

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Čitateljem Mladinskega lista

Enajsta redna konvencija SNPJ je dala gl. odboru, gl. upravnemu odseku in uredništvu jednotinih publikacij nalogo, da izboljšajo Mladinski list in mu dajo več življenja. Zadevni sklep se glasi:

“Mladinski list, ki je namenjen članstvu mladinskega oddelka SNPJ, mora biti urejevan v poljudnem stilu in mora prinašati lahko razumljive leposlovne, podučne in zabavne sestavke in slike v smislu svobodne misli in delavske izobrazbe. Z namenom, da bo Mladinski list privlačen za našo mladino in da bo v pravem pomenu besede vršil vzgojevalno in izobraževalno delo ter na ta način tvoril potrebno šolo za naraščaj SNPJ, je dolžnost urednika jednotinih publikacij, da vodi v tem mesečniku stalno rubriko natečajev ali kontestov s primernimi izobraževalnimi vprašanji, odgovori na ta vprašanja se pa sprejemajo le od članov mladinskega oddelka SNPJ. V ta namen jednota ustanovi natečajni fond za Mladinski list s primerno vsoto, ki bo zadostovala do prihodnje redne konvencije. Nagradnike priporoči urednik jednotinih publikacij, toda nagrade določi gl. upravni odsek. Glavni upravni odsek dalje določi presledke v teh natečajih, če vidi, da je to potrebno.”

Iz gornjega sklepa konvencije je razvidno, da bomo v bodoče imeli stalne konteste v Mladinskem listu v slovenskem ali angleškem jeziku ali v obeh. Nagrade za najboljše odgovore bodo v gotovini in teh nagrad bodo deležni le člani SNPJ.

Ustanovitev natečajnega fonda je konvencija prepustila gl. odboru, ki bo imel svojo prvo sejo v prihodnjem avgustu. Vsled tega pride neizogibna zamuda; ker se bo treba dobro pripraviti na vse te izpremembe, se bo stvar zavlekla nekaj mesecev.

Kljub temu naj bodo naši mali čitateljski zagotovljeni, da bodo dobili popolnoma prenovljen Mladinski list, katerega bodo brez dvoma veseli.

UREDNIŠTVO.

KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

Zborovanje

NA veji tik za hišo
so vrabci zborovali;
vsi, stari kakor mladi, so
vprašanja važna reševali.

Med drugim so od mačka
prejeli pisano svarilo,
češ, da gnezda previsoko si gradijo
in viharo vreme jih na tla bo zbil.

Stari vrabci so se muzali na tihem,
ker mačjo skrb od davna že poznajo;
a mladi, neizkušeni vrabiči
jo bolj na drobno rešetajo.

"Visoko res so naša gnezda —
Nemara maček nam le dobro hoče?!
In pri roki bi nam bilo,
če gnezdili na nizkem bi v bodoče . . ."

"Da, mačku bi pri roki bilo!"
so dejali pomenljivo stari,
"naj kremplje svoje kaže, ali ne:
na preži je, da nas čimprej zmrcvari!"

Nazadnje so se le zadinili,
sklenili so trdno:
gnezdili i nadalje bodo na visokem;
na mačji svet se pa požvižgajo!

Motto

MI, kar nas je kovačev, mi bomo vsi kovali,
kovali svoja srca, kovali svoj značaj,
kako zvene nam duše, bomo poslušali —
zakaj:

Morda pa pod kladiivi se nam oglasi kedaj
srce, ki v njem bo pravi bron,
da pelo bo, vabilo kot zvon,
da bomo krog njega se zbrali . . .

— — — — —
Zato bomo mi kovači kovali,
trdo kovali, tenko poslušali,
da ne bo med nami nespoznan,
ko pride čas,
ko sine dan,
da vstane, plane kladivar, kladivar silni iz nas!

OTON ŽUPANČIČ.

Katka Zupančič:

V pekariji

OJ, KAKO prijetno diši! Kako prijetno! Mali deček vleče vase mamljivi duh, ki se širi po pekariji.

Hodi od predala do predala, stopa na prste, da bi bolje videl vse pečene bogastvo. A, ko bo velik, ne bo policaj, niti ne bo vozil tramvaja, ne tovrnega avtomobila, nak! Tudi pilotstvo bo prepustil drugim! On bo pek! Ali še bolje: prodajal bo pecivo. Da, to bo!

Nič več ne bo samo lačen gledal po polnih policah. Vzel bo in bo jedel. Kar celega kolača se bo lotil, če bo tako lačen, kakor je zdaj. Kadar pa ne bo tako hude lakote, si bo izbiral med drobnim pecivom. Vzel si bo na primer teh rumenih okroglih piškotkov, ki se rumene skozi šipo. Kako sladki morajo biti!

Z obema rokama se oprime gornjega roba in drsa z noskom po šipi. Ko bi mogel in smel, kar v sredo bi zaril roko in jih spravil vse iz reda, potem pa bi hrustal in hrustal — ah!

Ustnice se mu zvijejo, vzravna se in se na peti zasučje proč od zapeljive sladke robe.

Mami njegovi se pa nikamor ne mudi. Še vedno se razgovarja z gostobesedno prodajalko. Kako sta dolgočasni! Noč in dan bi govorili o stvareh, ki njega prav čisto nič ne zanimajo.

Gre k vratom; odpira jih in zapira. Vrata nekoliko cvrčukajo. Zabavno! Cvrčukajo tem lepše, čim bolj polagoma jih odpiraš in zapiraš. Če jih pa takole prav na hitro odpreš in zaloputneš — — —

"Sinkooo!" Temnih pogledov ga meri mama. In trgovka se mu smehlja nič kaj odobravajoče.

Tako je! Ne kruha, kaj šele piškotov, ne zabave! Nič in nič! Mati drži še vedno le v groceriji prek ceste ku-

pljeno mleko in je menda do kraja pozabila, da še danes ni ničesar jedel. Da bi vsaj hitro kupila tiste žemljice in bi se vrnila domov. Tako neznansko je lačen. Ej, ko bi bile žemljice sveže, bi jih že domovgrede lahko jedel! Ali suhe bodo in trde, tako trde ko kamen. Toda mati jih bo polila z vročim mlekom, pa bodo narastle in bodo velike kakor gore!

Kadarkoli nima mama nič več tistih umazanih papirčkov, ki jim pravijo ljudje dolarji, je žalostna. In pravi: Danes bomo imeli zopet samo suh kruhek, pa nič drugega . . .

Čudno. Je denarja — imaš vsega; ni denarja — nimaš nič.

Znova pritiska nasek na šipo in požira z lačnimi očmi tisto, kar je za njo. Šele, ko zasliši ponovni zategli "sinkooo!", se zave in opazi, da si pridno pomaga s pestmi.

Ali zdaj je hud in vsega naveličan. In pusti rokam, da še nadalje razbija jo tik pod gornjim robom. Zdaj še bolj nego preje, tako da že šipe odzvanjajo.

Pristopi mati ter ga na silo potegne proč in se pomenkuje dalje.

Toda sinko se zdaj ne bo več premagoval! Ne in ne! Nič ne mara biti več velik in moder mož. Ampak bo majhen fantek, kakor je res, in bo vresčal na ves glas, če ne dobi, česar si želi.

Cukne mater za krilo: "Tam, onihle piškotov mi kupi, mama!" Nalašč, čeprav ve, da nima denarja.

Mati ga za spoznanje krcne po glavi, češ, molči in mir! On pa ne odneha. Pa se mati ozre. "Piškotkov? Kajpak, da boš spet bolan!"

Mali nabira obraz. Rad bi zatulil, pa ga je vendarle sram, tembolj, ko ga prodajalka ogleduje. Skriti se mora za

mater, zakaj namenil se je bil, da bo samo sitnaril, zdaj pa zares joče, tiho joče.

Toda, ali je res, ali se mu sanja? Prodajalka mu ponuja dva okrogla piškotka: "Na, to ti ne more škodovati!"

Hitro si obriše solze v materino krilo in zobki njegovi že meljejo. Mmm! Ali vse prehitro je dobrote konec. Lakoto pa čuti zdaj huje nego preje.

Medtem se mati na srečo vendarle spomni, da bo treba iti. Mali jo sliši govoriti, "saj drugega tako ne potrebujem, nego kakega pol ducata posušenih žemljic. Za spremembo sem spekla kruh in drugo sama."

Mali se začudi: "Spekla si kruh? Kdaj pa? Saj ga — —." Krc po glavi ga je ustavil.

Prodajalka devlje suho pecivo v škrnicelj. "Štirje kifeljčki in štiri žemljice, pa si boste za pet centov natrli več in boljših drobtin, nego bi jih v trgovini dobili za deset."

Mali razpre oči. "Drobtin?"

Mati v zadregi: "Kaj neki drugega, radoznali ti!" In stika za novčiči v denarnici.

"Pa mama, ali mi nisi obljubila, da jih boš z mlekom polila, da bodo kakor gore narastle?"

"Tak, kaj pa čvekaš? Kaj čvekaš?" Mati je vsa rdeča v obrazu. "To so vam deca! Doma ima kruha in vsega, pa me takole spravlja v zadrego."

Sinek jo odprtih ust posluša in gleda debelo. "O, mama, zakaj se lažeš — —?" Toda mati ga naglo potisne skozi vrata in odideta.

Prodajalka jima sledi z očmi. Nazadnje zmigne z glavo. "Vdova je. Dela sicer, toda zasluži menda malo le več, kot nič. Vendar ne razumem, zakaj se svoje revščine tako strašno sramuje! Saj se niti greha ne bi mogla bolj sramovati! — Tak, Rockefeller je končno le umrl," obrne pogovor drugam in nadaljuje: "To mora biti težko takim, ki morajo vkljub milijonom umreti, kakor vsakrteri drugi!"

"A še težje bi jim bilo, ko bi imeli kaj vesti, ki bi jim očitala, da je njih pohlep milijone potiskal v stradanje in se ameriški delavski otrok spričo tolikega bogastva mora veseliti suhe žemljice, ki naraste, da je ko gora velika . . ."

FRANCE HORVAT:

SREDI NJIVE

SREDI njive
gre meglica,
v očke njene
zre modrica:

"Čuj, meglica,
čuj, ne beži,
malo rose
nam odreži!"

Bratec kokolj
se že joče,
ker ne daš nam
svoje moče.

Rž veselo
zlatopiri,
klasje svoje
k soncu širi.

Smeje se nam
že pšenica,
smeje regrat
in zlatica.

Plešejo že
drobni slaki,
kimajo že
bratci maki.

Čurimurčki
skriti ždiijo,
ker rosice
ne dobijo."

Dosti prošnje
je meglici,
rose vsuje
dve koritci.

Hop — naenkrat
vsi so v plesu,
rajajo spet
v sončnem kresu.



Courtesy of Proletaree

R. EPP

MIRICA IN MUCIKA

Ivan Vuk:

Zgodba o čokoladi

(Po stari španski pravljici)

KAKO je nastala čokolada? Čokolada, čarobna beseda, otrokom po vsem svetu priljubljena, kakor najlepša muzika. Od kod se je vzela, kako je nastala?

Stara španska legenda pripoveduje:

— Bilo je leta 1504. Španec Fernando Cortez je pripravljaj mornarico, da odjadra po stopinjah svojega rojaka Krištofa Kolumba k "Novemu svetu."

Močnejše so zatripala srca španskih pomorščakov in vitezov, ko se je raznesla vest o tem smelem pohodu. Vsakdo je hrepenel, da bi ga izbral Cortez k svoji posadki. Zakaj zanimivi bodo dogodki in z mnogo slavo bodo ovenčani.

Cortez je izbral posadko za svoje ladije iz samih vitezov in pomorščakov, preizkušenih v mnogih borbah.

Med plemiči, ki so se ponujali Cortezu, je bil tudi grof Alva de Almeria, mladi vitez, ki si je že na visoki šoli v Salamanci skupno s Cortezom pridobil veliko znanost in preizkušnjo. Cortez ga je sprejel z veseljem. Pred odhodom ga je grof Almeria zaprosil za kratek dopust, da uredi nekaj svojih reči.

Grof Almeria je odjezdil k lepi princezi Juaniti Rica. Poslovil se je od nje in jo prosil, naj ga ne pozabi. Želel je v svojem srcu, da jo zasnubi, ko se vrne iz Amerike.

Princeza mu je pri odhodu rekla:

"Srečno pot, grof. Prinesite mi sladkogrenko darilo iz daljnega sveta."

Ko so ladje že bile na odprtem morju, je grof Almeria še vedno mislil na lepo princezo.

Sladkogrenki dar? ... Kje ga najde?

Po dolgem jadrnanju so prijadrali k obrežju "Novega sveta". V prvih bojih z domačini Novega sveta, je neki Indijanec ranil grofa Almeria. Teksija, lepo indijansko dekle, se je zavzela za ranjenega belega človeka. Negovala ga je s

tako požrtvovalnostjo, da je ozdravel. Posebno mu je pomagala nekakšna okrepčujoča pijača, ki mu jo je Teksija dajala vsaki dan. Ko se je znal že nekoliko pomeniti in s Teksijo pogovarjati, je vprašal Teksijo:

"Kakšno pijačo, lepa deklica, mi daješ? ... Ta pijača mi je celila rano in me branila pred mrzlico."

Teksija je pokazalo na lepo okrašeno čašo, v kateri mu je prinašala tisto pijačo.

"Kokolata," je rekla in se sladko nasmejala.

Almeria je razumel, da je "late" mleko. Ali kaj je "koko"?

In je vprašal:

"Kaj je tista beseda, 'koko'?"

Dekle ga je prijelo za roko in ga odvedlo pred bajto, ki je bila obkrožena z gostim grmičevjem in drevjem. Ustavila se je pred nekim grmom, na katerem je bil sad, podoben drobnemu grahu.

Dotaknila se je tega grma, se nasmehnila in vzkliknila:

"Koko, koko."

Almeria je videl, da se dela pijača iz tega sadu in kako ga je deklica kuhala v mleku.

Almeria je bil še nekaj časa gost mlade Indijanke. Kmalu ji ga ni bilo treba več skrivati pred svojimi rojaki, ker je bil sklenjen mir z osvajači. Pleme se je pokorilo zavojevalcem. Cortez je moral poslati kralju v Španijo svojega odposlanca, da mu poroča. In določil je grofa Almeria, ki je prav rad sprejel naročilo.

Dolga, neizmenro dolga se je zdela grofu vožnja po morju. Ko je naposled zagledal pečine Gibraltara, se je razveselil. Ko je izvršil pri kralju svoje poslanstvo, je takoj odjezdil h gradu Rioa.

"Izvršil sem vaše naročilo, princeza. Prinesel sem vam darilo iz Novega sve-

ta, kakor ste želeli. Grenko je in sladko."

Tako je rekel grof Almerio in dal princezi vejico tega čudežnega grma.

Princeza Juanita se je najprej nasmejala. Ali ko ji je grof priredil izborna pijačo in ko jo je pila, je videla, da je res, kar je govoril grof. Darilo je bilo sladkogrenko.

Grof Almaria je poljubil roko princeze Juanite in rekel:

"Bodite, princeza, moja žena, zakaj, gledite, ljubim vas."

Princeza je pristala in kmalu je bila svečana in sijajna svatba v okrašenem gradu Riou.

Od meksikanske besede "kokolate" (chocolatt) je nastala čokolada. Postala je kmalu vsesplošno priljubljena pijača in sredstvo za vse ostale sladkarije, ki se delajo iz sadu grmičevja koko.

Tako pripoveduje pravljica o čokoladi.

Sreča

ZIVEL je nekoč sin slavnega Harunal-Rašida, ki ni bil srečen. Šel je zato vprašat za svet starega derviša. Modri starec mu odgovori, da je težko dobiti srečo na svetu. "Vendar," pravi, "poznam zanesljivo sredstvo, s čigar pomočjo si lahko preskrbiš srečo."

"Kakšno je to sredstvo?" vpraša princ.

"Da oblečeš srajco srečnega človeka," odgovori derviš.

Princ objame starca in se odpravi v svet iskat čarobni pomoček.

Napoti se v velika mesta sveta. Poizkusi srajce cesarjev, srajce kraljev, srajce princev, srajce velikašev. Brez uspešen je njegov trud. Nič srečnejši ni bil.

Obleče srajce umetnikov, srajce voj-

nikov, srajce trgovcev, srajce učenjakov. Uspeh je bil isti.

Tako je napravil mnogo pota, a sreče ni našel.

Naposled se obupan in žalosten vrne v palačo svojega očeta.

Hipoma zasliši na polju prepevati marljivega kmetovalca, ki ves vesel stopa za plugom. "Glej, vendar človek, ki ima srečo," reče sam pri sebi, "ali pa sreče sploh nikjer na svetu ni." Stopi k njemu.

"Dobri človek, ali si srečen?" ga vpraša.

"Srečen," odgovori kmetovalec.

"Ne želiš si li ničesar?"

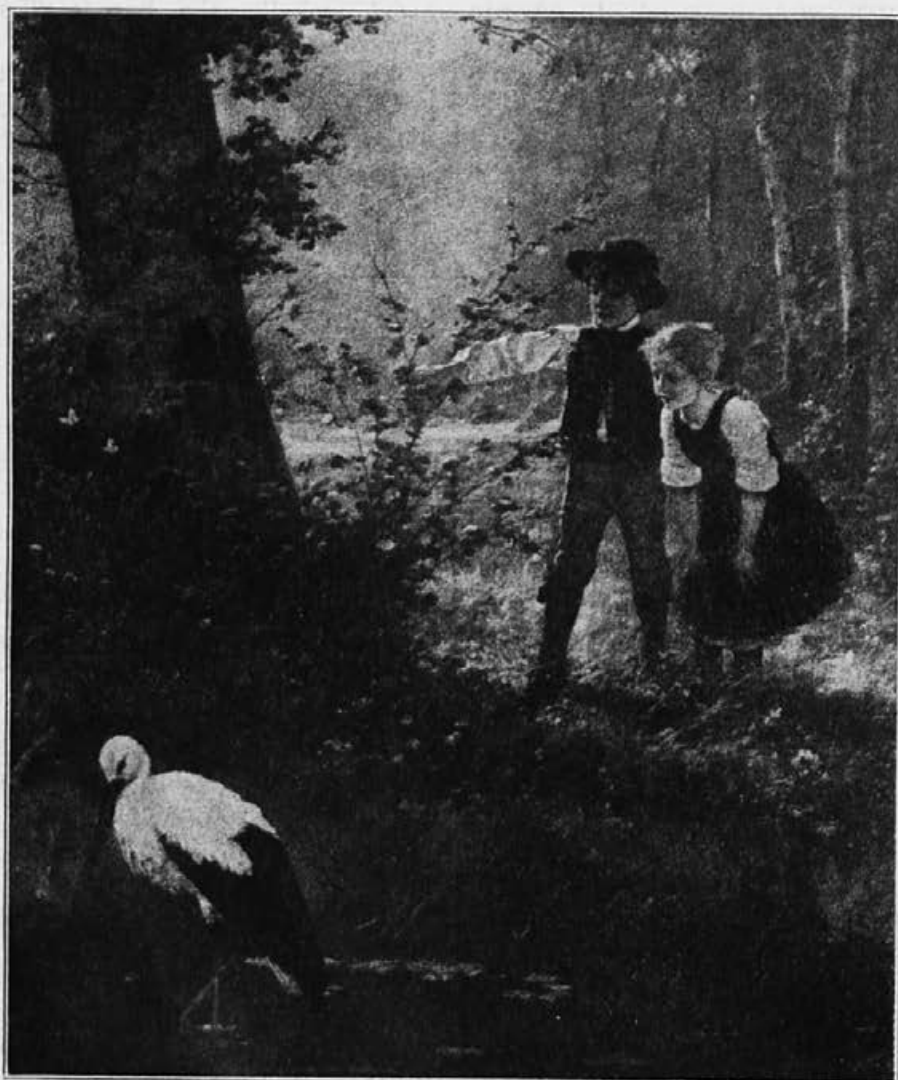
"Ničesar."

"No, dobro, prodaj mi svojo srajco!"

"Srajco? Nimam nobene!"

Iz francoščine.





Courtesy of Proletarec

HUBERT SALENTIN

GLEJ, ŠTORKLJA! . . .

IVAN CANKAR:

O, domovina, ti si kakor zdravje

PETNAJST let in dalje ni videl Juraj domovine.

Dečko krepak in zdrav, dela in sreče željan, se je napotil v svet. Dela je našel, sreče ne veliko. Pleča so mu bila široka, pa je nosil breme, kakor mu je bilo dodeljeno.

Komaj se je še dobro ogledal tod in in ondod, je stopil v novo tvornico kraj velikega mesta ter je ostal tam petnajst let in dalje. Zjutraj, ko se je danilo, je šel iz tvornice; belega dne ni videl. In vselej, kadar se je vračal iz tvornice, je bilo njegovo telo za troje kapelj krvi siromašnejše: eno kapljo so popili silni stroji, druga kaplja se je izgubila v črnem prahu, tretja se je raztopila v žganju.

Nekoč, ko je Juraj baš vzdignil roko, da bi si obrisal z rokavom pot s čela, so nenadoma zaplesali stroji pred njim, kakor da so oživele, tudi on sam se je zavrtel v kolobaru, in ko je pokleknil na tla, se je izlila iz njegovih ust črna kri.

"Kaj se je zgodilo?" je vprašal tovariša. "Konec je, prijatelj, konec!" je odgovoril tovariš. "Kmalu, zdi se mi, boš počival!"

"Kako — počival?"

"E prijatelj, petnajst let in po troje kapelj na dan, po tri kaplje krvi . . . ni šala! Tudi jaz pojdem za teboj, vsi pojdemo — kdo bi se cmeril? Delal si, dodelal — pa umri!"

"Če je treba umreti, bom slušal!" je rekel Juraj in je šel in se ni več vrnil v tvornico.

Dokler je delal, ni čutil in ni pomislil, kako je vrela iz telesa mlada moč v zmerom tanjšem curku. Zdaj je sedel brezdelen na postelji, pa je bil ves truden in je spoznal, da je izžet in nadložen starec. In hudo se mu je storilo pri srcu.

"Glej, Juraj!" je pomislil. "Tako si delal petnajst let in dalje, nisi videl be-

lega dne, ne užil veselja; zate ni bilo praznika, jama izkopana bo tvoj praznik in tvoj počitek!"

Tisti večer je slišal, kako so iz dalje, iz domovine zabučale šume.

"V pomladnem viharju me pozdravljajo!" ga je izpreletelo vse do srca.

In je takoj povezal culo in se je napravil na pot. Dolga je bila pot, tri dežele je premeril črni železniški voz. Ko se je belilo tretje jutro, je zadel Juraj culo preko rame in je stopil iz voza.

Komaj se je doteknila noga rodne zemlje, je vzklopelo v njem in zaigralo kakor mlado življenje.

"Petnajst let in dalje te niso gledale moje osirotele oči, majka! . . . Pozdravljeno ti, polje neizmerno, blagodišeče . . . pozdravljena, ponosna šuma, do neba pojoča . . . in od srca pozdravljen, moj rodni kraj, ki se beliš na zelenem brdu!"

Kje bolezen? Kje utrujenost? Ogenj se je povrnil v oči, moč je vzklopela v prsih.

"Blagoslovljena, zahvaljena, majka domovina . . . ti rodnica, usmiljena preporodnica!"

Z veselimi koraki je stopal v brdo. Na klancu mu je prišel naproti sosed, mlad fant nekoč, zdaj mož brkat in mrk.

"He, Jovo!" je vzkliknil Juraj.

Sosed je molčal.

"Kaj me ne poznaš več? Juraj sem!"

"Juraj? Kateri Juraj?"

"Petnajst let in dalje . . ."

"Glej tisti Juraj . . . Hudo si se izpremenil, bolan si in suh; rodna mati ne bi te spoznala!"

Juraju je segla žalost v srce.

Pod selom je srečal drugega soseda; tudi drugi sosed ga ni spoznal.

"Tisti Juraj, praviš? Pa čemu se vračaš zdaj, Juraj, iz nemških dežel?"

"Da bi umrl v domovini."

"Ali si veliko prislužil tam?"

"Bolezen sem prislužil."

"Baš dovolj za smrt . . . Kako boš živel, ko nimaš ne koč ne polja, že kmalu ne rok?"

Juraj je povetil glavo.

"E, pa kako! . . ."

"Nemški deželi si dal življenje, domu pa si prinesel smrt, Juraj!"

Žalosten je šel Juraj dalje.

"Kam bi?" je pomislil. "V šumo pojdem, med tujce in žganjarje . . . tudi sam tujec v domovini in skrunjež njen!"

Srečal je tretjega soseda in povetil glavo pred njim, še preden ga je ogorčil.

"Pa kam zdaj, Juraj?" je vprašal sosed. "Siromaki smo in težko je hraniti človeka, ki je v tuji deželi potrosil mladost!"

"V šumo pojdem!"

"Kako, v šumo? Saj komaj stojiš pred menoj, kakšen si! Ne, v šumo ne pojdeš, niti na polje, temveč na gorko slamo!"

Juraju se je zdelo, da nosi kamen na hrbtu. Truden je bil in sedel je kraj poti na culo, da bi počival.

Pobral je s poti grudo prsti in jo je pobožal z dlanjo kakor lice otroku.

"Zemljica, majka!"

Solza je padla na grudo; takrat je bil Juraj obraz vel in mrtvaški kakor obraz starca, sedečega pred jamo, zanj izkopano.

"Tako je, Juraj: ne bomo ti kratili gorke slame, tudi kruha ne; in tudi ti ne bomo očitali, Juraj, da ne žanješ, kjer si sejal . . . Pozdravljen nam!"

Juraj je vstal.

"Ljudje božji, bratje, domovino sem imel in zdravje; ko sem oboje izgubil, so izpregledale moje oči in so videle, da sem imel zdravje in domovino . . . Pokažite mi, bratje, kje je jama izkopana."

Truden je bil in je legel v hlev na gorko slamo in je zaspal in se ni več predramil . . .

M. LEVSTIK:

Ivanček bo priden

IVANČEK, če boš danes prav priden v šoli, dobiš popoldne nekaj posebno dobrega za južino!" Tako je dejala trgovčeva žena sinčku, ko se je zjutraj odpravljala v šolo.

Ivanček je bil priden deček. Rad je slušal doma in v šoli. Tudi tega dne je sklenil, da bo še posebno miren in pazljiv, da zadovolji dobro mamico in dobi od nje obljubljeni dar.

Dobrega Ivančka so tudi součenci imeli prav radi. Pogosto mu je ta ali oni tovariš podaril kakšno malenkost, da bi mu naredil veselje. Tudi danes pristopi Robnikov Pepček pred ukom k Ivančku. "Na, Ivanček!" mu veli in mu stisne oreh v roko. V tem vstopi učitelj. Ivanček hitro smukne darilce v žep.

Pri pouku je poslušal Ivanček vselej

prav pazljivo. Danes pa si je še posebno prizadeval, da mu ne uide nobena beseda strogega učitelja. Toda hipoma mu uidejo misli k orehu v žepu. Potihoma izmuzne desno ročico s klopi in seže v žep po oreh. Zanima ga sicer, kar ravnokar pripoveduje njegov učitelj, kako se jeseni sele ljubi ptički v daljne, daljne kraje, kako težavna in nevarna jim je ta dolga pot. Ali oreh v ročici — ta mu ne da miru. Poželjenje za sladkim jedrcem premaga njegovo pazljivost. Še so sicer njegove oči uprte v gospoda učitelja, a njegove misli so že popolnoma pri orehu pod klopjo. Počasi in tiho mu izgine še druga roka pod klop. Rahlo izvleče iz žepa nožič, otiplje s prstki mesto, kjer se da vbosti med luščini v oreh, poriva počasi rezilo med oreh in jame rahlo privijati nožev roč.

"Resk!" zahrešči luščina, in oreh je razpolovljen v Ivančkovi roki. Ta glas ni ušel tankim ušesom učitelja. Hipoma preneha v pripovedovanju. "Kdo je to naredil?" vpraša s strogim glasom.

Ivanček se prestraši, da mu oreh in nožič padeta iz rok. Rdeč kakor kuhan rak se počasi dvigne pokonci: "Jaz, gospod učitelj."

"Ti, Ivan? Kaj pa si imel pod kloppo?"

Preden je vprašani mogel odgovoriti, je že zaklical deček, ki je sedel zadaj za njim: "Orehe je luščil!"

"Tako! To ni lepo, da ne paziš med poukom. — Stopi tjakaj za tablo za kaznen! A tudi ti stopi ven, ker si tožil, ne da bi bil vprašan!"

* * *

Nekako tesno je bilo Ivančku pri srcu, ko se je po dopoldanskem pouku bližal svojemu domu. Ni zdirjal v kuhinjo k mami, kakor je bila sicer njegova navada. Mirno je smuknil v sobo in tiho je odložil svoje reči.

"Ivanček, kako da si danes tako tih?" ga vpraša mamica, ko je pogrinjala mizo. "Ali te je morda grajal učitelj, ali si bil morda celo kaznovan?"

Kakor da bi ga bila mrzla roka prijela za srce, tako jako se je Ivanček ustrašil zavoljo tega materinega vprašanja. Če prizna, da je bil kaznovan, kako se bo žalostila mamica, ko je dosedaj zvedela vedno le to, da je bil v šoli miren in priden. Če pa reče: "Ne!" — se laže in lagal še ni dosedaj. A preudarjati ni časa. Materine oči so vprašujoče uprte vanj — po kratkem molku počasi privzdigne oči in nekako boječe odgovori: "Ne, mamica, nisem bil grajan ali kaznovan!"

Komaj je bil izgovoril svojo prvo laž, že mu je bilo žal, silno žal, toda prepozno. Tesno mu je prihajalo v prsih, in čutil je, da mu lice rdi od sramote. Spomnil se je, kako je v šoli mnogokrat slišal, da je laž zelo, zelo grda. Sram ga je bilo, grozno sram, in ko so sedeli pri obedu, ni si upal niti očetu in materi niti drugim okoli mize pogledati v oči. Na

mizi so se mu smehljali zabeljeni cmočki — oj, in te je imel Ivanček tako rad! Danes pa je položil žlico na mizo, komaj ko jih je bil pokusil.

Skrbna mamica je hitro opazila, da z Ivančkom nekaj ni v redu. "Ivanček, kaj ti je danes? Gotovo si nekaj bolan? Bržčas bo tako."

"Doma ostaneš popoldne in v posteljo pojdeš," je pripomnil oče.

"Ne, ne, ate, mamica, nisem bolan; prosim, le pustite me v šolo — prav ničesar me ne boli. Jesti pa ne morem — danes mi ne gre prav nič v slast!"

Ko so se mu končno udrle debele solze po ličecu, mu je bilo vendarle dovoljeno, da se je smel odpraviti v šolo.

Drugi domači so se razšli po svojih opravkih, samo mati je bila v sobi, ko je Ivanček odhajal v šolo. Čedalje glasneje se mu je oglašala vest. Ozrl se je med vrati na mater — že je mislil priznati svoj pregrešek in prositi odpuščanja, a zopet ga premagata sramota in strah. "Adijo, mamica!" S povešeno glavico odkoraka proti šoli.

"I, kaj je neki z otrokom?" se povprašuje mati, ko v skrbih gleda za njim. —

* * *

"E, Ivan, kako da si se danes zakasnil? To vendar ni tvoja navada!" ga ogovori učitelj, ko stopi Ivanček v šolo.

Deček hoče v svoje opravičenje nekaj povedati, a zazdi se mu, kakor da mu drugače tako prijazni pogled njegovega dobrega učitelja danes pekoče sega v dno duše in gleda ondi ostudni madež laži. Zdi se mu, da ga vsi součenci očitajoče pogledujejo, da si vsi mislijo: "Ivanček je lažnik!" Nemirna vest mu uklone glavo in solze mu zalijo oči.

"No, le sedi, nič ne jokaj, pa v prihodnje dohajaj pravočasno!"

Slučajno so ravno tisti dan čitali v šoli berilo "Lažnik". Njegov učitelj je pri tej priliki zopet govoril, kako ostudna razvada je laž, kakšna sramota za tistega, ki laže, kako postane lažnik celo — tat! Vsaka beseda je spekla skesanega Ivančka kakor sam živi ogenj, ni si upal privzdigniti glave.

Na tabli je bil predpisan rek: "Kdor laže, je malopridnež!" — Učenci so ga morali pisati v zvezke. Ivanček je pisal že jako čedno. Danes pa se mu je tresla roka, parkrat mu je že kanilo črnilo na zvezek, spolzela solza kesanja na beli papir, ko je moral pisati samemu sebi tako grenko obsodbo.

"Ivan, Ivan, danes pa tvoja pisava ni takšna kakor navadno," pravi njegov učitelj. "Zdiš se mi nekako otožen," nadaljuje potem, "ali si morebiti bolan?"

"Nisem, gospod učitelj!"

Vkljub temu se učitelj s tem odgovorom ni zadovoljil, ampak je lažno z glavom majaje opazoval danes precej izpremenjenega dečka.

* * *

"Glej, Ivanček, to bo dobro!" veli mamica in mu prinese lep zlatorumen grozd, ko je po povratku iz šole tiho sedel za peč. "Vidiš, ker si bil danes v šoli miren in priden, kakor si mi povedal, sem ti zbrala posebno lep grozd. Ko pozoblješ tega, pa ti skuham še bezgovega čaja, preden ležeš v posteljo. In jutri bo moj Ivanček zopet popolnoma zdrav!"

Ljubezen in skrb zlate mamice je zadelo dobrega dečka v srce. Njegova či-

sta duša ni mogla dalje trpeti sramotnega madeža na sebi.

"O, mila mamica", zaihti Ivanček in se spusti pred osuplo mater na kolena, "obdržite grozd, nisem ga zaslužil. Kaznujte me, ljuba mamica, samo da mi odpustite!"

"Otrok, kaj si storil?" zakliče prestrašena mati, ko dvigne klečeči Ivanček sklenjene roke in se mu solze vdero po licu.

"Mama, mamica, odpustite — zla — zlagal sem se vam opoldne. V šoli ni nisem bil miren — sem bil kaznovan — sem — sem moral stati pri tabli, ker sem luščil oreh!"

Prestrašeni materi se kamen odvali od srca. "Dete moje, to pač ni bilo lepo, da nisi pazil v šoli. Še slabše pa si naredil, da si se mi nalagal. Vedi, da niso lažnivi otroci ljubi ne starišem, ne ljudem! Ali ker vidim, da ti je resnično žal, ti odpuščam. Le vzemi grozd, dam ti ga za plačilo, ker si svojo zmoto odkritosrčno priznal in se ga resnično kesaš. Toda zanaprej, Ivanček moj, ne laži nikoli več!"

Ko je zvečer tistega dne mamica kuhala večerjo, je Ivanček stal ves čas poleg nje in se je držal za krilo.

Lagal pa ni od te dobe nikoli več.





VESELA NOVIC!

DRAGE deklice in dečki! Spet je poletje in na široko se nam je nasmejalo solnce. Priroda je vsa v cvetju in zelenju. Prišel pa je tudi tisti sladki, zlati čas, ki ga šolska mladina čista najbolj—počitnice.

To je ena vesela novica. Druga je pa ta, da SNPJ vedno misli z mladino in se z njo veseli počitnic. Pa ne svojih, ker jih nima: SNPP je vedno na delu, vedno skrbi za svoje člane, vedno išče pota, da dobi kaj novega posebno za svoje deklice in dečke. Tako se je zgodilo tudi na njeni konvenciji v Clevelandu. Delegacija je sprejela par zelo dobrih zaključkov v korist mladini. Uredništvu Mladinskega Lista je naročila, da razpiše več novih, zanimivih natečajev ali kontestov in najboljša pisemca bodo nagrajena v gotovini. O tem prinašamo poseb-

no naznanilo na prvi strani slovenskega in angleškega dela v tej številki M. L.

Mladinski List se bo stopnjema preuredil. Treba bo marsikaj preosnovati in naštudirati, da se ukrene najboljše. Glavni odbor bo na svoji seji v avgustu določil vse potrebno, da se konvenčni sklepi izvedejo. Tako bo v nekaj mesecih pred vami popolnoma prenovljen vaš mladinski mesečnik, v besedi in sliki.

Zdaj se pa pripravite, da boste pričeli pisati, tudi če bo čelo znojilo in tudi če se začno možgančki kravžljati! Priliko boste imeli, da boste dobili nagrado, ako bo pisemce dobro. Med počitnicami se boste naučili svežega zraka, ki vam bo osvežil duha in dal nove vzpodbude. Potem pa boste zavihali rokave in pridno pisali pisemca za Mladinski List!

UREDNIK.

Po konvenciji SNPJ

Dragi urednik! Konvencija Slovenske narodne podporne jednote se je zaključila. Vršila se je v Slovenskem narodnem domu na St. Clair avenue v Clevelandu. Kakor je bilo poročano v Prosveti, je bilo vseh delegatov in odbornikov na konvenciji 236. Zborovali so enajst dni; pričeli so 17. maja in končali 28. maja. Konvenčne seje so bile

zelo zanimive in na galeriji je bilo vedno mnogo poslušalcev. Konvencija je vse Clevelandčane zanimala. Veliko pripravljanja je bilo pred konvencijo in tudi med konvencijo. Tukajšnja društva SNPJ so bila zelo zaposlena; ne društva, ampak njihovi člani in članice. Federacija teh jednotlivih društev je imela vse delo v svoji oskrbi.

In tega konvenčnega dela je bilo obilo. Treba je bilo skrbeti za delegate,

da so dobili stanovanja in hrano. Prišli pa so tudi gosti in obiskovalci. Tudi zanje je bilo treba skrbeti. Slovenski Cleveland je bil ves na nogah. Vse je govorilo le o konvenciji SNPJ.

Še mnogo bolj kot za konvencijo samo pa smo se mi mladi zanimali za konvenčne programe in zabave (entertainments). Te so se vršile ob večerih. Vsak večer je bilo kaj zanimivga na sporedu. Začeli so odrasli s svojimi programi, potem pa je prišla na vrsto mladina.

Mladina je priredila par programov. Uprizorila je par iger in nastopila v pevskih in muzikalnih točkah.

Največ zanimanja je pa bilo za konvenčni banketni program v soboto 22. maja. Del tega programa se je oddajal po radiu. In naši mladinski zbori — "Slavčki" (Nightingales), "Kanarčki" (Canaries), "Škrjančki" (Larks) in "Barbertonski Slavčki" (The Barberton Nightingales) — so nastopili in peli, da je bilo veselje. Okrog 500 jih je bilo. Na radiu so peli tri lepe pesmice. Vsem se je dopadel ta radioprogram, najbolj pa petje mladinskih zborov. Najbolj so se postavili s pesmico "Žabja svatba." Ljudje so pravili (in čitali smo v Prosveti), da so ti dečki in deklice (v starosti od 5 do 12 let) peli tako ubrano, da je bilo veselje poslušati.

Mladinsko petje se odraslim zelo dopade. Zato pa ga je treba gojiti. Za ta uspešen del radioprograma — za nastop mladinskih zborov na banketu — gre veliko priznanja pevovodji Louisu Semetu, ki je mlade pevce tako lepo izvežbal. Ljudje so se kar čudili, kako je kaj takega mogoče, da se skupaj spravi tako veliko število otrok in se jih nauči tako lepo peti.

Konvencija SNPJ je priznala vrednost teh zborov s tem, da jih je nagradila z denarno podporo. SNPJ je bila prva v mnogih ozirih. Mladino je organizirala že pred 25 leti.

O čem drugem naj bi pisala danes, ako ne o konvenciji SNPJ? To je glavno in najbolj zanimivo. Lahko še dodam, da sedaj imamo vsi šolarji šolske

počitnice, ki bodo trajale do prvega tedna v septembru. Šola se namreč prične po prazniku Labor day, ki bo na 6. septembra.

Sedaj prav nič ne mislimo o šoli, ampak le o zabavi. Poletje nudi mladini obilo razvedrila. Igramo se in kopamo ter prirejamo zlete.

Upam, da je mnogo ljudi slišalo radioprogram s konvencije SNPJ dne 22. maja. Mnogi so že pisali v Prosveti, da se jim je dopadel. Slišali so ga tudi v Californijo in do New Yorka.

Oprostite, dragi urednik, ker vas mučim največ s pripovedovanjem o konvenciji in njenih prireditvah. Omeniti moram tudi, da je konvencija sklenila, da se Mladinski List preuredi, prenovi. To je tudi dobro.

Prihodnjič bom spet kaj napisala, da mi ne bo dolg čas. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem Mladinskega Lista!

ČLANICA SNPJ IN 'ŠKRJANČKOV',
Cleveland, O.

Zanimivosti

Največ potresov je ob ščipu.

Dober govornik izgovori na uro 6—7000 besed.

V Argentini pride na 100 ljudi 120 konj.

Brazilijska pridela več ko pol vse kave, kar jo na svetu popijejo.

V Nemčiji je med sto ljudmi šest kratkovidnih.

V katoliški Italiji pride na milijon prebivalcev 250 kaznjencev, v "brezverski" Franciji pa le 60.

Iz 10 kilogramov kosti in cunj napravi v papirnici pet dekagramov finega papirja.

Najtežja kovina ni platina, ampak iridij.

V reki Amazonki živi nad 2000 vrst rib.

Propeler letala se ne giblje tako hitro kakor krila kolibrije.

Siromašni goslar

NEKEGA krasnega julijskega dne je bila v Maksimiru pri Zagrebu velika ljudska zabava. Nabralo se je mnogo ljudstva; staro in mlado se je radovalo tam. No, kjer so ljudje veseli, tam je tudi upanje za onega, ki mora živeti od usmiljenja drugih. Tako se je tam, kakor vedno pri takih prilikah, zbralo mnogo beračev in goslarjev, da si izprosijo kak vinar.

Med njimi je bil navadno neki starček, ki je bil pohabljen v vojski, tako da si ni mogel z delom zaslužiti vsakdanjega kruha, a s svojo malo podporo tudi ni mogel izhajati. Beračiti ni mogel; preskrbel si je za to gosli, na katere se je naučil v mladosti nekoliko igrati. Pri takih veselicah je stal pod košato lipo in igral brez prenehanja. Zraven njega je sedel njegov zvesti pes in držal v zobeh njegov stari klobuk, v katerega so šetalci metali svoje milodare.

Tudi danes je stal starec tu in igral, a pes je sedel pred njim, držeč klobuk kot vedno. Ljudje so prihajali mimo, — a klobuk je ostal prazen. Pozno popoldne je že bilo. Njegovo upanje je postajalo čimdalje slabotnejše, čimbolj se je solnce bližalo zatonu. Mnogi so se že vračali v mesto. Tužen in žalosten je gledal starček radujoče se ljudstvo, veselja zareče obraze, razkošni sijaj oprav. Veselost ljudstva ga je napolnjevala z bridkostjo; vrniti se bo moral lačen in utrujen v svojo revno stanovanje. O, ko bi ga mimoidoči samo enkrat dobro pogledali; gotovo se jih bi polastilo sočutje. Oblečen je bil v staro, zamazano vojaško uniformo. V mnogih strašnih bitkah je bil; skoro od vsake mu je ostala za spomni kaka brazgotina. Lok je držal samo s tremi prsti: topovska krogla je odtrgala ostale.

Veseli ljudje ga danes niti pogledali niso, če tudi je za zadnje vinarje kupil

nove strune in z največjim naporom godel svoje stare koračnice in plese. Globoka bol se je zbrala na njegovem odran in starosit zarozanem licu; roka mu je omahnila, nič več ni mogla sukati loka; utrujene noge so ga komaj še držale po koncu.

Vsede se na kamen ob poti, nasloni glavo v dlan, a iz oči se mu usuje na zemljo par grenkih solz.

Ne daleč od starčka je stal visok mladenič. Poslušal je že nekaj časa starčkovo godbo in ga pri tem opazoval z globokim sočutjem v očeh. Solze, ki so privrele iz siromakovih oči, so padale kot vrele kaplje na njegovo mehko srce. Hitro stopi k starcu, stisne mu zlatnik v roko in mu reče:

“Posodi mi za nekaj časa tvoje gosli!”

Starček začudeno pogleda neznanega dobrotnika in mu po kratkem molku poda gosli. Prijazni mladenič jih ubrano uglesi, stopi k starcu in mu reče: “Prijatelj! jaz bom igral, a ti pobiraj denar.”

Prične igrati. Siromak je ljubeznivo gledal svoje gosli; saj to sploh ne morejo biti njegove gosli: kakor biseri so se prelivali glasovi po strunah, prodirajoč globoko v srce. Veseli, poskočni so bili zdaj glasovi strun, a zopet nežni kot da tože težko bol, — kar je srce tako pretreslo, da so se oči nehote orosile.

Ljudje so postajali, poslušajoč ljubko glasbo, in začudeni gledali igrajočega mladeniča. Nihče ga ni poznal; a vsak je takoj opazil, da igra za siromaka. Vse bolj se je večal krog poslušalcev; kočije izletnikov so se ustavljale. A kar je bilo glavno: klobuk je bil kmalu poln vinarjev, desetnic, kron, da, tudi kak zlatnik je bil vmes. Pes je renčal: ali od jeze ali radosti? Klobuk je bil že tako težak, da ga pes ni mogel več držati v zobeh. Starec strese zato

novce v torbo, v kateri je nosil gosli. No, v kratkem času je bil klobuk znova poln.

Tujcu je sevala radost iz oči; igral je, da ni bilo konca ne kraja ploskanja in klicev "Živijo!" Vse je bilo navdušeno. A ko zadoni z gosli veličastna pesem o lepi domovini, zlete v trenutku kape in klobuki z glav, in vsa mnogobrojna množica se soglasno pridruži s svojimi glasovi, ker Hrvatje ljubijo svojo domovino. Ko je zamrl zadnji glas naše slovanske himne, tuji goslar naglo poda starcu gosli v roke, in

predno je mogel ganjeni siromak spregovoriti besedico zahvalo, je že zginil v množici.

"Kdo je bil to?" so vpraševali na vseh koncih; nikdo ni znal odgovoriti. Tisočglasni "Živijo tujec!" je zadonel med starimi lipami; a siromašni goslar si je tiho brisal solze veselja in radosti.

Ta dan sta bila v Zagrebu dva srečnika več: siromak, kateremu je bilo tako nenadoma pomagano v njegovi revščini, in umetnik Karl Pjenta, katerega srce je bilo polno tihe sreče in zadovoljstva.

JELKA VUK:

"Meni Bog je dušo dal"

(Pomladanska pravljica)

STARČEK — mraz je snežnobeli odkrevsal,
ko je zvonček beli
zacingljaj . . .

Teloh se je prismejal
tam na reber, bel, zeleni
in vijolici poredni,
modri, sramežljivo nežni
drugoval . . .

Sonček zlati kot mladost,
z žarki boža travnik, gozd,
a trobentic zlati rog
s sanj pozimskih ga budi —
"vstani, vstani" — govori,
"plašč si brž, le brž nadeni
svoj zeleni —
prav lepo ti pristoji . . ."

Sonček ljubko se smejal,
z žarki božal in trpljal,
da je vse veselo

s cvetjem se odelo,
breskve, češnje zacvetele,
kot za svadbo se odele —
a čebelic sladka godba
je brnela,
dobro letino želega.
Ptičke pa so šnebetale,
gostolele, žvrgolele,
pesmi zvočne prepevale,
gnezdčke si zavijale . . .

Tak je bilo
ko je striček snežnobeli odkrevsal
in nam zvonček beli
zacingljaj.
Vse se bilo pomladilo,
vse se bilo prerodilo —
samo človek je ostal,
nič se v njem ni predramilo,
krut je bil in je ostal,
molil, klel in se bahal:
"Meni Bog je dušo dal!"



JUVENILE



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Number 7.

To Readers of the Mladinski List

Here's big news for you! You're going to get a better, more interesting, completely changed Mladinski List in the near future. And there will be something special for everyone of you. The Mladinski List will have a page or so of a contest every month. This contest will be in the form of questions, and you will be eligible to send in your answers to the questions. For the best sets of answers, cash prizes will be awarded. The only rules will be that you are a member of the SNPJ and that you belong to the Juvenile Department.

The eleventh regular convention that met in May last in Cleveland, O., decided on this, the details to be worked out by our Supreme Board, executive committee, and the editor. Now these will first have their meeting during the first week in August. So it will be at this time that all the plans for this will be made. They will try to find a way to set up a fund so that we may have sufficient money to do all this we are promising you. They will also talk about how these contests will be managed, and just how much money we can award you in prizes. We are sure they will do the very best within their power to give you a magazine that you will be only too eager to receive!

All of this organization will take a little time—perhaps a few months. The whole thing will have to be carefully planned beforehand, because the will of the convention, when they decided on this change for you was that it should give you interesting reading and instruction along the line of our free-thought principles. That has always been the basis for our Mladinski List, except that from now on you will have a chance to take part in it and you will get paid for it. Not every time, maybe, but you'll always stand a chance.

So we will ask you to bear with us while these preparations are going on, but at the same time be looking forward to it, passing the good word along to your friends, and also to those friends who are not yet members of our Society.

EDITOR.

Games To Play

The Game of Good Resolves

Seated at a table the children are given sheets of paper and pencils, and each child is asked to write on his paper his resolution for the coming year. These resolves for the turning over of new leaves may be sober or funny, unique or common-place, but each one is almost sure to be typical of the child who wrote it. At the end of ten minutes the papers which have been numbered and signed by the children are collected and read by the grown-up who is conducting the game. On a second sheet of paper each child writes down the number of the resolution and beside it the name of the child who he surmises wrote it. The child who guesses the greatest number of names correctly is given a prize.

Cross-Balls

Cross-Ball should be played by two players standing two or three yards apart. They should start with two balls, and should each toss at the same time so that the balls pass in mid-air. It requires quickness of sight and hand to keep this up, but a little practice will make it easy, and bye-and- bye a third ball may be added, when the effect is pretty.

Chestnuts or any small round objects that are not too heavy or too hard, are better for this game than balls, as they are quickly and easily handled. If the players count aloud as they throw, their actions will become more regular and slips less frequent.

Nine Holes

Though the game is called Nine Holes, the number varies with the number of players. The holes are made in the ground side by side, and are numbered onwards from one, one hole belonging to each boy. Every hole has three or more small stones, called eggs, placed in it. Ten or twelve feet away a mark is made and one of the players rolls the ball from this mark towards the holes beside which the rest are standing. Directly the ball drops into a hole all the players scatter as fast as they can, except the owner of that particular hole. He snatches the ball and throws it at one of his running playmates. If he hits his mark, the boy who is hit loses one of the eggs from his hole, and in turn throws the ball at another player.

Every one who is hit loses an egg, and so does the thrower, if he misses. The player who is last to lose his eggs is the winner.



Some Authors You Should Know

CARL SANDBURG is a poet about whom working class children should know. Particularly working class children who live in Illinois and other industrial states. Sandburg was born and educated in Illinois and now lives in Michigan.

When Carl Sandburg was a kid living near Galesburg, Ill., he drove a milk wagon to earn a living. Then he washed dishes and swept floors to get the money necessary to send him through Lombard College at Galesburg. After graduating from Lombard he had various jobs. None of them were "white collar" jobs; he worked in the harvest fields, washed dishes in Denver hotels, shoveled coal in Omaha and later served as a soldier during the Spanish-American war.

After the war was over he joined the Socialist party and became an organizer for it. As an organizer he traveled over a large part of the Middle West speaking for the workers. His deep sympathy for them and women who work with their hands for a living constantly shows itself in his poetry.

Sandburg became a friend of Eugene V. Debs while he was working for the Socialist party. Sandburg left the Socialist party organizing work to become a reporter in Chicago. There he wrote about the unions and their struggles. He became the friend of many union leaders.

About then he began writing poetry. He wrote what was called "free verse." That is a form of poetry where there is no rhyme. Many American poets were writing in "free verse" at about that time. But Sandburg's was probably the best.

He wrote of simple things. About fog in the city streets; about a bird out on the prairies; about the little things that every one sees but very few per-

sons notice. He made these simple things seem lovely and beautiful by using just ordinary words—but using just the right words.

Most of all he wrote about the poor people. The struggles of the poor, and particularly the struggles of the children of the poor, seemed to get hold of his mind. Somewhere he tells about being sent by his newspaper to the working class district behind the stock yards in Chicago. He saw misery there. He was told that many more children die there than die in the Hyde Park district where the rich live just a few miles away.

Most poets wouldn't care about a thing like that but Carl Sandburg made it into a poem. His first book was called "Chicago Poems" and was followed a few years later by "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" and then "Smoke and Steel."

He has three daughters and for them he wrote some stories. These were made into a book called "Rootabaga Stories" and when he had written some more of these stories they were published too. The second book of stories for children is called "Rootabaga Pigeons."

Just a few years ago he published a life of Abraham Lincoln called "Prairie Years." It was a great book. Carl Sandburg, the fellow who had grown up on the prairies where Lincoln had lived, who had been poor and who had struggled for an education and who understood the poor, managed to tell new things about Lincoln.

Part of Sandburg's life of Lincoln has been published for boys and girls. It is called "Abe Lincoln Grows Up." Later another book of poems by Sandburg has been published. It is called "Good Morning America."

The poet who could write about Lincoln and also write about the poor and

still keep plugging along as a newspaperman has always been interested in the songs people sing. He has collected a great many common songs such as men sing while at work. He likes the songs people make up as they work or while they are enjoying themselves. Recently some of these songs collected by Sandburg were published and called "An American Song Bag." He sometimes went about lecturing on these songs and singing them. He played a big banjo while he sang the songs he has collected.

Carl Sandburg is one of the few great poets who lived in America. He is probably the greatest since Walt Whitman. Some poets don't like him because he uses the ordinary words folks use in talking and writes about common things. But it is just because he has made ordinary words and ordinary things beautiful by seeing them in a new way that he is a great poet.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU—(1817-1862)—Americans are sometimes surprised on going abroad and finding how they are looked upon by other peoples. "Yankee," to the mind of other peoples, signifies a shrewd, tricky, money-loving person. And it must be admitted that "Yankees" do glorify work and wealth.

So it must be a surprise that the most bitter enemy of the modern "civilization of comfort" was an American. He was Henry David Thoreau, the son of a Boston pencil manufacturer. He received the usual education of a boy from a well-to-do Boston family, and was graduated from Harvard University. He earned his living by teaching, lecturing and writing, but his heart was with other things. He was also a surveyor, and no doubt he would have engaged in this out-of-door work all of the time if he could have lived decently that way.

For he was a nature lover. He was collecting specimens of plants and animals and studying nature by the time he was 12 years old. Each year, he became more and more interested in nature, and more of a hermit. He would take long walks in the woods which sometimes lasted for days.

From his study of and living with nature, he came to hate cities and civilization which permit them. He came to believe that the less labor a man did, the better for the man and the community. He often said that he would have the order of the week reversed—six days of rest for one of labor. He admired the Indians for their self-dependence—making their own clothing from skins, and getting their food from small patches of corn, and by fishing and hunting. (Personally, however, he detested hunting, because it was necessary to take a life).

In 1845, he decided to try the experiment of life in the woods, and built his famous "nest" of Walden. It was merely a hut on the pine-slope over Walden pond, in Massachusetts. The hut was built, furnished and kept in order entirely by the labor of his own hands. He tilled a few acres of beans and potatoes. But most of his time was spent in study of nature. Birds came at his call; beast lost their fear of him; "the very fish in lake and stream would glide, unfearful, between his hands." For two years, he lived this life in the woods, and from his experience wrote "Walden," his masterpiece.

He was somewhat of an anarchist; that is, he hated governments of all sorts, just as he hated railroads and cities and indoor life. He went to jail rather than pay taxes which were levied against him.

Thoreau never married and died at the early age of 45. Besides "Walden," he wrote "The Maine Woods," "Cape Cod," and "A Yankee in Canada."

(To be continued next month)



Courtesy of Proletarec

F. JAKUB

SUMMER

Chopin The Great Musician

WHEN you hear Chopin's music you must remember that its composer was half a Pole and half a Frenchman. For his father was a Frenchman and his mother a Pole. His full name was Frederic Francois Chopin. He was born at Zelazowa-Wola, near Warsaw, Poland, on February 22, 1810. His mother's maiden name was Justina Krzyzanowska. His first musical education he received from Albert Zivny, a Czech musician who was a great admirer of Johann Sebastian Bach, German musical composer. Chopin was a Polish musical composer and pianist.

Now the French have always been noted for writing beautifully graceful and neat music, and the Poles are very fond of fast dances, and besides this have been so much oppressed that in their music you often find something very sad or very intense. And one or other of these various qualities, French and Polish, you generally find in the lovely piano pieces Chopin wrote.

When little Frederic was only nine years old he had become quite well known as a clever pianist. The rich Polish noblemen used to send for him to perform at their houses, and one day he had an invitation to take part in a great public concert.

This was the first time Frederic had performed before a large audience, and there was great excitement in the Chopin household. The little boy was dressed with great care. He stood on a chair and his mother put his best clothes on him.

There was one thing which he had never worn before, and he was very proud of it. His mother was not able to go to the concert, and when he came back she asked him, 'Well, what did the people like best?' And instead of naming one of his piano pieces the little

chap explained, 'Oh, Mother, every one was looking at my collar!'

At this concert Frederic played a pianoforte concerto. This, as you probably know, is a piece in which the solo instrument, the piano, has the chief part, but a full orchestra plays too. Sometimes piano plays alone, and sometimes the orchestra, and sometimes they both play together. To play a Piano Concerto well is a great feat.

At that time Warsaw was ruled by the Russian Grand Duke Constantine, and he was said by everybody there to be a very violent and brutal man. But when Frederic played to him, as he often did, the Grann Duke was always as kind and gentle as possible.

But there are some people even harder to tame than Grand Dukes, and these are—s c h o o l b o y s ! Now Frederic's father had a school, and one day, when he was out, the master left in charge could not keep order.

Whilst the uproar was at its height Frederic came in and begged the boys to be quiet whilst he played them a story on the piano. Then they kept as still as mice, and the young pianist put out the lights and began to play. As he did so he told them what the music meant. It was all about robbers, who tried to get into a house with ladders, but were frightened by a noise and ran away. They come to a dark wood and lay down to sleep.

When the story got to this point Frederic played more softly until not only the robbers, but his hearers too, dropped off, one by one, to sleep.

Then he stopped playing and crept quietly out of the room to fetch his mother and sisters, so that they should have a good laugh at the sleepers. They brought lights into the room and then Frederic struck a loud chord on the piano to waken the boys.

You can imagine they all had some fun out of this incident. Is this tale true? What do you think? Can boys be lulled to sleep as easily as that?

When Frederic was fourteen the Emperor of Russia came to Warshaw. Probably the people of Warshaw were proud of their young pianist, for he was asked to play before the Emperor.

All this time Frederic had hardly been outside his native city, and it was not until he was nineteen that he began to see the world. It chanced that a profesor of natural nistory was going to Berlin, to attend a great congress of naturalists. So it was arranged that Frederic should go with him, and that whilst the profesor was attending his lectures and meetings the youth should go to concerts and the opera, and also make the acquaintance of the musicians of Berlin.

Mendelssohn, who was the same age as Chopin, and who then lived in Berlin, was prosent at the Congress, but Chopin did not like to introduce himself to him, because Mendelssohn had already become famous, whereas he himself was almost unknown outside his home city.

In those days travelling was, of course, done by coach, and when the professor and the young pianist came to a certain little town they stopped to change horses.

In the Inn parlor Chopin found a grand piano, so he began to play. The landlord and the landlady and their daughters were delighted, and so were all the coach passengers. For some time the coach could not start, for the people would not get into it. When at last Chopin stopped playing the landlady and her daughters came to the coach after him, bringing lovely cakes

to eat on the way, and wine to refresh him on the dusty road.

It was now time for Frederic to be making himself known as a musician wider afield, so his father urged him to go to Vienna and give a concert there. He was then twenty.

Most of the people who heard him were delighted, but a few of the Viennese thought that he played too quietly. They were fond of loud noise. It is a good thing that Chopin did not listen to them, for his natural style, both as player and composer, was a graceful, quiet stlyle. Sometimes his music has to be played loudly and brightly, but much of it is meant for gentle, expressive playing, and none of it is rowdy.

From Vienna Chopin went on to other capitals, such as Prague and Dresden, so now he was really seeing the world, and the world was hearing him. But for some time Vienna was the centre, to which he returned after his journeys, and where he spent many months. You know perhaps that this was the city where Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and many other composers spent a large part of their lives. It has always been one of the most music-loving cities of the world.

Some of the people at Vienna thought Chopin was a very fine pianist but not much of a composer, but gradually it became recognizel that he was great in both ways.

When he composed some variations for the piano, which were published, Schuhmann, who edited a musical paper, was so delighted with them that he wrote an article in which were these words: Hats off, gentlemen — a Genius!

(Continued next month)

A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

In the last letter, we got down to some pretty fine points. We were talking about the whole universe being made up of **matter**—even gases and light and everything we had least of all thought of as being matter. Do you remember that quotation “that there is no single statement the biologist can make about the behavior of living things that cannot also be applied to the non-living?”

You would say that a rat is alive, wouldn't you? You know, too, that if one of its legs is cut off it will continue to live. Did you know that more than that, you could remove the heart, and by keeping it in the right kind of apparatus, you could keep it alive for months—maybe forever? (There is a chicken heart in the laboratory of Rockefeller Institute, N. Y., that has been kept alive for 25 years.) Even more than this: you could take only a piece out of the heart, and by keeping it under the right conditions, keep the tissues alive.

If you would look at this piece of tissue under a microscope, you would find that it is made up of single cells. It might be that each of these single cells could be separated and made to live for a long time if there were any instrument yet devised small enough to take care of it. For there are one-celled plants and animals that live just like any bigger combination of cells!

Now is this the end? Or can we go still further and try to break up these single cells and so find out what it is that makes up life and where life begins? That is exactly what scientists have been trying to do.

I wonder if you can bear with me while we dig into one of these little cells. Remember this is much, much deeper already than Tennyson said

about the little flower: that if he could know what it is, he could know what life is! This is one-cell! If we could only know what it is! But maybe we can try to find out.—

Now picture, if you can, what a cell would look like under a microscope. The cell has a very delicate wall, and inside of it is “stuff” that keeps churning and churning. Remember once, we said, that everything always keeps moving and changing? This moving stuff is called “protoplasm.” Now, somewhere near the center is a thicker part and this is called the “nucleus” and around it is still another thinner fluid.

Now you can puncture this very delicate wall, and you won't kill the cell. You can even take out some of this thin fluid, and the cell won't die. It'll manufacture some more of it—just like we spoke of the tadpole growing a new leg if you injure it. But you can't injure the **nucleus** of the cell; that is something different.

Are you still with me? Remember we are speaking of the **nucleus**, the core, of the cell. Now let's bore into this. We find out that it is made up of 24 particles that look like sausages. Each of these is called a chromosome. The nucleus of the cells of corn has 20 chromosomes; that of a horse has 60; that of a frog has 26. But, as we said before, the nuclei of the cells of man have 24. Whatever the human being or plant or the animal is like depends upon the differences in their chromosomes. If one man is black and another white, it is because of the differences in these chromosomes. If one has blue eyes and another brown, it is because of the nature of the chromosomes.

Now, the chromosomes are still not the smallest parts of the cells. Even these are made up of still smaller parti-

cles called "genes." There are thousands of genes in each one of the cells of the human body. These "genes" cannot be injured—or rather, we should say, must not be. If certain ones are injured, there is death.

Now, the scientists have come to the question of, "Then what are genes made of?" Of molecules—and molecules are made up of **atoms** of hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, and phosphorus. Remember one of our previous talks about these elements and saying that science knows only 92 of them on this earth, and that everything is made up of them—the only difference being in how they are combined and how many of them there are. Now we have come down to that.

Dr. Calvin Bridges, of the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, thinks that in these "genes" and the way they are made up is the whole secret of life. He believes that perhaps a thousand million years ago in the shallow, warm sea water such genes were formed. They were the beginning of life.

They were simple large molecules produced by the whipping together of atoms of the various elements. They formed together in a geometric form

that permitted them to accumulate more material and to shape this material into their own form.

Finally, these genes joined together and formed the entire living cell. It needed the warm, salty sea to live on.

And now as science has concluded to date, all life is simply a more and more and more complex organization of this simplest of all combinations.

Now I wonder if you can take a good, deep breath so that we might try some kind of a review of all this discussion we've had!

Electrons, protons, and neurons join together to make **atoms**.

Atoms join together to make **molecules**.

Molecules join together for the **genes**.

Thousands of **genes** link up together for the **chromosomes**.

Now the work begins to be divided. The chromosomes and the material around it begin to cooperate in the work that is done, they begin to be capable of dividing, multiplying, and moving—and somewhere in this movement we recognize the first life!

Has this been too much for one day? Perhaps we can go back over this and take it easier sometime.

The Coming of the Machine

By Hendrik Van Loon

IN the olden days the work of the world had been done by independent workmen who sat in their own little workshops in the front of their houses, who owned their tools, who boxed the ears of their apprentices and who, within the limits prescribed by their guilds, conducted their business as it pleased them. They lived simple lives, and were obliged to work very long hours, but they were their own masters. If they got up and saw that

it was a fine day to go fishing, they went fishing and there was no one to say "no."

But the introduction of machinery changed this. A machine is really nothing but a greatly enlarged tool. A railroad train which carries you at the speed of a mile a minute is in reality a pair of very fast legs, and a steam hammer which flattens heavy plates of iron is just a terrible big fist, made of steel.

But whereas we can all afford a pair

of good legs and a good strong fist, a railroad train and a steam hammer and a cotton factory are very expensive pieces of machinery and they are not owned by a single man, but usually by a company of people who all contribute a certain sum and then divide the profits of their railroad or cotton mill according to the amount of money which they have invested.

Therefore, when machines had been improved until they were really practicable and profitable, the builders of those large tools, the machine manufacturers, began to look for customers who could afford to pay for them in cash.

During the early middle ages, when land had been almost the only form of wealth, the nobility were the only people who were considered wealthy. But the gold and silver which they possessed was quite insignificant and they used the old system of barter, exchanging cows for horses and eggs for honey. During the crusades, the burghers of the cities had been able to gather riches from the reviving trade between the east and the west, and they had been serious rivals of the lords and the knights.

The French revolution had entirely destroyed the wealth of the nobility and had enormously increased that of the middle class or "bourgeoisie." The years of unrest which followed the Great Revolution had offered many middle-class people a chance to get more than their share of this world's goods. The estates of the church had been confiscated by the French Convention and had been sold at auction. There had been a terrific amount of graft. Land speculators had stolen thousands of square miles of valuable land, and during the Napoleonic wars, they had used their capital to "Profiteer" in grain and gun-powder, and now they possessed more wealth than they needed for the actual expenses of their households, and they could afford to build

themselves factories and to hire men and women to work the machines.

This caused a very abrupt change in the lives of hundreds of thousands of people. Within a few years, many cities doubled the number of their inhabitants and the old civic centre which had been the real "home" of the citizens was surrounded with ugly and cheaply built suburbs where the workmen slept after their eleven or twelve hours, or thirteen hours, spent in the factories and from where they returned to the factory as soon as the whistle blew.

Far and wide through the countryside there was talk of the fabulous sums of money that could be made in the towns. The peasant boy, accustomed to a life in the open, went to the city. He rapidly lost his old health in the smoke and dust and dirt of those early and badly ventilated workshops, and the end, very often, was death in the poor-house or in the hospital.

Of course the change from the farm to the factory on the part of so many people was not accomplished without a certain amount of opposition. Since one engine could do as much as a hundred men, the ninety-nine others who were thrown out of employment did not like it. Frequently they attacked the factory-buildings and set fire to machines, but insurance companies had been organized as early as the 17th century and as a rule the owners were well protected against loss.

Soon, newer and better machines were installed, the factory was surrounded with a high wall and then there was an end to the rioting. The ancient guilds could not possibly survive in this new world of steam and iron. They went out of existence and then the workmen tried to organize regular labor unions. But the factory-owners, who through their wealth could exercise great influence upon the politicians of the different countries, went to the Legislature and had laws passed which forbade the forming of

such trade unions because they interfered with the "liberty of action" of the working man.

The last half of the 18th century had not merely been a time of intellectual and political doubt, but the old economic ideas, too, had been replaced by new ones which better suited the needs of the hour. Several years before the French revolution, Turgot who had been one of the unsuccessful ministers of finance of Louis XVI, had preached the novel doctrine of "economic liberty." Turgot lived in a country which had suffered from too much red-tape, too many regulations, too many officials trying to enforce too many laws. "Remove this official supervision," he wrote, "let the people do as they please, and everything will be all right." Soon his famous advice of "*laissez faire*" became the battle-cry around which the economists of that period rallied.

At the same time in England, Adam Smith was working on his mighty volumes on the "Wealth of Nations," which made another plea for "liberty" and the "natural rights of trade." Thirty years later, after the fall of Napoleon, when the reactionary powers of Europe had gained their victory at Vienna, that same freedom which was denied to the people in their political relations was forced upon them in their industrial life.

The general use of machinery, as I have said at the beginning of this chapter, proved to be of great advantage to the state. Wealth increased rapidly. The machine made it possible for a single country, like England, to carry all the burdens of the great Napoleonic wars. The capitalists (the people who provided the money with which machines were bought) reaped enormous profits. They became ambitious and

began to take an interest in politics. They tried to compete with the landed aristocracy which still exercised great influence upon the government of most European countries.

In England, where the members of Parliament were still elected according to a Royal Decree of the year 1265, and where a large number of recently created industrial centers were without representation, they brought about the passing of the Reform Bill of the year 1832, which changed the electoral system and gave the class of the factory-owners more influence upon the legislative body. This however caused great discontent among the millions of factory workers, who were left without any voice in the government. They too began an agitation for the right to vote. They put their demands down in a document which came to be known as the "People's Charter." The debates about this charter grew more and more violent. They had not yet come to an end when the revolutions of the year 1848 broke out. Frightened by the threat of a new outbreak of Jacobinism and violence, the English government placed the Duke of Wellington, who was now in his eightieth year, at the head of the army, and called for Volunteers. London was placed in a state of siege and preparations were made to suppress the coming revolution.

But the Chartist movement killed itself through bad leadership and no acts of violence took place. The new class of wealthy factory owners, slowly increased its hold upon the government, and the conditions of industrial life in the large cities continued to transform vast acres of pasture and wheat-land into dreary slums, which guard the approach of every modern European town.



BIG NEWS FOR YOU!

DEAR READERS: We needn't tell you that school is out and vacation time in full swing. You know this better than we. It concerns you—you are experiencing this summer freedom and carefree days. But your parents, on the other hand, have, perhaps, more work with you now than during school days. May you enjoy your vacation to the fullest measure without causing your parents too much worries.

And while you are having your vacation, the Slovene National Benefit Society with its Juvenile Monthly Messenger, the MLADINSKI LIST, is ever at work preparing for you something new and interesting. Its Cleveland convention decided to carry out a new plan for your enjoyment, entertainment and education, namely—by gradually altering the Mladinski List into a completely changed magazine. It will be new and interesting in

word and picture, although its name will remain intact.

Here's big, cheerful news for you! A string of contests will be conducted in the Mladinski List beginning a few months hence. Attractive cash prizes will be awarded for the best letters submitted. These to be open to each and every member of the Juvenile Department. The nature of these contests will be announced later. The purpose of these letters is to interest you in the real work of the SNPJ, its mission and fraternal endeavors. The Supreme Board will draw up a definite program for this new venture at its August session.

And now you should get ready and set to go at the sound of the next announcement which shall be published soon. Watch for it!

EDITOR



Dear Editor:—I am ashamed to admit it, but I haven't written to this beloved magazine for a long time, since school was going on and we had much work to do. Well, I'm writing now and hope to continue throughout the summer vacation, if I don't forget and am ambitious.

Well, school is out now and I am very glad. It was out May 21. Our Eighth grade graduation was on that day. I graduated this year.

Thinking about my being in the ninth grade next year seems unbelievable. There were just seven graduates, six girls and one boy. They are: Irene Bonella who gave the Valedictory; Mary Pershin (me), who gave the Salutatorian; Floyd Guinard, the only male, who gave the Class Poem; Rosy Stossel, who gave the Class Prophecy; Sofie Vinich, who gave the Welcome and Farewell Speech; Eva

Gazdik, who gave the Class History, and Norma Burkus, who gave the Class Will.

It might sound very odd to some people, but it SNOWED here June 4. It covered our gardens and broke many trees.

I don't know what all I'll do this summer, but I know swimming is the first thing as I have already gone on May 25 and 27.

What is the matter with Elsie Kolar and Joseph Yazvac? Why be lazy?

Next time I write to this magazine I'm going to try to write in SLOVENE.

A County Spelling Contest was held at Landler, a city ten miles from Hudson, on May 1. There were children from all Fremont county. From Hudson, the children that attended were: Rudy Pushin, Bill Sanford, Eva Gazdik, Norma Burkus, Sofi Vinich, Rosy Stossel, Helen Farman, Katie Suslar and I. Rosy and I got 100 in our written contest. In our oral contest I went down on "specifications." I spelled it without an "s" on the end and made it singular instead of plural. I stood up the longest of the Hudson group. A boy from Riverton got first prize and a girl from Riverton got second prize. A girl or rather a lady from the Wyoming State Training school was supposed to get first prize, but they didn't give it to her. She was somewhat older than the other contestants. They let her go to the State Spelling contest.

We had an art exhibit on May 14 at the Hudson Public school. We showed all our art work that we have made during the school year. There were many pictures and many people were there to see them. We had booklets of all kinds. We also had Pot Holder holders.

They are building a cheese factory here. We all hope they succeed in making it. Some of it is done. It is located near Main street.

I wish some of the members would write to me. I will gladly answer all letters as soon as I receive them.

A Proud Member,

MARY JEANNETTE PERSHIN,
Box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

* *

Dear Editor:—I wrote to the M. L. last month and it encouraged me to see my letter printed—so I am writing again.

Good things and bad things have been happening around here, but I will start with the bad, first.

The especially sorrowful thing to me was the death of my uncle, Valentine Ovca, a member of the SNPJ, Lodge 47. It was a large and touching funeral. Brother Brinocar gave a farewell talk in English at the home and Brother Banich and Brother Aidich gave talks at the Oakridge cemetery where he was buried.

The former spoke in Slovene. We wish to thank them all for their kindness and thoughtfulness.

Now for the good things.

First of all, I graduated from grade school and received a certificate of honor in Home Economics. The program consisted of four songs, two speeches, some instrument solos and responses to awards. I was quite excited about graduating but I still hated to leave Iles school because I have gone there all my life.

May 28, we had an assembly at which shields with an "I" (for Iles) in the center was given to a number of people. An extra star was put on it for each activity. I received a shield with two stars on it, one for athletics patrol and one for music.

I said in my last letter to the M. L. I would tell you how the spelling bee turned out. Iles won! We received a large silver cup and if our school wins it three times straight, the cup is ours for keeps. So please keep hoping for us, we may need it.

I have misplaced my box in which my penpals' addresses were, so will you all please send me your addresses on a post card and I will answer all your letters which I know you are wondering about. I am sorry about it and hope you will understand. I wish Evelyn Chervon would wake up and write. Come on and write everyone and let's make a new record for the M. L.

MILDRED OVCA,

1841 S. 15th st., Springfield, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—Sitting and dreaming as usually, but am dreaming that I'm an orator talking to all the SNPJ members.

May 1, our Home Economics Class went to Littleton, Colorado, to exhibit our year's work. There were many other schools that also participated in the exhibit. Each school had their girls give a program on Special Demonstration. We gave a mock demonstration on "How to set a table and serve a luncheon." For our Home Project, a girl gave a speech on how she made her dress.

A lunch was served at 12:15 for 25c. In the afternoon a style show was given, and many beautiful dresses were shown.

After the exhibit the majority of Louisville girls went to a picture show in Denver. After the show was over, about five girls, including myself, went to a restaurant to buy sandwiches. Two girls bought hot dogs which cost a nickel. The rest of us girls saw the cook frying hamburgers; they looked so delicious that we ordered them, thinking they cost a nickel also. We sat down on the benches to wait. On the wall was the menu. I started to read it when I came to the price of ham-

burgers. I got so excited you could have knocked me down with a feather. The price was 15c and the other girls each had a nickel left, while I had 40c. But I hated to pay 15c for sandwich that wasn't worth more than five cents. When the other girls saw what I was reading, they also got excited. Leaving the other two girls, we started to walk out. The cook just saw us when we opened the door and shouted in crabby way, "Where you girls going?" All we could say from lack of words was, "Will be back later." Just as soon as we were out of sight and out of breath from running, we bought a bar-candy to make up for the sandwich. After we ate our bar, we stood on the corner waiting for the other girls to come. We were waiting about 10 minutes when we saw them walking down the street toward us laughing, for the cook told them to tell us, "Thanks for the work we caused," which embarrassed the girls very much. Nobody will ever have that feeling we had that night.

Louisville high school has the honor of having the best orator in Northern Colorado. He's won first place in the oration contest held in Boulder, Colorado, with a free trip to Jacksonville, Ill., where he will compete with other winners of different states. Our high school gave a party before his departure.

JULIA SLAVEC,
Box 153, Louisville, Colo.

Dear Editor:—I didn't have much time writing because I was busy with my school studies. Now that school is out I decided to write to the Chatter Corner. I think the SNPJ is the largest and most honest organization for paying sick benefits and death claims. Its lodges also have picnics, dances, and offer everybody, old and young, good times. There are four in our family, three of us belong to the SNPJ. My brother is the youngest member of the Lodge 206. He is eighteen months old. I am thirteen years of age and promoted to the Sophomore class at Arcadia high school.

FRANK H. ZVEGLICH,
R. R. No. 1, Box 108, Arcadia, Kans.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 12 years old and I belong to the SNPJ for 6 years, Lodge 467. I have been a member of this Lodge since I was 6 years old.

My school was out May 18. We had ice cream and other goodies. All the pupils in the school ran races. I have one teacher, Mr. Cole. There aren't very many pupils in our school. I would like to have some Penpals and will gladly answer their letters. I would like to hear from Mary Tursich.

Best regards to the Editor and Readers. (I also would like Mary Kirk to write to me.)

MARIE POPERECHNY,
Box 56, South Standard, Ill.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. which I read every month. There are six in our family, and we all belong to SNPJ Lodge 13. I am 14 years old and this year I was a freshman in Bridgeport high school. My favorite sports are swimming, hiking, and basketball. I wish some boys and girls would write to me. I would gladly answer all their letters.

Here is a verse:

I like to see the Mladinski List
Grow better every time,
This issue is better than the last,
Because it ran my rhyme.

MARY GRILL,
RFD No. 1, Box 158½, Bridgeport, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years old and appreciate the stories and jokes very much that are published in the M. L. We had several spelling bees in which we were victorious, owing our thanks to our teacher, Miss Irene Musgrave, and the contestant, Le Roy Wertman. Why doesn't Fred Benegolia write? I have been a member of the SNPJ Lodge 327 for 14 years. I would like to hear from Penpals and will answer their letters; I also would like to hear if they save stamps.

JOE H. SCHMOUTZ, Box 300, Acme, Wyo.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I go to Oliver Hazard Perry school. I am in the 7 A grade, and I have a sister, Mary who is in the 9 A grade. She goes to Collinwood high school. Our school closed June 18, and now we have lots of fun swimming, bike-riding and hiking. I am very fortunate to live in the city of Cleveland where the Eleventh Regular Convention of the SNPJ was held. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ Lodge 53. I would like very much to have some Penpals write to me and I would answer immediately.

A Proud Member,

ROSE PICMAN,
1245 E. 172nd st., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. There are six of us in the family. The youngest one is Johnny Lee, the second one is Angelina, the third one is Vincent, the fourth one is I, the fifth one is Earl, and the

sixth is Kathryn. I haven't much to write this time; will write more next time.

MARY LOU PROCHASKA,
Eagle Nest, New Mex.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I will be playing a lot of baseball this season. I bought a new baseball glove, and boy, is it a peach. My favorite player in the major league is Joe Di Maggio. I will write more next time.

MICHAEL PRINC,
5436 Harrison st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Dear Editor: I haven't written to the M. L. for a long time, but I will try now to write every month. I am glad school is over (June 4). But the Exposition came before school was out. For the last day of school our Sixth grade was giving a play. We also had a party. I don't know all the things I'm going to do over my summer vacation. I like to play baseball. My sister and I are trying to play good. I made three home runs once. I like to play tennis too. I have a garden. I like to read the M. L. very much.

ROSE CULKAR,
Willetshire rd., Brecksville, O.

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Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I will try to send a letter every month. School was out May 14 and I passed to the 7th grade, and my sister Lillian passed to the 3rd grade. I have a sister that goes

to High School; she passed to the 10th grade. We went to a school picnic and had lots of fun. We have a school band and an orchestra. I play the violin in orchestra. There are big mountains here. I am glad that summer is here because we can go fishing. I wish some members would write to me and I would gladly answer their letters.

ANNA CEKADO,
Box 103, Somerset, Colo.

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Dear Editor:—I was very glad to find my letter in the M. L. I hope I find this one in too. I felt awful when I did not receive any letters from penpals; hope to get some now. My homeroom teacher, Miss Ellison, read my letter to the class. She told me to bring the M. L. to her every month. I will write a bigger letter next time about the SNPJ convention. I hope I find new members in the M. L.

A Proud Member,

WILMA GLAZAR,
434 East 160th st., Cleveland, O.

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Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I received two letters from Albina Kozan. I sure was glad to see my letter in the M. L. I have a sister who is 8 years of age and she is going to write to the M. L., too. And now I wish some of you boys and girls would write to me and I will soon answer your letters.

KATHRYN PROCHASKA,
Eagle Nest, New Mexico.



Jennie Was Delighted

Dear Editor:—I was simply delighted when I heard the five hundred young voices on my radio, Saturday, May 22, at 10:30 p. m. (daylight saving time), broadcasting from the SNPJ banquet in Cleveland. I was very happy to know that New York is not the only state in the United States where the Slovene children are progressing. I enjoyed the songs that were sung by the Singing Societies and was extremely happy to know that we play the same pieces on the Tamburitza. I believe that the Slovene children should learn as much as possible about the Slovene people and read the books of Louis Adamic and the stories of Anna P. Krasna and others to give them a better understanding. I would be very glad to answer any letters to the best of my ability on any subject. I would especially like to hear from the children who were among the five hundred splendid voices who sang so beautifully at the SNPJ convention radio broadcast May 22. I would also like to see more letters printed in this excellent monthly magazine from the members of New York SNPJ All Americans.

On February 12, 1932, the Brooklyn Tamburitza orchestra was organized under the direction of Mr. Ivan Gerjovich. For five years and five months, from eighteen to twenty children between the ages of twelve and twenty have practiced every Friday night, rain or shine. If extra practice was needed it was given on Sunday mornings. For the past two years we have entertained the people of United States with Slovene melodies on the radio. I remember very clearly when the Tamburitza made their

first appearance in public, it was a small concert where we were tested on our stage talent. During the first concert I saw many tears roll down the happy faces of the parents and friends. Everyone seemed happy again to hear their native music played by their own children. Since then we have made a great number of concerts and dances and also parties. After a very successful fifth anniversary celebration a new and younger group of children started playing on the same instruments under the same leadership. These children are from six to ten years old. The twenty-six small children pay strict attention and do a great deal of necessary studying at home. After they will complete their first song they will be taught to sing it. I am now waiting impatiently to see the tears roll down the cheeks of the parents and friends of the younger children. A few of these children and almost all the parents belong to the SNPJ.

In the near future the Brooklyn Tamburitza orchestra will hold a fifth annual picnic at Charely's Jovial Beer Garden, 60-18 Metropolitan avenue, in Ridgewood. The date is August 29, 1937; admission 25c; entree at 2 p. m. Refreshments will be served at nominal prices. At this time the Singing Society "Slovan" will accompany the Tamburitza with three popular Slovene numbers. The committee is doing all they can in order to make it a very pleasant affair. If this picnic will be a success it will encourage the players to continue studying and learn more pieces.

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

