

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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ANNA P. KRASNA:

Velika napoved

OČE, te dni se učimo o atomih —
veš o tistih neskončno majhnih delcih,
milijone katerih bi mogel navrhati na
piko tega stavka.
Učitelj pravi, da teh delcev še ni nihče videl,
in jih nikdar ne bo,
vendar, v laboratorijih jih poznajo, merijo njih silo,
tehtajo in določajo njih prisotnost
v čudesih kemičnih snovi . . .
Še več, prekoljejo jih in potem z novimi teorijami
ustvarjajo nova čuda.
Ali vse to, očka, je stara stvar,
in moške v laboratorijih, kakor veš, niso nikdar
prav zadovoljni z ničemer, kar je že odkrito —
zato zdaj iščejo in stikajo za neznano skrivno silo
atoma.
In če jo najdejo — danes, jutri, ali čez desetletja,
tedaj bo zajela svet atomska revolucija . . .
Nič me ne glej tako, očka, rekel sem revolucija,
kajti atomi bodo poslej gonili vse, ladje in vlake,
avtomobile in ko blisk leteče potniške rakete
po zraku, in kaj še vse.
Takrat, očka, odložiš svoj kramp in lopato
in se spočiješ od težkih dni —
v razvedrilo pa te jaz popeljem včasih okrog sveta
v mojem po atomski sili gnanem aeroplančku —
Ali nisi nič vesel, da bo svetovna revolucija tako
lahka stvar? —

Manica:

Janček vprašuje

PRETEČENI mesec sem preživljala svoj službeni dopust. Pri tej priliki sem se mudila par dni v neki gorenjski vasici. Tam sem bila priča pogovora med materjo in njenim malim sinkom Jančkom, ki ga vam otroci, zapišem tu v zabavo.

Janček (pred njim skleda z mlekom): "Mama, jelite, to mleko je od naše krave belke?"

Mati: "Da, Janček, od belke je!"

Janček: "Mama, ali je vsako mleko belo?"

Mati: "Seveda!"

Janček: "Pa to ni prav. Od črnih krav bi moralo biti mleko črno. Mama, zakaj imajo tudi črne krave belo mleko?"

Mati: "Ne vprašuj tako neumno! Naj bo krava črna, siva ali pisana, mleko je vedno samo belo!"

Janček: "Mama, ali so tudi kurja jajca vedno samo bela?"

Mati: "Tudi!"

Janček: "Pa zakaj pisane kokoši ne znesejo pisanih jajc?"

Mati: "To je pač tako, kakor z mlekom. Zdaj pa utihni že enkrat!"

Janček: "Zakaj pa naš mucek ne znese nobenega jajca?"

Mati: (nevoljna) "Čenča!"

Janček: "Pa zakaj, mati?"

Mati: "Zato ker — ker si neumen!"

Janček: "Pa zakaj sem neumen?"

Mati: (huda) "Zato ker si! Zdaj imam pa dosti!"

Janček: "Mama, kaj imate dosti?"

Mati: "Tebe imam dosti, tebe!" Alo, takoj spat!"

Prijela je Jančka za čop in moral je v posteljo. Zanimivega pogovora med materjo in sinkom je bilo nato seveda konec.

BORISOV:

ZIMA

STARA teta, zima —
hi, hi, hi! —
s hitrimi koraki
proč beži.

Gorki južni vetri
jo pode
iz dežele naše
prelepe.

Vrani, črni vrani
sred gozdov
noč in dan podijo
jo domov.

Vrani zakričijo:
krah, krah, krah . . .
Zimo izpreleta
v gozdu strah.

S hitrimi koraki
proč beži,
mi se ji smejimo:
hi, hi, hi!

Milan Medvešek:

Mala poredneža

MIRKO in Emil sta bila bratca, a kljub temu si nista bila skoro nič podobna. Mirko je bil dve leti starejši. šibke in neokretne postave, dočim je bil Emil majhen, gibčen in navihlan, da mu ga ni bilo para. Povsod je bil prvi, zlasti se je odlikoval v rokoborbi, in baš to je bolelo Mirka, zelo bolelo, kajti njegovo prvenstvo je moral neprenehoma občutiti na svoji koži.

"Mama, mama, Emil me zopet tepe!" je Mirko klical mater na pomoč, ko ga je Emil premetaval po tleh, kakor žogo, ga brcal in lasal.

"Le kliči jo, le kliči!" se mu je rogal mali porednež in ga znova naskočil z besedami: "Raje se brani, saj si dve leti starejši od mene!"

Mirko se je branil, kolikor se je mogel in znal, a bilo je vse zaman: Gibčni bratec mu je podstavil nogo kakor izvežban rokoborec, ga zgrabil okrog pasu in ga podrl na tla. Ubogemu premagancu tedaj ni drugega kazalo, kakor da je hudobnemu zmagovalcu ponovno grozil z "mamo."

Medtem je mati pridno pripravljala večerjo in prav ko je premišljala, kje se paglavca zopet potepata, se je prijokal starejši sinček in ji seveda zatožil svojega "najhujšega sovražnika."

"Ti ubogi revček revčkasti," ga je mati potrpežljivo tolažila, "ne joči, bom že jaz z grdobo zaorala . . ."

Nekako čez pol ure se je skozi stranska vrata prikradel v hišo "grdi divjak" Emil, kakor ga je mati često imenovala, in še predno je imel priliko pobegniti, je že mati "zaorala" z njim. Krepko je vihtela od trdega dela žuljevo desnico po njegovi zadnji plati in mu obljubljala, da ga bo zapodila med cigane, ker je tako hudoben otrok.

Nekega dne, ko se je Mirko zopet prijokal domov, pa je bila mati nekam slabe volje in namesto tolažilnih besed "rev-

ček revčkasti, bom že jaz z grdobo zaorala," je hudo vzrojila in zakričala nad njim:

"Sapramiš, kaj se vedno cmeriš! . . . Če te nabije, ga nabij še ti, saj si večji in starejši kakor on!"

Mirku se je od strahu in užaljenosti jok namestu ustavil. Takega odgovora ni pričakoval, vsaj od matere ne, in njene besede so ga bolj bolele kakor Emilovi udarci.

Mati drži s hudobnim bratom, si je mislil ter bil prepričan, da je sedaj prepuščen popolnoma samemu sebi. Pri tej misli je malone naglas zajokal.

Nekaj mora storiti, tako ne more vedno iti, je po dolgem premišljanju prišel do zaključka. Sedaj ima samo dve poti: ali pobegne z doma—ta izhod mu ni posebno ugajal, naravnost bal se ga je, kar ni bilo nič čudnega, saj je imel komaj dvanajst let—ali pa mora na kakšen drug način storiti konec premoči mlajšega bratca.

Kdor premišlja in premišlja, kakor pravi pregovor, se gotovo kaj domisli, prav tako kakor tisti, ki išče in išče in končno tudi najde.

Mirku se je posvetila sijajna misel: Naučil se bo rokoborbe, Emil sam ga mora naučiti—in potem . . . potem . . .

Njegov načrt je bil: Emilu bo dal za podučevanje v rokoborbi nožek s platnicami iz slonove kosti, tisti nožiček, radi katerega ga je Emil že tolikokrat nabil, ali on mu ga ni hotel dati za nobeno ceno.

Emil je ponudbo z veseljem sprejel, niti najmanj sluteč Mirkovo nakano.

Z vajami sta takoj pričela.

"Vidiš," mu je navdušeno razlagal bratec, "saj je zelo preprosto: Zgrabim te okrog pasu, podstavim nogo, se obrnem na levo in že si—na tleh!" Mirko je padel kakor snop.

Pograbila sta se že menda stotič in

glej, Mirko je polagoma napredoval. Nekajkrat je celo gibčnega bratca spravil pod sebe, kar ga je neizmerno veselilo, njegovega napredovanja pa je bil še bolj vesel Emil sam, kajti v tem je videl dokaz o svoji učiteljski zmožnosti.

Šola v metanju je že trajala nekaj tednov in Mirko je postajal z vsakim dnevom bolj spreten, celo več: natihoma je bil prepričan, da je kos svojemu učitelju, zato ga je nekega lepega dne nekako tako-le nagovoril:

“Daj mi nožek nazaj, drugače—drugače ti ga bom s silo vzel!”

Malemu razboritežu so Mirkove besede skoro sapo vzele, potem pa ga je premeril od nog do glave, se naperil kakor petelinček in nato besno zagnal vanj, meneč, da bo z njim pomel, kakor že tolikokrat, toda—joj!—Mirko je odbil prvi napad in drugi in tretji in potem pričel sam napadati. Bitka ni trajala dolgo. Emil si je po prvem presenečenju malo opomogel, pričel biti okoli sebe, praskati in gristi, ali bilo je vse zastoj. Njegova moč je pojemala, se razbila ob bratovi premoči. Mirko ga je nadvladal in mu iztrgal nožek.

Odtlej se je Emilu slabo godilo, z vsakim dnevom slabše. Prej tako ponizen in slaboten Mirko je postal čez noč odločen “bojovník” ter je v nekaj tednih povrnil vse bolečine, ki mu jih je Emil prizadel v dveh letih. Toda, to še ni bilo vse! Mati ni niti slutila, da je sedaj Mrko tisti “grdi divjak” in ne Emil, in ko se je nekoč Emil prijokal domov in obtožil Mirka, se je ona razjezila in ga še sama natepla—radi laži!

Kazen je bila res huda, prehuda celo za Emila. Najprvo ga nabije brat, potem pa še mati.

Razumljivo, materi ni več tožil Mirka, marveč je potrpežljivo prenašal svojo usodo, obenem pa premišljal in premišljal, kako bi storil konec svojemu nesrečnemu položaju. Končno se je tudi njemu posvetila dobra misel, kakor nekoč njegovemu bratu. Mirku bo natevil, da bo pobegnil k ciganom, kamor ga mati vedno podi, in se ne bo nikoli več vrnil.

Takoj drugi dan je svoj namen odkril bratcu, a že sama misel, da bi izgubil Mirka, ga je silno prestrašila. Vse mu je obljubil, samo k ciganom naj nikar ne gre! Ne, Emil se ni hotel vdati, marveč je z otroško trmoglavostjo vztrajal pri svojem sklepu in pričel pospravljati razne stvari v šolski nahrbtnik. Mirko je nazadnje uvidel, da so vse njegove prošnje zaman, zato se je odločil, da Emilovo namero pove materi.

Mati se je nasmejala in rekla:

“Beži, beži, norček, čemu naj gre k ciganom? . . .”

Mirko je povesil oči in stal pred njo kakor tat pred sodnikom, nato pa odkritosrčno izpovedal, da je on tisti grdi divjak in ne Emil, kateremu se že dolgo časa godi krivica. “Najprvo ga nabijem jaz, povrhu pa še ti,” ji je pojasnil in nato milo zajokal.

“Ali je resnica, kar praviš? . . . Mirko je samo pokimal in še glasneje zajokal, mati pa je pristavila: “Jaz sem pa mislila obratno! Hitro poišči Emila in poravnava mu storjeno krivico!”

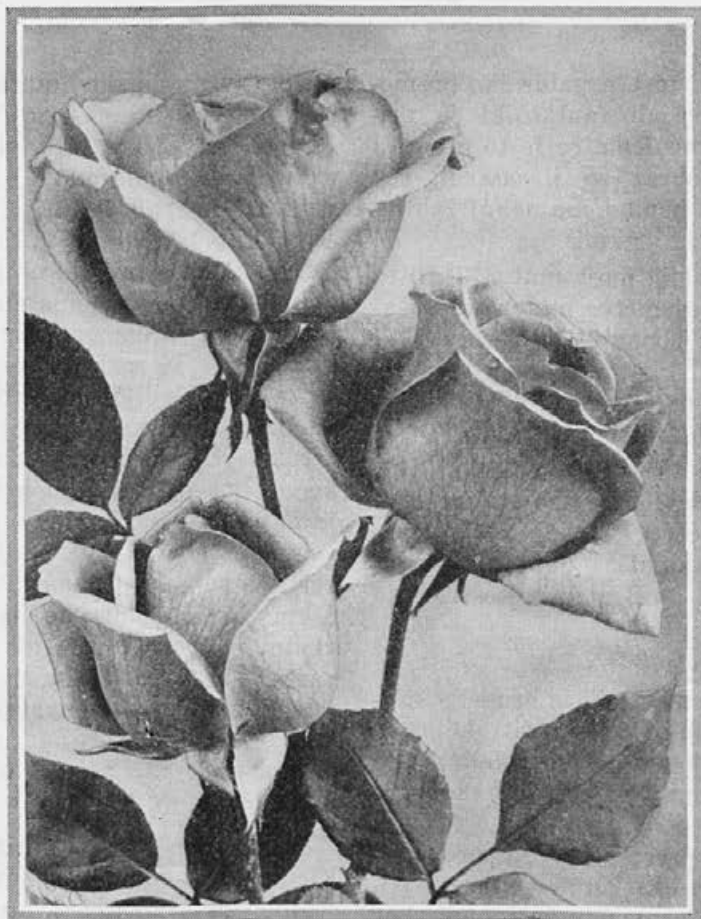
Emila sta našla na dvorišču za drvarnico, z nahrbtnikom optanega in pripravljenega, da gre k ciganom . . .

“Vse vem, Emil,” ga je ljubeznivo nagovorila mati. “Odtlej naprej se ti ne bo več godila krivica, sedaj vem, kdo je grdoba . . .” Pogledala je Mirka, on pa je tisti trenotek izvlekel nožek in proseče dejal:

“Ostani, Emil, dam ti nazaj nožek, ki sem ti ga vzel . . .”

Emil se je nekaj časa upiral, toda potem se je vdal in seveda sprejel nožek, v srcu pa se je smejal, ker se mu je vse tako imenitno posrečilo.

Tisti večer je bila družinica praznično srečna. Mati je skuhalo boljšo večerjo kakor po navadi, Mirko je neprestano obljubljal, da se bo držal sklenjenega premerja, Emil pa se je zadovoljno muzal in od časa do časa posegel v žep in otipaval težko prisluženi nožek s platnicami iz slonove kosti.—



VRTNICE V BUJNEM CVETJU

“Vlak je ubil mater”

KO so pobrali mrtvo nabiralko premo-ga, so vprašali fantka, ki je prisopel dol po tračnicah, če je to njegova mati. Samo obraz so ji odkrili, čez truplo so vrgli nemudoma nekaj žakljevine. Fantek je kriknil:

“Ali ste jo ubili, moja mater?” Ihteč se je vrgel poleg mrtve matere in božajoč njen obraz ponavljal proseče: “Poslušala bi bila, mamica, klical sem te, mahal sem ti, tekel sem ti v pomoč, pa je bil vlak hitrejši. O, mati . . . mati!”

Z mrtvo materjo vred so ga odpeljali proti domači četrti. Nekdo ga je povedel čez štiri stopnišča gor do tesnega mračnega doma. Bratje in sestrice so ga obkolili:

“A kje je mati?”

“Mati . . . mati—,” je hropel s stinjenim grlom in ni mogel priti do prave besede. Tuj človek ga je gledal čuteče, mu pogladil lase ter pojasnil namesto njega:

“Otroci, ne prestrašite se preveč—vlak je ubil mater. Tu se ne da nič pomagati in nič ne smete biti hudi, ker sem vam povedal kar tako—pred nočjo bi vseeno vedeli.”

Videč veliko revščino, je segel v žep in razdelil med nje nekaj drobiža, potem je odšel. Za zaprtimi vrati so ostali otroci sami. Dsem jih je bilo in ob tej žalostni uri bi bili radi, da bi bil še kateri, večji, pogumnejši, da bi odganjal strah, ki se je po mačje plazil gor po visokih, sivih, v senci skladišč ponižno in beraško čepečih zidov.

“Mati! . . .”

“Mati! . . .”

“Mati—”

Vse je davila v grlu ista beseda in drug za drugim so jo ponavljali ne vedoč, kaj drugega naj bi počeli. Čakali so, da se vrne, da zakuri peč, skuha

kosilo—vsak dan je bilo tako ob tej uri, odkar so dodelili očeta k vladnemu delu. Redno slednji dan je prišla mati točno, zakurila, skuhala kavo, jim narezala velike kose kruha. Ko so pomalcali, jih je odšlo pet v šolo, ostali so pa ždeli ali se igrali okrog peči, ki ni bila nikdar dovolj topla, ker ni mogla mati nikdar nabrati dovolj premoga. Kupiti ga ni bilo s čim—oče je zaslužil komaj toliko, da so za silo živeli, da je mati zdaj pa zdaj mogla v bazar kupit starih cunj zase in otroke. Oče je moral imeti toplo obleko, močno obutev, tobak včasih. Mati je natezala dolarje, da so pokrili za silo vse in mislila je, da se ji godi dobro, ker ima še enkrat denar, da razpolaga z njim. Prej je dolgo hodila iskat živež v vladni podporni urad, ali dobila je nakazilo in so ji potem trgovci odmerjali po pravilih. Denarja ni bilo v hiši skoro nikoli. Starejši fantiči so sem pa tja ujeli kak novčič, oče je v časih kod zaslužil za tobak.

Pred vsem tem—takrat še ni bilo Klemenčka—je hodila beračit. Okrog stojnic nižjevzhodnega predela newyorških slumov je pobirala polgnilo sadje in zelenjavo. V velikih, vedno smrdečih mesnicah je mnogokrat izprosila kos smrdljivega mesa, vampov, kako kost za zelenjadno juho. Za kurivo je takrat skrbel oče. Zvečer, ko se je že dobro znočilo, je šel in se vselej vrnil z butaro kuriva. Ali on je tako preklinjal, je vrgel butaro ob tla z jezo in nejevoljo, kakor da so mu domači krivi, ker je izgubil delo. Sovražil je beračenje in pljuval iz ust priberačeno, siromašno hrano. Dolgo, dolgo se ni mogel prilagoditi in mati je strašno trpela, je jokala vse noči, beračila vse dni. Tudi delati je poskusila, pa so plačali tako malo, da so bili na slabšem kakor z beračenjem. No, zdaj pa, ko ji je bilo spet prijetnejše, jo je povozil vlak . . .

“Mati!”—

“Ali je res ne bo nikdar več?”

“Nikdar več.”

Drug drugega so vpraševali, drug drugemu niso verjeli.

“Mogoče pa ni bila mrtva—Ralph, ali je bila mati čisto mrtva, ali ni morda še malo, prav malo dihala?”

“Ne, nič ni dihala,” je rekel Ralph in zaplakal.

“A kaj bomo pa zdaj, ko je več ne bo?”

“Sami si bomo kuhali—sami bomo nabirali premog, oče bo pa moral sam kupovati in delati z nami po hiši, dokler ne odraste Bertha.”

“Da bi oče pral in likal in šival, mi-sliš?” je začudeno vprašala Bertha.

“Kdo pa, ko ti še ne znaš,” je rekel starejši fant.

“Saj boš lahko ti.”

“Jaz bom nabiral premog in koncem tedna tako prodajam papir, jaz že ne bom imel časa.”

Spet so vsi umolknili. Najmlajši ni so prav razumeli, mali Klemenček ni razumel nič, pa je vseeno strmel v mirčnost kuhinje z drugimi vred. Pred nekaj tedni je shodil, ali radi mraza so ga vseeno skoro zmirom imeli v starem vozičku, ki je bil ves polomljen in v katerem je tičala trda, nevšečno dišeča žimnica. Kakor nebogljen tiček je čepel tam. Obrazek je bil blede, pod nežno kožico je bilo videti plavkaste črtice, modri očesci je obrobjala bolehnata sinjina.

“Klemenček ne ve, da nimamo več matere . . . ubogi Klemenček . . .”

Bertha ga je vzela v naročje in mu grela hladne ročice. Drugi so stali okrog in gledali malega.

“Zdaj bo moral spati pri tebi, Bertha. Mati je rekla, da voziček ni dovolj topel za ponoči, zmirom ga je pozimi jemala k sebi, tudi ko je bil še čisto majcen.”

“Seveda bo spal pri meni, a Edith bo morala potem spati z bratcem Leom, bratec Štefan pa z očetom.”

“Jaz ne bom spal pri očetu,” je ugovarjal Štefan, “oče v spanju maha z rokami in kriči, jaz se ga bojim.”

“To je od dela,” je mirno pojasnil starejši, “oče mora na delu zmirom dati komu znamenja, ko pošilja polna dvigala gradbenikom.”

“Jaz se ga vseeno bojim,” je zaključil Štefan.

“Kaj pa bo sedaj s šolo,” je vprašala Bertha.

“Ko bo mati pokopana, bomo šli spet v šolo. Tako store vsi, ki jim kdo umrje,” je preprosto menila Edith.

“Ali nas doma bo potem strah,” je boječe pripomnila Millie.

Vsi so namah občutili, da bo brez matere pusto, vsem se je zdelo, kakor da leze srtah skozi lisasta, s prahom in mrzlo vlago zadimljena okna. Če matere ni bilo včasih ves dan, ni bilo kljub temu nič strahu, ker ga je odganjalo pričakovanje:

— Mati pride — zdajle pride — tole so njene stopinje, gotovo so, pa če niso, pride vseeno kmalu . . . vsak čas bo tu. Kaj neki bo prinesla danes? —

V vse mlade misli se je zagrizlo počasi zmirom gotovejše dejstvo, da ne pride nikdar več. Vsa pričakovanja je zabilisal brzeči vlak. Zdaj so čakali očeta, odslej bodo vedno čakali samo očeta, zakaj mater, ki je vedno skrbelo, da jim je bilo vsaj malo toplo, da so imeli vsaj skromno dobra kosilca in zakrpane ter čiste cunje na sebi, to mater je ubil vlak . . . vlak, ki je raztresal dragocene drobce premoga in zvil mater v smrt.

— Nihče ni zavrnil Millienega strahu, v srcih vseh je, kakor neznana boleča tesnoba, rasel strah pred dnevi brez matere.—

A. P. Krasna.

F. G. Hrastničan:

Kako smo pokopali pušta

TO SMO vam bili navihanci! Če smo le mogli, smo napravili kaj takega, kar marsikomu, posebno pa našim staršem, ni bilo ravno prijetno! A kaj smo se menili mi, razposajeni otročaji za to; da je ugajalo le nam, pa je bilo dobro. Drugi — ha! — kaj smo se menili za druge! Pri nobenem početju nisimo pomislili, bo li to tudi drugim všeč, kaj še, prav po svojih lahkomišelnih glavicah smo ravnali . . . Da se je tako početje mnogokrat slabo končalo, je pač umevno. Najnavadnejši konec je bilo — no, kaj bi se sramoval, saj vem, da se je to že pač vsakemu pripetilo — brezovo olje, ki ga ameriški starši na svojih otrokih le redko rabijo ali pa nikoli. Ha, to smo se zvijali pod neusmiljenimi udarci in kričali, da je bilo groza . . . Pa mislite, da je trajala dolgo ta žalost? Kaj še! Tako dolgo, da smo čutili še pekočine, ki jih povzroča ono preklicano zdravilo neslušnosti in lahkomišelnosti — a nas kljub temu ni ozdravilo, pa smo bili zopet tisti kot poprej . . .

Nekoč nas je pa vendar izplačalo! Naj vam torej povem, kako je to bilo!

Božič je minil. Še nekaj tednov — in dospel je čas vseh šem in norcev. Razume se, da smo bili tudi mi med njimi.

Tisto jutro smo šli na podstrežje ter premetali vse zaboje in skrinje, iskali in brskali po njih tako dolgo, da smo našli nekaj pisanih cunj in raztrganih oblačil, ki smo jih potem porazdelili med seboj. No in potem smo se pritihtapili v podstrežno sobo ter se jeli oblačiti vsak v svoje oblačilo. Haha, da ste nas videli! Bili smo res prave pravcate šeme, prave pravcate maškare!

Sorčanov Edvin je imel moje mame krilo, ki se je vleklo za njim. Njegov bratec Erno, ki je bil v svoji čudni obleki najbolj podoben gorskemu škratu,

mu je nosil to dolgo krilo. — Jaz sem si oblekel očetovo črno zimsko suknjo in pokril glavo s prašnim širokokrajnim klobukom. — Moj brat Stanko je bil policaj.

Še dva tovariša vam moram predstaviti: to sta učiteljev Vilko in moj najmlajši brat Kamilo. Vilko je bil v moji starosti, samo nekoliko manjše in šibkeje rasti. Bil je takorekoč voditelj pri vseh nerodnostih, ki smo jih počenjali, pa se je znal vedno dobro izviti, kadar je prišla kazen. Tudi danes se je postavil vrsti našemljenih pustnih veseljakov na čelo ter jim ukazoval s krepkim svojim glasom . . . No, in bili smo mu pokorni vsi od najstarejšega pa do najmlajšega.

In ko smo bili vsi pripravljeni in oblečeni, je povzdignil Vilko svoj ukazujoči glas, in mi smo ga poslušali z napeto pozornostjo . . . Ukazal je, da moramo napraviti pušta, ki ga bomo potem pokopali, da bomo imeli vsaj eno leto pred njim mir.

Kmalu je bil gotov naš pust iz slame in cunj, oblečen v staro očetovo obleko. Položili smo ga na nosilnice, ga dvignili na rame ter korakali v dolgi pogrebni vrsti dol s podstrežja na prostorno dvorišče . . . Tu se spomni Vilko, da še ni izkopana jama. In kakor bi trenil, zagradi v bližini ležečo motiko in koraka zopet naprej, noseč svoje "bridko orožje."

Jaz sem pel žalostne pesmi z globokim, otožnim glasom, ki je ostale tako ganil, da so jeli na ves glas kričati in jokati . . . Na grozno vpitje so priletele naše matere in sestre iz hiše — dobro, da očetov ni bilo doma! — in lahko si mislite, kako so gledale ta nenavadni izprevod . . . A kmalu so se spomnile, kaj to pomeni, in smejale so se, da ni bilo smehu ne konca ne kraja . . .

Mi pa smo se medtem približali prostoru, kjer smo nameravali pokopati pusta. Položili smo ga na tla, in Vilko je izmeril s palico njegovo velikost ter jel kopati jamo, kjer naj bi počival ubogi pust . . . Zamahnil je z motiko in po neprevidnosti in nerodnosti zadel z ročajem tudi—Stankovo glavo, da se je pokazala kri. Ranjenec je kričal, kakor bi ga devali iz kože. Saj hudo mu ni bogve koliko, a videl je kri, in to je bil ves njegov strah. Dasi je bil Stanko polica, krvi vendar ni mogel videti . . .

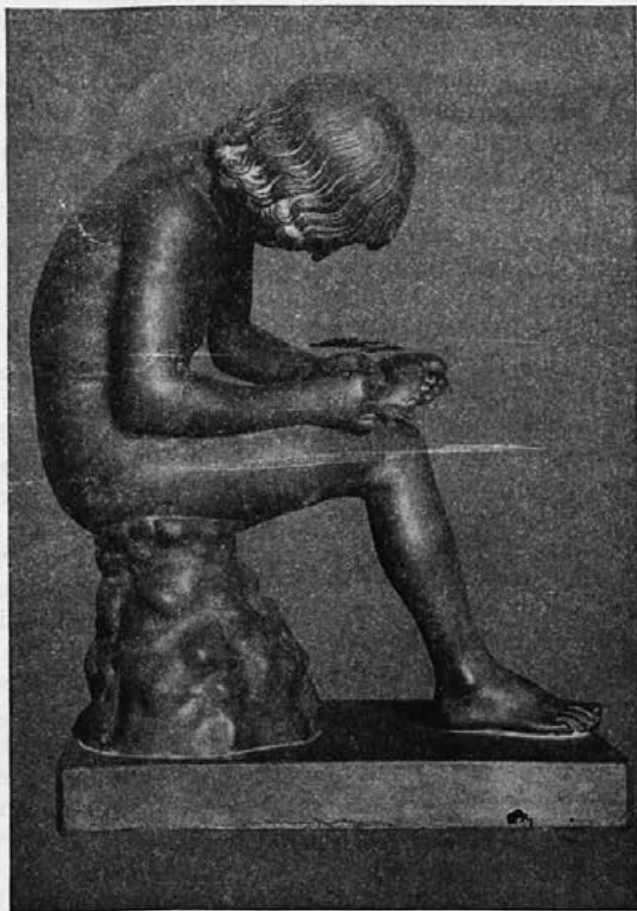
Mama je jokajočemu junaku popolnoma ovila glavo, samo oči so mu žalostno gledale v svet.

Pust je ležal, kamor smo ga položili, dokler ga niso drugi dan sosedovi otroci z velikim krikom in vikom vrgli v vodo . . .

* * *

V poznejših letih pa smo se še mnogokrat spominjali na ta dogodek, in kadarkoli ga omenjam dobri svoji materi, me ta skoraj osorno zavrne, češ, dosti me je veljala ta neumnost!

Tudi Stanko ni nič kaj vesel, ko se domisli onega dneva in z jokajočim obrazom nam pokaže veliko brazgotino na glavi, ki je še današnji dan pričra naše lahkomišelnosti.



IZDIRANJE TRNA

Ah, to je šlo! . . .

TUDI prazniki so minili tisto leto brez snega. Nekoliko dolgčas je bilo po njem, zlasti otrokom, ki so ga gledali samo na vrhovih daljnih gora. Mrzlo je pa bilo, in led je ostal, kamorkoli je kapnila kaplja vode. V začetku februarja se je pa vreme nekam zjužilo, in sneg je padal izpod neba, kakor bi pospravljali obleko vsi berači hkrati na svetu. Tako se je navadno izražal, kadar je hudo snežilo, Beličev ded, ki je bil vnukoma Izidorju in Elici že začetkoma zime napravil lične sanke, da se bosta drsala na njih, ko pokrije zemljo bela odeja. Pri Beličevih so se zanimali, pa so dali sanke lepo pisano pobarvati—zeleno in rdeče. Prostora na njih je bilo pa samo za dva, tako je še pri nepobarvanih saneh preudaril sosedov Ivan, ki so mu bile sicer sani jako všeč. Ivan—Strgulčev so mu rekli—je imel ubožne starše in nikakih sani. Tisti večer potem, ko je videl lepe pisane sani pri Beličevih, je sanjal, da ima tudi on sani, pa drži za Beličevima po gladkem snegu. A prebudivši se, je zajokal, ker se je zbal trenutka, ko bo gledal samo oddaleč, kako se Beličeva drsata na pisnaih saneh. Bil je priden učenec, in Beličeva sta se učila le tedaj najlažje, ko se je učil Strgulčev z njima. Zato je bila tudi splošna žalost zaradi premajhnih sani in splošna skrb, kako bi odpravili to neljubo napako.

“Dorče,” se pošali neki dan Izidorjev oče, “boš pa gledal, dočim se bosta drsala na naših saneh Elica in Ivan?”

“Pa ne bom, očka!” se nakremži sin, in lice se mu nategne tako na jok, kakor se je nakremžilo nebo tisti večer pred snegom.

“Sam praviš, da si raztresene glave. Ali hočeš z njo padati s sani v sneg, da raztreseš še tisto malo, kar siloma stlačiš vanjo?”

Temu se Dorče ni upal ugovarjati, a še manj se je maral odpovedati težko

pričakovani zabavi na saneh v snegu. No, konec vseh koncev je bil, da je imel nekega jutra Strgulčev tudi nove sani. Niso bile sicer pisane in tudi barvane niso bile, a dovolj trdne in kovane z železom kakor Beličeve. Saj so mu jih tudi tam dali napraviti, ker ni bilo drugače miru.

Tako so z združenimi sankami težko pričakovali že davno zaželjenega snega, da bi se veselili drsali po njem. Izidorja je skrbela samo glava, ker so ga še vedno dražili doma, da raztrese v sneg še tisto malo znanja, kar ga je doslej s težavo spravil pod streho.

Snežiti je pa začelo 2. februarja večer, snežilo je pozneje vso noč brez oziroma, da staro leto nima v novem nobene pravice več, in tudi še naslednji dan, kakor bi ne mislilo prav nič več néhati. A kdo je mogel čakati s pripravljenimi sankami, da se zvedri vreme? Kdor je junak, se ne zmeni za pest snega—med prijatelji. Mraza smo pa že navajeni. “Pojdimo, le pojdimo!” je donelo po hiši takoj popoldne kakor v panju pred rojem. Tudi Strgulčev je silil s sankami v sneg in zatrjal: “Mene ne zebe nič, prav nič, še vroče mi je!” Branili so mu seveda, a kdo naj ubrani tej živi sitnobi? Oblekel se je nekoliko topleje, zavil čevlje v stare krpe in v dve gubi stisnjen odrinil s sankami k sosedu. Tedaj je bilo tudi pri Beličevih pravde konec: sitna že doslej kakor muhe v pasjih dneh, se poslej nista dala več krotiti. Elico so skrbno zavili v topel suknjič, in v gorki čepici je bila prav krasna igračka. Tudi Izidor se je okomotal z rokavicami, gorko suknjico in novo kučmo, ki jo je skrbno potiskal na glavo, češ: ako padem, se vsaj tako ne pretrese glava v kučmi, ki je mehka kot puh. Če se pretrese glava samo nekoliko, ne bo morda škodovalo: potem pojde lažje in še več noter.

Srečno so prigomazili na hribček pod

Beličeve hraste. Tam bi se moralo začeti največje veselje, pa je bilo že vsem tako jako vroče. Toda vztrajnost velja! Po zmrzlih tleh je škripal sneg, in burja je novega nasipala v lice. A kdo se boji? Sedli so na sani: Beličeva dva naprej, zadaj Strgulčev. Ah, to je šlo! . . .

"Hi-hi-hi! Hop-hop-hop!" je zadaj vpil Ivan, ki je imel glavo zavezano v materino temno ruto kakor dimničar. "Hi-hi! Hop-hop!" so drčali v dolino, pa kako?

Prvi je zletel s sani Dorče. Slabo je krmaril z nogami, pa ga je vrglo, ker je šlo tako bliskoma. Elica je ostala sama na sankah, in še je šlo . . . "Hi-hi-hi! Hop-hop!" Strgulčev Ivan se je komaj lovil na saneh. Lenka je zaradi jadrne voznje izgubila čepico, in še je šlo v dolino, toda veseli: "Hi-hi! Hop-hop!" se je izpremenilo v "O joj, joj-joj! Pomagajte! Očka, mama, ma-ma!"

V dolini se je Ivan vendar ustavil—čisto sam. Tako naglo ga je neslo mimo Elice, da ni videl, kaj so jo njegove sani vrgle v stran, da se je milo jokaje pobirala v snegu. Na ves glas začne klicati:

"Dorče! Elica!"

Kakor odmev iz daljave mu je donelo nekaj slbotnega glasu izpod Beličevih hrastov gori sredi hriba. "Ivan, Ivan!" Potolažen, da so se doklicali, pobere sa-

ni in gre iskat ona dva. Rdeči v iica, razkriti, v lase se jim je mešal sneg, mokre roke so si hukali, in ušesa so jim gorela, ko so bili po večkratnih klicih vsi trije skupaj in se—smejali.

"Ali se pojdemo še?" vpraša Strgulčev junaško.

Dorče ga pa zavrne: "Danes ne več. Pretresel sem si glavo in ne vem—"

"Samo mojo čepico še poiščimo v snegu!" poprosi Elica, "potem pa domov, oh, samo domov!"

Ne lahko, vendar so našli čepico napol moko v snegu in hiteli domov s ponesrečene voznje, ponavljaje moško in samozadovoljno: "Ah, to je šlo, pa kako!"

Tudi Belič in ded sta se smejala, ko sta videla, kako junaško so se držali in kako skrbno zbirali "raztresene ude" po snegu.

Ko se je Dorče nekoliko osušil, je že prišel Strgulčev—tudi preoblečen, a s knjigo pod pazduho. Dorče ga pogleda, in umela sta se: tudi on vzame knjigo, da skupno poizkušata, če bo sploh še kaj držala danes tako nemilo pretresena glava in koliko je še ostalo v nji. Elica se jima je smejala.

Ah, to je šlo, nič Dorčetovega znanja ni ostalo v snegu. Še drugi dan v šoli je šlo gladko, po šoli pa zopet na sani—mlada kri.

—I. T.



ANNA P. KRASNA:

M^ĀTI PA ROŽE SADI

ŽE zopet ptičke pojo in gozd zeleni,
 mati pa spet, kakor zmirom,
 čaka in rože sadi.

Saj enkrat pač mora priti
 iz daljne dežele spet k nji,
 ki zvesto, pomlad za pomladjo,
 nanj čaka in rože sadi.

Njena lica so že ovenela,
 po laseh je razlito srebro,
 na gredah pa, leto za letom,
 sveže rože za sina cveto.

Nizko že klone ji hrbet —
 sin izmozgan ob premogu kleči —
 doma mati za svojega fanta
 rože pozdravne sadi . . .

* * *

Č^ĀRNA Č^ĀTRT PODNEVI(Iz zbirke *Babilonski stih*)

V VSEM gostem zraku samo moj korak,
 na obeh straneh ob hišah prazen tlak.
 Ob enem samem vhodu zamorčica
 umazano punčko pestuje,
 iz polteme ene same veže siv starec strmi,
 kakor da nekaj težkega premišljuje.
 Starke-hiše sredi bloka siromašno cerkvico
 med seboj tiščijo—
 nad nizko streho se luknjaste, belolisaste rjuhe
 sušijo.
 Preko oken je, kot stara pajčevina,
 tegoba razprostrta—
 ob mrak sivo-mrkkih vež je mršava
 črna beda oprta . .



POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI"

Kampanjski uspeh

KAMPANJA mladinskega oddelka SNPJ se je zaključila z uspehom. Pristopilo je nad dva tisoč novih članov. Posebno dobro so se odrezala nekatera društva na vzhodu, pa utdi drugod. Nagrade in ugodnosti so bile dovolj vabljive in mnogi so se jih poslužili. Odziv bi bil večji, toda mnogi so odlašali do zadnjega in čas jih je prehitel. Društva (in posamezniki), ki so stopila takoj v kampanjsko akcijo, so seveda žela največje uspehe.

Naš srebrni jubilej

Letos poteka 25 let, odkar je bil ustanovljen mladinski oddelek SNPJ. To se je zgodilo leta 1912 v mestu Milwaukee, Wis., ko je konvencija sklenila, da jednota ustanovi poseben oddelek za mladino. Bil je to prvi korak te vrste v zgodovini ameriških podpornih orga-

nizacij. Takoj so sledile druge podporne organizacije. Danes ima vsaka teh organizacij svoj mladinski oddelek.

Vsaka večja obletnica se navadno praznuje s programi in kampanjami. Tako je prav! Taki dogodki — 25 letnice ali srebrni jubileji — se ne smejo prezreti, ne smejo iti mimo neopaženi! Najboljša načina praznovanja sta dva: jubilejne prireditve in jubilejne kampanje. Oboje je dovolj važno, da se upošteva in izvede. Zato upamo, da bo gl. odbor v tem smislu podvzel potrebno akcijo.

Naše dopisovanje

Slovenski dopisi v M. L. se množe. To je dobro znamenje. Napišite še več kratkih dopisnikov posebno letos v svojem JUBILEJNEM LETU! Papirja je dovolj, črnila tudi — zato pišite, da se bo kar kadilo!

—UREDNIK.

Ubogi španski otroci!

Dragi urednik in čitatelji! Leto 1936 je odšlo v pozabnost. Ostalo nam je od njega le to, kar smo se naučili in pa par spominov na razne dogodke. Čas tako hitro leti naprej in mineva, da bomo kar naenkrat dorasli in prestopili v oddelek odraslih. In če bomo pridno ter z zanimanjem čitali naš Mladinski List, se bomo še veliko naučili. Spoznali bomo,

da nam je naša podporna organizacija potrebna in koristna. Zato pa moramo naši SNPJ pridobiti še mnogo novih članov.

Seveda je tudi k nam prišel stari Miklavž, nato pa spet odšel. Vrne se spet letos v decembru. Lani je bil zelo radodaren, ker je menda boljše delal in zaslužil. Oglasil se je tudi pri našem društvu št. 683 SNPJ, namreč prvič in

obdaroval vse nas mlade člané SNPJ. Gotovo je imel obilo dela, ker je vsakemu napravil in pripravil po en zavoj ter z avtom razvozil od hiše do hiše. Mi smo se seveda veselili lepih miklavžjih daril in pa krasnega božičnega drevesa.

Ubogi španski otroci, ki prenašajo že toliko časa krutosti civilne vojne, katero je začel fašizem, tako da se bratje med seboj morijo. Otroci na Španškem niso imeli božičnega miru, pa tudi Miklavž jih ni obdaril. Njih mlada srca so bila napolnjena strahu in trepetu pred krogami in smrtjo. Lepo in pravično je, da so se člani društev SNPJ odzvali klicu španskih nedolžnih žrtev ter jim priskočili na pomoč. Tudi naše društvo 683 SNPJ, četudi je majhno po številu, je darovalo iz svoje blagajne pet dolarjev (\$5) in dva člana pa sta nabrala po naselbini vsoto pet in dvajset dolarjev (25) za španske sirote.

Moj ata je bil v svetovni vojni in večkrat nam pripoveduje, kako grozne stvari je doživel in kaj vse prestal. Zato pa moramo protestirati proti vojni. Posebno mladina, ki še ne ve, kaj vojna prinese, kakšno trpljenje in glad.

Hvala SNPJ za lepo božično karto in voščilo!

Tu je par vrstic Prešernove novoletne pesmi: "Veselo, srečno novo leto, končano dobro in začeto, da bi mnogo upov nam prineslo, slovenskim sinovom in hčeram, verigo dolgo tisočletno strlo in zdrobilo!"

Lepo pozdravljam Vas in čitatelje ter dopisovalce!

Mary Potisek,
Box 271, Hutchinson, Minn.

* *

Mary spet piše

Dragi urednik! Že spet se oglašam v našem priljubljenem Mladinskem Listu. Res je, da nisem že precej časa nič pisala, to pa zato, ker sem vedno čakala, da se bo kateri drugi deček ali deklica društva št. 581 SNPJ oglasil s kakim dopisom. Pa se ni nobeden. Menda ni-

majo dovolj poguma. Premalo korajže. Zato sem vedno odlašala.

Mislila sem tudi, da bo toliko dopisov, da za mojega ne bo prostora. Sedaj pa sem videla, da se od tukaj nihče ne oglasi. Zato se oglašam jaz. Upam, da bom še več dopisov napisala v letu 1937.

Tukaj smo imeli že precej mrzlo vreme. Dovolj snega je bilo, tako da smo se vsi otroci veselili in drsali ter sankali. Morda letos ne bomo imeli posebno hude zime. Upam, da ne. Le toliko naj bo mraz, da se gremo lahko drsat in sankat.

Sedaj bo kmalu zime konec in polagoma bodo nastali gorkejši dnevi. Če ne v februarju pa v marcu in aprilu. Srečno in veselo novo leto 1937 vsem!

Mary Renko,
1403 West State st., Olean, N. Y.

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Naša velika SNPJ

Cenjeni urednik M. L.! Nastopilo je novo leto in prejeli smo že januarsko številko Mladinskega Lista. Prišla je že pred novim letom. To me je razveselilo!

Vse dopisovalce M. L. prosim, da bi v tem letu bolj pogosto pisali v "Kotiček."

Čudno se mi zdi, da letos ni bilo Miklavža v Slovenskem domu, pa tudi nobene igre ni bilo za božiče. Moja Miklavža — kar dva! — sta bila moj ata in moja mama.

Tam v velikem mestu Chicagu cvete lepa, zala in duhteča roža. Lepota njena presega vseh ostalih kras—to je naša velika SNPJ!

Pozdrav vsem članom SNPJ!

Frank R. Kramer,
949 Cedar st., Sharon, Pa.

* *

Dopis srbske deklice

Dragi urednik! Najprej Vam moram povedati, da je to moj prvi dopis za Mladinski List. Rada ga čitam, ker je v njem mnogo zanimivega za dečke in deklice.

Jaz sem članica društva št. 361 SNPJ, McIntyre, Pa. V naši družini nas je

devet in vsi smo člani omenjenega društva. Sedaj sem stara 14 let in hodim v high school. Lani sem dovršila sedmi in osmi razred ljudske šole. Moji šolski redi (marks) so vselej dobri. Jaz sem prava Srbkinja, pišem in čitam pa slovenski. Moj ata prejema dnevnik Prosveto vsak dan in ga rad čita. Jaz bi tudi rada videla, da bi Mladinski List večkrat prihajal v hišo, kakor le enkrat v mesecu.

Vsem sestricam in bratcem želim obilo veselja v novem letu!

Rose Vuckovich,
Box 81, Clune, Pa.

* *

Slaščice

Dragi urednik! Pošiljam Vam par vrstic, da jih priobčite v Mladinskem Listu, ako se Vam zdijo, da so za javnost. Tukaj so!

Sirena lokomotive piska,
Franceljček na vasi vriska.
Janezek priteče in
Franceljčku poreče:
Mamica te kliče,
da ima slaščice.
Franceljček priteče,
mamici poreče:
Kako ljubeče imaš oči,
da se slaščica kar stopi.
Anica pa mamico vpraša:
Od kod pridejo slaščice,
ali se na polju pridelajo,
ali jih v fabriki nameljejo?
Mamica Anico pouči:
Ko boš ti velika,
boš vedela, da jih izdelujejo
v fabriki delavci in delavke.
In otroci v zboru so zapeli:
Otroci, vsi na plan —
danes je naš dan!

Anton Grmek,
R. D. 2, Box 109, Johnstown, Pa.

* *

Sladko vince . . .

Čenjeni urednik M. L.! Ob nastopu novega leta se Vam moram prav lepo zahvaliti za vse popravke v mojih dopisih v prošlem letu. Lepo ste jih uredili, zakar se Vam zahvaljujem. Obenem se Vam tudi priporočam, da boste uredili in popravili tudi tega in vse bodoče.

Že večkrat sem slišal Vam znano slovensko popevko o hribčku in vincu. Glasi se nekako tako-le:

En hribček bom kupil,
bom trte sadil,
prijatelje povabil,
le sam ga bom pil.
Konjički škrebļajo,
ker voz'jo težko,
ker vince peljajo,
ki je močno, sladko.
Sladko vince piti,
to me veseli,
dobre volje biti
svoje žive dni,
svoje žive dni
brez vse skrbi,
to me srčno veseli!

Ako ne bi bilo že tako pozno, bi vsem skupaj voščil veselo novo leto. Pa tudi če je, vam želim vse najboljše v tem letu!

Joe Rott, Cleveland, O.

* *

Mladinski zbori

Dragi urednik! To je moje prvo pismo za Mladinski List. Mislila sem si, ker Mladinski List rada čitam in tako tudi "Kotiček", zakaj ne bi tudi jaz kaj pisala? Pa sem se odločila in tu sem!

Tukaj v Clevelandu naša mladina zelo lepo napreduje. Saj imamo kar pet mladinskih pevskih zborov pod vodstvom L. Šemeta. Njemu gre vsa hvala za njegov trud. Prirejamo koncerte in igre, odrasli pa tudi opere.

Naš mladinski pevski zbor "Škrjančki" je za božič priredil igro "Povodnji mož". Nato smo zapeli par pesmi in potem se je prigugal stari Miklavž z velikim bremenom, katerega ne bi mogel nikdar pripeljati na saneh. Vsekakor je tudi Miklavž postal moderen možakar in se vozi s trukom. Živel tak Miklavž še mnogo let!

Stara sem devet let in v februarju bom šla v 4. razred. Sedaj se učim igrati na gosli, ki mi delajo precej preglavice. Upam, da bo počasi šlo. Pozdrav in zdravo leto 1937 vsem mladim in stari!

Violet Vogrin,
19515 Kildeer ave., Cleveland, O.

Volk in koze

NEKOČ so šle tri koze v gozd, da bi objedale listje. Prva je imela en trebušček, druga dva, tretja tri. Vse tri so se prav zadovoljno gostile. Koza z enim trebuščkom je bila prva sita in je šla domov. Zdajci ji je prišel volk naproti in ji rekel: "Hitro teci, sicer te bom požrl!" — Koza je odgovorila: "Nikar me ne požri! Kmalu bo prišla tista koza, ki ima dva trebuščka, od tiste boš še bolj sit!" Volk je pustil kozo.

Nato je prišla druga koza. Tudi ta je

rekla volku: "Nikar me ne požri! Precej za menoj bo prišla tista koza, ki ima tri trebuščke. Od tiste se boš prav do sitega nažrl!" Volk je pustil tudi to kozo, da je odšla domov.

Zdaj je prišla tretja koza. Volk je zarenčal: "Hitro teci domov, sicer te bom požrl." Ta pa ga je brenila tako močno, da je volk padel z viška v dolino in si zlomil nogo. Iz vasi pa so pritekli kmetje in volka pobili.

Iz češčine R. D.

ANNA P. KRASNA:

SLIKA

TO, draga, sva vzela s sinčkom v slovo —
zakaj, še preden te doseže to pismo,
pojdem in morda me niti nazaj več ne bo.

Vem, zdaj bo kmalu Miklavž, božič,
novo leto —
in greh je, da je tako sladkemu otroku
baš pred prazniki vse veselje odvzeto.

Črn greh, da so že z našo naših malih
mladost ubili —
da so tujce od juga in bedo
med nas naselili. —

Zločin, da nam zlokobno odpirajo vrata
v afriške puščave —
sami grabijo duše naših malih —
naša polja in naše dobrave . . .



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The Earth A Sun

ONE TIME our planet was a sun,
That burned within the sky;
Perhaps folks watched from other worlds
To see it whirling by.

And then its blazing surface cooled
As every surface must,
And covered all the fire with
A hard and rocky crust.

And when the rains began to fall,
They covered it with ocean,
That tossed and foamed from pole to pole,
In manifest commotion.

A great and mighty water world!
A blazing mass inside.
Which bent the crust and lifted it
Above the water tide.

So came the first and rocky shore,
The prehistoric land,
Where now we live and love and learn,
And try to understand.

M. E. Marcy.

A Little Boy's Love

WITH shouts of laughter
That folowed after,
This forfeit made its stern behest:
"Kneel to the prettiest,
Bow to the wittiest.
And kiss the one you love the best."

"Come, choose her boldly,"
They cry, but coldly
He turns from all the maidens there,
To bow — and lingers
To kiss her fingers,
While kneeling at his mother's chair.

Ruth Hall.

The Biology of Winter

WINTER is the low-tide of the year.

Fundamentally because the reduced income of heat slows the chemical processes which living involves, and because the reduced income of light checks the manufacturing activity of the green leaves.

But there are other reasons. The low temperature makes it imperative that many of the delicate structures of plants and animals should be shed or absorbed, else the whole creature will be fatally injured; the hardness of the frost-bound earth makes it necessary that many animals should lie low; in the scarcity and the storms and the short days there are reasons enough for the migration of birds to the south. Behind all this there is the physiological need for rest after toil.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the Biology of Winter is the variety of solutions that different creatures offer when face to face with the same problem. A neat solution is to be found in the change to whiteness which occurs in ptarmigan and mountain hare, in the Hudson's Bay lemming and the Arctic fox, and in the common brown stoat, which becomes the pure white ermine. The blanching is usually brought about by growing a new unpigmented suit, though there is sometimes a removal of the pigment from individual hairs.

In the new-grown white hair or feather, and in the hair that has turned white, the place of the pigment is taken by gas vacuoles (little cavities), from the surfaces of which the light is so perfectly reflected that the hair or feather appears white—just like foam or snow.

Many northern creatures, such as polar bear, white whale, Iceland falcon, and snowy owl, are more or less white all the year round. In these cases the

whiteness is permanent, in the other cases it is periodic. In all cases, no doubt, a constitutional predisposition to the suppression of pigment has been established, but it is probable that the low temperature is the immediate condition of the non-appearance of the pigment.

We must keep in mind the case of the wan newt called proteus, from the Dalmatian Caves, which is always pigmentless in the darkness, but rapidly develops pigment when kept in the light. Similarly, the stoat sometimes remains a stoat, e. g., in the South of England, or, somewhat mysteriously, in individual cases. We do not know enough as yet to say how far the whiteness of the winter suit expresses an ingrained racial periodicity not to form hair-pigment in the fall of the year, and how far the whiteness means that the cold has directly and individually affected the chemical routine of the body and the circulation in the skin. We await more facts.

When we almost tread upon the white ptarmigan among the snow on the high hills, we are inclined to lay considerable emphasis on the protective value of the whiteness, which gives the bird a garment of invisibility. We should be slow to reject this interpretation, but suspicious the mountain hare often is when there is no background of snow.

We are also aware that the stoat has almost no enemies from which it may escape by turning into a white ermine; and if it be said that the elusive carnivore is enabled to slink on its prey—say a ptarmigan or a grouse—among the snow, it may be replied that the ermine is conspicuousness itself when the surroundings are not white. In short, there must be some deeper significance in the periodic whiteness of ptarmigan and ermine, and in the per-

manent whiteness of snowy owl and polar bear.

The answer to the biological riddle is that for a warm-blooded animal in very cold surroundings the most economical dress is white, for it loses less of the precious animal heat. It is physiologically the fittest dress because it conserves the warmth of the body which enables the chemical processes to go on quickly and smoothly. In very hot surroundings a white dress is again the best, for it absorbs less than other colors would of the external heat.

Another way of meeting the winter is to sink into lethargy, lying low and saying nothing. When there is no income, the only chance is to have no expenditure—or almost none. Thus the snail closes the mouth of its shell with a lid of hardened lime and slime, and,

seeking the recesses of an old wall, lies inert through the cold winter months, not without some loss of weight and some degeneration in its tissues.

When the outside air is near the freezing point, the heart of the garden snail may beat only four times a minute instead of the forty times observed in summer. It is hardly a *modus vivendi* (a way of living) that this snail has adopted, but it is a way of not dying; and that is always something.

The same kind of lethargy is to be seen in the chrysalids of moths and butterflies which often remain hidden away during the winter months, in many like the seeds of plants. But it must be remembered that in both cases changes may be going on—especially as the severity of winter begins to yield before the approach of spring.

The Shattered Ambition

By Ann Kodelja

STRAINS of gay, wild music floated through the air and broke the usual dullness of the squalid neighborhood. Surprised children stopped their play, listened open-mouthed, and then ran in the direction with the loud cry: "Music! Music!"

Slowly walking along Pearl Street was a blind man playing a wild Hungarian csardas, while a shabbily-dressed woman meekly extending her hand for money, was leading him. The scene as a whole presented a pathetic aspect: a helpless blind man with a sad, depressed face; a decrepit old lady with a far-away look in her eyes; smiling children dancing around them, and the blind man's "happy" violin.

The gay children longed to hear more music, but having no money to give,

they had to be satisfied with what was voluntarily offered. Among this excited group of children was Bobby, a boy of twelve, who listened with more intensity and eagerness than the others. Desirous of hearing more of the stirring music, he closely followed the pair as they moved on.

After a few moments of impatient waiting, Bobby thought of the dime he had been saving to attend the neighborhood show, and turning he ran home as fast as his legs would carry him, returning shortly, as all out of breath he handed it to the old lady and shyly said:

"Please, ask him to play the fast one once more?"

The man knew the "fast" one was the csardas, so with a faint smile he modest-

ly responded to the boy's request, and raising the violin, the savage tune again filled the air.

The music worked on him like magic: Through his every pulse raced the chords of wild and sweet sounds that strangely agitated his soul and delighted his ears—which stimulated in him a strong desire to play, play as wildly and as beautifully as the blind man played. It was no wonder he was so stirred by this captivating tune; for generations back his ancestors were fiddlers—Hungarian gypsies.

That night Bobby could not fall asleep. He thought and thought: he must get an instrument, he must get a violin, but—how to get one? Weary of pondering and feverish planning he finally discovered the path which he hoped would lead him to the realization of his great ambition. "Why not peddle papers and earn the money? Why not?" he repeated over and over again until he fell asleep late in the night.

Soon after, every afternoon at four o'clock he was seen speeding, like a streak of lightning, on his rusty bicycle to the corner, to get his papers for delivery.

Be it a cold, winter day, or a hot, summer day, Bobby was always at the corner Johnny-on-the-spot. With the thought of the instrument constantly in mind, he diligently peddled his papers from house to house, from street to street, from day to day, and from week to week, for not a single day could he afford to miss, as the money which came at the end of each week was a step nearer to his goal.

His face glowed with happiness as the clear notes of the violin rang in his ears and he swiftly raced over bumps and ruts of muddy and unpaved streets:

The paper route took him past a music store, where each day he stopped to look at the violins displayed in the window. In the corner he spied one marked fifty dollars which he had decided to buy, but it would be a long, long time

before he would have enough money saved to purchase it, for he earned only twenty-five cents a day. Not a penny did he foolishly spend: he denied himself all little goodies, such as ice-cream and candy, of which all children are so fond. Even so all the money each week could not be put aside, for his bicycle needed a new tire, or some other gadget; his shoes were worn out and needed repairing, at other times his money was spent to buy a new book or pencil for school.

These incidents tended to discourage Bobby, therefore he often became low spirited, but recalling the lives of great men like Edison and Woolworth, who had begun their careers as mere newsboys, his spirits arose, and again he whistled a gay song and was on his way.

The day had finally arrived, the day which to Bobby shone brighter than any star in the clear heavens above—he had enough money to buy the violin. He raced home with a prouder heart than Julius Ceasar on his entering Rome.

Rushing into the house he called: "Mama! Mama! I have enough money! Tomorrow I am going to buy my violin!"

His mother made no answer, she merely looked at him with sad eyes which expressed some kind of fear.

Seeing her, Bobby at once sensed something terrible must have happened to the family, and in a trembling voice asked, "What is the matter?"

Hesitatingly she told him that they were three months back in their rent, but had not wished to worry the children, therefore had withheld it from them, and now the landlord had come to put them out unless it could be paid.

Bobby understood that his violin money would have to be used. Struggling with a lump in his throat he slowly walked upstairs and just as slowly returned with the money which he gave to his mother, he then lowered his eyes and quickly turned and left the house.

Like a rheumatic old man he mounted his bicycle, and slowly rode away.

After a long and weary ride he reached the music store where he dismounted to take a last long look at the violin for which he had worked so hard.

As people passed by they noticed a

lone boy standing with his nose pressed against the glass and large tears streaming down his cheeks. A young lady stopped to inquire as to what the trouble was, without answering, he quickly jumped on his bicycle and sped away . . .



WHITE POPPIES

MY POOR LITTLE SHADOW

I HAVE the queerest little shadow
That goes in and out with me,
But my poor little shadow
Is as thin as thin can be.

When I see his stooping shoulders,
And his features shorn of charm,
I just up and ask myself
What is causing all the harm.

Surely milk he is not drinking,
Or he may forget his bread,
For he certainly looks to me
Like a creature underfed.

—Verse by a School Child.

A New Kind of Hero

By Carl L. Leathwood

Unknown Fighters for Better Health and Longer Life, Who Care Naught for Glory

(Two contrary laws stand today opposed, one a law of blood and death, which invents daily new means of combat; the other a law of peace, of labor, of salvation, which strives to deliver man from the scourges which assail him. One looks only for violent conquest; the other for the relief of suffering humanity. The one would sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of a single individual; the other places a single human life above all victories.—Louis Pasteur, "Microbe Hunter.")

ALL of us have read of the fighting heroes of old—Horatio at the bridge, the "400" at Thermopylae, and the various old sailors who wouldn't "give up the ship".

Well, that kind of heroes don't rate so high nowadays. For, after all, their fighting meant little to the average man, who gets along about as well under one ruler as another.

The heroes of old did their deeds for

glory and for the service of a king and a few nobles, even as some must today for some dictator and their exploiters. Not so the hero of science, for his conquests are of benefit to all mankind.

We are just beginning to learn of the exploits of the heroes of science, and to one man, Paul de Kruif, must go much of the credit for such knowledge as we now have. De Kruif was a Michigan farm boy who became inter-

ested in science and set out to learn the wherefore and why of things.

It struck this Michigan man that, although the world has been freed of many diseases, and its hunger satisfied by these men, it is ungrateful to the heroes that did these things—mainly because their stories had never been told. He recognized romance and dangers in the lives of these men, and there was and is.

De Kruif has written two books about the heroes of science. Remember them, for some day you will want to read them. They are **Microbe Hunters** and **Hunger Fighters**. There is talk in literary circles as this is written that he will write a book about doctors who have risked their skins and gone through strange adventures so that lives might be saved by surgery and medicine.

Let us look briefly at some of the heroes about whom De Kruif has written.

Antony Leeuwenhoek, the first of the microbe hunters, was a dry-goods merchant, who developed a hobby for making lenses. We would call his lenses "magnifying glasses." This uneducated Dutch plugger wanted to see things that couldn't be seen with the naked eye. After his work day was finished, he could be found fussing and tinkering with his fine lens. As he made his crude miscorscopes better and better, he took more pleasure in looking through them to see insects, grains of sand and hairs and the tiny holes in the skin, which we call pores, magnified to many times their size.

But one day as Leeuwenhoek is peering through the lens at a simple drop of rain water—

"He squints through the lens. He mutters guttural words under his breath . . .

"Then suddenly the excited voice of

Leeuwenhoek: 'Come here! Hurry! There are little animals in this rain water . . . They swim! They play around! They are a thousand times smaller than we can see with our eyes alone . . . Look! See what I have discovered!'

"Leeuwenhoek's day of days had come. Alexander had gone to India and discovered huge elephants that no Greek had ever seen before—but those elephants were as commonplace to Hindus as horses were to Alexander. Caesar had gone to England and come upon savages that opened his eyes with wonder—but these Britons were as ordinary to each other as Roman centurions were to Caesar. Balboa? What were his proud feelings as he looked for the first time at the Pacific? Just the same that Ocean was as ordinary to a Central American Indian as the Mediterranean was to Balboa. But Leeuwenhoek? This janitor of Delft had stolen upon and peeped into a fantastic sub-visible world of little things, creatures that had lived, had bred, had battled, had died, completely hidden from and unknown to all men from the beginning of time. Beasts these were of a kind that ravaged and annihilated whole races of men ten times larger than they were themselves. Beings they were, more terrible than fire-spiting dragons or hydra-headed monsters. They were silent assassins that murdered babes in warm cradles and kings in sheltered palaces. It was that invisible, insignificant, but implacable—and sometimes friendly—world that Leeuwenhoek had looked into for the first time of all men of all countries."

On that day, about 260 years ago, that plodding Dutchman got his first sight at what we now call "bugs," disease germs, but properly microbes, or bacteria. The sport of microbe hunting was on.

(Continued.)

A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

I notice you have been receiving a number of open letters. Evidently, the church fathers were not very successful in making you believe the fairy stories of Moses and others like them, so they took to copying my letters to you. There have been some people from Lemont, who, not daring to sign their names, have been trying to catch your attention this way. I hope you received their letters; it will make it easier for both of us to talk with each other and know what we are talking about.

You may remember my writing to you about the myth of the way our earth was created—the way many supposedly-intelligent people are still trying to make you believe. I said these people who do not care to have you know the truth point to the Bible, which says that God created "light" on the first day, and only on the **fourth** day did he create the sun, moon, and stars. There are some people who still try to justify these stories by saying that you don't have to have the sun to have light. You just press a button and you have an electric light.

But notice, Edward. The Bible doesn't say God created an electric light and made it light. Benjamin Franklin did not come until a long, long time afterward to give us the discovery of electricity. And Edison didn't discover the electric light until some **fifty years** ago! The Bible didn't care anything about Edison—and Edison, the unbeliever, didn't care anything about Bible!

Furthermore, **suppose** just for the sake of argument, that God did turn on an electric light on the very first day so that He could see what to create next. When did he turn it off? And why?

Doesn't it seem to you that if God had invented such a sensible and convenient thing as an electric light, he would have kept it on all the time and not go to all that trouble of making moons and stars and the sun? He must have been a very impractical God to have something so handy to work with and then go to that terrific task of creating other very complex and heavy bodies just so plants and animals could have light to live by. He wouldn't make a very good business man, would he? Because—all the good business men I know—when they find something that is better than what they had been using—keep that thing and throw away the old.

And another thing: God must have been terribly cruel or selfish or something if he had light over the whole world simply by turning on an electric light bulb and then went and made us have darkness and night so that we have to pay high electric light bills now if we want to have it light at night. And how about all the children in the slums of big cities—who hardly ever see the sunlight as they play in crowded, smelly streets, and who have to go to bed early, because their folks can't afford to have electric lights and run up big bills? Why doesn't God look into their lives and take pity on them and make it so that it would be light and cheerful all the time—all over?

But we know that things do not come by someone simply saying "hocus-pocus"—and that they never did. We know, too, that our earth and sun and the stars that we see **are not the only** things in existence. There are myriads of other worlds each with their own suns and moons, and the more powerful our microscopes become, the more

of these words scientists are able to discover. Why didn't Moses or the other men who wrote the story of the earth include that in their tale? The more and more scientists learn about the greatness and the number of other worlds and their own systems the smaller our own earth seems.

Before I go on there is another little personal thing I'd like to mention—just between us two. Whenever people come right out and call me “fool” and “witless” and “childish,” I don't feel much like arguing with them as man to man, you know. That might be all right for kids, but when people who try to argue intelligently start calling names, I'd just rather talk with children, wouldn't you? I remember what you wrote me once about a fellow you got ready to fight because he threw your cap in the mud, but when you heard him call his sister “nit-wit” you just picked up your cap and walked off.

Now to get back to our letters. I think that the next time you get a letter from an unsigned church father, you have a right to make him stick to his Bible. He should be careful not to ridicule what is written in it if he intends to preach it. That's something he'd never have got by with if he had lived back in the seventeenth century. If he had taken the perfectly good (to him!) words of the Bible and tried to twist them around so that they would match up with Science, he would have been roasted alive! Look at poor Copernicus. He only came to the conclusion that he THOUGHT the world was round, and he was so afraid of being burned for it that he didn't have it published until his dying day! And after it was published, the church had it on the prohibited list of reading for generations.

What your correspondent wrote you about the Bible and Science agreeing with each other is NO SCIENCE at all and such poor Bible explanation that he should be taken in hand by those who really believe in the Bible. I don't

think it's very good policy ridiculing what you are supposed to believe in, do you?

To say that Science and the Bible agree is just like saying that water won't put out a fire.

Just between you and me: If you try to get through the explanation of how the sun came **after** the earth and how “heavenly bodies appeared **after** vegetation” you will find it such a jumble that you won't understand how any sensible person can draw any logical conclusions from it.

Yes, Edward, our people who study science learn more and more year by year. Nothing stands without questioning. If one group finds by test and reason that some previous group had been wrong in their theory, they throw away those facts and stick by what is better proof. And so when we try to find out the hows and whys of our present world, we always take the most RECENT explanations and accepted proofs and guide ourselves accordingly. We don't go back to a scientist or astronomer like LaPlace, who lived in the eighteenth century. Great as his contribution might have been—knowledge and discovery did not stop with him. It was enough that in all his studies of the stars and the moons and other bodies he found NO TRACE OF GOD—as did none of the accepted scientists of the world!

Some day I will write to you about the difference between philosophers and scientists, too. No one takes the works of any philosopher and uses them as proofs of science. There is no need to do that. If a philosopher questions the truth or the childishness of some statements, there are always plenty of scientists to **prove** it. No, I am no accepted scientist, either. But all of the explanations I have made to you ARE based on the works of the world's accepted scientists, and you can find it for yourself in any library.

Winter Neighbors

By John Burroughs

(Conclusion)

THE bird that seems to consider he has the best right to the bone is the downy woodpecker, my favorite neighbor among the winter birds. His retreat is but a few paces from my own, in the decayed limb of an apple-tree which he excavated several autumns ago. I say "he" because the red plume on the top of his head proclaims the sex. It seems not to be generally known that certain of our woodpeckers—probably all the winter residents—each fall excavate a limb or the trunk of a tree in which to pass the winter, and that the cavity is abandoned in the spring, probably for a new one. So far as I have observed, these cavities are drilled out only by the males. Where the females take up their quarters I am not so well informed, though I suspect that they use the abandoned holes of the males of the previous year.

The particular woodpecker to which I refer drilled his first hole in my apple-tree one fall four or five years ago. It is a satisfaction during the cold and stormy winter nights to know he is warm and cosy there in his retreat. When the day is bad and unfit to be abroad in, he is there too. When I wish to know if he is at home, I go and rap upon his tree, and, if he is not too lazy or indifferent, after some delay he shows his head in his round doorway about ten feet above, and looks down inquiringly upon me—sometimes latterly I think half resentfully, as much as to say, "I would thank you not to disturb me so often."

Such a cavity makes a snug, warm home, and when the entrance is on the underneath of the limb, as is usual, the wind and snow can not reach the occupant. In digging out these retreats the woodpeckers prefer a dry, brittle trunk,

not too soft. They go in horizontally to the center and then turn downward, enlarging the tunnel as they go, till when finished it is the shape of a long, deep pear.

Another trait our woodpeckers have that endears them to me, is their habit of drumming in the spring. They are songless birds, and yet all are musicians; they make the dry limbs eloquent of the coming change. Did you think that loud, sonorous hammering which proceeded from the orchard or from the near woods on that still March or April morning was only some bird getting its breakfast? It is Downy, but he is rapping at the door of spring, and he is not rapping at the door of a grub; the dry limb thrills beneath the ardor of his blows. Or, later in the season, in the dense forest or by some remote mountain lake, does that measured rhythmic beat that breaks upon the silence, first three strokes following each other rapidly, succeeded by two louder ones with longer intervals between them, and that has an effect upon the alert ear as if the solitude itself had at last found a voice—does that suggest anything less than a deliberate musical performance? In fact, our woodpeckers are just as characteristically drummers as is the ruffled grouse, and they have their particular limbs and stubs to which they resort for that purpose. Their need of expression is apparently just as great as that of the song-birds, and it is not surprising that they should have found out that there is music in a dry, seasoned limb which can be evoked beneath their beaks.

A few seasons ago a downy woodpecker began to drum early in March in a partly decayed apple-tree that stands in the edge of a narrow strip of

woodlawn near me. The bird would keep his position there for an hour at a time. Between his drummings he would preen his plumage and listen as if for the response of the female, or for the drum of some rival. How swift his head would go when he was delivering his blows upon the limb! After some weeks the female appeared; he had literally drummed up a mate; his urgent and oft-repeated advertisement was answered. Still the drumming did not cease, but was quite as fervent as before. If a mate could be won by drumming she could be kept and entertained by more drumming; courtship should not end with marriage. If the bird felt musical before, of course he felt much more so now.

The woodpeckers do not each have a particular dry limb to which they resort at all times to drum, like the one I have described. The woods are full of suitable branches, and they drum more or less here and there as they are in quest of food; yet I am convinced each one has its favorite spot like the grouse, to which it resorts, especially in the morning. The sugar-maker in the maple-woods may notice that this sound proceeds from the same tree or trees about his camp with great regularity. A woodpecker in my vicinity has drummed for two seasons on a telegraph pole, and he makes the wires and glass insulators ring. Another drums on a thin board on the end of a long grapearbor, and on still mornings can be heard a long distance.

The high-hole appears to drum more promiscuously than does the downy. He utters his long, loud spring call, whick—whick—whick, and then begins to rap with his beak upon his perch before the last note has reached your ear.

I have seen him drum sitting upon the ridge of a barn.

Our smaller woodpeckers are sometimes accused of injuring the apple and other fruit trees, but the depredator is probably the larger and rarer yellow-bellied species. One autumn I caught one of these fellows in the act of sinking long rows of his little wells in the limb of an apple-tree.

In the following winter the same bird (probably) tapped a maple-tree in front of my window in fifty-six places; and when the day was sunny, and the sap oozed out, he spent most of his time there. He knew the good sap days, and was on hand promptly for his tipples; cold and cloudy days he did not appear. He knew which side of the tree to tap, too, and avoided the sunless northern exposure. When one series of well-holes failed to supply him, he would sink another, drilling through the bark with great ease and quickness. Then, when the day was warm, and the sap ran freely, he would have a regular sugar-maple debauch, sitting there by his wells hour after hour, and as fast as they became filled sipping out the sap. He made a row of wells near the foot of the tree, and other rows higher up, and he would hop up and down the trunk as these became filled. He would hop down the tree backward with the utmost ease, throwing his tail outward and his head inward at each hop. When the wells would freeze or his thirst became slack, he would ruffle his feathers, draw himself together, and sit and doze in the sun on the side of the tree. This woodpecker does not breed or abound in my vicinity; only stray specimens are now and then to be met in the colder months. As spring approached, the one I refer to took his departure.



TALKING IT OVER

Campaign Success

THE 1936 campaign has been a big success as more than two thousand new members have been secured. Especially successful were several eastern branches, and others too. The awards offered were inviting enough and many took advantage of them. If early action would have been taken by more locals, the results would have been greater. Wide-awake lodges and individuals who have heeded the call early have also reaped the biggest gains.

Our Silver Jubilee

This year our Juvenile Department will be 25 years old. Founded at the Milwaukee convention in 1912, it was the first venture of its kind among fraternalists. Others immediately set to work and established similar junior or-

ders. This was the beginning of the Juvenile Movement in America.

Every major anniversary is fittingly celebrated, and no important birthdays should or can pass unobserved! The two best ways of celebrating them are by holding Jubilee Festivals and Jubilee Campaigns. Therefore, we sincerely hope that the Supreme Board at its annual session will lay plans for a Big Jubilee Membership Campaign for the Juvenile Department of the SNPJ in celebration of its 25th anniversary.

Correspondence

Your contributions were so numerous that all of them could not be published in this number. Every one of them, however, will be included in the next month's issue. Cheerio!

—THE EDITOR.

My First Letter

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade. I have enjoyed reading the jokes, poems, letters, stories, and looking at the pictures in the Mladinski List. There are four children in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge. I like school very much. I have six teachers, Mr. Franklin, Miss Yong, Miss Dixon, Miss Shied, Miss

Zerhing and Miss Lamont. I would like to have someone write to me a letter. Best regards to all SNPJ members.

Lois Nick,
1327 So. Union st., Kokomo, Ind.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years of age and in the fifth grade. I have five teachers. My subjects are history, arithmetic, spelling, English, health, music, and geography.

I have been a member of the SNPJ since I was a year old. My dad is secretary of SNPJ Lodge 174 at Krayn, Pa. I wish some members of the SNPJ would write to me and I'd gladly answer their letters.

Genevieve L. Tazely,
R. D. 2, Windber, Pa., Via Krayn.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—I wish my New Year's resolutions would last forever. I have now the opportunity of beginning to write and make the "Chatter Corner" really chatter.

I live in a little town of Firestone. This town has many outdoor sports which are the awakenings of this town and are enjoyed by everyone.

I am particularly interested in many of the pen pals whose names appear in this wonderful magazine. I will gladly answer all boys and girls from everywhere and write interesting letters to all.

Emilia Eskro, Firestone, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is the first time I'm writing to the M. L. altho I haven't neglected reading it.

I am 11 years old and in 6-a at the Lincoln school. My teacher is Miss Sipola.

I have been in the SNPJ since I've been a year old. I certainly enjoy being a member of this most wonderful society.

I spent Christmas vacation sliding and having fun. I received many gifts that I am quite proud of.

We are quite proud of our new SNPJ hall which is located on Pierce street. New Year's eve the three lodges (130, 69 and 60) had a dance. The hall was filled with balloons.

I would like to hear from members my age and would gladly answer all letters.

I must sign off now with a New Year's resolution: Resolved, that I will write to the M. L. often during the next twelve months.

Marjorie Zbosnik,
514 Heyes st., Eveleth, Minn.

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Dear Readers:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I enjoy writing to it. We have been having cold weather here in Dawson. I received a Christmas card from the SNPJ. I like it very much. I hope everybody had a nice time for Christmas and New Year. I got a lot of presents and I liked them very much. Santa Claus was very good to me, and I hope he was good to everyone else. The grades got a sack of candy; in the higher grades, the girls got a pair of stockings each and the boys got neckties from school. My teacher is Mrs. Upton. She gave the girls a ball and the boys a sack of marbles each. The girls and boys like them very much. She is a very

good teacher. I wish my brothers were home for Christmas from Chicago, Villie and Carlo. Villie has been in Chicago for five years. He came home last summer and took my brother Carlo back with him.

I think this is all for this time. I will write more next time. I wish some pen pals would write to me.

Stella Marie Plesovich,
Box 744, Dawson, N. M. (Lodge 188.)

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Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to this lovely M. L. I am thanking the SNPJ for the nice greeting card I received.

About six weeks ago we organized our "Oak Grove Harmonica Club". We meet every Tuesday evening from 6:30 till 7:15. Our teacher is Mr. C. Schroeder. On December 23, 1936, we gave a Xmas play. It was held in our Oak Grove school at 8:30 p. m. Tony Victor, Paul Kristan, Marion Sage and I played "Hark, the Herald". Edith and Helen Schwandt played "Up on the House Tops". The class played the chorus of "Up on the House Tops" and some other songs. We also gave the Pirates "Xmas is Coming" and "Too Old for Christmas". Then presents were given by Santa.

Early last fall the pupils in my school went to the Brookfield Zoo. Mr. Garrison drove us over in his truck. It sure was cold sitting in back.

A proud member of Lodge 14,

Helen Stanonik, Waukegan, Ill.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the M. L. and I hope it is not my last. When I got a letter from my grandmother asking me to write, I knew then that I would. I hope everyone had a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I think Santa was pretty good to many children.

This vacation there wasn't very much to do but most of my time was spent playing indoor games.

I should tell you something about myself: I am 14 years old and will be in the 9-a class. I also like children to write to me and I'll answer them immediately.

Gail Droblich,
728½ Summit street, Eveleth, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—It is long since I have written to the M. L. and I made up my mind to write now. The letters are increasing in number. At school we had a play for Christmas and many of my friends were in it; they played well. Then the Glee Clubs sang the season's songs. Miss Weigel was the director of the music and Miss Witt

was director of the play. Miss Weigel is the director of all Glee Clubs in Cochran and Mr. Allen director of the band and also gives instrumental lessons. Miss Snedden is director of the orchestra. They all teach music.

Genevieve Logar,
768 Coleman ave., Johnstown, Pa.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—Since my first letter was published I decided to write again. In school for Xmas we had a drawing of names and bought each other presents. We eighth grade girls bought our teacher, Mr. Williams, a fruit basket. We got out of school for Xmas vacation on Dec. 23, and came back on Jan. 4. On New Year's eve I was invited to my girl-friend's birthday party; she was fifteen years old. She played the guitar and we sang. We all had a good time at the party. We had our mid-year test on Jan. 14. and 15. I wish that somebody would write to me.

May Stemberger,
Box No. 139, R. D. No. 1, Masontown, Pa.

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A RESOLUTION

Dear Editor and Readers:—Maybe I'm a little late with my writing about a resolution because New Year's Day has already passed. I didn't make the resolution until January first and the magazine for January had arrived before, so I think that it is all right to write about it now. My very important resolution is that I will write to the MLADINSKI LIST every month starting with the February number. My brother, who is a new member, also made the same resolution. We are now having a contest to see who will keep our promise to the Mladinski List.

I have many hobbies. Some of them are reading, making scrap books and stamps books, and crotcheting. Reading is very interesting because you learn many new things. I like to read the MLADINSKI LIST the best. Making scrap books and stamps books is lots of fun. I have many stamps from different parts of the world and some are really pretty. Crotcheting is the hardest, but I like it, too. I have made a waffleweave purse and now I am making a round purse. Twice every week in the evening I go to a school where a girl and lady teach us to make different things. We go Tuesday and Friday nights from 6 to 8, but we play the last half hour.

Christmas and New Year's Day were both enjoyable except that there wasn't any snow.

I will write more next time with the same

pleasure, wishing everyone the best regards, as I do now.

Here are two jokes:

(1) Once a boy in school was chewing gum and had his feet in the aisle. The teacher comes along and says, "Here, boy, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

(2) A new bridge was completed in Italy and it had to be tried to see if it was built strong enough. A man suggested that they should put Mussolini and his followers in the car and drive them across. If Mussolini crossed it safely the bridge is good, but if it breaks and Mussolini and his followers fall through and drown it would be still better.

Mary Potisek,
949 Bogart street, Clinton, Ind.

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FROM A NEW MEMBER

Dear Editor and Readers:—Hello everybody! I am a new member and I'm proud of it! This, the M. L., is a good magazine. I've read it many times, but the worst part of it was that I couldn't write to it. My sister wrote a few times and I got jealous, even if I have to admit it myself. Then I started to beg and at last I succeeded in hearing the words: "You may join the SNPJ". I joined Lodge 213 which is the same lodge to which my sister and mother belong.

Since I am a new member I will tell you about myself. I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade. My teachers are: Mr. Tuck for English, Mr. Shew for arithmetic, Mr. Harvey for history, and Mrs. Cloyd for geography. I like them all.

Christmas was a happy holiday for me because I got a microscope set. It will be helpful in science next year (8th grade). I also got a game called "Sweeps" or a horse race game and so far was lucky with it. I also got many clothes.

Best regards to all members. So long, I'll write more next month.

John Potisek,
949 Bogart st., Clinton, Ind.

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LODGE NO. 8, SNPJ

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the M. L. and hope it won't be the last. I am 10 years of age and am in the 5-a grade. I'll go in the 6-b grade in February. I go to the Taylor school.

The SNPJ had a Christmas Party in the SNPJ hall in Chicago on Dec. 20, 1936. For entertainment they presented an interesting play and program. Lodge No. 8 had two buses to take the people to the hall. We all thank Mr. Gorence for preparing our trip on

the buses free of charge. Every child member received a free gift. I received a nice pen and pencil set. All the children had a good supper and played many games.

In the M. L. I read all the letters and there is never a member from South Chicago writing so I thought I would write, first. I have been a member of the lodge one year and my dad and mother 21 years. — Best regards to Editor and Readers.

Frances Kasher,
9477 Ewing ave., So. Chicago, Ill.

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INTEREST IN THE M. L.

Dear Editor and Readers:—I think the M. L. is a wonderful magazine, which I, and I know many others would like to see published weekly instead of monthly. How about it, you readers? Am I not right? Especially with all the interesting articles in it.

Since I have last written to this magazine I have noticed a few complaints about my being asleep. Well, to tell you the truth a person can't help it if he falls into that land of slumber, especially on these cold wintery mornings—brrrr!! But nevertheless I got to hear the alarm go off with a bang.

I also have noticed that these complainers have taken great interest in the M. L. It certainly would be wonderful if the rest of the Juveniles from Universal would think of writing to this great magazine. Come on, and wake up! Show your spirit by cooperating? When I become of the prescribed age, I certainly hope to help this wonderful magazine, to boost and guide its faithful members to happiness and prosperity.

I suppose I will have to sign off hoping that this letter wasn't too long and annoying; hope to write again soon.

Happy New Year to all.

Joseph Gindich Jr.,
Box 101, 17 Main st., Universal, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:— Since my first letter wasn't published I decided to write again. I would like to know what was the matter with my first letter. If this letter isn't published I think I will quit writing to the M. L. I was so overjoyed when I got the M. L. to see if I could find my first letter in it, but you ought to see how sad I got when I saw that my first letter was not published. (Editor's note:—Your letter came too late for the Jan. number.)

May Stemberger,
D. No. 1, Box 139, Masontown, Pa.

INTERESTING LETTERS

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my second letter to my favorite magazine the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading it very much. Every letter is so interesting and has always something new.

My Daddy has been working until now, but had to stop because of the longshoremen strike. He works in a lumber camp. I think it's very interesting to know about the trees and wild flowers that grow there. I have visited a lumber camp and though I think it very interesting I would not like to work there. Where Daddy works it is very steep and a very hard place to work at. They call him a lumber-jack but he's a hooker.

My favorite hobby is to study nature. I collect wild flowers and the leaves of trees. My indoor hobby is typing.

I sure would be glad if Tacoma would wake up and write to this wonderful magazine. Come on Tacoma, wake up, you've been asleep too long.

I wish you all a very happy new year. — Best regards to all.

Dorothy Klarich,
809 So. 21st st., Tacoma, Wash.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. There are six members in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 216, except I—I belong to Lodge 680. —Come on, Veronians! Let's wake up and start writing to this magazine so that no one will think we are dead. Come **Josephine Samec, Margaret Markovitch,** and others, show them that we are not sleeping but wide-awake.—I wish some pen pals would write to me and I would gladly answer their letters.

Magdalena Cestnik,
232 W. R. R. ave., Verona, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—Yes, this is my first letter to the Mladinski List of the SNPJ. I am 11 years old and in the 6th grade in school. I was at South Park last summer and enjoyed it very much. I went to see the animals and then watched the horse races. Governor Earle and Senator Guffy were the main speakers, and there was a big United Mine Workers parade. There was all sorts of entertainment, cats, etc.

Ralph Radisher,
R. F. D. No. 2, Perrypolis, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—I am nine years of age and in the forth grade. This is my first letter. We have had a little snow in November and very little in December. I would like to tell you a little poem about the five little puppy

dogs who were afraid to chase the cat. Maybe next time.

Elsie Rebec,
12100 E. 167th st., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dear Editor:—You know that this is my first letter to this magazine which I enjoy reading very much, its stories and letters. I am 8 years old and am in the 3-B grade at Glandale school. I have a sister and two brothers. In 1935, when my Daddy was still living, we had lots of good times, not so last year, because we miss him. For Christmas we had many packages. Our house is empty because our father is gone. —

Kathrine J. Mazely,
1224 White st., Clinton, Ind.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I really should have written before, since I like to read this wonderful magazine. I am 12 years of age and in the 7th grade. My teacher is Mr. Rouck; he is the music teacher also. My favorite subject is arithmetic.

Somerset is a small mining town. It is far up in the mountains. We children have a lot of fun. The North Fork river flows below the town. In the summer we have much fun swimming, and again in the winter we enjoy sleigh-riding and skating. So we have fun all the year around.

I plan to write many more letters in the future, also some in Slovene.

My best regards to all.

Annie Kovacic,
Box 253 Somerset, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—I am sorry I couldn't write to the Mladinski List for Dec. I didn't have time. After Christmas we had a week vacation.

I hope everyone feeling is fine, since it is a new year. I also hope everyone had a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Let's see if this year can we write more letters and urge new members to write. I wish you all much happiness throughout the year.

Justina Stopar,
21250 Tracy ave., Euclid, O.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—Winter is with us again, a season, which all of us dread. I guess some of us like it because we can go sleigh-riding and do other outdoor things.

This is my third letter to the Mladinski List, but I wish it were my tenth. I didn't write to the Mladinski List for a long time, but I hope I will continue writing now since I started again.

I received Tillie Puskarich's letters and I was very glad to get acquainted with her by just writing letters. I also hope Julia Bergant would write to me. Some day we will see each other and be very good friends.

The work is certainly picking up in Pierce.

My sister read Louis Adamic's "Native's Return" and she liked it very much. She read it in school, where they only have one copy of it. Almost all the Slovene boys and girls read it because it is written by a Slovene author. The school has another book written by Louis Adamic, but I don't know what the name of it is.

I wish some of the West Virginians would get busy and write. I see West Virginia is behind in writing letters to the Mladinski List.

Best regards to the Editor and the Juvenile members.

Helen Vidmar,
Box 76, Pierce, W. Va.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List and I hope it's not the last. I'm ten years of age and am in the fifth grade. I live in a coal mining camp. I got a mother, father, two brothers and a sister. My sister lives in Cheswick, Pa. I play a violing and my brothers and sister play music also. We have snow. I go ice-skating and skiing often. I would like to have some pen pals. I belong to Lodge 114.

Josephine Oset,
Box 151, Roundup, Mont.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years of age and in the 5th grade. My teacher is Miss Linke. There are 5 in our family and we all belong to Lodge 603, SNPJ. I have two brothers, Henry and Anthony. Anthony goes to Reading high school and Henry goes to Northwest Junior high school. There was a sit-down strike at the local Berkshire Knitting Mills and many of our boys were sent to jail.

I will write again.

Betty Popich,
370Tulpenhochen st., Reading, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—I will write a little again. I got a present already before Xmas. Snow hasn't been very deep.

Here are some riddles: 1.) It has a thousand ribs and two long bones—a railroad. — 2.) It has one leg and has its brains in its head—A cabbage. 3.) What has four feet but can't walk?—A table.

John Bergant,
R. R. 1, Willard, Wis.