

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

PISMO

PETER pismo piše
daleč tja v Oregon;
bratu svojemu oriše
glavno mesto Washington.

— Parki, krasne stavbe, bulevarji,
Bela hiša, kapitol;
vse zgradili so dolarji,
roke naše, naša bol.

Od lepote tega mesta —
kaj od nje imamo mi?
Cesta naša je, le cesta;
tod si, lačni, pasemo oči.

Vračamo se trudnega koraka
tja, kjer mestne so smeti;
tam je, veš, naš Washington — baraka,
tam mi stiskamo pesti.

Bodi v Washingtonu,
bodi kod drugod,
kakor v Oregonu,
slabo je za nas povsod.



TOLAŽBA

Nič ne maraj, mamica, ker mi nimaš s čim kupiti čevljev.

Saj če bi tudi v šolo šel, bi se nič ne naučil —
ves dan bi sedel tam in bi mislil nate.

Bal bi se, da ti je mraz ali da se žalostiš,
ker mi ne moreš pripraviti boljšega kosilca.

Tako pa sva skupaj in kramljava
ter pozabiva na vso revščino.

Ti si moja učiteljica,
jaz pa sem poslušen, ker znaš tako lepo učiti.

Kadar me pustiš samega, gledam snežinke skozi okno
in mislim si, kako bi bilo lepo, če bi imel sanke in čevlje
kakor drugi otroci —

Samo mislim, mamica, in sem vesel, ker vem,
da bi jih imel, če bi bilo po tvojem.

Pa si mi povedala, da je svet sebičen in mrzel,
in bolj ljubi denar kakor revne otroke in njih mamice.

Zato sem postal pogumen, mamica,
kakor tisti Spartak, o katerem si mi pripovedovala.

In če bi ne bil bos, bi šel ta trenutek
in bi izbral revne malčke in njih mamice
ter bi z bogastvom njih ljubezni ogrel sebični in mrzli svet. . .

Ana P. Krasna.



Ivan Jontez:

Teta Ana

MAJHNA, koščena, sključena ženica sivih las in obraza, ki sliči ovenjenemu, zgrbančenemu jabolku. Iz brazd, ki se vse križem vlečejo po njenem obrazu in ga vlečejo skupaj, sije bolest. V globoko vdrtih, rdeče obrobjenih in zmerom solznih očeh tli nekaj pekočega: razjedajoča žalost nad nečim, kar je bilo teti Ani zelo, zelo drago, a je za njo za vedno izgubljeno.

Nekoč je bila teta Ana mati dveh srčkanih, pridnih otrok: Janezka in Anice. Takrat je živela v veliki rudarski naselbini, kjer je njen mož Janez pod zemljo ril z rovnico, s katero je črnim premogovim skladom skušal iztrgati potrebni vsakdanji kruh zase in za svoje drage. Trdo je delal v temnih podzemeljskih rovih, toda ni mu bilo žal trpljenja, saj je delal in trpel ne-le zase, marveč tudi za svoje drage: za ženo in otroka. In njegovo delo ni bilo zaman. Čeprav ni dobil vsega, kar mu je šlo po pravici, je vendar zaslužil toliko, da jim ni bilo treba trpeti pomanjkanja. In je bil vzlic vsemu neprijetnemu srečen in srečni so bili njegovi: žena in otroka.

Nekega dne pa je sreča, ki ga je dotlej varovala, za kratek hip odšla iz temnega rova, v katerem se je Janez boril s črnimi skladi—in tisti hip je oče Aninih otrok obležal pod sovražnimi premogovimi skladi—strt, mrtev.

Ana je pretočila reke solza, ki si jih dveletni Janezek ni mogel razložiti, petletna Anica, ki je že slutila, da izguba očeta pomeni nekaj strašnega, se je pridružila materi ter z njo objokavala izgubo očeta in rednika. Toda solze ga niso mogle priklicati iz temnega groba. In mala družinica je hotela kruha. Ana se je vzdramila iz težke žalosti in si zasukala rokave. Sama je bila, nikogar, ki bi ji pomagal, sama si je morala pomagati.

Naloga, ki se je je Ana polotila, je bila težka. Ana je bila slabotna ženska—v rudnik ni mogla iti delat. Drugega dela je bilo malo in tako slabo plačano. Toda žena ni obupala. Zaupala je vase, verjela, da bo zmagala: preživela svoja ljubljena otroka in ju oblačila, dokler ne dorasteta.

Pet let se je hrabro borila s pomanjkanjem in gladom. Potem je vzelo Janezka: jetika ga je umorila (in jetiko je pripeljalo v hišo pomanjkanje). Ana je začela kloniti pod težo neusmiljene usode, toda še je imela malo Anico, ki jo je ob urah obupa lepo bodrila: "Mama, saj bom jaz kmalu velika, potem ti bom jaz pomagala in nama bo lepše živeti."

In je Anica res dorasla in pomagala svoji materi nositi težko breme. Dve leti je delala v zaduhli tovarni, tretje leto pa je šla za bratcem v grob. Tega je tudi nji izkopala sušica. Stradanje v zgodnji mladosti in potem delo v zatohli, zaprašeni tovarni in pomanjkanje solnca jo je napravilo dovzetno za zavratno smrtno bolezen.

Od takrat je bilo življenje za Ano brez pomena. Umrla bi bila rada, toda nje smrt še ni marala. Še je morala živeti, delati in trpeti. Toda njenega življenja ni bilo več vredno imenovati življenje, ker je le bedno životarila. Tudi njena zavest jedva životari. Življenje jo je pretrdo teplo.

Pred par leti so se je usmilili dobri ljudje, sami delavci. Mož in žena delata v tovarni, teta Ana doma varuje otroke, ki jo imajo zelo radi. Dobra je z njimi, posebno ji je pri srcu mali Mihec. Ta jo spominja njenega malega Janezka, ki že dolgo trohni v grobu. Otroci so se z njo sprijaznili in tudi njenim večno mokrim očem in žalost-

nemu ognju, ki tli v njih, so se že privadili. Drugačne je ne poznajo. Tudi njihovi starši jo imajo radi in smili se jim, ker vedo za njeno nesrečo. Teta Ana pa se briga samo za otroke, vse drugo ji ni dosti mar. Nekateri sosedje menijo, da ni pri zdravi pameti, in morda res ni več, toda nauk, ki ga vceplja Mihcu v dušo, je zdrav:

“Mihec, ko boš zrastel in boš velik mož, se boš moral postaviti za našo pra-

vico. Nam je niso dali. Sinka sem imela in hčerko, tako lepa in dobra sta bila, pa mi niso hoteli pomagati, ko nam je rudnik vzel očeta. In oba sta morala umreti. To ni bilo po pravici! Kajne, Mihec, ko boš ti velik, bo drugače? Takrat sirotam ne bo treba umirati od vsega hudega, kajneda ne?”

In Mihec stisne male roke v pesti in pravi: “Ne, teta, takrat bo drugače . . .”

Da bi le bilo . . .

Stavbni rokodelci

STANOVALI smo pri Ribičevih. Kako smo bili veseli otroci, ko nam pove oče, da bomo imeli prihodnje leto lastno hišo—svoj dom.

Oče kupi kos zemljišča. Priprave se prično. Stavbenik premeri stavbišče in napravi načrt za hišo. Vozniki dovažajo kamenje, opeko, apno in pesek.

In ko nastopi pomlad, začno delavci kopati temeljne jame. Pridejo zidarji in začno zidati. Da bo hiša trdno stala, napravijo najprvo temeljne zidove. Polagajo v jamo velike kamene in jih mažejo z malto. Malta je mešanica iz apna, peska in vode. Z malto vežejo kamene med seboj. Temelj je bil kmalu gotov. Zidovi se že dvigajo nad zemljo. Zidarji obdelavajo kamenje in opeko s kladivom ter dalje gradijo zidove. Z grezilom merijo, da bodo zidovi stali navpično. Z grebljico preizkušajo, da bodo zidovi ležali vodoravno. Ker se je zidovje vedno bolj dvigalo, napravijo okolo njega iz tramov in desek oder. Na odru nadaljujejo zidanje. Hiša je bila kmalu do vrha sezidana. Delo zidarjev je nadzoroval polir, ki je dajal zidarjem vsa potrebna navodila. Ko dozidajo hišo, privežejo vrhu odra z zastavicami okrašen smrečji vršček. Veselo so zastavice plapolale v vetru. Naznanjale so daleč naokrog, da je delo zidarjev dovršeno.

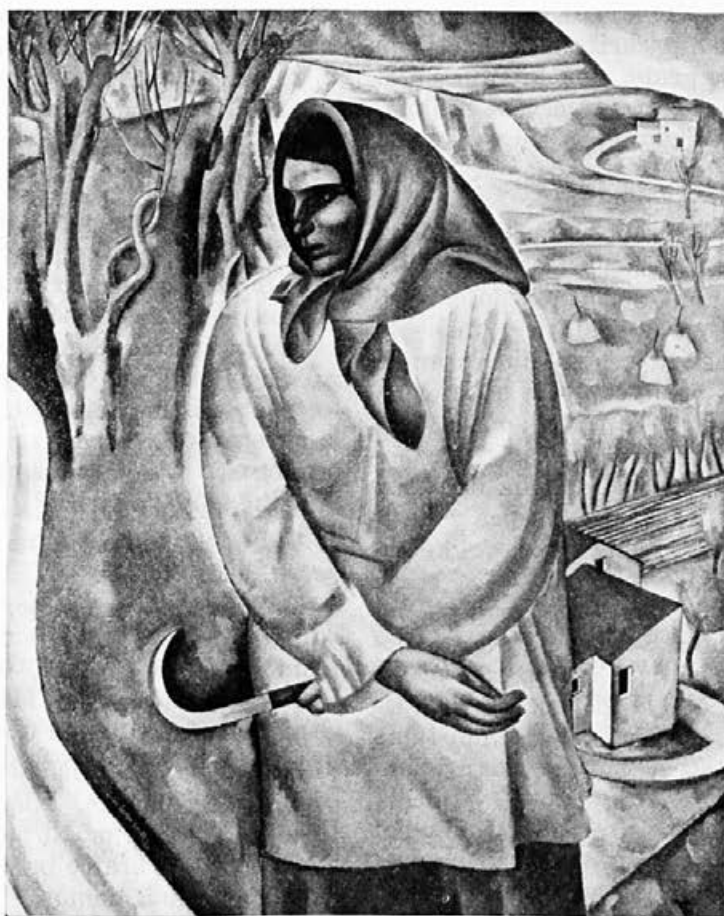
Pridejo tesarji. Otešejo s tesarsko sekiro debela, jih razžagajo ter pripravijo potrebne tramove. Tramove med seboj staknejo in napravijo ostrešje. Potem ostrešje zopet razstavijo ter posamezne dele s škripci spravijo na vrh stavbe. Tramove zopet sestavijo. Pridejo krovci in pokrijejo ostrešje z opeko. Streha je gotova.

A s tem delo ni še končano. Kleparji pribijejo žlebove in odtočne cevi. Kamenoseki napravijo kamenite stopnice. Mizar izdela vrata, okenske okvire in po sobah pode. Kovač in ključavničar napravita tečaje, nasadita ključavnice in ključe. Pečar postavi potrebne peči. Steklar ureže šipe za okna. Pleskar prepleska vrata in okna. Slednjič pride še slikar, ki preslika sobe in stanice.

Vsi ti rokodelci, ki so delali pri gradnji hiše—zidarji, tesarji, krovci, kleparji, kamenoseki, mizar, kovač, ključavničar, pečar, steklar in slikar—so stavbni rokodelci.

Zanimivo je bilo opazovati njih delo. Največje veselje pa nam je napravil dan, ko smo se preselili v novi lastni dom. Mati nam je pripravila kosilo na novem ognjišču. Veselo se je vil proti nebu dim iz dimnika, ki kuka preko strešnega slemena.

Miroslav Pretnar.



Jacob G. Smith: RUSKA ŽENJICA

Anna P. Krasna:

Zlata mladost!

DUCAT zamazanih, raztrganih malčkov se je pripodilo na zasilno od pomočno postajo. Brez besede se uvrščajo ob leseni steni in glasno sopejo. Sopenje spremljajo cvileči glasovi, ki prihajajo iz prehlajenih mladih prs. Zamazane roke prekrižajo na hrbtih in se zagledajo v grupo mož, ki stoje sredi barake in se pogovarjajo. Z zanimanjem slede pogovorom in zdi se, kot da skušajo pretehtati slednjo besedo v svojih mladih mislih.

"Unija bo zaprla svojo kuhinjo ta teden," pravi eden izmed njih.

Malčki se zganejo, spogledajo. Teh besed ni bilo treba tehtati, govorile so določno in jasno; vsi so jih razumeli takoj. Globok vzdih se izvije nekaterim. Lepi kodrolašček tam na koncu vrste mukoma požira tisto neprijetno in bolešno, ki sili gor po grlu na dan . . . Droben, bled Italijanček menca z bosimi nožicami in njegove lepe, velike črne oči odražajo vso bedo, v kateri je zrastel sirotek. Na obrazu suhega dekletca se naenkrat pokažejo črte in poteze, kakršne vidimo na risbah proletarske dece. Nekateri dečki nevede široko odpro usta in strme zamišljeno zdaj v može sredi barake, zdaj v kup drobnega krompirja v kotu. Izgleda, kakor da hočejo preračunati, koliko krompirčkov bo prišlo vsak dan na vsakega. A možgani so otrpnjeni od bede in nočejo računati — samo usta jim drže odprta in poglede pribite, tope.

"Kaj pa zaradi mleka, bomo li mogli kaj dobiti? Otroci postajajo slabotni. Le pogledjte te tukaj — in ti se nam zde še zdravi in čvrsti. Najrevnejši žde v bajtah."

Voznik, ki je dostavil krompir, pogleda po otrocih.

"Nič gotovega ne morem obljubiti."

Malčki se zopet nemirno spogledajo in poslušajo dalje pogovore mož z voz-

nikom. Še zmirom upajo, da slišijo kaj veselejšega. Ali voznik ima danes sama negotova in nevesela poročila. Pravi, da se je zadnje čase nabralo malo podpore. Ljudje so se naveličali dajati zmirom in zmirom za stavkujoče in brezposelne rudarje. Bogati nočejo dati, revni pa res že ne morejo več, ljudstvo slabo zasluži povsod.

"Morda bi nam pa mogli dostaviti kaj obuvala in obleke."

Voznik se ozre v vprašatelja in po ostalih.

"Jaz bi rad vsem pomagal, toda koliko vas je. Povsod hočejo čevlje, obleke, mi pa imamo le majhno zalogo. No, pa mogoče dobimo kaj novih pošiljatev ta teden. Bomo že videli, kaj se bo dalo ukreniti. Le nikar izgubiti upanja v bodočnost. Vse se bo že dobro izteklo, le trdne volje je treba."

Možje razumejo in ne vprašajo nič več.

Tudi malčki razumejo, kakor da so odrastli možje in žene. Obrazi so jim resni. Mislijo. Kdove, kaj mislijo in kako jih bole vsa ta hladna poročila. Otroške duše so včasih tako globoke.

Molče kakor so prišli se polagoma odpravljajo iz barake. Nič dobrega niso slišali s čimer bi mogli malo razveseliti mamice, ateje, bratce in sestrice in zato se jim ne mudi domov. Le tisti, ki so bosi, stopajo hitreje, ker jih sili k temu napol premrzla blatna pot. Dečki izgledajo žalostno-smešno v velikih, strganih ali močno pokrpanih hlačah, ki so jih kdove kdaj dobili od postaje. Deklice so zavite v razvlečene pletene jopiče. Nekatere imajo na nogah čevlje z visokimi, pošvedranimi petami in se natikajo v njih, da jih je mučno gledati. Dve imata na glavah rutam podobne cunje in podobni sta beračicam na slikah starih povestnih knjig.

Cel ducat se polagoma poizgubi po napol razpadlih lesenih bajtah. Prepe-rela in škripajoča vrata se zapirajo za njimi. Za hip, samo za kratek hip se zasliši od tu in tam otroški jok ali glas matere, ki se jezi nad otroci. Potem pa je spet vse tiho, le veter žvžiga svojo večno popevko in žene rdečkaste oblake proti vzhodu. Na umazani šipi majhne-ga okenca se prikaže obraz lepega ko-drolaščka. Modri očesi sta rdeče obrob-ljeni. Ali je sij rdečih oblakov ali je

moralo morda nevzdržno na dan tisto neprijetno in bolešno, ki je sililo gor po grlu in dušilo . . .

V belo bradico se vpreta zamazani ročici, pogled se upre v bežeče, rdeče oblake. Svetli kodri padajo na čelo, se preko senc nalahko dotikajo bledih li-čec — kakor prekrasna slika zlate mla-dosti — — —

O, da, zlata mladost sredi črne be-de! . . .

Kako je Libercun drvaril

(Češka narodna pripovedka.)

V KRKONOŠKIH gorah je bival ne-kdaj duh, katerega so se bali hudob-neži, a dobri ljudje so ga ljubili. Ime-noval se je Libercún.

Zgodi se, da si dá neki meščan iz Hru-šice priversti iz gozda drv za kurjavo. Ubožni kmetiči, ki so mu jih spravili domov, so za storjeno delo zahtevali, kar je prav. A trdosrčni skupuh jih grdo ozmerja in skopuško poplača. Voz-niki niso mogli upati, da bi našli pri sodniku več pravice, zato odidejo s po-trtim srcem in srditi nazaj domov.

A meščanu, ki je hotel dati drva raz-cepiti, se ponudi za to službo ves tuj mož. Za plačilo ni hotel drugega, kakor perišče trsák. Naglo sta se dogovorila mož in Hruševac, ki je bil jako vesel, da bo imel tako v dober kup kurjave za vso zimo.

Zmenila sta se bila, da se prične delo takoj jutro dan zarana, in tako je tudi bilo. Še preden se je danilo, je bil tujec na mestu. Izdril si je iz kolka levo nogo in z njo udrihal tako silno po kladah, da so letela polena in treske daleč okrog.

Hruševskega meščana je prebudil ta silni ropot čudnega drvarja. Naglo se

obleče in pohiti gledat, kako se delo vrši. Videč moža na eni nogi stoječega, a z drugo mlatečega po panjih, se zelo ustraši. "Stoj," zavpije, "in brzo odidi, od koder si prišel!"

Tujec mu mirno odgovori: "Od srca rad, samo poprej mi je dokončati delo in dobiti plačilo." Delal je zopet čvrsto in hitro, ne meneč se za preklinjanje meščanovo.

Razklal je zadnje poleno. Drvar vtakne nogo v kolk in potegne iz torbe veliko vrečo, kamor spravi vsa polena do zadnje iveri. To vse zadene na ra-mo ter hajdi z dvorišča.

Ves osupel gleda za njim hruševski meščan ter kliče na vse grlo: "O moja drva, moja drva!"

Drv je bilo v vreči nad štiri sežnje.

A drvar se še enkrat obrne ter mu zaničljivo zakliče dobro jutro, potem pa odide svojim pôtem.

Ubogi kmetiči so našli prihodnje ju-tro cele kupe drobno razcepljenih polen pred svojimi hišami. Ker ni nihče po-vprašal po tem obilnem lesovju, so si ga osvojili v zameno, ki jim jo je dal dobri gorski duh zato, ker jih je trdi meščan iz Hruševce tako zelo odril. (F. L.)

Kdor ume, njemu dve

(Šaljiva srbska narodna pripovedka.)

BILA sta stric in sinovec. Sinovec reče stricu: "Hajdi, stric, da ideva po svetu!"

Stric pristane ter odideta. Gredoč po poti, doideta človeka, vodečega dvoje ovac na ozlici. Tedaj reče sinovec stricu: "Hajdi, da ukradeva ovci."

A stric mu odgovori: "Kako naj jih ukradeva, ko jih pa vodi na ozlici?"

A on mu reče: "Lahko jih ukradeva; naj ukrašem jaz."

Tedaj odide hitro naprej, sezuje en črevelj in ga vrže na pot, koder pojde človek z ovcama, sam se pa skrije kraj poti.

Ko pride oni, ki je gnal ovci, vzdigne črevelj, a ga zopet odvrže, govoreč: "Kaj mi hoče samo eden?"

Ko sinovec to sliši, steče zopet naprej, sezuje še drugi črevelj ter vrže na pot in se zopet skrije.

Ko zagleda oni z ovcama še drugi črevelj, mu je žal, da ni vzel prvega. Priveže svoji ovci kraj pota za drevo in se povrne po črevelj, da bi oba sestavil. V tem se priplazi sinovec, odveže obe ovci in jih odvede k stricu. Nato odideta stric in sinovec dalje po svetu.

Tako potujoč, vidita človeka, ki je oral z dvema voloma njivo. Tedaj reče sinovec stricu: "Hajdi, da mu ukradeva enega vola od oral!"

A stric mu odgovori: "Kako naj ukradeva vola izpred človeka?"

A oni reče: "Lahko ga ukradeva. Nū, pojdi na oni kamen, sedi in viči neprestano: 'Čudim se,' a ko pride orač k tebi vprašat, čemu se čudiš, mu reci,

da se čudiš njemu, ker orje z enim volom."

Stric posluša sinovca, odide in sede na kamen ter začne kričati: "Čudim se! Čudim se!"

Orač ga posluša, a ko se mu je zdelo že zadosti, ustavi voli, odide in vpraša: "Čemu se čudiš, bes te opali!"

A oni s kamena mu odgovori: "Čudim se tebi, da orješ z enim volom."

Orač mu reče: "Ne orjem z enim, nego z dvema."

Tedaj se povrne hitro k oralu, da vidi, ali ima oba vola. A medtem se je priplazil že sinovec in ukral vola od oral. Tako odženeta stric in sinovec vola in dvoje ovac.

Idoč odtod, prideta do pečine. Tam se ustavita, zakoljeta ovco, odereta jo na meh in spečeta. Ko je pečena, reče stric sinovcu: "Pojdiva jest!"

A sinovec mu odgovori: "Pojdeva, stric, ko se malo ohladi. A najprvo hajdi, da se strašiva. Kateri koga preplaši, ta začne prvi jesti."

Stric pristane na to, gre pred pečino ter jame strašiti: "Bav, bav, bav!"

A sinovec mu odgovori iz pečine: "Ne bojim se jaz bavkanja; ti si, stric!"

Tedaj gre stric v pečino, a sinovec ven, vzame kožo zaklane ovce, jo napihne ter odriha po njej in viče: "Joj, za Boga, nisem jaz!—Stric je." Ko stric v pečini to začuje, se preplaši, misleč, da je prišel mož, kateremu sta ukrala ovci. Tedaj zbeži na drugo stran prazen domov in tako ostane sinovcu vse.

Kdor umé, njemu dvě.—(F. Levstik.)



Katka Zupančič:

ČE BI ŽIVE BILE . . .

A beceda, abeceda!
 Blažek knjige se drži.
 Celo uro že sedi in
 črkic črnih se uči.
 Da bi črk se on ustrašil —
 ej, to ne, saj Blažek naš je
 fant od fare:

Glave sicer ne prebistre,
 hude pa je jeze,
 in kako!
 Je pa poleg jak in silen
 kakor
 lev.

Mastna že je knjiga;
 nepokorne črke,
 Osem jih pozna,
 petindvajset je pa vseh!

Razjezi se Blažek,
 sune knjigo vstran,
 šoba mu naraste:
 take male spake —
 uh! natepel bi jih;
 vso to črno tolpo —
 zmlél bi jo, če bi
 živa bila!

Katka Zupančič:

LAŽ JE KRATKONOGA

SLONI pri oknu Anica,
 po cestici dol gleda:
 pa kje, oj kje je mamica,
 vsa hiša bo iz reda.

Je smetana prešmentano
 visoko gori bila,
 lizala Ančka smetano
 in lonček prevrnila.

Pa Ančka, modra deklica,
 je muco ulovila:
 le kriva naj bo mucica,
 po hrbtu bo dobila!

Pa pride slednjič mamica,
 ugleda belo mažo;
 brž muco toži Anica,
 to muco krempljekažo.

A Ančica, oj Ančica!
 Čemu si se lagala?
 Na nosku bela račica,
 le-ta te je izdala . . .

Anna P. Krasna:

JOŽICA—GOSPODINJA

V NAŠI kuhinji je danes ropotaj,
da je kaj.
Jožica se umnega gospodinjstva uči,
pa ima smolo;
vse ji iz rok leti.

— — — —
Tiste lepe, stare skledice
se je komaj dotaknila,
a glej jo nerodo staro,
kakor nalašč se ji je
na sto kosov razbila! —

Maslo za kolač
se ji je, kot za šalo,
izmuznilo iz sklede
in k muci pod mizo zbežalo.

In jajce vsako
je natančno znalo,
kje leži maslo,
pa se je kar k njemu zatrkalo.

Tudi moka,
štirikrat skrbno presejana,
se je vsula na muco,
kot nebeška mana.

In v loncih na peči
je prečudno zaživelo —
iz enega je skakal fižol,
v drugih je grozeče šumelo.

No, in namesto južine
zdaj tolažbo delimo,
Jožici-gospodinji
grenke solze sušimo.



Metuljček in čebela

LEP bel metuljček je letal od cveta do cveta in se veselo grel na solncu. Blizu njega je letala čebelica. Ustavila se je pri vsakem cvetu in mu izsesala med.

Metuljček jo je nekaj časa gledal, potem je začel godrnjati:

“Ti grda čebelica! Le hitro se mi poberi s tega travnika!”

Čebelica se mu je prijazno nasmehnila in odgovorila:

“Res je, lepa nisem. A zato je moj domek tem lepši. Pridi, pojdi z menoj, pokažem ti svojo hišico, ki je slajša od tvojega travnika!”

Tako je metuljček odletel s čebelico v njen panj. Pokazala mu je velike zaloge medu, ki ga je bila s svojimi tovarišicami nabrala. Ko je metuljček videl zaloge medu, ga je postalo sram in nikoli več se ni norčeval iz skromne čebelice.



St. Gaudens: LINCOLNOV SPOMENIK V CHICAGU

Sneženi mož

“OTROCI, prvi sneg!” zakliče oče nekega zimskega jutra otrokom, ki so še tičali pod toplo odejo.

Tinče plane napol oblečen k oknu. Veselega srca se smehlja snežinkam, ki se love po zraku. “Ali ga je že dosti?” vpraša Mihec, ki se je urno oblačil.— “Čez prag sosedovih hišnih vrat že sega,” odvrne Tinče.— “Popoldne napravimo sneženega moža,” se oglasi starejši brat Jože. In delo je bilo dogovorjeno.

Popoldne otroci veselo odkorakajo na travnik za hišnim vrtom. Mihec prične valiti kepo snega, ki je vedno večja. Ko naraste do velikega kupa, ga skrbno dvignejo kvišku. Trup je bil gotov. Jože napravi iz snega roke in noge. Tinče pa kepo, ki jo postavijo na vrh kot glavo. Ko to dokončajo, napravijo možu iz oglja oči in gumbe, a v roko mu vtaknejo staro metlo.

“Še klobuka nima,” se oglasi Tinče. In glej, Mihec prinese z vrta star, počen lonec in ga posadi možu na glavo. V usta mu vtaknejo krivo vejico namesto pipice. Sneženi mož je bil gotov.

Oj, to je bilo veselja! Radostno skačejo otroci okolo njega ter ga tudi kepajo. A mož se ne gane. Ko pa je začela zima jemati slovo, se je poslovil tudi sneženi mož. Toplo solnce mu je končalo kratko življenje.

Andrej Rape:

AJ, NA OKNA . . .

AJ, NA okna, tja na okna
dihnili je zima,
rože je na njih pustila,
ki jih mnogo ima . . .

Ivo pa se smeje rožam,
okno sam odpira,
rože mrzle, halje bele
z dihom ust razdira:

“Rože, rožice studene,
le cvetite dalje!
Kmalu z burjo vam napravim
trde, bele halje!”

“Ko spet dahne vetre mlačni,
ve se zasolžite
pa cveticam lepšim v oknu
brž se umeknite! . . .”

Smeje se skozi okno Ivo,
v divjo burjo gleda,
zima mrzla pa razsaja —
od togote blede . . .



Dragi čitalci in dopisniki!

Tudi v tej številki Mladinskega lista je precej slovenskih dopisov, da, celo več kot v januarski.

Vsekakor je to lep napredek, ki znači, da ste z novim letom pričeli dopisovati v "Naš kotichek" z novo vnemo in zanimanjem. In koga ne bi veselil tak pojav? Najbolj veselijo številni slovenski dopisi mene. Zelo me vselej veseli, ako je "Naš kotichek" poln mičnih dopiskov, v katerih opisujete različne stvari, poročate o društvenih priredbah in o drugem.

Nobenega vzroka ni, zakaj bi ne napolnili "Našega kotička" vsak mesec z vašimi dopisi. Le urno torej na delo! Ako se vam zdi težko, naprosite svoje starše, ki vam prav gotovo ne bodo odrekli pomoči, da bodo vaši dopisi primerno dobro spisani. Pa tudi če niso, pošljite jih vseeno.

Se priporočam!

—UREDNIK.

ZAKAJ VSE TO!

Cenjeni urednik!

Dovolite mi, da napišem spet en par vrstic za "Kotichek," ki je postal v zadnjem času zelo živahen del Ml. lista. Vedno več novih dopisovalcev se oglašja v njem, kar je vse hvale vredno in obenem tudi koristno za nje. A to število dopisovalcev je prav neznatno v primeri s številom članov v ml. oddelku naše jednote, ki presega, če se ne motim, nad 20 tisoč članov.

Seveda niso vsi ti bratci in sestre še zmožni pisati, ker so še premladi, ali vendar, ko bi od vsakih sto članov bil zmožen in voljan pisati samo eden, bodisi slovensko ali angleško, bi se število dopisovalcev v Ml. listu pomnožilo na okroglo sto petdeset, kar bi bilo vsekakor veliko število na mesec za mali obseg tega lista in bi se Vi, cenjeni urednik, gotovo praskali za ušesom, ne vedoč kaj početi z dopisi.

Vsekakor bi bilo želeli, da bi se to res zgodilo, ali list bi se mogel potem razširiti ali pa izhajati večkrat na mesec, kar je nedvomno želja tudi odraslih članov, ker to bi bilo v

korist in ugled celi organizaciji, a to se ne more in se ne bo zgodilo, če se ne bomo vkup vzeli mi mladi, pa tudi stari člani naše jednote in res dopisovali, kar je zanimivo in koristno za naš list in za nas same. Torej na delo za večji Ml. list!

Zima je letos zelo mila tu v Clintonu in okolici, kar je v veliko pomoč brezposelnim delavcem, ki si ne morejo kupiti premoga. Tudi regrat že raste in še celo cvete tu pa tam, ki je pa zelo sovražen pri poljedelcih, a revnim slojem je zelenjava dobrodošla.

Novega ali razveseljivega Vam zaenkrat nimam kaj pisati, dovolite mi samo še tole pesem, ki se zove "Zakaj?"

Zakaj?

Zakaj živim na svetu? Odgovor kje dobim?
Zakaj, bi hotel znati, naj vedno le trpim?
Zakaj krivica vlada na svetu, kdo to ve?
Zakaj delavec strada, ki prideluje vse?
Zakaj množe zločini se in razširja zlo?
Zakaj ne dobri čini, kdo naj razume to?
Zakaj je nalezljiva bolezen, to gorje?
Zakaj se zdravje skriva in ne nalezse se?

Zaman vse vprek vprašujem, nikdo tega ne ve. Zato, o bog, zdihujem, obračam se nate. Zakaj si, vsegavedni človeka naredil? Da grešil bo, to znal si, prej ko se je rodil; vprašanja ta pojasni, te prosim, tvoj otrok, potem pa bom verjel ti, da si res pravi bog.

H koncu mnogo pozdravov vsem in hvala Vam za Vaš trud pri urejevanju mojih dopisov.

Josephine Mestek,

638 N. 9th str., Clinton, Ind.

* *

NAŠE PRIREDITVE

Cenjeni urednik!

Dopisovalci M. L. so pridno začeli leto 1932, s pravim veseljem, kar je razvidno iz števila dopisov v prvi številki. Lansko leto januarja je bilo mnogo manj dopisov kot pa letos.

Prvega januarja so praznovali Collinwoodčani petletnico otvoritve Slovenskega delavskega doma na Waterloo. Program je bil zelo zanimiv in lep. Sodelovala so razna pevka društva in plesalne umetnice. V popoldanskem programu je bilo petnajst točk, ki so bile vse dobro izpolnjene.

Zvečer se je vršil kratek prizor in igra. Prizor "Železna cesta" se je zelo dopadel vsem navzočih. Igra "Napoleonov samovar" me je zelo zanimala, ker so bile vse vloge v rokah dobrih igralcev. Posebno dobro so bile izvršene glavne vloge, katere so igrali Florence Jeraj, John ("Lindy") Lokar, predsednik društva "Strugglers" in Louis Kaferle, ki je tudi dobro poznan kot režiser dram. društva "Anton Verovšek." Po igri je sledil ples. Pri celi prireditvi je bila udeležba zelo velika. Na tako udeležbo kakor je bila ta danes, se z veseljem pogleda.

V naši naselbini "Na Jutrovem," kakor pravi, je malo prireditev, ker so tako slabe delavske razmere. Toda še tedaj, ko je kakšna prireditev, napravijo ljudje privatne zabave, tako da nimajo društva zaželenega uspeha.

Društvo "Beacons" št. 667 SNPJ je priredilo maškeradno veselico dne 16. januarja, na kateri je bila udeležba majhna, toda vesela in prijazna. Sviral je orkester "Beacons' Melody Pilots," ki je dobro poznan v Clevelandu. Upam, da na prihodnji prireditvi mladinskega društva "Beacons" bo udeležba vsaj dvakrat večja.

V Clevelandu so delavske razmere še vedno slabe. Obetajo boljše čase po županskih volitvah. Upam, da se bodo te obljube izpolnile.

Najlepše pozdrave vsem onim, kičitajo M. L., posebno pa članom in članicam SNPJ!

Anna Traven,

11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, O.

MILA ZIMA

Dragi urednik!

Spet želim prispevati kratek dopisek v Mladinski list in hočem malo opisati, kako smo se zabavali o božiču.

Društvo št. 333 SNPJ nam je priredilo božičnico. Na božični večer nas je obiskal Miklavž. Meni je prinesel škatljo pisalnega papirja (writing paper). On ve, da rada pišem v Mladinski list, vsaj tako bi sodila.

Z delom je tudi pri nas bolj slabo, kot povsod drugod. Letos pa nam prizanaša zima, ki je izredno mila. Danes, ko to pišem, je lepo in gorko kakor spomladi. Vse kaže, da bomo kmalu regrant nabirali.

Drugih novic sedaj ne vem. Zato naj za sedaj zadostuje, se bom pa še prihodnjič kaj oglasila.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega lista in seveda tudi uredniku!

Anna Matos,

Box 181, Blaine, O.

* *

PODPIRA PREDLOG

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Želim napisat par vrstic v "Naš kotichek." Povem naj, da podpiram predlog sestre Josephine Verbich. To je, da Vi, urednik, priobčite svojo sliko v Mladinskem listu.

Pošiljam tri uganke. Mogoče se bo kateri mlad čitatelj zanimal in odgovoril.

Po knjigah težim, se nič ne učim, brez glave razlagam in najbolj kričim. Kdo sem?

(Črka.)

Kateri tiči pijo radi vino?

(Mlatiči.)

V katerem mesecu ljudje najmanj jedo?

(V februarju.)

Lep pozdrav vsem!

Anton Groznik,

Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

* *

HUDA NESREČA

Dragi urednik!

Poročati imam žalostno novico. Dne 21. novembra se je smrtno ponesrečila moja bližnja sorodnica, Antonia Lozar. Pokojna je tako nesrečno padla po treh stopnicah vznak, da si je zlomila vrat. Stara je bila devetnajst let. Tukaj v Ameriki je bila nekaj čez tri leta. Rojena je bila v Baču na Notranjskem, kjer zapušča mater, v Clevelandu, Ohio, pa očeta. Blag ji spomin! Preostalih pa moje iskreno sožalje!

Na 18. decembra je Girl's League klub priredil "Christmas Pageant." Jaz spadam k tej organizaciji in ker sem velika, sem jaz bila v tej igri, "Bishop of Myra." Tako se je ta igra dopadla učencem kemmererske high school, da smo jo mogli ponoviti za druge.

Delavske razmere so še vedno pod ničlo. Kdaj se bo obrnilo na boljše, je še uganka.

Pozdrav vsem!

Olga Groznik,

Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

ELICA BO PISALA VSAK MESEC

Dragi urednik Mladinskega lista!

V prestopnem letu smo in spet sem se namenila, da napišem par vrstic za "Naš kotiček".

Z mojo sestro sve se namreč zmenile, da bove vsak mesec napisale vsaka po en dopis in ga skupno v eni kuverti poslale v priobčev, da si tako prihranive dva centa.

Naznaniti moram, da imamo letos zelo mlo zimo. Koncem novembra je padlo malo snega, v ostalem pa imamo vedno toplo vreme.

Tukaj dva premogokopa še dovolj dobro obratujeta, ali pri tem napornem delu v jami se pa zelo slabo zasluži.

Tukaj je sedaj mnogo delavcev brez dela. Radi bi delali, pa dela ne dobijo.

H koncu pozdravljam vse čitatelje tega mesečnika.—Elica Strajnar, Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

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DOPIS S SKALNATEGA GOROVJA

Dragi urednik!

Priloženo Vam pošiljam mojo sliko, ki je bila vzeta v šoli prošlega leta. Ni posebno dobro izpadla, ker sem glavo stisnila med ramena in izgleda kot bi bila grbasta, pa moram takoj povedati, da nisem grbasta. Prosim Vas, da jo priobčite v M. L.



Tukaj smo dobili prvi sneg še v prošlem novembru. Tudi mraz je prišel zgodaj v okolično Trinidad, Colo. Pa saj ni čudno, ker smo na tako visokih hribih.

Premogorovi slabo obratujejo, komaj dan ali dva na teden. Tudi moj ata dela samo po dan ali dva na teden. Kdaj se bo obrnilo na boljše nihče ne ve.

Vsi v naši družini radi čitamo Mladinski list. Letos bom poskusila pisati dopis za M. L. vsak mesec. S tem se bom tudi naučila bolj slovensko čitati in pisati.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L. in Vam, urednik M. L.!

Mary Marinac, Box 37, El Moro, Colo.

PREVIDNI STRIC NACE

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Oprostite, ker Vas sem pričela tudi jaz nadlegovati z dopisi za "Naš kotiček". Prosim, da imate z menoj malo potrpljenja.

Naznanim Vam, da smo imeli na 24. dec. v naši šoli predstavo s petjem in deklamacijami. Jaz sem deklamirala neko pesem o Miklavžu; tudi moja sestra Elica je deklamirala. In vzele sve s seboj našega starega strica Naceta. Povabila sem ga, naj sede v mojo klopi, pa je reekl, da se ne upa, ker bi se morda polomila in potem bi jaz ne imela na čem sedeti. Tako je previden naš stric Nacek!

Iskren pozdrav vsem dopisovalcem in čitatelcem!—Virginija Strajnar, Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

* *

NA KOROŠKEM — AJDA ZORI

Dragi urednik!

Naj Vam najprej povem, da je to moje prvo pismo za "Naš kotiček." Mladinski list zelo rada berem in komaj čakam kdaj pride.

Prosim Vas, če bi bilo mogoče, da bi priobčili tole pesmico:

Na Koroškem
in Kranjskem
že ajda zori,
eno dekle jo žanje,
ki jo roka boli.

Tri dni jo je žela,
tri snope jo ima,
na roke si gleda,
vse žuljave ima.

Hvala Vam za trud in priobčitev ter za popravke!—Frances Pinter, 2229 S. Irving ave., Chicago, Ill.

* *

PRESTOPNO LETO 1932

Cenjeni mi urednik M. L.!

Prosim Vas, da mi dovolite malo prostora v "Našem kotičku" za tale moj dopis.

Božični in novoletni prazniki so kaj hitro minili. Želim, da bo novo leto 1932, ki je prestopno, malo bolj dobro z nami kot lansko. Pred kratkim sem dobila v dar zelo lepo darilce, katerega sem jako vesela in ga bom imela za spomin še mnogo let.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem bratcem in sestricam, posebno pa Vam, urednik M. L.!--Frances M. Celigoj, 16024 Holmes ave., Cleveland, O.

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ATA LOVI LISICE — DIHURJE!

Dragi urednik!

V decemberski številki Mladinskega lista sem videla, da ste priobčili moj dopis, za kar sem Vam zelo hvaležna. Kajti sedaj sem dobila več veselja, da bom pisala večkrat za

"Naš kotichek", katerega tako radi vsi prebiramo.

Naj Vam povem, da jaz še ne bi znala pisati, pa me je moja mama naučila. Zato pa ji moram biti iz srca hvaležna. Tudi stric Lojze mi je pisal, da se mu je moj dopis v M. L. zelo dopadel in me je pohvalil.

Sedaj je pri nas Tony in uči mojega ateta loviti lisice za zanjke. No, dosedaj je dobil samo enega dihurja mesto lisice.

Moj ata je sedaj na "počitnicah" za nekaj mesecev. Pri nas smo oni dan prašiča klali in imeli smo se dobro. Tukaj se ne more dela dobiti.

Vem, da naši starši radi čitajo Mladinski list, zato pa se moramo vsi potruditi, da bomo napisali mnogo in lepo. Kaj pa je z Joškotom, da nič več ne piše?

Pozdravljam prav vse, ki bodo te vrstice čitali!

Rose Marolt, So. Connellsville, Pa.

PRISVEDRAL JE TUDI PARKELJ

Dragi mi urednik!

Prosim Vas, če bi bili tako dobri, da bi priobčili tale moj dopis v Mladinskem listu v februarški številki, ker za januarško vem, da sem prepozen. Zahvaljujem se Vam za to uslugo že vnaprej.

Iz Clevelanda sem prejel pismo, v katerem sem čital, da ni Miklavž mogel priti sem, ker da je bilo slabo vreme ter da ima tudi tam mnogo otrok. Morda je pisala ono pisemce mala Vida? Hval ji! Pravi, da je Miklavžu zvečer nastavila, zjutraj pa je bila polna vrečica (ali nogavica?), Miklavž da se je privlekel v sobo kmalu po polnoči, za njim pa je prišvedral parkelj, ki je rožljal z veliko verogo. Zato da se je močno prestrašila, tako da se je potila od straha.

Vidin brat je dobil cigarete in nekaj pisalnega papirja. Sestra Mary je dobila lepe copate, kendi in prstan. Gotovo bo dosti pisala o Miklavžu v "Našem koticčku," vsaj tako upam.

Prepričan sem, da bralci Mladinskega lista že težko pričakujejo poštarja, da jim ga prinese.

Naj pa povem kaj sem jaz dobil od Miklavža: kendi, jabolki in pero. Sestra Jane pa je dobila tudi eno celo potico in nekaj klobas. Tudi strica Lojzeta ni pozabil Miklavž. Dobil je likalnik in pa pipo ter tobak itd. Bolan je, pa je bil teh stvari zelo vesel.

V tem letu želim Mladinskemu istu obilo napredka in uspeha!

Joško Marolt, Smithfield, Pa.

BRAT PISKA NA PIŠČALKO

Cenjeni mi urednik Mladinskega lista!

Prosim Vas, da priobčite tale dopis, ako je le mogoče, v "Našem koticčku," pa naj bo v

januarski ali pa februarški številki Mladinskega lista. In za to Vam bom zelo hvaležna.

Tudi tukaj okrog je hodil Miklavž in je bil zelo priljubljen. Vsi tri pri naši hiši smo bili obdarjeni. Jaz sem nastavila oškrbljeno skledo, pa mi je precej vanjo nasul. Dobila sem kendi in orehe. Moj brat Leo pa je dobil tudi piščalko. No, sedaj pa vedno nanjo piska in piska! Kristinca je dobila tudi copate; jaz sem dobila zapestnice. Hvala lepa stricu Miklavžu!

Rada bi izvedela, kako se ima Jane Maroltova. Radovedna sem, če je tudi ona kaj nastavila Miklavžu. Upam, da mi bo nekoliko opisala o Miklavžu in njenih darilih, če je kaj dosti dobila. Njen brat Joško nam je pisal, da je vjel v zanjko lisico. Morda bi jo prodal moji mami, ne lisico, ampak kožo, ki bi jo dala ustrojiti, pa bi jaz imela lepo "mačko" okoli vrata. Tako mi je moja mama rekla.

Maroltova Jane mi vedno piše, da zakaj se bolj pogostoma ne oglašim v "Našem koticčku." Well, zato, ker se bojim, da bi s tem dala preveč dela uredniku, z mojim nerodnim pisanjem. Želim, da bi bili pri vas v novem letu vsi zdravi in zadovoljni. Staro leto itak ni bilo mnogo vredno, bilo je, resnično povedano, od muh!

Delavske razmere tukaj so slabe, pod ničlo, kakor pravijo naši ljudje. Meni se pa zdi, da so zlezle zelo nizko pod ničlo, namreč delavske razmere, pa ne samo pri nas, ampak povsod drugod.

Polno vrečo sreče želim vsem dopisovalcem teka lista!—(Vem, da bo stric Lojze debelo gledal, ko bo videl moj dopis v Mladinskem listu!)

Mnogo napredka in sreče M. L.!

Antonija Škoda, Clairton, Pa.





JUVENILE



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THE DIALOG

A SMALL, carefree lad and an old bearded man
Were met on the Treshold of Time
To compete, by decree, at the stroke of the clock
For Earth's Crown—List to the chime!

Old Year

"Though erstwhile the winner, again I must go,
But too crushing are loads that I carry;
I fain would advise you of tasks to be done
And entreat you henceforward to tarry."

New Year

"I am agile in muscle and limb,
And so anxious to pilot the earth;
The shaping of destinies thrills me, for sooth;
Won't you joyously share in my mirth?"

Old Year

"I am weighted and burdened with cares,
Too dejected, exhausted, morose;
You're acclaimed the new hope of the world;
My life-span now draws to its close."

New Year

"But stay! How soon he is vanquished,
Of all strength and all life now bereft;
Oh! endowment of youth and gay spirit,
Give me courage to take up work left!

I must heed and be constantly mindful
That this world I must faithfully steer;
And lest I be watchful, I, too, shall be conquered,
For I am the present New Year."

Mary Jug, Seammon, Kans.

NIGHT RAIN OVER THE CITY

Charles Hanson Towne

OH, THE sweet rain!
 Sweeter than any strain
 Of any bird, I hear in the night,
 Beating it old tattoo, now loud, now
 light,
 Upon my roof. I hear its cadence bright
 Like strings of silver or of golden
 thread
 Above my head.
 The cohorts come
 With the faint beating of a drum;
 Then cavalcades rush in a steady
 stream,
 (Or is this but a dream?)
 Over the desert of the city roofs,
 With thundering sound of hoofs,
 And the white beam of the lightning
 flares,

While muffled thunder blares,
 A terror in the darkness. Daylight
 stares
 At last, with her unwearied eye,
 When the sad, tattered regiments go
 by,
 And blue platoons sweep thru the pallid
 dawn.
 The final bugle blows,
 And like a monstrous-rose,
 The sun unflods, and the wild army is
 gone.
 Peace for our city? Would that it knew
 peace!
 Once more the human battle begins!—
 it cannot cease.



CHILDREN

OH! what would the world be to us
 If the children were no more?
 We should dread the desert behind us
 Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
 With light and air for food,
 Ere their sweet and tender juices
 Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;
 Thru them it feels the glow
 Of a brighter and sunnier climate
 Than reaches the trunks below.

Ye are better than all the ballads
 That ever were sung or said;
 For ye are living poems,
 And all the rest are dead.

—Longfellow.

Thomas Alva Edison

THE death of Thomas Alva Edison seems in its nearness, like an event marking the close of an era. But certainly there is no possible way of writing an intelligent story of the growth of the new type of civilization which has distinguished the last one hundred years, without taking the work and character of T. A. Edison into very large account.

To a remarkable degree Thomas Edison was instrumental in providing the world with the products of applied science that today literally and figuratively light the world, all but eliminate time and space so far as human communication is concerned, make the luxury of our fathers seem almost like penury compared with the comfort of today, and render life everywhere unprecedentedly cosmopolitan.

At this time, thanks to Edison and Edison's ideas, there are employed in the electric industry of this nation alone, directly and indirectly, 800,000 workers whose wages exceed \$1,000,000,000 a year. It is regrettable, however, that his inventions served in many cases to private profit of the power trusts.

The thinking, powerful, resourceful mind of Edison pays that gigantic sum to fathers and mothers, and to the support of their children, in this country, and will continue to do so thru all time to come, and especially more so when public utilities will be controlled by the people—by the government.

Edison did not work to pile up wealth, — his genius pays in wages \$1,000,-

000,000 a year to those whom he never saw, and creates gigantic fortunes for those that "understand" what he never understood or cared for—the exploitation of profit.

Scores of the common appurtenances of existence that were the semi-magical wonders of yesterday are original gifts from Mr. Edison to the world. The incandescent lamp and the phonograph alone, place civilization eternally in his debt. In numerous instances where others conceived the germ of ideas and made pioneer developments, it was left to Mr. Edison to add the final inspired touch, necessary to produce perfection.

For Thomas Edison the world was a laboratory wherein one could study and gain knowledge, and harness natural forces in cunningly devised and frequently superlatively delicate machinery; making them work for their masters.

With his passing, Thomas Edison takes his place in history as one of the great inventive minds the race has produced. Perhaps he was the greatest up to now.

Along with his superb specialized mental equipment Mr. Edison possessed other attributes. He had balance, he had courage, he had character, he had vision, and he had a passion to promote the real good of the race. He was a man who would have enriched the world by being in it, had he remained a humble, unknown telegrapher to the end of his days instead of becoming a main driving force in the development of life as we know it today.

The Legend of The Snowdrops

By Mary Jug

ONE day many, many years ago the wintry North Wind, who had raged fiercely for months through the warmer regions of the earth, became completely exhausted. He had scarcely enough energy to return to his haunts in the frozen North. Little rest was given him. On the following day he must go forth once more, carrying his usual load of snowflakes, frost, and sleet. North Wind, all tired out from his heavy duties, lay down to take a nap.

But North Wind did not awaken the next day. The Snowflakes and the Frost gaily scampered about, enjoying their holiday. Another day dawned, and another, and still North Wind dozed heavily. After a week had passed in this manner, the Snowflakes decided that North Wind had begun his yearly sleep until it shall be time for another winter. And so Spring slowly awakened herself and made preparations for descending upon the earth.

One morning, about a month later, the chilly North Wind awoke, startled and dazed. Hastily summoning the Snowflakes together, he announced that they must make the belated journey.

"We don't want to go now," protested the Snowflakes. "We are almost a month late, and people will no longer welcome us."

It was of no avail. North Wind could not be convinced that he had overslept so long a time. He became thoroughly exasperated at the disobedience of the Snowflakes.

"We must continue until our work is completed for the year," he howled.

Thus he drove the little Snowflakes before him. To the West, East, and South they flew. Everywhere the little green blades of grass were already peeping from the ground.

"How late it is to have a blizzard," observed the people of the West, who

shivered in the blustering storm. "Already the spring has shown herself. Our orchards will all be frozen."

The little, white Snowflakes were truly sorry, but they could do nothing except obey the stern commands of the cruel North Wind.

"This is indeed a long winter," said the people of the East. "It will be long before we can wear spring bonnets."

The Snowflakes gathered thickly, blocking traffic and making it most unpleasant for everybody.

When the Snowflakes reached the South, the shrubs and bushes were already well out of the ground. One by one they were adding bright, green leaves to their foliage. Many flowers were almost ready to bloom.

"Let us go no further," said one airy Snowflake. "If we should all alight, we would make a deep blanket of snow that would destroy all this vegetation."

"What can we do, though?" asked another. "North Wind will not take us back with him."

"Let us rest on the branches of these bushes," suggested one.

But the little Snowflakes sat there all day with their hands propping their chins. Even the next day they had made no decisions, no matter how hard they tried to arrive at a solution.

"Oh, look!" cried the people passing by. "What are those white flakes on the bushes. Surely it is too early for blossoms to be out."

"Why, it looks like drops of snow," said another.

And to this day, the tiny Snowflakes resting on the bushes have been called "Snowdrops." It is said that they have never really decided what they must do to save the new little buds. There they sit, sometimes arriving even before the last of the real snow has melted away.



Jules Breton: THE SONG OF THE LARK

Father of Waters

By Marion E. Gridley

AS THE Mississippi River rolls its majestic way to the sea, one never fails to wonder at the size of this great stream. Where does all the water come from? In what mysterious age did the Mississippi begin its flow? For how many generations had it made its way to the Gulf, like the trunk of a giant tree, its spread roots in Louisiana, its tip in Minnesota, and its many branches spanning the country on either side?

The Indian, who knew and loved the great river long before the white man reached the eastern shores, gave to the stream its most fitting name. "Misha Sipokni," which meant literally, "Beyond the Ages," and figuratively, "Father of All Its Kind," was what they called the river, and this has been contracted by the white man into Mississippi, or "Father of Waters." The story of the naming of the river is an old tribal tradition handed down thru the ages. This is the legend:

Far away to the west, probably in the region of old Mexico, there dwelt a people, a band of Indians. Trouble had come to them, for they had been set upon by a larger and stronger people who were cruel and oppressive to those whom they had conquered.

At last the unhappy people could stand the conditions no longer and resolved to seek a new country. A great council of all the tribe was called, and after much discussion it was decided to start forth under the leadership of two brothers, Caahtat and Chickasah. These brothers were great warriors and had proved themselves fit for such a task, but first they must wait for a sign from the Great Spirit. The Indians were superstitious.

After much prayer and supplication, and old medicine man of the tribe called the people together and said:

"Brothers, the Great Spirit has spoken to me in a dream. He looks well upon our plan to leave this land that was once ours and to travel to a new country. He has said to me that we should erect a pole in the midst of our camp, and this pole must stand straight up. In the morning we are to observe the pole closely and follow in the direction it leans. It will guide us to the land that the Great Spirit has chosen for us. Always we must follow as it leans, but when it again stand erect there shall we remain and go no farther."

With much ceremony the pole was erected. On the first morning it was found to bend to the east; so the long pilgrimage toward the rising sun began. Each night the pole was set up alternately by the two brothers, and each morning it still pointed east, and the people traveled on and on and on. Many died upon the way, but the sorrowing families would not leave them. They gathered their bones together and carried them all that great distance.

After many months of marching over a trail fraught with difficulties, the Indians at last reached the Mississippi River and sank to rest along its banks. They had never seen a stream of such size before and were filled with wonder. The old medicine man again spoke to them.

"Brothers," he said, "never have I seen so great a body of water. I have never seen a river of such vastness and that seems to have no starting point. Surely it must be very old and therefore very wise. But our pole still beckons us to the sunrise. We must not pause here. Let us give to this river a name to mark it as our resting place, so that in the coming years all may know that our people crossed this great water on their long trail. No

man can know the story of this river—it belongs to the times when there were no men upon the earth. Therefore do I give it the name of Misha Sipokni, or 'Beyond the Ages'—the father of all its kind."

The march had to be continued and the river crossed. And so the Indians constructed rafts and canoes, and spanned the Mississippi for the first time.

Finally, after 43 years, they reached the banks of the Yazoo River, and here the pole remained erect, signifying that here they were to remain. But Chickasah would not agree to this.

Another council was called. The majority of the people felt that it was decreed that here should be their dwelling place. One old man declared that Chickasah was a rebel and should be allowed to go where he wished. So Chickasah called upon all his followers and led them into the northern country where they became known as the Chickasaw tribe, or "Rebels."

The Indians who remained with Chahtat founded the nation known as

the Choctaws. In commemoration of this great event in their national history, these emigrants built a great mound. It embraced three acres of land and rose 40 feet in height, in conical form, with a deep hole 10 feet in diameter at the top, and all inclosed by a ditch encompassing nearly twenty acres.

Many years later Choctaws and Chickasaws were again united, and again followed a long trail, back over the very route they had come when led by a leaning pole.

This trail has gone down in history as the "Trail of Tears." The Indians had exchanged with the United States Government all their eastern land for land in the present state of Oklahoma, and were marched the weary miles with soldiers holding bayonets at their backs. Once again they crossed the river that they named, but the Father of Waters moved steadily on its way. Only with its name did it pay recognition to the Choctaws and Chickasaws.

A Strange Island

OFF THE Madagascar coast, and marked as Juan de Nova, is the island home of Dogs. As one approaches this low, sandy island, shaped like a horseshoe, the most prominent object is a ship. No smoke comes from her funnel for she has been aground on those coral reefs for 20 years without breaking up—the Tottenham of London.

Bluff-bowed East Indiamen, Portuguese galleons, pirates of many nations used to fill their water casks and gather cocoanuts and turtles at Juan de Nova. Dogs of every breed, some from Europe, others from China, escaped from the ship and were left behind. Today their descendants, a wild mongrel horde, are the rulers of the island. They have the

place to themselves and boats' crews landing there for water have been fiercely attacked.

When they returned to savagery the dogs of Juan de Nova lost their barks. They call to each other on a weird note which is like no other sound. They drop their tails like wolves. Hunting in packs, they seem to have divided the island to their own satisfaction. One pack never invades the territory of another. They scratch in the beaches for turtles' eggs, eat the turtles that crawl out of the sea, and stalk seabirds with the cunning of jungle beasts. For years these dogs have remained unmolested among the palms and bananas of their island kingdom.

What Teeth Think

By Esther A. Canter

Mary and Ruth are chums. They play together every day. So why shouldn't Mary's teeth and Ruth's teeth see a lot of each other?

One day Mary's big strong front tooth began talking to Ruth's front tooth that had a black hole in it, "Why doesn't Ruth take you to the dentist and get you patched?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm so worried. I am afraid she is going to wait until I get so bad I will have to be pulled out," said the poor little neglected tooth.

"What a shame," sympathized Mary's toooth, "my little mistress takes the very best care of me."

"Yes, I have often wondered how Mary keeps you looking so nice. Maybe if you tell me how she does it I will get interested and some night I will ache so hard she will have to do something for me," said Ruth's tooth.

"Well, in the first place, she feeds me food that makes me strong. That food is fresh vegetables, fruit and milk every day. You know some folks don't know that the teeth need food the same

food as the rest of the body. They think teeth need to be washed and that is all there is to it. But that isn't true," explained Mary's tooth wisely.

"Oh, dear," said Ruth's tooth, "I get so hungry for milk sometimes, I just get weak, but she gives me coffee instead, and I can't grow strong on that. She washes me because her mother makes her, but she never touches my brothers and sisters in the back and they are getting bigger holes in them than I have. They wear an old yellow-looking coat, too."

"I am sorry for you. I get washed, too. But Mary's mother knows that I must have lots of good food, especially milk, and that I must have food that has to be chewed well," said Mary's tooth sympathizingly.

"Well, well, that is interesting. We need lots of things: Milk, vegetables, fruit, and exercise and baths. I have been neglected. Just watch me ache tonight. She will have to take me to the dentist, and I hope he tells her how to take care of me so I won't have to be patched any more."

MOTHER LOVE

DEATH, soon to me would lose its sting;
Life, naught but misery could bring;
To this sad earth I should not cling,
Were't not for thee, my baby!

Fame, honor, riches, all to me
Mere worthless baubles soon should be,
Had I them all, and should lose thee;
My life, my all, my baby.

No peace anywhere should I find,
Were I to leave thee, babe, behind!
Oh fate, if I must go, be kind,
And let me take my baby!

Mother love shall live on for aye!
When passed beyond the mortal clay
Shall live; and wait the final day
To guide thee o'er, my baby!

—Mina Maker Gatens.

The Wish Fulfilled

By Mary Jug

"STAR light, star bright," repeated Bobby Steffins, as the first twinkle appeared in the darkening sky. "I wish I may, I wish I might—be a happy boy tonight."

Bobby, for at least the tenth time in that month of January, felt that he had a right to be lonely. After acre upon acre of wheat lands from the nearest railroad away to the East, you came to his little home in Sentinel, at the foot of the hills. Behind these towered the lofty mountains that formed the western ridge, and although they looked but a few paces away, Bobby knew they were miles and miles away. To Bobby this was the most abandoned place one could live in. He hadn't seen a stranger there for months. Hopefully he appealed to the blinking star.

No sooner had he uttered his wish, than Star Bright decided to grant it. She came down from her post in the skies and appeared before Bobby. He could scarcely believe it was Star Bright herself telling him,

"You have chosen a lovely evening to make yourself a happy boy."

Bobby became aware that gradually, one by one. Star Bright's kinsmen took their places to illumine the firmament overhead. This would be another of those clear, frosty nights, as his mother designated them.

"O-o-h!" murmured Bobby, when he was at last able to regain his speech. "I never expected to be heard so soon."

But Star Bright was already leading him down the dazzling snow-drifted road with the ruts polished by the frequent sliding of the sleds. If ever he felt reluctant at leaving the old, desolate village of Sentinel, it was not tonight, for surely Star Bright had far more interesting places to show him.

Now they were coming to the banks of the River Lamias. Beyond a doubt

Star Bright would summon her two fairy moonbeams to pilot some fragile shallop down the snow-melted waters of that quiet stream, thought Bobby. Instead, he heard Star Bright calling his attention to the ripples in the water. "And look at the moonbeams delighting themselves in Mr. Moon's reflections," she added.

"It looks like a big, shattered jewel," said Bobby.

"That sloped embankment on the opposite side bends the course of the gentle stream," said Star Bright. "How rigid and imposing it looks with its surface of sparkling snowflakes glistening to the moon! Right over our shoulders, through the tall, dark pines is the glorious moon himself."

"I'd like to stay here and watch it," said Bobby.

Star Bright urged him on. Once more they were on the beaten road outlined barely by the leaning fence posts.

"That snow fence heaped with snow way up yonder looks just like a big, white horse from here," observed Bobby. "Why, we're coming to that old log house," he went on, as they came in view of a solitary log cabin set back from the road, with tapering icicles hanging from the roof. "You know," he explained, "that's an old Indian place. They say the Indians keep close watch on it, for in it are buried all their chiefs and they've got them sitting up straight in their chairs to prepare them for after life, and they place all sorts of gifts around them and—"

"Did you ever look into it?" asked Star Bright.

"No," replied Bobby. "The guards on ponies 'll get after you."

They had come to the top of a little hill. The village lay securely behind them.

"From this point," said Star Bright, "we can clearly see the jagged outlines of those distant mountains. Where could the fairies look for a more beautiful home? That one looks like the Princess's Castle and that must be the peak of the giant. Surely we could find little snowdrop and the dwarfs in one of them. And look down there!" she exclaimed, pointing from whence they had come.

Bobby saw Sentinel, sleeping peacefully. He thought of a cluster of big boxes with a sprinkling of snow on the tops. Yet it was his own little village, for he could almost trace the ribbon-like road that parted the rows of houses. That must be the postoffice with its spacious, splintered porch, and across from it the grocery store with the town hall in the upper story.

Involuntarily Bobby gazed upward. Smiling down upon them were myriads of other little stars surrounding the great beaming face of Mr. Moon.

"I hear them calling me," said Star

Bright, "and if I have made your wish come true, I must leave."

"Ye-es," said Bobby. "Must you go so soon?"

"I am very busy granting wishes for happiness of little boys and girls all over the world. If they but allow me, I always teach them to see beauty in the things around them. Nature tries hard to make people notice her, but she too often calls in vain. By listening to her you will make yourself happy wherever you are, for boys and girls in the most crowded cities can feel just as discontented as you were tonight."

Thereupon Star Bright disappeared just as immediately as she had presented herself. Only then did Bobby realize that she had led him to the places he had always been familiar with.

When Bobby awoke the next morning, he rejoiced to see the tinted coloring of the eastern skies. Pushing aside the curtains and looking up, he thought he could still see Star Bright bowing and smiling to him.

ADVENTURE

A Poem for Youth

YOU may not sail the Spanish Main,
Or face Antarctic seas,
Or venture in an aeroplane
To the Antipodes;
But you may find adventure still
To test your heart and nerve,
And prove your firm, unswerving will
Your fellowmen to serve.

For there are realms of human thought
Still unexplored and dim,
And deadly plagues and scourges,
fraught
With menace dark and grim,
Which all await their pioneers
To foster or destroy,
And open up for future years
New avenues of joy.

None need to travel very far
To find adventurous ways,
To search the secrets of a star,
Discover healing rays,
Evolve new laws that bless and save,
To make blind eyes to see,
To lengthen life and cheat the grave,
And banish poverty.

—Tit-Bits.



Dear Readers: —

Do you like to see so many letters in the "Chatter Corner" as there are in this issue? And there is another batch of little letters waiting for the next number of the Mladinski List. So many contributors! And so many beginners—with their "first letters." It is indeed encouraging and interesting.

But there is one thing I would like to call your attention to, and that is: do not copy from other letters. Be original. Tell us something new. There are too many similar letters in this issue, nearly everyone is telling the same story. Try to get away from that habit. Tell us something different. Describe your house, your school, your yard or garden; the cat and the dog, chickens and cows, if any, and the local working conditions. That takes only a few lines.

Try it and you'll succeed!

—THE EDITOR.

JENNIE'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor—

I have not read any letters from Mullan, Idaho, so I decided to write. This is my first letter to the M. L. Everyone in our family belongs to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 214. I like to read the poems, jokes, letters and stories in the M. L. I wish that it would come oftener.

I am ten years old and am in the seventh grade. I like to go to school.

We have about two feet of snow in Mullan. I hope that you all made good New Year resolutions.

Next time I will write more. Best regards to all of the members of the SNPJ.

Jennie Smith, Box 994, Mullan, Idaho.

FROM A PROUD MEMBER

Dear Editor:—

I have just finished reading the Mladinski List and I certainly think it is a splendid

magazine. I believe that its members are very proud of it.

Although this is my first letter, I have been enjoying this magazine for the past few years. I especially enjoy reading the letters in English, as I can't read in Slovene.

I think publishing members' pictures is a fine idea. It makes the members better acquainted.

The fact stands that words cannot express my appreciation to the magazine. I hope that in the future it may be larger.

I remain a proud member,

Helen J. Leskovic (Age 15), Box 347,
Broughton, Pa.

FROM SHEBOYGAN, WIS.

Dear Editor:—

I have just been reading the January M. L. (which I have just received). There are many interesting letters in it. I have written to Julia Slavec and sent her my picture.

I was 15 years old January 9. I have two brothers and two sisters. We all belong to the SNPJ Ldge No. 344, excepting my biggest sister, who is 19.

Whenever there is a lodge giving a dance, I am sure to be there, because I love dancing and outdoor sports.

I have also had the opportunity to hear Anna P. Krasna speak some three months ago. It was an interesting speech.

I go to Vocational School half a day. I am taking up Home Economics.

We have had snow down here, but it all melts. The other day we had a rain storm. I wish it would get cold and freeze up for a while so I could go skating.

Work is pretty slack down here.

I wish some members would write to me.

Julia Skrube,

930 Broadway Ave., Sheboygan, Wis.

* *

WHAT A LIFE!

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ English-speaking Lodge No. 719. I am 14 years old and am in the 9th grade. This year our school got the WPIAL championship for football.

I am sending in a poem which rather clearly describes "getting a job." This is the name: "What a Life! No wife. No job; no job, no Wife!"

A happy bachelor I have lived for many, many years;

I never dreamed that single bliss would ever cause me tears.

But now a thing has happened that brought sorrow to my life;

My boss has had to fire me for I haven't any wife.

And now I'm in a quandary as to what I am to do,

But I can find no answer, so I'll leave it up to you.

I hope you will assist me and to some decision to come.

I would appreciate it very much if some of the other members would write to me.

Antonia Skoda, 449 Park ave., Clairton, Pa.

* *

BAD TIMES ARE HERE AGAIN

Dear Editor:—

I sure was glad to see my name in the M. L. I would be glad to hear about the farmer girls and boys, because my father would be glad to go to the farm. Times are hard now, and no work.

Julia Slavec, box 63, Morley, Colo.

FROM LODGE NO. 480

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Virginia Cox.

I like the M. L. There are 4 in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 480.

The mines are not working every day. I am going to try to write to the M. L. every month.

Best regards to all!

Mary Bogatay, Box 211, Avella, Pa.

* *

TO KEEP YOU FROM GUESSING

Dear Editor:—

If your house was on fire, what three authors would you be called upon to name?—
Ans.:—Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

What is it that works when it plays and plays when it works?—Ans.:—A fountain.

What is the most fragrant letter in the alphabet?—Ans.:—Sweet pea (P).

What is the difference between a yard and two yards?—Ans.:—A fence.

What are fire crackers?—Ans.:—Poppies.

Which is swifter, heat or cold?—Ans.:—Heat, because you can catch cold.

Audrey Maslo, 1241 E. 172 st., Cleveland, O.

* *

FROM JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Dear Editor:—

This is the second time that I am writing to the M. L. I like my teacher, Miss Garth-carts. I was glad to hear from some of the members.

Margaret P. Zore, 393 Ohio st., Johnstown, Pa.

* *

FROM IRON RANGE

Dear Editor:—

As this is my first letter I have not much to write, but I'll try to write more next time.

We are having a mild winter which does not please us "kids," for we like lots of snow, but just the same we have skating which I like best of all sports.

My father, who works in a large iron ore mine, works but three days a week, but we are expecting things to "pick up" this year.

I am twelve years of age and am in the 6-A grade. On January 22, 1932, we shall pass and I am hoping to be promoted to the seventh grade.

I wish some of the members would write to me.

Angeline Semich,

604 S. Court st., Eveleth, Minn.

* *

HARD LUCK

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Since no one seems to write from W. Va. I thought I would. I am ill every winter. Last winter I had scarlet fever and this year

(in Dec. '31) I had ruptured appendix. I have just come out of the hospital lately. I was in hospital one month but I am getting along nicely now.

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 13 years old and in the 8th grade. I have two sisters, and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 469.

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

Marion Bacic, Rd. 2, Rivesville, W. Va.

* *

YEARNs FOR SNOW

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have not written for a long time. I am in the sixth grade in school. We had a little snow. I guess we won't go sleighriding so much this year.

Frank Pungartnik,

705 Chestnut st., Port Washington, Wis.

* *

BAD CONDITIONS

Dear Editor:—

This is the first time I am writing to the M. L. I am 11 years old and in the 5-A grade. My father works 4 days a week. We didn't have snow here for a long time. I belong to the SNPJ, lodge No. 194. I like to read the M. L. very much. I wish it would come weekly.

Best regards to all M. L. readers!

Leo Kerzich, Box 57, Keewatin, Minnesota.

* *

SIGNING A REPORT CARD

Dear Editor:—

Here is a joke: James: "Father, can you write your name with your eyes shut?"—Father: "I think so, James."—James: "All right, father, let's see you shut them and sign this report card."

I wish more children out here would write to the M. L. I wish some of the members would write to me.

Best regards to all!

Dorothy M. Skraba, Box 142, Library, Pa.

* *

ANOTHER FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

I am 9 years of age and in the 4-B. This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read the M. L. My father's Lodge number is 53. I am going to write more next time.

Best regards to all!

Mary Picman,

1245—E. 172 st., Cleveland, Ohio.

* *

MY FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

I am 7 years of age and in the 2-B. I hope the M. L. would come twice a month. My sister reads the M. L. to me. I like to hear her.

Best regards to all! Rose Picman,

1245—E. 172 st., Cleveland, Ohio.

"COX'S ARMY"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

On Wed., Jan. 6, a group of men called "Cox's Army" passed through Latrobe. There were many hundreds of men marching. They first went to the Catholic church basement to eat and then they continued their march to Washington, D. C. Now they are back again. They went to ask for work. The men said, "We want work!" They didn't say anything else about that.

At our last "Torch of Liberty" meeting on Jan. 10, we had five Silver Stars as guests. Bros. Stech and Martin presented a comedy. It was very well done and very comical. The "Torch of Liberty" No. 725 SNPJ gave the Silver Stars a surprise. It was a cake with a candle, to mark their first anniversary.

Our last issue of the M. L. was a nice one. I certainly like the poem written by Katka Zupancic entitled "Letošnji božič." It brings out the facts all right about this Christmas. That is why it is so interesting.

If you Johnstownians keep up and write as many articles and as interesting ones as in the last issue, that will sure help to enlarge our wonderful magazine the M. L., or as I call it the "Little Helper."

"A Torch," Mary Eliz. Fradel,

Latrobe, Pa.

* *

HER FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

I sure enjoy reading the M. L. There are four in our family, my three sisters and I belong to Lodge 684 Friendly City, SNPJ.

I am 13 years of age, and I go to the Lorraine Boro School. I like school very much and my teacher also; her name is Miss Koontz.

I am sending a snapshot of myself.



Sylvia Pucel,

Box 393, Ohio St., Johnstown, Pa.

NO SNOW—NO FUN

Dear Editor:—

I had a good time on Xmas and hope you and the members had a good time. Santa Claus came to our school on the 18th. We don't have any snow yet, but it is cold.

I was glad to get a letter from Michigan and I also wish some other members would write to me as I would answer their letters as soon as I can.

Elizabeth Bresic, Box 637, Maynard, Ohio.

* *

SANTA WAS GOOD

Dear Editor:—

This is the second letter that I have written to the Mladinski List, and I am going to try and write every month. I was very glad to see my first letter in the December issue because I thought the waste paper basket was going to get it.

A banquet was held on Christmas eve at the Library Educational and Entertaining Hall. A Santa was there and he gave us children a lot of candy and other things. The good time was enjoyed by everybody, especially the children.

The new school I spoke about last time opened January 4. I like to go to the new school because I have not far to walk. I would like some one to write to me.

Best regards to all!

Frances Dermotta, Box 262, Library, Pa.

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FROM ELMHURST, ILL.

Dear Editor:—

This is the first letter I have written to the M. L. But I like it very much. This year (1932) I will try and write every month. I am twelve years old and in seventh grade. I go to the Hawthorne Junior High School and I like it. I have several teachers and my home room teacher's name is Miss White. She is a very nice teacher, never cross, and nice looking, too.

I can read and write Slovene and I like it, too. Every one in our family is a member of the SNPJ but my baby brother. I will write more next time and I hope the members and readers of M. L. will write to me.

Best regards to all. Lillian Fagand,
212 E. Grantley Ave., Elmhurst, Ill.

* *

TOUGH LUCK

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. and I am sure glad I wrote. I received two letters from two girls, one from Mildred Vucelich and one from Anna Strukel and I answered them as soon as I could. I wish

more members would write to me. I would answer them with pleasure. I wish more members would write to the M. L. and make it larger. Come on, you young Slovenes, brighten up.

We had some bad luck since I last wrote to the M. L. My father got his first three fingers cut off on his left hand on November 18, 1931.

Sophie D. Brozenich,
Box 680, West Mansfield, Pa.

* *

JUNIOR JOTTINGS

Dear Editor:—

I love the M. L. because it contains many stories, poems, jokes, etc. I am sending a story which will be continued. (We must have the complete story in our hands before we can publish its beginning. But even then I cannot promise you that it will be published. Only worthy stories are accepted.—Editor.)

Francis Smodich, Box 57, Maynard, O.

* *

This is the second time I write to the M. L. I am 13 years old and am in the 7th grade. I am sending a story. (I am very sorry that I cannot publish the story. You must write your letter on one side of the paper only, to be accepted. And then, every contributor must tell the source, that is, the name of the writer of the story, or if the story is original, so that the readers will know.—Editor.)

Best wishes to all.

Angeline Bartolich, Box 59, Midway, Pa.

* *

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years old and in the 5th grade. I like to read the M. L. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge, and there are five in our family. I would like to get letters from some members.—Frances Sustersich, 721 N. Ketcham st., Indianapolis, Ind.

From Clinton, Ind., writes Christina Krapesh and says that she likes the M. L.

From West Allis, Wis., Lillian and Leona Puncer write nice little letters telling us that they met Anna Krasna and liked her. Both also liked Mary Fradel's letter in the M. L. They also say that Socialist are the best group of people. Little Leona is 9 years old. They'll write more next time.

Mary Marinac of Elmore, Colo., Box 37, writes about snow out in the mountains. They had a Xmas program.

* *

Goedie Broz of Cudahy, Calif., 4839 Cecelia st., lives only about 6 miles southwest of Los Angeles, and likes it there.

MORE LETTERS!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I was very glad when I saw my letter in the M. L. I am going to write every month in the M. L. Come on, Johnstown, we would like to see more letters in the M. L. from here. For the month of December I've seen four letters from Johnstown, and would like to see more.

I was very glad to see Joseph Gabrenya's letter in the M. L., which was very good. I will try and write more the next time. Best regards to all.

Mary L. Walters,
700 Russell ave., Johnstown, Pa.

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EXIT, MR. WASTEPAPER BASKET

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I wish Mr. Wastepaper Basket would not be in your office while you are reading this letter. Well, if it deserves it, it will be O. K. I am going to try to write every month to good old M. L. I was eleven years old on December 18.

Ernest F. Reven, Virden, Ill.

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I AIN'T FOOLING

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. If I ain't fooling myself I think I didn't see any letters from Pgh. in the M. L. I would like to see more letters from the brothers and sisters from Pgh. I am ten years old and in the fourth grade. I belong to the lodge No. 118; my father and mother too.

Bertha Jurjevic,
48 Arendell Ave., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

* *

FROM LODGE NO. 339

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read the Mladinski List. My mother, father and I belong to Lodge No. 339 of which my Daddy is a secretary. I'm eight years old and I am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Grace Redfern.

I hope the members would write to me.

Emma Chebuhar,
601 Erenstine ave., Christopher, Ill.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. which I like very much. I am 13 years old. I have 4 brothers. I am in the 7th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Ruth Rumble. She is very good to all students. I like very much to go to school. On Dec. 13, 1931, we had a good time in school. Our Club had a party, we had the room trimmed all up. Our club's name is the "Busy Bees." A lot of students joined it.

I also have something to say about the SNPJ. We all belong to it. My father is dead. He left us to mother when we were small. That was 6 years ago last May.

Frances Drnach,
Box 745, Clairton, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I never saw a letter from Duluth, so I thought I would write. Work is very scarce out here. My dad works 3 days a week. I am 13 years of age. I wish the members would write to me and would be very glad to answer them. I wish the M. L. would come every week and not only each month. I enjoy the letters and stories and jokes very much. Come on, members, wake up! Let's have the M. L. larger. —We sure have nice weather—it is too warm for skating.

Josephine Ivance,
523—97. Ave. West, New Duluth, Minn.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter in M. L. I am eight years old and in 3 B grade. I like to go to school every day. I only miss one day this year. We belong to SNPJ. I like to read M. L. We play only 15 m. at school.

Louis Ernest Suserisch,
2197 S. 95th St., West Allis, Wis.

* *

FROM OGLESBY, ILL.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. but I will try to write more. I have three sisters who belong to the SNPJ besides my parents. Dad is president of Lodge No. 95 and mother is secretary of Lodge 155.

I wish I could read Slovene real well and also learn to write so that I would be able to write in this interesting magazine. I am 14 years old and am in the eighth grade. My sister, who is a year older than I, goes to the La Salle-Peru High School where she is a sophomore. I hope to write more often. I wish some of the members would write to me. (Your snapshot would not reproduce clear; it's too dark.—Editor.)

Best regards to all.

Helen L. Nadvesnik,
251 E. 1st Street, Oglesby, Ill.

* *

BETTY IS A FARMARETTE

Dear Editor:—

Have you and the readers missed me? I have not written for a long long time to the M. L. Last year I was in Cleveland; I went to the Washington Irving School, but now I

am at home. I had been very busy while in Cleveland, with my school work and music lessons. I like their method of teaching. When I wasn't busy my aunt would take me sight-seeing. I saw the Home in the Terminal Tower, Lake Erie and many other interesting things.

Here, at home, we live on a farm and my dad isn't working at all. I suppose work is scarce everywhere. I am eleven years old and in the seventh grade. I hope some of the members would write to me.

Betty Modic, R. D. 1, Keister, Pa.

* *

FRIEDA IS KEEPING HOUSE

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 400. There are 6 of us in the family. The oldest is 19 and the youngest is 9. My mother died 4 years ago and I keep house. I am 17 years of age. My brother graduated last year at the age of 13 and couldn't afford to go to high school. He is beginning to play accordion.

The mine is working 3 days a week and it is very hard to make a living.

I wish Mary Mohorich would write to me. Best regards to the SNPJ members.

Frieda Valencic,
Box 208, Renton, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I hope to write many more letters.

My birthday is February 7. I will be nine years old.

Santa Claus was at Sears Roebuck's headquarters. There was a crowd of children around him all the time.

My mother and I belong to the SNPJ Lodge.

I wish that some girl friend would write to me.

Helen Zupancich,

117—3rd st. So., Virginia, Minn.

* *

A LETTER FROM ALIQUIPPA

Dear Editor:—

I have decided to write to the M. L. because I seldom see a letter from Beaver Valley published. I am a Freshman at the Aliquippa High School and I am taking the Commercial course. I enjoy school very much. The Aliquippa High School had a good football team this year. And they have won a great many trophies for different sports.

Joseph Michcic,

417 Hopewell Ave., West Aliquippa, Pa.

* *

EDITOR'S NOTE

Harwick, Pa., Radišek sisters:—There is no names on the back of your snapshots. We must know who is who; which snapshot is representing Mary, Pauline, etc. We cannot publish your pictures without correctly placing your names under yours "snaps."

Rock Springs, Wyo., Elsie Yardas:—Your snapshot is too blurred to be reproduced. Send a more clear one.

GRANDMA'S MOVIE

MY GRANDMA never, never goes
With us to see the movie shows;
The pictures that she likes to see
Are filmed upon her memory.

How strange it seems, in grandma's
shows
They're all star actors, whom she
knows.
The handsome knight upon the screen
Is papa; mamma is the queen.

And all the pretty things she sees
She tells me of—the flowers and trees
About the home she used to love,
And all her friends who've gone above.

She tells me that when I am grown
I can make pictures all my own.
Some day, she says, she'll close her eyes
And see movies in disguise.

—(From Farm Life Magazine.)