members were welcome. We were all having a swell time until the boys were getting too much vino. Then the battle began. The men and boys were arguing. Yes, and how!

Anne Shaffer, Box 281, Cuddy, Pa.



THEY FIGHT FOR THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I like it very much. I am 13 years old and in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Viola R. Taylor. I like school very much.

When the M. L. arrives at our house we fight for it.

The times are not so bad around here but the wages on cars are low. The mine works every day but they pay out every three weeks.

We had not much snow this year; it only snowed once. One evening my sister and I skated till about nine o'clock. The next day the ice melted.

I like all my teachers. They are all good to me. We play basketball. I play forward. My gymn teacher's name is Miss Martha Hagan. She is very good gymn teacher.

Wish some of the members would write to me. We all belong to the SNPJ.

Mary Gorenc,
Box 18, Imperial, Pa.

* *

FROM LODGE NO. 297

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much because it tells about the working conditions, and other facts. I am 14 years of age, and in the eighth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Pircher.

The working conditions out here are very poor. The men go to work but do not earn enough for a living. I hope 1932 will find us all in good condition, and a better working condition. Best regards to all,—Anna Gasparich, Box 294, Swastika, New Mexico.

* *

FROM PENNA

Dear Editor:—

I am 16 years of age and do not go to school. I am the only one in our family besides my married sister. My friend coaxed me to write to this nice little magazine. As news are scarce I decided to send a story which will be continued. (I must have the whole story before starting its publication.—Editor.)

I wish some members would write to me. I would gladly answer their letters.
Anne Gregorich, Box 196, West Winfield, Pa.

* *

FROM TOOEELE, UTAH

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, that is if Mr. Waste Paper Basket doesn't get it. I sure enjoy reading the letters, poems, jokes and stories.

I am in the fifth grade and I am 10 years old. I like school very much and also my teachers.

There are eight in our family and we all belong to the local SNPJ Lodge of which my father is secretary.

Best regards to all,—Dorothy Ambrose,
116 North 6th St., Tooele, Utah.

* *

LIKES THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

This is the first time I have ever written to the Mladinski List. I am 15 years old. I sure do love to read the Mladinski List and wish that it would come every week instead of every month.

I wish that some of the boys and girls would write to me. I will try and write often.

Victoria Ritchey,
Gen. Del., Norris, Ill.

* *

MARY LIVES ON A FARM

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 11 years of age and am in the 6th grade in school. My teacher's name is Mr. Amos Bol.

We are living on the farm three years now. There are five of us in our family and 4 of us belong to lodge No. 734 SNPJ in Willard, Wis.

I like to read the M. L. and wish it would come more often. I have two sisters. I'll try to write more next time. Best regards to all the members.

Mary Krze,
Route 2, Box 117, Greenwood, Wis.

* *

FROM DUNLO, PA.

Dear Editor:—

I have written to Mladinski List twice before and some of the readers wrote to me.

I used to live in Avella, Pa. And I would like to have some members that live there write to me. I am 13 years old and I am in the 8th grade. I play basketball. The principal's name is Mr. Long. He is very good.

Vcronica Naglich, Box 308, Dunlo, Pa.



A CHINESE STORY

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I wonder how many of you readers of the M. L. would like to hear something about the Chinese people as I heard it told by Dr. Focus? Just the same allow me to tell it.

One afternoon, not long ago, Dr. Focus who had traveled through many of the European countries within recent year, spoke to the students of Kemmerer High School about commerce, depression and the present Manchurian situation in general. But the subject which caused us pupils to pay more attention than usual was the incident which he encountered during his stay in China.

Dr. Focus had been traveling since five o'clock in the morning and as darkness was approaching he asked a Chinaman whom he happened to see chopping wood, if he might spend the night with him. The Chinaman replied that if the newcomer could endure what he had to endure every night, it was all right with him. Dr. Focus didn't exactly know what he meant but he thought he'd take the chances anyway.

He was then taken into the Chinese house which proved to be a very large room.—No partitions. There were no windows and the floor was of dirt. There was no furniture, for only a hole in the ground served as a stove and the ground itself as beds and chairs. The man must have been a bigamist for there were four wives, sixteen children and a grandmother besides. He immediately withdrew to prepare for the night. Again Dr. Focus did not get the meaning but he remained silent and seated himself on the dirt floor.

Soon after, the host returned leading into the house a donkey, a pig, some chickens and a few ducks and geese. Dr. Focus began to realize what was meant by "prepare for the night." When this duty was completed, two of the women proceeded to prepare the evening meal while the other two were stuffing rags in the door cracks to keep away the evil spirits. Since the meal consisted of rice and tea he declined the invitation to supper.

Dr. Focus was very tired and finally asked where he might go to sleep. The host spoke first to his wives and returned saying that they had decided to give him the place of honor—a black coffin. It is the Chinese custom to keep the coffin in which the dead are buried as a bed in the future. Being a physician by profession Dr. Focus doesn't believe in superstition so he went to sleep at once.

About 3 o'clock in the morning the donkey began to bray, the pig to grunt and the chickens, ducks and geese were also doing

their best. He asked if they could not be put out doors, but no, they might be stolen. By the time morning came Dr. Focus fully understood the Chinaman's words of the previous evening. For breakfast he again fasted and you may be sure he was glad to get away from such surroundings.

Olga Groznik,
Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

IT SNOWED FEB. 3

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter in the Mladinski List. My sister wrote in Slovene in the M. L. I like to read jokes and riddles.

It began to snow here, Feb. 3.

Best regards to all.

Rose Koprivnik,
8514 Vineyard Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

FROM LODGE NO. 191

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to M. L. and I sure do enjoy reading the letters, etc., I seldom see a letter published from this town, so I finally decided to drop a few lines myself to our wonderful, little magazine. I am 16 years of age, the only child besides a married sister. We all belong to lodge No. 191. I do not go to school. I would be very glad to receive letters from any member around my age. I would answer their letters with pleasure, so don't forget to write to me.

A proud member,

Anne Louise Gregorich,
Box 196, West Winfield, Pa.

* *

FROM A DANCER

Dear Editor:—

Since no one seems to write from Verona, I thought I would. This is my first letter to M. L. I have been taking dancing lessons for three years. My teacher's name is Jeannet Carey. I have been dancing very much lately.

Best regards to all.

Margaret Mehelic,
155 Grant St., Verona, Pa.



HER TEACHERS' NAMES

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I wrote my other letter when I was 10 years of age, I am now 14. I am a freshman in high school. My brother and I go both to the Hickory Vocational School. My brother is a sophomore. We both like to go to that school better than any other school.

We play basketball. My basketball teacher's name is Miss Harvey. My other teachers' name are, Miss Post, English teacher; Miss Meyer, Algebra teacher; Miss Law, Foods teacher, and Miss White, Sewing teacher.

I wish some members would write to me. I would write to Lena Cvirn but I can't find her address and I wish she would write to me.

Theresa Rozanc,

R. D. 3, Box 76, McDonald, Pa.

* *

WAKE UP AND WRITE

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. When the M. L. comes my sister and I fight for it.

I was 12 years old Jan. 20. My sister is 14 years old and is a "freshie." I am in the sixth grade and my teacher is Mr. Dumm. He is a very good teacher.

I wish some of the boys and girls of Library would soon wake up and write. My girl friend Dorothy Skraba wrote to the M. L. so I thought I would wake up and write also. I would like some of the members to write to me as I would gladly answer them.

Bessie D. Rupnik,

Box 18, Library, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 10 years old and in the 5th grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Grogan. Best regards to all.

Josephine Vicic,

524 W. Pierce Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

* *

FRIENDSHIP QUILT

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have been reading Mladinski List for several years, but never wrote. I am 15 years old and go to Addison Junior High. The weather here is warm.

I am starting a friendship quilt, and would like everybody to send me blocks. The blocks are to be 10x10 inches, with name, address, town or city and state embroidered in the center.

I wish some members would write to me. I promise I will answer all letters. (Girls, I expect blocks from all.)

Frances Krbavec,

7025 Quimby Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

NINE SNPJ's

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. There are nine of us in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 191 of West Winfield. I am 13 years old and in the 7th grade. I like to go to school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Flora S. MacCall. She is very good to us.

Best regards to all the members.

Anne Perine,

Box 668, West Winfield, Pa.

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FRANK'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List.

I am nine years old and I am in the 4th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Patterson. In my school there are twelve grades. There are four of us in the family and we all belong to the SNPJ No. 177. I play the accordion and I sing when I play.

Frank Porenta,

Box 42, Reliance, Wyo.

* *

GOES TO SLOVENE SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. Please don't throw it in the waste basket. I like to read the M. L. I wish to get the M. L. every week. All of our family belong to SNPJ, Lodge No. 142. I am 8 years old and I am in the third grade. I start to go to Slovene school Jan. 16. I go once a week on Saturday. I am going to write in Slovene next time.

Josephine Gorjanc,

675 E. 156. St., Cleveland, O.

What is the best way to make a coat last?

Make the vest and trousers first.



SANTA IS POOR

Dear Editor and Readers:—

We are now beginning a new year. I hope it will be better than last year. I for my part am writing to the Mladinski List for the first time. Santa Clause didn't do a good job this year. I guess because he is poor, just as everybody else is. I'd like to make this letter a little longer, but I can't. It took me about a whole week to put this letter together, and now I've finally got it written down. I hope this letter will induce my cousins, Helen and Lorence Gradisek, to write to the Mladinski List. I will be glad to hear from them and all other members, wishing them the greatest success and happiness throughout the year.—**Theodore Yagodich**, 2122 State Street, Peru, Illinois.

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TWO PUBLIC KITCHENS

Dear Editor:—

My father works two days a week. Our Xmas vacation started on December 23 and ended January 4. I am in eighth grade and fourteen years old. I did not receive anything for Christmas. The weather here is warm. We didn't have snow since Thanksgiving. There are two relief kitchens here. One is National Miners Union kitchen and they don't have anything to give the people. The other one is the town's kitchen. The town's kitchen gives better food to eat. It gives two meals to adults and three to children, at morning they give oats, at dinner they give children eggs, preserves and apples and at supper soup and meat.

I wish Nellie Valencheck from Barberton, Ohio, would write to me. I wish some members would write to me.

Best Regards to all members including the Editor.—**Frances Valencheck**, Box 268, Masantown, Pa.

* *

FROM SUNNY CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 8 years old and in 4-B. My teacher's name is Miss Odoneld. I like her very much. I was born in New Mexico. Now I live in Eureka, California.

Work is not so bad here. My father works every day. I wish some of the members to write to me.—**Mary Budicelich**, 1634 — 2 St., Eureka, Calif.

* *

SAD NEWS

Dear Editor:—

I am very glad my letter was published in the M. L. last month. I have some very sad news to tell you.

Joe Nasan, who was 15 years old and one of the juvenile SNPJ members of Lodge No. 161, was accidently shot in the leg while hunting, when his gun slipped out and shot off. This sad experience occurred on Thanksgiving morning. He was taken to the hospital for treatment, but blood poison set in and he passed away two weeks later. He is survived by his parents, five brothers and a sister. We are all very sorry.

Best regards to all,

Harriet Turk, Box 593, Hibbing, Minn.

* *

COME ON, BOYS AND GIRLS!

Dear Editor:—

I did not see any letters from Indianapolis for quite a while. What's the matter? Come on, boys and girls of Indianapolis and write to the Mladinski List!

I am now graduated from School No. 52. My high school days started on January 27. I am going to George Washington High School where I am taking a journalism course through high school. (This might be something interesting to the Editor.)

Olga Matelich,

943 N. Holmes Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

* *

IMPROVED

Dear Editor:—

It seems to me that the M. L. has improved quite a bit. Last month's M. L. had jokes in and more interesting letters, also poems. I wish that every one would put more riddles, jokes, letters etc., in the M. L. Let's try and improve the M. L. during the year of 1932.

I wish some of the girls also boys would write to me.

Mary Spek,

1517 So. 2nd St., Milwaukee, Wis.



"ISN'T IT SO"?

Dear Editor:—

I am sending you a couple of recitations which I would appreciate greatly if you would publish in the Mladinski List.

"When Pa Is Sick."

When Pa is sick he's scared to death,
An' Ma an' us just holds our breath,
He crawls in bed an' puffs an' grunts,
An' does all kind of crazy stunts.
He wants "Doc" Brown and mighty quick,
For when Pa's ill he's awful sick.
He gasps an' moans an' sorta' sighs,
He talks so queer, an' rolls his eyes.
Ma jumps an' runs, an' all of us,
An' all the house is in a fuss,
An' peace and joy is mighty skeerce—
When Pa is sick its something fierce.

When Ma is Sick.

When Ma is sick she pegs away,
She's quiet, though not much to say,
She goes right on a-doing things.
An' sometimes laughs or even sings.
She says she doesn't feel extra well,
But then its just a kind o' spell,
She'll be alright tomorrow sure,
A good old sleep will be the cure.
An' Pa he sniffs an' makes no kick
For women folks is always sick,
An' Ma, she smiles, lets on she's glad—
When Ma is sick it ain't so bad.

Antonia Škoda,

449 Park Ave., Clairton, Pa.

* *

MY FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I read the M. L. every month. I saw a number of letters from Johnstown and would like to see more. I am 14 years old and in eighth grade. I go to the Cochran Junior High Schol. I saw Many Walter's letters in the M. L. There are eight of us in the family and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge 82. Best regards to all.

William Kapriva,

R. F. D. 7, Box 185, Johnstown, Pa.

* *

DESCRIBES HER SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—

Not many letters come from Chicago, so I thought I'd write. This is my first letter to the M. L. and I hope it will be published. I am 14 years old and attend the Farragut Jr. High School, grade 9 A. My teachers are all nice, and the school has a very nice system. Our school was remodeled a few years ago and it is very modern. It has a swimming pool, two gymnasiums, a library and a

nice assembly hall. At present we have about 2,500 pupils.

Our school also has over 60 "hobby" clubs. I belong to the Girls' Glee Club and we give many programs. We sang once over station WCFL and enjoyed the experience very much. If I pass next semester, I will continue my 4 yr. course at the Harrison Tech. High School. I think I will close now. I also wish that some boys and girls my age would write to me.

Ema Malovich,

3229 S. Hamlin ave., Chicago, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I have had the intentions to write to the M. L. many times, so here I am.

I am just about 16 years of age, and Dad and I both belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 704.

I keep house for Dad and a crippled brother, age 22, as mother has been dead for over six years. I also have a brother in the east, who is married.

I attend the North Central High School and am a Sophomore A. I take the Home Economics course.

My father has been very lucky so far, and has not known a day of unemployment. But conditions are as bad here as anywhere else. The city hires crews of men—one crew works two days, then they change off.

Here's hoping someone writes to me. Best regards to all.

Frances Dolence,

4714 N. Washington st., Spokane, Wash.

* *

SHE RECEIVED MANY LETTERS

Dear Editor:—

I was glad to hear from Julia Shrube, and wish to thank her for the things she sent to me. And was glad to hear from Agnes Keren and Mary Chadez, Elsie Jerinie and Amy Medveshek, Kathryn Sparovic, Mary Strkble. I wonder if Nellie Milavec and her sister write to the M. L. They are lazy, I bet.

I love to read the M. L. Winter is almost out and I am glad of it.

Best regards to all the readers and the Editor.

Julia Slavec, Box 63, Morley, Colo.



LODGE SILVER STARS

Dear Editor:—

Silver Stars lodge No. 729 SNPJ had their "First Anniversary Dance" on Jan 23, 1932, at which Torch of Liberty lodge of Latrobe was represented. The Silver Stars had a nice, big, jolly crowd. They travel, and I think they deserve such a large crowd.

On Jan. 29, 1932, we went to Black Lick, Pa. Here comrade Hahn spoke. He is from Buffalo, N. Y. Hahn broadcasted over radio station WGR, Buffalo, N. Y. He made an excellent speech, brought out facts, explained them and gave wonderful examples. Some examples were comic and others were not. I hope that I will have the opportunity of hearing him again. The other speakers are Leiberman of Pittsburgh, a speaker who can express meaning about the facts he gives, only with his hands. He is a fine speaker, too. Arthur McDowell, another speaker, who spoke at this affair. I had a good time listening to these three men speaking.

We must not forget May 14, 1932, the day of the Torch of Liberty lodge 725 SNPJ First Anniversary Commemoration. There will be a surprise and what not. We expect a huge crowd. We only will have two affairs this year, because we want to be sure of a large crowd at these two times.

"A Proud Torch," **Mary Eliz. Fradel,**

1004 Alexandria st., Latrobe, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I live on a farm of eighty acres. I have two brothers and two sisters. We all belong to the SNPJ. I've read many letters in the M. L. saying how hard the times are all over. On the farms it is the same thing, because the products we sell are so low. But still we are getting along fairly good. We don't make much money, but still make a good living.

I love to live in the country, as in the summer I can raise a big flower garden, and a vegetable garden, too. This summer I think I will raise some turkeys and chickens.

I am 13 years of age and am in the 7th grade. I have hazel colored eyes and brown hair, I am four feet, ten inches "small" in height.

I would appreciate it very much if some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Mary Chadez, Homedale, Idaho.

* *

Dear Editor:—

A long time has passed since I have written to the M. L. I enjoy reading interesting letters in our Juvenile magazine.

I am a member of the SNPJ, lodge No. 317. And also a member of the "Young Pioneers

of America;" this is an organization in which workers' and farmers' children all over the U. S. join in the struggle of their elders, for the freedom of the working class. Unless the people themselves take the matter into their hands they will never be able to escape present conditions. Many of the people who are not entirely unemployed, are working for starvation wages.

Best regards to the Editor, the M. L. and all the readers.

Mildred Melich,

1419 Third ave., New Kensington, Pa.

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JUNIOR JOTTINGS

Very many "first letters" were sent to the M. L. last month, and some cannot be published for lack of space, but they deserve honorable mention. Here they are:

Anna Unich, 498 So. Michael st., St. Marys, Pa., is 9 years old and in the 5th grade in school. She will write some more for the M. L. next time.

J. Zupancic, 860 E. 236th st., Euclid, O., is 10 years of age and is also in 5th grade in school, and plans to write more in the future.

Pauline Zore, 393 Ohio st., Johnstown, Pa., sent a long poem about "Babes in the Wood."

Anne D. Brazenich, box 677, West Winfield, Pa., sent her first little letter and intends to write more later.

Dorothy Golucek, 2062 Maryland ave., Akron, O., and the whole family belong to Lodge 533 SNPJ. She is 11 years old and in the 7th grade.

Albert Klements, box 348, Bridgeville, Pa., is a member of Lodge No. 295 SNPJ. He is 16 years old and a sophomore in high school. He enjoys his work at school. Working conditions are very poor in his neighborhood.

Violet Klements, his sister is 13 years old. There are 6 boys and 2 girls in their family,



she tells us. And her father has been sick for 15 months. The whole family belongs to Lodge No. 595 SNPJ.

Mildred Ovca, 1841 So. 15th st., Springfield, Ill., writes her first letter. She belongs to Lodge No. 47 SNPJ. She tells us about the play they had last winter at the Slovene Home. She likes the M. L. very much and will write some more.

Thomas Feltz, box 114, Bryant, Ill., contributes his first letter to the M. L. He would like to receive some letters from other boys and girls, but "hates to answer" them.

Annie Bozanic, Worcester, N. Y., sends her first letter and tells us that three of their family belong to the SNPJ. She will write more next time.

Sylvia Copich, box 170 (R. D. 1), Niles, O., is 8 years of age and her brother is 6 years old. Both of them like school. She likes the M. L. The work around there is slow.

Matilda Sinkovec, box 187, West Newton, Pa., is 12 years old and in the 6th grade in school. She will write every month.

Fannie Uster, box 116, West Newton, Pa., is 13 years old and in the 6th grade in school. She enjoys the M. L. Her father hasn't been working for a long time.

Mary Ann Kramer, box 102, Bakerton, Pa., tells us that their family belongs to lodge 248. She loves to read the M. L. and will continue writing for it.

Albina Sereel, 114 Main ave., W. Aliquippa, Pa., is a member of lodge 122. She asks for magazines from Austria which she would like to use in her history class. But we haven't any. Sorry, Albina.

Frances Skuba, box 493, Forest City, Pa., said she finally decided to write to the M. L. and she really did. She will write again.

Frank W. Mikolich, 513 Hayes st., Eveleth, Minn., writes his first letter to the M. L. which he likes very much. He is only 8 years old and goes to 3A in Lincoln school. His teacher, Miss Maikala, is good to him. He has one sister, Jennie, and the whole family belong to the SNPJ.

Frances Fatur, 2201 Linden ave., Trinidad, Colo., will try to write every month to the M. L. She is thanking Mary Strukle for her letter.

Ludwick Loushin, 1773 Oakdale ave., San Francisco, Calif., sent a poem called "Mother Mine." He will write more later.

Elsie Pavlin, 1519 Orman ave., Pueblo, Colo., was very glad to see her letter in the M. L. Work is very scarce there. She sent a poem "The Child Next Door."

Dorothy Ferjancich, box 286, Benld, Ill., is in the 2nd grade in school. She is member of SNPJ, and she likes the M. L. also.

Kenneth Subick, box 286, also of Benld, Ill., writes his first letter and tells that he likes the M. L. He belongs to lodge 356. On Jan. 17 he was 9 years old. He is member of "Harmonica Band."

Julia Glazer, 1016 N. Worman ave., Indianapolis, Ind., is very glad they have a calf which her father gave to her. And it is a little Jersey calf. Who wouldn't like it! She is playing with him a lot. Working conditions are very bad there.

Helen Grebenc, box 182, Aurora, Minn., is 10 years of age and in the 5th grade. Her teacher's name is Miss Strutzel. Her sister, **Angela Grebenc**, writes her first letter to the M. L. They have cows and pigs, and some of them they've killed already. Helen is 12 years old and is in the 8th grade in school.

Margaret Zore, 393 Ohio st., Johnstown, Pa., thinks that the M. L. has a nice crowd of young writers contributing to its "Chatter Corner" and "Naš koticék" every month. She sent a poem "My Airdale Dog."

Mary Strukel, 309 Fayal rd., Eveleth, Minn., likes to read the M. L. She is 12 and in the 5th grade. She will write again.

Frances Thoma, 5161 Natrona Way, Pittsburgh, Pa., belongs to lodge 118. There are nine in their family and all are members of the SNPJ. The work is very scarce.

Mary Prelc, box 242, Hollsopple, Pa., tells us that their family belongs to lodge 503. Work is bad there. She is 11 and in 7th grade.

Edith Prinic, 14301 Thames ave., Cleveland, O., is 11 and in the 6th grade. Their family is in the lodge 53 of the SNPJ. She liked the Feb. number of the M. L. best of all.

Tony Yerman, S. 72nd st., West Allis, Wis., will be 9 years old August 30. They all belong to lodge 104. His father works only about ten hours a week.

Angeline Semich, 604 So. Court st., Eveleth, Minn., says they had real winter, with 35 degrees below. The English-speaking SNPJ lodge had a dance on Feb. 9, and everything was o. k. She is interested in music and other things.

Frances Sustersich, 721 No. Shorn ave., Indianapolis, Ind., writes her 2nd letter. There are 48 pupils in her class, 29 boys and 19 girls. On the wall there is a picture of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

