

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

## PORAŽENA NEČIMERNOST

SE metuljček srečal je s čebelo;  
norčevaje se, ji je dejal:  
"Smiliš se mi, reva, smiliš,  
dan za dnem le delaš, rogoviliš;  
jaz pa vse sem dni prevasoval.  
Vasovanje ljubim, ti pa delo."

A čebela je brzela na dobrane  
in metuljček je za njo frfljal:  
"Čakaj, nekaj še ti razodenem  
predno k oni cvetki tja okrenem:  
Hm, nemara me zavidaš, ker sem zal?  
Da, metulji! mi, mi krona smo narave!!"

Gosenico zdaj čebela mu pokaže.  
De metuljček: "Fej, to grda je pošast!  
Gloda, samo gloda, nič ko gloda!  
O pridna, čudna si priroda—  
ta pošast ti v silno je nečast,  
ta golazen ti lepoto tvojo maže!"

"O, oho!" se čebela je zavzela:  
"Tudi ti si bil nekoč golazen taka!  
Kratko pamet, dragi moj, imaš;  
niti svojega razvoja ne poznaš!"  
"Kaj? Jaz, jaz da bil sem taka spaka?!"  
—Sredi dneva je metulja noč objela.—



## Poletje

**N**A trgu so prve črešnje! Poletje je tu. Solnce žari na čistem nebu. Na zemljo pošilja žgoče žarke. Na vrtu, na travniku—povsod je vse v najlepšem cvetju in zelenju.

Škrjanček žvrgoli nad poljem visoko v zraku. Murnčki godejo pesemce v razorih. Kobilice skačejo po sočni travi, čebelice brenče od cvetice do cvetice. Metulji se love nad pisanim poljem. Zajček skače v detelji. Prepelica petpe-dika v zrelem žitu. Cvetice odpirajo čaše in se igrajo s solnčnimi žarki.

Čim više se dviga solnce, tem toplejše je ozračje. Tedaj pohitimo kaj radi v gozd. Ležemo v senco košatega hrasta in prislušujemo petju gozdnih pevcev. Hrošči švigajo semtertja po tleh. Plašni martinčki in kuščarji se solnčijo na gozdnem robu. Ptiči letajo po zraku. Love muhe, mešice in drugi mrčes. Donašajo ga lačnim kljunčkom v svoja gnezda. To je cvrčanja in čivkanja!

Ko se nagne zlata solnčna obla k zatonu, tedaj poišče vsaka živalca svoj varni kotiček. Slavček začne drobiti v grmu vsem stvarjem sladko uspavanko.

Mile Klopčič:

### NEKAJ SE GODI

**T**AM pod grmovjem  
je zvonček pokukal  
iz hladne zemljé  
in cinglja,

tam za gozdovjem  
pastir je zaukal  
veselo srce  
mu igra,  
zelena dobrava,  
zeleno je polje,  
in potok po njem žubori,  
nad vsem  
škrjanček židane volje  
pesmi drobi . . . .

—Kaj naj vse to pomeni?  
Zakaj ste brez miru?—

“Kaj res ne veš, prismođa?  
Pomlad je vendar tu!”

# Deklica v gozdu

## Pripovedka

**B**ILA je deklica, ki je šla v gozd nabirat jagod. V gozdu je bilo pa toliko lepih cvetic, da je pozabila na svoj dom. A ko se je spomnila, ni vedela več za pot domov. Tako je zablodila v gozdu. Ker se je že mračilo, začne jokati.

Sreča jo gozdna žaba. Deklica jo vpraša: "Oj, žaba zelenka, ali mi veš pokazati pot domov?"

"Kako naj bi vedela," odgovori žaba, "saj nikoli ne pridem iz gozda."

Deklica gre dalje in sreča zajca in ga vpraša: "Oj, zajček kratkorepec, ali mi veš povedati pot domov?"

Zajček reče: "Oj, dobro vem za pot do vašega zelnika. Toda ne morem ti ga pokazati, ker me je hudo strah."

Vedno bolj se je temnilo. Deklica joče in joče. Tedaj pa zagleda pred seboj v zeleni travi belo črto, ki se je vila pred njo. Bila je bela kača. Deklica sklene iti za kačo. In kača jo je vodila do koče sredi gozda. Tam je izginila v mišjo luknjico. Deklica pa potrka na vrata in stopi v kočo.

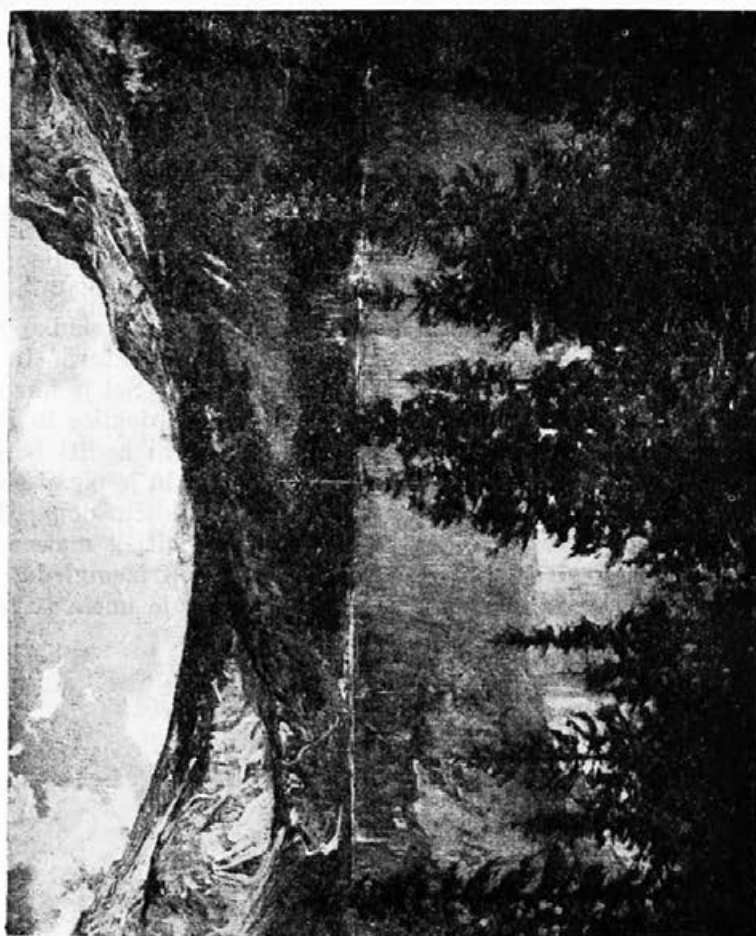
V koči so bili trije škrati. Imenovali so se: Dolgonosec, Sivobradec in Križemgled. Ti so potolažili jokajočo deklico. Dado ji piti sladke medice in jesti belega kruhka. Obljubijo ji, da jo spremijo domov k materi. In res! Dolgonosec vzame svetilnico in gre naprej. On je iskal poti. Šel je kar za svojim dolgim nosom, pa jo je našel. Sivobradec je stopil zraven deklice in ji je pravil lepo povest, da ji je bil kratek čas. Križemgled pa je moral hoditi bolj odzadaj, ker se ga je deklica bala. A imel je debelo paličico v roki in je plašil po poti nočne metulje. Tako so prišli iz gozda na ravno polje pred dekličin dom. Tam jo je njena mamica klicala že ves čas. In deklica se oglasi in hiti k materi in jo poljubi. Škratoma pa se zahvali in jim poda ročico, tudi Križemgledu. A vsak škrat ji podari oreh. Tako je bila deklica zopet doma in je imela tri orehe.

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Anna P. Krasna:

## MALA JE BOLNA

**N**AŠA mala je zbolela,  
in zdaj je vse tako otožno v hiši.  
Mucka sedi ob postelji z žalostnimi očmi,  
kužek pa tišči gobček med šapami,  
kakor da bi plakal.  
Polomljene in zamazane igračke  
leže po kotih,  
stara punčka ždi v vznožju postelje.  
Na omarici so razvrščene pomoranče—  
dolgo hranjeni niklji bratcev in sestic  
so jih kupili.  
Ali naša mala je bolna, ne mara ničesar,  
in tudi ne ve,  
da spleta topla ljubezen mavrico upov  
nad njeno posteljo. . .



Oliver D. Knox: SCENA IZ GLACIER NARODNEGA PARKA

Ivan Jontez:

## Prva knjiga

JANEZKU je bilo dvanajst let. Bil je v zadnjem šolskem letu. Marljiv učenec in še bolj vnet obiskovalec šolske knjižnice. Knjige so mu bile malone vse, zmerom je tičal v njih, če mu je le dopuščal čas in nikdar se ni naveličal listati po njih. Dokler je še živela stara mati, je mnogo pretrpel zaradi te svoje ljubezni do knjig; vedno se je obregovala obenj zaradi tega. Toda stara mati je šla za svojimi predniki in Janezkova književna ljubezen je bila rešena najhujšega sovražnika. Mati mu ni branila zakopavati se k knjigam, če ni bilo zanj kakega opravljanja.

Tisto zimo, ko je Janezek stopil v svoje dvanajsto leto, ga je obsedla vroča želja, da bi prišel v posest vsaj ene knjige. Imeti svojo knjigo — v tem je bilo zapopadeno najvišje pojmovanje osebne lastnine za Janezka. Imeti svojo knjigo, do katere nihče drugi nima pravice — o, to je bila Janezkova najbolj vroča želja. Ponoči je v sanjah videl knjigo, ogromno knjigo, stokrat večjo od njega, v tej knjigi je bila zbrana vsa lepota sveta — in ta knjiga je bila — Janezkova last. V sanjah, seveda.

Toda sanje zahtevajo pri ljudeh, malih in velikih, uresničenja. Tudi Janezek je želel uresničiti svoje grandiozne sanje. In tisti mesec pred veliko nočjo se je zablistala v njegovi mladici glavici rešilna ideja: butarice bo delal za cvetno nedeljo, jih prodajal in za izkupiček nabavil knjigo, **knjigo**.

Tiste tedne pred veliko nočjo je bil Janezek strašno zaposlen. Vsak dan je šel v goro, iskal med grmičevjem in drevjem zaraslih bregov leskovih palic, ki so potrebne za velikonočne "butare". Domov je prihajal zvečer ves razpraskan, kajti strmi bregovi niso hoteli dati leskovih palic zastonj. Ko je nabral dovolj leskovih šip, se je podal dve uri daleč v kokrske strmine po bršljan,

ki ga je moral iztrgati kronam visokih dreves, okrog katerih se je bršljan ovijal. Nevarnost je mnogokrat prežala nanj pri tem delu, toda Janezek se ni brigal zanjo, saj se je šlo za knjigo, za prvo knjigo, ki bo NJEGOVA.

Končno je bil potreben material nabran. Na cvetni teden je začel Janezek delati "butare". Po petnajst ali več dolgih leskovih šib je lepo skupaj zvezal z rumenimi vrbovimi trtami ter jih pod vrhom okrasil s šopom zelenega bršljana, ki se je postavljajal z lepimi, črnimi jagodami. Pri tem je ugibal, kakšno knjigo si bo nabavil.

Na vsakoletni sejem cvetnega tedna je prihajalo tudi dvoje knjižnih kramarjev. Eden suh, črnkast in puščoben, drugi debel, s trojnim podbradkom in vedno zadovoljno se smehljajoč. Oba sta prišla iz Kranja in oba sta imela na svojih štantih razložene vsakovrstne knjige; odlikovale so se te knjige po krasnih (vsaj za Janezka) platnicah, na katerih so bile podobe v najbolj kričečih barvah. Janezek je vedel skoro vse naslove tem knjigam, ki so bile na razpolago na vaškem sejmskem knjižnem trgu: Leteči Holandec, Sueški invalid, Bitka pri Visu, Poroka o polnoči, Sveta Genovefa, Tri kaplje krvi in celo Dama s kamelijami. V kričečih barvah naslikane naslovne podobe so se mu stisnile globoko v možgane; krasne so bile. In Janezek je ves teden ugibal, katera bo njegova prva knjiga, ki bo samo njegova in nikogar drugega.

Mati, revna kajzarica, ni vedela nič o namerah svojega sinka. Všeč ji je bilo, da sinek poskuša napraviti nekaj denarja z butaricami, kajti mož ji je bil odšel pred leti v Ameriko in ker ni imel sreče, ni mogel pošiljati domov dolarjev, vsled česar je bila jako trda za denar pri njih.

Na petek pred cvetno nedeljo je bil v vasi semenj. Janezek je postavil svoje butarice pred kaplanijo ter vabil kupce. V dveh urah se mu je posrečilo prodati del svojih izdelkov, za katere je dobil celih pet in dvajset krajcarjev. To je bilo za Janezka že veliko bogastvo. Pet in dvajset krajcarjev — to ni kar si bodi! To je majhno bogastvo!

Po zaključeni kupčiji je Janezek stopil po sejmu. Ustavil se je pred štantom književnih produktov. Štant suhega kramarja ga ni zanimal, mož je prodajal večinoma mašne bukvice in podobne stvari; Janezek je začel plesati okrog štanta debelega kramarja, ki je prodajal knjige s kričeče barvanimi naslovnimi platnicami; plesal kot maček krog vrele kaše in ubigal: Bi? Ne bi?

Želja, posedovati knjigo, pa je bila prehuda, da bi ji bil mogel odoleti mali deček. Navsezadnje je pristopil h kramarju: "Koliko stane tale knjiga?" je vprašal prijazno se smehljajočega kramarja.

"Poceni. Samo pet in dvajset krajcarjev."

Knjiga je nosila naslov "Leteči Holandec."

Nekaj minut pozneje je čepel Janezek za domačim svinjakom v travi ter čital SVOJO knjigo.

Domov je prišla mati. Poiskala je Janezka. "Kaj delaš? Si prodal butare? Koliko si dobil zanje?" je hitela povpraševati.

"Berem, mama", je odgovoril Janezek in v grlu je imel čudno sušo.

Mati je tedaj opazila knjigo v Janezkovih rokah ter začudena vprašala: "Kje si to dobil?"

Janezek pa (preplašen, da le kaj): "Kupil sem jo, mama . . . Pet in dvajset krajcarjev sem dobil za butare, pa sem kupil tole knjigo. Tako sem si želel svoje lastne knjige . . ."

Mati je pobledela v obraz in videlo se je, da jo je zgrabila jeza.

"Tako . . . jaz stiskam krajcarje, ti jih pa takole lahkomišelnostjo zapravljáš! Kruh, kruh, pa ne bukvice! . . ."

Brez pomisleka (če bi bila malo pomislila, ne bi bila mogla zagrešiti tega, kar je bilo v Janezkovih očeh malone zločin) je iztrgala knjigo Janezku iz rok ter pritegnila Janezku okrog ušes par vročih klofut. Janezek je zajokal, mati pa je naglo stopila v hišo ter zažugala: "V peč jo vržem, da je ne boš nikdar več videl, lahkomišelnež neumni! V peč jo vržem!"

Janezku se je stisnilo srce. Ali bo res vrgla v peč — njegovo prvo knjigo? Nemogoče! Tega ne sme storiti. Nikdar ji ne bi mogel pozabiti take krivice . . .

Nekaj minut pozneje je mati odšla z doma. Janezek se je s strahom v srcu splazil v vežo in tam v peč. V peči ni gorelo. Dobro znamenje! Deček je tipal v temi peči, preobračal dračje, ki se je sušilo v peči in iskal svojo knjigo. Končno jo je našel.

Ves črn od saja je prilezel iz peči ter za trenutek obsedel na ognjišču. V rokah je držal SVOJO knjigo ter zrl nanjo s solznimi očmi.

"Uboga moja knjiga, koliko si morala pretrpeti takoj v začetku . . ."

Kajti Janezkova prva knjiga je kazala vse sledove materine jeze.



# Jelka

**L**EPA tenka jelka je stala v gozdu. Višja je bila nego vsa drevesa naokolo. Visoko nad borovci, hrasti, lipami, bukvami, brezami in jelšami je dvigala svoj vrh. Toda zadovoljna ni bila.

“Vedno na enem in istem mestu stati—to ni lepo!” je dejala. “Kako rada bi pogledala v svet, kaj je tam daleč za gorami.”

Pa so prišli v gozd drvarji, zagoreli in močni ljudje. Zapele so ostre sekire. Zahreščalo je med vrhovi, in jelka je padla po tleh.

Odsekali so ji veje, jih razžagali in zložili na kup. In olupili so ji skorjo in jo položili vrhu razžaganih vej. Deblo pa so drsali po bregu navzdol v dolino.

Prišla je zima. Šli so s sanmi po jelkove veje in kurili so z njimi peči. Iz njene skorje pa so zmleli čreslovino za strojarje.

A deblo?

Jelkovo deblo je postalo visok jambor sredi ponosne ladje. In zdaj plove po morju od brega do brega in nosi iz kraja v kraj bela jadra.

Anna P. Krasna:

## KAKOR NJIH OČETJE

**N**A ozkih plečih počivajo mali tovari črnega demanta.

Po ritmu dela stopajo mali rudarji  
po hribu navzgor;  
moško, trdo, kakor njih očetje,  
kadar gredo z dela utrujeni, zbiti, nejevoljni.

Strma je pot, trd črni demant,  
ožuljena in skeleča mlada pleča.  
Mali rudarji počivajo.  
Roke upro v boke, pljunejo pred se,  
in globoko zadihajo—  
vse tako kakor njih črni očetje.

-----  
Jaz gledam male rudarje  
in jim želim:  
da bi bili kdaj jaki in silni,  
jeklene volje in svobodne misli,  
in bi ne klonili pod krivico—

kakor zdaj njih očetje . . .

Anna P. Krasna:

## Za par čevljev

**M**ESECA januarja je kupila mati Štefanu par platnenih čevljev, zdaj pa gre že proti koncu maja in enkrat čedni čevlji so komaj še podobni čevljem. Grobe krpe so prišite čez prste, a vzlic temu gledata levi meziniec in desni palec svobodno na svetlo. Zdi se, kakor da radovedno, vsak s svoje strani, ogledujeta okolico, po kateri tava njun lastnik, mali Štefan.

Kadar se ustavi Štefan pred izložbo čevljev in prebira cene, ki so označene na rumenih listkih, sta palec in meziniec nekam zadovoljna. Nič prav ji ma ne prija golota cestnega tlaka; kadar močno sije solnce, ta tlak tako neprijetno peče.

Štefan sam je videti zadnje dni zadovoljen. Manjka mu samo še deset centov. Čedne, platnene čevlje!

Podzavedno pomiga ob tej misli s svobodnim palcem in mezincem. In ta dva namah občutita tako prijetnost, da bi si pomežiknila, če bi imela vsaj kurja očesa.

Toda zdajle bo prišel vlak. Štefan te prilike ne sme zamuditi. Potnike sreča že na cesti, a to ga nič ne moti. Brž stopi k prvemu gospodu, ki ga sreča.

"Želite, da nosim prtljago?"

"Izgubi se, capin!"

To je vse, kar se zdi gospodu potrebno izustiti. Štefan hiti dalje, vljudo nagovori drugega, tretjega. Nič. Vsi gospodje so danes enako pikri.

"Ženske so bolj usmiljene", mu reče v možganih in že teče poleg postarane gospe.

"Težko nosite, gospa, pustite naj nesem jaz."

Gospa se nasmeje.

"No, pa nesi. Štirih sem se že otresla, pa naj bo, vseeno. Dobil pa boš samo pet centov in nositi moraš do šestega bloka v peti ulici."

Štefanu se za hipec skremži obraz. Pritajeno vzdihne, palec in meziniec bi pa najraje protestirala, če bi znala kako.

Do šestega bloka. Ho! Dobro sta vedela, kje je to. Skoro dvajset minut bosta morala torej trpeti to težo. In povrh vsega je ta stara ženska še tako radovedna. Zares ubogi Štefan! Brezdvoma ga jezi to spraševanje:

Zakaj bo porabil nikelj, kaj dela oče in če ne dela, zakaj ne gre mati delat, hodi li on v nedeljsko šolo itd.

Štefanovi odgovori so kratki, potrpežljivi. Palec in meziniec sočuvstvuje z njim. Vesta, kakor on, da je lahko klepetati, če hodi človek prazen. A nositi to težo tako daleč za borih pet centkov, je vse kaj drugega.

Za pet centkov! —

Milo se stori Štefanu in če bi ne bil navajen trdega življenja bi zajokal. A tako kaj bi se cmeril! Končno mu bo manjkalo samo še nadaljnjih pet centov in imel bo čevlje! Ob tej misli spet nevede pomiga s svobodnim palcem in mezincem — ali v nesrečo palcu. Nerodno drsne z njim v razrit tlak in ubogi palec krvavo zajoka . . .

"Revček!" vzklikne gospa, "le pusti zdaj bom že sama nesla, saj sem skoro na mestu".

Štefan se sesede na cestni tlak in tišči krvaveči palec v rokah. Tako strašno to boli; najbrž si je zlomil noht. Kar vpil bi od bolečine. Pa ne vpije. Mrko gleda v gospo, ko mu daje namesto petih, deset centov v okrvavelo desnico. In potem gleda zanjo in čisto pozabi, da čepi sredi tlaka. Iz grenke zamišljenosti in otopelosti ga zdrami policaj, ki pršeta mimo. On pozna Štefana in se prav dobrodušno in veselo smeje njegovi smoli — kakor da ni nič posebnega, če si mora mal siromaček tako krvavo služiti tiste bore centke za par platnenih čevljev . . .

## OČETOV KORAK

**K**O je hodil oče na delo,  
je bil njegov korak  
pesem dela in sile—  
takrat je bil oče orjak!

In ko ni več hodil na delo,  
je postal njegov korak  
odmev naše bede—  
zdaj je oče brezposelni siromak . . .

A ko pojde oče po pravico,  
bo spet njegov korak  
pesem sile v njem tleče—  
in takrat bo oče junak!

Anna P. Krasna.



Oscar Guss: JUŽNA GORJANCA

## Jagode

V GOZDU so posekali celo vrsto drevja. Nastala je goljava sredi gozda. In pusto in prazno je bilo na njej, a ne dolgo.

Na starih drevesnih panjih so poganjale klobučaste kresilne gobe. Široko-listne praproti in gorski vres z rdečkastimi cveti so se razrasli tu in tam. In gosto grmičevje borovnic in malinjaka in brusnic je pokrivalo goljavo. In kmalu so rdečele in črnele sočne jagode.

Danes pa so prišli otroci v gozd z lončki in košaricami. Pridno so nabirali jagod. Najpridneje jih je nabiral Martinko. A v njegovem lončku ni bilo nič jagod. Zato pa je bil Martinko okrog usten ves črn. —F. K.

Katka Zupančič:

### NAJBOLJ SREČNA

VPRASAL me je nekdo oni dan:  
Kdaj sem najbolj srečna bila?  
Kdaj?

Misel sili mi nazaj  
po življenja trdi poti.  
Prek strmin in jarkov,  
prek nevarnih spolzkih goličav;  
pa prek tihih polj, dobrav—  
polnih zlatih solnčnih žarkov;  
pa nazaj do doma  
misel mi priroma.

Tam na trati zeleni,  
tam na travi svileni,  
deklica mala sedim—  
svetu se vsemu smejim:

Moja je trata zelena,  
moja je trava svilena,  
moje cvetoče nad mano drevo,  
moje je daljne sinje nebo,  
moje je solnce in žarki so moji,  
moje je vse—  
ne samo bose noge.

Ivan Cankar:

## Iz mojega življenja

### I.

MATI mi je pravila, da sem imel kaj kmalu dolge lase in da mi jih je na temenu zavezala v šop. Sedel sem šopast na peči in sem cucal palec desne roke, dokler mi ga niso obvezali z debelo cunjjo.

Ko sem dosegel tretje leto, sem doživel najsrečnejši dan svojega življenja. S sestro sva bila na vrhu pri Sveti Trojici, ko se je prikazal lep plamen doli pri Svetem Lenartu. "Pri nas gori!" je zavpila sestra. Jaz pa sem rekel: "Teta Micka kuha štruklje!" Hiša je pogorela do tal. Rešili smo samo staro stensko uro. Ko sem jo nekoč naskrivoma navijal, mi je padla na glavo in ni šla nikoli več.

### II.

Prve svoje nauke sem poslušal v slavni enajsti šoli pod mostom na Vrhniki. Tam smo lovili kapeljne, ki smo jih nedolžne živalce za silo spekli ter pojedli z glavo in z repom. So pa v enajsti šoli še druge učenosti. Z mosta, iz krčme, odkoderkoli prilete često v Ljubljano različne važne reči: razbiti lonci, rjasti lijački, ponve brez ročaja — sploh reči, ki jih mlad učenjak ne sme in ne more prezreti.

Zavihali smo si hlače do kraja ter smo se napotili v obljubljeni deželo. Tista obljubljena dežela pa je nekoč narasla in je odnesla moje hlače, ko sem bil baš jaz v njih. Zdelo se mi je, da jaham na vodi in da se nebo vrti v sijajnem kolo-barju. Iz teh sanj me je zdramil krčmarjev hlapec, ki me je za lase in ušesa privlekel na breg.

Preden so me gnali v šolo na Hrib, mi je oče napravil lepo, novo črno obleko. Brat Jože me je vodil za roko. Tam pod hribom pa je bil most in sredi tega mosta je bila velika luža in v tisto lužo sem padel kar na obraz. In brat Jože je rekel, da nikoli ne bom učenjak. In brat Jože je povedal resnico.

Tako se je začelo moje šolanje.



## Gospodarsko orodje

ZBOLEL je gospodar. Moral je v posteljo. Orodje je bilo tega prav veselo, saj mu ni bilo treba več delati. Vse na dvorišču je počivalo.

Nekega jutra pa začne sekara tožiti: "Joj meni! Na zemlji ležim. Rja me je. Roč mi že gnije!"

Motika pristavi: "Tudi meni ni najbolje."

Lopata trdi: "Meni se godi še slabše."

"Ves bom razpadel," zastoče plug.

"Meni pa bodo izpadli vsi zobje", reče brana.

"Tudi mene bole zobje, ker so mi sedaj tako topi," zajoka žaga.

Klešče reko odločno: "Jaz sploh ne zdržim več, čeprav ne zinem!"

"Kolo sem izgubil," joče voz, "in lestvi sta mi že čisto polomljeni!"

Tedaj pa pride kmet, ki je bil že okreval. Zveseli se orodje in vzklikne: "Pozdravljamo te, dobri naš gospodar! S teboj in za tebe hočemo delati in v delu ozdraveti!"

Iz hrvaščine.

## Vrabc in lastovka

NA streho prileti vrabc k lastovki.

"Kam greš, lastovka?" vpraša ščebetaje brhko sosedo.

"Na jug, na jug", zacvrči ptica. "Ali ti ne pojdeš čez zimo iz teh mrzlih in neprijetnih krajev?"

"Jaz — zakaj neki?" odvrne vrabc.

"Glej ga bedaka!" se poroga lastovica, "saj tu ne boš imel ni gorkega stanovanja ni dovolj hrane."

Drobni rjavček odvrne: "In ko bi tudi moral poginiti, ne zapustim svoje preljube družine. Z njo hočem trpeti in stradati ter pričakovati boljših in srečnejših dni!"

## Trije kolači in ena štruca

KMETIČ bi se rad najedel. Kupi si kolač in ga poje. Toda še bi rad jedel. Kupi si tretji kolač in ga poje. Mislite pa, da mu je kaj zaleglo? Nič! Zato si kupi štruco in jo poje. In ko jo poje, je imel dosti. Sedaj se prime za glavo in reče:

"Eh, kakšen tepec sem, da sem zaman pojedel toliko kolačev! Rajši bi bil pojedel kar iz početka samo eno štruco!"

Po Levu Tolstem — S.



*Dragi čitatelji in dopisovalci!*

Mesec maj — nositelj prebujenja in vstajenja narave ter delavske zavesti — je odšel v preteklost. Mesec maj je pomenljiv del leta za vse zavedne delavce, kajti Prvi maj je mednarodni delavski praznik, ki ga praznujejo vsi po svobodi hrepeneči proletarci in njihovi otroci po vsem svetu. Letošnji Prvi maj je bil proslavljen mnogo bolj kot prejšnja leta.

Vse polje, livade in trate so odete z raznim cvetjem, pa tudi v gozdu in logih in gajih veselo majejo svoje pisane glavice tisočere cvetice. Vsepovsod je sedaj nasejano z rožami. Prišel je mesec junij, ki mu po slovensko tudi pravimo rožnik, ker se bolj kot kateri drugi mesec ponaša s številnimi rožami. Mesec junij pa je tudi prinesel vsem šolskim otrokom počitnice, katerih se zelo vesele.

Ne pozabite med počitnicami na "Naš kotiček"! Dopisujte pridno vsak mesec in pošljite vaša pismena zgodaja!

—UREDNIK.

#### DELAVCI BIJEJO HUD BOJ POVSOD

Dragi urednik!

Zopet sem se namenila, da prispevam en kratek dopisek v junijsko številko Mladinskega lista.

Kot je razvidno iz mnogih dopisov naših mladih dopisovalcev, so slabe delavske razmere vsepovsod. Povsod je mnogo ljudi brez dela. Nekateri ga nimajo, drugi pa štrajkamo.

Kamorkoli se človek obrne—dela ni in plače pa še manj. Nikomur izmed delavci ni z rožicami poslano.

Delavci bijejo povsod hud boj in vsi jim želimo, da bi zmagali in srečno prestali te slabe čase.

Sedaj imamo dosti časa, da lahko obdelujemo vrtove in sejemo seme raznih vrtnih rastlin. Sedaj nam ni več treba vedno pri gorki peči sedeti. Kajti solnce je s pomladjo prišlo visoko, da pošilja dovolj tople žarke na nas.

Rada bi videla, da se bi oglasila Anna Loncar. Morda ona nima časa, ker se uči na akordino.

Lep pozdrav vsem mladim čitateljem in tudi uredniku!

Anna Matos, Box 181, Blaine, O.

\* \*

#### TONČEK PRIDNO ČITA

Dragi urednik!

Želim prispevati mali dopis za junijsko številko.

Povem naj, da kako veselje imam do čitanja. Od septembra meseca minulega leta pa do danes sem že prečital 65 knjig. Najbolj me veseli čitati o vojnah in pa o zrakoplovstvu, da skoro si ne dam malo časa za igranje na prostem.

Anton Groznik,  
Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

## NAŠI KONCERTI

Cenjeni urednik!

Dne 17. aprila je imelo pevsko društvo "Cvet" svoj spomladanski koncert, kateri se je nepričakovano dobro obnesel. Točke so bile vse prav dobro izvršene.

Prvega maja je pa imelo pevsko društvo "Zvon" svoj koncert, in uspeh je bil zelo poljen.

Na teh dveh in tudi na drugih prireditvah se vidi, da se ljudje še vedno zanimajo za kulturo.

Letos nismo imeli hude zime, z delom gre pa zmiraj slabo.

Najlepše pozdrave! Anna S. Traven,  
11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

\* \*

## "BREZ DELA NI JELA"

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, da bi priobčili teh le par vrstic v Ml. listu, ki je last nas mladih članov in članic SNPJ. Poslužujmo se torej našega lista v polni meri in pišimo prav pridno v "Naš kotiček" vse kar je zanimivega, privlačnega in predvsem novega.

Kakor je razvidno iz zadnje št. Ml. lista, se "Chattercornerji" pripravljajo na kampanjo, da nas "Kotičkarje" porazijo s tem, da hočejo Ml. list napolniti do zadnjega kotička s samimi angleškimi dopisi.

Na noge torej, Kotičkarji, pa se postavimo jim v bran. Časa za to bo zdaj dovolj, ker se počitnice že skoro pričnejo. Iz dopisov je razvidno, da me deklice bolj pridno dopisujemo kot pa vi dečki. Na delo in nikar se ne sramujmo slovenskega jezika, ki je jezik naših staršev! Ne pripustimo, da bi slovenščina, ki je temelj in obenem poslujoči jezik naše SNPJ, propadla. Slovenci, držimo se slovenščine kakor dolgo je mogoče. Angleščina nam itak ne uide.

Povodom konvencije Ameriških legijonarjev so tu v Clintonu priredili veliko slavnost, ki se je vršila na dan 1. maja s pompozno pohodom z godbami na čelu, ki so prišle iz vseh sosednjih krajev. Veliko se je govorilo in plesalo, pa tudi pilo in plesalo. To ni bila nikaka delavska prireditev, ki se spodobi na 1. maja, ampak patriotska manifestacija. O kaki socialistični prireditvi ni bilo sluha ne duha. Tega so krive delavske razmere in sedanja depresija.

Naj končam za danes, bom pa še drugokrat kaj napisala. Dostavim naj še tole pesmico, ki se imenuje "Brez dela ni jela":

1.

Petelinček brska, kluje,  
hrane išče, se huduje:  
"Kam so vražji črvi šli?  
ni jih najti pa jih ni!"  
Reče svoji putki zbrani  
brskajoči mu ob strani:  
"Jaz grem rajše v senco leč;  
ker ne najdem črvov več."

2.

Ko odhaja še zapoje;  
putka sama dalje kluje,  
pa si misli: "Oh, slabič,  
ta petelin je zanič!  
On bi vendar moral znati,  
črve treba je izkopati;  
sami ne gredo iz zemlje,  
treba iti je po nje."

3.

In tako naprej modruje,  
putka globočeje kluje,  
končno prišla je do dna,  
črvov se nazobala . . . . .  
Ko večerna pride ura  
k petelinu pride kura—  
je nabita kot kanon,  
črvov 'ma želodec poln.

4.

On pa vsklikne: "Gromska strela!  
Ti pa srečo si imela;  
tudi jaz zobal bi rad,  
lačen sem, ne morem spat!"  
Ona mu na to poreče:  
"Le zapomni si sledeče:  
Če nasičen hočeš spat,  
treba trdo je kopat."

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in Vam!

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



Dragi urednik!

Najprej se Vam zahvalim, ker ste tako lepo popravili moj prvi dopis. Prosim, da tudi tega ne zavržete za mesec junij. Aprilsko sonce je bilo zelo mrzlo, nas je pozdravljalo s snežinkami.

Tukaj imam eno kitico, ki me jo je naučila moja mama:

Zdaj le hiti, vence viti.  
O mladina, zdaj je čas!  
Majnik pride, zopet ide,  
enkrat je mladost za nas.

Pozdravljam vse prijatelje M. L., kakor tudi urednika!

Pauline Fabec,

6910 Butler st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

\* \*

### NAŠ ŠOLSKI ORKESTER

Cenjeni urednik!

Prosim, da mi priobčite ta moj prvi dopis.

Sedaj je mesec maj in z njim je vse veselo—in z njimi sem tudi jaz, ker je ta mesec moj rojstni dan. Stara bom šestnajst let.

Imam dve sestri in znamo vse tri na instrumente igrati. Se učimo v šoli. Nas je vseh skupaj trideset v orkestru in smo se že precej dobro naučili. Jaz hodim v Delmont High school.

Mene moja mama uči po slovensko pisati in brati.

Prosim, da bi mi kaj pisala Frances Dolence iz Washingtona, Pa., in Audrey Maslo iz Clevelanda, O.

Pozdravljam urednika in čitatelje Mladinskega lista!

Mary Krizay,

Box 18, Delmont, Pa.

### POZDRAVČKI

**K**AKOR poredni palčki  
iz belega pisemca  
pokukajo pozdravčki:

Dober dan, tetka,  
nas so poslali:  
Francek, Ivica, Metka.

Nato Metkin z belim zvončkom  
veselo pozvanja  
in Ivičin v duhteči vijolici smehlja  
o solčnih bregeh sanja—  
a Franckov cingljaje z belo šmarnico  
prelepi maj naznanja!

A. P. K.

### POČITNICE SE BLIŽAJO!

Dragi urednik!

Spomlad je že tukaj. Naše črešnjevo drevo je vse polno cvetja (14. maja) in tudi dnevi so gorkejši. Počitnice se bližajo; samo še en mesec in bomo zopet doma—mami nagajali.

Vedite, da na 30. aprila je bil "deški teden" (boys' week). Tukaj so vsi šolski dečki bili v paradi in tudi iz naše šole (Stephen Girard) jih je bilo 48 in so bili vsi enako oblečeni, po modi George Washingtona. Tudi moj bratec je bil z njimi, žal pa, da dečki naše šole niso dobili nagrade, ki je bila lepa srebrna kupa. To lepo nagrado so dobili učenci "39. šole." Nagrada jim je bila podeljena za najboljšo geslo (slogan). To je bila najlepša parada kar sem jih še videla.

Pozdrav vam, urednik, in vsem čitateljem!  
Olga Vogrin, 2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

\* \*

### UČENCA SLOVENSKE SLIKARSKE ŠOLE

Dragi urednik!

Star sem 9 in pol leta in to je moje prvo pismo v Mladinski list. Jaz pohajam ljudsko šolo, razred 3a. Imam tudi enega bratca, ki mu je ime Joe, ali Joško, in oba hodiva v slovensko slikarsko šolo v S.N.D.—Moj oče pe dela že več kot dve leti. Prihodnjič bom kaj več napisal za "Kotiček."—Mnogo pozdravov!

Anton Puntar, 1074 E. 66th st., Cleveland, O.

V Groenlandu je zemlja slaba in zato postane tam krompir komaj tako velik kakor oreh.

Mihec: "Vidiš, mama, prav ti je! Zdaj si me okopala in odrgnila z milom in zdaj lahko vsak vidi, da imam v nogavici luknjo!"



## Slavec

V NIZKEM grmičevju prebiva najboljši gozdni pevec, ljubi slavec. V njegovem grlu biva stotero pesemc. Mile so in doneče, zategle in vesele. A le spomladi se oglaša. Takrat pa poje neprenehoma pozno v noč.

Težko ga zagledaš. Njegova preprosta rjava suknjica ga dobro prikriva. In tudi gnezdece si naredi tik pri tleh prav preprosto. Pa tudi njegova jajčeca so zelenkaste barve, da jih ni takoj spoznati. Tako se skriva pred svojimi sovražniki.

V grmičevju živi. Od tal pobira s šilastim kljunom črviče in gosenice. In ker mnogo skaklja po tleh, zato ima tudi močne, dolge nožice. Rad se koplje in pije, zato ga vidimo često ob gozdnih robovih.

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## KRESNICE

MATI, kaj so te lučke,  
ki skoz temo letijo,  
kakor da se zvezdice zlate  
na zemljo selijo?

Dete, to so želje,  
ki v malih srčecih tlijo—  
želje, ki samo v sanjah  
zlate perotce dobijo.

Oj mati! zdaj me kar pusti,  
naj me spanček objame,  
a ti čuj in preštevaj  
moje lučice zame.—

A. P. K.



Maffett: PROVINCETOWNSKA OBAL



# JUVENILE



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## NIGHT SKETCH

OWL sounds—piercing, intermittent,  
unflinching rent the atmosphere,  
And I awakened.

Barking—subdued, mournful,  
aided in the penetration,  
And I arose.

Through a distant window a single light  
Uprooted darkness.

Josh, the cobbler's son, had yesterday been brought in  
a long, white carriage.

Whizzing of motors, worn-out laughter, unknowing,  
continual, on distant moonlit roads.

Behind the window  
The light is flickering.

*Mary Jugg, Lodge No. 19.*

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## CONTENTMENT

By Catherine L. Barker

RAINY days are happy days  
For then indoors we stay,  
And in our mothers' old-time clothes  
We can dress up and play.  
First I'll pretend to call on you;  
Then you'll my call repay.

Or, underneath the table,  
We can pretend that we  
Are on a big ship sailing  
Across the deep, blue sea.  
And though we take long voyages  
We'll sail back home for tea.

## THE OPEN ROAD

By Geo. D. Thompson

**T**HERE is ever a lure in the open road,  
     As I follow its winding way.  
 Whether I follow it under the stars,  
     Or the sky of a sunlit day,  
 It calls to me always to follow it on,  
     And never to stop or to stay.

With many a curve through the rolling  
     hill  
 Where the woodlands border its side;  
 And birds are singing the livelong day,  
     And waters cool in the shadows glide,  
 Down through the valley's pleasant  
     land,  
 It leads away to the country wide.

It never grows weary this beckoning  
     road  
 And whether the day be sun or rain,  
 Through many a village and stately  
     town,  
 On by the farms and the fields of  
     grain,  
 It takes its slender and arrowy way,  
 Out on the wide and wind-swept  
     plain.

The road of the winter, gray and cold,  
     The blossoming trail of the May;  
 The road that leads thru the summer  
     green  
 To the lane of the autumn day;  
 They call to me always to follow them  
     on  
 And never to stop or to stay.

## I HAVE FOUND SUCH JOY

By Grace Noll Crowell

I have found such joy in simple things:  
 A plain, clean room, a nut-brown loaf  
     of bread,  
 A cup of milk, a kettle as it sings,  
     The shelter of a roof above my head;  
 And in a leaf-faced square upon a floor  
 Where yellow sunlight glimmers  
     through a door.

I have found such joy in things that fill  
 My quiet days: a curtain's blowing  
     grace,  
 A growing plant upon a window sill,  
     A rose, fresh-cut and placed within a  
     vase;  
 A table cleared, a lamp beside a chair,  
 And books I long have loved, beside me  
     there.

Oh, I have found such joy! I wish I  
     might  
 Tell every woman who goes seeking  
     far  
 For some elusive, feverish delight,  
     That very close to home the great  
     joys are:  
 These fundamental things—old as the  
     race,  
 Yet never, through the ages, common-  
     place.

## The Picturesque

FOR the most of us the tyranny of circumstances has placed the pleasures of traveling out of reach. The wonders of Europe are familiar to us only at second hand. Venice is but a dream city whose canals and palaces we may read of but never see; the Orient, a modern version of the Arabian Nights which we cannot visit save thru imagination.

But even in our New World setting, with all its crudeness, its commercialism, its lack of much historic background, those who have eyes to see can still discern the presence of the picturesque.

In the crowded streets of the metropolis, in the fantastic roof lines, the cannon-like vistas, lurk a thousand possibilities of composition, color, and design. The giant network of the bridges, the confusion of the wharfs, the glimpse of mast and funnel and passing sail, of the myriad colors of a market-place where

every fruit and vegetable seems like a dab of color on an artist's palette—who can fail to feel their possibilities for beauty?

And in the country, where nature has not yet been dethroned, how can one help finding picturesqueness? Our hills, woods, and meadows may lack ruined castles, historic legends and other Old World charms, but they still have the endless pageant of the seasons, the perpetual miracles of night and day, those subtle mysteries of the atmosphere whose magic veils can beautify the most prosaic landscape.

So every day and everywhere, if we only walk with seeing eyes, we may cultivate the artist's vision, and in the changing world about us, in summer or winter, in sunlight or shadow, thru mist or rain, we may find some glimpse of loveliness, some fragment of the picturesque.

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## ENDURANCE STUNTS

YOUNG Samuel sits in a tree  
As the Summer-time holidays pass,  
And ever so famous is he.  
(His father is mowing the grass.)

Young Jasper, thru all of July,  
By various vigorous means  
Is keeping a kite in the sky.  
(His mother is hoeing the beans.)

How nice, in a way, it would be,  
How just and essentially right,  
If father were up in the tree  
And mother were flying in the kite!

Oh! doesn't call for a yawn,  
That cheers so infrequently go  
For endurance in mowing the lawn,  
For patience in swinging the hoe?



M. Kalish: THE IRON FORGER

# The System

By Mary Jugg

LUCIEN Alfeldt gave the piano stool a sudden twist and whirled himself into the direction of the kitchen clock. The old timepiece always startled him into earthly consciousness. If it were not for those exacting time hands, he could enjoy the rapturous world of unreality shaped by chords of harmony. But now he was faced with stern facts—that there remained but ten minutes to his allotted practice period, that he was aware of the squeak in the piano stool, and that the key of D, long deprived of its ivory covering, had blackened noticeably. — Lucien loved his music. A boy of sixteen, he already nourished visions of greatness. Of course he was the eldest of five children, and chores occupied most of his time after school. Then, too, his father's occupation in the Plumet lead mines netted small returns, but times would change and somehow—somehow, he would devote his lifetime to piano lessons. Nothing could hinder him. Everyone marveled at his mastery of difficult compositions, and his instructor, Michael Eyman! Had he not said, "Such understanding! Such technique! You play not with the fingers; you play with your soul?" The statement was somewhat vague to Lucien, but it expressed his feelings. Yes, what dared to take away his very soul? And he struck up a movement from Chopin with the precision of an artist.

A year passed. Lucien sat at the piano, gazing through the window at the mounds of gravel—chat. In this little settlement of Silena there was chat everywhere. Rows of narrow, toylike houses, owned by an Eastern corporation, and chat in between. Its chat and wind and dust oppressed Lucien. Behind a chat hill, he could see the tipples of the "jack" mines. Box cars emerging on the strip of track

leading from it carried away precious ore. But for the benefit Silena derived from it, no one regarded it more highly than the gravel that sifted through the screen doors. Lucien's father had rebelled against the policy of the mine bosses, but it had cost him six months' work. During that time Lucien had discontinued his music lessons. Inwardly he hoped that future disagreements would be avoided that he might now progress uninterrupted, in spite of the lost time. He sighted Michael Eyman coming down the gravel path to give the weekly lesson.

"Lucien", he said, "I must advise you to spend more time on your practice. You have the same spirit, but you are losing in accuracy. To be great, you must sacrifice other things for your ambition."

Lucien had abounding admiration for this tall, commanding man, who wore horn-rimmed spectacles and always carried a brown leather brief-case.

He confessed rather wanly, "You see, Father cannot earn enough to support the family, and so I help out by working at the Corner Garage after school hours and on week-ends."

"Remember that when you complete this year of school, you are ready to enroll in the Conservatory. There you will have the time and the instruction."

"Yes, I understand", said Lucien.

Lucien was ready for the Conservatory when the Lead and Zinc Company effected another reduction in wages. According to the new agreement, the workers were to bind themselves to the "wage-earner's contract." Rental for the house would be deducted first, and sixty per cent of the remaining wages were to be issued in miner's checks, negotiable only at the company's

store.—Lucien willingly volunteered to help the family's income. He would go to the City.

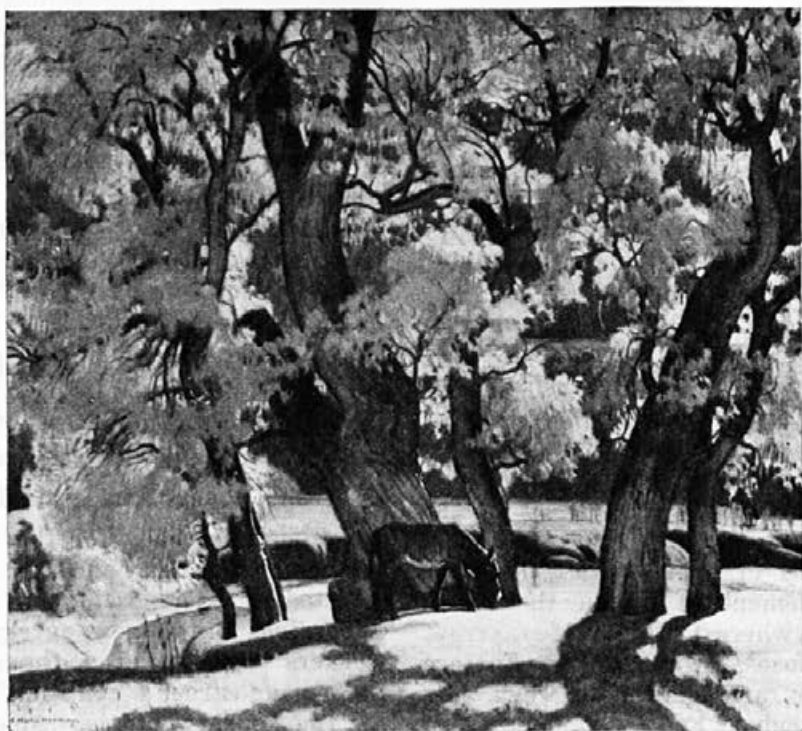
"It'll only take about two or three years", he said. "Then conditions will be better. During that time I'll try to keep up what music I can, and when I come back, I'll stick with it to the end."

The City did not secure Lucien's interest. It savored too much of the surroundings he had left. The tall factory chimneys were but magnified replicas of the mine behind the gravel hill at home. He was jostled about, trampled upon, and where was there room for his world of unreality? There were no concordant notes in the in-

cessant spurts and clashes of the boiler room where he was employed. His room in the basement floor of a tall apartment house missed the vaunting old kitchen clock. Music was furnished by the victrola owned by the family upstairs. And before a year had passed Fate determined his course. His Father had succumbed to tuberculosis, the dread of workers in lead mines. Lucien's talent was overshadowed by the struggle for existence.

Motorists see nothing uncommon in the business partner of Jack Strait, of the Corner Garage. Tragedy caused by the System is careful to obscure itself.

"Yes, gas is a cent higher today. And how about your oil?"



E. Martin Heanings: SUNLIT COTTONWOODS.

# An Adventure

By Anna P. Krasna

(Continued.)

THE COOKS didn't seem to mind or worry. It appeared as though this meant a peaceful and safe place for them. Very placidly they lifted the lids from the great pots and one stood ready with a dipper in his hand, waiting patiently for the "boys" to come for their meager supper. Soon the boys came with their mess-tins, and the aroma of freshly made coffee mingled with the sweet fragrance of the woods. — They kept coming, group after group, and we noticed that they were emerging from some kind of dug-outs. Ivan came, too, and was told by others that there were visitors to see him.

"Visitors?!" He was surprised, angry and pleased at the same time as he greeted us. We were overjoyed to see him, and immediately began to hand him the things we have brought along. And, of course, we explained how it happened that we had ventured so far to see him. We were also very anxious to know whether the good old cooks or brother himself would have any trouble because of our visit.

Well, Ivan didn't quite dare to predict about that; it all depended on the company commander's mood, he thought. It was foolish of the cooks to bring us down with them. They might have known from previous experiences that the enemy is usually on the lookout for the army kitchens; whenever they can blow one to pieces they certainly do it. And then no one knows when the heavy shelling may begin.

But not just the cooks, we, too, Ivan thought, should have known better than to take such risks. It worried him how we would get home that night. The sun was setting and we would very likely have to walk most of the way, because

the field-guards were more strict after dark than during the day. No, brother just couldn't imagine how was the crazy notion to follow his battalion ever conceived in our minds.

Ivan's comrades joked, while smoking the cigarettes that we have brought with us. They called us brave warriors and especially admired the little sister's courage. Any other child of her age would be crying in face of the approaching night and the long journey that awaited us yet. Such was their opinion and she was pleased with it. Together with their jokes their praise worked miracles on her already exhausting vigor. She laughed joyfully. It was great to be with brother even though we were tired and hungry and in danger.

Queer joy, this, but a real joy it was and we knew no regret in those happy moments. We thought the day crowned with success regardless what may yet come before the adventure would be over. The journey back, we knew, would have been much more wearisome had we not met the old kitchen-wagon. Now we'll have the satisfaction that the painstaking searching was not just vain effort. We had found Ivan, were chatting with him and his companions. Truly, for a short while only, but, oh! it was so good to know that he was not in the real trenches yet, that he was still well and—alive. Boys were dying like flies on a frosty morn in those days. We knew hundreds of them before they went "down there," and knew as well that in but few days many, many of them were no more. . .

Hidden deep beneath our joy lived the thought, that in but another few days many of these jolly boys now

gathered around us would be no more—Ivan, too, may be among them.

A terrible feeling, bitter thought, yet so natural in the land of death, for this beautiful countryside, stretching far and wide was now the land of suffering and death.

"Commander!" said a voice, awakening us from all our thoughts, stilling our words. There was the familiar click of the heels brought together to salute the officer, a few words of explanation from Ivan and a sharp command for the poor old cooks. They turned pale at the sound of the clear, stern voice, which rang out in a displeased, angry tone. But it could have been worse. The officer was not mean, he displayed his might in words only. He ordered the scared cooks to get away immediately and take us along.

What a relief! There would be no reports to the battalion commander, no punishments for anyone.

"Good-bye!" we said from the high seat of the turning kitchen-wagon, and a chorus of voices answered: "Good-bye." Even the commander stood there, looking after us. We knew, sensed the feeling that was in everyone. They were all human beings, like our Ivan, like us, and they wished to get away from all the horror of war that they were to face soon. In that moment we could see no soldiers, they were just boys, men, wanting, yearning to go home with us, go away, out of the dreadful land of death. It was a great realization that never dawned on us before. Never. And yet we watched regiments of boys and men marching "down there" into the land of death. We saw hundreds of them in the emergency hospitals, on the wagons as they were being brought directly from the front, wounded. There were legs and arms missing, eyes knocked out, skulls half brushed, ears torn off, etc. etc., pain, agony, tragedy upon tragedy till no one hardly paid anymore attention to it all. We were numbed, our feel-

ings like doped. O, war is poisonous to the mind, especially to the young mind.

Our wagon traveled fast and our thoughts were changing, turning swiftly as the wheels beneath us. Our feelings were now free of any dope, they were like piercing needles, hurting, cutting at every turn of our revolving thoughts. The sun was sending its last long, yellow rays across the meadows that we were passing, and behind us, past us, on for many miles traveled the low, thundering sound from the mortars, cannons, machine-guns and other modern means for destroying human life and property.

No one spoke on this journeying back, only when the sun had sunk behind the hills, the Moravian said sadly: "It'll be dark soon now, I hope that we do not meet any guards, they are devils, they'll chase you girls off the wagon."

We knew that, expected it, but hoped that it may not happen yet. If we could only reach Cernice before dark then we could easily walk the distance to aunt Theresa's place, which was not so far from Cernice. We couldn't think of going home that night, not on foot, it would take us more than three hours from Cernice and we were so tired already and starved besides. All day we had had nothing but few pears to eat. We wouldn't touch the things that mother had prepared for brother and we had money to buy something, even though it may have been that nothing would be available as it was hard to get anything but drinks in the wine-houses or inns near the frontier.

Hunger. We were used to it, we never did have enough to eat, mother was always thinking of the next day during those long war-days. So it really didn't matter much so long as we were lucky enough to be riding instead of hiking. But luck was playing hide and seek with us that day.

"Halt!" echoed suddenly through the stillness of growing dusk and luck again deserted us. A mean-looking field-

guard on horse was beside the wagon, hollering, swearing, demanding that we dismount immediately. So infuriated was he that he asked for no names, did not even look to what regiment the two cooks belonged. This was at least a streak of good luck in that haphazard moment.

Without a word we did as we were ordered. The Moravian was angry, he hated to see us being left alone on the road in an abandoned village, and a word of protest escaped from his mouth. Just a word, and the short horse-whip of the guard twirled above his head, landed across his kind old-looking face.

"You dog!" came from the ugly lips that were now purple with rage. We stood at the side of the road, trembling. It was a terrible moment and we were afraid to move or even as much as look at one another. There were no more words. The kitchen-wagon started to move again and we followed slowly, with tears dropping from our eyes in spite of ourselves. Our hands were clasped tightly and were as cold as ice. The guard stood in the middle of the road, watching so that we would not be taken onto the wagon again. For quite a while he must have been watching, for the wagon was long out of our sight already when we heard the hoof-sounds of his horse again.

"It looks as if we'll well remember this day, sister."

"Let's not talk about that now." Little sister's voice was almost a cry.

The road seemed endless as we walked silently along. But nothing more happened and we were regaining our courage. When we reached Cernice the moon came out and we began to walk briskly, knowing that our trying adventure was now nearing its finish. It wasn't at all safe for two young girls to be walking at night alone through the regions filled with militia-men. Yet what else could we do, but keep on going until we reach aunt Theresa's

house. We were exposed to dangers, we knew, and every time we noticed a mule or a Bosnian pony, or an ass that was grazing on the stony stretches of land outside of Cernice, we feared that someone may be watching these animals and see us walking all alone. Such awful things were happening every day almost.

The mule-watchers must have been all asleep or were not there at all. We didn't see any of them, although we could see now and then a tent pitched close to the road. An army-tent with soldiers probably sleeping inside of them. We thought them poor watchers of their mules, ponies, horses and asses and were thankful that they were such. Close to aunt Theresa's place we met a whole battalion of soldiers. They were resting, sitting in two long rows, one by each side of the road. We passed through and no one tried to stop us. A couple of officers flashed with their pocket-lights into our faces, asking us where we were going. "Home," we answered and they asked no more questions.

I don't recall anymore how late it was when we finally reached our destination. I remember only how we knocked wearily on the door of aunt Theresa's house, and how long it seemed to wait for aunt to wake up and open the door for us now, that the journey was ended for the day.

The next day we went home and were scolded by everybody in the house. Mother and father have been awake all night, worrying about us, thinking that something had happened to us.

Well, it had, although mother or anyone else could not see that it had. We were not harmed in any way, but our eyes have been opened. We realized that the war was not worth the prize that people were paying for it. We knew after that that there were no soldiers—that was just blinding—there were just that many brothers, fathers and sons fearing the real war, the stabbing, bombing, shelling—death. They

did not wish to die, they all wanted to live, they all hated war, killing; they wanted to go home and live in peace. Not one of them wished that the sharp bayonet or a hand-granade, or shell may end his life—everyone of them wished to escape the terrible death that such missiles dealt. And yet they were there, waiting to be killed like the bought sheep in a slaughter-house. So many fathers, so many brothers—

Why? I have learned since why. Because the working people do not trust in one another, would not unite their great might for their own welfare and good, but would die heroically in hun-

dreds and thousands and millions for those who are parasitic leeches on the huge body of the working class. But when many eight years old or older shall learn that it is not worth the prize we are paying for war, then there shall be no more wars and little children will think it barbaric to play war. They shall be told by their parents and teachers that human life is too precious to be destroyed in wars, and that there are in reality no "enemies" in any country of the world to fight. Everywhere there simply are good, hard working people who wish to live in peace, and work for their living. (The End.)



Eckman: WAR-DESTROYER.



Dear Readers:—

The beautiful month of May has gone into history. On the First of May workers of the world demonstrated for the complete unity in the working class movement. May Day, or the First of May, is Labor's International Holiday. In these times of unemployment and hardships which the working people must face, in poverty and want, due to the present capitalistic system which is based on exploitation and private profit, many workers and their families are in distress not knowing what the future holds for them. That's why they should unite and fight for their rights against their oppressors.

Out in the fields and parks and groves there are myriads of flowers nodding their tiny heads—proclaiming that Summer is here, that the month of June is here. With these glad tidings comes also the news that school vacations are here. School is out! Hurray!

During your vacation time don't forget the "Kotiček" and the "Corner"! Write a nice little letter to both!

—THE EDITOR.

#### FRANK IS ALL ALONE

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L., as I wrote once before in Slovene.

Our school closed on April 22. The Board of Education closed the schools in the country and now I have to walk to town school. When school was out I was promoted to the seventh grade.

We have a cow and I have to watch it and I don't like it very well. I am just having some good luck. We are making a fence to keep the cow in and now I will have more time to play.

I would like for one of my cousins to come over from Cleveland for a vacation. I haven't any brothers or sisters. All of us belong to Lodge No. 315 SNPJ. Work is very slack out here. I will have to quit, because others want to put their letters in, too.

Frank E. Morell,

R. 4, Box 126, Carrollton, Ohio.

#### MARY FRADEL'S INTERESTING LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

May is an International Labor holiday. Since May 1 came on a Sunday this year, the Johnstown Club No. 5 JSF held the May Day celebration on April 30. They had Com. Vidrich, vice president of the SNPJ, as a speaker. Mrs. Zabrie recited a poem; her daughter Vida also recited a poem. Since we children are like little mice, see everything and hear everything, I overheard a girl say that she doesn't like to hear speakers like they had there; she said she liked to hear speakers who talk about food. After the program the young people danced.

Since I didn't write an article for the May issue, I must tell you that we went to a dance held by the Meadowland "Trail Blazers." The hall was crowded and the crowd was very nice.

Some of the Torch of Liberty members went to the Harmarville "Ramblers" dance. The Torches who were there reported a wonderful

time. They said after the dance they went boat riding up and down the Allegheny River. They also said that it was no wonder that the other lodges which attended their dances wrote so much about them and their wonderful treatment, in the Prosveta.

Doesn't Frances Krbavcic have a good idea? She wants all the girls to send her a block with name, address and town or city on it. She will have a nice friendship quilt, if she will succeed in getting us girls to send her a block. Not such a bad idea, Frances.

One morning our neighbor was mowing his lawn, when he saw a wild rabbit's nest. He saw four baby rabbits and a mother. The mother and one baby ran away. We did not see the mother and one baby rabbit the whole day. That night they came back. We all were very glad, because we knew that the babies could not live without their mother. The next day the game warden took them away.

School will soon be over, then we will have more time to play and write more articles to the Mladinski List and help make it larger.

Before ending this article, I must thank the Langerhole family for their kindness during our short stay.

"A Proud Torch,"

Mary E. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

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#### "HARDEST WORKERS—BS"

Dear Editor and Members:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years old and in the sixth grade at McKinley school. My teacher's name is Miss Nellie E. Hart. There are three persons in our family and all are members of the SNPJ. I am sending a joke.

Question: What letters of the alphabet are the hardest workers?—Answer: The bees (B's).

This is all for this time. I will write more next time.

Frances Bradish,

2204 E. 20th st., Granite City, Ill.

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#### "TWO MOCKINGBIRDS"—

Dear Editor:—

I am going to write to the M. L. once more. I am fine and hope all the members of SNPJ are the same.

Here in Trinidad springtime is on its way. I took a ride around to see the farms the other day, and I saw many trees in bloom, and they looked so pretty and smelled so sweet. (Wouldn't you have liked to have been there, Editor?) The trees are getting green now and so is the grass and lawn.

I have a bird-house on a large tree and I enjoy watching the birds build their nest. Last summer I had a family of bluebirds in the same house, now there are sparrows flying around the bird-house. I have two mock-

ingbirds and a wild canary. They sing loud and sometimes sing at night. I am very proud of them. (Would you be, if you had two mockingbirds and a canary, Editor?)

I haven't much news anymore. School will soon end and summer vacation will come. I usually ask my father to take me on a trip somewhere. Last year we had a very nice trip to the "Garden of the Gods," to Colorado Springs, Canon City, and to the Royal Gorge. In Canon City I saw a large farm with fruit trees, which were full of fruit. I ate lots of fruit then, and grapes, too. I liked the trip very much, and I thought it was very interesting. But this year my father told me, in this condition we cannot go anywhere, so I am willing to stay home, and help my mother around the garden, for she has planted many vegetables and flowers. I am running out of words, so I will close. Best regards to all readers of the M. L.

Frances Fatur,

2201 Linden ave., Trinidad, Colo.

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#### THIS AND THAT

Dear Editor:—

I wish first of all to thank Mary Eliz. Fradel, of Latrobe, Pa., for the encouragement in the April issue of the M. L. Since I know her sister Jane, I would also like to get acquainted with Mary. I hope you would write to me.

"Strugglers" dance went over with a big bang. The entertainment committee certainly worked hard in preparing the program which proved a great success. The audience was well satisfied. The "Souvenir" booklets were very interesting and attractive.

Brother Joe Baumbich, president of Lodge "Integrity," SNPJ of Chicago, was visiting in Cleveland during April 15 to May 2 and then continued his tour through Pennsylvania.

"Zippers," the SNPJ English-speaking lodge of Akron, held their Fourth Anniversary Hop at Manchester Gardens on April 30, which turned out a great success.

Anne S. Traven.

11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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#### JULIA'S INTERESTING LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am fourteen years old, in the eighth grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Amos Boe. He is a good teacher. We have two more weeks of school. My father always asks me how many more weeks I have to go to school, then I tell him and he says, "Potem ti bo pa od pinkal." But, I don't know what this means.

We moved here from North Chicago, November 26, 1928. We had twelve cows, three horses and a bull, when we came here. The bull had a copper ring in his nose. I never saw a bull before and I didn't know what he

had the ring in his nose for. When we were eating our Thanksgiving dinner with the people that lived on this farm before, I asked my father why the full had a ring in his nose, and my father said, "Because he is married." Everybody began to laugh.

The first year my father planted one acre of beans, that was in 1929. We had to pick string beans for a cannig company. My back hurt so much from picking beans that I could barely straighten up. I was always asking my father if his back was hurting. He said that his back didn't hurt because he wore overalls. So he advised me to wear overalls, too. I ran home and put my ove alls on and I started to pick beans again. My back hurt just the same. (I believed at first that my back wouldn't hurt if I wore overalls, but I don't now.) My back will soon ache again (even if I do wear overalls), because we'll be planting beans soon again.

I wish some members would write to me.

Best regards to all the members.

Julia Krze.

RFD No. 2, B. 117, Greenwood, Wis.

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#### JOSEPHINE WRITES FROM SANITARIUM

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L., and I hope you will enjoy it. I am very sorry that I did not write any sooner.

I came here to Rocky Knoll Sanitarium, near Plymouth, Wis., from Sheboygan. You see, they thought I had T. B., but I didn't. The head nurse said the other day that as soon as I get a little color in my cheeks that I will be able to go home for good.

Your friend,

Josephine Androja.

Rocky Knoll San., Plymouth, Wis.

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#### HOW I APPRECIATE THE M. L.

Dear Editor and readers:—

This is my first letter in the M. L. I am 11 years of age, and am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Herlocker. I go to Union school, District No. 9.

There are six in our family, and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge. I have two brothers and one sister. I wish the M. L. would come more often than once a month. I like to read it very much. There are very nice stories, verses and letters in it. We entered the spelling contest; we were in class "C." We got second place and won a cup. My spelling contest teacher's name is Miss Kelley. There were six in our team. We sure had a good time.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

Mary Zovbi,

Box 269, Mulberry, Kansas.

#### LA SALLE, WAKE UP!

Dear Editor:—

First of all I want to thank all the girls for the letters they have sent me.

Say, what's the matter with you members in La Salle? Why don't you get down to business and write some stories, or songs, or jokes, or anything. Come on, all you members, and don't have other members all over the world think that La Salle is asleep. Wake up and write, write anything and send it in, just so you have done your share. When I pick up the next issue I want to see five or maybe more and if I don't, I want to tell you that somebody is going to catch—cold.

Well, seeing I have no more to say, I'll have to sign off until Niagara falls.

Albert Gergovich.

835 Crosat St., La Salle, Ill.

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#### HAS BEEN WRITING FOR A YEAR

Dear Editor:—

I have been writing to the M. L. for a year. There are three in our family, counting my father and mother. We all belong to Lodge No. 142. I have been reading the M. L. for a long time. On April 10 I and my mother went to a concert in Cleveland. Two girls about 10 years old sang a Slovene song.

When I wrote to the April M. L. I told you that in May, 1932, I would write in Slovene, but I do not know very much in Slovene.

Here is a riddle:

"What kind of a dog has no tail?"—Ans.: "A hot dog."

Best regards to all.

Audrey Maslo,

1241 E. 172nd St., Cleveland, O.

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#### FROM ASPEN, COLO.

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I am getting more interested in the M. L.

I have written to Julia Slavec, and never received any letter from her, and I have lost her address. I wish she would write to me.

I am sending in a grandpa's story. I wish I would see it in the M. L.

I wish some of the members write to me. I would answer them.

Kathryn Sparovic,

Box 472, Aspen, Colo.

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#### MY FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I go to Union school. I am eleven years old, and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Ralph Herlocker. Last week we had examinations; my average was 96. We entered the spelling contest March 26. We won a cup and got second place. My teacher's name

for the contest is Miss Kelley; she is a good teacher.

The weather out here is warm. There are 6 in our family and we all belong to SNPJ Lodge No. 65. Work out here is scarce. I wish some of the members would write to me.

**Madline Vesovisek,**

Box 19, RR 3, Mulberry, Kansas.

\* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to M. L. I am sure glad I wrote, as I received many letters from members. They all asked for my snapshot, so I am enclosing a snapshot of myself, which, I hope, will be printed. (Your snapshot is too blurred, and would not reproduce well.—Edit.)

Best regards to all members.

**Anne Gregorich,**

Box 196, West Winfield, Pa.

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#### A LETTER FROM OLGA

Dear Editor:—

I am ten years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Rodiger. This is my second letter to the M. L. I love to write to the M. L. Sometimes I am very lazy to write. I hope Mr. Wastebasket won't gobble my letter. Best regards to all.

**Olga Cicigoi,**

1241 E. 172 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

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#### HELPING THE UNEMPLOYED

Dear Editor:—

Here I am writing to our wonderful little magazine, the Mladinski List. I sure was surprised to see so many letters from Winfield, and I hope more will write. We had a dance on April 11 for the unemployed. Every one who went to the dance had to take something; it was to be a pound of something such as beans, sugar, etc. All the stuff they got went to the needy. We had a fine time. There was a large crowd. I think some of the members have read about the mines out here, where we have amusements. Will write more about the mine next time.

I wish some boys and girls would write to me.

**A Proud Old Member,**

**Sophie D. Brozenich,**

Box 680, West Winfield, Pa.

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#### FROM LODGE NO. 209

Dear Editor:—

I enjoy reading the M. L. very much, because it tells about the working conditions. I like to go to school very much. I am eight years old and in the third grade. The time is very bad. My father didn't work three and a half years. I hope some members would write to me.

**Rosie Dezelak,**

301 Lincoln St., Nokomis, Ill.

#### GLAD SCHOOL IS OUT

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading it very much.

Our school was out April 29. We had a picnic and after the picnic we had a program. This year our teacher got a band for the first, second, third and fourth grade.

I am very glad school is out.

We live on a farm of 13 acres. We raise many chickens. We also raise pigs and cows. This year I have my own garden.

Best regards to the Editor and readers.

**Mili Brauch, Fancy Prairie, Ill.**

\* \*

#### LIVES ON A FARM

Dear Editor:—

We live on a farm of 25 acres. We raise many pigs and chickens. I have a pet calf; it is red. I have two cats and four kittens. Here is a joke:

Garage mechanic: "These new dollar bills are the bunk."

His friend: "Whv so, Bill? I like 'em."

G. M.: "They are so small you can't wipe your hands on 'em with any satisfaction at all."

I wish some of the members would write to me, for I would gladly answer their letters.

**Felicita Brouch, Fancy Prairie, Ill.**

\* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. Times out here are very bad. I am in the sixth grade in Orient school. We have four teachers. Our principal's name is Mr. Dillor. Four in our family are in the SNPJ. All of us are girls. I will write more next time.

**Josephine Skoke,**

Box 695, Orient, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—

I should have written sooner, but didn't have very much time, because I have so much school work to do. I am in the fifth and sixth grades in school this year. This is my second letter I am writing to M. L. I like M. L. so well that I wish it were published every second day at least. It has wonderful jokes, letters, and stories.

Our school was out on April 29. My teacher's name is Mrs. Nelson. She is a good teacher. The weather is nice around here. But work is scarce.

We will have a school picnic last day of school, maybe I will write and tell about it next time. There are thirty-two pupils in our school room.

I hope some of the members of SNPJ would wake up around this part of Pennsylvania.

We heard the Slovene people sing over the radio station WTAM from Cleveland April 5.

We all liked the program very much. I hope they will sing again soon.

I read all the Slovene letters in M. L. every time, I know how to read in Slovene, but can not write. I wish some boys and girls would write to me. Best regards to all readers and Editor.

Anna Ulyon, Clarendon, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I read the M. L. all the time and I enjoy reading it.

I am 15 years old, 5 ft. 5, and I have black hair and blue eyes.

I like to write letters, also receive them, so come on, all you girls and boys, and write to me.

I will write more next time.

Katie Riassetto,  
Box 127, Norris, Ill.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is the second letter I have written to the M. L.

I am fifteen years old and stay home and help with the work.

I wish some of the boys and girls would write to me as I get lonesome and love to receive letters and also write them.

I will write more next time, hoping to receive lots of letters.

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

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

It snowed all day on Apr. 12. It melted the next day. It was very cold then.

I wish some of the boys and girls of Strabane would write to the M. L. I also wish some of the members would write to me.

Albina Oklessen (age 10),  
Box 164, Strabane, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to M. L. I enjoy reading it very much. I am 10 years old and in fifth grade in Alexander school. We have a soup kitchen in the basement of our school.

Best regards to all. Lillian Kosmach,  
Box 172, Strabane, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is the third letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading the letters, poems, jokes, and stories. I don't see why the children around here don't write to this nice little magazine. But I think if I would start they would write, too. I am ten years of age, and in the 5th grade in school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Pine, and she is very good.

Best regards to all.

Antonia Usenicnik, Box 125, Krayn, Pa.

## A LETTER FROM A YOUNG FARMER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I live on a farm about four miles from the city of Eveleth. Here on the farm we have some chickens and some cows and a few calves. With the calves I have lots of fun. We raise potatoes, carrots, beets, turnips, and rhubarb, too.

Best regards to all the members.

Mary Skraba,  
Box 231, Eveleth, Minn.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to M. L. I am eight years old and in 3rd grade. My teacher's name is Miss Darby. I took my magazine to school and my teacher read it to all the pupils. I have two other brothers going to school, Joseph and Ernest.

Best regards to all Juvenile members and also to the Editor.

Theodore W. Pavlovich,  
Box 41, Uniontown, Pa.

\* \*

## FROM UNIONTOWN, PA.

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. this year. My teacher's name is Mr. Hudoc. We are all in the Lodge No. 326, except my sister and my little two month old brother.

Best regards to all.

Joseph B. Pavlovich,  
Box 41, Uniontown, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading it very much. Since I haven't seen any letters from Willock I decided to write, maybe they'll wake up and write, too.

The work is scarce in Willock, but my father and brother work every day, except on Sundays. My father has an auto wrecking business in Hays, Pa. He gets many cars in and wrecks them.

I am sixteen years of age, but I do not go to school anymore, because I was needed at home.

I have three brothers and two sisters. We all belong to Lodge No. 36.

The Slovene Hall here in Willock has a new hard wood dancing floor. Also a new sidewalk. I can hardly wait for another dance to try the floor out.

I wish some of the boys and girls of my age would write to me.

Elizabeth Mirt,  
Box 83, Willock, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

It looks like there are not many SNPJ boosters in Aliquippa. Very seldom is there an article from here. What's the matter, Aliquippa? Come on and make yourselves known. Don't you want anyone to know you are existing?

We have two lodges in Aliquippa, Grozd and the Excelsiors. April 9 the Excelsiors held a dance which was a success. Many neighboring lodges attended.

I would very much like to correspond with other SNPJ members.

Hoping to see a few articles from Aliquippa in the next issue, I remain,

Anna Groznic, 141 1/2 Main ave.,  
West Aliquippa, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I am glad I saw my letter in M. L. May is here and I am glad of it. We have seen many flowers. Now I can sit up in the tree and hear the birds sing. The trees have little leaves. The grass is all green.

We can play on it and sit in the sunshine.

Best regards to all.

Victor Tomsic, Walsen, Colo.

## SOUTH PARK

Dear Editor:—

This time I'll describe the South Park which is about two miles from Library. It has 3 swimming pools, which I enjoy swimming in the most. They have deer and buffalo there and many other interesting things in it. There is a large crowd of people there every summer. Apr. 29, 1932, we girls went on a hike with our teacher to South Park. We had a good time.

Best wishes to the Editor and readers.

Dorothy Skraba, Box 142, Library, Pa.

**Domestic Note.** "Joe, did you bring home that pane of glass for the kitchen window?"

Joe: "I did not! I was after a 12x14 and all they had was 14x12."

Mrs. Joe: "You poor boob! Why didn't you take it? You could put it in sideways, couldn't you?"

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Father: "How are you getting on at school?"

Son: "Dad, need we always talk shop?"



Carl Schmitt: PICNIC