

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

^v *Sola življenja*

JUTRO je, in popotnik že cestuje;
šolarje srečava, vsakega vprašuje:

“Kdaj boš šoli dozorel?”

“Ej, še leto eno, pa bom prost, juhe!”

Mene čakata še leti dve —.”

“Jaz pa komaj sem začel . . .”

Stari mož smehlja se, kima —:

“Ah, dečica, kar pripravi se, pripravi!”

Šola, ki se ji ŽIVLJENJE pravi,

tista šola konca nima!

Prav povsod bo šolski zvonec pel ti!

Lena glava bo v nevedi otopela —

Pridna pa bo i brez grošev bogatela!

Znanje je zaklad! In ni tatu, ki bi ga vzela ti!”

Sivi mož počasi odpotuje . . .

“Jeli modrec ali norec?” se mladina spogleduje.



Opolnoči

Anna P. Krasna

ZBUDI SE dete opolnoči
in vidi,
da mamica ne spi —
da hodi tihih korakov
gor in dol,
kakor da ji trga srce
velika bol.

Dvigne se dete v posteljci:
Mamica, zakaj pa nam lučka
ob tej uri gori?
Mamica ustavi negotovi korak:
Dete, srce je vse plašno,
če je v sobi mrak —
ko je oče na straži opolnoči —
ko se mu lahko vsak hip
kaj hudega zgodi . . .

Dete skoči iz svoje posteljce:
Mamica, atek je naš,
in nihče
mu nič hudega storiti ne sme!
Mati se nasmeje, stisne dete
na svoje srce:
Naiven malček, kako krepko
ti to pove — — — — —

— — — — —
Ali oče . . . on je tam dol —
On gleda, kako zaslepljena para
pravični boj drobi — —
V njem je srd —
V temi — jeklene cevi — —
Dete, kdo bi spal — kdo bi bil
brez luči v takem času
opolnoči —?



Čas

ČASA ne vidimo in ne slišimo; ne moremo ga ne pokusiti ne poduhati ne potipati. Čas nima nog, pa vendar pravimo: "Čas beži"; tudi rok nima, pa govorimo, da nam bo čas prinesel dobro ali hudo. Čas je torej čudna reč. Nihče ga ni še prijel in vendar ga vsi merimo. S čim pa merimo čas?

Uro poznaš. Kakšne ure si že videl? Ura kaže in meri čas. Najmanjši čas, ki ga kaže ura, je sekunda. Kaj moreš storiti v eni sekundi? Koliko sekund ima minuta? Koliko minut ima ura? Koliko ur ima dan? Koliko dni šteje teden, mesec, leto? Sekunda, minuta, ura, dan, teden, mesec, leto, stoletje (vek) so imena za čas.

Še manjši čas kakor sekunda je hip ali trenutek. V trenutku ali v hipu se zabliska, počí puška, pridrvi vlak itd. Čas je, ako pravimo: zdaj (sedaj), prej, potem, kmalu, zjutraj, dopoldne, opoldne,

popoldne, zvečer, danes, včeraj, jutri, lani, spomladi, poleti, jeseni, pozimi, nekaj, prihodnjič. Kako se imenujejo letni časi? Kaj je to: sedanji čas, pretekli čas, prihodnji čas?

Kdaj pravijo ljudje, da jim je "dolg čas"? Komur je dolg čas, se dolgočasi. Kaj je to: dolgočasen človek, dolgočasen dan, dolgočasna pokrajina, dolgočasna knjiga, dolgočasno vreme? Kdor pridno dela, mu je čas kratek; on se kratkočasi. Kdor zna kaj lepega povedati, je kratkočasen človek. Kdo je počasen? Kdaj "nimaš časa" (ne utegneš)? Kdaj so "slabi (težki, hudi) časi"? Kdaj so "dobri (prijetni, veseli) časi"? Kdor počasi dela, malo naredi. Počasnega delavca nima nihče rad.

Iz besede "čas" tvorimo še mnogo drugih besed: časih, časoma, vsak čas, časnik (časopis), časnikar.

V. M.

Na streho sije solnce

Anna P. Krasna

PERILO se suši, kakor na široki trati; toliko je prostora tu gori, toliko solnca, toliko svežega vetriča, toliko razgleda — po čem? Po zidovju, po strehah, po oknih stoterih tesnih domov, sprešanih v bloke, ki se raztezajo na vse strani. Tropine, sprešane v stari preši, so izgledale tako, ko smo odstranili lesen, preluknjan okvir, skozi katerega je ob prešanju tako lepo teklo vino, dehteče, omamljajoče vino domačih goríc!

Prešanje . . . saj prešajo vino zemskih dobrot tudi iz teh blokov. Zavrti se mi v glavi, če pomislim, koliko nas je samo v našem bloku, ki nas prešajo dan za dnem za profit. Dve vrsti hiš doli proti veletoku — kakor bi bile na poti v daljnji svet, na ladje, ki pozdravljajo

ob prihodu in odhodu in vabijo. Pa kam bi šle, ko so jih tako stisnili in zadelali, da je druga drugi v napotje, izhoda pa nikjer nobenega. —

Štejem vrste oken. Štiri, pet nadstropij vseskozi od enega konca do drugega na obeh straneh. Na tisoče nas mora biti, zakaj mi smo ljudje, ki se stisnemo v čim manjšem prostoru, ker prostor je drag, oj tako drag!

Pieter Minnewit pa je kupil Manhatanski otok za sveženj cenenega kinča, vreden okrog 24 dolarjev . . . torej za deset centov akter! Toda to je bilo v tistih davnih avanturskih časih, ko so napol piratski kapitani razpolagali z "odkrito" zemljo in često z življenjem rdečkožcev; ko je Pieter Stuyvesant, eno-

nogi Holandec, bil governer Nieuw Amsterdam . . . V tistih dobrih časih, ko so governerji podarjali "bouwerys" ali kose zemlje, ki se je raztezala v toliko obsežnost kolikor je bilo prijateljstvo cenjeno . . . danes prodaja mogočni Woolworth drobne zavojčke zemlje po deset centov . . . da lahko v Manhattanu sadimo lončnice!

Sklonim se čez obzidek na robu strehe, da vidim v vsa okna tja dol do kraja. V mnogih oknih so lončnice, zelenjava za k juhi. Ponekod so rešilna stopnišča kakor viseči vrtovi v miniaturo . . . tu pa tam se sklanja nad njimi siva glava. Nekoč, dolgo mora biti že tega, je bila glava zlatolasa, kostanjeva, temnolasa, morda rdeča; nanjo je sijalo italijansko, irsko, morda bavarsko ali prusko solnce . . . kakor zdajle na streho je sijalo in se je zdelo vse drugačno . . . Ženice gotovo ne verjamejo, da je bilo to solnce tisto — takrat so bile mlade, vesele . . . kakor otroci v četrtem nadstropju sosednje hiše, ki znašajo cunje na rešilni balkon in se smeje pehajo z velikim mršavim psom vred ven in noter skozi okno. Kakor bi si gradili gnezdo vrabci! —

Otroci imajo zdaj počitnice in so jih polna okna, polna ulica, polno ozračje. Kolikokrat že sem premišljevala zakaj je takole kruto-mrzlo-bizniško mesto tako natrpano z otroci in starci . . . zakaj imajo ljudje, ki komaj preživljajo sebe, velike sloke pse v tesnih stanovanjih. Morda, da nadomestijo otrokom, kar jim odjemlje velemestna tesnoba . . . otroci, ki imajo pse, so tako zelo ponosni nanje, mnogi izprosijo dnevno kost za psatovariša pri mesarju . . . poznam dečka, ki je za svojega kužka beračil, ko je bil oče brez dela.

Kako majčkene se zde otroci spodaj na ulici! Dečki, ki se pode gori in doli po ulici z grocerijskimi škatljami, pod katere so pritrdili kolesca, so drobceni kakor palčki . . . in ti palčki se tako spretno umikajo avtomobilom, trukom, konjem, ki vlečejo za seboj nerodne vozove, napolnjene s sadjem, banani, zelenjavo, krompirjem, staro šaro, cunjami,

mi, vsakovrstno ropotijo — eden vleče voz, poln cvetočih lončnic in pestrega zelenja . . . kakor bi se peljala drobcena pomlad skozi ulico. Dekletca, smešno drobcena od tu doli, prevažajo po pločniku svoje zavaljane punčke. Vse gledajo za vozom rož in nekatere resno govorijo svojim nemim varovankam. Ljubo materinstvo, kako zgodaj dela vaje . . .

Potem pa vse skupaj odraste v tako zmes, ki se ob tej uri vrača z dela, businessa, z beračenja, s skrivnostnih krivih poti . . . včasih v čudaka, kakršen je stari puritanec z dolgimi belimi lasmi, ki neprestano lazi gori in doli po ulicah in se zaničljivo ozira po ljudeh — po dekletcih, ki prevažajo punčke, po dečkih, ki se lovijo s psi in vreščijo.

Od vzhodne strani se sliši s harmoniko spremljano petje. Odpravim se torej na amsterdamski konec naše strehe in se spravim na primerno pozicijo. Joj, kaj bi naša skromna ulica s svojim ponižnim šundrom nasproti temu trušču! Veriga ogromnih trukov, avtov, pouličnih in omnibusov . . . neprestana veriga, ki se neprenehoma vzdiga čez vzboklino dol v nižjih blokkih . . . downtownska pa pada, kakor bi jo požiralo brezдно. Veriga doli, veriga gori, sem in tja . . . kam vse to drvi . . . Babilon je grozno nervozno mesto, na videz zmirom nekam drvi, hiti in se drenja, pa je le vedno v istem krogu. Če bi Henrik Hudson s svojo "Halve Maen" zašel danes v tole torišče, bi pač kar nič ne dvomil, da je našel Cathay (staro ime za Kitajsko).

Harmonikar poje z visokim glasom in prav dobro ga je slišati sem gori. Že dolgo ga ni bilo v našo okolico, ta sobota ga je pa zopet privedla . . . poskuša svojo srečo kot vsi, ki se drenjamo za kruhom v tej gneči . . . "Auf einem Baum ein Kuckuck — sim-sala, dim-bam, ba-fa-la, du-fa-la—", fant poje in vleče meh vse do tja, ko "jager kukavico ustrelj," a drobiža ni še nič, zato potegne meh v drugo smer, "Du, du, liegst mir in Herzen, du, du liegst mir im Sinn —". Aha, ta je pa bolj uspeš-

na, drobiž se mu kotali okoli nog, otroci ga pobirajo in mu ga nosijo v žep — in ni videti, da bi kateri skušal kaj spraviti v lasten žepček . . . še je nekaj poštenja v raketirskem Babilonu, kjer se pravilo ljubezni do bližnjega nanaša skoro na bližnjikov žep . . . "no business out of you, no time for you," pravi tiččen Newyorčan in bezlja dalje.

Sloki nemški harmonikar spravi še mene v dobro voljo. Skočim z roba strehe na varnejša tla, pričnem pobirati suho perilo, pa nalahko peti tisto iz davnih otroških dni: "Sijaj, sijaj, solnce, oj solnce rumeño —". Obenem pa se čudim, kaj me je sploh zaneslo v te bloke, kjer moramo imeti strehe za trate.—

Človeško življenje

DOKLER človek živi, se giblje in čuti. Z rokami tipa, prijemlje, jemlje, nosi, vzdiguje, dela itd. Reči so gladke, raskave, tope, šilaste (špičaste), ostre, okrogle, težke ali lahke. Z nogami hodi, potuje, prihaja, odhaja, teka, skače, pleše, pleza itd. Z očmi gleda, opazuje, zasleduje in vidi. On vidi, da so predmeti veliki, majhni, visoki, nizki, široki, ozki, zeleni, modri, rumeni, rdeči, rjavi, sivi, črni, beli, vijolčasti, pisani, lepi ali grdi. Z ušesi posluša, prisluškuje in sliši. Kdor ne sliši, je gluha, kdor ne vidi, je slep. Slepca in glušca sta velika ubožca. Z nosom voha. Roža prijetno diši, gnoj zoprno smrdi. Z jezikom okuša (pokuša). Jed je slana, neslana, sladka, grenka, kislá, dobra, slaba, okusna ali neokusna. Vid, sluh, tip, voh in okus so čuti. Človek čuti po vsem životu toploto, mraz, bolečino, prijetnost ali neprijetnost. Gibanje in čutenje posredujejo živci.

Za življenje sta potrebna zrak in hrana. Človek vdihava zrak skozi nos in sapnik v pljuča. Po isti poti ga izdihava. Vdih in izdih se vrstita neprestano drug za drugim. Človek diha. Kjer ni zraka, se zaduši. Kadar je, prihaja živež skozi usta po požiralniku v želodec in od tam v čreva. V želodcu in črevih se jedi prebavljajo; iz njih nastane kri. Kri teče po žilah. Srce jo vleče vase in jo potem s krepkim utripanjem porazdeluje po žilah in žilicah v vse dele tele-

sa. Kri redi telo. Človeku bije srce in utripajo žile, dokler živi. Kadar preneha življenje, zastane tudi srce. Pri odraslem človeku udari srce približno osemdesetkrat v minuti. Pri bolniku bije hitreje ali počasneje. Kri se čisti in presnavlja v pljučih s pomočjo zraka.

Človek nima samo telesa, ampak ima tudi čutenje, ki je nekaj, česar ne vidimo in ne moremo otipati, pokusiti in poduhati. Kadar dobiš pismo od doma, se razveseliš. Če ti umre prijatelj, se razžalostiš. Kadar te kdo draži, se razjeziš. Preden govoriš, pomisliš. Tega pa ne moreš niti z rokami, niti z nogami, niti s kakim drugim predmetom. Duša je, s katero čutiš, se veseliš, žalostiš, ljubiš, sovražiš, zaničuješ, želiš, hrepeniš, hočeš, upaš, zaznavaš, spoznavaš, si predstavljaš, misliš, premišljuješ, zapomniš, pozabiš, se spomniš, razumeš (pojmuješ), sodiš, sklepaš, se zavedaš itd. Ljubiti smeš, sovražiti ne smeš, misliti moraš, spoznavati moreš, zapomniti si časih ne moreš, veseliti se hočeš, žalostiti se nočeš. Kdor se lahko uči, naglo zapomni in dobro razume, je prebrisan (dobre glave, nadarjen). Kdor se pa težko uči, precej pozabi in slabo umuje, je slabe ali trde glave (zabit).

Ljudje so si različni po telesu in čutenju. Kadar človek umre, ne čuti, ne vidi in ne sliši, ne ljubi, ne sovraži in ne misli.



Courtesy of Proletarec

A. WAGNER

Vračanje s polja

Viharna noč v gozdu

IMEL sem opravek visoko nad dolino. Puško in psa sem imel s seboj, živeža in pijače dovolj in torej vsega zadosti. Toda še preden sem dospel na vrh, je jel pihati jug in kmalu potem je začelo tudi deževati. Bil sem skoraj že premočen, ko sem prilezel do kolibe, v kateri je dalje časa nočeval zemljemerec.

Nekoliko drv in suhih ogorkov je bilo še v kolibi, in hitro je zagorel prijazen ogenjček. Kadilo se je pač, ali menil sem, da takoj poneha, ko se koliba razgreje. No, motil sem se. Zmerom silnejši jug je udrihal ravno proti vhodu kolibe in tlačil dim nazaj. Preložil sem ognjišče, a pomagalo ni nič. Stopil sem pod veliko, gosto hojo, ki je rasla tik kolibe, da bi zakuril pod milim nebom. Nemogoče; kapalo je skozi vejevje kakor s strehe. Vrnil sem se v kolibo.

Še je bilo nekoliko dneva, še sem upal, da z mrakom vred poneha dež, a varal sem se docela. Noč se je zagnila, jug je bučal, veje so škripale in koliba se je tresla. Zopet sem zakuril, da bi mi ne bilo treba v temi večerjati, toda dim me je preganjal iz kota v kot.

To je bila strašna noč. Ako sem ho-

tel biti miren, me je jelo zebsti, ker sem bil že od hoje potan in domalega premočen. Pa tudi utrujen sem bil, da sem že težko stal in po kolibi prestajal.

Bilo je okolo polnoči, ko sem se stisnil v kot kolibe in zadremal. Predramil me je silen občutek mraza in bobnenje. Skočim pokonci. Strah in groza se me poloti; kar deroče je udrihal dež po kolibi. Posvetim si z vžigalico, da bi pogledal na uro. V tem trenutku se zablisne, da je bilo kar jasno po kolibi, in potem zagrmí, da se je vse streslo. Takoj sem spoznal, da se je sapa obrnila; skozi vhod ni več bučal jug. Spoznal sem, da bom mogel zdaj zakuriti. Za nekoliko minut je že žarel bister ogenjček po kolibi. Nekolikokrat, ko je blisk posvetil, sem se zapodil po drva pred kolibo, da sem si napravil dober ogenj in imel kaj pokladati. Joj, kako dobro je dela gorkota! Kadilo se je od moje obleke kakor iz meglene jame in zmerom bolj me je obhajala gorkota. Tudi pipico sem potegnul iz torbe in si jo prižgal. Ali še preden sem jo izkadil, sem se iztegnil po tleh poleg ognja. Ko sem se prebudil, je sijalo solnce in ptički so se glasili.

Hinko Dolenc.

Petelin in putka

ŽE JE tukaj lepo jutro,
lepo jutro, dan svetel,
petelinček je poskočil,
da bi ga oznanjeval.
To zagledala je putka,
naša tolsta jarčica,
ki se vozi po dvorišču
kakor kaka barčica.
Pa tako je govorila:
"Petelinček, čuj me, čuj,
saj je še prezgodaj! Jutra
še nikar ne oznanjaj!"

Odgovoril petelinček:
"He, ne trudi se nikar;
kaj bi rekli drugi moji,
da sem kakšen gospodar!
Kaj bi rekle druge putke
in sosedov petelin,
ako ne bi se oglasil
jaz najprej iz naših lin?"
In prosila lepa putka
petelinčka je zaman,
gori v lino je poskočil
in zapel je beli dan.

Dragotin Kette.

Ivan Vuk:

S sprehodov s pikapolonco

(Reportaža iz nevsakdanje vsakdanjosti.)

V NEDELJO, proti večeru junijskega dne, se je vrnila moja punčka Jelka s sprehoda. Skočila je k meni vsa razigrana:

"Očka," je rekla, "Ali ti naj pripovedujem, kako in kje sva se sprehajali s pikapolonco?"

"S pikapolonco? Glej, glej!"

"Da. S tisto malo žuželko v rdečem plaščku s črnimi pikami. Veš, ko sem prekoračila mestno cesto in stopila na polje, vse z visoko travo poraščeno, s celim morjem rži, pšenice, ječmena, mi je sedla na roko."

"Glej, glej," sem rekla. "K meni si prišla?"

"K tebi, da," je odgovorila pikapolonca. "Hočem ti malo delati družbo."

Pa sem jo rahlo pobožala, da je od zadovoljstva razgrnila rdeči črnopikasti plašček, da so se videle tanke, prozorne peruti. Gizdalinka je pikapolonca, očka, da veš!"

"Aha, pa sta se sprehajali, kaj?"

"Da, očka, le poslušaj."

In poslušal sem. Poslušajte tudi vi.

*

"Pojdiva", je rekla pikapolonca in splezala na konec mojega prsta. Šli sva po širokem travniku. Pred menoj in za menoj, na desno in levo je rastla trava. Kratka, meni komaj do gleženj visoka, ki mi je segala čez glavo in na lahno potresala s svojim cvetjem. Vmes pa so se smejale marjetice in bile kakor čipke prišite na zelenkasti obleki. Vijoličaste, okrogle glavice deteljice, kakor sonce rumeno cvetje mleča in druge, pa so zvedavo gledale, kdo sem in zdelo se mi je, kakor bi spraševale:

"Glej no, kakšna je pa to marjetica?" —

Kamorkoli sem se ozrla, vse prostranstvo je bilo polno muzike. Sončni

žarki so trepetali nad travo in žitom kakor glasbene vilice, ki preizkušajo čistost glasu, a posameznih glasov instrumentov ni bilo mogoče razločevati.

"Čiriii, čiriii," me je opozorila pikapolonca. "Ali slišiš?"

Čiri, čiri, čiri,
briii, briii, briii,
črip, pričrip, rin riüč,
čri, čri, čri . . .
slišiš, vse okrog kriči
čričkov neštevilo,
sončni dan slavi —
A po cvetih, glej, brni,
čebelic, hej število,
zuma, zuma, zum, zum, zum
h godbi čričkov se glasi,
zuzuzuzuzuzuzuzuzum,
tu medu je kar obilo,
zuma, zuma, zum, zum, zum,
zuma, zuma, zum, zum, zum, . . .
s čaš cvetočih pojedino
slastno srka medovino
čebelic drobnih trum . . .
čri, črič čri,
čričkov se koncert glasi.
Tam nad nami pa nekje,
čuj, škrjančki žvrgole:
čripipip, čiviriri čip čiri,
vivivivivivivivivivivivriüü,
ržiržiržiüüpip,
vse to se zliva v lep akord . . .

*

"Vidiš, kako te gledajo marjetice, me je opozorila pikapolonca na daleč naokrog posejane marjetice. Razprostrla je svoj rdeči črnopikasti plašč in svetle, prozorne peruti so jo odnesle na največjo marjetico.

In mi je govorila:

"Glej, marjetice stojijo
kar v gručah prav gosto,
beli listki se smejo
vabijo te prav ljubo:
Ugani, kaj v šoli bo!
Kakšne rede bodo dali,
koliko dobrih in prav dobrih
in odličnih, koliko bo.

Očka, brž sem pristopila,
da bi jih ne užalila —
in ugibala tako:

Trgala sem cvet za cvetom
tihu, skrbno govoreč:
dobro, prav dobro, odlično
dobro, prav dobro, odlično
razrednica bo zapisala
in mi oceno bode dobro
prav dobro
in odlično dala . . .

Glej, glej, kaj boš uganila,
je pikapolonca govorila.
Dobro si se, že vidim, učila . . .
Listič-cvet, glej, je še ostal,
oj jej, "odlično" bo dejal . . .
Marjetice so se smejale
in mi še korajžo dajale.
Čri, čri, čri,
čri, čri, čri
vseokrog je polno čričkov pelo,
škrjanček pa nekje veselo
sladko pesem gostolel,
in čestitko mi želel . . .
Tam iz gozda, čuj, kuku,
kukavica jezno kuka. —
Kaj ne greš mi brž domov,
da boš snedla košček kruha?!
Primaruha . . .
A nad mano aeroplan
odbrzel je nekam v stran, —
škrjanček pa je ves nevoljen
pal med žito kot umorjen,
jezno kričal: čvočiričiri, čiri,
kakšne zgage so pa ti?! —

"Glej, pojdiva tja med rž, med pšeni-
co in ječmen! Le poglej, kako ponosno
in nekako samozavestno sili rž kvišku,
da moraš dobro paziti, da se ne izgubiš
kakor v kakšnem gozdu."

"Saj je v resnici kakor gozd," sem
rekla.

"Da, pravi gozd, za nas, male ljudi.
Ravna, gosta debela, na vrhu krona, ve-
jevje-klasje. Kakor pri vas, velikih
ljudih, smrekov ali jelkov gozd. Vidiš,
klasje, kako se ziblje v lahнем vetri-
ču?"

Kako se ziblje klasje zlahtno,
kakor bi morja valovi
igrajoč, bežeč nalahno
se zibali, valovali . . .
tam hite, glej, spet že novi . . .
a modriž med njimi nežen,
maje dobrodušno bežen
mu pozdrav, — nalahno
zgodbico, čuj, oznanjuje:
"Košček sem z neba izrezan

in posejan sem med žito,
da ne bo, ko bo zorelo
zrno v klasih, vse pobito,
pod njegovo težo, skrito
žalovalo, ker ne bo mogoče
gledati neba modrino,
jaz, modriž, pa bom težkoče
lajšal mu in ga bodril,
da korajžno bo zorelo . . ."

Pikapolonca je zletela z mojega prsta
na kukolj, pa se hitro vrnila:

"Kukolj tam, nežno rdeči,
kakor čaša tam stoji
in iz nje čebel'ca drobna
pije, glej, in se gosti.
Mak, ga vidiš
kak objestno
se smehlja
hrepeneč in ves rdeč?!
Kaj še hočeš več?
V lase brž si ga zatakni —
Čriček poje: čri, čri, čri,
škrjanček pa tam žvrgoli:
Jelka, mak si vzela ti!"

Zibajoča pšenica se je bahato zibala,
a tam poleg nje pa je ošabno, izzivajoče
gledal košati ječmen in vihal svoje ostre
in dolge brke oprezno, kakor bi počasi in
pazljivo nekaj otipaval.

"Vidiš," je rekla pikapolonca, "ječ-
men je kakor vaš učenjak, ki mu je gla-
va pretežka od prepolne učenosti, in si
dobrodušno viha brke, če ga kdo draži."

"A tam, glej, pikapolonca," sem za-
vzeta pokazala med zibajočo se ržjo, vi-
sok, ponosen, svetlobel klas. "Vidiš?"

"Smetljivi, ali prazen klas, pravijo
ljudje in pristavljajo: Bog nas varuj
takega žita," je rekla pikapolonca.

"Kako prazen klas? In zakaj 'Bog
obvaruj'? sem vprašala.

"Zato, ker je prazen. V njem ni zrna.
Ničesar ni v njem, kakor slama. In kjer
ni zrna, ni moke, ni življenja. Za nobeno
rabo ni tak klas. Samo v napatje in v
škodo."

"Zakaj pa potem tako ponosno dviga
glavo tisti prazen klas?"

Pikapolonca se je nasmejala in rekla:
"Ko boš, Jelka, stopila v življenje, boš
spoznala, da lahko samo prazna glava
visoko stoji. In videla boš in srečala

ljudi, ki se bodo izmed drugih ljudi, kakor ta prazen klas iz težkega žita, videli visoko, oblastno in se kazali velikim in pomembnim. Ali če bi se od njih zahtevalo nekaj pokazati in ustvariti, bi bili in so kakor ta prazen klas. Prazni. Glave, ki niso prazne, so, kakor klasje rži, težke in ne morejo visoko gledati. Vse tisto klasje, le poglej, sočno in bogato, sklanja svoje glave. Prazen pa, ker je prazen, lahko ošabno, domišljavo gleda na vse strani. V svoji praznosti si domišljuje, — saj to je edina njegova sposobnost — da je več kakor tisti s povešanimi glavami.”

Tako mi je razlagala pikapolonca tisti prazen klas. In, glej, očka, spomnila sem se, da sem že tudi videla take ljudi, ki so nosili in nosijo glavo visoko.”

*

Pikapolnoca baje ni hotela z Jelko v mesto k njej v goste, češ, v mestu je mnogo hinavskih ljudi in z visoko dvignjenimi glavami, pa se ga zato rajše ogiblje. Ko zopet prideš na polje, pa se bova našli in se kaj pogovorili. —

Tako mi je pripovedovala Jelka, hčerka moja, in zapisal sem.

Materin pogreb

JESENI smo pokopali mater. Več ne vem, ali je bil jasen dan ali meglen, ali če je deževalo. Šel sem za pogrebci kakor v sanjah. In še zdaj se mi zdi, da so bile sanje vse, kar se je takrat godilo; in da je bilo morda v resnici čisto drugače, nego se spominjam. Prišli smo na pokopališče, da nisem vedel kako in kdaj, nato smo stali kraj globoke črne jame, iz ilovnate prsti izkopane. Pevci so zapeli; kakor iz daljave sem slišal zamolke moške glasove, besed nisem razumel. Na debelih vrveh so spuščali rakev v jama. Oboje, rakev in jama, se mi je zdelo preveliko in prečrno za mojo mater, ki je bila drobna kakor otrok. Ko je župnik odmolil — ali pa morda že prej, ne vem več — so vsi krog mene pobirali rumeno prst ter so jo metali na rakev. Tudi jaz sem se sklonil, da bi pobral pest prsti kakor vsi drugi; ali skoraj mi je spodrsnilo, da bi bil padel na kolena. Nekdo me je zadaj prijel pod pazduho. Nato so si pogrebci slekli črne suknje, zgrabili so za lopate in so metali v jama prst v težkih, velikih kopicah. Spočetka je zamolklo bobnelo. Kmalu je bobnenje potihnilo, slišal sem le še prita-

jeno vzdihovanje in ihtenje. Jama je bila polna, grmadila se je gomila, zmerom širja in višja, ogromna, pretežka za mojo mater.

Ivan Cankar.



Nevihta

MIHEC v kratkem času, ker je bil pastir, še ni doživel nobene nevihte.

Nekega dne je bilo posebno vroče in soparno. Teličkom se nič kaj ne ljubi pasti; samo po malem mulijo travico, kakor da bi jo pokušali. Kar se pripode črni oblaki izza gora; postajajo vedno večji in večji, zakrijejo nebo, in stemni se. Mihca obide strah in groza. Strašno grmenje se zasliši. "Bog se krega, kaj bo neki?" premišljuje Mihec. Kaj se je morda zameril Bogu, da se krega? Teleta je bil res pustil v sosedov oves, a to je bilo že davno . . . drugega se ne ve več spominjati. V oblaku začne vršeti. Še enkrat se zabliška in silno zagrmí, potem pa se usuje debela toča Mihcu na glavo. Mihec ima nov klobuk. Oj ti toča, ti! Zdaj ga bo pa vsega stolkla. Kaj stori Mihec? Klobuk v nedra, pa v tek, kar ga neso noge. Toča mu bobka na glavo kakor pesek, a kaj stori to, da bo le klobuk cel. Kakor strela iz jasnega neba buti Mihec, ves zasopel, v hišo. Med tem je toča ponehala in se izpremenila v dež.

"Kje imaš pa klobuk, ali si ga izgubil?" ga vprašajo mati.

Mihec počasi izvleče klobuk popolnoma suh iz neder.

"Pojdi sem, pojdi Mihec! Bom pogledal, če ti je toča naredila kako luknjo v glavo," pravi hlapec in se posmehuje Mihcu.

Mihca je bilo sram, v tla gleda, praska se za ušesi ter si mane nos in oči.

"Nič naj te ne bo sram, Mihec, da se ti je klobuka zdelo škoda! Kaj se mu boste smejali, ki nič ne veste! Mihec je že mož. Že zdaj kaže, da ne bo vsega sproti snedel kakor čmrlj. Miher bo znal štediti. Le tako dalje, Mihec, pa se bova rada imela! Ker si se tako obnesel, kupim ti kaj lepega za kolače, kadar pojdem na semenj!" Tako so dejali Mihčev oče.

Ponoči pa se je Mihcu vso noč sanjalo, kaj mu bodo oče prinesli za kolače. —V.

O zviti lisici

LOVEC si je ujel in ukrotil mlado lisico. Pustil jo je, da je prosto hodila po vsem dvorišču. Ni trajalo dolgo, in lovec je zapazil, da njegovi lisičici kaj dobro diši kuretina. Odslej jo pusti le podnevi okrog hoditi, ponoči pa jo priklene na verigo.

Zdaj pa sosedje začno tožiti, da jim nekdo hodi perutnino klat. Kdo drug bi to delal nego lisica? A lovčeva lisica je bila čez noč priklenjena, in pri lovcu nekaj časa ni več zmanjkalo nobene kokoši. Zato so mislili, da hodi kuna ali pa dihur davit kuretino po sosednih dvoriščih. Sosedje so odslej še bolj pazili na predrznega tatu.

Nekoč zapazi bližnji sosed o mesečini lisico, ki se je pritihotapila na njegovo

dvorišče. Ko so jo podili, jo je urno pobrisala na lovčev dvorišče.

Lovec tega neče verjeti; prepričati se mora sam. Neko noč se skrije in pazi na svojo lisičico. Do polnoči je bilo vse v najlepšem redu; a kmalu potem vidi lovec, kako si lisica sname ovratnik z glave ter gre k sosedovim kokošim v vas. Zjutraj pred dnevom pa zopet pride, si natakne ovratnik čez glavo ter leže, kakor da bi bila najnedolžnejša stvar na zemlji.

Čudeč se, opazuje lovec lisičino zvijačo. Takoj ko se zdani, ji nategne ovratnik tako tesno, da ni mogla nikoli več na krvavo delo. Kokoši so imele odslej mir pred to grdo ponočno lopovko.

—Vrt.

Les

KAMORKOLI pogledamo, vidimo reči iz lesa. Iz lesa si gradi človek hiše ali vsaj ostrešja in hišno opravo. Z lesom kuri peči, da ga pozimi ne zebe, z njim si kuha jedila, da so užitna in tečnejša. Lesu, ki ga rabimo za kurjavo, pravimo drva. Drva razžagamo in razcepimo v polena. Najboljše kurivo je bukov les.

Iz lesa je razno orodje, vozovi, mostovi, železniški pragi, mogočne ladje, ki plovejo preko širnega morja in prenašajo blago in ljudi, pa tudi male ribiške barčice in čolni.

Najboljši les nam daje gozdno drevje. Največ je hrastovega, smrekovega in bukovega lesa. Hrastov les je težek, trd in trpežen. Smrekov les je lahek, mehkejši in na suhem dosti trpežen. Lahko ga je obdelavati, zato ga rabi človek najrajši. Kako pravimo drevju, ki raste na vrtu?

Različno drevje ima različen les, ki se razlikuje zlasti po barvi in trdoti. V lesu so grče. Človek obdelava les s sekiro, žago, skobličem, dletom, pilo in drugim orodjem.

Drvarji posekajo drevje ter razžagajo v hlode (krle, bruna). Debele in ravne hlode razžagajo vodne ali parne žage v deske in plohe. Tesarji tešejo iz hlodov bruna (trame). Mizarji oblaajo les s skobličem. Kolarji delajo iz lesa kolesa in sestavne dele voz, stolarji izdelujejo stole, sodarji pa sode, oglarji žgo oglje. Strugar struži les na stružnici. Podobar dolbe iz mehke lipovine kipe in druge stvari.

V nekaterih krajih na Slovenskem izdelujejo "suho robo", ki je znana po vsem svetu. To so rešeta, sita, škafi, čebri, kadi, sodčki, brente, kuhalnice, lesene žlice, krožniki, zobotrebcji itd. Pozimi si napravljajo kmetje lesene grablje, vile, jarme, koše, košare ter drugo orodje in posodo.

Lesotržci prodajajo deske in bruna in jih pošiljajo po železnici ali po morju v daljne kraje. Jugoslavija je kaj bogata na lesu. Posebno gozdnati pokrajini sta Slovenija in Bosna.

Nešteto koristi imamo od lesa. Težko bi bilo človeku brez te važne snovi.

Jelka Vuk:

Komu pojem pesmi svoje?

"KOMU poješ pesmi svoje",
me sprašuje ta in ona
znanka moja.

Komu pojem?! —

Kaj je lepšega v življenju
kakor zadovoljno srce,
kakor smeh vesel iz prsi,
kakor zdravlje zdrave misli,
ki življenje, dokaj trdo, kruto,
bodro in korajžno nosi . . .

Tem vsem pojem pesmi svoje!

Pesem misel mi ohranja
svežo, jasno, vserazumno
in če tudi kdaj pozvanja
zvona mrak in mraz mrtvaški,
pesem bodro spet oznanja,
da se žarek sončen, topli,
že pripravlja,
da prežene mrak
in hlad mrtvaški,
da za dežjem jasno nebo
pride in slediti mora, —
pesem moja to oznanja!
Njemu, soncu žarkem, jasnem,
misli moji, srcu vedrem,
smehu, volji smeli,
pesmi svoje glasno pojem!



Courtesy of Proletarec

S. H. W.

Deček čita (lesorez)

Ženjice

“PED PEDI” in “ped pedi”
sem se s polja ti glasi.
Prepelica tako poje,
ker ima mladiče svoje;
otročičem pa veli:
“Ne preganjajte me vi!”

“Ped pedi” in “ped pedi”
sem se s polja ti glasi.
Prepelica milo prosi,
ko mladičem jesti nosi:
“Ped pedi” in “ped pedi,”
kosec, čuvaj gnezdo mi!”

“Ped pedi” in “ped pedi”
to se vsaki dan glasi.
Novo jutro ko napoči,
in celo še v tihi noči,
ko nam tisoč zvezd blesti,
slišim glasni “ped pedi!”

“Ped pedi” in “ped pedi”
sem se s polja ti glasi.
Prepelica, plaha ptica,
pravi: “Ljuba mi ženjica,
ko prižela boš do me,
pusti moje gnezdece.”

“Ped pedi” in “ped pedi”
sem se s polja ti glasi.
Le-tako pastirjem pravi,
ki paso tam po dobravi,
“Glejte, da živinica
v deteljo ne bo ušla!”

Al. K. Sežunov.



PRIČETEK ŠOLE

DRAGI otroci!—Počitnice so minile in nastopil je čas šole. Šolski zvonec je zapel, prostosti je konec. Zjutraj je treba vstati ob uri in se odpraviti v šolo. To je velika sprememba. V poletnih mesecih ste se zabavali na prostem. Navžili ste se obilo svežega zraka. Šola je namah odrezala počitniško rajanje.

Vsake stvari je enkrat konec. Tako je konec tudi počitnic. Tudi šole bo konec, ko dorasete. Ne bo pa konec šole življenja—nikdar! Kdor se v šoli pridno uči, se bo rad učil tudi izven šole in

po končani šoli. Človek se mora vedno učiti, izpopolnjevati.

Ta številk Mladinskega lista se je malo zapoznila. V tiskarni se je nagrmadilo obilo dela z jednotlivimi pravili in drugimi uradnimi stvarmi. Zato se bo treba potruditi, da bo oktobrska številka spet točno med vami. In potem nam ostanejo le še tri številke našega mcsečnika v tem letu.

Sedaj na noge in pridno dopisujte! Prihodnje leto vam prinese vrsto pisemskih natečajev ali kontestov. Pripravite se!

UREDNIK.

Počitnice in ribice

Dragi urednik! Upam, da se nisem preveč zapoznil.

Vročina tu v Scrantonu je neznošna. Mogoče zato, ker je pritisnila v enem dnevu do 94 stopinj. To pa seveda je prevroče za nas. Že zopet bo kdo poskusil peči jajca na trotoarju.

Šolske počitnice so se začele 19. junija.

Sedaj pridno hodim loviti ribe, pa imam smolo. Če se mi posreči, da se ujame večja ribica na vrstico, pa se vselej kaj pripeti. Ali se mi utrga drog,

in v takem slučaju zmaga ribica. Ali pa, ko jo potegnem na suho, pa je veliko bolj urna kot jaz in je že nazaj v vodi. Jaz pa se mučim in nastavljam drugo vado, pa noče več nazaj.

Take in razne druge neprilike so se mi pripetile, pa mogoče ste jih že dosti slišali. Vsak ribič ima svoje povedati. Vseeno sem jih nekaj vendarle naložil, bullheads in bluegills.

Praznik neodvisnosti se je končal precej žalostno, kajti v Scrantonu in okolici je bilo ranjenih do 35 oseb. Nekaj že skoro navadnega, dasi imamo strog za-

kon, ki prepoveduje rabo raket (fireworks), ali vseeno so jih nekateri prinesli izven mesta. Pred letom so bili pobiti le trije, pred dvema leti nobeden, letos pa toliko žrtev—le za eno sekundo veselja!

Pozdrav vam, urednik, in čitateljem!
FELIX VOGRIN, Scranton, Pa.

* *

Izpolnjena obljuba

Dragi urednik! V zadnjem mojem dopisu sem obljubila, da bo prihodnji moj dopis v slovenskem. In tudi je. Bo pa bolj kratek, ker me zelo dolgo vzame, predno kaj spravim skupaj.

Novic ni dosti zdaj. Dežuje že kar en teden skupaj s presledki. Na 4. julija smo imeli rodeo v Landerju in carnival. Bilo je lepo, le preveč dežja je bilo.

Zadnjič sem pisala, da bi rada videla, da bi mi kaj pisali društveni člani in res sem dobila nekaj pisem. Hvala vam zanja!

To je vse za danes. Prosim vas, urednik, da malo popravite moje slabo pisanje.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista in uredniku!

MARY JEANETTE PERSHIN,
Box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

* *

Leni Jurček

Dragi urednik! Seveda se Vam moram tudi sedaj najprej lepo zahvaliti za popravke v mojem prejšnjem dopisu. Mislil sem, da bo priobčen že prej, pa sem ga menda prepozno poslal.

Tu je kratka pripovedka ali nekaj podobnega.

Tam na polju orje mali Jurček. Orje in orje, a vleče ga čez morje. Kajti v deželi, kjer živi, nima svobode ne pravice. Zato si želi v Ameriko. Tako se Jurče odpravi čez veliko lužo v obljubljeni deželo. Saj je toliko lepega slišal o tej dobri deželi. Tako pride v zaželjeno deželo. Jurček bi rad postal krojač, pa mu šivanka nagaja in ga zbada. Še mnogo drugega bi Jurček rad postal, pa

je menda bil prelen, tako je ostalo samo pri željah.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem Mladinskega Lista!

JOSEPH ROTT, Cleveland, O.

* *

Pesem o rudarju

Dragi urednik! Sedaj imamo počitnice. Večkrat sem se že pripravljala, da napišem kaj s počitnic. Pa sem odlašala. Sedaj pa sem se odločil.

Z mojim najmlajšim bratcem sva bila v skavtski kempi. Imela sva se prav dobro. Dosti zabave in smeha.

Doba počitnic je tudi doba piknikov. In baš piknikov se vsi veselimo. Imeli smo piknik na Hibbingu. Slišali pa smo tudi slovensko petje po radiju. Tudi govore smo slišali. Na harmoniko je igral Frank Smoltz. Pela je Julija Baraga. Bili smo res veseli, četudi nam je dež nagajal. Ljudi je prišlo mnogo kljub slabemu vremenu. Res je zelo lepo, kadar pride toliko našega ljudstva skupaj. To je dokaz, da držimo skupaj.

Spet prihaja čas šole!

Tu Vam pošiljam pesem o rudarju:

*Rudar pod zemljo se podam,
veselja zgoraj ne poznam,
ne vem kak' lep je beli dan,
ne kaj cvetoča je ravan.*

*Težak je moj rudarski stan,
na delu v rovu dan na dan
ne slišim petja drobnih ptic
in bujnih ne poznam cvetlic.*

*Ko drugi gor veseli ste,
poskočne pesmi požete
se v rudniku poti rudar,
njegovih trudom ni vam mar.*

*Vi, ki bogastvo ljubite,
cekine zlate štejete,
pomislite kako težko
izkopal je rudar zlato!*

*Ko nehal biti bom rudar,
lopato grobokopu v dar
bom dal, da grob izkoplje mi,
ki tudi vam ne odbeži!*

Obilo veselja in zabave želim vsem bralcem Mladinskega Lista!

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

CINA JOTE:

Žanjemo

(Iz zbirke "Danas", prev. IV. VUK)

ŽANJEMO . . .

Žareče žrelo sončne peči
vroče iskre lije na nas.

Žanjemo —

Srp šušti v rezu rži!

Žanjemo . . .

Se pleča nam zvijajo,
kaplje znoja motne lijejo . . .
na rumenkastih klasih blesteč.

Žanjemo —

od jutra ranega do zatona,
ko sonce tam pada v modre daljine . . .

Žanjemo . . .

Srp krepko utrjeni prsti drže,
kri od napora nam sili v obraz.

Žanjemo —

Pada klasje sončno, zlato,
zlato klasje sončno pada,
padajo zlata krušna telesa . . .

Žanjemo . . .

Kakor srp se zvijajo pleča.

S telesi,

z rokami,

z očmi žanjemo!

A kruh . . .

Kruh v tujih raste rokah,
v naših pa plahne . . .

Žanjemo . . .

Sonce, žarkov svojih lomi težino
na naših plečeh,
na nas . . .

Žanjemo —

Znojna rosa polze
po razbeljenih licih, rokah.

Mi žanjemo klasje!

Na dolgih krušnih stebličih

žanjemo sonce

po vseh njivah kroglje zemeljske. —

Žile zlata krušne

naraščajo v tujih rokah . . .

O zlata, o tople klice življenja,

vam ves naš napor ta

pod neba krovom žarečim velja.

Žanjemo —

Kakor srpe zvijamo pleča

od severa k jugu,

od iztoka k zapadu . . .

Ali rezali bomo močnejše,

krepkeje

s srpi

nekega dne . . .

Nekim krogom v pojasnilo

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Uredništvo Mladinskega lista.



JUVENILE



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IN SCHOOL-DAYS

John Greenleaf Whittier

*S*TILL sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the summachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

*Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;*

*The charcoal frescos on its wall;
It's door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!*

*Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.*

*It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.*

*For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.*

*Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.*

*He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.*

*"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because,"—the brown eyes lower fell,—
"Because, you see, I love you!"*

*Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!*

*He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.*



Wings in the Clouds

(From: *Nightingale Sang*)

THERE was nothing in the gloominess of the day to dispel the feelings that weighed on the soul like so much lead. For hours now father lay still, his eyes closed to the world, his breath growing fainter and fainter. His toilworn hands were yet flexible, but cold . . . and somehow, Mila knew they'd never be warm again . . . and, somehow, she managed to stand by and wait . . . without tears. All alone with a dying man who was her father . . . whose hands, strong and loving, used to lift her almost sky-high when the glorious sun of childhood shone all over the courtyard, over the wide valley itself, and the far-away world beyond the hills and mountains. All was cloudy now. The valley narrowed into the shape of a grave . . . horizons of far-away worlds were curtailed off . . . up in the thick layers of grey moisture circled man-propelled wings, as though trying to find a way out of dark, dark clouds.

Wings swished and whirled, the sound reaching in through the open windows, suddenly wakening already subsiding fears of the dying man —

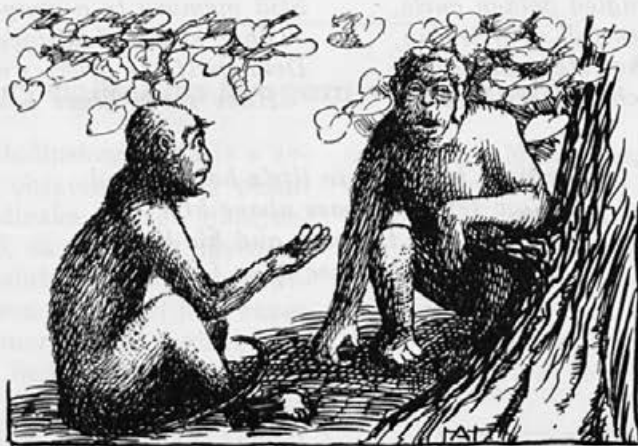
— Ti-m-b-er —

— No, Father. No timber is falling—that's wings, Father . . . friendly wings, not the enemy's.

"W-i-n-g-s—" He tried to open his eyes to see; he couldn't. Mila looked at the clock and wondered if the priest would come soon—and wondered at the same time why he should come . . . what was the use? Why didn't she keep the children with her instead of sending them out after relatives and the priest? Why should they come now—no one came last night. She shivered at the thought of the night just passed . . . of the delirious attempts of her father to escape falling timber . . . his strength . . . his eyes, staring, yet seeing nothing . . . his hands reaching out to avoid timber . . . his body springing out of bed only to—collapse . . . and outside—the black storm raging, cutting off all the world, isolating them, and ripping their hearts with stabbing fears.

But now everything was calm. There was no more fear, no hysterical pain in the brain, not even desire for tears—only deep, deep, sorrow, surrounded with the beauty of all the memories of one who had a kind and noble heart and was now going away . . . to the tune of wings, circling and cutting through grey layers as though trying to find a way out of dark, dark clouds . . .

Anna P. Krasna.



Pa and Young America

"SAY, Pa, why ain't you a capitalist?"

"Well, my son, you see, I have not money enough; it takes a pile of money to be a capitalist."

"But, Pa, how do they get their money?"

"Why, my boy, they work hard and earn it."

"You don't work very hard, do you, Pa?"

"Work hard! Work hard! Why, kid, how you talk! I've worked as hard as a horse all my life. Here I am growing old at forty-five, worn out with hard work."

"But, Pa, if you have worked so hard, why ain't you rich?"

"Why—er—why, what a question, boy! How do you expect me to answer such a question as that?"

"But, Pa, I want to know, and you told me the other day if I wanted to know anything to come to you."

"So I did, son, and I am glad that you have obeyed me. Let's see, what was the question, 'why ain't I rich?' Oh, that's easy! It is because I did not save my money."

"Well, Pa, why don't you start saving now?"

"Save money now! Why, you young rascal, I can scarcely buy enough for the family to eat, to say nothing about other things we need. There's no chance of saving anything now."

"Well, Pa, why didn't you save when you had lots of money?"

"Why—er—er—drat it all, kid, I never did have lots of money. We've always been as poor as Job's turkey."

Young America thinks a while.

"Were the capitalists once poor like we are, Pa?"

Pa, proudly, "Yes, my son and it shows the glorious privileges our great Republicrat Party has given to all, for while they were once poor they are now

rich, and every man has the same opportunity as they had."

"Say, Pa, who taught you to say that?"

"Who taught me to say what? Why, boy, what do you mean?"

"I mean that you didn't think that out by yourself, did you?"

"Why—er—I believe that I did hear Banker Takemin say something like that at one of our meetings last campaign, and it sounds so nice that I remembered it."

"But, Pa, is it so?"

"Why, kid, of course it's so."

"Well, then, why don't you start in now and get rich?"

"Well — er — why — er — er — frankly, kid, it's no use; your old daddy is too old to play that game now."

"I ain't very old, am I, Pa?"

"Why, what a question, boy, of course you're not old."

"Will I be rich, some day, Pa?"

Pa thinks a while, then sighs. "I'm afraid not, my son; your Pa can't give you the right sort of a chance."

"Then it's a question of chance, is it, Pa?"

"Well—er—I guess that is about the size of it."

"Will I stand as good a chance as Banker Takemin's boy, Theodore, Pa?"

"Well—I rather doubt it, my son. You see Banker Takemin put \$10,000 in the bank, at compound interest, for his son the day he was born, and when he is twenty-one he will certainly have that, and much more besides."

"Say, Pa, what are you going to give me when I am twenty-one?"

"Well—er—well, candidly, my son, the way matters look now, you'll be able to stick everything your old daddy can give you in your eye."

Young America thinks a while. "Say, Pa, it looks to me like the chances for

workingmen to get rich are mighty slim in this country. Why don't you move away some place where chances are better?"

"Why, boy, the working people have the best chance in this country of any place on the globe."

"How many workers get rich in this country, Pa?"

"Well—er—er—I don't know the exact number, but I suppose not over one in a hundred."

"The best chance in the world for a worker isn't a very good chance, is it, Pa?"

"No, son, it isn't. The working people have a pretty hard row to hoe."

"Say, Pa, is a worker's vote as good as a capitalist's vote?"

Pa, again swelling up with pride. "Why, certainly it is! The workingmen are the real rulers of this country."

"This is a pretty rich country, isn't it, Pa?"

"Rich? Why, I should say it is! It's the richest country on the face of the earth."

"And you say that the workingmen rule it?"

Pa, swelling again. "Yes, my son,

the destiny of this great and glorious country is in the hands of its sovereign citizens, the men who till the soil and mine the coal and do the work. The horny hand of toil is the one that steers the ship of state."

"That sounds pretty nice, doesn't it, Pa?"

Pa, suspiciously. "Yes, it does, but—" "That's another one of Banker Takem-in's, ain't it?"

Pa, snappishly. "Well! S'posen it is?"

"Well, Pa, it sounds like a lot of 'tommyrot' to me, for if this is such a rich country and the workers really do rule it, then they must be a lot of nincompoops or they would get together in a political party of their own and take over 'their' country for good."

Pa, furiously. "See here, you blasted brat of a Socialist! I won't stand for another word of this—this blasphemy! I know you've been down listening to those speeches again. I see I'll have to teach you a few myself! Just come with me out to the woodshed for a few minutes; I'm going to give you something to think about for the rest of your natural lifetime . . ." *Guy H. Lockwood.*



A Letter to Edward

By MARY JUGG

Dear Edward:—

By the time this letter reaches you, you will be thinking about returning to school. Your vacation will have been over—and such a grand time as you had! No doubt you are wondering why you have to go back to school, anyway.

But I am sure that thought will soon leave your mind if I can tell you of something that you will probably think pretty terrible.

It comes to my mind as I think of your going away to school. You still have a nice building where you don't have to pull down the shades for fear some plane overhead will spy you and rain bombs on you. And you still have a free road to walk on as you go to school. The very same grade building to which you are going has stood there for a long time. Your oldest married sister, Anna, tells you about the good times she used to have in and around that very school building "way back when."

If those bricks that make up the building to which you will be going for the next year could only speak, what stories they could tell! How many times you have listened to the radio and heard "School days, school days" and many similar songs that were made up from schoolday memories.

But can you imagine—over in the country of Spain, the boys and girls of your own age can remember no such public schools as yours? If you can but realize that even at the present time over **one-half** of the Spanish people cannot read or write, you may understand how terrible their school system has been right along.

But why? you will ask. Were they dumb—or just plain lazy? Neither—my dear Edward. The Spanish people

knew well enough that once upon a time Spain had been a world power but that now it was held by the throat and couldn't help itself.

How could that be? Very easily, Edward. Try to remember, if you can, instances of people being held down without any power—without any say-so and then how long it took them to get their right if they ever did.

Try to imagine this if you can: **Two per cent** of the people own nearly all of the land. Read that once more: 2 per cent. And while these two per cent were having a grand, great time just because they **owned** the land, there were three **million** people working for fourteen hours a day, getting 50c for those fourteen hours' work! Among this great mass of people were many, many children of your age. Do you wonder why they couldn't learn to read and write?

Where did the money of these hard-working people go? Well, a lot of it went to the terribly big army, made up of officers and men who did nothing but put on a uniform and drew big pay. For every 6 men there was one general! Can't you imagine the big army of generals, then?

And now we are coming down to the third thing—that brings us right to the question of the schools.—In Spain, the Church had charge of the education. Can you imagine such a situation? It would be as though all of the schools in this country were not public schools at all, but controlled by the Church. And every year the Church drew \$10,000,000 from the State. And that money came from these hard-working peasants.

Now, you would think that a Church that drew so much money would be interested in seeing that the people got as much education as they could,

wouldn't you? But, as you read before, over **one-half** of the people were not given a chance to learn how to read and write and in some provinces the peasants were denied these privileges up to 80%.

Can you understand now how and why the people were being held down? Well, finally in 1931, after so many years of this oppression, the people held an election in Spain. They set up a government that would work in their favor.

And when you open your Civics book this fall, just see if some of these things don't remind you of what the basis of our government is:

The Spanish people decided that the schools and the Church should be two different things. "Let us have public schools," they said. Then they decided that land should be for the people. They voted \$10,000,000 a year to buy land for the people.

"Everyone has a right to speak his mind," they said.—The big army was reduced so that there were 15,000 officers less.

And this experiment went on from 1931 to 1933.

What happened? I'm sure you can imagine even if you did not know. All those people who had been living in a grand manner without doing anything began to be afraid that these "rights" would be taken away. The wealthy landowners, the Army, and the Church all banded together and rose against the people—against the democratically-elected Government! And the Pope of that Church, in 1932, gave his blessing to those rebels who fought against and shot down the People!

Not only did these 3 forces band together—who are really the Fascists—but the two greatest fascists of the time, Hitler and Mussolini, sent in their troops to help. And to top it all off, they actually got Moors, who are infidels, to help the Fascists fight against the people!

Can you imagine the Catholic Church welcoming infidel Moors to help fight against a people who said that it wasn't the business of a Church to own over 30% of the nation's wealth and to have a control of the schools?!

And so now it is over one year that actual hard fighting has been going on—the Fascists trying to capture Madrid so that they will proclaim another fascist government and the People holding them back—fighting so that **Democracy** will have a chance to live and be victorious.

Can you understand, then, how hundreds of those Spanish children will be faring about the time you will pick up your schoolbooks and march to school? Hundreds of them have already been killed by fascist bombs from Hitler's and Mussolini's planes. Hundreds of others have been wounded for life.

Many hundreds were shipped off to other cities and to London, where they will be safe from bombs. Many, many of these will never see their parents and friends alive again.

Terrible things have been going on and are still going on in a land where people never knew Democracy and tried to gain it.

But you, Edward—you still have freedom. You don't have to crouch behind barricades on your way to school; you can still speak your mind without being shot for it. But remember that you will have to learn to guard this freedom. You will have to be constantly alert to see that these three forces mentioned above don't get too much power and drag the civilization that we have achieved down to nothing once again!

Perhaps if you keep this thought in mind, you will see some real purpose behind your going to school and asking as many "Hows" and "Whys" as you know how.



Courtesy of Proletarec

Lake Bled in Slovenia

Some Authors You Should Know

MARK TWAIN (1835-1910), Samuel Clemens—What, the author of "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" a sad, unhappy man? Surely, you can not mean it. Yet it seems to be true. America does not honor thinkers, philosophers, or at least it didn't in Twain's day. So the heavy-hearted man hid under a shell of humor. Only occasionally did he break through and "turn himself loose," but when he did he produced work that will last as long as the English language is written.

He wrote many volumes, but most of them will be forgotten at a time when every boy and man, too, is still reading "Huckleberry Finn" and thousands of others, in their study of this strange, sad man, will read his bitterly satirical "What is Man" and "The Mysterious Stranger."

Other works, probably some of merit, were destroyed by his wife and daughters. They thought some things he wrote were too crude; that they might bring a blush to the cheeks of "ladies." They wanted him to be a sort of respectable old "stuffed shirt," and one wonders if they didn't want him to grow whiskers—in those days, authors were "supposed" to wear flowing beards and look as solemn as the Twelve Disciples. Twain's wife was said to have disapproved of Huck Finn, because he came of parentage not so respectable, because he had holes in the seats of his pants, because he chewed tobacco, and because his "old man" drank whisky and slept with the hogs when he got "good and drunk." No, the good Mrs. Twain wanted that her husband should make money, live in a fine house, and write "respectable" stories. God only knows how much Twain might have enriched American literature if he had not been a coward, afraid of his wife, afraid of the disapproval of his neighbors, afraid to "be himself." For no doubt his was

one of the finest brains America has known, and we can not but wish it had been completely free.

Twain was born in a small Missouri town near Hannibal. He learned the printing trade and drifted into newspaper work. During one of the Nevada gold rushes, he worked on a mining camp newspapers. He also prospected for gold, but those who knew him at the time reported that he was too lazy to do much at either. He was a pilot on a Mississippi river steamer for several years. When he became famous as an author and lecturer, he married and "settled down" in Elmira, New York.

If he could only have been free to write what he wanted, we say! Well, perhaps, "Huckleberry Finn" is enough to ask of any man. By all means, every child should read it. There are still libraries that are "simply too nice" to permit it on their shelves, but the book is widely printed and can be procured everywhere. (THE END.)

Seashore

THERE are big waves and little waves,
 Green waves and blue,
 Waves you can jump over,
 Waves you can dive through,
 Waves that rise up
 Like a great water wall,
 Waves that swell softly
 And don't break at all,
 Waves that can whisper,
 Waves that can roar,
 And tiny waves that run at you
 Running on the shore.

—Eleanor Farjeon.



Courtesy of Proletarec

C. W. TAYLOR

Oats



The Worker and the Boss, *the Policeman and the Hoss*

ONCE upon a time there was a boss. He had one hundred men working for him. He also had ten horses working for him.

Business was good and the men worked all day. So did his horses. In return for their work, the men received good wages. In return for their work, the horses were given a good stable and plenty of hay. Business became better and the men worked extra hours. For that they were paid higher wages. It became still busier and the horses worked overtime, and for that they were given lots of oats, carrots and sugar.

All went well.

Then business began to slacken. It got dull and the boss could not sell the goods that were piling up in his warehouse.

The boss began to think. "What am I to do with the men? What am I to do with the horses?"

After looking for a while, he decided to call the men together. They entered his office and he addressed them as follows:

"Men, I've treated you pretty nicely, haven't I?"

"Yes, sir," they answered.

"I paid you good wages, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir," they answered.

"I paid you higher wages when you worked extra hours, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir," they answered.

"Now," he said, "the orders have fallen down and the goods you made are piling up in my warehouse. I am sorry but I can't use you until the goods are sold. Therefore I must fire you. You are discharged."

With bowed heads the men walked out in utter silence.

As soon as the men left, the boss began to think to himself. Thought he: "I got rid of the men easily, but what can I do with the horses?" After thinking a while, he decided to do with the horses what he had done with the men.

He went to the stable and got in front of the horses and began to address them as follows:

"Horses, I've treated you pretty nicely, haven't I?"

But horses are just dumb animals and they only neighed.

"For your day's work I gave you a nice stable and plenty of hay, didn't I?"

But horses are dumb animals and they only neighed.

"For extra work, I gave you lots of oats, carrots and sugar, didn't I?"

But horses are just dumb animals and they only neighed.

"You see," he said, "business is dull and I can't use you any longer. Therefore, you are discharged."

But horses are dumb animals and they just stood there and neighed. When the boss saw this, he opened the stable door, and patting the dumb horses on their flanks, led them out of the stable into the great world outside.

Did you ever see horses walking alone in the street, without anyone to lead them? They walk sort of zig-zag. A policeman saw the horses. He gathered them and began walking up the street. He saw a man and said:

"Mister, do you know these horses?"

"No, sir," said the man. The policeman and the horses marched on. He saw another man.

"Mister, do you know these horses?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "These horses and I worked for Mr. Jones."

"Where is Mr. Jones?" the policeman asked.

"Come and I will show you," said the man.

So the worker, the policeman and the horses began to march. After walking for some time, the worker pointed to the second floor of a building and said:

"There is Mr. Jones."

The policeman yelled at the top of his voice, "Mr. Jones! Mr. Jones!"

Jones opened the window and looked out. The policeman said:

"Do you know these horses?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Jones, "they used to belong to me. But I couldn't make a profit on their labor any longer, so I let them go."

"Oh, you did," said the policeman, "don't you know the law about horses? Don't you know that it's against the law to let horses starve? Don't you know that when horses belong to you, you have to take care of them? Do you want the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to arrest you?"

Mr. Jones was scared by this and came down, took the horses, put them in a stable and began to feed them. The worker looked on interestedly, and after a while, he moved nearer to the policeman, nudged him in the ribs and said:

"Say, officer, you made Mr. Jones take care of those horses. I used to work for him, too. Can't you make him take care of me?"

The policeman looked at him in amazement and then said disgustedly:

"What do you think you are? A horse?"

—F. C.

The Strength of the Strong

By JACK LONDON

OLD Long-Beard paused in his narrative, licked his greasy fingers and wiped them on his naked sides where his one piece of ragged bearskin failed to cover him. Crouched around him, on their hams, were three young men, his grandsons, Deer-Runner and Yellow-Head and Afraid-of-the-Dark. In appearance they were much the same. Skins of wild animals partially covered them. They were lean and meagre of build, narrow-hipped and crooked-legged, and at the same time deep-chested with heavy arms and enormous hands. There was much hair on their chests and shoulders, and on the outsides of their arms and legs. Their heads were matted with uncut hair, long locks of which often strayed before their eyes, beady and black and glittering like the eyes of birds. They were narrow between the eyes and broad between the cheeks, while their lower jaws were projecting and massive.

It was a night of clear starlight, and below them, stretching away remotely, lay range on range of forest-covered hills. At their backs yawned the black mouth of a cave, out of which, from time to time, blew draughty gusts of wind. Immediately in front of them blazed a fire.

"So that was how we moved from the cave to the tree," old Long-Beard spoke up. They laughed boisterously, like big children, at recollection of a previous story his words called up. Long-Beard laughed too. He did not exactly say the words written down, but he made animal-like sounds with his mouth that meant the same thing.

"And that is the first I remember of the Sea Valley," Long-Beard went on. "We were a very foolish crowd. We did not know the secret of strength. For

behold, each family lived by itself and took care of itself. There were thirty families, but we got no strength from one another. We were in fear of each other all the time. No one ever paid visits. In the top of our tree we built a grass house, and on the platform outside was a pile of rocks which were for the heads of any that might chance to try to visit us. Also we had our spears and arrows. We never walked under the trees of the other families, either. My brother did once, under old Boo-oogh's tree, and he got his head broken and that was the end of him.

"Old Boo-oogh was very strong. It was said he could pull a grown man's head right off. I never heard of him doing it, because no man would give him a chance. Father wouldn't. One day, when father was down on the beach, Boo-oogh took after mother. She couldn't run fast, for the day before she had got her leg clawed by a bear when she was up on the mountain gathering berries. So Boo-oogh caught her and carried her up into his tree. Father never got her back. He was afraid. Old Boo-oogh made faces at him.

"But father did not mind. Strong-Arm was another strong man. He was one of the best fishermen. But one day, climbing after sea-gull eggs, he had a fall from the cliff. He was never strong after that. He coughed a great deal, and his shoulders drew near to each other. So father took Strong-Arm's wife. When he came around and coughed under our tree, father laughed at him and threw rocks at him. It was our way in those days. We did not know how to add strength together and become strong."

(Continued next month)



CHATTER CORNER

EDITED BY JOYFUL MEMBERS
of the S.N.P.J.

SCHOOLTIME

DEAR Children:—Again you are schoolward bound! I hope you are enjoying it. Of course, it is a great change from carefree vacation days. But who would care to have too much of the same thing? We soon tire even of good things. Variety really is the spice of life. And you'll have plenty of that during your school-time. Plenty of work, plenty of rest, fun and play.

Many of you children are just beginning school. Many of you are continuing. Some of you are finishing up, wishing that the "whole thing" would soon be over. Still others are entering high-school, and by the time they graduate they will be in the adult department of the Slovene National Benefit Society. I bet you wish you'd be one of them.

Yes, it was plenty hot in August; so hot that nearly every other person you met was complaining about the "in-

fernally hot" weather. But complaining doesn't help to change the weather at all. J. W. Riley, in one of his poems, says, "When it rains, rain suits me." Instead of complaining about the hot weather we should be complaining about the present social and economic conditions which could be improved. Man and science can't do anything about the weather, as yet, but both can do a lot about other things which are controllable . . . Well, the weatherman is promising us cooler weather now . . .

This month's number of the Mladinski List has been a bit late. Other pressing work in the printery had to be rushed through and this caused the delay. Next month's number will again appear on time. Until then: Study hard, but not too hard. Combine both work and play and enjoy them to the fullest extent, separately and together.

—EDITOR.

Dorothy Writes Again

Dear Editor:—Vacation time is here and this brings back your old-time writer to tell you of her past experiences. Before my vacation had started, I had many exciting moments in my school term.

May 26 I graduated with highest honors in the commercial department, Sophomore class of Wendel High. A fine group of ambitious students then said "good-by" to this alma mater. With a stage background of blue and

white streamers (class color) decorated with tiny rosebuds, a beautiful scene was viewed by the many who attended. The seats were arranged to form a "W" on either side of the stage; the "W", of course, standing for Wendel. Girls dressed in pastel colored gowns and boys in their new suits made this a commemorative event. To "top off" their apparel, a beautiful carnation was placed on each student and members of the faculty. The carnation was our class flower and our motto "Strive for the heights." A number of prominent per-

sons made fine speeches. At the close of the exercises we all sang the class song and had a recessional. A few moments later we marched back to the stage to have the group photographed along with the members of the faculty and prominent school associates. The following day, May 27, was Banquet day at the beautiful Mt. View hotel. During the course of the dinner, short speeches were made by the faculty and executive committee of the class. As president of the class, I now bade the class a pleasant adieu and made a very short speech.

Now for a different subject. With the beautiful days of this summer that have made this an enjoyable one, I wonder how many of you have had an opportunity to get completely away from the things you did the rest of the year? I know school students should think that an ideal vacation is a period in which one can rest, completely relax and get a better viewpoint of the situation. In this way you can see things in their perspective and probable return to work completely at rest in body and soul. Many of you will go back to your learning facilities, even as I will, and I hope that we can look forward to it as another year of success!

Of all the fine SNPJ affairs that have been sponsored in all parts of the country, I give considerable mention of a local celebration, the most recent—Keystoneian 10th Anniversary celebration held July 24-25 at Old Fair Grounds, Herminie, Pa. This cast-off country park (woods) made an ideal spot for the happy Slovene gathering who came from all branches of the SNPJ organization. The purchasing of tickets entitled one to refreshments and novelties at this affair. Martin Serro and his tri enlivened the hearts of the gathering with lively Slovene and popular melodies. The state of the atmosphere was hot and most appropriate for the occasion. Occasionally a dark cloud appeared—but vanished.

Rain on the evening of July 25 brought sadness to the throng of Slovenes who had enthusiastically indulged in this activity. But vital interest of the committee arranged to conclude the celebrating at the Slovene hall. This affair has contacted me with many of my distant and near-by friends to whom I wish to say a pleasant "Hello".

Reminding you to boost your magazine, the M. L., I remain, A Proud Juvenile,

DOROTHY M. FINK, Box 1, Wendell, Pa.

* *

Our Famed Highway

Dear Editor:—It is about time I'm writing to this interesting magazine, but because it is so hot and uncomfortable I can't get around to it. There is something in particular that I wish

to write about and that is our famed Red Lodge-Cooke City Highway.

We—the people of Red Lodge—are indeed proud to possess such a splendid road which is surrounded by the most beautiful scenery. I will mention some of the colorful things about this place. After I have finished let your imagination run away with you (only this is not an imaginary case).

1. A winding road with all of Mother Nature's beauties on each side of it.

2. The tall, stately mountains tinted in different hues.

3. Evergreens standing erectly along the mountain sides.

4. A clear deep blue sky with specks of clouds here and there.

5. A beautiful setting sun. Its rays forming a pleasing contrast against the red-orange sky.

The above are just a few of what you would really see.

I suggest to everybody to come here for your vacation because I am sure that you won't regret it.

Best regards to everyone.—(I am a member of the SNPJ Lodge 81 and am fourteen years old.)

ANNE SHEPER (SEPEC),

Box 605, Red Lodge, Mont.

* *

A Singing Club?

Dear Editor:—Sorry to write so late, but I was very busy. I am 12 years old and am in the 8-B grade. I was very sad when I parted from my 7-A teachers.

I had a good time during vacation.

The Ladies' Club of SND are organizing a Singing Club for boys and girls from 5 to 14 years of age. Mrs. J. Klarich, Mrs. M. Menton and my mother have a nice group together, and Mr. Berlitz would like as many boys and girls as possible to join. None of us are good Slovene talkers or singers but we all will do our part to learn. Every boy and girl is welcome to come. The three ladies in the committee are going to send cards and an item in the Prosveta when the singing will begin. Boys and girls, keep this in mind, how proud you will be, your mother and father, too, and also other people who will come and hear you sing, if we all take part and "Sing Like the Birdies Sing."

Mrs. Milan Medvesek came to visit Detroit and stopped at our house. I was glad I met her. When she told me she was a teacher I was more interested in her. She asked me how school is taught in Detroit. I told her and then she told me how school is taught in Cleveland. I would be so happy if she came to Detroit and see some places she didn't see on her first visit here. Any time you come to

Detroit, don't hesitate to stop at our house, you are always welcome. Please write to the M. L. when you have time, because I would like to read your articles. When we have a chance we will visit Cleveland and will stop at your home.

A Proud Member of SNPJ Lodge 121,
OLGA GORUP,
17806 Wanda ave., Detroit, Mich.

* *

SNPJ Universal Comets

Dear Editor.—On Thursday, July 1, the Juvenile Comets gathered at the Moose Temple for another annual outing. Here a chartered bus picked us up and transported us to Burke Glen Park. Fifty-five members packed the bus to capacity and we were all enjoying ourselves immensely.

We had lunch shortly after arriving there with plenty of ice cream for dessert and lemonade to quench our thirst. After luncheon was served we went to see the monkeys do their tricks. Later we all went to the playground and rode on various rides. The majority went then to roller skate while the remaining few watched the skaters.

We Young Comets hold our own meetings at least once every month. The following officers were elected for 1937: President, Andrew Yuhas; Vice President, Kathryn Blaskovich; Secretary, Tillie Puskarich; Treasurer, John Bregant.

At our last meeting the Comets' Juvenile Committee discussed plans for taking us to the Allegheny County Observatory. This will take place sometime during the month of August. I have never yet been there, but I will be tickled to look into the great big telescope and gaze into the skies.

In my next article I will write and try to explain what I saw.

TILLIE J. PUSKARICH,
Lodge 715, Universal, Pa.

* *

Young Comets

Dear Editor:—Not so long ago, the Secretary of the Comets, Lodge 715, gave some juveniles a good lecture. He said that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves since the Comets have more juvenile members than any other SNPJ Lodge, and yet he hasn't seen a single letter written by any of the members in this magazine this year. I agree with him, so I decided I'd write and wish some of you other Universal sleepy heads would write; or do you need a ducking in cold water to wake up? I hope not.

During the summer the juveniles went out on an outing to Burke Glen Park. All enjoyed themselves immensely, although quite a few came home slightly bruised. (They're the ones

who went roller skating and didn't see the banisters or poles in time to stop from bumping into them.)

At our first meeting officers were elected: Andrew Yuhas as president; Tillie Puskarich as secretary; Kathryn Blaskovich as vice president and John Bregant (my brother) as treasurer. Since then we have had several meetings. Three older Comets, Joe Caesar, Henry Previc and Max Kumer act as administrators at our meetings. As our meetings came and went there was a noticeable improvement in conducting them.

I can hardly believe it yet, but school will soon be here and I will be a Sophomore at Penn High School.

Penn High was just recently built and is not completed. It is as modern as possible and is one of the few schools in the United States to have an electric eye system. It also has a radio system throughout the whole building. The radio has proven to be very convenient and at any time, if the principal feels like listening in on any of the classes, all he has to do is set some gadgets on the radio in his office. Pity some of the students that are always up to some sort of mischief!

I believe I've written enough for the time being; don't you?

I, also, would like to hear from some penpals and will answer immediately.

Best regards to the Editor and Readers.

JULIA BREGANT,
Box 164, Universal, Pa.

* *

A Letter From California

Rear Editor: Since no one seems to write from California, the girls and boys in the East must think that we are all asleep, so I might as well start in and write.

This is not my first letter to the M. L., but I have not written in this magazine for about 5 years. The town I live in, Fontana, is a small community of about six thousand and is located about 50 miles from Los Angeles and 10 miles from San Bernardino.

There are very many Slovene people living here and we have two SNPJ lodges. Just about everybody, young and old, belongs to one of these two lodges. The people are very interested and ambitious in their work with the lodge and they have very many benefit dances and parties. We had a dance on May 1, and it was a big success.

As I suppose you all know, we live in the center of a great orange growing district. We own 2½ acres of Navel orange grove.

Fontana is all surrounded by mountains, except on the west side, and is very pretty in the winter when the mountains are all white

with snow and the great valley is warm and covered with citrus trees and beautiful Spanish style homes and buildings. Last winter was one of the worst California has ever known, but it is very warm and nice now. Most of the orange and grapefruit crops were ruined by the frost last year, but it looks as if we are going to have a beautiful crop of oranges for next winter.

Our school was out June 9, and I sure am glad to have vacation. Next fall I am going to go to the 10th grade. I have a sister, Violet, who is 9 years old and in the 4th grade.

I go to the mountains quite often as we live only 15 miles from them. I am expecting to spend a week down at the beach very soon now. (Am writing this July 12.)

They just built one of the most beautiful and modern theaters in Southern California here in Fontana. It cost \$45,000 to build it and the "Grand Opening" was on July 8. I didn't go to the opening night because it was too expensive.

There are very many beautiful new homes and buildings here and most of them are of the stucco Spanish type.

I want to mention in my letter that I was very surprized when I read Mary Pershin's letter to find that there were only 7 graduates in their school. When I graduated a year ago, I thought we had a small class and there were about 80 students graduating from the eighth grade.

I wish that some of the members would please write to me as I would be very glad to receive some letters.

Best regards to all,

ELSIE JERINA,
Box 524, M. R. No. 1, Fontana, Calif.

* *

Dear Editor:—I am writing in place of my brother who is only 16 months old. I am a constant reader of the Mladinski List. I am having a good vacation playing baseball, going swimming and playing other sports. I am 13 years old and am passing to the 8th grade. We have had many picnics at Ely Lake, where we go swimming. I like the Mladinski List very much. I would also like if some pen-pals would write to me. OLGA OSWALD,

626 Summit st., Eveleth, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor: I haven't written to the Mladinski List for months. I was busy playing and working at home. I don't remember how many letters I have written to the M. L., but I didn't forget the \$7.50 that I won in the last M. L. letter writing prize contest.

Recently, in one of the M. L. numbers, I noticed a letter from my cousin who lives in—believe it or not—Eagle Nest.

I had an enjoyable time on the Fourth of July. I went to Raton, N. Mex., twice. There I saw elephants, horses and little ponies. There was a circus but I didn't go in, because we met some friends and spent the time with them.

MILKA MILETA,

Van Houten, New Mex., Lodge 416.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years of age and in the 5th grade. My teacher is Miss Mary Menapace. I like her very much. My school is three miles from home. Sometimes I ride horseback and sometimes I walk to school. I live on a ranch in Gulnare, Colo. I live with my mother and brothers John and Joe and my sister Mary. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 201.

This is all for this time, but will write more in my next letter.

DOROTHY LOUISE RUSS,
Box 102, Gulnare, Colo.

* *

Dear Editor:—Nothing much has happened out here except that the firemen had their street fair or carnival July 28 to 31. It was a great success. On the 30th, they had their parade, which included firetrucks and bands.

School is here again. I will be in the 8th grade. My brother John (14) will be in the ninth, my sister Julia (15) in the tenth and my brother (10 in Oct.) in the fifth grade. Our school starts Sept. 7.

Through this magazine I have had 10 pen-pals, but only two (Violet Kenda and Albina Kozan) are awake, all the rest are asleep. I wish they would write to me, especially Bertha Botts. I will be glad to answer all letters. Wake up, everybody.

FLORENCE BREGANT,
Main st., Box 164, Universal, Pa.

* *

Commemoration of "Kres"

Dear Editor:—On June 24 we commemorated the national holiday "Kres", as in Jugoslavia. Many years ago the Turks wanted to capture the land which belonged to the Slovene people. They attacked many parts of Jugoslavia which was then a part of Austria. During this time the Slovenes were in great danger because the Turks came into their homes and killed almost all the people they could get their hands on. All the valuables were stolen and the homes destroyed. Many heads of cattle were also

stolen. The large fields from which many people made a living were also destyed. If the people who lived on the hill saw the Turks coming they would make a large fire to warn the people on the next hill and on their own hill. When the people saw these fires they would take as much as they could and go away. Large piles of dry wood from the forests were always ready to be set on fires. As a result of these attacks many men, women and children were killed. On June 24, a few years later, the Turks did not come any more. Then the people made June 24 an important holiday called "Kres".

This year we celebrated this holiday by bringing back old memories. We sang some songs while we stood by a huge fire. After the fire burned down we were told of the many adventures our forefathers had on this day. The full moon shined through the trees which made the evening more entertaining. That evening was so pleasant that I had to let my friends (the readers of the Mladinski List) know about it.

At this time I would like to thank Albina Kodek of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mary Lipovec of West Virginia for their lovely letters.

JENNIE PADAR, Lodge 580,
222 Wyckoff ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., SNPJ.

* * *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I'm sorry I didn't write sooner. I will try to write more often after this. There are five persons in our family. I am going to be a freshman in school. My brother, Louie, was promoted to the 6th and sister, Alberta, to 5th grade. I would like to have some pen-pals to write to me.

ANNE CARLIG,
Box 117, McIntyre, Pa.

* *

A First Letter

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the wonderful M. L. I have written a few letters before, but always tore them up. But now that vacation is here I've decided to write every month.

I am fourteen years old and in the 1-A class of W.T.H.S. (Waukegan Township high school).

Waukegan letters have been very scarce. I wish members would wake up and write.

My subjects in school are: English, Latin, algebra, and science. I like Latin and science best.

I haven't very much to say, so I think I'll close. I wish some of you members would write to me as I'd answer all letters. I would especially like members from California, New

Mexico, and States in the West to write. I want all of you to write.

A Proud Member,

LILLIAN POTOCHNIK,
1706 Tenth street, Waukegan, Ill.

* * *

Dear Editor: I am sorry I didn't write last month. This is my fifth letter to the M. L. Recently I received two letters, one from Mary Yugovich of Rock Springs, Wyo., and one from Eddie Smrdel of Cleveland, Ohio, for which I thank them sincerely. I am 17 years of age and am doing house work in Canonsburg. I have seven sisters and three brothers. My father and my two brothers work in the Midland Coal Co. mine.

We all belong to the local SNPJ lodge 138.

My favorite sport is swimming and baseball. I wish some of you girls and boys would write to me, and I will gladly answer your letters.—(Sorry—we have discontinued publishing snapshots several years ago.—Ed.)

A Proud SNPJ Member,

ANNA MOZE, Box 255, Strabane, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:—Because my first letter was published, I decided to write again.

I have much fun now that school is out and I hope everyone else has as much. When it is raining I sit in the house and I either draw pictures or write stories; I am very fond of doing both.

I enjoy reading the "Chatter Corner" very much. It has brought me some new friends. I received a letter from Sophie Suich and was very happy. It came two days after I got the M. L. I suppose they got it sooner than we did. I also like to read a letter to Edward by Mary Jugg. I find out some new things there.

I wish more people would write to me.

A Proud Member,

MARY GRILL,
R.F.D. No. 1, Box 158½, Bridgeport, O.

What goes through the door but does not enter the room?—The key.

When is coffee like the soil?—When it is ground.

What is it that walks with its head downwards?—A nail in a shoe.

*

Elsie (age six): "What's etiquette, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Etiquette is the noise you don't make when you're eating soup."