

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

ODLOŽENO — ZAMUJENO

OHO, kontest!

Kontest z nagradami — se ve —
za prvovrstne spise le! —
in Frank podjetno skrči pest.

— Pa da. Kontesta se udeležim!
Pogumen sem in zmožen tudi;
da skažem se, ta prilika se nudi;
poraza nič se ne bojim.

— Čekati zna pač vsak hudir.

A druga je — misli svoje urediti,
v besede gladko jih poviti
in čedno jih preliti na papir!

— A zdaj preveč je drugega v glavi —
in končno voda zdaj še ne gori;
pa jutri bo, kar danes ni —
Tako od dne do dne si Franky pravi.

— — — — —
Potekel rok je za kontest,
in Franky spise drugih ocenjuje —.
Zaman se na tihem huduje
ter lenobi svoji kaže pest . . .

JELKA VUK:

PTIČKI IN ZIMA

PTIČKI so utihnili,
kje bi v zimi bivali,
kako bi prepevali?

Saj je mraz
in zebe nas.
Poletimo v topli kraj,
zima naj bo sama zdaj.

Ko pa pride spet pomlad,
takrat vrnemo se — hajd! —

R. Tagore:

Hudobni sel

ZAKAJ sediš tu na tleh, tako tiha in molčeča, povej mi, ljuba mamica?

Dež prši skozi odprto okno, te moči in ti tega še ne opaziš.

Slišiš, gong bije že štiri? Čas je, da se bratec vrne domov iz šole.

Kaj se ti je pripetilo, da tako čudno gledaš?

Nisi dobila danes pismo od ateka?

Videl sem, da je poštni sel nosil pisma v svoji torbi skoro za slednjega v mestu.

Samo atova pisma pridrži, da jih čita sam. Za gotovo vem, da je poštni sel hudoben človek.

Ali zavoljo tega ne boji nesrečna, ljuba mamica.

Jutri je semanji dan v bližnjem selu. Porečeš dekli, naj ti kupi peres in papirja.

Jaz sam bom pisal vsa atova pisma; ne najdeš niti enega pogrška.

Pisal bom od A naravnost do K.

Ali mamica, zakaj se pa smeješ? Ne verjameš, da znam prav tako pisati, kakor ata?

Skrbno si načrtam papir in napišem vse črke lepo velike.

Ko napišem svoje pismo, misliš, da bom tako trapast kakor ata in ga vržem v tisto grozno poštarjevo torbo?

Sam ti ga prinesem brez odlašanja in od pisma do pisma ti bom pomagal čitati svojo pisavo.

Vem, da ti poštni sel ne daje rad prav lepih pisem.

JELKA VUK:

POLŽKOV SAMOGOVOR

HIŠCO nosim kar s seboj,
čeprav mi s čela teče znoj. —

Pa to mi prav nič mar,
na svojem sem vsikdar.

Vsaj to mi je uteha,
ko vidim kak se peha

človek, joj, prejoj,
kar tako — zastonj

in po navadi — brez uspeha.

Katka Zupančič:

Vilček

"TUKAJ sem vam privedla našega Vilčka," je mati pokazala na sinčka poleg sebe. "Če se kaj nauči, prav, če ne, ne. Starosti tako ne bo nikoli dočakal." Globok vzdih.

Vilček si je grizel ustnice in ni vedel, kam bi s svojimi rjavimi, ko živo oglje žarečimi očmi. V lica in život ga res ni bilo kdozna koliko, vendar podhranjen, bolehen ni bil videti.

"Kako to? Barva in vse mu kaže, da je zdrav?"

"Oh, zdrav je, zdrav! Ali nobena streha, nobeno drevo mu ni previsoko in nobena veja pretenka! Pravi: koder maček lahko pleza, ondot tudi on. Pa si pomagajte!"

"Ali res tako misliš, Vilček? Maček ima štiri noge, ti pa samo dve; če si on zlomi dve nogi, mu ostaneta še dve, zdravi. Koliko jih pa bo ostalo tebi?"

"Dve roki," je odvrnil osuplo. "Znam hoditi tudi po rokah."

Celo mati se je morala nasmehniti.

Končno pa je le obljubil, da si bo čuval noge za hojo in roke za delo.

Z Vilčkom je prišla na šolsko igrišče precejšnja sprememba, kajti kaj kmalu je pričel s svojimi akrobatskimi vajami. Spočetka so ga posnemali samo njegovi vrstniki, sčasoma pa je potegnil za seboj tudi večje in največje. Tako je bilo videti včasih, kakor da se je vsa dečad vadila za cirkus. Celo deklice je tuintam zamikalo, da bi poskusile. Ali krilca so pač krilca.

Se razume, da je bil Vilček deležen velike slave, kakor je bil majhen in neznoten. Postaviti se na glavo, hoditi po rokah, to ni bilo njemu nič. Drugi so sopihali, se zariplih obrazov mučili in še se jim ni vselej posrečilo.

On pa: roke na tla in že si je solnčil podplate. Še več: upognil je noge na-

vzad do tal in tekkel okrog svojih tovarišev kakor pajk. Mislite, da ga je to kaj posebno utrudilo? Kaj še! Če le niso bila tla premokra, je stekel na drugi konec igrišča, kjer se je svet za spoznanje bočil. Počlenil je, objel svoja kolena, stisnil glavo — kaj vem kam — in po vzboklini se je kotalila živa žoga.

Sempatja se je kateri večjih dečkov domislil svoje moči. Toda Vilček je navadno s svojo spretnostjo premagal tudi najmočnejšega. Zvil se mu je okrog nog, ga izpodnesel in v naslednjem trenutku mu je sedel na hrbtu. Smejala pa sta se navadno oba: tisti, ki je z nosom ril po zemlji, in Vilček. Zamere ni bilo.

Nekoč je prišel v šolo s precej veliko, posinelo oteklino vrh čela.

Dali se je bodel?

V nemalo presenečenje je prikimal in smehlja se pojasnil: "Doma imamo kozlička. Rožičkov skoro še nima, pa vendar ima že strašno trdo glavo."

"Dobro, da mu ni treba šole," sem pripomnila.

"Vse svoje življenje bi moral sedeti v prvem razredu!" In v svoji domišljiji si je bržkone narisal velikega, črnega, kosmatega, ter rogatega kozla, sedečega v prvi klopi sredi drobnih, plašnih prvoletnikov, kajti zasmel se je tako na krhko in od srca, da so se mu oči zalile s solzami. A le prenašlo se je zresnil. Zaslutila sem, kaj mu je hipoma skalilo smešno sliko.

"Nič se ne boji!" sem ga pomirila. "Ti ne boš obsedel, če se boš učil, kakor si se dosej."

Kar vidno se je oddahnil.

Vilčku prirojena prožnost se je namreč omejila samo na njegove telesne ude. Možgani — žal — niso nič vedeli o nji. Imel pa je na srečo voljo in tako vztrajnost, ki bi zasenčila marsikatere-

ga odraslega. Z neverjetno močno energijo si je osvajal črko za črko, črko za črko.

Njegovo berilo je bilo ob koncu leta že tako, kakor da ga je rabil že njegov praded in za njim vsi rodovi doli do Vilčka. Toda Vilček se je naučil brati.

Njegovi zvezki? Privadil se je prapovisju, kolikor je bilo treba. Samo peresa ga niso in niso hotela ubogati. Morda so mislila, da so priostrene treske. Zato pa jih je tudi Vilček pridno trl. Svinčnike si je tudi špičil kar z zobmi — na skrival seveda. Spraskani papir pa je trpel in molčal.

Križ vseh križev so pa bile številke — računstvo.

“Šest in sedem — Vilček?”

Vilček je bil že na nogah. Med računsko uro sploh ni nikoli sedel.

“Šest in sedem?” Vilček se je vzbočil kakor lok; stegnil šest prstov; ostale štiri prste na roki je vsakega posebej ugriznil, ko jih je štel, nato so se mu oči zapičile še v prste na nogah.

Nikar ne mislite, da je Vilček računal mirno. Kje neki! Na Vilčku je vse migalo in mu po svoje pomagalo. Samo lasje so mu mirovali. Strnjeni v šope so mu stali po temenu, kakor slabo postavljeni snopi ajde po njivi.

Aha! Oči mu žare. Zdaj bo — —

“Šest in sedem je trinajst!”

“Trinajst” je kar izstrelil.

Ugibal ni nikoli. Ako se je pa zmotil, je začel znova. In šolski voz ga je moral čakati sredi ceste. Če ga pa nismo utegnili čakati in je namesto njega odgovoril kdo drugi, si je Vilček z roko prevrgel vse snope po temenu, pa postavil ušesa in usta za novo vprašanje.

Spočetka se mu je vse naokoli muzalo, a ne dolgo. Zakaj Vilček ni imel časa, da bi se zmenil za svojo okolico.

Pa ker smo že omenili njegovo berilo in njegove zvezke, bi prav radi omenili tudi njegovo računico, če bi mogli. Ali računica ni bila ob koncu leta več računica. Bili so samo nje žalostni ostanki. Listi so od prvega do zadnjega frleli vsak zase. Bolj zguljena in zrabljena, razcefrana in preluknjana niso mogla biti niti kozaška bandera, ki so se rešila iz najljutejših turških bitk, nego so bili ti listi.

Toda Vilček je napredoval tudi v računstvu. —

Pred petimi letmi sem ga videla. Iz Vilčka se je razvil Vilko in pomagal je svojemu stricu v gostilni. Tenak in ko sveča raven se je prav kakor nekdanj dobrodušno smehljal. Ali ko je pri soslednji mizi prejemal denar in računal, si je po stari navadi gledal pod noge. — Dobro, da je bil obut, sicer bi bil spomin zame premočen.

JELKA VUK:

METULJČEK

JAZ, metuljček,
 sneguljček —
in kakor iz knjig vas tam učim,
češ, glogov sem belin —
po cvetju se podim, hej, hej,
sončim se na njem in spim,
iz čaš njegovih se pojim

in zdi se mi, da ves ta svet
tako je lep, nebeško lep,
da v sladkih sanjah onemim . . .
A ko se zbrihtam spet
jaz, metuljček,
 lep vraguljček,
spet s cveta na cvet letim.



(Courtesy of 'Proletarec')

BRYANT BAKER

PIONIRKA

(Spomenik pionirskim materam v Topeki, Kans.)

Ivan Cankar:

V temi

(Konec.)

ANA je odprla duri, v tistem trenutku pa se je prestrašila, in sta se prestrašila onadva.

"Ne pojdi, ostani tu!"

V kuhinji je bila tema in vendar se je zazdelo Ani, kakor da ji je bil stopil iz teme nekdo nasproti. Umaknila se je strahoma in se je vrnila v izbo. Ko je bila odprla duri, sta čutila Tončka in Tine, kako se je nenadoma tema zgostila; in bilo jima je kakor da nista v izbi, temveč daleč nekje v gozdu, sama in ponoči; dež bije tam visoko ob črno listje in za deblom čaka smrt.

"Ne pojdi, ostani tu!"

Sedla je k njima, roke so se upirale ob kolena, glava je klonila in se je skoro dotikala mize.

"Zakaj ne pridejo mati?" je vprašala Tončka.

"Morda . . ."

Tine je hotel izgovoriti misel, ali vzrasla je čudno pred njim, strašna in neizmerna. Gosta tema je bila v izbi, toda krenil se je k Ani in videla sta si v oči, tudi v lica sta si videla in lica so bila blede.

"Da bi bila luč!"

Iskali so vdruživ, ali strah jih je bilo teh tihih korakov — hodili so pač tuji ljudje po izbi — in tistih neznanih senc, ki so se premikale oprezno, sence tujih ljudi.

Tončka je stala ob oknu.

"Glejte, tam je luč!"

Ob oglu je gorela svetilka z majhnim rumenim plamenom, ki je prodiral komaj skozi dež in noč. Vsi so se stisnili k oknu in so strmeli v dremajoči rumeni plamen. In ko so se uprle vanj njih oči, je pričel plapolati in se zvižati; sunil je veter in plamen je ugasnil. Objeli so se in vsa tri drobna telesa so trepetala . . .

Kakor je rasla strašna misel v njenem srcu, je videla Ana zmirom jasneje, kako hodi mati po ulicah, v dežju in vetru. Ogrnila si je bila tenko ruto in ruta je zdaj vsa premočena, mokri lasje se sprijemajo na čelu. In mati se trese od mraza, veter piha skozi v meso, zbada v srce. Nikoli ni videla tenko obleko, zbada z iglami v kožo, v meso, zbada v srce. Nikoli ni videla Ana materinega obraza tako jasno kakor zdaj. Dolg je in koščen, oči gledajo srepo in so rdeče obrobljene . . . Ali nikoli ni bila drugačna, odkar je umrl oče, in vendar je ni videla Ana nikoli tako jasno; kakor da bi jo bila ugledala prvikrat v življenju . . .

Vsi hkrati so se zdrznili, odprli so okno. Materin glas je bil, ki je zaklical spodaj. Skozi odprto okno je planil veter v sobo, mrzle kaplje so jim udarile v obraz, zašumelo je v izbi, na postelji, ob zofi. Sklonili so se skozi okno.

"Mati!"

Ali ni je bilo. Pijan človek je šel počasi in omahovaje preko ceste od te strani na ono in je izginil za oglom.

"Mati!"

Z veliko silo je sunil veter in umaknili so se strahoma, zaprli so okno.

Tončka je ihtela, ali jokala ni naglas.

"Moram pogledati . . . pojdem! Lezita na posteljo in se odejta čez glavo; vrnem se kmalu."

Ana je položila na posteljo brata in sestro in ju je odela, nato si je ogrnila ruto. Odprla je duri, šla je skozi temno kuhinjo in vežo, in po stopnicah navzdol. Vse temno je bilo; drugače je gorela svetilka na stopnicah, nocoj je ni bilo. Tipala je z rokami, šla je počasi in varno. Na njenem srcu je ležala misel strašna in težka; ni je iz-

pregovorila ne sebi in ne naglas, ali ustnice so se premikale. Ko je stopila na prag, jo je objel veter s silnimi rokami; kakor da bi jo hotel vzdigniti, tresčiti jo ob zid; strgal ji je ruto z glave, v lice so ji bile mrzle kaplje, ves život je trepetal od mraza.

"Kam greš, Ana?"

Stisnila se je ob zid, široko so gledale oči, ali videle niso ničesar. Čisto razločno jo je bil nekdo ogovoril, materin glas je bil.

"Mati!"

Ali bilo ni nikogar, samotna je bila ulica in dež je pljuskal v vetru.

Globoka groza je obšla Ano; sklonila se je, pritisnila je ruto k prsim in je hitela domov. Opotekala se je, ker jo je suval veter in šele ko je bila pred pragom, je začula svoj glas; jokala je ali veter je dušil njen jok ni ni ga mogel slišati nihče, tudi mati ne. Ko se je vrnila v izbo, je trepetala vsa od mraza in od strahu. Odložila je ruto in nato je hodila po izbi. Hodila je že dolgo, ko je mahoma postala in se domislila: prav tako je hodila kakor mati, glavo globoko sklonjeno, roke prekrižane na prsih. In prestrašila se je sama, da je hodila tako kakor mati.

Tončka in Tine sta ležala v postelji. Objela sta se bila tesno, odeje pa nista marala preko glave; strah ju je bilo teme in vendar sta strmela vanjo s široko odprtimi očmi. In oči so se privadile, razločevale so zmirom bolj, ali vse, kar so razločile, je bilo strašno. Tam je bila zofa in nekdo je sedel na nji, čisto razločno se je vzdigala velika senca. In sence so bile tudi ob oknu, premikale so se tudi po sobi, počasi, po prstih, kakor da bi iskale luči. Zahreščale so naposled duri, veter je pihnil v izbo. Srepa so se uprle oči v duri, videle so kakor podnevi in so spoznale Ano, toda niso je hotele spoznati. In nato je hodila po izbi s težkimi koraki, glavo sklonjeno, roke prekrižane na prsih, enakomerno, zmirom od duri do okna.

"Mati!" je izpregovoril Tine plašno in srce mu je nehala utripati, ko je

pričakoval odgovora. Vedel je, da je bilo upanje prazno, in vendar je upal.

Odgovora ni bilo.

Ana je stala sredi izbe, roke še zmirom prekrižane na prsih.

Zakaj bi moralo biti in zakaj nočoj? Saj je bilo življenje zmirom enako — zmirom enako je hodila mati po izbi, od okna do duri. Zakaj bi nehala nočoj? In ko je izgovorila Ana v svojem srcu naglas tisto strašno in neizmerno žalostno misel, se je uprlo upanje s poslednjo silo. Ne, ne, ne more biti! . . . Zajokala je s kričečim glasom, vse telo se je streslo. Omahovaje je stopila k postelji in jokali so vsi trije.

Zunaj je deževalo, pihal je veter in na okno je trkala nevidna roka.

Slišali so, da so se odprle zunaj duri, narahlo, tihotapsko; in srca so zastala. Stopalo je po kuhinji z nerodnimi koraki, toda previdno, počasi, tipalo je po durih in duri so se odprle tako nalahko, kakor da bi se odpahnile same. Na pragu je stala velika senca, razločevali so zmirom bolj in zmirom bolj so se širile oči od strahu. Stal je tam človek visok, da se je skoro dotikal stropa z veliko črno kučmo, ki jo je imel na glavi. Ogrnjen je bil v dolg črn kožuh, ki mu je segal do peta, obraza pa niso mogli razločiti, zato ker je bil ves skrit v temni bradi. Tako je stal in se ni ganil, gledali so naravnost nanj kakor pričarani. Gledali so in so ga videli tam na pragu še zmirom; senca je bila tam, dasi so se bile duri že narahlo zaprle in ni bilo več nikogar več na pragu, so se pričeli tresti kakor v silnem mrazu, glasu pa ni bilo iz ust.

Temna je bila izba in tiha, zunaj je potrskavalo še zmirom. Tedaj pa so se oglasili zunaj mnogoštevilni, kričeči, surovi in jezni glasovi; težki in hitri koraki so se bližali po tlaku; nekdo je preklinjal s hripavim glasom, nekdo drug je pel razposajeno pesem; pijanci so se vračali iz krčme. Prav pod oknom je nekaj butnilo ob tla, gosti koraki so bežali preko ceste, oddaljevali so se in so utihnili . . .

Vsak šum, ki se je oglasil nenadno, je napravil še strašnejšo tišino, ki je bila v izbi; kakor da bi ugasnila luč in bi bila vsenaokoli neproderna tema, polna skrivnosti in hudobnih senc . . .

Trdovratno je bilo upanje — zmirom še je živel človek v rakvi, živel je in je trkal na pokrov.

"Da bi že prišli mati!" je prosila Tončka.

"Da bi bila luč!"

Ana se je prišla za glavo z obema rokama, in ko je začutila roke na sencih, se je prestrašila, zakaj domislila se je, da se je tudi mati tako prijemala za glavo, kadar je stala ob postelji ali sedela za mizo.

"Slecita se in zaspita, ko ni luči; in ko bosta spala, pridejo mati . . . morda . . ."

In ko je rekla "morda", je vztrepetala, zakaj spet je bila izpregovorila v svojem srcu naglas tisto strašno in neizmerno žalostno misel.

Tine se je vzdignil v postelji.

"Nikoli več ne pridejo mati, nikoli več!"

V tistem trenutku so se odprle duri brez šuma; odpirale so se počasi, dokler niso bile odprte na stežaj. In bilo ni nikogar na pragu. In kakor so se odprle, tako so se počasi in nalahko zapirale. Zunaj je zapihal veter in odprlo se je okno . . .

Na stopnicah so se oglasili koraki.

"Gor v prvo nadstropje!"

In ženski glas je vzdigoval:

"O jej, o jej!"

"Prav je storila!" je zagodrnjal surov, moški glas.

Koraki so se bližali in zunaj so se zasvetile luči. Dvoje moških se je sklanjalo in neslo nekaj belega . . .

Otroci so se bili objeli tesno; krika ni bilo iz grla; oči so bile široko odprte, neznana groza je bila v njih.

Deset sledi

Indijanski dogodek

ŽIVELA sta Indijanca, ki sta se podala skupaj na lov. Hapeda je bil zelo močan, urnih nog in izboren strelec. Šatun je bil veliko šibkejši in je imel slabši lok, toda bil je zelo potrpežljiv.

Ko sta stopala čez griče, sta dospela do sveže sledi za malim jelenom. Šatun je dejal: "Brat moj, jaz se podam za to sledjo."

Toda Hapeda je odgovoril: "Lahko, če ti je drago, ampak lovec, kot sem jaz, se podaja samo za večjo divjačino."

Tako sta se razšla.

Hapeda je stopal kako uro hoda in naletel na sledi desetih velikih jelenov, katere pa so držale na razne strani. Lotil se je sledi največjega jelena in dolgo šel za njo, toda ker ni mogel do kraja, si je dejal: "Ta je najbrž sled popotnega jelena. Vzeti bi bil moral katero drugo."

Šel je torej nazaj na prostor, kjer je odkril sledi in začel stopati za drugo sledjo. Po več kot uro dolgem lovu, na katerem mu ni prišla nobena stvar pod strel, si je rekel: "Spet sem na sledi potujoče divjačine. Šel bom nazaj in našel sled pasoce se živali."

Ampak zdaj spet je po kratki poti opustil sled in poizkusil drugo, katera se mu je zdela bolj gotova. Tako je zapravil ves dan s poskuševanjem raznih sledi in zvečer se je povrnil v šotorišče brez plena. V šotorišču pa je videl, da je Šatun, vzlic temu, da je bil slabši v vseh ozirih, vendar bolj pameten. Oni se je namreč držal sledi malega jelena in zdaj ga lepo odira v šotoru.

Indijanski nauk pravi: Plačilo te čaka šele na koncu sledi.

Lojze Zupane:

Kako se je vrag učil igrati na harmoniko

(Belokrajnska narodna)

POD Staro goro čepi nizka, s slamo krita kajba. Plaho se stiska pod breg nasutih vinogradov, kakor da se boji svoje neznatnosti. Prazna je danes ta koliba. Čas je zglodal preperelo tramovje v njej, šopi slame so razčesani v vse vetrove. Kakor skuštrana coprnica zeva osamela bajta v dolino; zdi se, da kriči od dolgočasje v dolino z odprtiniami vegastih oken in polrazpadlih vrat . . .

Joj, včasih je bilo več življenja v tej kolibi! Včasih, pravim. To je bilo takrat, ko je še živel mizar Tine v njej.

Pravijo, da je bil mizar Tine priden, da malo takih. Pa tudi prebrisan, da malo mu podobnih. Od zore do mraka je švigal njegov oblič po hrapavih deskah. Ko se je dan nagnil v mrak, je izpljunil dnevno skrb, se vsedel pod brajdo in si zaigral na harmoniko. Takrat je, kakor bi odrezal, potihnila kričava osebenjska otročad. Vsa dolina je otrpnila in prisluhnila ubranim melodijam Tinetove harmonike.

Pa je nekega večera, ko so se že zvezde vžigale na nizkem nebu, prihuljeno prišepal sam vrag za Tinetovo kajbo. Pod reber se je potajil in se naslajal ob razposajeni muziki.

K slabemu je nagnjen zlodej. Obšla ga je zelena zavist; siloma se je krotil in gotal gnev. Zaželel si je, da bi še sam zaigral takele poskočne svojim črnim bratom v peklju. Ho, to bi razveselil peklenškega glavarja Luciferja. Nič več bi se mu ne bilo treba pojati po zemlji in loviti grešne duše za peklenško carstvo. Gotovo bi ga glavar posadil poleg sebe na prestol, da bi mu ob cviljenju in prhutanju zloveščih netopirjev krajšal dolgočas s svojo muziko.

Tako je mislil vrag in v takih mislih si je zavihal rep, zamežal malce, da se

ne bi Tine prestrašil zelenih oči, in prilizneno je prišepal pred mizarja.

"Dober večer ti želim, spretni muzikant!"

"Dober večer," je odzdravil Tine.

"E, e, takole sem mislil, ko bi me igrati naučil. Ti, ki znaš tako lepo . . ."

Tine pa je v došlecju spoznal vraga. Zbal se je za svoj meh pa si izmislil zvižajočo in pohlevno odvrnil:

"Prav rad vas bom naučil igrati, gospod zlodej. Samo skrbj me, kako boste tipkali po harmoniki z vašimi dolgimi nohti."

"Kaj ni nikakor mogoče?" se je ustrašil vrag.

"O, že, samo nohte bo treba malo spiliti."

"Le brž se požuri pa mi jih popili!" je vrag nestrpno prosil.

Tine je peljal vraga v delavnico. Odvil je skobelnik in vtaknil med razpore vragove roke, nato pa hitro privil skobelnik: lesene klešče so neusmiljeno stisnile vragove prste, da je vrag kričal od bolesti. Ko mu je Tine dodobra sploščil prste, ga je napodil.

Žugajoč in preteč jo je vrag odkuril v temno noč.

Minulo je leto. Topla pomlad je prizelenela v Belo Krajino in s cvetjem posula Staro goro. V vrtu je Tine cepil češnjo.

Vrag ni pozabil Tinetove hudobije. Povrnj se je torej, da izpolni svojo grožnjo. Ustrašil se je Tine vraga in poprosil:

"Ne hudujte se, gospod zlodej. Takoj prinesem harmoniko, da vas naučim igrati. Pozabite na ono šalo zadnjič. Samo malce primite to drevce, da še prej mladiko prismolim." Tako je dejal in podolgem zamahnil s sekiro po

deblu. Vraga je zopet premotila harmonika. Prijel je za deblo in z dolgimi nohti segel v precep. Takrat je Tine hitro izdrl sekuro iz debla: precep je stisnil vragovo desnico.

Spoznal je vrag, da ga je Tine zopet

opeharil. Strašansko je zarjul in potegnil z roko tako silno vstran, da je izruval češnjo in z njo vred zdrvel pod Klek.

Od tistih dob se vragu ni več kolenilo po harmoniki. —



EARL HORTAR

KITAJSKA ČETRTR



SLAVJE MLADINSKIH DRUŠTEV SNPJ

DNE 2. in 3. nov. se je v Chicagu vršilo veliko slavlje desetletnice prvega angleško poslujočega društva in obenem mladinskega gibanja SNPJ sploh. Društvo Pioneer št. 559 je svoj jubilej proslavilo z impozantnim slavnostnim banketom in radioprogramom v downtownu ter jubilejnim sporedom v bližini Jednotinega Doma. Udeležilo se je mnogo zunanjih gostov z vseh krajev. To slavlje naše mlade generacije je bilo vredno spomina desetletnice mladinskega gibanja!

Na 2. nov. se je vršila prva konferenca zastopnikov mladinskih društev v avditoriju SNPJ. Navzočih je bilo 66 delegatov, ki so zastopali 81 angleško poslujočih društev. Podanih je bilo deset zanimivih poročil, ki so zavzela dve tretjini odmerjenega časa. Poročila so bila dobra, tako tudi večina razprav, ki so sledile. Pri razpravi o publiciteti pa se je par pretkanim posameznikom zdelo potrebno, da zanesejo na dnevni red neosnovane stvari privatnega značaja, kar je v dobršni meri zaključek zborovanja pokvarilo. Poleg tega je bil neki razboriti zastopnik tako predrzen, da je napadel i jednotina načela. Dobil je zaslužen odgovor, ki si ga bo gotovo zapomnil!

* *

K O N T E S T

V tej izdaji MLADINSKEGA LISTA je priobčenih lepo število prispevkov za kontest. Skoro vsak dan prihajajo novi prispevki in vsi bodo prišli na vrsto. Priobčili jih bomo v decembrski in januarski številki. Pomnite, da se kontest zaključi dne 31. dec. 1935 in vsi poslani prispevki, ki bodo prišli do tega dne, bodo prišli v poštev. Kdor še ni napisal pisemka za kontest, naj se potruji sedaj. Časa je dovolj!

UREDNIK.

Kolumb in italijanske "zmage"

Cenjeni urednik!

Ker nimam kaj posebnega pisati, zato hočem nekoliko opisati slavnost, katera se je vršila tu v Olintonu dne 12. oktobra na spominjski dan odkritja Amerike po Krištofu Kolumbu.

Ta slavnost se je vršila pod avspicijo italijanskega konzumnega društva The C. Colum-

bus Co-operative Store. Italijani, katerih je veliko v naši naselbini, so zelo ponosni na svojega Kolumba in 12. oktober je njih praznik, zato ga pa tudi vsako leto praznujejo. Letos pa so bili še posebno ponosni in navdušeni vsled Mussolinijevih "zmag" v Afriki, da so korakali po glavni ulici pokonci kot bi imeli kole v hrbtiščih. Tudi Ameriška legija se jim je pridružila s svojimi trobentači in bobnarji in pa trgovci s svojimi oglaševalnimi "flotami". To je bilo ropotanja in navdušenja. Po končanem obhodu pa so se zbrali na velikem

prostoru pred Glendalsko šolo, kjer so sledili govori, razne igre in tekme za odrasle in otroke.

Najbolj privlačna izmed vseh tekem pa je bil takozvani "greasy pole", to je kakih dvajset čevljev visok gladek in z mastjo namazan drog, vrhu katerega so bile pritrjene nagrade za tiste, ki bi priplezali do njih: bankovci, svinjska gnjat in pa živa kura v pletenici, ki je zijala doli na paglavce, ki so skušali priplezati do nje. Ne vem, ali je zijala vsled začudenja ali vsled žeje, vem pa, da je bila napol mrtva ko je neki črnc priplezal do nje in jo rešil muk.

Drugih neizgod ni bilo in dan je potekel mirno.

Ker nimam nič več za poročati, zato končam, obenem pa pozdravljam Vas in vse čitatelje!

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

* *

Vsak dan nekaj

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Sedaj je čas šole, torej čas dela. Pridno se je treba učiti že začetkom leta, da nas ne bo ob koncu mučilo učenje. Pregovor pravi: nekaj

danes, nekaj jutri. Tako mora biti tudi z učenjem.

Včeraj sem bila s starši na svadbi na Russelltonu. Poročil se je L. Vidic. Imeli smo obilo zabave. Ko smo se vračali, smo imeli precej neprilik. Cesta je bila zaprta in morali smo daleč naokrog. Ata ni poznal te ceste, pa je moral paziti, da je vozil vedno za stricem, ki mu je pot znana.

Rillton, Pa. (Kje je podpis?)

* *

Žulji na roki

Cenjeni urednik!

Najprej se Vam moram zahvaliti za popravke v mojem prejšnjem dopisu.

Oni dan, ko sem se igral na drogu, so se mi naredili žulji na rokah, ki so se potem prepuštili. To ni bilo prijetno. Potem sem pa spet šel na drog in otekla mi je vsa roka, da sem moral k zdravniku. Kmalu mi je odleglo, tako da spet lahko pišem.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L.!

Joe Rott,
18815 Chickasaw ave., Cleveland, O.

ODMEVI KONTESTA

Dragi urednik!

Kadar človek želi izvedeti, kdo je njegov najboljši prijatelj, to najboljšje spozna v bolezni in nesreči. O tem se je dobro prepričal moj oče, ki je mlade nas je vpisal pod varstvo naše dobre matere SNPJ, ki se je neštetokrat izkazala za najboljšo prijateljico. Le pod njenim varstvom, ki je pošteno in nepristransko, nam je zagotovljena pomoč v bolezni ali nesreči ter smrti. SNPJ pa nam pomaga tudi s svojim izobraževalnim delom. Zato bom, kadar dorastem, zvesta članica SNPJ. (Društvo 513.)

Olga Vogrin,
2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* *

Dragi urednik!

SNPJ je najboljša in najmočnejša slov. podporni organizacija v tej deželi. Nam ne nudi le podpore, pač pa tudi izobrazbo potom svojih listov. Izdaja naš Mladinski List, Prosveto in knjige. Član sem že 12 let in upam, da bom vse svoje življenje. Jednote ne bom izkoriščal. Ponosen sem, da sem član SNPJ. Pomagal ji bom ob vsaki priliki.

Johnnie Potochnik,
R. 1, Box 47, Arcadia, Kans.

Dragi urednik!

Moji starši so mene in mojega brata vpisali v SNPJ ko sva bila še zelo majhna. Člana sva že celih 11 let in sva ponosna na to. Saj je naša SNPJ najboljša podporni organizacija svobodomiselnih slovenskih delavcev v Ameriki. Naši pionirji so jo ustanovili in mi mladi ji moramo dati pomoč, da bo še bolj močna, ker pošteno plačuje podporo. Moja mama je bila bolna, trikrat operirana, in vselej je dobila dobro pomoč, ki je bila najboljša pomoč v njeni bolezni. Mi mladi bomo ostali naši SNPJ zvesti ko dorastemo. Takrat bomo dobili tudi precej kredita za asessment.

Frank Krancevic,
1047 E. 61st st., Cleveland, O.

* *

Cenjeni urednik!

Ko dorastem, bom postala aktivna članica SNPJ zato, ker je najboljša jednota med nami. Plačuje podpore, posmrtnine in pomaga z asessmentom, če je treba. Mnogo članov bi bilo brez društva, če jim ne bi jednota pomagala. To je velike vrednosti, zato bom jednota vedno podpirala. (Društvo 21.)

Ivanka Šabec,
R. R., box 77, Pueblo, Colo.

Cenjeni urednik!

SNPJ je najboljša slovenska podporna organizacija. Točno izplačuje razne podpore, kar je velikega pomena, poleg tega pa sloni na svobodomiselnih načelih, ker so jo ustanovili napredni delavci. Ko bodo šli njeni sedanji delavci k počitku, moramo mi mladi prijeti za delo in iti naprej! Pridobivati ji moramo nove članke, da bo SNPJ podpirala in odprla oči še mnogim drugim s svojim glasilom. Naprej, zavedno delavstvo! (Društvo št. 5.)

William Millave,

5603 Corry ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Spominjam se, ko je bil pred dvema letoma moj oče bolan in prejemal je bolniško podporo od SNPJ vsak dan. Zato hočem biti zvesta članica SNPJ tudi jaz, ko dorastem, kakor sem tudi sedaj. Stara sem 9 let. Nobena druga stvar nam ne more toliko koristiti kakor SNPJ v slučaju bolezni ali nesreče. Poleg tega nam nudi tudi dobro izobrazbo s svojimi listi. Mladinski List je velike vrednosti za mlade članke, Prosveta pa za odrasle. (Društvo 52.)

Anna Grobin,

Box 17, Broughton, Pa.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Aktiven član SNPJ bom postal, ko dorastem, zato, ker je naša jednota v veliko korist vsem zavednim delavcem in članom. Zato bom tudi agitiral zanje, da bo postala večja in močnejša. SNPJ nam ne nudi le podporo, ampak tudi delavsko izobrazbo potom svojih glasil Prosvete in Mladinskega Lista. SNPJ je prava delavska podporna organizacija. Izplačuje točno podporo in pomaga potrebnim. Ustanovili so jo zavedni delavci in ostati mora v rokah zavednih delavcev! (Društvo 450.)

Tony Vrh,

23100 Ivan ave., Euclid, O.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Star sem 13 let in član SNPJ že 12 let. SNPJ je zato najboljša podporna organizacija, ker je ustanovljena na svobodomiselnih podlagi. Ona nas uči, da se moramo boriti za boljše, lepše dni kot delavci. Podporo izplačuje redno in točno in nam nudi izobrazbo, ki je potrebna delavcem in njihovim otrokom. Zato se pa moramo mi mladi pripraviti, da jo bomo podpirali in vodili po potih, ki so jih začrtali njeni začetniki. (Društvo 434.)

Willam Arck,

R. 3, Box 1855, Girard, O.

Cenjeni urednik!

Vsi člani naše družine smo pri društvu 312 SNPJ. Za mojega pokojnega očeta je SNPJ dobro skrbela skozi štiri leta njegove bolezni. Ves čas mu je stala ob strani. Takrat mi je večkrat moj oče dejal, naj bom zvest član SNPJ, ker je resnično dobra mati svojim članom. Zato bom tudi vse svoje življenje pomagal, da bo SNPJ rastla na članstvu in moči. Naprej!

Albert Volk,

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

* *

Dragi urednik!

Aktiven član SNPJ, ko bom dorastel, bom postal zato, ker se SNPJ zaveda, da podpora bolnim z mizerno plačo ne zadostuje in se bori, da se nadomesti podpora iz profitov, ki jih nagromadi delavstvo. Pričakujem, da s tem delom ne odneha, dokler se njen cilj ne uresniči, zakar pa moramo vsi delovati in ji pomagati. (Društvo 142.)

Vladimir Maleckar,

731 E. 160th st., Cleveland, O.

* *

Cenjeni urednik!

Članica SNPJ sem že šest let, moja mama pa 19. SNPJ se je izkazala za najboljšo podporno organizacijo. To vsi vedo in o tem vsak govori. Zato bom postala njena zvesta in aktivna članica ko dorastem. Skušala ji bom pridobivati novih članov; tudi moja mama jih je pridobila že veliko. Naša SNPJ mora napredovati! (Društvo 442.)

Rose Marie Girgel,

5326 Homer ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Prošlega julija je poteklo leto dni, odkar sem prišla v to deželo. Ko sem videla Mladinski List, se mi je takoj dopaled. Oče me je takoj vpisal v društvo SNPJ. Prepričala sem se, da je SNPJ najboljša podporna organizacija in zato bom ostala njena zvesta članica do konca mojega življenja. SNPJ pomaga svojim članom v bolezni in potrebi ter jim nudi dobro izobrazbo. Za Mladinski List in SNPJ se moramo zanimati vedno, ne samo sedaj, ko je razpisan kontest in nagrade. Pomagala bom, da bo naša jednota rastla in napredovala, da bo lahko dala pomoč še mnogim, ki je bodo vredni. (Društvo 52.)

Jennie Grobin,

Box 17, Broughton, Pa.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Podpisani član mladinskega oddelka pri društvu 362 SNPJ bom postal njen aktiven član, ko dorastem, zato, ker je ona najboljša podporna jednota. Skozi ves svoj obstanek

je šla naprej po začetni poti njenih ustanovitelj in pionirjev. Odkazali so ji važno nalogo, ki jo vrši zelo dobro. Pomagal in delal bom zanj ter se ravnal po njenih pravilih. V slučaju bolezni ali nesreče ter smrti pa pričakujem, da mi bo SNPJ stala ob strani.

Louis Mahkovec ml.,

* *

Cenjeni urednik!

Kot član mladinskega oddelka društva Naprej št. 5 SNPJ, želim povedati, da bom pomagal pridobivati naši jedrni nove člane zato, ker nam nudi vse izboljšave, česar nam ne nudijo nikjer drugje. Ponosen sem, da sem član SNPJ in član največjega društva naše SNPJ. Ko bom dorasel, bom postal aktiven član. Živela SNPJ!

Joe Puntar,

5806 Bonna ave., Cleveland, O.
607 N. Charles st., Carlinville, Ill.

* *

Cenjeni urednik!

Star sem 14 let in član SNPJ 13 let. Ko bom dosegel predpisano starost, bom postal aktiven član SNPJ zato, ker je ustanovljena na svobodomiselnih podlagi, ker nudi članom delavsko izobrazbo ter jim jamči osebno svobodo, glede vere, politike in prepričanja. Na tej podlagi, upam, da bo jednota rastla in napredovala ter se razvila v še večjo jugoslovansko podporno organizacijo.

John Leskovshek,
Box 157, Irwin, Pa.

* *

Cenjeni urednik!

Aktiven član SNPJ bom postal, ko dorastem, zato:

1. Ker nam pomaga v bolezni.
2. Ker nam pomaga v slučaju smrti.
3. Ker izdaja dnevnik Prosveto.
4. Ker izdaja Mladinski List, ki nas uči resnice in materinega jezika. Če ne bi čital tega lista, ne bi vedel kdo smo Slovenci. (Star 9 let, član društva 262.)

Frank R. Kramer,
949 Cedar ave., Sharon, Pa.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Članica sem pri društvu Naprej št. 5 SNPJ in ko bom dosegla predpisano starost, bom čitala Prosveto in ostala zvesta članica SNPJ, naši dobri materi, ki je najboljša in poštena delavska podpora organizacija. SNPJ je dobra mati svojim članom v bolezni in potrebi. Podpora in posmrtnino vselej pošteno izplača ter s tem briše sirotam solze.

Frances Popotnik,
6219 Carl ave., Cleveland, O.

Cenjeni urednik!

V SNPJ sem pristopila leta 1923 na Library, Pa., društvo 386, sedaj pa sem pri društvu 583 na Lowberju, Pa. Mladinski List redno čitam. Njena aktivna članica hočem postati zato, ker je svobodomiselnost od svoje ustanove, ker je najboljša in ker po pravilih točno izplačuje podpore vsem članom, ki so do nje upravičeni. Njeni uradniki so pošteni in pazijo, da napreduje. Pričakujem, da mi bo pomagala, ko bom dopolnila zahtevano starost, v slučaju bolezni ali nesreče. Ko pa dosežem 70 let starosti, pa še dodatno vsoto, ki prav pride na stara leta.

Rose Klun,
Box 45, Lowber, Pa.

* *

Dragi urednik!

Aktivna članica SNPJ bom postala, kadar bom prestopila v oddelek odraslih, zato, ker SNPJ je najboljša delavska podpora organizacija. Ona je poleg podpor pomagala tudi na druge načine ter koristila delavcem. Ima najboljši delavski dnevnik Prosveto, ki daje poduk in izobrazbo delavcem. Za mladino izdaja Mladinski List, ki nas uči in kaže pot v pravo smer. Želim in pričakujem, da bi kmalu prišel čas, ko se bodo vse slov. podporne organizacije združile v eno močno organizacijo, namreč v SNPJ.

Angela A. Yakovich,
Box 116, Castle Gate, Utah.

* *

Cenjeni urednik!

Brez matere je težko življenje, sploh ni življenja. Ko si majhen, te mati neguje, ko odrasteš, te podučuje, zate skrbi vse življenje. Kadar si v potrebi, se zanesesh na ljubeznivo mater. To je naša Mati Jednota nam, ki smo njeni člani, kakor je mati svojim otrokom. Ona ti pomaga v bolezni in potrebi ter nesreči. O tem smo vsi prepričani. Zato živimo z njo v njenem boju za delavske pravice in ostanimo njeni zvesti člani. (Star sem 13 let in član SNPJ.)

John Oblak,
West Newton (Collinsburg), Pa.

* *

Cenjeni urednik!

Aktivna in zvesta članica SNPJ bom postala zato, ker je dobra organizacija. Potrudila se bom, da bom vedno delovala za SNPJ, njej v korist, kakor deluje ona za nas vse. (Društvo 683.)

Mary Potisek,
Box 217, Hutchinson Mine, Rillton, Pa.

Muhe

URŠKA je v postelji. Zjutraj na vse zgodaj je bila vzela žlico ricinovega olja, prhh! — in nepremično opazuje tri muhe, ki so se lotile odlomljenega koščka sladkorja na mramornati plošči nočne omarice. Obračajo se po njem kakor delavci v kamnolomu. Sprehajajo se navzgor in navzdol po vzboklinah in dolinah koščka, ližejo tu, sesajo tam; včasih se ustavijo, se pogladijo z nožicami preko hrbta in privzdignejo krila, ali pa objamejo glavo in si jo umivajo.

Neumne živali!

"Muhe!" zakliče Urška ukazujoče.

Kaj še. Nobena se ne zmeni zanjo, vse tri ji obračajo hrbet in navdušeno ližejo sladkor. Pribrenči nova, leta sem in tja, se zopet dvigne in — kako je to? pravkar so bile štiri. Sedaj jih je pa pet. In šesta leze po predalčku. Ne to je od sile!

"Muhe!" zakriči Urška, sedaj res jezna.

Oh! le kriči! Ena ji sede na nos, druga na uho; tretja se sprehaja po laseh. Muhe se ničesar ne boje. In brenčijo dzz! in Urška mora prenašati zbadanje njihovega rilčka in dotik njihovih lahkih, nerodnih trupele.

Oh, kako so sitne!

Ne smete misliti, da je morda Urški za košček sladkorja. Če ga ni pojedla, je to znak, da je pohrustala že tri po ricinu, da bi pregnala slab okus. Uhh! Prhh! — Ampak ona ne dovoli, da bi se muhe polastile tega, kar ni njihovo, ne dovoli pa zato, ker so ji muhe zoprne.

Lenuhinje so. Kaj delajo od jutra do večera, ko tekajo po šipah, zavesah, robovih pohištva? Nič! Sprehajajo se.

Sprehajajo se po vrču za vodo. Seveda ne zato, da bi se umile. Sprehajajo se po zrcalu, — kaj neki tam iščejo po stolih, po Urškini obleki, po kropilniku. Lenuhinje. Še pajek dela. Prede svojo mrežo tako hitro, tako spretno. Zani-

mivo ga je opazovati . . . od daleč. In čebele! kako se jim mudi! Prav za prav so muhe res prismojene. Spodiš jih, pa se vrnejo. Morda so trmaste? Da, ampak poleg tega tudi neumne. Če ubiješ eno, prilete druge. Nič jih ne prestraši, nič jih ne utruji. Vendar ti nagajajo, če jih hočeš ujeti. Človek bi dejal, da imajo povsod oči. Stara Micka trdi to. Slepe gotovo niso, ampak gluhe, morda. Nu! Evo jih cel regiment v naskoku, niti najmanjše beline sladkorja ni več videti. Kar mrgoli jih.

"Zdaj pa, čakajte . . ."

Urška jih z velikim zamahom junaško prepodi, zgrabi košček sladkorja in ga vtakne pod vzglavje. Tako . . .! Mar mislite, da bodo tako prebrisane in ga piskale tam? Ne, vračajo se na prazen prostor, sesajo marmor in nočno omarico. Čakajo. In Urška misli v svojem ogorčenju, da bi bile najkrutejše muke premile zanje.

Nekaj pa muhe le znajo. Hodijo z glavo navzdol po steni in tekajo po stropu. To mora biti zelo težko. Vendar znajo to imenitno. Morda je treba le vaje.

Kdove, če ne bi tudi Urška tega znala, če bi vsako jutro malo vadila . . . Čudno je to, da se jim ne vrti v glavi. Kadar Urška skloni glavo k tlom, ji udari vsa kri k sencem in zvrtil se ji. Nekoč se je bila zleknila po tleh in je dolgo časa nepremično gledala v zrak in si domišljala, da je soba postavljena na glavo, da ona visi na stropu, in da je to, kar gleda nad sabo, pod. To ni dolgo trajalo. Z izbuljenimi očmi se ji je zdelo, da pada v praznino, s strahom se je bila oklenila noge mize. Od tedaj si ne upa na vrtu preveč gledati v nebo, z glavo navzdol, med nogami. Zdi se ji, da se bodo noge odločile od tal in da bo omahnila v praznino.

To so slabi pogoji za posnemanje muh. Vendar, če pogumno poskusi . . . Vsaj poskusi lahko. Kadar muhe hodijo po zidu, se ne poslužujejo svojih kril, ampak le rok in nog. Res, da jih imajo tri pare. Ampak prstov pa le nimajo. Če bi Urška poskusila! . . .

Urška poskusi. Dvigne svojo dolgo nočno srajčko in, stoječa v postelji, z dlanmi oprtimi ob steno, dvigne nogo, se privzdigne s težavo, pade. Brez dvoma zato, ker nima opore. Če bi poskusila v kotu, če bi se oprla na eno steno in splezala po drugi navzgor . . . Hitro oporo! Na vzglavje postavi stol, na stol pručko, na pručko blazino. Morda moraš biti v izvestni višini, da lahko ležeš po steni. Morda postaneš potem lažja.

Urška se trepetaje požene, z nožico udari ob stol. Stavba ni bogve kako trdna, kdo se meni za to. Čuti, da se ji bo posrečilo. Na vrhu je. Opre se na steno, vpre nogo, se nasloni z dlanmi, se požene, leze kakor muha. Kdo ve? Morda bo celo zletela! Štrbunk! Hiša se podira, stol zleti semkaj, pručka tjakaj, svetiljka se razbije. Urška strmoglavi na tla in vidi vse zvezde. Kaj ji je pognalo na čelu? Veliko je kakor jajce! Kaj ima na kolenu? Rdeče je. Plane v jok.

Koraki, šum! Kako naj prizna, da je hotela posnemati muhe, umazane, neumne muhe. Urška je prepričana, da se ji muhe smejejo in se ji bodo smejale.

—V. Margueritte.

Jelka Vuk:

MAVRICA SE NORČUJE

SEDEM barvic,
stkanih v mičen pajčolan,—
punčka kodrolasa,—
glej, imam.
A nobene,—
punčka vitkostasa —
prav nobene ti ne dam.

Gledaš, gledaš, občuduješ,
punčka črnooka.
Vidim, da zaroto kuješ. —
želja v tebi je visoka . . .

Stopi, stopi sem k meni,
vzemi, vzemi pajčolan,
vzemi, saj ga vidiš, vzemi . . .
in če moreš,
brž se z njim odeni,
rada, če to zmoreš,
rada ti ga dam.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XIV

CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER, 1935

Number 11.

TO AUTUMN

By JOHN KEATS

*SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatcheaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.*

*Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.*

*Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing: and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.*

The Awakening

SYNOPSIS OF A DRAMATIC SKETCH

BY MARY JUGG

Presented at the Tenth Anniversary Pioneer program by SNPJ juveniles

CHARACTERS:

Pioneer	Little Fort
Young Americans	Badgers
Comrades	Lincolnites
Mohawks	Pioneers (Canonsburg, Pa.)

SPRITES OF FREEDOM

*For twenty-one years our great SNPJ
Has lived to protect us through doubt and
dismay;*

*'Twas built by our fathers as one brotherhood;
All hardships and threats it withstood.*

*Now, listen to us and we'll tell you
Just what we are and what we would here:
We would waken from their slumber
The young buds from both far and near.
For we are the Sprites of Freedom;
That lives in the SNPJ youth;
Waken now, rise, and live (first bud arises)
Carry on freethought, brotherhood, truth.*

PIONEER:

*I am the very, very first
To arise to the call of Freedom's voice,
So I choose to be known as "Pioneer,"
And in the glory and strength of that name
rejoice.*

*You'll wonder just why we wish to be free,
For aren't we a part of the SNPJ?
Listen: our language and manner so different
are
We have our own method in work and in play.*

YOUNG AMERICANS

*'Way over in Detroit
The urge to organize was tense,
So we followed the Chicago Pioneers
And became the Young Americans*

COMRADES

*We had heard of the busy activities
Of the English-speaking lassies and lads,
So the seed was sown in Ohio
And there blossomed the Cleveland Comrades.*

MOHAWKS

*The sun of fraternalism shines brightly
And saves from death on the rocks,
That gives us life and ambition;
We are the proud La Salle Mohawks.*

LITTLE FORT

*The sap of inspiration
Flowed strongly from Chicago's port,
So that we in near-by Waukegan
Arise as the English-speaking lodge—"Little
Fort."*

BADGERS

*Enthusiasm will not let us rest—
The Milwaukee youth that strives for the
best;
So we will join our sisters and brothers
And become the "Badgers" and work with the
others.*

LINCOLNITES

*We see that the English-lodge spirit is strong
We'll be the Lincolnites and help it along;
Like our senior lodges of the SNPJ
We'll stand by fraternalism and from that
never stray.*

PIONEERS (Canonsburg, Pa.)

*A national fraternal society
With interest in all is the SNPJ
So we'll join with a group you'll be proud to
acclaim,
And be called the Pioneers of Canonsburg,
P—a.*

THE ELVES OF DISTRUST

*We are the elves of Distrust
We don't believe your boasts;
We don't believe you can live. (They blow)
We'll blow you down one by one.
Just watch us and the fun we'll have,
One by one. (The buds tremble)
We distrust you.
You can't govern yourselves. Ha! Ha! Ha!
Where are the Sprites of Freedom now,
Who weren't satisfied with things as they
were?
We'll blow you all down to the very ground.
You tremble; you're afraid; why don't you
sing now? Ha! Ha! Ha!*

(Slowly the SNPJ rises. The Elves are overpowered. They stagger. Once more the buds sway in rhythm and the Sprites of Freedom cower no longer. The Covered Wagon Rolls On.)

Mabel Kingslund:

Tee-Kee, The Water Turtle

LONG before the sun was up, Tee-Kee, the little water turtle, climbed up the bank out of his home in the river.

"Do not go far," his wise mother called after him. "For when the sun comes up hot, he will dry you out and you won't be able to get back."

But Tee-Kee only laughed at his mother's advice and he went on and on in search of good things to eat. After a while, the sun came up, a great golden ball in the east, out of a sea of red. Little Tee-Kee blinked at it. He had never seen anything so big. Then he remembered his mother's words. But the great golden heat monster mounted the sky ever so much faster than little Tee-Kee could walk. The cruel sun rays dried all the moisture of the river out of his head and neck and legs. Slower and slower he walked.

"I can go no farther," he sobbed at last. "I'll have to stay here in the shelter of this bush, where it is cool and moist. How I wish my mother would come for me! How I wish I had heeded her!"

He burrowed in the ground. He thought of his cool home in the river. He knew how anxious his mother would be. He was so lonely, hot and miserable that tears streamed out of his beady eyes.

Just then the long nose of Rollo, the dog from the nearby farm, was thrust

into the grass beside him. All the little river and woods folks were afraid of Rollo, for he loved to tease them.

"Oh, Tee-Kee," he said, "I'm going to eat you."

"No, you're not, either, 'cause I wouldn't taste good." Tee-Kee pretended not to be afraid of the great woolly dog.

But the teasing was more than the little turtle could stand. He burst into tears with as loud a wail as any turtle could make.

Now Rollo really had a kind heart. "What do you want, Tee-Kee?" he asked. "Are you too cool here? Shall I put you on that rock there in the nice hot sun?"

"No! No!" said Tee-Kee sobbing louder than before.

"Shall I take you to the river?" asked Rollo. "If you only would!" snuffed Tee-Kee. So Rollo took Tee-Kee into his mouth and ran to the river bank. There he lifted his head and threw the turtle out as far as he could.

How good the river felt! Tee-Kee stretched his four legs and paddled back toward home. "Thanks for the help you gave me!" he waved. When Rollo saw how Tee-Kee enjoyed the water, he jumped in too, for a swim. But the wise little turtle dove deep into water and burrowed in his mud house under the rocky ledge near the shore.

—The Progressive Teacher.

THE BIGGEST BUBBLE

I'd been blowing bubbles
The other rainy day;
And when I went to bed I saw
The moon, from where I lay.

I watched its bright face shining,
So big and round and fat;
I wonder who had strength to blow
A bubble big as that?

Tunnels

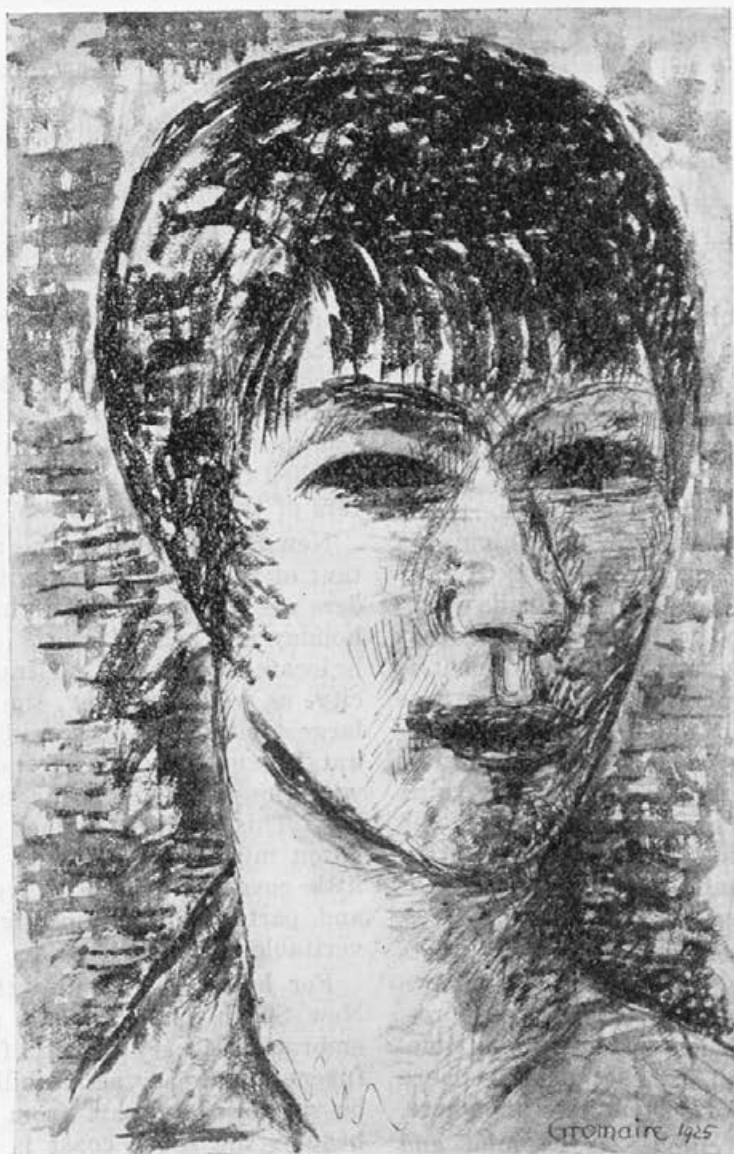
DID you ever stop to think as you have been playing in a sandpile or at a beach and have hollowed out tunnels in the damp sand, that there are many kinds of tunnels that have been built by engineers? Some of you have probably heard about the great Holland tunnel that connects New York City with New Jersey. So many people work in New York (and do you realize that New York City is an island?) and live in New Jersey that they must get back and forth to their work every day; until just the last few years people had to cross the Hudson river on ferry boats. This was slow travel, for it took quite a while to run cars onto the ferry boats and to unload them on the other side. The Holland tunnel was built UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER, so that now hundreds of cars can go through there at a time. On the other side of the island on which New York City is located, there are other tunnels that are built under the East River. In these tunnels railroad trains and subway trains run over to Long Island. Perhaps some of you have been on trains that have gone through the side of a hill. If the tunnel was a long one, perhaps the conductor came through and shut the windows so that you wouldn't be all choked up with smoke. In some of our larger cities there are tunnels through which mail is sent, or through which a little underground railway carries express packages from one place to another.

New York, Boston and Philadelphia have tunnels, or subways as they are called, for electric trains to go through, and oh, how fast they go! There are no street cars or autos to get in their way or to stop for.

Out in Los Angeles where the streets go up and down hill, there are some tunnels in the main part of town. There were great rocky hills in the way, and so tunnels were built so that people and cars could go from one street to another without climbing over the hills. There are buildings on the hills, so the engineers built a cog street car up one side so that the people do not have to walk up or down.

In Zion national park in the southern part of Utah there are some very tall and beautiful mountains. To build a road into a lovely spot that the government wanted to make a park, it was necessary to cut a tunnel through into the solid rock of those mountains. Before you go into the tunnel the government ranger tests the lights on your car, for it is good and dark in that place. You have to drive with your lights on. The tunnel is more than a mile long, and is not lighted except from your lights. About every block there is an opening in the tunnel, and there you can get out and look into the canyon along which you are riding. It is wonderful that such a tunnel could be built through the side of a mountain, and that tunnels can also be built under rivers and through soft dirt.





MARCEL GROMAIRE

A WOMAN'S HEAD

A Bit About Australia

I AM going to tell you about Australia in this article. But before we go into the matter of scenic and other features, take a glance at the seasons that prevail in that "other-side-of-the-earth" country:

Spring—September, October, November; summer—December, January, February; autumn—March, April, May; winter—June, July, August.

But the continent is so big and the range of climate so extensive that, in the winter month of July, you may ski or toboggan on exhilarating Alpine slopes and, within two days, travel northward and enjoy surf bathing on a sun-drenched beach.

When you consider Australia's climate you may get the impression that this is a backward land. And so it is in the matter of climate. But otherwise it is about as "up-and-coming" a country as exists on our justly celebrated globe today. We are inclined to think of an island "away off somewhere" in a remote region. But, as a matter of fact, it's a continent approximately as large in area as our own United States.

In its vast expanse Australia has its mountain heights and wooded valleys, sparkling lakes and golden seashores, cool forest glades and gorgeous limestone caves, all in a social atmosphere unsurpassed for friendliness anywhere.

Australia's climate is so mild and kindly that there are no bitter winters, no blistering summers. Livestock grazes in the open on wide, free ranges the year round. Agriculture flourishes under conditions that are all but ideal. Australia leads the world in the production of wool, both as to quantity and quality and her mineral resources are almost beyond belief. Dairy products also reach a tremendous total as do grain, grapes and other fruits, all affording her a truly vast overseas trade.

Beginning our Australian visit at Perth, on the west, we take the great Transcontinental railway and plunge quickly into a district of forests and farms and on through the romantic gold-fields region. Then comes a thickly timbered, flower-covered plateau. This is succeeded by 450 miles of limestone plain strewn with fragments of meteorites. Next are hundreds of miles of country bearing black oak and graceful myall, interspersed with fine, red-soil pasturage plains. At last are reached the more thickly populated centers of the eastern states.

New South Wales is the most important of these states and within its borders are hundreds of delightful tourist, holiday and health resorts. Here, also, is located Canberra, Australia's capital city, as well as Sidney, the continent's largest city of over a million inhabitants, seventh largest in the world and with the world's most magnificent harbor. This harbor stretches inland some dozen miles bordered with numberless little coves, fringed with ivory beaches and, particularly by moonlight, seems a veritable paradise.

For hundreds of miles the coast of New South Wales, north and south, embraces scenery which, for its profuseness and easy accessibility, can not be surpassed. Apart from its natural beauty, the south coast is a veritable hive of industry. Such places as Bulli, Scarborough, Bellambi and Wollongong are famous for their huge output of coal and coke.

Extending from the Hunter river valley along the north coast to the Queensland border lies one of the most fertile regions in the whole vast continent. Boating on quiet rivers, riding and motoring along leafy byways, fishing in a glorious environment of mountain, stream and valley, together with

surfing on a score of golden beaches afford the holiday visitor endless enjoyment.

Back from the coast, and particularly along the rivers, lies a marvelously fertile country hemmed in by jungle-clad mountains. Cedar and several varieties of fig luxuriate and the black and the red bean, with their glossy foliage and huge pods, grow in profusion.

Bulli Pass, one of Australia's most famous spots, and Sublime Point, 1300 feet high, dominate one of the scenic wonders of the world and are easily reached over a well-graded road. This is only about two hours from Sidney by rail. Nearby, also, is Kiama, settled 130 years ago, situated on the coast and lying beneath the Saddleback mountain, affords some striking features. Among these is the famous blow-hole, a subterranean channel in the volcanic rocks through which, in rough weather, the sea forces its way and dashes into the air in a tremendous cloud of spray.

The Hawkesbury river north of Sidney is said by many travelers to excel both the Rhine and the Mississippi in scenic beauty. Forty miles westward from Sidney the beautiful Blue mountains form a giant wall guarding the central tablelands of the New South Wales plateau system. For more than sixty miles the train travels through magnificent mountain scenery with vast, forest-clad gorges and from the higher points along the line one obtains enchanting glimpses of gray-blue val-

leys extending as far as the eye can reach through a bluish haze from which the mountains take their name although their greatest attraction lies in their magnificent waterfalls and cascades that are hidden in fairylike sylvan wilderness.

Sixteen famous tourist towns lie along the mountain chain, all within three hours' journey from Sidney. Among them are Katoomba, Leura, Wentworth Falls, Blackheath and Mount Victoria which have spread their fame around the world.

Although great areas of New South Wales, comprising some six million acres, are under cultivation, ten times that acreage still awaits the plow, much of this being well served by railways. Besides limitless pasturage, enormous crops of wheat, barley, oats, millet, rye, corn and potatoes are grown. At Orange, the highest town west of the Blue mountains, the winters are distinctly cold with a bracing, exhilarating sharpness in the air, snowfalls being not unusual.

Near Orange are the famous Locknow gold mines where "pockets" of surprising richness have been found.

Obviously a land so vast and varied in its interesting features can be described only briefly in the limited space that is possible to devote to these articles and I realize with regret that I have given you an almost shamefully inadequate idea of this great country.—O. T. F.

THOUGHTS IN SCHOOL

A PENCIL is a funny thing,
While boys and girls grow taller
The pencils that we use in school
Just grow from small to smaller!

And pens are quite peculiar, too.
They shed ink tears on your copy
book
No matter how hard you try.

—What To Do.

Why The Dog Cannot Endure The Cat?

Nor the Cat the Mouse?

(A Russian Fable)

MY GRANDMA told me that in the olden times dogs enjoyed great freedom and that among other privileges they had the right to all the meat that fell from the table. To guard this right the dogs drew up a permanent declaration and copied it on the parchment. In this declaration the right was expressly made known. The King of the Dogs kept for a long time the declaration in his charge, but once he entrusted it to the Tomcat, then his secretary. The Tomcat carried the proclamation up into the garret and hid it behind a beam, where no one could possibly find it.

Now it happened that a young Mouse dwelled behind the beam, and once when he was taking his usual walk, he stumbled upon the roll. He tried to drag it from the hiding-place, but the stiff parchment stuck fast, and he could not pull it out. But since it was within his easy reach, the Mouse was very delighted with the find, for he had now something to nibble upon. Day by day he visited the parchment and sharpened his teeth upon it.

It happened one day that a Dog

picked up a piece of meat and was caught and punished. His paw was rubbed with hot ashes. He appeared before the King weeping and told him the whole story.

The King summoned his private secretary, the Tomcat, and commanded him to bring the proclamation. The Tomcat hastened to bring the parchment without any delay; but to his great disappointment he found only a few fragments.

The Tomcat knew at once that some little Mouse did that. He told what happened to all other Cats, who expressed their great sorrow by a prolonged and piteous mew. After having expressed their feelings sufficiently, they declared war against Mice.

After that the Tomcat reported to the King of the Dogs, and the King summoned the Dogdom. From all parts of the world the dogs came together—sheep-dogs, wolf-dogs, boar-hounds, house-dogs; then the King commanded to them all that henceforth and forever they should treat the Cats as their common enemy. Thus all cats have to suffer for the Tomcat's carelessness.

Hard Jobs

Boys like to do hard things—things that make them feel big and important. But some boys only **think** they like to do hard things, and squirm when they have an opportunity to do them.

Now, here is a list of hard things for a boy to do: To apologize, to begin over,

to be unselfish, to take advice, to admit error, to face a sneer, to keep on trying, to be considerate, to avoid mistakes, to think over before acting, to forgive and forget, to keep out of the rut, to make the best of little, to recognize the silver lining. It always pays.

For A Rainy Day

How many of you boys and girls play on the porch on a rainy day? So many of you have nice large porches, and how lucky you are because you can just have all kinds of fun playing on them.

A swing on the porch is always nice, and then there is the empty barrel. It's lots of fun trying to ride it, and then you can roll around inside of it. Of course the sandbox is always good, building blocks and a tub to sail wal-

nut shell boats in. A screen is nice so you can play separate housekeeping.

Then if there is a window on the porch what fun you can have playing theatre, using the window shade for the stage curtain, and the sill for the stage.

You can use a big box for a table or a stage and smaller boxes for chairs, and then with a blackboard you can turn your boxes into a play school. Next time it rains see how much fun you can have on you porch.



FORAIN

MATERNITY



TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF ESL

We are happy and proud that the Big SNPJ celebration commemorating the 10th anniversary of the founding of the English Speaking Lodge Movement, held on Nov. 2 and 3 in Chicago, was a grand success.

To the Pioneer lodge goes the honor of staging the biggest and most successful anniversary celebration ever held by any single lodge of the SNPJ in Chicago. They have demonstrated their true fraternalism as loyal workers of the SNPJ and sincere supporters of labor principles for which the Society stands. We are proud of our Pioneers! Their anniversary banquet and program truly were two outstanding events of their colossal work which was crowned with FRATERNAL SUCCESS!

The conference, held in connection with the celebration, successful in part, was marred by some uncalled for utterances expounded by several unscrupulous individuals who have no regard for mutual work, rather they aim to promote their own selfish interests by attacking the principles of the Society. They are irresponsible, yet they would do damage if permitted to have their way. Therefore it is our duty to prevent this and to guard the principles of our Society at all times!

* * *

PRIZE CONTEST

You'll notice in the Chatter Corner that the number of Contest Letters has grown. Remember that there is still time to write your little letter. The contest will close Dec. 31, 1935. Contributions will be published in the next two numbers of the M. L. Send in yours NOW!

—EDITOR.

Our Singing Clubs

Dear Editor and Readers:—

To start off a letter properly you tell the incidents that happened in your city first, so I'll start my letter in that order also.

In Cleveland we had a very large affair of which probably many of you heard. To take you in deeper in this affair I'll start from the very beginning. One day Mr. Louis Seme put an article in the local daily papers asking parents to bring their children ranging

from 6 to 16 years of age to his house to learn the language our parents are so eager to teach us. Many children from all over Cleveland came, approximately 200 registered. After waiting a few weeks, Mr. Seme sent for all the children who registered and had their rehearsals for the first time Aug. 6, 1934. Mr. Seme called this group "Slavčki" (Nightingales).

After their first concert Sept. 16, 1934, different sections of Cleveland wished to have a singing chorus. The next organized club

was that of the Slovene School in Collinwood. Not much later "Skrjančki" (Larks) from Euclid were organized and last but not least "Kanački" (Canaries) of our locality.

The singing club I belong to, besides 101 others, about 20 having for some reason or other quit, mostly because of the depression, there are today still 80 good standing members. We must not forget Ann Traven who was the organizer of Kanački; she is well known in the SNPJ field for her lodge activities and her steady contributions to the M. L. while a member of the juvenile department. She first gathered the children, gave them letters to take home to their parents and then asked Mr. Seme to come and test our voices and classify us accordingly. On Oct. 24, 1934, we had our first rehearsal. All this credit goes to Ann Traven, and thinking she deserved every bit of credit that could be given her, we presented her with flowers and a gift with the well wishes of all of us Kanački. We also gave Mr. Seme flowers in appreciation of his teaching.

All the singing groups practiced the same songs for about 2 months. On Sept. 8, 1935, we had a public concert of all singing clubs in the Music hall, one of the largest buildings in Cleveland. The concert started at 3 p. m. and lasted approximately two hours. When Mr. Seme raised his baton the 800 children sent out their voices. Many prominent men gave their opinion of this massed chorus. Following the concert, refreshments were served free to all the singers at the Slovene National Home on St. Clair avenue, which was followed by dancing in both halls. Mr. Seme received several baskets and sprays of beautiful flowers in appreciation of his fine work and progress. This affair was photographed in all three Cleveland newspapers and big write-ups concerning them appeared in the papers. It certainly was a red-letter day for Clevelanders.

Writing about clubs I must mention that our singing club has selected from its center their own officers also. The officers are as follows: Julia Bartol, president; Eddie Zabukovec, vice-pres.; Albina Kodek, sec'y.; Emma Koprivnik (at one time a contributor of the M. L.), rec. sec'y.; and Anne Magdalene, treasurer. The board of trustees includes: Joe Bartol, Jennie Sustarsic and Imelda Fink. We expect several visitors at our coming meeting, which takes place every first Tuesday of the month.

If this article is printed, I promise one for the Slovene section for next month.

Albina Kodek,

8423 Reno avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

A Slovene Wedding

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. and I am writing to tell you about the wonderful time I had on October 5 at the Slovene hall in Yukon, Pa. We have celebrated the 25th anniversary of Mrs. and Mr. Komatz of Oakmont, Pa., and of Mr. and Mrs. Klavara of Herminie, Pa. Betty Flias and I were picked out to hand them the silver gifts and we both said a speech in Slovene. This is the speech we said: Hrepeneča vam poklonim dar, katerega darujejo vam vaše prijateljice iskrene v spomin na današnji dan in vaš 25. proslavljeni altar.

O boy! I sure wish there will be another Slovene wedding anniversary soon.

Christine Kaus,
Box 513, Harmarville, Pa.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I live on a farm near the Spanish peaks. I go to Trujillo Creek school. I am ten years of age and in the 5th grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Bixel. I like him very much.

I have two brothers and one sister. We all belong to Lodge 38 of SNPJ.—This is a wonderful country out here; beautiful scenery.—I like to read the M. L. very much. I saw my cousin Margaret's and Mary Ann Sinkovich's letters in the M. L., so I thought it's about time I should wake up, too.

Best regards to the Editor and all the M. L. readers.

George E. Chelon,
Box 238, Aguilar, Colo.

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Onward for More Contributions

Editor and Readers:—

The question arises as to whether or not a few "old-timers" have the "sleeping sickness" or similar ailments. (But as for myself, my case is neither, although a few slight colds.) This problem of school duties had me well conquered for the first month or two.

I wish to acknowledge my cousin, Mary Fink, for her letter, which she had written to the Mladinski List.

As to Dorothy Podbesek, I owe her a compliment for having written a letter to the M. L., which has proven a success. May you continue, Dorothy.

Wouldn't "we" be surprised to see a few letters from the Gowanda Juveniles? Since I received a letter from Bessie Perovich of Van Houton, New Mexico, it wouldn't be a "bad" idea if juveniles from that section

should write. What do you say, Bessie? Give them a "stir."

Speaking of compliments, "congrats," etc., the greatest amount, in my opinion, should go to the "Pioneers" of Chicago, who are celebrating their 10th anniversary. So, here's "Wishing them Success in future years to come." I congratulate you!

The weather man has predicted "Indian Summer until the middle of the month, November." So far I can't find fault with him. That gives you an idea how this dept. enjoys the outdoors.

Various clubs have been organized at our school. I belong to the Sr. Dramatic Club. Plans have been proposed to have plays, dramas, readings and oratorials.

Departing with this letter this booster puts it in verse:

Because M. L. is full of news,
M. L. readers never have the blues;
In its stories the world is seen—
Boosting M. L. will be my theme.

A proud Juvenile, Dorothy M. Fink,
Box 1, Wendel, Pa.

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Hilda's First Letter

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am eight years old and I go to the Burns school, third grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Schwartz.

My big brother is 15 years old and he goes to the Farragut high school. My other brother goes to the Burns school; he is in 6th grade.

I saw in the M. L. a few weeks ago that there is a contest for writers, "Why we are proud of being members of the SNPJ," and I

am entering the contest. (Read my contest letter, please.)

We have our own Santa Claus which we know personally since last year, and if you ever get sick just go and see him and he will cure you. That's the SNPJ. This is enough for this time.

Best regards to all.

Hilda A. Macerl,
2641 S. Millard Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—

Thanksgiving will soon be here. We will have a turkey, I am sure.

I am going to Central school for my freshman year. Our football team hasn't lost a game yet. They played McKinley Reserves and defeated them, 20 to 6.

I belong to Lodge 315, SNPJ, and so does the family. We had a dance on Oct. 12, which was a success. A large bus-load of people came from Akron and Barberton.—I wish Joe Lapaneya of East Canton would write.

Edward Kompara,
1608 Sherrich rd. S. E., Canton, Ohio.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. I am 10 years of age and in the 5th grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Abrahams. I like her very much. I go to Public School No. 4. I have one brother; he will be 12 on New Year's eve and is in the 6th grade. His teacher's name is Mr. Glicksman. My father, my brother and I belong to SNPJ Lodge 56. My father belongs to two lodges. I don't see any letters from New York. I wish someone will write from New York.

Angela Cekada,
40-16 Crescent st., Long Island City, N. Y.

CONTEST LETTERS

Dear Editor:—

The SNPJ is the best of all the Slovene fraternal organizations in the United States. It offers good benefits at low rates and its lodges hold many doings and entertainments. The SNPJ has through its many activities served its members. I can truly say that the Society attained success because it has always served those who are entitled to its benefits, and as a result of that service it has prospered. If the Society is going to retain the place it has made for itself in the past, it must continue and expand along all

lines. This is a vital problem and it is difficult to solve it to the satisfaction of all.

John Senkovich,
R. D. 3, Box 460, Uniontown, Pa.

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Dear Readers:—

I am a member of the Gowanda Boosters Lodge 728, SNPJ, and am proud of it. They conduct their meetings very smoothly and entertainingly. The members are very active and very pleasant. The good thing about this organization is you do not have to pay

much for your insurance while you get more benefit than from a private insurance company. I hope when I am old enough to become an active member, to boost the Society everywhere, secure new members, and attend lodge meetings. I think it is wonderful to be an officer of the lodge.

Stella Kota,
40 Beech st., Gowanda, N. Y.

Dear Editor:—

Here's my letter for the contest. I will become an active member of the SNPJ when I reach the stated age because the SNPJ is a good organization. It pays prompt sick benefit, and in case you do not work, help for your lodge assessment will be provided. The SNPJ is the best Slovene organization in the U. S., that's why I am proud to be its member.

Nellie Erchul,
Box 42, McKinley, Minn.

Dear Editor:—

I intend to become an active member in the adult class because I expect to get help from the SNPJ in case of sickness or accident. That's why I will stay in the organization always. Maybe I'll need it when I grow up and get old when everybody will forget about me, only the SNPJ will remain my friend and helper. I will try to get more new members.

Stanley Tegel,
1616 Tenth st., Waukegan, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

When I grow up I will become an active member of the SNPJ because I believe it is our best friend. I will soon be 13 years old and a few more years and I will transfer into the same lodge as my daddy. Then I will become a real SNPJ Booster and will get many new members. I think there is no better organization for different benefits than the SNPJ. I am very proud of our Lodge also. I wish to express my gratitude towards our secretary, Joseph Ceaser, for what he has done for the SNPJ during the past year.

Harry Fennell,
349 Larimer ave., Turtle Creek, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

A person is never safe. As soon as he leaves his house he is in danger to get run over. So many people get killed every day and badly injured and crippled for the rest of their lives. This is why I want to become an active member of a big fraternal society like the SNPJ, which offers the most for the lowest rates. I expect from the SNPJ to take

care of me in case of sickness or accident. For these reasons I will always work for the SNPJ.—Lodge 273.

Jennie Pugel,
R. 3, Box 3, Sheldon, Wis.

Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ because I want to help her grow bigger on account of her past fraternal work among our people. I am 13 years of age and a member of SNPJ Lodge 400. I expect from the SNPJ help in case of sickness and education through its publications.

Lillian Barbish,
Box 157, North Bessemer, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I want to become an active member of the SNPJ when I reach the prescribed age because of its sound policies and for its sick benefits, which are greater than those of any insurance company. I also desire to help support so worthy an organization and to be able to profit by the social advantages it affords. When it'll celebrate its 50th anniversary I hope that there will be twice as many members in the SNPJ as there are now. I always will work hard to increase its membership.

I am a member of Lodge 362.

Mary Ann Mahkovtz,
607 N. Charles, Carlinville, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ when I reach the prescribed age (1) because the SNPJ is founded on a Free Thought basis and (2) because it is the best Slovene fraternal organization in the United States. I expect and I am sure if any accident or sickness happens, the SNPJ will stand by. I am a member of SNPJ for nine years. I belong to Lodge 63.

Anna Leskoshek,
Box 157, Irwin, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

One of my aims, when I become of age, is to become a full-fledged and active member of the SNPJ because: first, it offers one of the greatest benefits that one could ask for, and second, because then I will learn thoroughly the fundamentals and necessity of belonging to such an accurate and large society. I plan to do my best for the advancement of this great organization. One surely can be proud to belong to the SNPJ. I am at present a member of Lodge 175.

Agnes Siskar,
Box 156, McKinley, Minn.

Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ because I hear from all my friends that the SNPJ is an honest and kind organization. It was the first progressive Slovene fraternal organization in the United States. It is now the largest and most popular Slovene organization in the United States. It has also been a great success to its members. I wish the people who are not yet members to read the contest articles and see what the SNPJ does and gives to its members.

I expect to be a member of the SNPJ as long as I live.

Member of Lodge 325.

Melia Selan,
101 Beech st., Gowanda, N. Y.

Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ because it is the best fraternal organization in the world. She is the best mother of her children and also the most reliable, honest and dependable organization. I expect her to protect me in case of sickness or death, as she expects me to pay my dues as long as I am her member. Her hands are open to every member who is in need of help. I expect her to teach me better ways of living by the Prosveta and how to fight against the Capitalism.

Anton Drager,
904 Chestnut st., Johnstown, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

My greatest ambition to become an active member of the SNPJ is to be one of the many to help make the SNPJ a bigger and more prosperous fraternal society by showing and helping in different ways and by getting new members for our great Society.

I expect from the SNPJ just what we members make of it. If we take care of our great Society by getting new members and keeping our dues paid, the Big Society in Chicago may some day even raise the payments for our sick members.

Member Lodge 27. Julia Slapshak,
Box 87, Frontenac, Kans.

Dear Editor:—

The SNPJ is the foremost Slovene fraternal organization with fine ideals and purposes which I want to assist in bringing them to my own lodge members and to those interested in our organization. I should like to keep alive in the lodge an enthusiasm toward securing new members, for a larger SNPJ can sponsor more outstanding programs.

What I expect from the SNPJ is only its loyalty and sympathy at the time of need,

something which the SNPJ has never failed any of its members.

Lodge 733. Dorothy Vitavec,
1614 Sherrick S. E., Canton, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ for many reasons. First of all, the SNPJ is the largest and best Slovene fraternal organization in this country. Secondly, in case a sudden illness finds us out of funds, we do not have to worry about the doctor's bill, because the SNPJ pays the sick benefits. Thirdly, its lodges offer many entertainments, picnics, dances, etc.

Our entire family belongs to the SNPJ
Lodge 98. Matilda Anna Frankovich,
1123—9th st., La Salle, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

I am joining the contest also, and I wish to win a prize. I am going on my twelfth year. I wish to become an active member of SNPJ because in case of emergency the SNPJ provides us with safe security. In other lodges I should have to pay more and get less benefit. Monthly rates are very reasonable. If you want a good friend, SNPJ is the one who will help you. I expect to get good, safe security and expect to be a good member.

Lodge 62. Mary Mukavetz,
410 Caledonia street, Calumet, Mich.

Dear Editor:—

I am writing this letter to get a prize from the SNPJ. I want to become an active member of the SNPJ because the SNPJ is the best benefit organization and is one of the largest and richest in the United States. This fraternal organization is owned by the working people and managed for the interest of the members. I expect the SNPJ to protect me and my loved ones in case of sickness and educate us through its daily paper Prosveta. I am 14 years old and I belong to Lodge 62.

John Mukavetz,
410 Caledonia st., Calumet, Mich.

Dear Readers:—

As a booster of the SNPJ, I am one! Why I wish to become an active member when I am of age I will quote in these few lines.

Think what it means when your loved ones are left behind and you are assured of their protection. What if you were crippled for life? Then the disability fund, as provided in the by-laws, would help. This Slovene organization helps in sickness or at death. Read in the Prosveta how many members it has

helped pay their assessments during the long period of depression.

By joining the SNPJ, you gain everything and lose nothing.

Lodge 236.

Anna Stempihar,
Anvil Location, Mich.

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Dear Editor:—

I desire to become an active member of the SNPJ because it is a great honor and joy to be an active member of the largest and most dependable Slovene fraternal organization in America. I wish to participate in all lodge doings. The greatest and most interesting part of a thing is when you take part or are in any doing or social. What I expect to get is dependable on what I deserve. I am a member of Lodge Lipa, No. 129, Cleveland, Ohio. I have been a member since I was one year old and I am proud of it.

Albert Phillips,
22275 Beckford ave., Euclid, Ohio.

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Dear Editor:—

I want to become an active member of the SNPJ at the prescribed age not only because it is such a large organization, but because of the constant progress it has shown from the time of its beginning; the only organization I have known to become world-wide known in its time.

I expect to become a law-abiding member, and to help make this organization progress still more in the coming future.

Annamarie Sosko,
1238 Wellington ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—

I want to become an active member of the SNPJ when I reach the prescribed age because I think that it is one of the best and one of the richest Slovene organizations in the U. S. It pays a larger sick benefit than any other society that I know. It often has affairs such as picnics, dances and various sports, so as to give the people a good time and raise money for their lodge. The SNPJ is issuing the Mladinski List and the Prosveta—so that its members may know what is going on at other lodges and how the working conditions are.

Lodge 366. **Robert Katalinic,**
R. F. D. 1, Box 165 A, Burgau, N. C.

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Dear Editor:—

I am waiting patiently to reach the prescribed age, so that I can become an active member of the SNPJ, because I hear my mother, father and friends who are in it, praise it so that I couldn't resist but join it.

They claim that it is the best Slovene benefit organization in the United States, and when you are sick the SNPJ pays the benefit. We attend almost all of the SNPJ doings and always have a good time.

There are seven in our family, and all belong to Lodge 82.

Pauline Valent,
Box 424, Hooversville, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I am writing this letter to try very hard to get a prize. I want to be in the dear SNPJ until my death. I hope some day I will be a leader of the SNPJ. I will spread its message to everyone I know. My dad and my mother are faithful members, and I hope I will be also.

Mary Krek,
Box 235, Raton, N. Mex.

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Dear Editor:—

Now that the contest is open, boys and girls, let's all get the ball moving from our corner to the Chatter Corner.

My letter to the M. L. in answer to the subject, "Why I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ when I reach the prescribed age and what I would expect," is as follows:

Since SNPJ is largest and most outstanding of Slovene organizations in America, I think I should rely upon it. The ways I plan to do it is by doing the right things at all times. I have great interest in the work of the SNPJ lodges and their activities. I would cooperate with members and do everything in my power to promote success. I would become an active member by supporting this organization frankly and secure new members to increase membership.

In return I would expect enjoyment out of the work and affairs which they hold. I would not expect sick benefits or other claims unless I really deserved them.

Member of Lodge 200.

Frank Fink Jr., Box 1, Wendel, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

My reasons for wishing to become an active member of the SNPJ are not only to receive benefit in case of casualty, but to receive the enjoyment of picnics, dances, etc. It is also educational as we will learn how to conduct meetings, become good speakers in both Slovene and English and know how to go about in public. If it were not for the SNPJ many of us would not know or care to know the language and customs of our forefathers, of their very existence in Yugoslavia at all.

Lodge 207. **Frank E. Jeniker Jr.,**
2303 Cottonwood st., Butte, Mont.

Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ, because it is the best fraternal order in the United States. If you happen to become sick, you shall get sick benefit without any trouble. (I would really be glad if there were more Slovene people around here.) When I was 1 year old my father put me in the Lodge 461 and now I am 12 years old.

Jennie Fik, R. R. 1, Box 220, Paris, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—

I wish to become an active member of the SNPJ when I reach the prescribed age: because it is the greatest Slovene organization; because of its strong and unflinching foundation; because it provides for that wonderful feeling of future security. It carries the symbol of justice throughout its constitution and abhors dishonesty.

I expect to meet interesting people through its social gatherings. It will prove beneficial

through the times of sickness, accident and death. I will always be a proud member of this Society. Long live the SNPJ!

Anna Machek, R. O. 4, McDonald, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

Here are a few things of the many why I am proud to be a member of the SNPJ.

The SNPJ is the best and most democratic organization. I like the Pioneers school, because they teach us how to act on the stage, so we will know what is going on in the world when we grow up. I am proud of getting the M. L. which is a cultural part of the juvenile members of the organization. The good times I have at the picnics and programs of the SNPJ lodges; the Christmas program which is given by the Chicago Federation of SNPJ lodges; I hope I have a part in the program.

Hilda A. Macerl,

2641 S. Millard ave., Chicago, Ill.

Leaves and Other Things

KENNETH and Bertram had to rake the leaves from the yard before they could leave the house. They divided the lot into two equal parts, Kenneth taking the left-hand side of the house and Bertram the right. Kenneth began in the farthest corner.

"I'm not going to rake the corners first; they are hardest," shouted Bertram, waving his rake.

Kenneth raked steadily. Bertram took a nap under the tree, and then started to rake next to the house. The leaves were so thick that he thought he would try over by the fence. Soon he moved along the front walk. Wherever he raked, he thought it looked as though the leaves were less in some other spot. When he went around the house at ten, he was surprised to see the large place Kenneth had cleared.

"But then I have cleared a dozen small places," he told himself. "I'll get through just as quickly and it won't be so hard."

After dinner Kenneth finished his task. Just as he placed the last leaf in the pile behind the barn, a group of the boys came to invite the brothers nutting. "Kenneth can go," said their father, "but Bertram has done nothing at all."

"Oh, yes, I have. Look at all the spots I have raked."

"There are a lot of them to be sure but one good whiff of wind would scatter the leaves back as they were in the first place. It will take you a long time to rake all of the small piles together. Kenneth finished his task in half the time by not scattering his efforts, but working steadily."

Bertram was disappointed as the others went on without him, but when he saw the neatly raked other half of the yard, he realized that his father was right. "I'll do my work Kenneth's way after this," he decided.—What to Do.