

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Mile Klopčič:

UDAR NA UDAR

Mi kujemo udar na udar.

In sleherni udar—pozdrav,
pozdrav bodočnosti daljav.

Mi kujemo že dan za dnem,

da zruši se nam moč okov,
da se rodi nam človek nov.

Mi kujemo udar na udar,

od jutra do teme, vsekdar,
da se rodi svobode žar.

Mi kujemo že dan za dnem.

Noč se dani in bliža dan,
ko se zbudi prolet—titan.

Mi kujemo udar na udar.

In sleherni udar—vihar,
da se rodi prolet—vladar!



Anna P. Krasna:

OČE ČITA

DEŽEVEN dan.

Po strehi naše bajte trepljajo dežne kaplje:
trep, trep, trep,
kakor da bi plesale v škornje obute muhe.
Oče sedi pri oknu in čita.
Najbrž ne sliši tega prijetnega trepljanja.
Pa to bi moral slišati, ta ljubki:
trep, trep, trep.
Opozoriti ga je treba.

Prisluhni, oče, kaj se ne sliši,
kot bi plesale po strehi obu te muhe? Hi, hi!

Že prav, naj plešejo, pravi oče
in čita dalje.
Vsi se polglasno hihitamo očetovi zamišljenosti.
Mati to sliši in nas pokara:
Tiho bodite, vi mali nevedneži, ne motite očeta
in ne smejte se mu! —
Mar ne veste, da oče čita, se uči,
da bo znal prav učiti tudi vas?

Zdaj smo tiho.
Brez porednega šepetanja in hihitanja poslušamo,
kako trepljajo po strehi dežne kaplje.
Oče še zmirom čita,
mi pa premišljujemo, kaj vse nam bo povedal,
ko bo odložil svoj Delavski list —
Da, naš oče čita dan za dnevom Delavski list,
in potem nas uči, vedno nas uči. —

Anna P. Krasna:

RADOST

DETE strmi, pije radost
iz materinih oči.
Tiho odzad se bliža korak;
dete ne ve, se smeji.

Mati ve, se ne ozre,
čaka, da tiho odzad
detetu skrije njene oči,
nekdo, ki ju ima rad.

Katka Zupančič:

OČE SE JE POVRNIL

OČE, oče, kje si dolge tedne bil?

Kod si hodil, kje si se mudil? —

*Pa ne, saj ni potreba, da bi odgovarjal, oče, —
obleka ti in čevlji tisto povedo, kar ti z jezika noče*

*In siv si, sive lase, siv obraz;
pa saj i mama posivela je ta čas,
odkar te, očka, je odnesla cesta
za delom v daljna, tuja mesta.*

*O, ti ne veš, kako sva z mamico vse dni,
ko tvojih pisem bilo ni, odganjala skrbi. —
In zdaj si tu! O smej se, očka, glej, zimi hudi
za letos vsaj odklenkalo je tudi.*

*Pa kaj tako molče me gledaš, oče moj?
Mar se spremenil je i sinko tvoj?
Da suh sem, bled, le-to te naj ne moti;
veš, mraz je mraz in če te poleg glad zaloti . . .*

*O, oče, strašno žalosten je tvoj obraz —.
Nikar, sicer bom jokati začel še jaz —.
Nekdo prihaja, čuj, mamini koraki —.
Moj očka, misli si, da so v žepu ti stotaki . . .*

Katka Zupančič:

SVARILO SRED KLANCA

ZBUDIL se je polž v svoji hiši,
pa pogledal skozi okno je v svet .
"Uh! in jaz doslej sem smrčal,
zemlja pa se že odeva v cvet!"

Skočil je na nogo, zgrabil hišo,
zdirjal z njo po klanecu je navzdol.
A sred klanca drugi polž se s hišo bliža
Hoj! Pozor! Prepozno:—Karambol—

Ves pobit in kakor v sanjah vpraša prvi:
"Kaj je bilo to? In kje je hiša moja?"
Izpod podrtije bolno odgovarja drugi:
"Tukaj, bratec, hiša moja je in tvoja . . ."

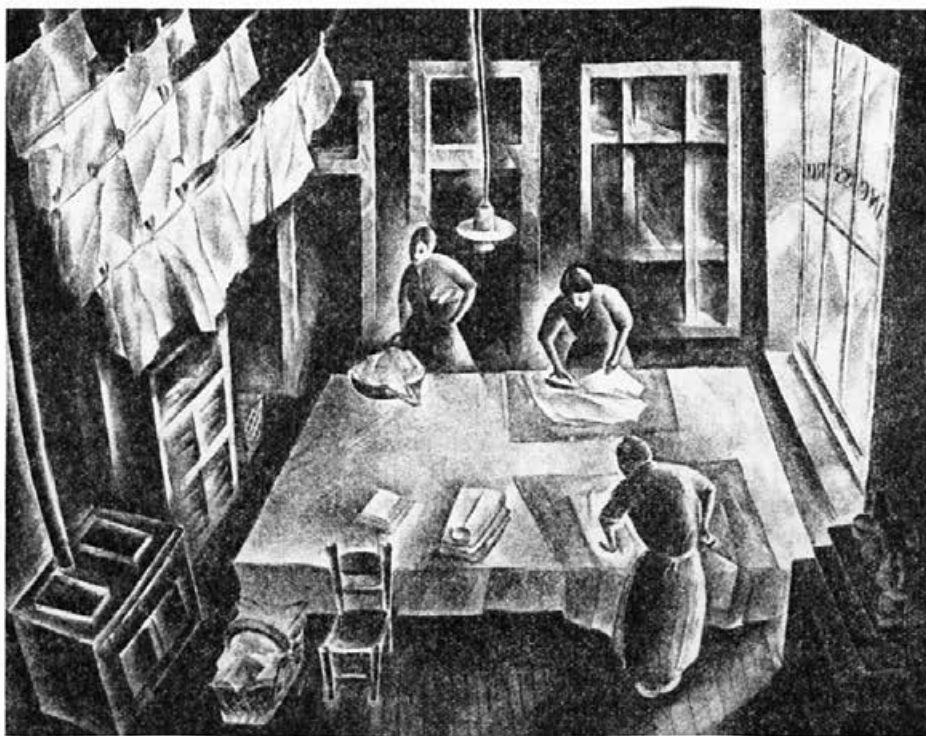
Ranjena oba, pa še brez doma?
Brž pričela gosto slino sta cediti;
pridno zlagala sta kosce h koscem,—
toda hišic ni se dalo več zlepiti . . .

Vzdihne prvi: "Vse prenašlo sva vozila . . ."
Vzdihne drugi: "Naglica v nesrečo vodi—!"
In ostala sta na klanecu, drugim v svarilo!—

Veste zdaj, zakaj ves polžji rod počasi hodi?

Kaj pripoveduje čebela

KOMAJ se je zjutraj dvignilo solnce, že sem ostavila panj. Rosa se je še bleščala po bilkah, ko sem pribrenčala na pisano polje. Sto in sto cvetic sem že obiskala: belih in rdečih, dišečih in mamečih. Voščila sem vsaki dober dan in odletela. Pa ne, da bi kakšno prezrla! Za vsako imam dobro besedico, zato me tudi rade volje vabijo k sebi. Sleherna me obdaruje s strdjo. Ko narberem že toliko strdi, kolikor je morejo nesti moja krileca, odbrenčim zopet proti domu. Na prisojni strani konec vasi je naš uljnjak. Trudna sedem na deščico pred vhomom. Prerijem se skozi gnečo zaposlenih tovarišic k satovju, k svoji stanici, odložim dragoceno breme in zletim vnovič na delo. Delo je meni veselje. Brez dela ne bi mogla živeti.



José M. Pavlon: V PERILNICI.

Ivan Jontez:

“Kaj je to?”

NOČ razprostira svoj črni, z migotajočimi iskrami posuti plašč nad Šangajem. V obmorskem vele mestu vlada tesnoben nemir. Povzročajo ga črnim pošastim slične japonske vojne ladje, ki zasidrane v reki nemo grozijo s temnimi žreli svojih topov mirnemu mestu; in japonski vojaki, ki prihajajo na suho, očitno ne z miroljubnimi nameni; in kitajski vojaki iz Cantona, ki so se približali mestu—ali ga bo treba braniti?

Revni kuliji, tovarniški delavci, mali trgovci in drugi se gnetejo po ulicah, nihče ne ve, kam gre, ne vedo, pred čem bežijo; vedo le, da jih je strah, da jih stiska tesnobna bojazen pred nečim strašnim, grozno strašnim.

“Kaj bo prišlo?—” se nemo s pogledi sprašujejo in iz tisočerih oči odseva odgovor: “Groza nepopisljiva!”

Mali, dvanajstletni Čang stoji pred borno domačo hišico in gleda in se čudi. Kaj se ljudje tako razburjajo? Nemirni in preplašeni begajo po slabem cestnem tlaku, kot da jih nekdo preganja. Kaj je to? Kaj to pomeni?

“Čang!” ga pokliče mati. “Čas je, pojdi spat.”

“Ne še,” prosi deček. “Očeta še ni domov. Počakam ga.”

In čaka pred hišo očeta, ubogega dni-narja, ki se ni še vrnil z dela domov; kdo ve kje se je tako dolgo zamudil.

Izza pristanišča je planila v noč čudna svetloba, ki jo je spremljalo oglušujoče grmenje in žvižganje. Hip nato je bilo slišati treskanje in silne eksplozije.

Množica na ulicah se je stisnila vase v grozi, nato se je razburkala; ljudje so v strahu izgubili vso razsodnost in bežali na vse plati. Kam, nihče ni vedel.

Čang je prebledel in mraz mu je šel po udih. Kaj pa je to?—

Izza pristanišča pa je sikalo, grmelo, v mestu je treskalo in silovito bobnelo.

Potem je divje zabrnelo v zraku; nevidne pošasti so krožile nad mestom in spuščale težke bombe na mirna človeška selišča. Sikanje, grmenje, treskanje, bobnenje, razdejanje. V okolici so začele goreti hiše.

Japonci so bombardirali kitajski del mesta Šangaja.

Na cesto je pritekla mati, zgrabila Čanga za roko ter ga vsa zasopljena vlekla v hišo. Kot da jima bodo šibke stene in slabi krov nudili več varnosti nego cesta.

Čang je bil preplašen, ves se je tresel, takšne nevihte ni bil še videl v svojem mladem življenju. “Mati, kaj je to? Nevihta?”

“O, sin, še hujše, mnogo hujše in strašnejše od vsake nevihte,” je javkala prestrašena mati ter zavlekla sina v najtemnejši kot hiše.

Zunaj je sikalo, grmelo, padalo, treskalo in bobnelo. Požar, ki je zajel že stotine hiš, je razsvetlil tudi temni kot, kjer sta čepela in od groze drhtela mati in sin.

“Joj, joj, kaj bo, kaj bo?” je javkala prestrašena žena. “Vsega bo konec!”

“Vsega bo konec . . .” je ponovil Čang ter se stisnil k materi. “Pa kaj to pomeni? Kaj je to, mati? In zakaj tako grmi in treska?”

Mati ni odgovarjala, javkala in stokala je in jokala. Očeta pa ni bilo od nikoder.

Vso noč je sikalo, brnelo, grmelo, treskalo in gorelo. Potem je začelo v daljavi čudno ropotati. In pokati. Bile so strojnice in puške, ki so prišle na svoj račun.

Proti jutru je silno grmenje malo ponehalo. Oglašale so se le strojnice in puške. Semintja se je razletela s pokom ročna granata. Čangova mati je zaspala.

Čang ni mogel spati. Ven na cesto ga je vleklo, morda je hotel videti, koliko škode je napravila grozna nevihta. Ali pa je hotel pogledati, če oče že prihaja domov. Stopil je na cesto.

Po ulici so pribežali ljudje s puškami v rokah. Nekateri so imeli krvave uniforme, enemu je roka mahala ob životu, kakor da je iz svinca, drugi je imel krvav obraz. Bili so domači vojaki, Kitajci. Toda čemu tako bežijo?

Eden izmed bežečih se je zgrudil na tla in mirno obležal. Bil je mrtev. Čanga je streslo. Kaj je to? Katera sila poganja v divji beg njegove rojake in jih mori? Pa se je domislil, da je mož morda padel po nesreči, da se je spotaknil ob cestni kamen. Plašna radovednost ga je gnala k padlemu možu.

Čang se je sklonil k mrtvecu ter se ga dotaknil z roko. Padli se ni zganil. Čang ga je stresel. Nič. Pri tem se je mrtvecu odpela bluza in deček je videl, da je mož krvav. Kri. Deček se je zgrozil. Vstal je in hotel zbežati. Tedaj je uzrl na tleh puško, ki je padlemu vojaku padla iz rok. Stvar ga je zanimala, hotel si jo je ogledati. Sklonil se je ter jo vzel v roke.

Tedaj je prihitela izza vogla ulice četa majhnih mož v sivih uniformah in s puškami z bajoneti v rokah.

Eden izmed njih je pokazal Čanga ter dvignil puško k licu. Toda častnik ga je ustavil: "Škoda krogel! Opravimo tako."

Deček je začudeno strmел v bližajoče se tuje oborožence in držal puško v rokah.

Japonski vojaki so ga obkolili. "A, pes, tudi ti si od onih?! Si streljal na naše, a?"

Čang je z odprtimi usti strmел v tujce in molčal. Kaj hočejo od njega. Potem se je zdrznil.

"Očeta čakam. . ."

"Kaj ga izprašuješ!" je tedaj jezno bevsnil oficir ter iztrgal puško iz rok vojaku. "Ne utegnemo časa izgubljati s temi razbojniki. Tako—in naprej!"

Pri "Tako!" se je mrzlo jeklo bajoneta zarilo v dečkove prsi in curek krvi je planil iz rane v sivi cestni prah, ki ga je močila jutranja megla.

Čang se je zrušil na tla, vojaki so drveli naprej, iskat novih žrtev.

Iz hiše je pridrvela mati, lase razpuščene, v očeh groza.

"Sin, moj Čang, kaj so ti storili?" se je sklonila k umirajočemu sinu ter blazno-prestrašeno buljila vanj. "Čang, ali slišiš? Mati ti govori. . ."

Deček je s poslednjih naporom odprl trepalnice in v njegovih očeh je trpetalo veliko vprašanje, tudi presenečenje.

"Mati, kaj je to?" je šepetal. "Tako čudno, strašno je. . ."

"Vojna, sin moj, vojna, strašna vojna," je bruhnilo iz matere. "Oh, zakaj nisi ostal pri meni, moj sin, moj Čang!"

Sin je ni več slišal. Njegovo široko razprte temne oči so mrtvo strmele v jutranjo meglo, nad katero so krožili brneči, z bombami naloženi mrtvaški ptiči napadalcev; in veliko vprašanje je bilo v teh mrtvih očeh in začudenje.





Frederick Friesecke: FRANCKA PRI GLASOVIRJU.

Tudi želja

TO-LE se je dogodilo v kateremkoli ameriškem ali evropskem mestu:

Na oglu dveh ulic je stal mlad fant. Morda še hodi v šolo, morda ne. Slaboten je videti, stalno pokašljuje, roke tišči v žepe in se ozira na vse strani. Z očmi preži. Na kaj preži? Na delo. Oče je že dolgo brezposeln in nič ni upanja, da bi kmalu našel službo. A doma so še sestre in bratje, mlajši od Ivana.

Zato stoji Ivan na oglu in preži. Mogoče pride kdo mimo s težkim tovorom, pa se mu bo Ivan naglo ponudil za nosača, da dobi nekaj centov. Mimo njega drviijo avtomobili, brzijo vozovi cestne železnice, mimo hitijo gospodje in gospe, delavci in delavke, vse se podi in preganja. Sredi tega trušča in hrušča stoji Ivan in ogleduje vsakega pešca, ali ne nosi mogoče težek zaboj, ki bi ga Ivan prijel in nesel za gospodom ali gospo.

Ivan stoji že tri ure, trikrat je že mislil, da se mu je nasmehnila sreča, trikrat že je skočil in se ponudil za nosača, a vsak je odklonil in sam nesel svoje breme dalje. Ivan gleda na levo, gleda na desno, pohiti čez cesto na nasprotni ogel, pa se spet vrne na to stran. Vse zaman. Nikogar ni, da bi mu dal zaslužiti nekaj centov.

In mimo drviijo avtomobili, vsa cesta kriči in ropoče, vsem se nekam mudi, kot da jih nekje nekaj ali nekdo čaka, le Ivan stoji na mestu in ne pričaka ničesar in nikogar.

Da bi vsaj prišel kdo, da mu naloži na ramena kako prtljago, da jo nese za nekaj centov. Pa čeprav bi bilo breme tako težko, da bi se krivil in padal pod njim, samo dajte mi ga, naložite mi ga na rame, rad ga bom nosil!

Ulica kriči. Ulica drvi . . .

In tedaj je zagledal Ivan nekaj, o čemer je sanjal že nekaj ur. Po ulici navzgor je prihajal njegov tovariš Peter, ki so ga še lani klicali za Peterčka. On je stal niže doli na oglu dveh ulic. Zmenila sta se z Ivanom, da bo vsak na svojem oglu iskal zaslužka.

Peterček je imel srečo. Velik zaboj nese na svojih ramenih, poleg njega pa stopa gospod. Njegov je zaboj, on se je usmilit Peterčka in mu dal, da nese.

Ivan gleda: Peterček se je ves skrivil pod zabojem, da je videti, kot bi zaboju zrastle noge in gre zdaj sam po ulici, težko se izogibajoč vsem oviram, ki stoje ali drviijo po cesti. Zdaj, zdaj se bo Peterček zgrudil pod bremenom, noge mu bodo klecnile in obležal bo na asfaltu.

Ivan občuduje: "Kakšen zaboj, ljudje božji, kakšen zaboj! Srečo ima Peterček, srečo! Da bi še jaz dobil takšen zaboj, pa bi bilo dobro! Kakšen zaboj!"

Ulica drvi, Ivan pa stoji sam sredi trušča in hrušča s svojo veliko željo.

(Ruski motiv.—M. K.)



Rosa

“MAMICA, mamica! Pridi k meni na vrt!” zakliče Branko nekega jutra.
 “Moja lepa roža se je ponoči jokala.”

“Tvoja roža se je jokala?” se začudi mati. Ni razumela takoj, kaj misli deček.

“Da, jokala se je! Na enem lističu je še sedaj velika solza. Ko bi le vedel, kdo jo je tako razžalostil!”

Mati se nasmehne in stopi na vrt. Res je bila na cvetnem listu rožnega grma svetla kaplja, podobna solzam, ki so se včasih svetile tudi v Brankovih očeh.

“Vidiš, mamica, kako se je moja uboga rožica jokala!” toži žalostni Branko.

“Vidim, ljubi Branko,” de mati, “a to ni solza. Rosa je, ki je osvežila tvojo rožo. Dobro veš, kakšna vročina je bila zadnje dni. In tvoja roža bi bila ovečila, ko bi ne bila prišla rosica, ki jo je okrepila.”
 —(Iz hrvaščine.)

Anna P. Krasna:

Stric Jones

STRIC Jones je majhen, čokat možiček. Njegov obraz ima poteze belca in zamorca, kajti imel je belega očeta in zamorsko mater. Pa to ni posebnega pomena za nas. Kar je pomembnejše, je dejstvo, da je stric Jones velik prijatelj otrok.

Velik prijatelj. Zato je njegova revna, majhna kočica nekakšno shajališče vseh otrok svetu skoro neznane premogarske “kempe.” Ob vsakem času skoro je najti male posetnike, pravzaprav vasovalce, pri stricu Jonesu, posebno še odkar je bil določen, da deli živila in druge potrebščine, katere dostavlja za brezposelne premogarje delavska organizacija.

“Stric Jones naj bo delilec, on bo delil najpravičnejše,” so rekli premogarji,

ko so jih vprašali dostavitelji, komu naj poverijo to delo.

In od tistega časa deli stric Jones živila, obleko, čevlje, sploh vse, kar puste vozniki pri njem. Od takrat ima tudi med otroki v kempi čedalje več prijateljev, ki ga imajo tako radi kakor svoje lastne očete in v gotovem oziru še morda bolj. Stric Jones se tega zaveda in je vesel, da ima svojo revno kočico, katera nudi tem otrokom toliko zadovoljnih uric. Mnogokrat je ta kočica učilnica, včasih skupna kuhinja in jedilnica, često delavnica. Jokali bi ti otroci, če bi kdo odnesel kočico in strica Jonesa.

Včasih je v koči tak drenj, da se stric Jones komaj more sukati okrog svoje majhne, napol podrte pečice. Toda nič

ni nejevoljen; še prav zadovoljen je videti, ko jim prigovarja:

“Ljubi otroci, stisnite se malo bolj skupaj, da popravim ogenj v peči. Nisem še nič južinal danes.”

Otroci radi ubogajo strica Jonesa, celo taki, ki so doma poredni in neubogljivi, se takoj pomaknejo k steni, da napravijo malo več prostora okrog peči. Kramljajoč z njim ga vsi pazno motrijo, kako si pripravlja južino. Nekatere deklice mu sem pa tja priskočijo na pomoč pri kuhi, da pokažejo, kaj vse že razumejo v gospodinjstvu. On smeje upošteva njih nasvete in jim često docela prepusti kuho ter počaka, da mu postavijo skromno južino na mizo. Na tisto iz debelih hlodov iztesano mizo, ob kateri jih tolikrat nahrani z mlekom ali sadjem, katerega izprosi od farmarjev, h katerim se z večjimi dečki večkrat poda. Ne toliko radi sebe, ampak zaradi svojih malih prijateljev, kateri ve, da ne bi drugače nikdar okusili mleka. Pa tudi sam od svojega deleža odtrga kar more, da jim da. Kaj čuda, če ga imajo tako zelo radi!

Tako radi ga imajo, da celo oni skrbijo zanj na svoj način. Vedo, da je dober, predober in ga prosijo mnogokrat, naj ne razdaja svojega deleža, da ne bo potem on sam lačen. Vse imajo namreč iztuhtano in vedo prav dobro, kaj je lačen, četudi bi jim tega za ves

svet sam nikoli ne zaupal. Tako so oni dan dognali, da mora biti brez živil, ker se ni ves dan nič kadilo iz njegovega dimnika. Bržkone je nesel svoj delež k Zahoraskim, ker so tam dobili malega kričača, a jesti niso imeli kaj. Stopili so skupaj in se posvetovali. Sklenili so, da prazni ne smejo k njemu. Čez dobro uro so bili spet skupaj in so zložili v majhno košarico kar so mogli pritrpati od svoje večerje. Spustili so se v tek proti mali koči in ponudili stricu Jonesu z ljubeznijo skupaj spravljeno večerjo.

“Oj, vi mali angeljci, zakaj ste si prikrajšali skromne večerjice radi mene?” jim je rekel solznih oči, a branil se ni, kakor drugikrat, kadar so mu prinesli od ust pritrpanih jestvin. Zares, lačen je moral biti, zelo lačen in njegovi mali prijatelji so bili vsi srečni, da so mu mogli povrniti vsaj delec njegovih neštetihi dobrot, ki jim jih je izkazoval vzlic revščini, v kateri je živel.

No, zdaj pa ima stric Jones zopet novo zalogo živil in v koči je veselo kramljanje. Najbrž je na vrsti učenje in razpravljanje o novem svetu, katerega pravi stric Jones, da bodo stvarili mali proletarci iz premogarskih kemp in umazanih tovarniških selišč in predmestij.—Stric Jones veruje v mladino in jo pridno uči delavske zavesti, kadar ne prosi hrane zanj. . .

Ploha

NEBO se je mahoma stemnilo. Bil je čas za odhod v šolo.

“Glej, da se spotoma ne ustavljaš! Hiti, da te ploha ne ujame!” mu je priporočala mati, ko je odhajal Stanko v šolo.

Ni še bil na sredi poti, kar mu kane nekaj debelih kapelj na nos. Nenadoma se je zablislilo. Grom je zabobnel. Nekoliko korakov še, in usula se je ploha. Stanko je začel teči. Lilo je kakor iz škafa. Lahko bi se bil kje stisnil in počakal, da poneha, a ni se bal dežja, saj ni bil iz sladkorja.

Curelo je z njega, ko je prisopel v šolo. Za njim so prihiteli še drugi učenci. Komaj je sedel v klop, že je ponehal dež. Solnce se je prismejalo izza oblakov.



Tony Nell: DELAVČEVA DRUŽINA

Gnezdece

“OČE, v vinogradu za hišo sem videl gnezdo!” pripoveduje Zorko.

“Povedi me tja!” pravi oče. S seboj vzame še Reziko.

Res, na breskovi vejici je bilo pritrjeno gnezdece. Ko je zagledala samica nepoklicane goste, je čivkajoč odletela na črešnjo. V gnezdu je čebljala četverica golih mladičev in odpirala rumene kljunčke. Zorko je že hotel seči po njih, a oče ga je pokaral in rekel:

“Taki stvarci sta bila tudi vidva! Ko sta bila majhna, sta imela tudi vidva tako gnezdo—zibelko. Mati je vaju negovala, skrbela in se bala za vaju. Ko sta bila lačna, je vaju takoj nasitila. Če je bilo vama mraz, je vzela vaju v posteljo in ogrela. Kako bi bila plakala, če bi bil tebe in Reziko kdo odnesel iz hiše! Ravno tako bi bilo hudo ubogi samici, če bi ji razdrli gnezdo in ugrabili mladiče. Zorko, ne smeš jim storiti kaj žalega! Le poglejta, kako so srčkani! Ko dorastejo, bosta imela še večje veselje z njimi. Ne bodo nam samo drobili lepih pesemc, ampak nam bodo pokončali tudi mnogo škodljivih gosenic. Trtje in sadno drevje bo jeseni dobro obrodilo.”

Te besede so šle otrokoma do srca. Gnezda se nista dotaknila. Zorko in Rezika sta preživela ob njem še mnogo lepih trenutkov.

Anna P. Krasna:

ZAKAJ SE JE MUCA SMEJALA

NAŠ Jakec je napravil prav nerodno motovilo
in ponosno je trdil,
da je to zračno vozilo.

Tja v belo Ljubljano je mislil s tem poleteti;
zaradi boljše sreče
je sklenil svojo muco s seboj vzeti.

Seveda, ko je Jakčeva lesena ptica zadrdrala,
je muca vsa prestrašena
na najbližjo streho zbežala.

Naš Jakec in njegova “ptica” pa sta odvršala
—kakor kraška burja—
in prav kmalu v Ljubljani—ne—
v žabji luži pristala.

In muca, ki je drzen polet s strehe opazovala,
se je, ha, ha!—
na vse grlo smejala.



Dragi čitalci in dopisniki!

Končno je vendarle prišla zaželjena pomlad, ki se je veselimo stari in mladi. Mnogim bednim je olajšala gorje, da jim ne bo treba vsaj mraza trpeti, kot so ga vso zimo. Z delom pa smo še vedno na isti točki, oziroma je ponekod še slabše. V državi Ohio je na tisoče premogarjev na stavki, ker so jim premogokopne družbe odrekle vse pravice do poštenega zaslužka in življenja. Stavkarji bijejo hud boj za svoje pravice in vsak pošten človek jim mora pomagati.

V tej številki Mladinskega lista so se naši "Kotičkarji" dobro postavili s svojimi prispevki, ki jih je lepo število. Zanimanje za "Kotiček" in za ostale oddelke Mladinskega lista stalno narašča. To je pač vzpodbudno dejstvo, ki me zelo razveseli vselej, kadar dobim cel kupček slovenskih pisem za "Naš kotiček."

Nadaljujte in veselo dopisujte!

—UREDNIK

LJUBI MAJ, KRASNI MAJ!

Dragi urednik!

Prosim, priobčite teh par vrstic, ki jih pošiljam kot običajno vsak mesec.

Strinjam se z urednikovimi vrsticami, ki piše, da so še zmiraj slabe delavske razmere, tako da slabše biti ne morejo. Tudi tukaj smo na štrajku, pa se ne ve koliko časa bo.

Strinjam se z Josephine Mestek, ki piše: "Le vkup, kotičkarji!" Pa kakor se kaže so zaspali ali kaj, da je bilo tako malo dopisov v "Kotičku". Mislim, da je največ vzrok depresija. Upajmo na boljše čase.

Sedaj, ko je v deželi ljuba pomlad, ptičice lepo prepevajo po drevju, da jih je veselje poslušati. Rozice so se začele iz dolgega spanja prebujati in se so začele razcvetati.

Ljubi in krasni maj, konec zime je! Hajd na plan, na ravan, kjer je svet krasan! Son-

ce sije vsepovsod, s cvetjem vsak posut je pot, ptič zgoli in vse se veseli.

Se bom pa še prihodnjič kaj oglasila. Lep pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem Mladinskega lista in tudi uredniku!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

* *

MARY SE UČI SLOVENSKO

Dragi urednik!

Prosim vas, da priobčite ta dopis, ki je moj prvi dopis v M. L.

Stara sem devet let. Moja mama me uči slovensko pisati, pa mi gre še slabo.

Danes, ko to pišem (23. marca), tako sneg pada, da ne moremo iz hiše. Potem sem se pa domislila, da bi tudi jaz nekaj napisala za M. L.

Jaz hodim v četrti razred v šolo. Imam enega brata in eno sestro. Ako boste priob-

čili te le vrstice, potem bom drugič še kaj več napisala.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov vsem čitateljem in dopisovalcem!

Mary Butcher,
1530 S. 15th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

SLABE RAZMERE

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Že dolgo časa čitam M. L. in se mi dopade, ker ima toliko dopisov in čitam od naših mladih članov. Zato sem se tudi jaz odločil, da malo popišem, kako se tukaj imamo.

Razmere so tukaj slabe, dela ni dobiti, ker ga ni. Zato se moramo zadovoljiti tako, kakor je, ker za sedaj si ne moremo pomagati, ali bo že čas prišel, da se bo kaj spremenilo.

Jaz sem star 10 let in hodim v 6. razred. Jaz bi rad, da bi mi moje prijateljice kaj pisale. Mislim Mary Hribar iz Windsor Heights, W. Va., in Virginia Fenc iz Clevelanda, ker se dobro poznamo. In bi rad videl, da mi tudi drugi dečki in deklice kaj pišejo.

To je moj prvi dopis v M. L. in upam, da ne bo šel v koš. Saj vem, da dobro ne pišem. Vas prosim, da mi vi, dragi urednik, popravite. Bom drugikrat boljše napisal, če se bom kaj boljše naučil in upam, da se bom.

Z najboljšimi pozdravi končam!

Frank E. Morell,
R. 4, Box 126, Carrollton, O.

ZANIMIV DOPIS Z ZAPADA

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Na kratko hočem opisati moje štirimesečno bivanje v državi Washington.

Bilo je leta 1928. Živel sem z mojimi starši v kraju, 8 milj oddaljenem od Mount Rainier. Ta gora je jako zanimiva, ravno tako kakor v Wyomingu Yellowstone narodni park.

Še nikoli preje nisem videl tako velikih busov in ne toliko kakor v teh štirih mesecih. Vsak dan je vozilo mimo našega stanovanja krog štirideset busov gori in enako število zopet nazaj. Vsi busi so bili polni ljudi.

Takrat sem imel čast tudi videt slavnega ameriškega letalca Lindbergha in prezidenta Coolidgeja. Pred njimi se je peljala straža na motornih kolesih in za njimi, ko so vozili skozi naselbino, so ves čas trobili na robove.

Na 22. februarja smo obhajali dvestoletnico rojstva George Washingtona, prvega predsednika Združenih držav. Mi šolski otroci smo imeli tudi nalogo, da tisti, ki bo imel bolj pomemben govor o George Washingtonu,

bo deležen nagrade. V 8 razredu sem jaz bil deležen prve nagrade, v obliki kolajne, na kateri je Washingtonova slika.

Lep pozdrav mladim čitateljem, enako vam, urednik!

Anton Groznik, Diamondville, Wyo.

DEČKI, NA NOGE!

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Zopet vas nadlegujem z mojim dopisovanjem.

Kadar dobim M. L., zmirom najprej pogledam koliko dopisov je iz Clevelanda, jih prečitam, potem prečitam seveda tudi vse drugo.

Zadnja številka M. L. me je zelo razveselila, ko sem videla pet slovenskih dopisov iz Clevelanda. Sem pa tudi opazila, da se deklice mnogo bolj zanimajo kot pa dečki. Zakaj vendar? Ali ste dečki kaj slabši kot me? Primate za pero in napišite tudi vi par vrstic. Upam, da bo v prihodnji številki M. L. ravno toliko dopisovalcev kot dopisovalk, ali pa še več!

Najlepše pozdrave vsem članom in članicam SNPJ!

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

DELO NA VRTU ZA HIŠO

Dragi urednik!

Hvala vam, ker ste priobčili moje poslano pisemce v Mladinskem listu. Sedaj pa naj vam malo povem, kako se veselim spomladi.

Moj oče je že začel delati na vrtu, katerega imamo za hišo. Sicer sedaj še zgleda slabo (prve dni aprila), pa upam, da bo čez par tednov že mnogo boljše, kajti solnce je vsak dan močnejše. In takrat bo tudi že vse obdelano. Tudi jaz pomagam očetu pri delu na vrtu in bom imela sama zase svoj vrtec, malo gredico, na katero bom sejala cvetice, ki jih imam tako rada. Sadila in sejala bom različne rože.

Rada bi slišala, da bi tudi druge sestrice poročale o cvetih in vrtovih. Rada pa bi tudi vedela kdaj boste vi, urednik, priobčili svojo sliko v M. L.

Pozdrav Vam, urednik, in vsem čitateljem!

Olga Vogrin,
2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.



SLABI ČASI, NIZKE MEZDE

Cenjeni urednik!

Želim, da bi tale moj dopisek priobčili v M. L. Za to uslugo se Vam že sedaj zahvaljujem, ako boste preprečili, da ne bo skočil v koš. Saj nisem že dolgo nič pisal po slovensko, četudi me mama vedno nagovarja, naj napišem slovenski dopis za M. L. No, pa saj veste kako je, dobro ne znam pisati, pa se obotavljam in odlašam.

Z delom gre tukaj zelo slabo, kot menda povsod drugod po vsej Ameriki. Dela se le po en ali dva dni v tednu. Pa kaj pomaga, so pa spet utrgali mezdo.

Naj sporočim žalostno vest, da je naša članica Mary Kumerdaj umrla na 16. feb. po enomesečni bolezni. Ona je bila pridno dekle in zelo spoštovana. Starši žalujejo za njo. Sedaj imajo samo še eno hčerko.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje M. L. in seveda tudi urednika!

Joe Dremelj,

box 152, St. Michael, Pa. (Društvo št. 190.)

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DELA NI NIKJER!

Cenjeni mi urednik M. L.!

To je moje prvo pismo za Mladinski list. Mama in ata me učita slovensko pisati in brati. Moj ata je doma že devet mesecev. Zelo rad bi šel delat, pa kam neki naj gre, ko pa ni nobenega dela nikjer! Ker je doma, pa uči mene slovensko, kar me prav veseli in se rada učim slovensko.

Sedaj sem stara 9 let in hodim v 3. razred v šolo. Tudi spričevalo sem dobila prav dobro. Jaz imam bratca Valentina, in tudi on Vam bo v kratkem poslal dopisek. Toda on je še precej zaposlen, ker se uči na gosli. Oba pa hodiva tudi k Sokolom, kjer nas učijo vse po slovensko, zato pa tudi nobene vaje ne zamudiva. Telovadbo ali telovadne vaje imamo v Slovenskem društvenem domu. Naj zadostuje za sedaj; prihodnjič kaj več.

Mnogo lepih pozdravov vsem bratcem in sestricam SNPJ in uredniku M. L.!

Hilda Kuhar,

20171 Naumann ave., Euclid, O.

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PRAZNI ŽELODCI

Dragi urednik!

Naj prvo povem to, da je to moj prvi dopis v M. L. Vsled tega Vas prosim, da popravite vse napake, ki jih je menda še precej.

Na 26. marca sem bila stara 15 let in sem v 8. razredu v šoli. Rada bi šla v višje šole, pa ne vem če bom mogla, kajti mama je večinoma bolna, dela se pa slabo povsod. Naš gospod Hoover je nam delavcem vso srečo pristrigel. Kar je ubogi delavec v dolgih le-

tih prihranil in pristradal, je pa sedaj zgubil v banki ali pa drugače. Drugega ni delavcem ostalo kot lačni otroci in prazni želodci. Zato pa bi se morali vsi delavci zavzeti, da bodo pri volitvah oddali svoje glasove delavskim kandidatom, kateri bodo resnično delali za delavske interese.

Spomlad je tu, vse brsti in žrvgoli. Ptičice sicer veselo prepevajo, toda zame ne pojo veselo, ker moj oče nima dela. Pa mnogo drugih očetov tudi nima dela in mamice se jočejo, ker nimajo kaj dati lačnim otročičem. Požrešni bogatini so vse pograbili, ubogi delavci in njihove družine pa stradajo in od gladu umirajo. Dragi očetje in matere, čas je, da se vsi skupaj strnete in jeseni oddajte svoje glasove delavskim zastopnikom, ki bodo delali za interese delavcev vselej in povsod! Tako storite vsi, pa bo drugače v tej deželi!

Pozdravljam vse moje sestre, katere pišejo v M. L.!

Frances Zeckar, box 389, Manor, Pa.

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ZGODBA IZ ŠOLSKE SOBE

Dragi urednik!

Ta zgodbica se je pripetila pred davnim časom. Zgodilo se je namreč, da nekega dne nisem šel v šolo, ker so me doma rabili za delo. Tako so tudi takrat oče rekli: "Tonček, pa ostani doma danes, boš pasel svinje po kostanju in želodu". To sem seveda rad storil. Ko sem pa naslednji dan prišel v šolo, me je učitelj vprašal, da kje sem bil včeraj. Povedal sem mu, da sem moral svinje pasti, pa mi ni verjel, ker svinj da se ne pase. "Tam stoj za kazen, ti porednež," mi je ukazal učitelj, zato ker lažeš!" Pa sem bil po nedolžnem kaznovan. Vendar sem se okorajžil in rekel: "Gospod učitelj, ako bi vam rekel, da sem pasel krave, bi mi verjeli, četudi bi lagal. In kako naj vam odgovorim drugič? Tudi moj sosed lahko pove, da sem res svinje pasel." Učitelj je vprašal soseda, ki je seveda pritrdil, da resnico govorim. Učitelj me je oprostil.

To se je dogodilo pred davnim časom.

Anton Klanšek, E. Moline, Ill.



SUHAČI IN PIJANE KOKOŠI

Dragi urednik!

Tukaj, v tej okolici so slabe delavske razmere. Brezposelni tavajo okoli kje bi dobili kakšno delo, da bi si zaslužili vsaj za živež. Ali dela ni, ker tukaj ni druge industrije kakor premogorovi in ti obratujejo po dva dni na teden, pa še takrat se bolj slabo zasluži.

So pa toliko bolj zaposleni suhači. Sedaj, ko to pišem (2. aprila), imamo prave kresove. Že tretji dan gorijo sodčki (po deset galonov), v katerih je "ognjena voda". Včasih suhači zlijejo tekočino ven iz sodčkov, pa jih zložijo na velik kup, približno do 60, in spodaj zakurijo, da plameni sikajo visoko do neba.

Za suhače skrbijo, da ne bodo v vrstah brezposelnih, Italijani, ker oni se večinoma ukvarjajo s kuho "ognjene vode". Ne mislite, da so pa suhači tako hudi na to "ognjeno vodo", kajti kadar imajo opravka z njo, si jo vselej pustijo par sodčkov, da tudi njih malo pogreje.

Lansko leto so suhači opravljali njih posel ne daleč od mojega stanovanja. "Ognjena voda" je tekla kakor da bi imeli pravo deževno ploho in mi gledalci smo bili že kar omamljeni od duha. Drugi dan sem pa videla več kokoši, ki so bile pijane. Nekatere so si toliko privoščile, da so kar na mestu poginile.

Smešno je bilo videti tudi nekaj krav, ki so hodile klaverno, dokler jih ni premagalo, da so kar za nekaj časa obležale. Ne dolgo od tega sem pa čitala v angleškem časopisu, da je ta okolica na prvem mestu za Al Caponeja.—Olga Groznik, Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

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JOSEPHINE MESTEK ŽALUJE

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, da bi priobčili teh par vrstic v M. listu. Žal, da tudi sedaj nimam poročati nič razveseljivega. Same slabe novice prinašam.

Spomlad je sicer že odela naravo s cvetjem in zelenjem, a meni, moji mami in vsej naši družini letos ni nič do cvetja in zelenja, ker nam je dne 17. marca umrla naša stara mama Ursula Kisovec v 73. letu starosti. Ranjka je pred šestimi leti, na vabilo svojih sinov in hčera, prišla iz starega kraja iz Zagorja ob Savi, Jugoslavija. Živela je največ pri svoji najmlajši hčeri, moji materi, kjer je tudi umrla. Bila je blaga žena, mirnega značaja in vsi smo jo radi imeli. V življenju je dosti prestala. Bila je dvakrat vdova in imela iz prvega zakona štiri o-

troke, ki so vsi v Ameriki, a eden sin iz drugega zakona je še v starem kraju. Naj ji bo lahka ameriška zemlja!

V življenju mogla si prestati trpljenja dosti, draga mati, a zdaj si nas vse zapustila in se od nas si preselila. Na tebe, ki smo te ljubili, ne bomo nikdar pozabili, počivaj sladko v hladni jami, spomin na te bo vedno z nami!

Delavske razmere tu v Clintonu se niso še nič izboljšale. Brezposelnost in pomanjkanje nas še vedno tare. Tukajšnji mestni župan Henri Owens je odredil, da se morajo vse prazne lote po mestu obdelati in nasaditi z zelenjavo za brezposelne, da se jim vsaj deloma oblaži pomanjkanje. Semena in rastline deli Rdeči križ zastonj vsem, ki so potrebni.

Naj za enkrat končam. Pozdravljam vse čitatelje in vas!

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





JUVENILE



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THE SONG MY MOTHER SANG

By Clyde Edwin Tuck

I OFTEN catch vague fragments or a say
 Or haunting airs, like doves in summer croon,
 Which bring back childhood's happy time of May,
 And songs my mother sang.

The melodies she loved the best to sing,
 Beneath the elms, at work down at the spring,
 Now faintly float to me on fancy's wing—
 The songs my mother sang.

I shall fare forth without regret or fear
 When my last summons comes, if I may hear
 Again those soulful notes, to me so dear—
 The songs my mother sang.

When twilight falls and overhead the rain
 Is heard in cadence, softly comes a strain
 Fond memory will evermore retain—
 Some song my mother sang.

As pictures of the past before me throng
 I see her too, when winter nights are long,
 Beside the wood-fire, rocking; then a song
 Again I hear her sing—in May.

DANDELIONS

By Maude M. Grant

DANDELIONS, so golden bright, Then, like people, when they're old,
 Drop their heads and sleep at night; Faded turns their hair of gold;
 And they wake at break of day, Dry, and crisp and softly gray,
 Making all the fields look gay. Each hair bears a seed away.

An Old Tale Retold

DID you ever hear Charles Lamb's story about roast pig and the Chinamen? Some stories can be told over and over again—this is that kind of story:

Ho-ti was a Chinese swine-herd, and Bo-bo was his son, "a great lubberly boy." One day, when Ho-ti was away from home, Bo-bo was playing with fire and let some sparks fall on a bundle of straw. The burning straw set fire to the house, and inside the house was a litter of baby pigs. By the time the house had been burned down the pigs were nicely roasted. For the first time in his life Bo-bo sniffed the smell of roast pork—he stopped and pinched a burnt pig to see if there was any life left in it. The pig was so hot it burnt his fingers, and when he licked them to soothe the pain he tasted roast pork.

Bo-bo's father came home and found him eating roast pork as fast as he could swallow. Ho-ti was very angry to find his house burned down, but his first taste of roast pork cured his anger. Between them, Bo-bo and Ho-ti finished all the roast pork. Then the neighbors began to notice that Ho-ti's house used to get on fire very often. Whenever a new litter of pigs appeared, the house would be in a blaze.

After a time the secret was found out, and houses were seen on fire all over the place. It was a long time before a wise man discovered that any sort of fire would cook pork. And very probably when he told the people about his discovery they thought he was talking nonsense. At last, however, people got out of the habit of burning down the house to get their Sunday dinner.

Try These Games

Duck on the Rock—A box or other appropriate object will serve as the rock, and bean bags will represent the ducks. The one who is "it" places his duck on the rock. The others throw their bags from a given line in order to knock the catcher's duck off the rock. The catcher tries to tag any one who picks up his duck to run back for another throw. If he succeeds before the runner crosses the line the one tagged becomes "it" but the catcher must always replace his duck on the rock if it

is knocked off before he can tag anyone.

Spring Snowballs—The snowballs should be made of white crepe paper covered with cheesecloth, and are of course prepared beforehand. Stretch a line and divide the players into two equal groups, giving each player a snowball. At the cry of "Play" each player throws his ball over the line and tries to toss back all the balls the other group has sent over to his side. The winning side is the one which has fewest balls when "Time" is called.



Gregory H. Prusheck: LANDSCAPE COMPOSITION.



MONTH OF MAY

THE winsome, blithe maiden so fancifully dressed
Is May, whom the breezes of Zephyr caressed.

The rainbow, forsaken by frolicsome showers,
Bedecked her in raiment surpassing the flowers.

The butterflies fluttering with bright, gauzy wings
Enhanced her with shawls that she wantonly flings.

All Nature awaited the maiden's return
That of vigor and freshness again it may learn.

A basket of Hopes to combat Despair
She gathered from April and March unaware.

All too fleeting is glory for the loveliest of hue,
As Summer soon changes her costume for new.

MARY JUGG.

MAY WOULD-BE HELPERS

I'VE often wished for little elves
To wash our dishes day by day,
When Mother calls me in to work,
And I must leave my play.

They'd brush their crumbs with sprightly hands
From off our table top,
Then stately heap the dishes high
And at the dishpan stop.

They'd polish mother's silverware
And sparkle glasses, tall;
Make bubbles from the airy suds
And never fret at all.

But then if fairy elfins small
Could find delight in work of mine,
I think how foolish is my wish,
And hurry pans to shine.

Mary Jugg, Member Lodge 609.

SPRING IS A BIRD

By Blanche H. Gillespie

SPRING is a bird that passes,
 A bird that soon is fled,
 Gypsy in greens and yellows
 with nowhere to lay her head.

Each year she passes over.
 Not one of us immune.
 Each year she stirs our heart strings
 With subtle, exotic tune.

Spring is a pagan gypsy
 With silver wings on feet,
 Who leaves our pulses singing
 To melody strange and sweet.

BRIDGES

WE all are building bridges,
 Across the great divide,
 They reach from earth to heaven,
 When in dreamland, we abide.

At times our bridges topple,
 They seem to rock and sway,
 A storm or a tempest
 Would sweep our bridge away.

Our summer turns to autumn,
 Our teardrops fall like rain,
 By friends, we seem forsaken,
 Our bridge is cleft in twain.

Pick up your bolts and rivets,
 Just build the span anew,
 Then friends, and love and laughter,
 Will cross your bridge with you.

—Anon.



The Wind and Rain

By G. M. Adams

What endless beauty is interwoven into these seasons of ours, each with its own touch of individuality and precious glow.

How supplementary to our little lives, these seasons, and all that goes to make them so beloved. Over these hearts of ours, what storms do pass, and into them what mists arise, and how lost we so many times become—especially to ourselves. The rain, the sunshine, the fog, the snow, the droughts each as in-

cidental to our heart's health and life, as to that of all Nature, with its fields, meadows, and forests.

All experience has its purpose, whether we seem able to solve that purpose or not.

The wind and rain—blessed couplet! Nature and humans—the mind of these humans, taking to itself all beauty. What a privilege to live for a little while!

GYPSIES

By Rachel Field

LAST night the gypsies came—
 Nobody knows from where.
 Where they've gone to nobody knows,
 And nobody seems to care!

Between the trees on the old swamp
 road
 I saw them round their fire:
 Tattered children and dogs that barked
 As the flames leaped high and higher;
 There were black-eyed girls in scarlet
 shawls,
 Old folk wrinkled with years,
 Men with handkerchiefs round their
 throats

And silver loops in their ears.
 Ragged and red like maple leaves
 When frost comes in the fall,
 The gypsies stayed but a single night;
 In the morning gone were all—
 Never a shaggy gypsy dog.
 Never a gypsy child;
 Only a burnt-out gypsy fire
 Where danced that band so wild.

All gone and away,
 Who knows where?
 Only the wind that sweeps
 Maple branches bare.

A HOME TRUTH

Show me your children and I will tell you what you are. Children learn by what they see us do more than by what we tell them. If they misbehave we owe them an apology; it is very likely they are imitating our past performances.—Will Durant.

An Adventure

By Anna P. Krasna

THE other day I noticed some children playing war, and a memory of an adventure of long ago was suddenly refreshed in my mind. . . My little eight year old sister and I were the heroines of that unusual experience which I now call an adventure. It was much thru this very experience that we both learned and realized how foolish it is for young folks to crave for such adventures as war can bring about, and even more foolish of parents to let the children play war which slowly develops in them that barbaric instinct from which the world suffers so much.

This as an introduction; the story will tell the rest.

On a beautiful late summer day of 1916 we started out to Cernice, where Ivan's battalion was stationed for some time. It was early in the morning and we were almost the only civilians on the road. Kind drivers would give us a lift now and then—just between towns, of course, for it was strictly forbidden to convey civilians on the army vehicles, therefore the long trip was made mostly on foot. But we didn't mind that. The thing that really mattered was the fear that we would not find brother in Cernice. Secret commands were issued to the army-men in those days at any time and it was impossible to know for just how long a certain body of soldiers would remain in one place. We knew that, yet somehow we felt that that could not happen to Ivan's battalion, not at least until after we had seen him. But when we reached Cernice we soon learned that the battalion we were looking for has moved somewhere over night. What a disappointment!

"What shall we do?" I asked the little sister, who was still more disappointed than I, because she considered this visit to brother a special privilege.

"O, let us just go on and try to find him," she answered very determinedly.

"I am for it, but mother told us not to go farther than Cernice. It is dangerous to venture much farther, because of the shells, and bombs from the airplanes."

"There is as much danger working in the fields at home. The enemy's planes are circling above us nearly every day."

"Yes, but they seldom waste their bombs on field workers. It is the shells that I am afraid of the most. We would not know how to cover from one should it come buzzing towards us from somewhere. And then we have no identification card; I have forgotten to take it along."

"We can avoid meeting the field-guards by following side roads and paths; they won't bother us there."

"All well, then, if you are so determined to go, let's go, but remember that you must not complain should you begin to feel tired or afraid. You wanted to make this trip with me, and now you must be brave and willing to walk for perhaps several hours more, for if we should be lucky enough to find Ivan, there will still be the return trip to make. Do you really feel that you can walk so much, and that you'll not scream if a shell would strike somewhere near enough to scare us?"

"O, you are just trying to frighten me, it isn't really that dangerous, and if it is, I am not afraid at all," answered little sister courageously. I was glad that she felt that way, for secretly, I wished to go on, too.

And on we went. For hours we kept on walking, from one village or town to another, until we have quite unintentionally ventured into the war zone. The villages and houses along the roads and paths that we now followed were partly demolished and empty. There

were but few civilians to be seen here and there in the trampled fields gathering whatever was left of the crops. In the distance we could see the Mount Sabatino from which the shells emerged now and then, striking sometimes into the rocks of the nearby hills, but most often their aim was a level looking place between two hills that were quite far away. We knew that very likely there were trenches, and every time the shell would strike we shivered—we could see how death comes in war. What we couldn't see, we imagined, and the imaginations in our minds were so horrid that we hardly dared to talk aloud. But in spite of uneasiness and worry that was slowly creeping into our thoughts we both tried to appear fearless and brave. Knowing distinctly that we have ventured into the very center of danger, and that anything might happen to us, we still remained calm, for we knew that home and safety was far away and the sun already hanging low above the hills.—We had courage enough to come forth, to disobey mother's command, now we must show valor and finish our adventure bravely.

The hope of finding Ivan was dispersing rapidly now, and we made the final decision to go back towards home. For a while we still lingered at the side of the road we followed, wondering where Ivan could possibly be. Somewhere near the frontier, or perhaps in—trenches. Silently we looked at each other and started going. At this very moment a kitchen-wagon rolled into view. Lo! it was delivering supper to the company in which Ivan served! The two kind, old-looking cooks told us so, and offered to take us along to see our brother Ivan.

Of course we accepted their kind invitation. Who wouldn't have after an all day vain searching through the many villages and towns. Home, danger, fear and worry all was forgotten instantly. We were sitting in the high seat of the kitchen-wagon and it meant the top of

the world for us right then. The old cook was holding sister on his knee and was telling us about his little and big boys and girls. One boy, seventeen, was a soldier already and the good man wished that war might end before his young boy is taken to the front. It was no place for boys, the man thought, and cursed all that have started the terrible suffering. He himself had been wounded twice and was tired of war. He did not want to fight any enemies, but would much rather work in his fields at home, in the pleasant Moravia.

I listened to the words of the friendly Czech and observed the surroundings into which we were traveling with quite a speed. It seemed as if we were going farther and farther into the war-zone. Above the road, facing the frontier side hung long rows of carefully arranged and tied together tree-branches and shrubbery — to disguise the road — it was obvious. Not far away the once beautiful Panovec could be seen, its old and majestic oaks and other trees singed and splintered. The shells have brought havoc in this wooded countryside and ruined its natural beauty. But all that did not interest me so much just then — why were we going towards Panovec was the thing that began to concern me more. I sensed subconsciously that something was wrong and that we should not be riding with these two men. They might get in trouble over this. But, no; I would not voice my doubts. They were being kind, and above all, they probably knew the army orders and laws far better than I, so why worry.

The kitchen-wagon rolled on for about half of an hour or more and presently came to a stop in—Panovec! That subconscious feeling became real—my heart leaped almost to my throat and sister's eyes were filled with fear. There was no living person to be seen anywhere, and the few houses along the road or near it were all shelled. Some distance away a shell struck into the side of a low hill. (To be continued.)



Albright: THE LINEMAN.

"MOTHER O' MINE"

By Rudyard Kipling

IF I were hanged on the highest hill,
 Mother o' Mine, Mother o' Mine!
 I know whose love would follow me still,
 Mother o' Mine, Mother o' Mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
 Mother o' Mine, Mother o' Mine!
 I know whose tears would come down to
 me,
 Mother o' Mine, Mother o' Mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
 I know whose entreaties would make
 me whole,
 Mother o' Mine, Mother o' Mine!



That Tired Feeling

By Barclay

THIS is the time of year when every living thing is filled with pep except a large percentage of those select animals commonly called "human beings". While trees, vegetables, fruits, insects, and all other forms of vegetable and animal life are filled with activity, we are prone to suffer with what we call "spring fever".

Of course, we usually work this off in a few days or weeks and are ourselves again, but we do go through a mean period while spring fever is with us. The truth is not always pleasant, but it should be known. Spring fever comes from an over-loaded stomach. We need a great deal of food during the cold weather, and we fail to realize that our food consumption should be reduced when spring arrives—or if we refuse to reduce the amount of food, we should see to it that light feeds are eaten in place of some of the heavy foods enjoyed during the

winter. If we do not do this the only other way to avoid spring fever is to exercise so strenuously that we will still need the amount of food our bodies demanded when the weather was cold.

There is no reason why we should place ourselves upon a strict diet if we have nothing more wrong with us than a threatened attack of spring fever. All we need do is to watch very carefully what we eat. Reduce the number of pancakes, lamb chops, sausages or eggs eaten at breakfast. Dip more heavily into vegetable dishes, fruit cups, and salads at lunch and dinner.

Here are two or three suggested dishes that are rich in minerals and salts, and at the same time are light and easy to prepare. Use these and other dishes of similar kind, each day, and the family will not be tempted so strongly to eat too heavily of roast beef, cake and fried fish.

Early May's Breath

LAWNS and fields are gleaming now with yellow-headed dandelions, and ready hands are busy grubbing out one of the most beautiful of the springtime flowers, flowers whose chief sin is profligacy and whose very numbers have made them common weeds instead of welcome guests. Out they come, and the lawns resume their green placidity, while in the open fields there is such a scattering of golden discs as might have come from the hold of some old Spanish galleon heavy laden with rich doubloons.

Weed though it is, the dandelion, when one looks closely, is a regal flower. Its bloom is as shapely as an aster, its color rich as buttercups. And even when the first rich flush is gone, there yet remains a feather ball of mistlike beauty, whose downy tufts go sailing on the first fair breeze like fairy par-

achutes! And what youngster has not turned its hollow stems into pipes like Pan's to wheedle dubious tunes the while their bitter juice puckers his mouth like green persimmons?

In weeks to come, when summer has grown plants from seeds and tipped those plants with bloom to make more seed again, he who now turns the soil and savors its fragrance will roam the fields with senses dulled by Nature's bounteousness. He will lie on his back beneath the trees and feel the warmth of summer earth and scarcely note his garden and admire his flowers and vegetables with that frank air of the proprietor.

Today, however, it is there, in every plot of soil that spade or plow can stir, and none who has ever known its appeal can miss it—early May's breath.

L. E. J.

Spring Wild Flowers

The Hepatica

MOST boys and girls and many grown ups love to see the wild flowers in the woods and fields, even if they do not know their names, but if they are able to name them when walking in the woods and fields, the pleasure is doubled.

This story is about the Hepatica, and if we rule out the big, coarse Skunk Cabbage with its bad smell, it is the first spring flower.

After a few warm days have melted the snow and you are hiking in the woods and will look closely on a tree covered hillside you may see peeping from the dead leaves which cover the ground, some rather large leaves. Some of them may be rusty from the winter freezing, for the new leaves do not appear until June, after the bloom. There are three leaflets, like the White Clover or the Irish Shamrock but

small, each has three lobes, but there are two kinds of the plants; in one the points are blunt or rounded, in the other they are sharp-pointed.

If the plant is not yet in bloom and you brush away the dead leaves which hide it, you will find springing from the center, a short, red and very hairy flower stem two or three inches long with a folded bud at the top. A few warm days and these will open spreading in a beautiful flower nearly an inch across with from 6 to 12 shiny petals. On one plant their color may be a bright violet-blue; on others lavender, pink, lilac, light purple or even white.

To me, and I am sure it will be to you, it is a great pleasure to find a bed or colony of the Hepaticas in bloom.

C. H. R.



Dear Readers:—

Again, in this issue, there are many little letters by our joyful members, of the S. N. P. J. There were so many "first letters" that I was forced to shorten them for lack of space. But don't think that I don't like them. On the contrary; I enjoyed every one of them.

Perhaps it is not necessary to mention the fact that working conditions throughout the country are very bad. But since we are all workers and directly depend on work for our living, this phase of our lives must always be mentioned. The rich are unjust towards the working people whom they constantly exploit. And every boy and girl must know this, so that they will be able, when they grow up, to fight for their rights and industrial freedom along the side with their parents.

I will be awaiting your next little letters —

—THE EDITOR.

"COME ON, BOYS!"

Dear Editor:—

I was very happy when I received the March issue of the M. L. to see five letters in the "Chatter Corner" from Cleveland. That's it, Clevelanders, keep it up! Let's show the rest of the SNPJ members what we can do. There was also another thing that I noticed which was rather disappointing. The girls have two or three times as many letters as the boys have. What seems to be the trouble, boys? Come, show us what you can do. See if in the next issue you can have as many letters or more than the girls.

Lodge "Beacons" No. 667 SNPJ are busy planning for their big "blow-out" in November. They are to celebrate their third anniversary. Don't forget, leave the date open, November 27, 1932.

Best regards to all SNPJ members.

Anne Traven,

11202 Revere avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

FROM A "FRESHIE"

Dear Editor:—

Well, it's about time I wrote again. I'm so busy at school that it's difficult for me to find any time. And if I do, I'm reading stories. I am 14 yrs. old, and as a starter in first year of high-school, one of those dear little "freshies" that seniors look down so contemptuously upon. I enjoy very much going to the Harrison High School. I want to make my letter as brief as possible, for I know there are many other letters to be put in the M. L.

Frances Pinter,

2229 So. Irving ave., Chicago, Ill.

* *

A LETTER FROM UTAH

Dear Editor:—

This is the first time that I have written a letter to the M. L. I am 12 years old and was promoted to the 9th grade. School was dismissed March 18, because the district had no more money with which to continue for the

remainder of the school term. I wish it would have continued on for I like school very much.

We live on a 7-acre farm, 12 miles from Salt Lake City. There are 9 of us in the family, all but 2 belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 12.

I read the M. L. all the time and like it very much. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Anna Chufar,
Sandy, Utah, Box 170.

* *

ANOTHER PROUD "TORCH"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am a little Slovene girl that likes to read the M. List. I belong to the great "Torch of Liberty" lodge in Latrobe. I am 9 years of age and go to the First Ward school. We own a store called "North Side Cut-Rate Market." Some day, when I get older, I am going to work in our store. I know Mary E. Fradel, who writes to the M. L. and who is proud as I am to belong to this wonderful SNPJ.

I wish some little members and readers would write to me.

Another Proud "Torch,"

Katie Znidarsic,
102 Ligomer St., Latrobe, Pa.

* *

AGNES HAS FOUR TEACHERS

Dear Editor:—

This is the first time I write in the Mladinski List. I am 12 years of age and in the 7th class. I go to Jackson School and I like it very much. I have four teachers and they are all good.

The work is pretty bad here and I hope it gets good.

Best wishes to the Editor and the readers.

Agnes Petkovsek,
808 Eighth Street, Waukegan, Ill.

* *

"THE BLUEBIRDS' CLUB"

Dear Editor:—

I belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 135. I'm 12 years of age, and am in the 7th grade. I go to Thomas Jefferson Junior High School. I also belong to a sewing club. The name of it is "The Bluebirds' Club." It contains from 24 to 30 girls, whose ages are from ten to twelve years. We hold our meetings every Friday night from seven o'clock to eight o'clock. We have a president, a secretary, and a treasurer. The treasurer collects a nickel from each girl every other week. We have a pretty large amount of money in treasury already.

When the girls saw how much money we had in the treasury, some one planned for us to hold a dance. We all agreed to this suggestion, and started to get things ready. The president had the tickets made and suggested

to have our dance on April 2. We all tried very hard to sell as many tickets as we could. Each girl wore a blue and white dress with our club initials on it. We all enjoyed the dance and were very happy to make a success of it. I wish that Mildred Hunter would write to me. Best wishes to all.

Julia Demshar,
3569 W. 61st St., Cleveland, O.

* *

"LET'S WRITE!"

Dear Editor:—

I wish I could tell you how much I enjoy reading the M. L. I am 13 years old and I am in the 7th grade. There are 8 in our family and we are all members of the SNPJ. Two of my sisters are members of the English Speaking Lodge, Silver Stars of Yukon.

Come on, Yukon, wake up. Let's see some of your letters published in next month's issue. **Le na nože, slovenska mladina, da se bomo kaj več oglasili v Mladinskem listu!**

I would appreciate it very much if some of the members would write to me. I would like to hear from my cousin from Cleveland, Ohio.

Best regards to all. Theresa Koracin,
Box 225, Yukon, Pa.

* *

WORK ONE DAY A WEEK

Dear Editor:—

I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. There are four in our family; we are all in SNPJ lodge No. 290.

Times are hard out here. They work one day a week.

I like to read the M. L. I wish it would come weekly instead of once a month. I wish some members would write to me.

Best regards to all readers and the editor.

Mary Modic,
Box 227, Homer City, Pa.

* *

A LESSON IN BIOLOGY

Dear Editor:—

I am fifteen years old and am a Junior B at Lorain High School. The letter I am writing may not interest the younger children, but I am sure it will be of some interest to pupils taking Biology. The topic is "Sunlight in Connection with the Growth of Plants." I have always been brought up with the idea that sunlight helps the growth of plants. However, I believe differently now.

Our biology teacher, Mr. Freshwater gave me sufficient proof to make me believe that sunlight hinders the growth. He explained to the class that the cells on the shady part of the plant reproduce faster than those facing the sun. This gives the plant a bending appearance, and it looks as if the plant was attracted by the sunlight and follows it.

Since the plants appear to follow the sun

people believe that sunlight helps the growth and I take the liberty to deny this.

I have always enjoyed reading the Slovene M. L. and as a member of the SNPJ I feel that it is my duty to contribute something to this wonderful Juvenile magazine.

Wishing all readers the best of health, I remain a constant reader,

Olga Janzik,
2838 Pearl Ave., Lorain, Ohio.

* *

LOVES HER TEACHER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to M. L. I am eight years old and I am in the third A grade. My teacher is very kind to all the children and I love her. I have one little brother and a little baby sister. My daddy works two days a week. We had lots of snow this winter. In school the third and fourth grade girls have sewing club and the third and fourth grade boys have cooping saw. I speak very good Slovene, but do not write, yet I will try to learn and my mamma will teach me how.

Best regards to all the members of SNPJ, also to Dorothy and Lilly Remetz from Rock Springs, Wyo. **Mary Josephine Lambert,**

Box 72, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

SNOW IN MARCH

Dear Editor:—

I wish the M. L. would come once a week and be twice as large. I was 11 years old February 11. We had a program, "With the Old Woman Who Lives in a Shoe." I go to the Lincoln school. We had snow just about every day in March.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

Mary Jancic,
Box 712, Roundup, Mont.

* *

MUSKETEERS' DANCE

Dear Editor:—

I am 15 years of age. I wish the Moon Runers would wake up and write to the M. L. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 88.

The Musketeers are going to have a big dance on May 7. It is going to be the 2nd anniversary. I hope there will be a big crowd. Everybody is welcome. Come one, come all.

I wish some girls would write to me.

Best regards to all. **Frances Kodrich,**
Box 155, Moon Run, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I wrote once before when I lived in Indiana, but haven't written since I was in Milwaukee, although my sister had.

I belong to the SNPJ and I am in the adult class. **Josephine Spek,**

1523 So. 2nd St., Milwaukee, Wis.

SPELLING CONTEST

Dear Editor:—

I am going to be 11 years old May 19. I am in the 6th grade. I went to the "Spelling Contest" March 26. We got second place and won a cup.

There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 65. Work is very scarce here. My father and brother work in a mine only two days a week. There are many people without a job. Whoever has a job is lucky.

Best regards to the Editor and members.

Mary Gracner,
R. R. 2, Box 144, Mulberry, Kans.

* *

WAKE UP AND WRITE!

Dear Editor:—

I was very glad to see so many letters published in the Mladinski List and I surely hope they keep up for I think we all would like our magazine larger.

What's the matter with the boys and girls here in Butte? They must be asleep, for I don't think I have seen a letter from Butte yet, and am sorry to say I broke my promise by saying I would write every month, but I will write more often this year. Come on! Let's all get busy and write and I hope to see some letters from Butte.

Mary Louise Loushin,
310 Shields Ave., Butte, Mont.

* *

"KOTIČEK" AND "CORNER"

Dear Editor:—

The weather is getting warm and we all want to stay out of doors to play. Don't be lazy, pep up and write in the "Chatter Corner." "Naš kotichek" is trying to beat the Chatter Corner." Let's show the "Kotichek" that the "Corner" is going to win.

Dorothy Skraba,
Box 142, Library, Pa.

* *

THEY HAD AN ART EXHIBIT

Dear Editor:—

I am going to be 11 years old in Sept. 5. I'm playing on a violin. I'm in the 5th grade. On Feb. 12, 1932 we had a big program at the high school. We also had an art exhibit.

John Leskoshek, Irwin, Pa.

* *

DEAR BELOVED MAGAZINE

Dear Editor and Members:—

It's a pleasure to write to our M. L. again. The Yukon boys and girls sure are taking a long nap. I wish they'd wake up and write to this dear beloved magazine of ours. A member of 117 said she'd drop a few lines to our M. L. Her name is Julia Kepich of Yukon. So I'll watch for your letter, blonde.

I wish Marguet Marn would write to me as I lost her address.

The girls of Yukon have a club. They all have pink dresses for their meetings.

Elsie Yema, Box 214, Yukon, Pa.

* *

"WELCOME SPRINGTIME"

All the birds are singing,
Carols loud and clear;
For each day is bringing
Springtime yet more near;
In the fields and meadows
Flowers begin to peep,
Welcome signs of Springtime,
Long they've been asleep.

Dandelions springing
In the grass so green,
And the little daisies
Here and there are seen;
All the trees are full of
Song-birds bright and gay;
Welcome! happy Springtime,
This is what they say.

Submitted by

Lena Kotnek,
R. R. 1, Box 108, Cherokee, Kans.

* *

LODGE NO. 334

Dear Editor:—

I sure enjoy reading the M. L., as by it we find out all about conditions all over the States. The mines here work only when it is cold. There are four of us boys in our family. One of my brothers died when we were down in New Mexico. We are all in the SNPJ. I was 11 years old April 5. So I am trying to be good, as I want to be a ballplayer. I listen to the ball games over the radio. I would like to hear from some of you boys and girls.

Best regards to all.

Charlie Kauzlarich,
Rothbun, Iowa, Box 95.

* *

BOBBIE AND HIS BILLY GOAT

Dear Editor:—

I received quite a few letters from some members: Florence Perslin, Leona Rudolph, Angeline Semick and Helen Prijanovich. I was very glad to get letters from them.

Well, Spring is here at last and I am sure glad. Almost every bird is back. We have two cows, a little cute calf, two horses, chickens and a Billy goat. We have forty acres and on it many fruit trees, small berries, grapes and other crops.

One day my little brother Bobbie was playing outside near the barn door. My Dad was in the barn, when all of a sudden our Billy

goat jumped over the fence and ran toward Bobbie. When Bobbie saw him coming you should have seen him run! He ran as fast as his legs could carry him and called, "Oh, Pa!, Pa!, catch Billy Whisker, he's chasing me." When Dad saw Billy Whisker he caught him and brought him back into the barn. When the goat was safe in the barn again, Bobbie said: "Pa, I think you better kill him after all." Bobbie is going to be five years old on June 7. Every time Billy Whiskers gets loose he is always after Bobbie.

Best regards to the Editor and members of the SNPJ.

Sophie Jean Martinjak,
R. 1, Box 195, St. Joseph, Mich.

* *

LODGE NO. 62

Dear Editor:—

I live in the northern part of the U. S.—Calumet, four miles from Lake Superior. We have lots of fun at this lake in the summer.

We had lots of stormy weather this winter. The snow was banked up twelve feet high in some places. I am nine years old, and am in fourth grade. My brother Ralph and I are members of Lodge No. 62, SNPJ.

I like to read the M. L. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Clyde Shaltz,
2332 County Road, Calumet, Mich.

* *

FROM BEARCREEK, MONT.

Dear Editor:—

I wish the Bearcreek boys and girls would wake up and write. I am 12 years of age and in the 6th grade. My brother is 7 yrs. old and in the 2nd grade. We both like school. I have three teachers and all are very good to me. I am sure I will pass to the 7th grade.

I wish some members would write to me.

Helen Mering,
Box 216, Bearcreek, Mont.

* *

FROM ROCK SPRINGS, WYO.

Dear Editor and readers:—

I am eleven years old. I am in the sixth grade. I have four teachers. There isn't much work out here. I belong to the SNPJ Lodge. We had a little snow out here. I wish somebody would write to me. Best regards to all.

Olga Andretich,
Box 305, Rock Springs, Wyo.

* *

A LONG VACATION

Dear Editor:—

The M. L. is a great little magazine. There are so many interesting letters from the members. I hope to see a letter from Steffie and Alice Debelak from Waukegan. I like to read

the stories, poems, jokes, riddles and letters. I hope to see more letters from Wisconsin.

A few minutes ago I was reading the M. L. of December, 1931. I read a letter written by Elsie Jerina from Los Angeles, California. She wrote that she never played with snow in her life. I wish we had such nice, warm weather in Wisconsin. We had plenty of snow and cold weather here this year.

Our school will close April 22. We will have vacation till September. It won't be much of a vacation, because I have to pick beans.

Best regards to all the members.

Mary Krze,

R. F. D. 2, Box 117, Greenwood, Wis.

* *

BAD TIMES

Dear Editor:—

I am 9 years old and in the 5th grade. My father is not working for a long time. My mother is sick. We had snow. I hope some member would write to me. I like to go to school every day.

Anna Unick,

498 So. Miceal St., St. Marys, Pa.

* *

THEY HAVE AN SNPJ EMBLEM

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Easter led us to a four days vacation. We have a "Rhythm Band" in school. I have a castanet. I like to play on it.

Since we have a Rhythm Band we hear a program every Thursday.

I like the geography class because we write the outlines about the States and cities. We look for picture in the school magazines.

In Nature we have a note-book also. It is about birds. We color all kinds of birds.

At home we have an SNPJ emblem. It was made by Anton Zornik Jr. I think it is a very nice thing to have.

In art we are having a little village. I made three houses and two buildings. It is a pretty nice village.

Best regards to all.

Slavica Rožica Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* *

LODGE NO. 315

Dear Editor:—

I am so glad that Spring is here, so we can have outdoor sports. There are four in our family and we all belong to the Lodge No. 315. We live out in the country, a mile from East Canton. My sister Theresa and I have lots of fun out in the fields in summer days. We have our own home.

Joe Lapanja,

Box 246, E. Canton, O.

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

First Letters were sent in by a number of members and readers of the Mladinski List. Here they are:

Olga Martinjak of La Salle, Ill., promises to write more letters in future, because she likes the M. L. very much.

Anna Leskoshek of Irwin, Pa., tells us that she is in the 2nd grade in school and is proud to be able to write to the M. L. which she enjoys reading.

Millie Smrdel of Lafayette, Colo., is only 8 years of age, but she wrote a nice letter to the M. L. She will write more later. And she loves to receive letters.

Jennie Kumarca of Verona, Pa., likes the M. L. a lot and tells us there are five in the family, all members of lodge 216 SNPJ. Working conditions are poor there.

Tony Kumarca, Jennie's brother, is 9 years old, a year older than his sister Jennie. He's in the 4th grade in school.

Jennie Pintarich of Cleveland, O., is 10 years of age and the whole family belongs to lodge 53, but her mother and baby sister. Jennie likes the M. L.

Louie Kapel of far away Pueblo, Colo., likes jokes and riddles in the M. L., but he also likes the stories and poems. He will write more next time.

Victor Tomsic of Walsenburg, Colo., is 8 years old and in the 3rd grade in school. There are 5 in his family and all of them members of lodge 299.

Joe Darovec of Springfield, Ill., will be 10 years old May 11. His father is out of work since April 1. There are 8 in the family, all members of the SNPJ.

Caroline Strell of Tire Hill, Pa., has two brothers and she is in the 4th grade in school. Their family belongs to lodge 289. She is going to write a Slovene letter for the "Kotiček" next time.

Lillian A. Puncer of West Allis, Wis., tells us of the excitement they had there during the elections in which the Socialist candidates were victorious.

Genevieve Kopriva of Johnstown, Pa., is 10 years old and in 4th grade. Her father only works two days a week. Working conditions are poor.

Tony Dometrovich of Cuddy, Pa., is also 10 years of age and in the 5th grade. The whole family is in lodge 319. He likes the M. L.

Josephine Gorenc of Imperial, Pa., tells us that she and her family are members of the SNPJ, and she likes the M. L.

Don Marinac of El Moro, Colo., was glad that his sister started to write for the M. L. and so he followed her with his letter, which is very nice of him.