

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

JUVENILE

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Anna P. Krasna:

## DA NE POZABIŠ . . .

**T**U sta dva nežna bela cveta,  
dva neznatna spominka  
na davna leta.—  
Dva bela metuljčka z zelenih trat—  
dve svetli misli iz zastrtih nad.  
Dva srebrna žarka  
iz mračnih noči—  
dva zlata pramena iz solčnih dni;  
dva bela mostiča  
čez prepad vseh teh let—  
dve snežni jadri na poti v tvoj svet.  
. . . In tiha želja,  
da v negotovih dneh  
ne pozabiš, kako je bil smel  
NAŠ MLADI SMEH!—

Anna P. Krasna:

## MISEL NA ČRNE VASI

**Z**E SPET imajo tople poletne dni  
in ob vsakem plotu spet mrko  
brezposeln rudar sloni.  
Po vseh hišah se vsega naveličane matere  
nad vsem jezijo,  
okrog vseh plotov  
se bosí in raztrgani otroci lovijo.  
Ob večerih pa doraščajoča dekletca  
za hišami pojo,  
in takrat oživi v mnogem srcu nada:  
O, saj nam bo še lepo!

## Čebele

**NASTOPILA** je pomlad. Sneg je skopnel. Polja in travniki so ozeleneli, drevje je zacvelo. Takrat se je zbudila nežna čebelica iz zimskega spanja. Zbudila je pa tudi svoje tovarišice rekoč: "Pojdimo gledat, je li še led in sneg na polju." Ali snega in ledu ni bilo nikjer; zakaj solnce je pripekalo, in povsod je bilo gorko. In čebelice so izlele iz panja, si umile nežna krilca in zletele prvič v prosto naravo.

Najprej so šle k jablani ter jo vprašale: "Ali imaš kaj za naše lačne želodčke?" Jablana jim reče: "Ne, nimam še; prišle ste prezgodaj. Moje cvetje še ni razvito. Pojdite tja dol k črešnji."

In letele so čebelice k črešnji in ji rekle: "Črešnja ljuba, ali imaš kaj cvetja za nas? Lačne smo!" Črešnja jim reče "Pridite jutri, danes so moji cvetovi še zaprti; pridite, kadar bom v cvetju!"

Nato so zletele čebelice k tulipanu, ki je imel velik, lep cvet, a v njem ni bilo niti vonjave, niti sladčice. Čebelice tudi tu niso našle medu. Že so se hoteli domov vrniti, ko ugledajo v grmovju lepo, dehtečo cvetico. Bila je ponižna vijolica. Čebelice prilete, in vijolica jim odpre svojo cvetno čašo. Bila je čaša polna dišav in medu. Napile so se in še domov prinesle prvega medu, ki so ga nabrale spomladi.

Iz "Vrtca".

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## Dober gospodar

**ŽIVELA** sta dva brata. Prvi je bil kmet in je imel tri sinčke. Drugi je bil pa premožen trgovec, ki je trgoval v velikem mestu. Ta je bil brez otrok.

In trgovec je nekoč obiskal brata kmeta z namenom, da preizkusi njegove sinove, zakaj enega izmed njih je namenil izobraziti za trgovca in mu izročiti vse svoje imetje.

Ko so se nekega dne igrali dečki na dvorišču, je pristopil stric in vrgel med nje svetel denar. Dva dečka sta skočila na denar kakor volkova, se pulila zanj in se končno začela celo pretepati. Tretji pa je stal ob strani in mirno gledal vso to borbo.

"Ali tebi ni nič za denar," je rekel stric tretjemu, "da se nič ne potruдиš zanj?"

"O, pa še veliko mi je," je odvrnil ogovorjeni. "Toda—kaj hočem! Razkosati se novc ne da. Ako si ga priborim, me bosta brata sovražila, če pa pograbi novc eden izmed teh dveh, mi pa itak ne ostane drugo ko bunke. Rajši pojdem k sosedom na dnino, pri njih si bom na lep način prislužil še več, kakor je vreden ta novc!"

"Prav misliš, dečko," ga je pohvalil stric. "Ti boš dober gospodar, ki boš premoženje ne le obdržal, nego ga skušal tudi na pošten način pomnožiti!"

In bogati stric je vzel tega dečka k sebi, ga izučil v vseh trgovskih poslih in mu kasneje izročil vse premoženje.

**Manica.**

Stric Janez:

## Vrednost dela

**B**ILO je v nedeljo popoldne ob času, ko vodijo pota mestnih otrok v kino, kamor jih vlečejo Tom Mix in drugi filmski cowboys in junaki, pa Mickey Mouse in druge filmske privlačnosti. Osemletni Frankie in njegov desetletni brat Johnnie sta plesala okrog matere v kuhinji kot mačka okrog sklede vrele kaše ter prosila:

“Mama, desetico za kino, prosiva . . .”

Mati, ki je sicer navadno takoj ustregla takim prošnjam svojih dečkov, pa je imela tisto popoldne svoje posebne muhe ter se ni hotela takoj podati. “Očeta prosita, jaz nimam,” je dejala z navidezno nejevoljo na obrazu ter poredno pomežiknila sosedu Klančniku, ki se je bil baš prikazal med vrati. “Če ga bo sta znala lepo prositi, vama bo morda dal desetici.”

Dečka sta napravila dolg obraz. Sicer sta vedela, da ju ima oče rad in da jima nikdar ne odreče take prošnje, vendar je bilo toliko prijetneje izprositi denar za kino kar od matere. Mati je vedno dala desetice s široko nasmejanim obrazom, oče pa je znal napraviti ob takih prilikah tako resen obraz in je vselej prej pogodrnjal, češ, treba jima je iti v kino! In tisto popoldne je bil videti oče posebno resen, skoro nejevoljen. (V resnici je bil le utrujen od nočnega dela v tovarni.)

Frankie in Johnnie sta se plašno spogledala. “Kdo bo prevzel vlogo prosilca?” so nemo poizvedovale njune oči, ki so nato usmerile v družinsko sobo, kjer je oče navidezno spal v naslanjaču. “Ti, Johnnie,” je menil Frankie. Johnnie je odkimal. Naj poskusi svojo srečo kar Frankie, boljše mu teče jezik kot njemu.

“Kako pa naj prosim?” se je Frankie plašno obrnil k materi, ki jo je bil začel siliti smeh.

“Kako pa mene prosiš!” se je zasmejala mati v odgovor.

Deček je nekaj časa okleval, ali skušnjava je bila prevelika in nazadnje se je odločil ter polahko, po prstih stopil proti očetu.

“Ata . . .” ga je plašno pocukal za rokav srajce. “Prosim — —”

“Ali me že spet nadlegujete!” se je navidezno razhudil oče, ki pri vsem tem ni bil spal in je bil čul ves pogovor. “Kaj bi spet rada?” je hudo pogledal še Johnnija, ki je bil pricapljal za bratom ter plaho prestopical z noge na nogo.

“Desetico za kino,” sta zapela v duetu dečka ter boječe pogledala očeta.

“Tako!” Oče je napravil mrk obraz. “Pa vesta, da imam dve desetici za vaju? In potem: ali sta jih zaslužila? Kje pa sta bila včeraj popoldne, ko sem vaju klical, da bi mi bila šla po tobak? In zvečer, ko vaju je iskala mati, da bi ji bila pomagala pomiti posodo? Zunanaj na cesti sta se igrala, ha! In zdaj bi pa rada desetice!”

“Kuhinjski pod sva poribala sinoči,” se je plaho opravičeval Frankie, prepričan, da so desetice za kino že odplavale po vodi.

No, saj oče ni bil tako strog kakor se je delal. Še malo pridige jima je napravil, nato jima je dal po petnajst centov. “Ampak glejta, da vaju drugič ne bom zaman klical, kadar vaju bom potreboval!” jima je zabičil in otroka sta radostnih obrazov takorekoč sfrčala skozi vrata.

“Malo jih je treba vzeti v roke,” je menil oče Železnik proti sosedu v kuhinji, “drugače jih imaš vedno na vratu: Daj, daj in zopet daj!”

Sosed se je nasmehnil. “Jaz pa drugače napravim.”

“Kako?” sta hotela vedeti Železnikova.

“Enostavno tako, da morajo naši otroci denar zaslužiti in potem razpolagajo z njim po svoji uvidevnosti ali neuvidevnosti!” je odgovoril Klančnik. “Vsakemu sva odkazala posebno delo, naj že bo pomivanje črepinj ali pometanje in ribanje in ob sobotah dobijo vsak pet in dvajset centov nagrade, ki jo lahko porabijo kakor hočejo. Ampak če po neumnem zapravijo svoj denar, potem ne dobe nič do prihodnje sobote. In če se kdo med tednom punta in noče delati, ne dobi v soboto nič. In tako sva jih z ženo polagoma naučila, da si mora človek zaslužiti vsak užitek z delom in da mora paziti, da sadov svojega dela prekmalu in po neumnem ne razmeče, da je treba vedno misliti tudi

na jutrišnji dan. Z drugimi besedami: uvajava jih v skrivnosti načrtnega gospodarstva in pa tisto ‘something for nothing’ jim iztepava iz glave. In pripričal sem se, da sva zadela žebliček naravnost na glavico. Otroci so zdaj bolj pridni ko poprej in nič več me ne nadlegujejo s tistim večnim: ‘Daj, daj in zopet daj!’ Mislim, da bi se povsod splačalo uvesti tak sistem.”

Železnikova sta se zamišljeno spogledala.

“Ni slaba ideja!” je tehtno dejal oče Železnik ter puhnil pred se oblak tobakovega dima. “Kaj, če bi še midva poskusila, Marta?”

“Pa dajva!” je smehljaje se pritrčila mati. “Škodovati ne more, koristi lahko!”

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## BRIDKOST

**P**ARK je kakor paradiž,  
ves od solnca pozlačen—  
ali njenim očem je le jasneje razgalil  
kruto dejstvo:  
Da je obraz najstarejšega bolno-rumen—  
životek srednjega ohlapen in droban—  
glas najmlajšega brezzvočen in bolan.  
Pa je zastrmela s skrušenim pogledom  
daleč preko lepote in zelenja,  
kot bi ji misli preštevale  
grenke postaje ob poti težkega življenja.

A. P. Krasna



Courtesy of "Proletarec"

STANKO ŽELE

SLOVENSKA VAS

# Sirota na ulici

Vinko Bitenc

*(V tej sliki iz današnjih dni nastopijo: revna deklica Fanči, dve imenitni gospe, gosposki dečki, Dolfe, Drago, Rudi, gosposke deklice Mija, Erna, Nada, stražnik, tuji gospod, več drugih ljudi in otrok. — Pred razkošnim izložbenim oknom se gnetejo otroci in odrasli. Okno je bajno razsvetljeno, raznovrstne igrače in sladčice so razložene notri. Po ulici hitijo ljudje. Deževni pomladni večer. Ob pločniku stoji revno oblečena deklica Fanči, steguje roko in prosi mimoidoče za milodare. Sem pa tja ji kdo kaj stisne v roko.)*

**Fanči** (steguje premrlo ročico):

Dajte, darujte siroti!  
Saj ne prosim zase,  
nego za mamico svojo,  
da ji olajšam gorje . . .

*(Dve imenitno oblečeni gospe pride-ta mimo in se ustavita pred njo.)*

**Prva gospa:**

Le poglej, Brigita,  
mlado beračico!

**Druga gospa:**

Dandanašnja vzgoja . . .

**Prva gospa** (proti Fanči):

Odkod pa si, punčara,  
da še zdaj prosjačiš?

**Druga gospa:**

Tukajle nemara  
dosti naberačiš?

**Fanči:**

V mestni jami, v baraki  
stanujemo;  
mamica je bo'na že mesec dni,  
očeta že davno na svetu več ni;  
oh, časi zares so taki,  
da še niso bili nikoli —  
mamica pravi . . .

**Prva gospa:**

Menda ne bo tako hudo.  
Veš, Brigita, davi  
mi je na trgu tako dekle  
v košaro poseglo z roko.  
Da je nisem opazila,  
bi mi torbico z denarjem  
izmaknila!

**Fanči:**

Joj, gospa!

**Druga gospa:**

Lepa je ta!  
No, vsi otroci niso enaki;

moji vem, da so pošteni  
kakor menda nobeni.

*(Vsaka izmed teh gospa stisne siroti Fanči novčič v roko. Nato odhajata. Med tem se je nabralo okrog Fanči več gosposkih otrok, ki so prej gledali izložbo. Posmehujejo se ji in jo cukajo za obleko.)*

**Dolfe:**

Čigava pa si?

**Drago:**

Kako se drži!

**Rudi:**

Kakor pust v koledarju!

**Drago:**

Ne — vol pri mesarju!

*(Vsi se zasmеjejo. Fanči se boječe odmika in na jok ji gre.)*

**Mija:**

Kako je razcapana!

**Erna:**

Pustite jo, siroto!

**Nada:**

Meni pa se smili!

**Rudi** (Nadi):

Oh, ne kriči kakor vrana!  
Pravi naš papa,  
da po mestu se beračiti ne sme!

**Dolfe:**

Jaz pokličem stražnika!

**Drago:**

Ne, ni treba;  
kar takole naredim,  
pa ne bo več sem prišla.

*(Udari deklico Fanči po roki, da se strklja denar na vse strani po tleh. Vsi trije dečki zbeže. Fanči plane v jok. Mija in Erna pobirata drobiž po tleh. Na-*

da jo tolaži. Ljudje se zbirajo na mestu.)

**Stražnik** (se prerije v ospredje):

Kaj pa je?

**Fanči** (boječe, v joku):

Mi-milodare

di-di-narje in pare

so-so mi neki dečki zbili iz roke . . .

(Mija in Erna ji tlačita pobrane novce v roko.)

**Stražnik:**

Zakaj pa tu prosjačiš?

**Fanči:**

Mamica me je poslala;

bolna je že mesec dni,

pa bi rada ji zdravila

za dinarje te kupila . . .

**Stražnik** (kakor v zadregi):

No, saj si dovoli nabrala,

pojdi zdaj odtod!

**Fanči** (tlači novce v predpasnik):

Saj že grem, gospod!

(Hoče iti, deklice jo sočutno gledajo. Iz gneče stopi visok gospod, ki je ves čas stal ob strani. Na glavi ima kučmo, oblečen je v gosposko suknjo. Oči se mu dobrodušno smehljajo, bela, siva brada mu pada na prsi.)

**Tuji gospod** (se približa Fanči in jo poboža):

Kako ti je ime?

**Fanči** (osuplo):

Fanči!

**Tuji gospod:**

Lepo; a jaz sem stric ubogih,

iz daljnih krajev sem prispel,

od tam, kjer po zelenih logih

glasi se večno ptičji spev.

Sem stric ubogih, a bogat,

podpiram reveže, sirote;

za nje imam zlata zaklad

in mnoge druge še dobrote.

**Fanči** (vsa vesela):

Za mamico zdravila mi kupite!

**Tuji gospod** (se smehlja):

Vse vem; sem slišal tvoje

pripovedovanje;

za svojo mamico zdravil dobiš,

obleko, toplo peč in hrano . . .

**Fanči** (presenečena, neverjetno gleda).

**Tuji gospod:**

To je resnica, niso sanje,

lahko že zdaj se veselíš,

pozabiš na gorje prestano. —

Pa pojdiva sedaj, ti dete bedno!

(Jo ljubeznivo prime za roko in jo pelje k izložbenemu oknu prodajalne. Tam postojita za hip. Ljudje se zbirajo in začudeno gledajo neznanega gospoda. Ta se obrne in pravi):

Človeštvu bo prinesla srečo, mir

ljubezen le, poštenje—

a ne prezir!

(Dvigne Fanči v naročje in prestopi z njo prag prodajalne.)

**Anna P. Krasna:**

## VOLNATE GLAVICE

**POZIMI** in poletu se pode po Amsterdamski ulici  
kodraste in temne volnate glavice.

Z velikimi očmi si ogledujejo mimohiteči  
pisani babilonski svet.

In z belim sijajem zdravih zob

pozdravijo vse, od prijaznega nasmeha

do ognite pomoranče,

ki jo zaluči Italijan pod stojnico.

Pod večer pa zasedejo tiste žalostne stopnice

hirajočih stanovanjskih hiš

in čakajo, dolgo in strpno,

da se vrnejo njih črne matere

iz svetlih domov srečnih—belih.

## KOSOVSKA DEVOJKA

Josef Luitpold—Mile Klopčič

**PESEM** poješ, veličastni pevec,  
o Kosovem, o krvavi bitki,  
in naštevaš pisana imena:  
sultan Murat, Toplica vojvoda,  
Boško, Lazar, Milica in Miloš—  
a devojke, kosovske devojke,  
nje z imenom sploh ne imenuješ?

Zgodaj vstala kosovska devojka,  
zgodaj vstala in pred dver stopila,  
na nedeljo zjutraj še pred solncem.  
In zaviha bele si rokave,  
jih zaviha do komolcev belih.  
Na ramenih nosi hlebe kruha,  
v belih rokah nosi zlata vrča,  
v prvem vodo, v drugem rujno vino.

In odide na Kosovo ravno.

Ni človeka, da preštel bi mrtve,  
Turke, Srbe, ki ležijo v krvi.

In devojka stopa po bojišču,  
po zastavah stopa in po kopjih,  
in obrača knezove junake,  
jih obrača, ki ležijo v krvi,  
in zapira jim oči ugasle.  
A če koga živega še najde,  
ga umije s hladno svežo vodo,  
napoji ga z rdečim, rujnim vinom  
in nahrani z belim, sladkim kruhom,  
naj po srbsko, naj po turško toži,  
okrepča ga, hlapca in vojvodo.

Po naključju pot jo je privedla  
do junaka Orlovića Pavla,  
praporščaka knezovih vojakov.  
Še je živel, živel sredi mrtvih.  
Desno roko v boju je izgubil,  
leva noga manjka do kolena,  
vitka rebra so mu polomili,  
in odprta so mu bela pljuča.

In potegne iz krvi junaka,  
ga umije s hladno, svežo vodo,

napoji ga z rdečim, rujnim vinom  
in nahrani z belim, sladkim kruhom.

Ko junaju spet srce zatriplje,  
se obrne h kosovski devojki:

“Draga sestra, kosovska devojka!  
Te nesreča huda je zadela,  
da devojka tod po krvi brodiš?  
Ali iščeš koga na bojišču,  
iščeš brata, iščeš mar bratranca,  
si zgubila ženina, očeta?”

Pa mu reče kosovska devojka:

“Dragi brat moj, praporščak neznani,  
jaz ne iščem po bojišču svojcev,  
jaz ne iščem brata ne bratranca,  
jaz ne iščem ženina, očeta!  
Tisoč vrancev dirjalo je v polje,  
tisoč vrancev in desetkrat tisoč,  
tisoč kopij videla sem v solncu,  
tisoč kopij in desetkrat tisoč,  
tisoč žrtev padlo je v spopadu,  
tisoč žrtev in desetkrat tisoč!

Glej, zato sem davi šla od doma,  
na nedeljo, z vrčema in kruhom,  
da umivam rane s hladno vodo,  
da življenje ranjencem rešujem.  
Vsi ubogi, vsi neznani borci,  
vsi so meni bratje in očetje.  
Ta nesreča mene je zadela,  
da devojka tod po krvi brodim.”

Pevec dragi, o Kosovem poješ,  
in o knezu, carici, vojvodi,  
vsa imena njihova naštevaš—  
a devojke, kosovske devojke,  
nje z imenom sploh ne imenuješ!

Murat, Lazar, kdo ta dva še pomni?  
Kaj nam Miloš, Toplica pomeni?  
Vsa imena so prešla v pozabo,  
vse zastave, kdo še vpraša zanje?!



A po mostu, čudežnem oboku,  
ki iz veka v vek se pne brez kraja,  
stopa z vrčema in belim kruhom  
še dandanes kosovska devojka.

*Prevajalčeve pripombe: Leta 1389 se je v strašni bitki spopadla srbska vojska in Turki na Kosovem polju. Bila je to ena najstrašnejših, najbolj krvavih bitk na Balkanu. Srbski narodni pesniki so spesnili mnogo pesmi o kosovski bitki, ena najlepših je gotovo pesem, ki poje o kosovski devojki, ki je šla zjutraj na bojišče z vrčema vode in vina in s hlebi kruha. Umivala je rane ranjencem in jih krepčala z vinom. Lik kosovske devojke je izmišljen, a vendar človeku tako pri srcu, saj stoji v vrsti onih, ki tvegajo, da pomagajo drugim. Dunajski pesnik Josef Luitpold, znani socialistični publicist, ravnatelj bivše delavske visoke šole, je v svoji zbirki "Vrnitev Prometeja" opel tudi lik te kosovske devojke. Bral je srbsko narodno pesem o kosovski de-*

*vojki v nemškem prevodu in lik iz te narodne pesmi je sprejel v vrsto resničnih zgodovinskih in izmišljenih likov, ki jih je opel v pesmih zgoraj omenjene zbirke. Zbral je like, "premalno češčene junake", ki so s svojim pogumom in trpljenjem gibal zgodovino in ki bodo zaradi tega večno ohranjeni v človeški zgodovini. In v to vrsto je sprejel tudi lik iz srbske narodne pesmi. Pevcu te narodne pesmi je naslovil svojo pesem, tega pevca pobara, kako to, da pozna vsa pisana imena vojskovodij, ne pozna pa imena kosovske devojke, ki bo živela dalj ko poveljniki, vojvode in knezi!*

*Srednji del pesmi (od "Zgodaj vstala . . ." do "Tisoč vrancev dirjalo je v polje . . .") je citiran nemški, skoraj natančni prevod srbske narodne pesmi.*

*Pesem je dragocena po svoji vsebini in lepoti, zanimati pa utegne tudi, ker je njen motiv vzet iz srbskega narodnega pesništva. Zato sem jo poslovenil ter objavil v "Zvonu" in zdaj tu.*

M. K.

## Krt in veverica

(Basen)

"REVEŽ si, ker neprestano tičiš tu v tej temni luknji," je pomilovalno rekla veverica krtu, "prav zares se mi smiliš! Pomisli samo, kako dobro je meni. Imam prav čedno hišico visoko gori na drevesu, zasenčeno od zelenih vejic in listov, in poleg tega še okusnih sadežev v izobilju. Prav izvrstno se počutim, enkrat me res moraš obiskati, da se boš na lastne oči prepričal o mojem zadovoljstvu."

"Rad verjamem, kar mi pripoveduješ," ji je odvrnil krt, "toda ravno zato, ker zelo slabo vidim, me tvoje stanovanje prav nič ne mika; počutim se kar najboljše v temni duplini pri svojih črvčikih."

"Pridi vendar vsaj enkrat nekoliko iz svoje umazane luknje, ti čudni godrnjač, in se prepričaj o moji sreči," je nadaljevala veverica.

Krt se je res dal pregovoriti in je šel z veverico. Stal je poleg drevesa, kjer je imela veverica svoje domovanje, in je gledal z drobnimi, mežikajočimi očmi v vrh drevesa. Videl je visoki veveričin grad, občudoval je duhovito zgrajeno gnezdo in počasi ga je pričelo mikati udobno in prijazno življenje poskočne veverice.

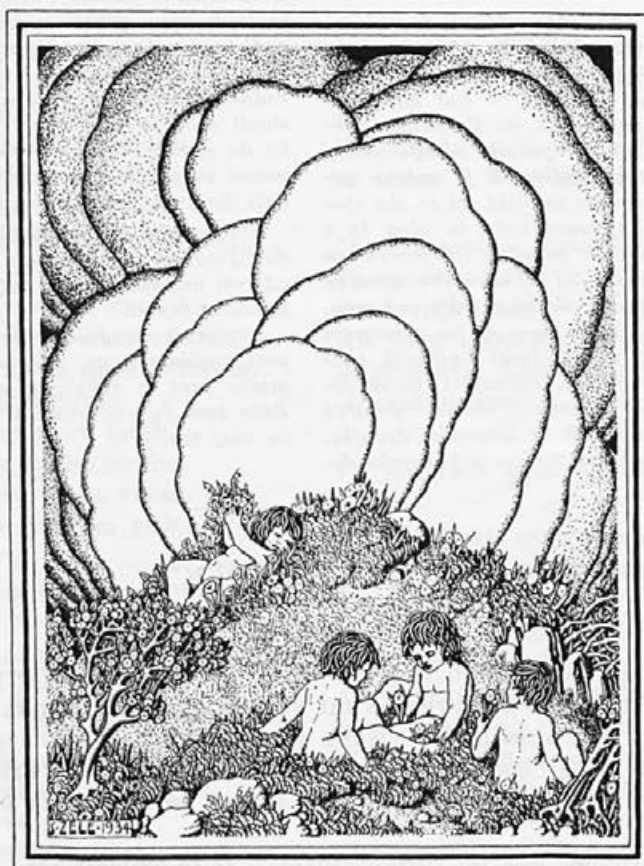
"No, prijateljica," je pričel, "prav lepo se imaš, malce sem pa res zavidljiv tvoji sreči. Povej mi vendar, kako naj še jaz izboljšam svoje življenje?"

"Tega pa ne vem in ti ne morem povedati," je odvrnila veverica.

"Ne veš, ali torej res ne moreš ničesar storiti zame?"

"Ničesar, dragi krtek, prav ničesar," je odgovorila veverica potrtemu krtu. "Vsa tvoja narava je taka, da se ne bi mogla privaditi mojemu načinu življenja. Saj še na drevo ne moreš splezati. Ne morem ti pomagati, ti ubogi podzemeljski kopač!"

Ves žalosten se je splazil krt, ko je to slišal, v svojo temno luknjo in je bil še bolj nesrečen kakor prej.



Courtesy of "Proletarec"

STANKO ŽELE

POMLAD

# Počena šipa

Tone Čufar

KO je v mizarski delavnici Petra Kolarja potihnil ropot strojev, ko so odšli pomočniki, se je vajenec Janko nenadoma znašel v mučni samoti. Stal je sredi delavnice in se s skrbjo oziral okoli sebe. Kamor je pogledal, povsod ga je čakalo delo. Stroji so bili zaprašeni, a razžagani in napol obdelani kosi lesa so razmetani ležali okoli njih. Delavnica vsa v neredu in smeteh! Od vseh strani je kričalo nanj, naj oskrbi red in čistost, toda Janko ni vedel, kaj naj poprime, česa naj se poloti. Stal je sredi delavnice in poslušal hrup, ki je prihajal z dvorišča.

Tam so na velik voz nalagali novo sobno opravo. Voznik Martin, najmlajši pomočnik Štefan in vajenec Pavle so imeli polne roke dela. Mojster Kolar je pa ukazoval tako glasno, da je zaskrbljeni Janko razložil vsako njegovo besedo.

V delavnico je pritekel Pavle. Naglo si je napolnil žep s pestjo žeblicev in pograbil najbližje kladivo ter klešče. Takoj je hotel spet ven. Janko ga je boječe poklical.

"Kaj hočeš?" je vprašal Pavle in se ustavil.

"Kmalu se povrni", je skoro proseče dejal Janko in čakal na odgovor starejšega, mnogo bolj svobodnega tovariša.

"Nocoj me nič ne čakaj," se mu je nasmehnil Pavle . . . "Kar sam se potrudim. Kapusova vila ni tako blizu. Ne misli, da bom hodil nazaj zaradi smeti, ki jih sam lahko znosiš. Privadi se, jaz sem se tudi moral . . ."

Janko je povesil oči.

Z dvorišča je mojster zavpil na ves glas:

"Pavle! Kje spet stojiš?!"

Pavle je odrinil iz delavnice, ki je bolj temnela.

Janko se še vedno ni polotil dela. Dokler niso na dvorišču povezali oprave in jo nekoliko obili z deskami, se ni ga-

nil. Ko je pa hlapec zapregel konje, jih pognal in s Štefanom ter Pavlom odšel na cesto, se je spoprijaznil s tem, da bo moral sam pospraviti delavnico. Šel je k strojem in z jezno naglico urejeval razmetane kose lesa. Potem je stroje površno očedil in začel iskati grebljo, da nagrebe smeti iz vse delavnice.

Bilo je že zelo temno. Zato je prižgal luč.

Električna žarnica je motno gorela, vendar je toliko razsvetlila prostor, da je našel grebljo in videl, kje je največ smeti. Ko jih je z največjo vneto spravljajal na kup, ga je zmotilo trkanje na oknu. Obstal je in sprva nezavedno pogledal na dvorišče, a trkanje je prihajalo z nasprotne strani. Spustil je grebljo iz rok in pohitel k oknu. Skozi zaprašeno šipo se mu je zasmeljal sajasto zamazani obraz kovaškega vajenca Tomaža.

"Janko, ali še nisi gotov?"

"Saj vidiš, da še ne! Nocoj sem za vse sam."

"Hitro se zasuči. Pojdeva skupaj domov. Ali boš kmalu?"

"Tako, tako!"

"Po kovaško se obrni, kakor se moram jaz, drugače te ne počakam."

Janko je hotel še nekaj reči, pa je zaslišal odpiranje vrat in se v mračni slutnji okrenil. Med vrati je zagledal mojstra. Zbal se je njegovega ostrega pogleda in ostal ob oknu.

"Sem!" je zarohnel mojster.

Janko se je stresel in se ves bled ter zastrašen odmaknil od okna. Ob smeteh se je sklonil po grebljo.

Mojster je znova vzrojil:

"Kaj se obiraš?! Sem pojdi! Ali nimaš ušes?!"

Janko je pustil grebljo in smeti na miru ter stopil bliže k mojstru.

"Kaj vendar delaš, da še zdaj nisi pospravil?" je nekoliko mirnejše vprašal mojster.

Odgovora ni prejel.

“Ali mar misliš, da bom zate plačeval elektriko? Že zdavnaj bi lahko popravil. — Kaj pa imaš na oknu? Kosovo gnezdo, a?”

Janko se ni upal pogledati mojstru v oči. Bal se ga je. Vztrajno je molčal in čakal, kaj bo. Mojstra je njegovo obnašanje raztogotilo. Razdražen se mu je približal.

“Vsaj govori!” je zavpil in mu nameril udarec.

“Nocoj sem za vse sam”, je ihtel zajeceljal in se umaknil.

“To ni nič! Postopaš lahko in zijaš v temno, le delati se ti ne ljubi. Poboljšaj se!”

Ko je mojster Janka posvaril, je stopil iz delavnice in se vrnil z okenskim krilom. Janko je opazil razbito šipo in takoj spoznal, kaj ga čaka.

“Za tole se zelo mudi. Takoj na delo! Jaz urežem šipo, ti pa pripravi okno.”

Mojster je odšel.

Janko je vznemevoljen pograbil okensko krilo in ga ponesel na skobelnik. Najrajši bi ga razlomil in treščil na smeti. Toda moral mu je iztrgati razbito šipo in ga očistiti starega, trdega kita. Komaj je pa priprijel za delo, že ga je zmotilo drugo trkanje na oknu. Plašno je skočil tja.

“Tomaž, ne trkaj! Počakaj!”

“Ti še opolnoči ne boš gotov.”

“Potrpi”, ga je zaprosil in odhitel nazaj k skobelniku. Delal je pridno. Ko se je prizibal mojster z novo šipo, jo je lahko takoj položil v očiščeni okvir.

“Pazi nanjo! Če jo zdrobiš, jo boš plačal. Zaradi tvoje malomarnosti ne maram trpeti škode.”

Preteče ga je pogledal in odšel.

Janko je začuden gledal za njim in ni takoj potuhtal, kam se mu tako mudi. Bilo mu je všeč, da je odšel; ob misli, da je morda šel večerjat, je pa začutil praznoto v želodcu in z njo precejšnjo lakoto. Tako rad bi že šel domov! A zdaj ni bil zadržan z navadnim pospravljanjem. Zdaj je moral paziti na krhko šipo, ki tako rada, naj-

večkrat prerada počí. Prijelo ga je, da bi pustil vse skupaj in pobegnil. Počasi, naravnost leno je zabijal žebličke. Imel je srečno roko. Zabijal jih je že na četrti strani — a šipa je bila še vedno cela. Ko je pa zabijal predzadnji žebliček — je nekaj škrtnilo . . .

Janka je zazeblo . . .

Strmel je v šipo. Od roba se je vil tenak ris in izgubljal v sredini. Šipa še ni bila skoz in skoz počena.

V Jankovih možganih so se vrtele vse mogoče misli. Najrajši bi se vdrl v zemljo. Ali pa z enim samim zamahom kladiva dal duška svojemu srdu. Predobro je vedel, kaj ga čaka: mojstrove psovke in zaušnice, posmeh starega, zoprnega pomočnika Andreja in očetovo oštevanje, ker bo moral dati denar.

Zamahnil je z rokami, stopil v omaro po sveži kit in dalje delal.

“Nocoj ne bodo opazili, jutri naj pa bo, kar hoče”, si je zamrmral.

Mojstra je spet prineslo v delavnico. Mastil se je z večjim kosom mesa in Janku vzbudil močne skomine. Pogledal je, kako dela, in zmajal z glavo.

“Kaj bo s tabo? Še nič se nisi naučil. Kdo te bo čakal?! Daj sem!” Hlastno mu je potegnil iz rok nož in sam začel gladiti kit na robu šipe. Janko je stal ob strani in trepetal. Vsak trenotek je utegnil mojster zarjoveti nad odkritjem. Potekale so mučne sekunde. Mojster je samozavestno potegnil zdaj po tej zdaj po oni strani. Ko je pa vlekkel čez razpoko, ga je vznemiril nepričakovan žvenket: šipo je s pritiskom noža zdrabil na dvoje. Jezen je zarentačin in vrgel nož po tleh.

“Še tega je bilo treba!”

Janko bi od veselja, ki ga je s težavo zatajil, najrajši poskočil pod strop. Planil je po nož in komaj čakal mojstrovih ukazov.

“Pusti vse skupaj za jutri!”

“Pomesti moram . . .”

“Boš že zjutraj. Za prazen nič ne smemo žgati drago luč. — Pojdi!”

Janku ni bilo treba dvakrat reči. Selgel je po površnik, plaho voščil lahko

noč in odkuril v temo. Na dvorišču je srečal starejšo žensko, ki je čakala na okno. Zavil je okoli mizarne, pritajeno požvižgal in nekaj hipov počakal . . .

Okna delavnice so potemnela. V vratih je rožljajal ključ.

Tomaža pa ni bilo.

Janko je moral sam domov. Radost ga je gnala po temnih ulicah. Vzlic veliki utrujenosti in precejšnji lakoti mu je bilo tako toplo pri srcu, da bi zavriškal v črno noč . . .

## Vravec zmagovalec

Julij Nardin

“**E**N vravec v roki velja več nego sto na strehi” pravijo tisti, ki niso imeli še nobenega v pesti. Jaz pa jih imam rajši tam gori, odkar me je eden pošteno uščipnil. Ne da bi jih sovražil! Ne, ne! Za nje celo skrbim. Krmim jih s krušnimi drobtinicami in s tem sem se jim tako prikupil, da mi hodijo pod okno krajšat čas. Ako jih slučajno ni, zadostuje en žvižg in koj so tu. Od vseh strani prifrčijo in me pozdravljajo. Imam jih v resnici rad.

Ne tako hišni gospodar! Ni hudoben človek, a ima vrt in perutnino. Jezi ga, da morajo imeti vrabci vedno prvo zelenjavo in prvo sadje in da odjedajo kokošim. Skratka: mrzi jih, ker mu delajo škodo. Zaradi njih je še mene gledal po strani. “Čemu krmite te ciganske pritepence, te nesramne tatove?!” me je prijel nekoč strogo. “Po mojem skromnem mnenju”—sem se zagovarjal—“je sit tat manj nevaren nego lačen, posebno če je tak kot vravec, ki mu ni do tega, da kopiči bogastvo.” Pa ga nisem potolažil. Nejevoljno je ogledaval luknje v ostrešju in sklenil, da jih zamaši. Mislil je, da se tako iznebi nepridipravov. Sklep se je izvršil še isti dan. Meni je bilo žal, da se je to zgodilo. Ljubi sosedje so bili vsi zbegani. Turobno čivkajoč so obletavali linice, silili vanje in brezupno kljuvali ob kamnu, ki je tičal v vsaki izmed njih. Rad bi jim bil pomagal, a nisem smel. Šel sem stran, da jih nisem slišal. Smilili so se mi preveč. Še v spanju mi je njih nezgoda polnila srce z žalostjo. “Zakaj si niso pomagali drugam?” bi kdo lahko vprašal. A kdor ve, kako je vsak navezan na svoj rojstni kraj, bo razumel njih bol in bo ž njimi sočustvoval.—

Drugo jutro navsezgodaj me vzbudi gromki živ žav. Pogled skozi okno mi pokaže vse stare znance v najboljšem razpoloženju. Poskakovali so in ščebečali kot za stavo. “Hitro so se vdali”—sem si mislil in jim vrgel nekaj drobtinic. Čudno! prav malo so se brigali za nje. “Anti imajo festival v proslavo zmagovitega pohoda njih pesmi po kulturnem svetu? Moderni komponisti jih posnemajo že delj časa, ker so postali slavčki nemoderni.” Spodaj pred vežo sem spoznal, da niso tako domišljavi kot čivkajoči ljudje, da je vzrok njih veselja nekaj čisto drugega, nekaj za nje mnogo važnejšega. Spodaj sem namreč naletel na gospodarja, ki je bil hudo nataknen.

“Glejte!” me ustavi, “včeraj sem zadelal vse luknje z balotami, ki sem jih tesno zabil vanje. Danes so kamni na tleh, vrabci pa v luknjah. Ti vrabci so kot sami vragi.”

Vse mi je postalo jasno. Na strehi so praznovali vrabci zmago nad človekom. Ugnali so ga. Male, drobne pritepene stvarce so ustraševale mogočnega hišnega posestnika. Čudno je res, kaj vse zmore žilava vztrajnost, smotrno drobno delo in ljubezen do doma.



## ŠOLSKE POČITNICE IN DELO

### DRAGI DEČKI IN DEKLICE!

Nastopile so šolske počitnice in z njimi seveda tudi običajno poletno veselje. Sedaj se brezskrbno igrate, seveda pa tudi pomagate svojim staršem pri njihovem dnevnem delu, ki je za mnoge starše posebno v sedanjih časih silno težko. Težko je zato, ker se morajo boriti za obstanek, za prehrano sebe in svojih otrok. Dela pa je malo, oziroma ga je dosti, a ga nimate, še bolj se pa upirajo temu, da bi svoje delavce pošteno plačali za storjeno delo. Delavce izkoriščajo za svoj lastni dobiček, za delavce in njihove družine pa se prav nič ne brigajo.

Tako je urejeno sedaj: bogatini, ki ne delajo nič, imajo vsega preveč, delavci, ki delajo in ustvarjajo, pa nimajo nič. Tej krivični uredbi pravimo kapitalizem. In ker je krivična, se moramo pobrigati vsi, ki se zavedamo te krivice, da se čim prej odpravi. Potem bodo vsi ljudje, ki so zmožni za delo, morali delati, zakar bodo prejeli tudi pošteno plačilo, tako da bodo otroci vseh staršev deležni enakih dobrot, ne samo otroci bogatih ljudi, kakor je danes.

Šele potem, ko se uresniči omenjeni preobrat, bodo lahko vsi delavski otroci pošteno uživali šolske počitnice. To bo v korist njihovem telesu in možganom. Saj so baš delavski otroci najbolj upravičeni do vsega najboljšega, kar jim more dati moderna človeška družba: dobre prehrane in obleke ter resnične moderne vzgoje na podlagi delavskih načel.

Pričakujem, da boste tudi med počitnicami pridno napolnili "Kotiček" z mičnimi dopiski sleherni mesec!

—UREDNIK.

### Moj vrtec

Dragi urednik!

Najprej se Vam moram iskreno zahvaliti, ker ste tako lepo uredili moj zadnji dopis in ga priobčili v "Našem kotičku" Mladinskega Lista. Sedaj pa Vas prosim, da tudi tega mojega dopiska ne zavržete, temveč da ga pri-

občite, ako le mogoče, v junijskem Mladinskem Listu. Prosim!

Dosedaj—1. junija—smo imeli vedno mrzlo in hladno vreme in to ves maj. Zato pa tudi nekatere moje rožce bolj revno cveto, četudi jih pridno zalivam, trgam plevel okrog njih in zemljo rahljam, da bi lepše rastle in seveda tudi lepše cvetele. Nekatere pa kljub hladnemu vremenu lepo cveto, da jih je veselje gledati.

Tu je mala popevka o vrtecu, ki jo je menda spisal Ivan Jarnik in ki je primerna mojim vrsticam o vrtecu in mojih cveticah:

## VRTEC

Svoj vrtec preljubi  
prav rada imam,  
ko jutro zbudi me,  
brž vanj se podam.

Tam rožice nežne  
prav krasno cveto,  
po drevju okoli  
mi ptice pojo.

To v srce me gane  
in miče močno,  
o krasno stvarjanje,  
kako si lepo!

Rada bi videla, da bi še kdo iz naše okolice pisal v "Naš kotichek", saj nas je več. Tudi meni gre bolj slabo, pa vseeno pišem, ker mi pomaga moja mamica.

Sedaj je čas tudi jagod, ne samo cvetic, pa zapojmo še eno o jagodah:

## PO JAGODE

*Jagode so zrele že,  
hej, sedaj pa le po nje!  
Me dekleta, vi fantiči,  
to je pač ponosna četa!  
Košek nosi vsakdo v roki,  
s koškom stopa v gozd široki —*

*Jagode so zrele že,  
hej, sedaj pa le po nje!*

*Jagode so zlahten sad,  
Le hitimo v gozd jih brat!*

Prav lepe pozdrave uredniku in vsem, ki bodo te vrstice čitali!

Mary Volk, 702 E. 160th st., Cleveland, O.

\* \*

**Šolske počitnice: čas veselja**

Cenjeni urednik!

Šola se je že končala, nastopile so šolske počitnice in spet se lahko brezskrbno igramo. Tako je prav: najprej delo, ki smo ga imeli obilo s šolskimi nalogami, sedaj pa počitek in počitnice, ki smo si jih zaslužili. Vsakega nekaj.

V prihodnjem šolskem letu, ki se prične v septembru, bom že drugoletnik v srednji ali high šoli.

Pri nas je vedno slabo vreme, ker zmirom dežuje, pa oblačno je, tako da farmarji ne morejo posejati koruze. Voda pokriva precejšen del nižin in rodovitnega polja. Pšenica je zelo lepa, in ampak če bo še kaj časa tako deževalo kakor je dosedaj, je farmarji ne bodo mogli niti požeti. Tudi na njive ne bomo

mogli. Nekaj jo že leži po tleh, ker jo je veter podrl.

Tako je: lani sta vroče sonce in huda suša uničila vse, letos pa farmarjem preti povodenj, ako bo še kaj časa tako deževalo. Poleti bom šel spet travo kositi, da si bom zaslužil par centov, s katerimi si bom kaj kupil za šolo, pa tudi knjige bom moral kupiti.

Nihče dečkov ali deklic iz Kansasa nič ne piše v "Naš kotichek". Rad bi videl, da bi kdaj kateri deček ali deklica kaj napisal, da ne bom sam. Na noge, bratci in sestrice! Ne smete biti leni! Napišite par vrstic v "Naš kotichek," da bomo urednika razveselili, ker bo imel več dela z nami. Seveda napak, se razume, bo vse polno, kakor jih je tudi sedaj. Saj sem tudi jaz eden tistih, ki dela napake. Našemu uredniku se že vnaprej zahvaljujem za vse popravke v tem dopisu.

V majskem Mladinskem Listu je bilo kar 13 slovenskih dopisov. Upam, da jih bo v junijskem vsaj 20! Na noge, mladi dopisovalci!

Sedaj je tudi čas ribolova, zato bo primerna ribiška:

## RIBICI

Ribica, ribica, mala stvar,  
le ne popadi trnka nikar!  
Hitro se v vrat ti zasadi;  
bolelo bi te, pritekla bi kri.  
Ali ne vidiš dečka tam?  
Ribica, urno splavaj drugam!

Zdi se drugače ribici mladi,  
gleda samo po tolsti vadi.  
Misli, da z vrvcov deček ta  
ondi na bregu se le igra.  
Zdaj priplava, zine močno—  
Ribica, zdaj te boli hudo!

Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem in tudi Vam, urednik!

John F. Potochnik, R. 1, Arcadia, Kans.

\* \*

**Konec šole, pričetek rajanja**

Dragi čitatelji in urednik!

Poskušala bom napisati par slovenskih vrstic, da bom videla, če bo šlo.

Aha, že gre! Saj me pa moja mama vedno krega, da se nočem nič slovenski učiti.

Novega pri nas ni nič, le to je novo, da vsak dan dežuje. Vsak dan, pa sedaj, ko je vendar čas, da bi obdelali vrtove. (To je 14. maja.)

Šolska mladina se sedaj veseli svojih počitnic, ki so se že povsod pričele in se bodo končale v septembru. Za letošnje šolsko leto smo naše delo skončali in večina bo šla v višje razrede.

Spomladi sem usadila nekaj rož in sedaj lepo rastejo. Zelo bi me veselilo, če bi kdo prišel skoz Hudson, da bi videl moje rože. Upam, da bodo prav lepe, ko se bodo razcvetele, če jih bom pridno zalivala.

Menda je bil pesnik Oton Župančič, ki je napisal pesmico o divjem možu:

### DIVJI MOŽ

*Divji mož, kosmati mož  
tri doline je ogradil:  
"To bo vrt moj, nanj si rož  
in sočivja bom nasadil."*

*Pluga nima, ne brane,  
kar z rokami prst rahlja si —  
kar storile so roke,  
to z nogami potepa si.*

-----  
-----  
*"Joj," zajavka divji mož,  
"za nezgodo gre nezgoda!"  
a vodnar: "Ej, kaj se boš!  
Ni nezgoda, le neroda!"*

Prosim, da malo popravite mojo mešanico, tako da bo primerno za javnost. Pa sprejmite mnogo pozdravov Vi in čitatelji!

Mary Pershin, box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

### Poletna lenoba

Cenjeni urednik!

Namenila sem se, da bom spet napisala kratek dopisek za "Naš kotichek", tako da bo priobčen v junijskem Mladinskem Listu. To pa zato, da ne bo tako kakor je bilo lani, ko je bilo le par slovenskih dopisov čez poletje.

Da ni poleti toliko dopisov, so krive počitnice, ker postanemo vsi zmedeni; nihče izmed šolarjev ne ve kaj bi prav za prav počel. Pa nas predrami mama in nam pove, kaj naj delamo, da nam ne bo dolgčas.

Tu je pesmica, ki me jo je naučila mamica:

**Beži, beži, o lenoba,  
v tovarišijo ti ne grem.  
Ti si mladih let grdoba,  
trdno se ti odpovem.  
Mlade lenke in lenuhe  
čaka strgani rokav,  
potepenke, potepuhe  
bode glad po svetu gnal!**

Na 27. maja je bil zadnji dan šole, na 28. maja pa smo imeli velik piknik v Kenwood parku. Bilo je zelo lepo in vse veselo. Prehitro je dan minil. Videli smo veliko zanimivih stvari, tako da nam bo ostalo vse to vedno v spominu.

Želim, da bi bilo letos čez počitnice več slovenskih dopisov kot je bilo lani. Obenem pa pozdravljam Vas in vse čitatelje!

Mary Potisek,

box 217, Hutchinson Mine, Rillton, Pa.

\* \*

### "Ne pozabite na 'Kotichek'!"

Dragi urednik!

Spet se oglašam v "Našem koticčku", ki ga še nisem pozabil, še manj sem pa pozabil na Mladinski List, ki vedno prinaša vsepolno zanimivih stvari.

Pri nas v Clevelandu ni nič novega. Sedaj so malo boljši dnevi in ni več tako mrzlo, ampak poletne vročine pa še ni nobene. To sem pisal 1. junija. Z delom gre še vedno slabo in je še slabše ko prej. Življenske potrebščine so pa vedno dražje. Dela ni.

Upam, da se bodo vsi šolarji in šolarice dobro imeli med počitnicami. Poskusil bom, da se bom tudi jaz dobro imel. Pa še to: Med počitnicami ne smemo pozabiti na "Naš kotichek." Ostanimo mu zvesti tudi poleti.

Lep pozdrav uredniku in čitateljem!

Albert Volk, 702 E. 160th st., Cleveland, O.







# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XIV

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE, 1935

Number 6

## WHEN YOU GROW UP

**O**NCE upon a time

They told you all about a certain  
Great big friendly spirit—Santa Claus,  
Who saw Molly lifting heavy tubs,  
While Dick was playing hookey from his school;  
And Shirley wearing silks, and Steffie mending rags;  
Yet, most of all, he brought big bags to Dick and Shirley Grey—  
Then once you found the candy box beneath the bed,  
And fruit and nuts upon the pantry shelf,  
And you grew very wise,  
And vowed they never could make fool of you again.

When goblins ceased to prance among the woods,  
And fairies made no wish come true,  
And witches were not found at every marsh,  
And no one ever, ever saw a ghost,  
You asked your father why they wrote such stuff;  
He told you that was only 'til you'd grown up;  
Then you grew very, very wise, indeed.

You were a "shark" in history;  
You shone in sports; your grades were "high";  
You sang, debated, played the flute;  
You were the year's outstanding student;  
You took the sheepskin roll, and—where to now?  
"How much experience?" "Sorry, boy." "No jobs today."  
But Dick is driving a new car,  
And never worked a day, and never wanted work!  
What kind of trick was this—while you were growing up?

*They took you in the CCC Camps,  
 And roused you with the bugle call,  
 And made you KP (you might have hope to rise  
 To rank of sergeant, lieutenant—captain!)  
 And gave you uniforms, mess halls, taps—  
 And all because discipline will fit you for  
 A better life, a better manhood,  
 When you step out into "the wide, wide world,"  
 Out where they say all have an equal chance,  
 And if you feel you were denied, why, LIFE is naught,  
 But life AFTER death—that is the goal;  
 There you will be a winged infant always,  
 And live upon the spirits of your wordly hopes!*

*O, world, what is the age for growing up?*

—MARY JUGG

## THE NIGHTS OF JUNE

**D***ID you see that?" said the rose  
 To the moon;  
 "No; a cloud went over my face  
 Too soon."*

*The Pink rose trembled and hung  
 Her head;  
 "I never could gossip of them,"  
 She said.*

*"What was it you saw?" to the rose  
 Said the moon;  
 (The night was a night of delight;  
 The time—was June.)*

*"But only watch," said the rose  
 To the moon,  
 "When the cloud has gone by!" . . .  
 The wind  
 Hummed a tune.*

*"Oh, hush—here's a rose," cried the  
 maid  
 To the man;  
 "It might see and hear! Do you think  
 It can?"*

*(Oh, the nights and the clear delights  
 Of June!)  
 "Did you see that?" called the rose  
 To the moon.*

E. HIGGINSON.

# The Ottawa Tribe

*By H. M. Crossett*

THE Ottawa tribe is a branch of the Algonquian tribe. When first known, the Algonquians were living on the Ottawa River in Canada. Owing to the hostility of the Iroquois, most of them subsequently migrated to the south shore of Lake Superior, where they were in turn forced out by the Sioux Indians. Most of them are now in Michigan and Ontario.

Many of the Michigan cities have names of famous Ottawa chieftains. For example there is my home town of Petoskey. It derived its name from our chief, Ignatius Pe-to-se-ga, whose name means "Rising Sun." Pe-to-se-ga was born in 1787. At the age of 22, he and his sons established an Indian camping ground which later grew into a regional meeting place for the tribes, then a trading post; an Indian mission, a village, and lastly the city of Petoskey.

The Ottawas are rapidly losing their ancient lore as many of the other tribes are doing. The older people of the tribe still cling to their ancient customs, but the younger generations have more or less adopted the ways of the white man.

We have annual pageants during the time known as Indian summer. It is at this time that our tribal customs come to life. The pageant consists mostly of singing and dancing. Some of the dances typical of the Ottawas are the Sun Dance, Snake Dance, Thunder Dance, Basket Dance, and the Corn Dance.

Another custom of Ottawas is to have picnics at Indian settlements. Here again, the ancient lore and traditions appear. Often they hold their picnics at Beaver Island, a small place out in Lake Michigan. They take this opportunity to display their crafts-

manship, consisting of the making of rugs, beadwork, and basketry.

Another occurrence that all the Indians enjoy is the Indian suppers. For several weeks during early autumn the older women of the tribe tell their dreams to the chief and the first one who dreams of the feast is the first to serve supper. She bakes a pan of small biscuits about the size of a good sized plum and in three of these she bakes three coins, a dime, nickel, and penny. Each of the guests takes one or more of these little biscuits, and whoever gets the biscuits with the dime in it will serve the next supper and those getting the nickel and penny help her with the supper. At times there are several suppers being served at the same time and each of the guests goes from one place to another.

We have annual camp meetings each summer. These meetings are not strictly devotional. Much of the time is spent dancing and war-whooping.

My tribe has many beliefs and superstitions. One of these is that concerning the dead. When one of the tribe dies we have a wake for him. The entire night is spent singing religious hymns in Indian and praying. They keep this up for almost three days and nights. Every Indian is expected to attend the wake at least once and to bring some gift, no matter how small. If he does not do this the belief is that the Great Spirit will think he is ungrateful and in turn will not help him reach the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Another belief is that the Medicine men of the tribe or the old squaws have the power to make dopes capable of doing various things. They use different roots, herbs, and barks in making these dopes and the result is a finely ground powder. If one is prejudiced

against a person and can secure some of this dope and can put it on the body or food of the one whom he is seeking, he will be able to cause the person to become injured in some way.

The girls, who aren't especially fortunate in winning their desired boy friend, can use some of the dope known as Love Medicine on the boy and it is impossible to get rid of him unless some dope can be secured for this. Of course, these are merely superstitions of the older members of the tribe.

In Indian settlements they still hold their ceremonies for the new-born babe. The occasion is spent in dancing and singing and the god-mother names the papoose. She gets her ideas from visions or by foreseeing the child in future life and knowing her good and bad faults. During my christening my god-mother said that she could see a happy, laughing girl, and she gave me the name *Shabinaququa* meaning "Laughing Lady."

Many of our legends deal with heroic deeds of great chieftains, how something came to be, or with relics of the past. Many of these legends are used to scare naughty boys and girls. One time I took a string of beads belonging

to my grandmother without her knowing it. She found out, however, and instead of punishing me she told me this legend:

"One time there was a group of bad boys and girls who would never do as they were told and were always getting into trouble. A man from a land far, far away happened to come through the place where these bad boys and girls lived and he heard all about them. He said he would make them into good children, but when he tried to talk to them they only jeered him. He grew angry and turned them all into a hard-like substance, and tied them onto a stick. He hung these on a bunch of bushes where he forgot all about them until about four weeks had passed. When he returned he decided to go to the place where he had hung all the children, with the intention of again changing them back to their own selves. He found that the boys and girls had turned yellow and had acquired an appetizing odor. He cooked some of them and after he had tasted them he grew so fond of them that he still gathers up the bad boys and girls to dry and eat. This is how the first ear of corn came to be."

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## A SMILE

**A** BABY smiled in its mother's face;  
The mother caught it, and gave it  
then

To the baby's father—serious case—  
Who carried it out to the other men;  
And everyone of them went straight  
away

Scattering sunshine through the day.

—Louis De Louk.



CIKOVSKY

GIRL BEFORE MIRROR

Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

## Caverns in New Mexico

AMONG the natural wonders of the west is one that only recently has come into prominent public notice. This is the group of caves, some of them yet unexplored, which lie below the surface of the desert just above the Texas state line in New Mexico.

In the length of their galleries and passages, in the height and size of their enormous rooms, in the delicate coloring and bewildering variety and perfections, the Carlsbad Caverns are without a peer among the famous caves of the world.

The foothills of the Guadalupe mountains, in southeastern New Mexico, abound in caves formed in the process of erosion by the gradual solution of underlying beds of limestone, gypsum and rock salt. Knowledge of the existence of the greatest of these, now known as the Carlsbad Caverns, has long been current among the sheepmen and cattlemen of the region. This difficulty of entrance and fear of the unknown, however, prevented early exploration.

For many years one cavern, or series of caverns, was known locally as Bat Cave. In vaults and galleries of little scenic interest and remote from the sections now visited, bats have lived since prehistoric times. Each evening during the summer, on a schedule that has been determined to the minute, these bats leave the caves in a whirring myriad. Early each morning they return, fold their wings and shoot downward, to disappear utterly for the day.

The flight of the bats, which in the evening lasts for more than two hours, is remarkable and interesting in itself. In all probability, too, it led to the first discovery of the cavern entrance, for the evening flight, clearly discernible for some distance, rises into the sky like a long streamer of wind-driven smoke. Certain it is that the presence

of the bats, indicating the existence of valuable deposits of guano, led to the first penetration and to the ultimate exploration of these beautiful caves.

The removal of the guano through the natural entrance proved impossible, for that entrance opened sharply downward like an inverted funnel and was partially blocked by masses of fallen rock. A shaft therefore was sunk through the roof, reaching an enormous vaulted gallery nearly half a mile from the natural portal. In succeeding years nearly one hundred thousand tons of guano are said to have been removed from a restricted area near the foot of this shaft.

Had it not been for the peculiar and temporary commercial value thus early developed, it is probable that the amazing secrets of the inner caverns would have remained hidden indefinitely.

Among those engaged in this early exploration work in the caverns was Jim White, to whom credit for the real "discovery" of the Carlsbad Caverns deservedly has been given.

With the artificial shaft as a base, White and a Mexican boy worked steadily deeper into the underground labyrinth, returning from each trip by the guiding strings laid down on the outward journey. The spare time of years was devoted to his slow and hazardous explorations.

In this manner miles of intricate galleries and passages were covered. Vast chambers were traversed where the light of his lamp was more futile than would be the flame of a single match in the biggest cathedral in the world. Other series of rooms and passages were found above and below. It became apparent that the deeper and farther one went, the more extraordinary and indescribably beautiful became the for-

mations in stalactite and stalagmite, in flowstone and dripstone and cave marble.

Eventually an expert photographer was induced to enter the caverns. Re-

lease of the resultant pictures accomplished what verbal statements alone could not hope to do. Interest increased and the attention of influential men was attracted.

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## FELLOWSHIP

By Grace Noll Crowell

I THINK that I can truly say today  
That I am glad  
For all the sorrow I have had.  
I came upon one weeping by the way,  
And I had words to say  
To comfort her, because I, too, had  
known  
A sorrow that my heart had borne  
alone.

I know that I am glad that pain has  
stayed  
Awhile with me,  
For thru it I learned sympathy  
With every fellow mortal, hurt, dis-  
mayed,  
Who said as I have said  
For quick release, and then has turned  
to wait  
The answer that will come, tho soon or  
late.

---

Oh, it has taken longer than it should  
For me to see  
That grief and pain might work in me  
Some ultimate reward, some lasting  
good,  
I did not dream it could.  
But now I know that only thru these  
things  
Can we reach out and touch Life's  
hidden springs.

---



M. CAMPIGLI

THREE SISTERS



## Children's Confidences

*"The child's first school is the family."—Froebel.*

THE bond of sympathy existing between mother and child should be treasured, childhood lasting for such a short time.

The things we say about our children in their presence may have far-reaching effects on their characters.

All of us have seen children reacting in one way or another to hearing themselves talked about too much and too often. We know that they may be turned into smug, self-centered little prigs by the publicity fondly given them by too-garrulous mothers; or they may become the most arrant of exhibitionists. It all depends upon the temperament of the particular child.

Then, there is another kind of "too-much talk" which, reacting upon a certain type of character, may change definitely and forever the relationship between parent and child and have a lasting effect upon the child's after life.

One day, Mrs. Burns and her small daughter, Clare, came to see me.

Mrs. Burns is a very talkative woman. It seemed strange that she should be the mother of such a shy, inarticulate little creature as Clare, unless it is true that too-garrulous mothers make silent children, even as too-willing mothers are apt to make lazy ones. At any rate, it is possible for thoughtless mothers to make their children very unhappy as I observed that day.

Mrs. Burns suddenly said: "Come here, Clare, I want you," and the little girl went obediently and stood beside her.

The mother put an arm about the child and held her so that she could not

help facing my eyes. Then, quite deliberately, simply because she had never seen deeply into her child's nature, she proceeded to make her miserable.

"What do you think?" she said to me gayly, with insinuating mockery. "My child is going to be a poet! Yes—you should have seen the poem she made up about me—the funniest thing. Regular child-stuff, you know. Say it for us, Clare." But the poor child, suffering an agony of embarrassment, could not utter a word.

Mrs. Burns laughed and released her daughter from torment with a little push that sent her awkwardly back to her seat.

My heart ached for Clare. She was so defenseless. That little poem, labored over and shyly offered to the one she loved best, was no doubt the expression of pure emotion. And then, to hear it laughed at—before a stranger, too—no wonder she shrank and suffered. That hour may have marked the beginning of that child's alienation from her mother.

I have never forgotten the look of suffering on Clare's pale, sensitive face that day. It comes before me when I am speaking of my own children. It makes me take care what I say lest I abuse little confidences or give away secrets that have been imparted to me in unquestioning good faith.

Between a very little child and its mother there is almost always a perfect bond of sympathy. If she can keep that bond beautiful and unimpaired, as the child grows and develops, later adult relationships will take care of themselves. The effort will be worth

all it costs; childhood lasts for such a short while.

### Importance of Early Years

"I find it difficult to suppose that any informed person would need reassurance as to the indispensable value of well-organized kindergartens in any educational system. Certainly all the

most authoritative modern knowledge indicates that these earliest years of child life are of critical importance in the later history of the individual and the kindergarten is the particular school organization set up to face this highly important problem."—James R. Angell, president, Yale university, New Haven, Connecticut.

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## MY WISH

By PEARL HUDSON

**I** WISH I were a streamlet  
That sang the whole day long,  
I'd wind down past your cottage  
And sing my sweetest song.

I wish I were a daisy  
That blooms each spring anew  
Then as you plucked my petals  
You'd find I love you true.

I wish I were a skylark  
That soars aloft to sing;  
You'd always find me building  
A nest near you each spring.

I wish I were a fairy  
And held a magic wand,  
I'd make you love me always  
And miss me when I'm gone.

---

## KEEPING CLEAN

By MYRTLE CARPENTER

**I**F you have to wash your own hands  
'Most twenty times a day,  
It gets just awful tiresome—  
I think so, anyway.  
So now I've made the nicest game—  
You'll like it too, I hope—  
I play each hand's a submarine,  
Each thumb a periscope;

And all the bubbles that I make  
Are ocean waves so high,  
When I submerge, they cover me  
As I go floating by;  
But when my mother calls me,  
Well, ten times, more or less,  
I hurry up and dry them quick,  
For that's an SOS.



## VACATIONS AND WORK

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:



*SCHOOL IS OUT! It's vacation time again! But vacations should always be used for a good purpose. First of all, your vacations mean that you don't have to attend school during that period, which gives you almost unlimited time for play and other enjoyment. But to most of you vacation time means that you can help your parents more with their daily chores and tasks for your existence.*

*Last month I told a little story about the busy bees, how faithfully and loyally they work for the good of all in order that the swarm of bees may not starve to death, and how necessary it is that every member of the SNPJ becomes a busy bee for the success of our Society. Now I must add that it is also your duty to help your mother and father for your own benefit.*

*It is not too early in your life to know, also, that the present order of things is very unjust to the workers, that is, to your parents and to you. They are willing to work for their honest existence, but jobs are scarce. And when they find a job, they never get a just share for their work. They are being exploited for the benefit of a few greedy persons who own and control everything.*

*Therefore, we must help to bring about a complete change of the present unjust system called capitalism. We must strive to better our conditions. We must demand that all those who work shall receive just returns for their labor. Thus, all of us will benefit from our work, not only a few—and all the workers' children will then enjoy their school vacations to the fullest extent that modern society can offer. Remember that the workers and their children more than anyone else are entitled to this.*

—THE EDITOR

## Hello, SNPJers!

Dear Editor:—

After a long absence from this Chatter Corner of ours, I've come back to chat a little bit again. Everyone chats once in a while. Even President Roosevelt is in the habit of

doing so—that is, to impress upon us the fact that Capitalism is a good old scout after all and worthwhile humoring into robust health. A lot of professionals find that kind of chatting very profitable. Of course, they have to have a pleasing voice or else you'll turn the dial until one is found. Ah well, they'll get tired of it some day.

I, too, am chatting for profitable reasons. This chat is to be profitable for the SNPJ, the part that is in Willock. Though it need not be profitable in dollars and "cents," it can be profitable in "sense," socially, and recreationally as well. This means that Lodge No. 36 will hold a picnic in July, the exact date is not definite. Probably in the first part of July. The place is Myer's farm.

Don't let the word "farm" confuse you, as there isn't much farm to speak of. A large part of the site is covered with giant Oak trees. And those that wish to dance will, doubtless, be pleased with the accommodations. The place is located between two intersections. The main highway passing the place is the Clairton blvd., and the Curry rd. connects on the lower side, the Lebanon rd. on the upper side. Another name for the picnic site is the "Pleasant Hills." Other items concerning the picnic, such as definite date, etc., will be published in the Prosveta as plans are not yet completed.

The two lodges here had several social ventures and all turned out fairly well. There's hopes that the next one will be better.

The number of Juvenile members in lodge 36 remain the same. Some Juveniles that had endowment policies in insurance companies have "cash surrendered" them on account of parents' inability to meet premium payments.

Several months ago, a Slovene lad, 15 years of age, died. He was a member of No. 36 up to and a little over his 14th year. His parents were involved in domestic difficulties first, and later they were estranged and separated. For a couple of years the boy's lodge dues were being paid. Less than a year before he died his dues payments were discontinued for unknown reasons. Thus unprotected, misfortune befell these people, and the lad untimely death. Such occurrences, it is hoped, may not be repeated.

**Frank Miklaucich,**  
Lodge 36, Box 3, Willock, Pa.

\* \*

Work for all that CAN work.  
To each the FRUIT of his work.  
Help to those that CAN'T work.  
H-E-double-L- for those that WON'T work.  
—American Guardian.

\* \*

#### ALIQUIPPA'S ONLY REPRESENTATIVE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Well, here I am again, Aliquippa's only representative. The Chatter Corner of the M. L. would soon go on a strike if the Editor had to wait for the Aliquippa people to write.

I am sixteen years old and I have a brother 18 years of age who is going to graduate from the Aliquippa high school next month. I guess my school career is over. I quit school in January, although I would like to go back after my brother graduates.

The work out here is fairly well, although it could be better. I wish some of the members would write to me. Best regards to the members of the SNPJ.

Agnes Michic,

417 Hopewell ave., West Aliquippa, Pa.

\* \*

## A Letter from Mary Fradel

Dear Editor and Readers:—

The time has come when I have a few minutes to spare which I willingly give away to writing an article to this wonderful "Little Helper," the Mladinski List.

Examinations and my regular school work are over to which much of my time was devoted.

I believe that we should make the best of our education which we have the opportunity of obtaining because education is a good steppingstone to success though "pull" has much to do with getting and holding a position even though you are not well adapted or educated along those lines.

On Memorial Day we journeyed to West Newton, Pa.,—the scene of the Westmoreland County SNPJ Federation picnic and dance. In the afternoon a marvelous program was sponsored with Bro. Fred A. Vider, Supreme Secretary of the SNPJ as the main speaker and several other speakers of which Bro. Zornik, President of the Federation, was one. A one act play, "New Deal," was presented by the Moon Run players who did an excellent job.

Bro. Vider gave a wonderful speech telling the audience of the principles upon which the SNPJ is based. He also described the work of the insurance companies and the reason why they were organized. His speech could not have been better than it was because he held the audience's attention until his closing words.

Bro. Zornik also gave a worthy talk pointing out the reasons why chiefly the youth, but also the older persons, should organize with the aim of getting better working and living conditions. He pointed out the reasons why a war should be avoided and gave figures showing what all the cost of the last war could provide in the good things.

A huge crowd attended coming from far and near. Among this crowd were several prominent people of the SNPJ circle.

Much to my pleasure I met **Bro. Beniger**, the editor of the Mladinski List. Bro. Beniger has a striking personality and I certainly was happy to know the person who edited the M. L. Many contributors requested **Bro. Beniger** to publish his picture, but now I have had the gratification of meeting him in person.

I also met **Mrs. Vider** and **Mrs. Beniger**, who are certainly pleasing persons with whom to be acquainted.

Now that school is almost over I have the greatest hope that I will be able to contribute to the Mladinski List often.

"A Proud Torch,"

Mary Elizabeth Fradel,  
1034 Alexandria st., Latrobe, Pa.

\* \*

### SORRY TO LEAVE SCHOOL

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I haven't written for quite a while, but, you see, I am writing now.

In last month's issue I saw **Mary Kirk's** letter. Keep it up, **Mary**.

Our school was out on May 17. I graduated from the 8th grade. I was very sorry to leave our school room and teachers. We held our commencement exercises on June 3. **Mr. Jack Green** had charge. There were 46 in our class and 44 passed. Our school colors are red and white and our flower was the red rose. Our motto was, "Watch us climb." I have decided to go to high school and get an education, and I am sure everybody that has a chance will, too. I would like to be a teacher and I am going to try to reach that goal.

My uncle of Broughton was hurt in the mine some time ago. I hope he is up and around already.

The Fourth of July is coming and I am looking forward for a swell time.

My best regards to everybody.

Agnes Flander, Box 140, Yukon, Pa.

\* \*

### "From All Corners"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

School was over on May 29 in Burgettstown. I'm sure that 'most everyone will be glad when school is over so that they can join in the sports with other boys and girls. There were no examinations in seventh and eighth grades this year. I was promoted to the eighth grade.

I would like to see more letters in the M. L., not only from Burgettstown, but from all corners of the U. S. I agree with **Fred Shiltz** about "My teacher's name is so and so," and "I'm in this grade or that grade," etc. It was

good to see those letters from **Carolyn** and **Leapolda Pirih**, and to find that I'm not the only one from here that is writing.

Chain letters are getting around at a fast rate, especially in western Pennsylvania. The postmasters in Pittsburgh and other places are trying to stop the flow. There are too many going into and coming out of the mail.

In many places boys and girls are organizing clubs. I'd like to see one started in Burgettstown, and would do anything possible to get one started. Some people say that it would be of no advantage, but there is an advantage to 'most everything.

The pictures painted by some young Slovene artists are interesting, I think. I like to draw, but I haven't developed my artistic abilities to any great extent yet, because we draw very little in school and we do not have an art school in our town. The poems and other articles written by **Mary Jugg** are very interesting. I don't know much about her, and only a few do, so I think it would be a splendid idea if she told us about herself, or if someone else would.

Mary Leskovich,  
47 Stella street, Burgettstown, Pa.

\* \*

### Edward's Recovery

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am ten years old and have been out of school for two years. Sickness came and I was put to bed for 18 months. The doctor gave me orders now that I could play and exercise outside. I expect to go to school in September. My mother has been sick two years, and two months ago she was operated upon. That was her third operation. I expect her to get well soon.

My father is now working. He was out of work for two years. Mother and I like to read the M. L. Our whole family belongs to SNPJ Lodge 14. I wish my cousins and aunt in Girard, Ohio, and Little Falls, N. Y., will read this letter.

I will write more next time.

Edward Krizaj,  
1618 Tenth st., Waukegan, Ill.

\* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Everything is turning green now and you can tell summer is coming, although we can't go swimming yet. The water is too cold, and sometimes it's too windy.

Our school is out now, and I'm glad I passed. This season the Girls' Basketball team won the championship cup for this vicinity, but the Boys' Basketball team did

not do so well. The Debating team also brought home the cup.

Men are still being laid off in the mines here. My father has started to work now. I'm glad the "Corner" is getting bigger, because I enjoy reading it very much. I was trying to coax my sister to write to the M. L. and she's finally decided to write.

Katherine Zavrnsnik,  
Box 331, Piney Fork, Ohio.

\* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to this wonderful magazine. I was 12 years old on May third. Our school was out April 26. I passed to the seventh grade. There are four in our family. We all belong to SNPJ Lodge 176. I will write more next time. I wish some members would write to me.

Mildred Zavrnsnik,  
Box 331, Piney Fork, Ohio.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am thirteen years old and I play the piano accordion. I've had a lot of experience with American pieces, but my father wants me to try and get some good Slovene pieces also. If our editor or any readers have any information about Slovene pieces, please write to 5019 Esmond ave., Richmond, Calif.

Walter Kosich,  
5019 Esmond ave., Richmond, Calif.

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#### "WHO GETS THE JOB?"

Dear Editor:—

I think it is in order to tell you, first of all, that this is my second letter to the Mladinski List's "Chatter Corner." Wish to tell you also that there are five in our family. I have one sister and one brother. I am a member of SNPJ Lodge 68. And also this, that I am 13 years of age and in the 7th grade in school. My teacher's name is Miss Florence Peterson. She is a good teacher. I hope Mary Gershak would write. I like to read the M. L. very much. Here's a joke:—When the president dies, who gets the job?—Answer:—The undertaker. Ha-ha-ha!

Frank Susnik,  
903 Elm st., Racine, Wis.

\* \*

#### FRANK'S HAPPY

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. this year. I am 12 years old and I attend Roosevelt Junior high school. I have two brothers and they both attend the local high school.

My sister was married. She wrote many letters to the M. L. before.—I was a member

of a relay team that placed 3rd in a Junior High School field meet and also played indoor, third base, with the school team under 90 lbs. We won the game, 2 to 1. Our school also won the track meet in the Boys' division at Waunanca Park in Elizabeth, N. J.

I'm sure happy because the M. L. comes to my house with my name on it. I'm the youngest in the family of 3 boys. Our family all belongs to the SNPJ Lodge 540.—School will close June 28 and then vacation.

I will write a song in our language which is:

*Slovenec sem, Slovenec sem;  
tako je mati djala  
ko me je dete pestovala.  
Zatorej dobro vem,  
Slovenec sem, Slovenec sem.*

I hope you like it. Best regards to all, and to Tony Slavec of Colo.—My address is:

Frank Pasarich,  
723 Clarkson ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to this wonderful magazine. I would like this letter to appear in the M. L.

I am 11 years of age and am in the 6th grade. I attend Weiss school. My teacher's name is Miss Owens. I belong to Lodge 52, SNPJ. I am in a one-room school. The pupils of our school are having examinations this month. There are 47 pupils in Weiss school.

I love to read the M. L. I am interested in Dorothy M. Fink's letters. I hope the children that read the M. L. would like my letter.

Best regards.  
Margaret Resnik,  
Box 179, Willock, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I would like the letter to appear in the Chatter Corner of this wonderful magazine.

I am 8 years of age and in the second grade. I go to Weiss school. My teacher is Miss Owens. There are 47 pupils in Weiss school.

Best regards.  
Rudolph Resnik,  
Box 177, Willock, Pa.

#### SPIRIT OF YOUTH

When proud, pied April, dressed,  
in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of  
youth in everything.

—Shakespeare.

## MY GARDEN

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter. I like to read the M. L. very much. School is out and I passed to the 9th grade. I will go to high school next year, where I will have five teachers.

We live on an eighty-two acre farm. We have all kinds of fruit trees. We have two horses and seven cows. I got a pet cat, his name is "Duke." Near our farm we have a lake, where in the summer we go swimming every day. My father is secretary of Lodge 539. Here is a poem:

## MY GARDEN

I dug my garden,  
I sowed my seeds,  
I kept it watered,  
And pulled the weeds.

And when it blossomed,  
With flowers gay,  
I gave my mother  
The first bouquet.

Dorothy Ozanich, Paw Paw, Mich.

\* \* \*

### Late Summer

Dear Editor and and Readers:—

Here I am again, writing. It is rather late to write for June, but I couldn't write sooner because I was busy.

Sunday, May 12, it rained and snowed both. This morning, May 14, it was raining and is still raining a little.

Friday I broke out with the three day measles. Saturday I had them all over and was out in the sun all day. When I came in the house I was red all over my face. I thought I was going to get red measles again, but that was just sunburn. I stayed in the house all day Sunday and was over the measles.

Last week we had our final school exams. They were: English, penmanship, reading, social science, arithmetic, hygiene and spelling. Will I be glad when school's out—and how!

It looks like summer will never be here. It's always raining or snowing.

I didn't bother with the chain letters I received, because in the Prosveta, my mother and father read that they are putting people in jail. I wish the girls that send them to me would also write to me.

I think that will be all for this time, except a letter in Slovene.

Mary Pershin, box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

Dear Editor:—

I was very much pleased to see that my last letter was published in the Mladinski List. Now I've made up my mind to be a steady writer.

The girl scouts had a hike at our farm, on May 26, and they said that they enjoyed it. I am now a Second Class Girl Scout. The Sunday afterwards our Home Room girls had a hike here too. The following Sundays I had, and will have, a good time at the picnic next door.

I wish some of the members would write to me, or better still—"come up and see me sometime."

Mimie Oblak, 4412 Bradley rd., Cleveland, O.

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### The New Boarder

**L**ITTLE Bob Warner was very happy. A new boarder had come to stay at his house, and he had given Bob a big, shiny half dollar!

Bob turned the coin over and over in his pocket on the way to the grocery. A half dollar! Why, he could buy just pounds and pounds of candy with that. Maybe he could get something for sister, too. And for mother and dad.

Passing the postoffice, Bob happened to glance up at a bulletin board propped up on the sidewalk. He stopped short and his eyes widened. For there, pictured on the white piece of paper, was—the new boarder!

Slowly, he read the words above the picture: "Wanted for robbery, Warren Isteel, alias Machine Gun Dan. Reward, \$500."

He turned quickly from the picture, and started walking very fast towards the store. He had the appearance of one who had just encountered the most terrifying of ghosts.

The new boarder, he was thinking, the generous new boarder—a criminal. But more important still was the notation imprinted on his brain in big red letters—"Reward, \$500."

At last he was home, walking up the red brick, geranium bordered pathway. He handed the groceries to his mother.

"The new boarder, ma, where is he?" he asked.

"He left for town an hour ago—why, there he is now!"

A black sedan slid noiselessly into the driveway. The new boarder got out; another man was with him. "A pal of mine," the new boarder explained when they entered the house, and went trudging up the stairs to the new boarder's room.

Unobserved by his mother, Bob crept up the stairs cautiously and settled himself to

listen in the hallway, outside the door the two men had just entered.

He could hear very little through the thick door panneling, other than the words, "big haul," and "new job," and a few sneering allusions to "them dumb cops."

Convinced beyond a doubt that the new boarder was none other than Warren Isteel, the robber, Bob prepared to leave.

For a moment he stood motionless, and frozen with fear when he heard one of the gangsters come toward the door saying, "There's someone out there."

His knees knocked. Then, impulsively, he scrambled down the stairs to come plunging right into the middle of another rough gangster-looking man who had mounted the stairs, evidently bound on a visit to Isteel.

There was a loud concussion and the man, flinging his hands desperately upward, and clutching the air, landed full on his back at the foot of the stairs.

The man got up, brushed himself quickly and angrily, and with a withering look at the trembling Bob he made his way up the stairs muttering something like "little street pig" over his shoulder.

Turning to go, Bob noticed an ominous black automatic on the floor where the man had fallen. He picked it up and hid it under his sweater. Evidence. Fortunately for him, his mother did not witness the incident.

His next step was to hurry to the telephone and, after making sure none was watching, he dialed headquarters clumsily, almost fearfully.

There was a gruff voice on the other end of the wire which boomed: "Headquarters. What do you want?"

For no reason at all, Bob became nervous. Perhaps the new boarder was not Warren Isteel. What if he had made a mistake? But his gun in his sweater reassured him. What could one of the new boarder's friends be doing with a gun?

"I'm—I'm a little boy—" he faltered nervously.

"Little boy, eh? Playing pranks—listen, I have no time for—"

"Officer, I'm Bobbie Warren of 1828 Waverly avenue. There're some crooks upstairs with our new boarder," he plunged on, "who is Warren Isteel, alias Machine Gun Dan!"

The gruff voice softened and tensened a little with excitement. "Good kid," it said, "I'll have a squad car over there in a jiffy. If what you say is true, five hundred dollars." The connection closed. Bobbie, white-faced, anxious, and a little afraid, echoed, "five-hundred dollars."

He turned to go. There at his side was his mother, eying him, hands akimbo.

"Bob!" she exclaimed angrily, "what have you done? Called the police on our new boarder. Are you sure he is Isteel? Are you?"

As an answer, Bob pulled the revolver from his sweater, showed it to his mother, and explained how he got it.

"Oh," she gasped and slumped into a chair. "The new boarder, a crook—it's—it's awful."

Sirens shrieked and wailed throughout the streets. Bob found that now he was not in the least afraid. He had an intense hate for this gangster that was making his mother cry, that would, in a moment, ruin the peace of his home.

There was a furtive noise upstairs. The police were near now—no more than a block away, Bob estimated.

Isteel's doors opened and the three men stepped out into the hallway. "We've got to beat it! Someone's tipped the cops!" Isteel yelled.

Bobbie gripped the revolver and ran decisively to the foot of the stairs.

Calmly, he leveled the gun up toward the men who had halted at the head of the stairs.

"One move—" Bob said steadily, "and I shoot!"

None of the three made one move. Police were piling out of the car and rushing into the house.

"The rap's up," Isteel said and they surrendered to the maze of officers.

Bob felt himself being whisked approvingly among the officers who had witnessed his bit of heroism.

"Boy hero," the next morning's newspaper extras called him.

And Bobbie felt like more than that when the chief of police personally presented him with a check to the amount of five hundred dollars.

"All because of the new boarder," Bob muttered joyfully and smiled up at the big kindly officer of the law.

(Submitted by Clifford S. Cernick,  
Cle Elum, Wash.)

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### The Best You Can

If I were a cobbler it should be my pride  
The best of all cobblers to be;  
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside  
Should mend an old kettle like me.

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"Nine little hot dogs  
Sizzlin' on a plate,  
In came the gang of boys,  
And then they were ate."