

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Monthly Magazine for the Young Slovenes in America. Published by Slov. Nat'l Benefit Society, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Rates: Per year: \$1.20, half year 60c; foreign countries per year \$1.50

Leto XIII—Št. 5.

CHICAGO, ILL., MAJ, 1934

Vol. XIII—No. 5.

ANNA P. KRASNA:

LETOŠNJI MAJ

TE DNI smo vse špranje in luknje odmašili
in smo majsko solnce v našo bajto pustili.

In je rekel oče:

*No, pa smo spet eno pasjo zimo prebili,
v ostalem pa smo tam, kjer smo bili.*

Zatem je oče še klel, mati pa je dejala:

Nam bo morda ta pomlad kaj boljšega pripeljala.

*A naš oče je praznih nad do grla sit,
in se je zadr:*

Pojdi se ti in tvoja pomlad solit! —

*Nam pa je bilo hudo za mater in očeta,
ki sta od te dolge krize tako izžeta — —*

*Zbežali smo v grmovje in smo tam modrovali,
kako bomo, ko dorastemo,
ta krivični red izravnali.*

VČASIH

VČASIH smo imeli vsak svoje ime,
zdaj pa smo številka 6102 — —

Včasih je rekel oče:

Ne, miloščine pa ne, dokler bodo mogle te-le roke! —

*Včasih . . . zdaj pa brez besede
s številko in košarico gre —*

po kruha — pa so še tako močne njegove roke . . .

Materin pogreb

JESENI smo pokopali mater. Več ne vem, ali je bil jasen dan ali meglen, ali če je deževalo. Šel sem za pogrebci kakor v sanjah. In še zdaj se mi zdi, da so bile sanje vse, kar se je takrat godilo; in da je bilo morda v resnici čisto drugače, nego se spominjam. Prišli smo na pokopališče, da nisem vedel kako in kdaj, nato smo stali kraj globoke črne jame, iz ilovnate prsti izkopane. Pevci so zapeli; kakor iz daljave sem slišal zamolke moške glasove, besed nisem razumel. Na debelih vrveh so spuščali rakev v jamo. Oboje, rakev in jama, se mi je zdelo preveliko in prečrno za mojo mater, ki je bila drobna kakor otrok. Po končanih obredih—ali pa morda že prej, ne vem več—so vsi krog mene pobirali rumeno prst ter so jo metali na rakev. Tudi jaz sem se sklonil, da bi pobral pest prsti kakor vsi drugi; ali skoraj mi je spodrsnilo, da bi bil padel na kolena. Nekdo me je zadaj prijel pod pazduho. Nato so si pogrebci slekli črne suknje, zgrabili so za lopate in so metali v jamo prst v težkih, velikih kopicah. Spočetka je zamolklo bobnelo. Kmalu je bobnenje potihnilo, slišal sem le še pritajeno vzdihovanje in ihtenje. Jama je bila polna, grmadila se je gomila. zmerom širja in višja, ogromna, pretežka za mojo mater. Ivan Cankar.

M A K

MAK, mak, mak
sredi polja kima,
mak, mak mak
rdečo kapo ima.

Pravi mu
solčece žareče:
"Daj, odkrij
se mi!" On se neče.

"Ali jaz
sem te izvabilo
iz zemlje,
z lučjo te pojilo."

"Da me ti
odgojilo nisi,
jaz že sam
bil pomagal bi si!"

Vetrček
črez polje zaveje;
gizdal in
mak se mu zasmije:

"Ha, ha, ha!
Malo si me stresel,
kape pa
nisi mi odnesel!"

A jesen
je prišla in zima;
gologlav
na polju kima.

"Joj, joj, joj!"
drgeta in vzdise —
solnce ni,
rezka burja piše . . .

O. ŽUPANČIČ.

Ivan Jontez:

Prva ljubezen

MISLIM, da mi je bilo tedaj dvanajst let. Bil sem tih, vase zamišljen deček, rad sam s seboj in svojimi knjigami, pobožen in rad sem zahajal v cerkev, dočim se s svojimi sovrstniki nisem skoro nikoli družil. In ko se je v tisti dobi mojega življenja vnela v meni prva ljubezen, je bila prav tako tiha, vase zaklenjena in pobožna, kakor sem bil sam.

Milka je bila hči orožniškega načelnika v naši vasi in je bila mojih let. Bila je drobno dekletce prosojno bele polti, srebrnkastih las, ki jih je imela ob ušesih zvite v polžke in ljubkega obrazka, ki se je videl meni stokrat lepši od obraza najlepšega angelca v naši veliki farni cerkvi. Prvikrat sem jo videl v cerkvi, klečečo na podnožniku ene izmed dveh velikih klopi ob glavnem oltarju, ki sta bili rezervirani za vaše odličnjake, pobožno zatopljeno v molitev. Bože, kako krasna se mi je videla! In kako naglo sem jo vzljubil z vsem žarom svojega otroškega srca! Bil je to slučaj ljubezni na prvi pogled, ki me je mahoma vsega prevzela.

Odtistihmal sem imel vedno njeno ljubko podobo pred očmi. Ni bilo večje sreče zame, kakor če sem jo smel pobožno gledati in oboževati. Toda videl sem jo le redkokdaj, samo ob nedeljah v cerkvi, kajti nje in njenega bratca nisi videl nikdar med vaškimi otroci. Zato sem vedno nestrpnost pričakoval nedelje, ko sem med mašo lahko z nežnimi pogledi božal ljubki obrazek svojega ideala, ga oboževal in koval med zvezde. In kako naglo je minila vsaka maša zame tiste dni! Tudi če je včasih trajalo cerkveno opravilo dve uri, se mi je zdelo, da je minilo ko blisk. Tako dolga so se mi zdela cerkvena opravila včasih prej, tako dolga dostikrat pozneje, ko se je moja prva romanca razpršila v nič, ampak tedaj, ko je še živela, bi bil klečal

na kamnu pred glavnim oltarjem tudi deset ur, samo da bi lahko gledal in oboževal srebrnolaso Milko, in teh deset ur bi mi minilo hitrejšje od desetih minut.

Milka o moji ljubezni do nje seveda ni vedela. Kako, ko ji je pa nisem nikdar razodel? In—saj tudi nisva nikdar prišla skupaj. Bil sem pač le sin uboge bajtarice, navaden kmečki paglavec, ona pa hči orožniškega načelnika, torej je po naših pojmihi spadala med gospodo. Sicer se je včasih primerilo, da sem jo videl pred njenim domom ali kadar je šla z materjo na sprehod, toda ob takih prilikah sem si jo upal pogledati kvečjem na skrivaj, kajti silno sem se bal za svojo sladko skrivnost.

Milka je imela brata Slavka, katerega pa nisem imel rad, skoro mrzil sem ga. Zakaj, tega ne vem. Morda je bila kriva nevoščljivost, ker je bil lepše oblečen, se mu je boljše godilo kot meni. Njega sem poznal prej ko Milko in ker se mi je bil nekoč zameril, sem mu pri sebi obljubil, da ga bom ob prvi priložnosti zlasal in nabunkal. Toda ljubezen do njegove sestre je zatrla vse moje maščevalne misli in naklepe in skušal sem biti z njim kar moči prijazen in dober. Zaradi Milke, seveda. Ker sem ljubil njo, sem moral imeti rad tudi njenega brata. Celo njenega očeta, strogega, neprijaznega žandarja, katerega sicer nisem mogel videti, sem tiste dni skušal imeti rad. Bil sem pač zaljubljen in zaljubljen človek je pripravljen sprijazniti se z vsem in vsemi, ki so v kakršnikoli zvezi z ljubljenim bitjem, kajti ljubezen poplemeni človeka. In ljubil sem. Moja ljubezen je bila topla, lepa in čista, kakor je le ljubezen otroka, čijega srce je še čisto in nepokvarjeno.

Žal pa moja prva ljubezen ni živela dolgo, le prekmalu je prišla do konca svoje poti. Konec je bil skoro komičen.

Nekega dne sta se moja mati in sosed a pomenkovali o tem in onem. Pogovor je nanese l tudi na neko dekle, ki je imelo postati neporočena mati. Jaz njunega pogovora nisem dosti razumel, ujel pa sem nekaj besed, ki so mi dale misliti in mi povzročile silne skrbi. "Rada se imata . . . zdaj bo ona dobila otroka . . ." je bilo vse, kar sem ujel v ušesa in razumel, a to je bilo dovolj. "Kaj, če tudi Milki Bog pošlje otroka?" mi je blisknilo skozi možgane in srce mi je stisnila huda bojazen. Jaz sem namreč tedaj še verjel, da otroke pošilja Bog potom svojih poslank štokelj in ko sem čul, da Bog pošilja otroke ljudem, ki se imajo radi, sem se po pravici ustrašil. Jaz sem namreč imel rad Milko in čisto možno se mi je videlo, da bi se Bog nekega dne domislil naju ter poslal k Milki—štokljo. To, sem menil tedaj v strahu, bi bila strašna tragedija. "Kaj bova midva počela z otrokom?" sem se vpraševal ves v skrbeh. "In kaj bo rekel njen strogi oče, če nama Bog pošlje štokljo z otrokom? Najbrž me bo pretepel, da bom ves lisast! In kam z otrokom?" Take in podobne misli so švigale skozi moje mlade možgane ter mi kratile veselje do vsega, celo do življenja.

Noč po tistem dnevu, ko so se v meni porajala ta velika, zame tako strašna vprašnja, ni imela usmiljenja z menoj; vso noč sem se premetaval po svojem bornem slavnatem ležišču ter si belil glavo z vprašanjem: Kaj storiti?

Proti jutru sem prišel do zaključka, da bo najboljše, da svojo ljubezen pokopljem, ji postavim na grob lep križ ter na ta način rešim Milko in sebe neprilik, ki bi jih nama utegnil napraviti

Bog s svojo štokljo. Ta sklep sem storil silno nerad in z bolečino v duši, kajti Milko sem imel zares rad, ker pa ni bilo drugega izhoda, sem se s težkim srcem vdal v neizogibno usodo.

Prihodnjo nedeljo sem šel k prvi jutranji maši, da nisem videl Milke, ki je hodila vedno k dopoldanski maši. Bal sem se namreč, da bi ob pogledu na njo pozabil na storjeni sklep, kar bi utegnilo imeti za posledico—štokljo z otrokom. Tega pa sem se bal, ne toliko radi sebe, temveč radi nje, ki sem jo ljubil s čisto, nesebično in požrtvovalno ljubeznijo, ljubil tako, da sem bil pripravljen trpeti sam, samo da bi nje ne doletele kakšne neprilike.

Nekaj tednov pozneje sem šel služiti za pastirja v uro oddaljeno tujo vas. Ko sem se o božiču vrnil domov, Milke ni bilo več v naši vasi; njen oče je bil premeščen nekam k Ljubljani in ona je šla seveda s svojimi starši. Tako je meni ostal samo lep spomin na mojo prvo ljubezen, ki pa je sčasoma popolnoma obledel, prešel v pozabljenje, dokler se mi spomin na tiste dni ni osvežil ob nenadnem srečanju pred leti v Ljubljani. Srečal sem jo v Tivolskem parku. Ona, zdaj že odraslo dekle, me ni poznala, toda jaz sem jo takoj spoznal. Ko sem jo gledal, sem se spomnil tiste svoje prve ljubezni, tihe in pohlevne kot vijolica, lepe in čiste kot je samo ljubezen nepokvarjenih otrok. Od takrat se večkrat spomnim te svoje prve ljubezni in včasih mi je pri tem prijetno pri duši, včasih pa me sili na smeh, če pomislim na tragi-komični konec te davne ljubezni, ki se je končala iz strahu pred—štokljo.



HAWTHORNE

MALA SILVIJA

Anna P. Krasna:

Dolarska deca

(Nadaljevanje)

SPET so odšli v park in to pot sta hotela oba h gugalnicam in opičjim drogom. Nista jo posebno nadlegovala, a ko je prišel čas odhoda, je bil spet križ, hotela sta imeti pet in spet pet in zopet pet minut. Vzelo je skoro pol ure preden ju je končno spravila iz parka. Domovgrede jima je Jennie povedala, da bo zahtevala več in boljše discipline od njiju ali pa bo šla takoj stran.

"Nič ne boš šla stran, ker se ne upaš," jo je objestno zavrnila Joyce.

"In zakaj bi si ne upala?"

"Ker je težko dobiti delo, zato!" je rekla zanosno Joyce. Jennie pa se je zasmejala: "Tako delo dobim kadar in kjer hočem, sicer pa kaj se ti razumeš glede dela, Joyce, kar pridna in sladka mala deklica bodi, pa bova najboljši prijateljici, objestnih deklic jaz ne maram."

Za nadaljnje argumentiranje ni bilo časa, ker je morala Jennie hiteti s pripravljanjem kopeli in lahke večerje za otroka in zase. Vse ji je šlo ročno spod rok, ali ko je po mnogem nepotrebnem besedičenju končno spravila dekletce v banjo, je takoj uvidela, da bodo kopeli najmučnejše opravilo, kajti otroka sta bila očitno precej grdo razvajena. Nobenega čuta dostojnosti nista imela drug do drugega in Jennie je bila prisiljena postaviti Daniela pred vrata in obrniti ključ. Tedaj pa se je pričela muzika. Daniel se je vrgel pred vrati na tla in tulil kakor obseden in brcal okrog sebe. Presledkoma je prenehal in čakal, da se Jennie odzove njegovi trmi, Jennie pa se ni zmenila zanj, pač je strogo nastopila z Joyce, ki je hotela uganjati neumnosti v banji.

"Kakšne varuhinje pa si imela," jo je vprašala.

"Bojše ko si ti," ji je jezno odgovorila Joyce. Jennie pa je ostala mirna

in jo je krepko obdrgnila po lepo zavitem životu z brisačo, nato pa oblekla v nočno obleko, haljo in copate ter jo poslala v spalnico.

"Take smrkije," je rekla pol jezno in pol za šalo; "mi doma smo se znali sami skopati, slačiti in oblačiti pri tej starosti, to pa so prava deteta, in kako zoprna deteta!"

Sledila je Danielova kopel, ki je Jennie docela zmučila. Vse kar je mogel doseči, ji je zmetal v vodo, in ko ni bilo več kaj doseči, ji je pljusnil vodo v obraz, Jennie pa mu je zato pritisnila čeden pečat na zadnjo plat. To ga je močno presenetilo.

"Ti me nimaš pravice udariti," je dejal in jo hotel udariti v obraz.

"Jaz takih gospodov kot si ti ne vprašam kakšne pravice imam—kar tiho bodi, sicer bom povedala mami in dad-u lepo storijo, ko se vrnete."

"Mama ti ne bo nič verjela."

"Bomo videli."

Zdaj je že bil omehčan.

"Ni treba, Jennie, nikar naju ne zatoži, jaz bom zdaj priden in bom lepo večerjal in vse, see—saj ne boš povedala, a?"

"Dobro, pa ne bom."

In spet se ji je sladkal kakor v parku. Svoje debele roke ji je vrgel okrog vratu in jo poljubljal na vse pretege, dokler ga ni s silo spravila stran.

"Tvoja dekle pa bi res ne marala biti, Daniel, najprej bi jo pretepel in ozmerjal, potem pa lizal; taki fantje so zanič."

Napravila jima je večerjo in sama večerjala z njima. Porednost se je umaknila obnovljeni radovednosti. Izpraševala sta jo brez konca in kraja o njenem domu, o njenih starših, o bratih in sestrah in ni ju mogla prej spraviti v posteljo, dokler jima ni povedala vsaj površne zgodovine svoje rodbine.

Ob osmih, ko sta že spala, je prišel domov mr. Rothert.

"No, Jennie, kako sta se kaj obnašala tvoja varovanca?" je vprašal.

"O, bo že," je rekla Jennie, "samo kadar sta v kopeli, bi ju moral imeti pod nadzorstvom Jack Dempsey, in pa —no, povedala bom kar naravnost, nekoliko prave vzgoje bi jima ne škodilo."

"Vem, vem," je dejal mr. Rothert, "sem bil tudi jaz drugače vzgojen kot so moji otroci, ali pri nas vzgojujejo otroke služkinje, mati nima časa—kartanje, obedi, lunchi, družabne obveznosti, no, boš že videla. Če imaš smisel za vzgojo otrok, Jennie, ti bom neznansko hvaležen, ako ju trdo primeš v roke, in kadar bosta od sile poredna in neubogljiva, mi kar povej."

Jennie je takoj razumela položaj. Vedela je, da je dobila v varstvo dva razvajena in po mnogih varuhinjah skvarjena otroka in je sklenila v tistem hipu, da se ob mesecu poslovi. Nič je ni mikalo, da bi si razrvala zdrave živce z dvema malima parazitoma dolarske židovske gospode. Smejala se je, ko se je domislila, kakor si je že skoro čestitala, ker je dobila tole službico.

— Imenitna službica, zares! si je povedala sarkastično.

* * *

Naslednji dnevi so močno potrdili Jenniene vtise prvega dne. Otroka sta bila presledkoma dobra in ubogljiva, a to ni niti zdaleč odtehtalo njunih pretiranih in včasih prav zlobnih porednosti. Posebno Daniel je vedno nakuhal kaj novega. Mestoma je bilo to zabavno, še večkrat pa nasprotno. Ko je nekega popoldne iz same trmoglavosti nenadno skočil na odprto Riverside Drive cesto, je Jennie skoro zastalo srce od strahu. Šest vrst avtnih vozil je drvelo v obe smeri in ta preklicani paglaveč je hotel prekoračiti cesto ob zeleni luči!

"Daniel!" sta zavpili Jennie in Joyce hkratu.

"You damn little fool!" je zaklel prometni policaj in naglo dal prvi vrsti zna-

menje, da se ustavi. Zaškripale so zavore in kolesa svetlega avta so se okrenila postranski, a trmoglavec je ostal cel in zdrav sredi široke ceste. Policaj je stopil ponj in mu pritisnil eno čez zadnjo plat. Zdaj se je porednež kar naenkrat zasmilil samemu sebi. Obraz je skril v Jennieno obleko, z rokami pa iskal njenih rok, ki naj bi ga gladile.

"Nič te ne maram in nič te ne bom božala," je rekla jezno Jennie in ga trdo prijala za roko ter odvedla čez cesto, ki je bila zdaj odprta za pešce.

"Ali boš povedala doma, Jennie?" je hotel vedeti, ko so bili že blizu hotela.

"Razumljivo, da bom povedala, mar misliš, da bom trpela take šale?" je dejala Jennie še zmirom jezno. On pa je začel moledovati: "Nikar, Jennie, prosim, saj bom zdaj priden in vse bom ubogal, vse, see. Prosim, Jennie, a?"

"Mi je žal, Daniel, a tega ti ne morem kar tako odpustiti," mu je rekla Jennie in Joyce se je strinjala z njo.

"Dobro, bom pa ušel," je zagrozil užaljeno.

Seveda ni ušel, a ko je bil zvečer v postelji, se je moral obrniti tako, da je daddyjev britveni pas prav padel. Drugi dan zjutraj, ko ga je Jennie oblačila, se je pa molče otipaval, a jezen na Jennie vzlic bolečim program ni bil, menda zato ne, ker ga ni čisto nič dražila, niti ni tega dovolila njegovi sestrici.

Sledila sta dva idealna dneva miru in ubogljivosti. V nekem izložbenem oknu na Broadwayju sta ob sprehodu odkrila piške, prave, žive pitice, ki so otrokom velemesta občudovanja vredno čudo. Po dvakrat na dan sta jih šla gledat in vsakikrat je bilo kup otrok z varuhinjami in brez njih ob oknu. Vsi so tiščali svoje noske v šipo in čebljali o pitkahi. Daniel pa bi bil rad še več, on si je želel eno prijeto v roko.

"Tako lepo, lepo bi jo držal," je rekel Jennie, "tako, see." In je kazal, kako bi jo pestoval. Jennie se je smejala in pogledala mladega moškega, ki je stal na vratih. Tudi ta se je smejal.

"Kakšnega fanta imate," je rekel smeje, "stopite sem z njim, da mu damo pestovati putko za majhen čas."

"Uuu! Jennie!" je vzkliknil Daniel presrečen in jo vlek v trgovino, kjer so mu položili v roke lepo pisano putko. Vsi otroci tam zunaj so mu zavidali njegovo srečo. Ko se je vrnil k njim, so ga izpraševali, kako je bilo držati pišče v rokah.

"U, luškano," jim je razlagal, "tako prijetno me je ščegetala po dlanih s tistimi nožicami, in kako je mehka, topla in sladka—u, vso sem poljubil in se ji je tako dopadlo—kaj ne, Jennie, da se ji je dopadlo?"

"O, zelo," je rekla Jennie modro.

Počasi sta se odpravila proti parku in sta spotoma ugledala majhno opico v nekem dvorišču. To je bilo spet nekaj posebnega. Daniel bi jo bil najraje odvezal in vzel s seboj. Kako se mu je dopadla! Kar nagledati se je ni mogel in Jennie ga ni mogla spraviti stran od ograje, dokler ji ni do tega pomogla opica sama, ki se je besno zapodila proti Danielovemu obrazu.

"Ti ne boš dorastel s celim obrazom," je menila Jennie, ki je bila vesela, da se ji je posrečilo ga potegniti stran preden so ga mogli doseči opičji nohtovi.

V parku je spet zašel v smolo. Dečki iz vzhodnega dela mesta so se igrali cowboye in bi ga bili skoro prekucnili z njegove priljubljene pozicije ob spomeniku Joan of Arc. Potem pa se je hotel igrati z njimi.

"Premajhen si," je dejala Jennie, on pa je milo gledal, kako so vleкли "ustreljenega" kravjega tatu proti grmovju.

"Škoda, da ga niso zares ustrelili," je dejal z iskrečimi očmi.

"O, ti mali Hun, kaj pa, če bi ti igral tatu?" Jennienemu vprašanju je sledila primerna lekcija in Daniel se je končno strinjal z Jennie ter ji obljubil, da ne bo gojil v sebi tako barbarskih čutov.

* * *

Hitro je prišel spet čas, da gresta čakat Joyce. Bila sta zgodnja pa sta šla

kar v šolsko poslopje, ker je bilo zunaj na uličnem vogalu neznosno vroče. Opazovala sta dekleta iz višjih razredov pri telesnih vajah, se tega kmalu naveličala in počasi taval dalje po ogromnem šolskem poslopju. Iz enega nadstropja v drugo, iz enega predela v drugega in sta se končno ustavila v enem izmed razredov za najmanjše šolarje. Otroci so najprej skupno in potem posamič recitali pesem o medvedku. Daniel je znal nekaj te pesmi in je navdušeno recital z njimi. Učiteljica je to opazila in ga je pohvalila pa vprašala, če ima znabiti kakega bratca ali sestrico v razredu.

"O, ne," je rekel, "naša Joyce je že gor v tretjem nadstropju."

Učiteljica se je smejala in uljudno odgovorila Jennie, ki je že stala pri vratih in gledala na uro. Prav nerad je šel Daniel za njo iz razreda.

"Nobenega veselja mi ne privoščiš, Jennie," je potožil, ko sta bila na hodniku, Jennie pa ga je samo pogledala s pogledom, ki ga je on imenoval "funny look" in sta se oba zasmejala.

Joyce sta dobila pred velikim vhom. Bila je videti natakknjena, kar nekam črno ju je gledala. Daniel ji je pričel pripovedovati, kako so mu danes pustili pestovati pitko, potem o opici in končno o recitaciji v razredu abecedarjev. Joyce pa se ni nič zmenila za njegovo pripovedovanje, vihala je nosek in delala šobico. To je Daniela končno ujezilo.

"Kaj pa ti je, kisel obrazek?" Stopil je pred njo, jo pogledal, kakor je gledala ona in napravil veliko šobo. In je bil v hipu ogenj v strehi. Joyce je dala duška svoji natakknjenosti in je pričela jokati in biti z nogami po trotoarju. Ljudje so se mimogrede ozirali na trojico sredi tlaka in se smejali. Jennie je skušala potolažiti Joyce, pa ni šlo, kajti, vrh vsega se je namah domislila, da hoče candy.

"Jaz nimam nobenega centa pri sebi, Joyce," ji je prigovarjala Jennie, "pojdi lepo z nama domov in bomo tam dobili bonbone—celo škatljo jih je doma,

pojdi." Trmoglavka pa je samo udarila z nogo ob tlak in zatulila, kakor da ji Jennie vrta oči.

"Candy hočem!"

Jennie se je naveličala miriti jeznorito dekletce, mirno je stopila na stran, ljudem spod nog in čakala, da se jezica sama ob sebi shladi. Poklicala je Daniela, naj ji sledi, a ta je že tudi grdo gledal, in zdaj ne zaradi Joycine natak-njenosti, pač pa ker se je hipno nalezal sestrine bolezni.

"Tudi jaz hočem candy," je rekel trmasto in se ni ganil s svoje pozicije sredi tlaka.

"So ti že ozdravile proge, kaj?" je dejala Jennie opominjevalno.

Pa ni nič pomagalo, namesto samo enega sta zdaj tulila oba, in oba za isti vzrok: za candy. Vse zopetno prizadevanje Jennie, da ju spravi naprej je bilo bob ob steno. Potem pa se je nenadno tik ob njih na ulici ustavila svetla limozina. Iz nje je stopila stara gospa.

"Otroka, kaj pa uganjata tukaj?—Nurse, kaj jima je?" Stara gospa je gledala strogo.

"Nič," je odgovorila Jennie, "trmo paseta."

"Ni res, candy hočeva in ona nama ga noče kupiti," sta tožila oba hkratu.

"Povedala sem vama, da nimam nobenega centa s seboj."

"In tudi če bi ga imela," je zdaj vzrojila stara gospa, "imaš čisto prav, da ju ne razvajaš s kupovanjem sladkorčkov—kar tiho, vidva, in pojdita z nurse, jaz pa bom že sporočila mami, kako

sem vaju našla sredi Broadwayja."

Gospa je še vprašala po imenu nove nurse in ji nato povedala, da je otrokoma stara mati, nakar je izginila v limozini in se odpeljala dalje.

* * *

Tisti večer je spet pel britveni pas. Bogata stara mati je telefonično okregala svojo hčer in zeta zaradi slabe vzgoje otrok. Otroka pa sta drugo jutro iskala Jennienih simpatij. Lepo sta se pustila obleči in počesati in oba sta jo božala in poljubljala po obrazu, ko jima je zapenjala in urejevala oblekce. Vse je šlo kakor po olju, sama pridnost in nežnost ju je bila.

V parku so se ta dan zabavali kakor še nobenkrat. Bila je sobota in od vseh strani so se zgrinjali otroci v park. Vsi trije so imeli dovolj zabave in družbe, Jennie z drugimi varuhinjami, ki se je seznanila z njimi v parku, Joyce in Daniel pa z otroci z vzhodne strani mesta. Bili so to delavski otroci in so se zelo razlikovali od dolarskih otrok. Že po obleki in skromnih igračah, najbolj pa po obnašanju. Ti otroci so se znali igrati in si napraviti vsakojako veselje v zelenem parku. Nič se niso cmerili, če so videli sladoledarja in so vedeli, da bi bilo brezglodno moledovati strička, tetko, brata, ata ali mater za sladoled. Premnogi od njih sorodnikov-varuhov so bili brezposelni in suhi kot poper. Otroci so to vedeli in včasih so za hip z dolgim pogledom zrli za sladoledarjem, toda prav tako hipno so tudi pozabili nanj in se zamislili v svoje igre.

(Dalje.)





Eugene Carriere: MATERINSTVO

Pot v gozd

OB četrtnih je hodil Lenart v gozd po suha drva. Pot je držala mimo razpadle kapelice, nato skozi temno globel, obokano z visokim, košato razraslim leščevjem in razraščeno s temnim robidovjem, ki je iztegalo in križalo svoje tenke, dolge veje od obeh strani. Ob deževnem času je tekel potok po tej globeli ter se pod kapelico porazgubil in potuhnil v jarke in kotline. Poleti se je udirala noga v izpran, gladek pesek; le v hladnih kotih, kamor ni seglo solnce, so ostale blatne luže. Iz globeli se je vzel kolovoz visoko v klanec, v il se je po grapavi, pusti rebri, nazadnje pa se izgubil kakor potok, se razcepil v steze, ki so blodile križem po kamenju in grmičevju, mimo živih mej in podrtih plotov ter potonile po zapuščenih lazih. Nad puščavo so šumeli bukovi gozdi.

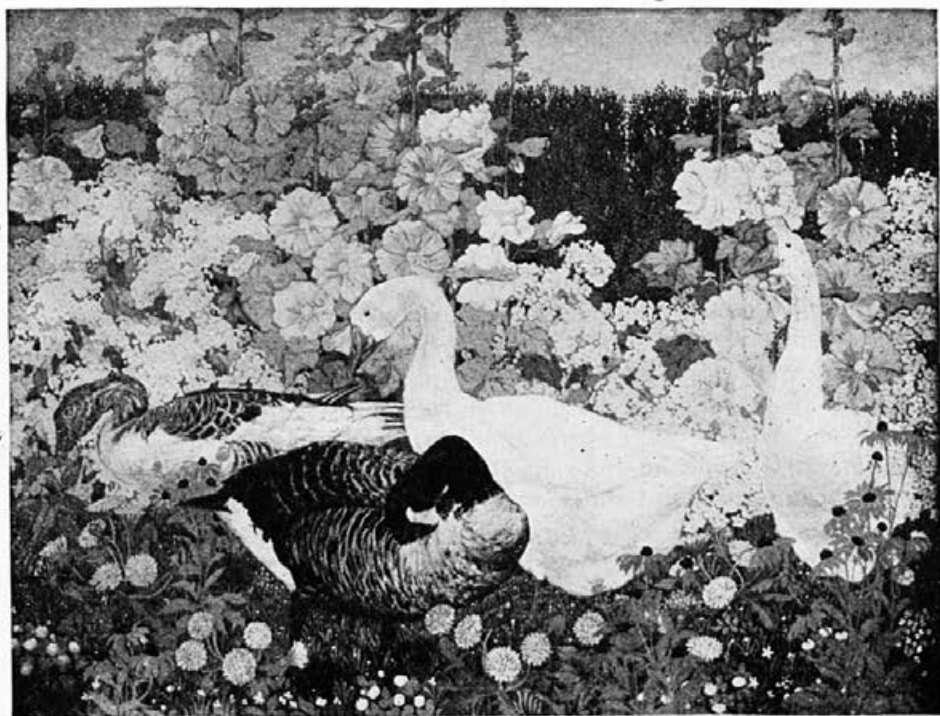
Ko je stopil Lenart v gozd, mu je bilo sladko in mīlo, kakor da je stopil v toplo izbo svojega pravega doma. Slišal je in vedel, kaj je v svojem košatem vrhu pripovedovala izkušena bukev, razložil je pobožno molitev smreke, v nebo zamaknjene. Svojo govorico sta govorili robida in malina, po svoje je šepetala visoka praprot. Nad svetlim obronkom kraj gozda so se zibali metulji. Veverica se ni plašila, če je stopil na suho dračje. Postala je na veji, vzdignila glavo in košati rep, gledala nanj z razposajenimi, črnimi očmi, vabila ga v višave, na veseli ples med vejami. Zajec je hušknil izza grma, postrigel z ušesi, potresel z belim smrčkom ter se napravil skokoma na svojo lačno pot. Gosposko je stopala srna po rebri nizdol proti studentu; spotoma se je ozrla z velikim, jasnožarečim pogledom naravnost nanj.

IV. CANKAR.

BREZA IN HRAST

BREZA, breza tankolaska,
kdo lase ti razčesava,
da tak lepo ti stoje?
Ali mati, ali sestra,
ali vila iz goščav?
Niti mati, niti sestra,
niti vila iz goščav,
tihi dežek opoldanji,
lahni veter iz daljav.
Hrast, hrast kodrogrivec,
kdo lase ti goste mrši,
da so kuštravi tako?
Ali mačeha hudobna,
ali sto sovražnikov?
— Niti mačeha hudobna,
niti sto sovražnikov,
mršijo mi jih viharji
sred noči, o polnoči.

O. ŽUPANIČ.



BUTKE

GOSI IN SLEZNICE



POGOVOR S KOTIČKARJI

Nahajamo se v najlepšem mesecu, v mesecu maju. Prvi maj slavijo vsi delavci vsega sveta kot delavski praznik. Je simbol delavske zavesti in prebujenja narave. Mladina že od nekdaj slavi nastop prvega maja. Praznovanje prebujenja narave, ko se vsa priroda odene v zelenje in cvetje, ima svoje korenine v primitivni dobi. In baš delavska mladina ima največ vzroka, da praznuje delavski praznik svojih staršev.

Jubilejna številka Mladinskega Lista prošli mesec se je mnogim dopadla, dasi je bila skromna po svoji vsebini. V danem času smo skušali storiti najboljše, da tudi v Mladinskem Listu počastimo jednotino 30 letnico. Sedaj pa vsi na delo za nove člane!

Bližajo se šolske počitnice, ponekod so pa pričele že v aprilu. Prostega časa imate dovolj, nikar pa ne pozabite na slovenske dopise. Tudi v poletnem času jih pišite. Mladinski List vas obiskuje redno vsak mesec, pa tudi slovenskih dopisov potrebuje vsak mesec! Zato še pišite!

—UREDNIK.

STOLETNICA LJUDSKE ŠOLE

Dragi urednik!

Prosim, da mi priobčite teh par vrstic v Mladinski List. Nekoliko sem zaostala in se zapoznala s pisanjem. To pa največ zato, ker nam je naša učiteljica Miss Morgan naložila precej težko nalogo, domačo in šolsko. Upriporili smo namreč igro in treba se je bilo precej učiti. Naša šola je slavila svojo 100-letnico in ob tej priliki smo imeli slavnostni program.

Naša šola je bila ustanovljena leta 1834.

Igra, ki smo jo upriporili, je bila zanimiva. Igrale sve tudi midve z Ludviko. Vstop je bil prost za vse. Dva dni in dvakrat na dan. Po šoli je bilo za šolsko deco, zvečer pa za odrasle.

Sedaj smo sredi pomladi. In kako je lepo! Vse je zeleno in razcveteno! Ptički pojo in otroci rajajo!

In pa še nekaj: kmalu bomo imeli počitnice! To je tudi nekaj za nas. In mama nam

je obljubila, da nas bo vzela s seboj na obisk k Mrs. Ogrizek in za par tednov na počitnice k teti na Stump Creek. O, to bo prijetno, to bo veselja! To nam je mama obljubila zato, ker nismo šole zamudile niti en dan. To smo bile pridne, kaj?

Oprostite moji pisavi. Upam, da bom boljše in lepše napisala prihodnjič, morda kaj o mojih počitnicah in drugem.

Vsem čitateljem in Vam pa pošiljam mnogo pozdravov in želim, da bi se vsi dobro imeli čez poletje!

Milka in Ludvika Kopriva,
1709 Romine ave.,
Port Vue, McKeesport, Pa.

* * *

LJUBI MAJ, KRASNI MAJ . . .

Dragi urednik M. L.!

To je moje drugo pismo za Mladinski List. Mislila sem, da bom prej pisala, pa sem bila bolna; sedaj sem zdrava.

Težko sem pričakovala gorkega vremena, da sem se šla spet igrat na prosto. In kako

je spet lepo! Ptički veselo prepevajo in mi otroci se z njimi veselimo. Rože trgamo in lepe pesmi pojemo. Imam dosti slovenskih prijateljev in se lahko z njimi igram.

Na velikonočno nedeljo smo se peljali v Lorain, O. Bil je lep dan, krasno pomladno vreme. Med potjo smo videli mnogo lepega in zanimivega. Kmetje so že orali. Videli smo rože, ki so cvetele ob obronkih gozdičev in ograd. Imeli smo se prav lušno.

Sedaj, ko je nastopila gorka pomlad in je vsa narava ozelenela, bomo šli večkrat v gozd. Ljubi maj, krasni maj!

S tem naj končam ta dopisek, prihodnjič bom pa spet kaj napisala. Tu je znana pomladanska:

Gozdič je že zelen,
travniki so razcveten,
ptički pod nebom
veselo pojo.

Ptički, jaz vprašam vas,
al' bo kaj skor' pomlad,
al' bo kaj skoraj
zelen pomlad.

Pomlad že prišla bo,
k' tebe na svet' ne bo,
ko te bodo djali
v to črno zemljo.

Iskren pozdrav Vam in vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Josephine Cukyne,

7071 Cornelia ave., Cleveland, O.

* * *

MARY RADA POHAJA ŠOLO

Cenjeni urednik!

To je prvo moje pismo za Mladinski List. Stara sem 12 let in hodim v 6. razred. Rada hodim v šolo.

Moji bratje delajo; vso zimo so delali. Ena moja sestra dela v New York City-ju.

Okrog 6. aprila smo imeli tukaj obilo dežja in seveda tudi dosti blata. Vsa naša družina spada k SNPJ. Prihodnjič bom še kaj napisala.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem!

Mary Konchar,

box 123, Cooperstown, N. Y.

* * *

POMLAD V SKALNATEM GOROVJU

Dragi urednik!

Že precej časa se nisem nič oglašil v Mladinskem Listu. Temu vzrok je bilo to, da sva se z bratom domenila, do bova vsak enkrat pisala v M. L. Torej bi name padla vrsta vsak drugi mesec. Ker pa Albertovega dopisa, ki ga je poslal januarja meseca, ni bilo v februarški številki M. L., sem se odločil, da bom jaz pisal za aprilsko ali majsko številko, ako ga boste priobčili.

Pomlad se je že vrnila. Ptički že veselo prepevajo in delajo gnezda. Na vrtu je vse v cvetju in na gredah je ozelenelo. Regrad smo nabirali še v marcu.

Prošla zima tu v južnem delu države Colorado je bila precej ugodna, dasi je tu pa tam tudi v marcu malo snežilo. Depresija še vedno gospodari v teh krajih. Kdaj je bo konec, nihče ne ve.

Pozdrav uredniku in čitateljem!

Victor Tomsic,

box 122, Walsenburg, Colo.

* * *

ANICA PIŠE PRVI DOPIS

Cenjeni urednik!

Naj Vam takoj povem, da je to moj prvi slovenski dopis. Zato Vas prosim, da bi ga priobčili v Mladinskem Listu. Dolgo sem se pripravljala, da se bi tudi jaz oglasila v Našem kotičku. No, sedaj sem pa to storila.

Stara sem 13 let in pohajam osmi razred ljudske šole. Imam tudi dva brata, ki hodita v šolo. William, star 10 let, je v 5. razredu, Eugene, star 8 let, pa je v 3. razredu.

Prosim Vas, da bi malo popravili moj dopis. Prihodnjič bom malo boljše napisala. Sedaj se šele učim slovenski.

Mnogo pozdravov Vam in vsem čitateljem!

Anna Gassar, box 495, Vintondale, Pa.

* * *

NAŠ RIBOLOV IN PRENOČEVANJE V "PARNI LOPATI"

Dragi urednik!

Spet se oglašam v Našem kotičku, ker ga še nisem pozabil.

Naša šola je končala dne 19. aprila. Od 21. do 28. aprila so se vršile "county examinations."

V soboto, dne 28. aprila, se je vršilo veliko slavlje 30-letnice SNPJ v Yalu, Kans. Udeležil se nisem, ker sem moral v šolo k izkušnji (examination). Pa bi šel zelo rad na to slavlje, na katerem je govoril br. Vider, tajnik SNPJ. Mama in ata sta rekla, da je dobro govoril.

Zadnjič smo se štirje dečki odpravili na ribolov in smo tam ostali vso noč. Krog polnoči je pričelo grmeti, mi smo pa zbežali v zavetje neke stare parne lopate (steam shovel). Tam smo zakurili, ker je bilo precej mraz in ribo spekli (dobili smo samo eno). Komaj smo pričakali jutro, da smo šli domov v posteljo.

Kaj ne, urednik, to je pa bil res pravi ribolov!

Prosim, da popravite moje napake v tem dopisu, ker mi ne gre dobro v pisavi. Slovenski znam čitati, pisati pa je bolj težko.

Lep pozdrav Vam in vsem dečkom in deklicam!

Johnnie Potochnik,

R. 1, box 47, Arcadia, Kans.

MEGLA IN NESREČA Z AVTOM

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Na velikonočno nedeljo smo šli v McKeesport, Brownsville, Windber in Johnstown obiskat stare prijatelje in znanke. Vreme je bilo dovolj ugodno, zjutraj pa malo megleno. Potovali smo z avtom. Ob 5. zjutraj smo se odpeljali. Čim smo dospeli v gore, se je pričela megla dvigati in nastala je precej gosta. Vsled tega je bila vožnja z avtom precej nevarna, kajti prihajajočih avtov ni bilo videti, le sišali smo jih. Ko se je megla razšla, je moj oče bolj pognal avto. Kmalu pa se je pripetila nesreča. Trčili smo z Greyhound truckom. K sreči ni bil nihče poškodovan, le naš avto jih je dobil po nosu. Nas so odpeljali do Mt. Union, kjer so dali našemu avtu prvo pomoč. Tam smo čakali celi dve uri.

Nato smo nadaljevali našo pot proti McKeesportu, kjer smo ostali čez noč, drugi dan pa nadaljevali pot v Brownsville in Windber, kjer smo prenočili. Na povratku smo se ustavili pri Prince Gallitzien Springsu.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in Vam!

Felix Vogrin,

2419 Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* * *

OPIS POTOVANJA IN OBISKA

Dragi urednik!

Vedite, da sem bila z mojimi starši za velikonoč v McKeesportu pri družini Vogel. McKeesport je precej veliko mesto. Na velikonočni ponedeljek so imeli šolo in z Veglovimi otroci sem šla v šolo. Zelo se mi je dopadlo. Videla sem marsikaj zanimivega. Učili so se za majski program. Dopadel se mi je ples, ki so se ga vadili.

Istega dne ob 5. popoldne smo se odpeljali proti Windberu, kamor smo dospeli ob 9. zvečer. In kako vesela sem bila, da sem videla mojo botro Mrs. Erpič. Pri njih smo prenočili, naslednje jutro pa smo odpotovali v Johnstown, ki je le 5 mil od Windberja. Tam smo obiskali Miss Bertho Erpič, ki je bolničarka v Memorial bolnišnici.

Na našem potovanju smo imeli zelo lepo vreme, posebno na povratku. Bilo je prijetno in gorko. (Iskrena zahvala za razglednici, ki sta mi jih poslala iz McKeesporta!—Urednik.)

Pozdrav Vam in čitateljem!

Olga Vogrin,

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

* * *

ŽIVLJENJE PASTIRČKOV V DOMOVINI

Cenjeni urednik in čitatelj!

V mojem v februarški številki M. L. priobčenem dopisu sem obljubil, da opišem igre, s katerimi se mladina moje rojstne vasi zabava na pašnikih. To bom za enkrat odložil. Opi-

sal pa bom življenje te mladine, začenši ob prvih šolskih letih.

Da vam bo lažje razumljivo, naj vam povem, da moja rojstna vas sestoji iz sedemdeset hiš, šole in cerkve. Poleg travnikov, njiv in gozda, ki je vse razdeljeno med posestniki, imajo vaščani še pašnik, ki je skupna last večine vaščanov, in baš tam se ono, kar bom tu opisal, dogaja.

Dečki postanejo pastirji že s prvimi šolskimi leti, seveda ne kake brezštevne črede, pač pa največkrat niti pol ducata broječe črede, tako da obsežnost pašnikov dovoljuje, da se živina desetih pastirjev lahko pase v skupini. Tako imajo tudi čuvaji iste priliko, da se skupaj igrajo in rajajo tako, da včasih nima njihova razposajenost nikake meje. V posebno veselje jim je, ako se jim posreči izmakniti hrano koscem, katero prinesejo grabljice za njimi na travnik.

Res je, da poleg iger in zabave imajo pastirji tudi neprijetnosti. V vročem poletju in ob dneh šole morajo vstajati zelo zgodaj, tako da se živina napase, predno prične solnce pripekati, pred šolskim poukom. Neprijetno za pastirje je tudi, če med igranjem in ranjanjem pozabijo na svoj posel, ker v takem slučaju se živina "posluži" sosedovega zelnika, kjer jo zasači poljski čuvaj ter jo odžene domov. Temu sledi kazen. Neredko se pripeti, da se pastirji tako zatopijo v svoje igre, da se zavedo svojega posla šele ob mraku. Na mah postanejo "skrbni" čuvaji svoje živine, katere pa ne morejo nikjer najti. Ob takih prilikah se vračajo domov pozno v noč, kjer jih čaka palica. Veliko gorja jim povzročajo muhe. Kajti ko te napadejo živino ob vročih poletnih dneh, jo ubogi pastirji ne obvladajo, pa če so še tako hitri. Krave ponore in zbežljajo, dvignejo repe in hajd v grmovje.

Dasi je precej napora pri temu poslu, včasih še pičla hrana, vendar je pri tej mladini najti več zdravja in življenja kot bi ga bilo pričakovati.

H koncu naj prpomnim, da ta dopis ni izključno moje delo; ob njem se učim strojepisja in slovenščine ter si obujam spomine na leta, ki sem jih preživel onkraj morja. Vi čitatelji pa boste vsaj delno spoznali življenje vaših sodobnikov v domovini vaših roditeljev.

Pozdrav vsem!

Vladimir Maleckar,

15928 Holmes ave., Cleveland, O.

* * *

MLADINSKI DOPISI IN POMLAD

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

To je moj drugi slovenski dopis za Naš kotichek. Ne veste kako sem bila vesela, ko sem zagledala moj prvi dopis v M. L. Pa tako lepo ste ga uredili, zakar se Vam tudi

lepo zahvaljujem. Odločila sem se, da bom večkrat kaj napisala, da se tako kaj naučim.

Moj ata je bil zelo vesel, ko je čital moj dopis v M. L., ker ni nič vedel, da sem ga napisala. Sedaj mi pravi, da moram še kaj napisati. On dela vsak dan, plača pa je zelo nizka.

Vsi dopisi v M. L. se mi zelo dopadejo, tako slovenski kot angleški. Želim pa, da bi bilo slovenskih dopisov vsak mesec več.

Sedaj je pri nas pomlad in nastopilo je gorko vreme. Vse je zeleno in razcveteno. Ptički veselo prepevajo in mi otroci pa veselo rajamo na prostem.—Pozdravljam moje sestrice v Kittzu, Minn. Želim, da bi še kaj napisale za M. L. po slovensko.

Za sedaj naj zadostuje. Pričakujem, da boste tudi ta dopis lepo uredili, jaz pa bom prihodnjič spet kaj napisala, ako Vam ugaja. (Seveda mi ugaja, zato pa še kaj napiši!—Urednik.)

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in Vam!

Mamie Klun,

23 Aldrich st., Gowanda, N. Y.

POMLADNO VESELJE MLADINE

Cenjeni mi urednik!

To je moj prvi slovenski dopis za Mladinski List. Težko pišem slovenski in tudi berem bolj slabo. Ko pa sem videl v M. L. dopis moje sestre Mimie, sem pa tudi jaz dobil korajžo in naprosil mojo mamo, da mi je pomagala ta dopis skupaj zložiti. Boljše bi napisal po angleško. Ata in mama pa rajše vidita, da pišem slovenski.

Na 20. aprila sem dopolnil 11 let. V šoli sem v 4. razredu. Moj mlajši bratec pa bo star 6 let dne 12. junija. V šoli je v prvem razredu.

V naši družini nas je pet in vsi smo člani SNPJ pri društvu št. 325.

Sedaj, ko je zunaj lepo in toplo, grem vsak dan ven, kjer se igramo in včasih gremo tudi ribe lovit. Pri tem je tudi veliko veselja.

To naj zadostuje. Prosim Vas, da moje napake malo popravite in da ta dopis priobčite.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje in tudi Vas!

Tony Klun, 23 Aldrich st., Gowanda, N. Y



OLIVER DENNET

MESTO GROVER



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XIII

CHICAGO, ILL., MAY, 1934

Number 5

COURAGE, MOTHER . . .

(A Red Vienna Child to His Mother)

WE ARE vanquished; we are homeless, Mother,
But still, be brave—
The great hope of our Resurrection
Is rising from father's grave.

Rising, spreading, waving—
As a banner of fearless brigades,
Marching always onward,
Ever building new barricades.

There is really no defeat, Mother—
Only a retreat
Into our bleeding world of hardships,
Where poverty and courage meet.

Courage . . . that wonder magic, Mother;
With that we shall some day free
Ourselves and all the world
From the cruel bondage of Poverty . . .

ANNA P. KRASNA.

DREAM OF SPRING

By JAN B. IDEN

BACK of the garden plot today
 The earth is warm and wet,
 And down old paths the truants, they
 Are straying barefoot yet.
 I see them in a mist of dreams
 Come up from yesteryear;
 By margins of old boyhood streams
 The happy host appears.

I join them where the dogwood bloom
 Swims in a sea of sun,
 And wild haws shed their sweet perfume
 And spider nests are spun.
 The old gang as it used to be,
 Barefooted, tanned and brown,
 Lost in the woodland mystery
 Beyond the edge of town.

And my old heart is young again,
 My laughter wild and free;
 While through the wet, wet April rain
 Old comrades call to me.
 A dream, but through the mist of years
 Spring brings the trooping throng
 Of half-forgotten joys and tears
 Like echoes of old song.

And like a harpist deeply stirred,
 I touch the strings and see
 The happy years go by again
 In pleasant pageantry.
 Doubt drowns itself in April mist
 And happiness again
 Is draped in spring time amethyst
 And wet with April rain.

RICHES

OH, I never do think
 Of locking up with keys
 The riches tucked away
 In my memories.

For who would even think
 Of stealing a smile
 As sweet as any memory
 Could ever file.

Or dare to take but one
 Dreamy gaze I meet
 When chattering with little friends
 On a sideway street.

Or perhaps try to get away
 With the melody recorded
 As the gay-voiced Youth
 The Life-Bound train of Adventure boarded.

And — —
 Oh! there are countless
 Little things like these
 That cannot be taken
 From the riches of my memories.—

Anna P. Krasna.



Paul Cézanne: FLOWERS AND FRUIT

Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

The Haunted Mansion

By V. Salvant

IT WAS a cold dreary morning when my dear uncle, Cyrus Weatherby, passed away to the Great Beyond. The only heirs to his estate were his beloved daughter, Margaret, and I, the son of his sister, Elizabeth, who had died when I was but a child.

One of the homes which I inherited at my uncle's death was an old mansion. Carpets an inch thick covered the floors and heavy gray velvet curtains draped the windows and doors.

Many weird tales were told about the mansion; everybody believed it to be haunted. People spoke of hearing voices when they passed it, and many refused even to go near it.

I laughed at these silly tales thinking them only superstitious sayings.

One of my friends offered to sign a contract with me which would state in effect that I would stay in the house for one whole night. A young man, seeking the thrills of adventure, asked if he might join me during my stay at the haunted mansion.

Together we ascended the iron steps which led to the front door. We could hear the wind and rain beating against the blinds which were swinging back and forth on their hinges.

Just as I opened the door we heard another one slam, and the heavy curtains began waving in the doorways of the bedrooms.

"Whew!" exclaimed Harry. "Let's see what that was!"

Harry disappeared into another room. Soon he was back again with the explanation which enabled me to continue my investigation of the house.

About midnight Harry and I being quite restless and unable to sleep ventured to peek into some chests which happened to be in "our" room. "Aw,

there's nothing in a haunted house!" grumbled Harry.

"Well, so far so good," I exclaimed. "We still have five or six hours till daylight."

Immediately there was a flash of lightning and thunder. Lights went out, doors creaked, and draught blew on my back.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Harry. "What's that?!"

"Where are you, Harry? Get a match!"

"Where's the candle? I can't see."

I reached in my pocket and got a match. As soon as I lit it it went out. All I could see before me was a white object.

"Harry!"

I grappled with the object and was seized by the arm with a ferocious grip.

"Harry, for heaven's sake, let go my arm!" I screamed.

"Are you going crazy? I'm nowhere near you, man!"

"It's got me! It's got me!" I cried.

"What has you? What's wrong with you?" came from Harry.

"The ghost has me! I know it! I knew there was a ghost!"

Another flash of lightning and the lights flashed on.

I could hear peals of laughter from my friend. I was speechless.

My arm was caught in a loop that hung from the bed-post. It was the cord used to draw the bed curtains that had twisted around my arm when I reached for the candle. The "ghost" was only a sheet thrown across the secretary in a corner of the room.

When I realized how silly I had acted I followed my friend and joined in his merry peals of laughter.

Hiawatha's Punishment

(A Chippewa Legend)

By Paul Smith

THERE was once an Indian boy who lived in the deep woods with his grandmother. This boy's name was Hiawatha. He loved the birds, animals, rivers, trees, and everything. One day he journeyed out deep into the woods. As he was coming back he found a bird's nest with little ones in it. He took these little birds and continued on his way home. When the mother bird came back she found her nest empty, and she knew immediately who had taken them.

She flew as quickly as possible to the place where Hiawatha was to pass, this being at the edge of a cliff. When the bird saw Hiawatha coming, she hid near this place. As soon as Hiawatha got near this place the mother bird flew out suddenly and scared Hiawatha so that he lost his balance and fell to the bottom of the cliff. He fell so hard that some of his limbs and different parts of his body fell in all directions. The story goes on and says that Hiawatha picked up his head and the other parts of his body and put them back together. He then started for home.

It is believed that if this story is told in the summer time, the frogs will come and sleep with you. If told in the winter time, they can't get to you because they themselves are asleep.

THE MAY FAIRY

By GRACE TURNER

WE'RE winding a daisy chain, you see
And down in the meadow they wait for me.
We're singing a song the May to greet
And I want to sing, for the song is sweet.

We're singing of children who love to go
Where breezes laugh and play and blow;
Where clover blooms in the pasture land
And milch-cows in the tree-shade stand.

We sing of plows that cleave the earth
And of the seeds that bring to birth
All things that make us grow and live;
All things that strength to bodies give.

We sing of sleep at set of sun
For beasts, birds, children, everyone;
We sing of happiness that lies
In human hearts and pleasant skies.

Is the Cricket a Pest?

WHO does not love the cricket?

Everybody, you say. And yet in the State of New York there appeared a case in the courts in which a tenant claimed that four or five crickets which lived in his apartment were "a plague of insects." But the Court decided that these crickets were not a nuisance. This is what Judge Pette said about our little friends.

While the cricket is classed as an insect and a bug, it would appear from a study of his life that instead of being a pest, he is a bright little fellow and fine musician. While both male and female can leap, the male produces the chirping sound which may be heard nightly in the open fields, and in country districts, in the neighborhood of the fireplace, since it is particularly fond of warmth.

Chamber's Encyclopedia says that the cricket "hides in nooks and crevices, loves the neighborhood of the fire, especially in winter. Its merry note has become associated with ideas of home, as in Dickens' 'The Cricket on the Hearth.' It remains quiet during the day, but hunts about actively at night for crumbs and other scraps. It is well known for the sound by means of which the male wins his mate. The loudest noise made by a cricket is probably that made by those who live in Sicily, which is stated to make itself heard at a distance of a mile. (We may be thankful that such a species does not inhabit these parts.)

The sound is produced by the filing or rubbing of one wing on the other, very much like the violinist applies his bow upon his violin.

Clarence Weed, a naturalist, speaking of the observation of crickets in a glass jar, says, "If you watch them carefully, you will see that they sing with the fiddles on their wings. Our

American crickets are by no means lacking in interest. They are the best known of our insect musicians, and they give the warm evenings of late summer and early autumn a special charm which would be greatly missed without their notes. They are the easiest insects to observe in musical action, for they can be kept in a jar where they will keep on singing just as they do in an open field."

In Japan the crickets are kept in parks, and the government has had to pass regulations concerning their sale. In China and Japan the crickets are prized according to the quality of their song.

The evidence shows that the crickets were black, green, and silvery. The silvery cricket was probably one of the four or five species of tree crickets of whose fine notes Weed makes special mention as follows: "Listeners who study them carefully find that there is a rhythmic quality in the notes of the snowy tree cricket which differs from the more continuous tones of the striped tree cricket. The song of the former has well been described as 'a series of clear, high-pitched trills, rhythmically repeated, for an indefinite length of time.' The quality is that of a clear whistle, and has best been described by the word 're-treat.' The pitch varies somewhat with the temperature, but on an ordinary evening it is about C, two octaves above middle C, or on a warm evening, it may reach as high as D."

Dickens, in his beautiful tale, "The Cricket on the Hearth" has immortalized the chirping of these creatures as a symbol of peace and contentment. Indeed, in that story, the cricket sings only when things are running smoothly, but in times of sadness and trouble it is silent.



Corot: LANDSCAPE

How The Moon Got Its Face

By Rowena Asenap

THERE once lived an old blind man, who had a young girl to sit hours and hours telling him stories. One day she grew tired and decided to run away.

So when the old man fell asleep, she stole away. She came to a river and could not get across. Standing on the bank near by was a crane. She rushed up to it and asked for help.

The crane said for the girl to walk around him five times. This she did, although she was in a hurry. The crane stretched his leg across the river, and the girl went safely to the other side.

She was not very far off when she looked back and saw that the old man had changed himself into a coyote and was chasing her. He came to the river and asked the crane to help him across. The crane told him to do just as he had told the girl to do. Instead of walking all the time, the coyote ran.

Thinking he had fooled the crane, he laughed to himself. But the crane knew

different and planned revenge. Just as the coyote got half way across the crane drew his leg in, and the coyote fell in the water. He swam to the shore and continued his chase.

By this time the girl was a long way off. She came out on a flat plain. There she saw five large buffaloes. Again she asked for help. The buffaloes formed a large circle and she had to walk around them five times. The fifth time she was to get inside the circle.

The coyote was getting closer and closer. She had just finished the fifth time when the coyote came for help. He asked the largest buffalo to let him have the girl. The buffalo told the coyote to walk around the same as the girl had done.

Again the coyote played the same trick as he did before. Just as he got behind the large buffalo he was kicked to the moon. That is where the moon got its face.

TEAMWORK

By WILLIAM F. CARD

THE world is full of problems,
 There's much to cause distress;
 We all are bowed beneath the cares
 That daily round us press;
 There's only one solution,
 'Tis simply stated, thus:
 "A little less of you or me,
 A little more of us."

The rule of each one for himself
 Most foolish is to follow;
 It brings no savor to the game,
 Its victories are hollow.
 But the other plan has never failed
 To bring satisfaction, plus:
 "A little less of you or me,
 A little more of us."

A flake of snow is very small;
 'Tis lost to sight quite quickly,
 But many flakes, combined, will fill
 The roads and pathways thickly.
 United we can face the fight,
 Without distress or fuss;
 "A little less of you or me,
 A little more of us."



Chatter Corner

EDITED BY
JOYFUL MEMBERS
of the S. N. P. J.

SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

The month of May is the month for play, to most of you. But it is also something else. It is the symbol of progress and youth and springtime. May day is the international labor holiday. School children have their May festivals. May festivals are old; they date far back in the history.

The Mladinski List jubilee number for April was received by many with praises and appreciation. While the articles on the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ weren't many, nevertheless they presented in a very concise form some of the main factors of the Society. And now we must go out and secure as many new members as we possibly can. All of us!

"School's out!" Thousands of little voices are repeating this refrain daily. Vacation time has come for most of you. You'll have plenty of time and outdoor fun. But you mustn't forget the Chatter Corner. Write your letter to the M. L. now!

—THE EDITOR.

ANNUAL EDUCATIONAL TOUR

Dear Editor and Members:—

First of all, starting this letter, I wish to tell you that I have been one of the three guests of the Pittsburgh-Post-Gazette from our Jr. High School who were presented a free tour to the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., on April 21, 1934. The tour was both educational and worthwhile which would otherwise cost quite a sum of money. Therefore you may have an idea how worthwhile a trip of this sort may be.

On the date previously mentioned, we started for Pittsburgh at seven o'clock in the morning. Through the small and familiar towns I saw nothing of importance. But, one thing I noticed greatly was the recently constructed Geo. Washington Bridge of E. Pittsburgh. While touring over the bridge, looking below I saw the Westinghouse, a great electrical plant around that section of Pittsburgh. We had to cross Wilkensburg to reach the vicinity

of Pittsburgh. Winding to the left we saw the huge construction of the E. Liberty Bridge.

Our first visit was made at the H. J. Heinz Company where food products are manufactured in the world's largest kitchens. A delicious lunch was also served with some of their varieties of food. In their large and beautiful auditorium which seats 3,000 people, we saw the origination of H. J. Heinz Co. and the founder, H. J. Heinz, and the way their food products are manufactured. Their Home Economic supervisor gave us a demonstration of making "Heinz Rice Flakes Candy." Each visitor received a piece of it.

Our second visit was at the "Movie Palace" at the Pitt Theatre where we sunk into luxurious seats as we enjoyed a real show that would linger in our memory as we traveled homeward. A performance of "real" tap dancers was also given by some of the fastest dancers. Together the talking movie and

the performance lasted three full hours. It was a real entertainment.

The third visit of our tour was at Highland Park Zoo. Many strange and fierce looking animals were in there, quite a few I haven't seen before. The roaring of the king of beasts was just like running chills down the spinal column. Reptiles and fish, many sorts of birds were more familiar to me.

The fourth visit of our tour was at the Carnegie Museum. There we saw many mounted animals, birds, and all sorts of sculptures. The guide took us through in sort of a rush. One can spend a full day in there yet not being able to see all of the historical things.

The Phipps Conservatory was the fifth visit of our tour. In there were more than a million dollar's worth of rare tropical plants and flowers growing. The entire conservatory is made of glass. Cactuses were as tall as the entire conservatory. Many of the tropical trees were also there. I noticed those especially of the Orient, the countries of China, Japan, and many others.

The sixth visit of our tour was at McCann's Restaurant, one of Pittsburgh's finest, where we satisfied our appetite on their delicious foods which tempted us. (I loved the rides on the elevators.) Journeying around the city of Pittsburgh we saw the huge new skyscraper of the university of Pittsburgh which is the largest and tallest schoolhouse consisting of forty stories. It is known as the "Cathedral of Learning."

I saw the skyscraper of the tall Gulf building. I saw the Grand building also.

The two rivers of Pittsburgh, Allegheny and Monongahela, we saw from our bus. En route to home we rode through the famous Liberty Tubes, the world's second largest vehicular tunnel, one and a quarter mile long.

This ended the day of events and thrills as a guest of Pittsburgh-Post-Gazette. I hope I shall have the pleasure of going on some other tours such as the one Dorothy Milavec, of Colorado, has described in March's Mladinski List.

Best regards to Editor and Juvenile members.

Dorothy M. Fink, box 1, Wendel, Pa.

* * *

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

Dear Editor and Readers:—

There were many first letters in the M. L. last month. I have two girl friends that like to read the M. L.

Spring is here at last. I have a little garden of my own. The hills look beautiful; everything has little buds and leaves on trees are coming out. I wish some boys and girls that live in big cities would see these hills. Morley is closed up on both sides by hills.

In school there are eight boys and eight girls. Our teacher, Miss Stout, is making a friendship quilt, all the girls get to make a block and print their names on it. I started a friendship quilt. I wish all the boys and girls would send me some scraps. I would be more than glad to get some from every state.

I've read 100 books so far, counting library books. Sometimes I read two books in one night. I read the M. L. twice or three times over.

Best regards to the Editor and Readers.

Julia M. Slavec, box 63, Morley, Colo.

* * *

SPRINGTIME AND FUN

Dear Editor:—

Spring is here, the season which most of us like; anyway, I do. It is the time when we go for a little walk and pick flowers. Picking and pressing flowers is my favorite sport.

Why don't some of you wake up in Yukon? I thought Frances Preserne had awakened but she fell asleep again.

I believe Frank Miklauchich, of Willock, is one of the best M. L. contributors. Keep it up, Frank!

Best regards to all.

Agnes Flander, box 140, Yukon, Pa.

* * *

MY FIRST LETTER TO M. L.

Dear Editor:—

I'm eight years old and in the second grade. My teacher's name is Miss Bullock. I like her very much. There are 5 in our family—one girl and two boys, all members of Lodge 714, SNPJ. I was 8 on March 21. I wish some boys or girls my age would write to me.

Rudy J. Slavec, box 63, Morley, Colo.

* * *

SNPJ 30th ANNIVERSARY, MAY 30

Dear Editor and Readers:—

May 30 is nearing us and that is the day when the Westmoreland Co. Federation is celebrating the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ with a big program. Two plays in Slovene, "Živela zdrava kri" and "Grobovi bodo izpregovorili," are to be presented by the dramatic club "Nagel" of Export, Pa. Vincent Cainkar, President of the SNPJ, is going to address the audience. The singing club Slavček of West Newton is going to sing some beautiful Slovene songs. There will also be a few declamations given.

Strikes are back in Latrobe again. The employees of the Electric Steel Co. are striking because they want the company to recognize a local union. A large group of men went out to the plant and tried to stop some men who went to work and not let them enter the plant, but it was a hard job because they came

to work in cars and it's pretty hard to stop a car. They stopped a few men but most of them got to work. The men stayed outside the plant day and night. The state police were also present at the strike. How ignorant these men who went to work are! If they will continue to act the way they have been the depression will also continue. That is the way the citizens always do and especially at the election, they elect some one who works just against them instead of electing the man and party which is for them, which of course is none other than the Socialist Party.

The Electric Steel has a company union which certainly is not good for its employees. Other plants also have these company unions which are not at all good. The other day a bill came up as to whether these company unions should be abolished. Pres. Roosevelt said they should not be. Another thing against the workingman.

Some contributors said that some writers to the M. L. who criticize our president should be in office only four hours and see what they would do. I, instead of signing bills favoring capitalist class, would sign bills favoring the working class.

Again Mrs. Pinchot, wife of the governor of Pennsylvania, came to Latrobe to make a speech. A large crowd attended and she received much applause.

A Proud Torch,

Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

* * *

OUR FIRST M. L.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List which I like to read very much. I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade. I like my teacher; his name is Mr. H. Fleming. I have a sister, Mary, 8 years old and in the 3rd grade. Mary and I are the only children in our family. We have lots of fun at school which was out April 30. We never got the M. L. magazine till March.

I hope Katherine Yougovich of Wheeling, West Virginia, sees my address and writes to me soon. Gertrude Bowman and my sister Mary will try and write to this wonderful magazine, and so will I try to write more often. We are all members of the SNPJ.

Best regards to the editor and readers.

Rose Marie Roncevich, box 50, Smock, Pa.

* * *

THE TIME FOR SPORTS

Dear Editor:—

I like to read the Mladinski List, but I can't seem to get started writing. Spring is here, and the outdoor sports started. I enjoy playing baseball. Uncle Victor doesn't forget to come around bringing the baseballs, bat

and glove; baseball is his favorite sport. My brothers are having a good time playing marbles and flying kites. Donald goes up on the hill and takes his kite and let's it go up in the air, then he laughs and jumps.

Best regards to the Editor and Readers.

Frank Fink Jr., box 1, Wendel Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I like to read the poems and riddles. There isn't many from Strabane that are writing to the Mladinski List. I'll write more next time. I wish more would write from Strabane.

Eustina Balle, box 107, Strabane, Pa.

* * *

"THREE FLIES ON THE TABLE"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I like to read the jokes and riddles. We have nice weather here in Wyoming.

I am sending a riddle:

If there were three flies on the table, and I killed one, how many would there be left?—
Ans.: The dead one, because the other two would fly away.

Best regards to all.

Dora Turk, box 15, Frontier, Wyo.

* * *

OUR PICNIC—JULY 4

M. L. Readers:—

Here I am again trying to do my duty. There were a number of letters in the last month's issue.

Spring is here, then soon another enjoyable season will be here. Summer, as you all know. Then again our lodge picnics will begin and we will have wonderful times again. As Miklauchich said, the only thing we'll have to do is eat and drink. The senior Lodge No. 117 SNPJ and the Silver Stars No. 729 SNPJ already planned to have a picnic and a dance on July 4. They intend to have speakers and other entertainment in the afternoon and a dance in the evening. All other lodges are welcomed to attend this doing.

I noticed that Agnes Flander didn't agree with Frank Miklauchich that history is bunk. But that's one of the things that I agree with Frank. I really think history is bunk.

As I was reading the March issue I noticed Antonia Skoda read the book "The Native's Return." (Why don't you write in the M. L. about it? You have a very good subject to write about.)

Thanks for your invitation, Dorothy. Why don't you "c'm up sometime? If ever I get a chance to go to Wendel, I'll be see'n' you.

Soon our eighth grade class will graduate. Our school is going to be out in May, our

commencement will be held in June. Education is a great thing.

Best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Mirt of Graetztown, Pa.

SNPJ Booster,

Steffie Kaferle, Yukon, Pa.

* * *

ALBERT BAKES A CAKE

Dear Editor:—Up here in this "north country" we are still playing with snow, April 25. Sometime the sun comes out from behind the clouds and we have a taste of spring.

Just another 6 weeks of school yet. Then for a new vacation of swimming and other sports, but that's another 6 weeks.

I'm sorry I didn't write sooner. I'm quite busy here in Ely, since I have the honor of being the 4-H club reporter.

At our second meeting the following officers were elected: President—Louis Anderson; Vice President—Francis Brennan; Secretary—Philip King; Reporter—Alber Pechavar.

I have taken up cake making which I like very much and to eat it too.

The other day our teacher was describing the bigness of New York: "You could walk for miles and miles and still you wouldn't come out."

Best regards to the Editor and Readers.

Albert Pechavar,

648 E. Camp st., Ely, Minn.

* * *

WAKE UP, CALIFORNIA!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have made a promise that I would write every month, so here I am. My report card was excellent and I was on the Honor Roll in April and I am very proud of it. My brother's report card was good too.

We are having good weather here in California.

Come on, boys and girls from San Francisco, show that we can write also. I sure would like to see more letters from Frisco.

Best wishes to all.

Gloria Terbovec,

364 Utah st., San Francisco, Cal.

* * *

GET RID OF THAT "LAZY-FEVER"

Dear Editor:—

It is a long time since you have last heard from me; yet that doesn't mean that I don't read and enjoy the Mladinski List.

Gosh, don't you think we are all a kinda sick with the almost incurable all-year-around "lazy-fever"? Well, it's true.

For some time we have had an epidemic of this contagious disease; many have fallen victims to it. Therefore, to those of you that are not already infected with this disease and wish to keep from getting infected by it, I am

giving the following prescription: write to the Mladinski List as often as possible. If you will follow the prescription faithfully, you will be perfectly immune to the disease.

Now let's turn to pleasanter talk. Say, pals, wouldn't it be fun as well as interesting to trace back your "family tree"—your ancestors—as far back as possible; to find that some great men 'way back somewhere were your ancestors? For instance, Charlemagne might be a grandfather of yours with, of course, a great many "greats" in front of "grandfather.") But remember Charlemagne, if he proves to be your ancestor, isn't your only ancestor; there are a great many more. Also remember that all your ancestors are not honest, great people; some of them might have been robbers, traitors, etc. If you can't trace your "family tree" very far back, just simply imagine some ancestors even if they are not your ancestors, putting some in palaces, on fiefs—small peasants' holdings, in the wild plains of western Europe, etc.

At school I am getting along quite well.

Typing is my best subject; I am able to do forty-seven words a minute, after having taken typing this year. I am our Principal's stenographer, and because of that fact my brother teases me by calling me a "stan-on-a-grapher."

Wishing you all a lots of luck with your family trees, I will close.

A devoted member,

Josephine Marjorie Elizabeth Stonich,

R. R. 3, box 135, Pueblo, Colo.

* * *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have never written to this wonderful magazine before. I really think I should be ashamed of myself after being a member of this Lodge 171 for four long years.

My sister Clara has written about 4 or 5 letters. I like to read the letters written by other members, so I think I should wake up and start to write also.

While I am writing to this wonderful magazine my girl friend, Blanche Sawicky, is reading some of the Mladinski Lists that Clara has saved from last year.

Best regards to all.

A proud member,

Rosalie Stephanie Zebre (11),

box 23, Marianna, Pa.

* * *

BEAUTIFUL COLORADO

Dear Editor and Members:—

Here I am again, writing my second letter for the M. L. I like to read Dorothy Fink's letters, and also about history. I wish some one would write and tell something about the old country. Sometimes my daddy tells us

about it and I find it very interesting. I wish I could read and write in Slovene.

It sure is nice here in the summer for the mountains are high and the green trees look very beautiful. My mother plants sweetpeas every year and they are very beautiful.

Aren't the Juveniles of Pennsylvania great! They are about the only ones writing. There are so many Juveniles in Aspen and no one writes.

Soon, school will be out and I shall be very sorry, for I like school very much. We have quite a few subjects, but all are easy, except geography and history.

I wish all the members a joyful summer.

Frances Zelnick, box 204, Aspen, Colo.

* * *

SCHOOL'S OUT

Dear Editor and members:—

Here I am again! One of the "Old Timers," as mentioned in the letter written by Dorothy M. Fink, one of our wonderful writers of the Mladinski List.

Our school was out April 24. I passed to 8th grade. My sister Rosalia and her girl friend Blanche Sawicky passed to 7th grade.

A Proud Member,

Clara C. Zebre, box 23, Marianna, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. Our lodge No. is 52 SNPJ. There are 6 in our family. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. My teachers' names are Mrs. Bernheisel and Miss Ludwig; they are very good. I go to the Sickman school. The final examinations are almost here.

I belong to a little girls' club.

Best regards to all.

Dorothy Zabkar,

* * *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

It has been a long time since I wrote to this wonderful M. L. There are more and more letters than previously. I wish school would be over. I am anxious to go barefooted again.

Best regards to Editor and Readers.

Elsie Dolinar, box 16, Broughton, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am writing this letter sooner because I had more time. I had to stay at home from school because I had the "pink eye." I didn't like to stay at home because I was disappointed at missing a seal.

I hope that other boys and girls who love to go to school do not have to miss any school days. Best regards to the Editor and readers.

Marion M. Jereb,

92 Lincoln ave., North Irwin, Pa.

AUDREY IS BACK AGAIN

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Mary Fradel wrote an interesting article entitled, "The Best Job Obtainable," in the last issue of the M. L. I enjoy reading her letters. I also like to read Dorothy M. Fink's letters. It gives me quite a thrill to read her articles, and I'm certainly interested in them. I notice it very much when her letters are missing. Keep it up, Dorothy!

We have organized a Glee Club at our school. I am one of its members. Every Thursday we meet in our music teacher's room (Miss Lutz.)

In the last few editions of the Chatter Corner, I have noticed there are many more letters than previously. In the last issue I found that there were forty-six "first letters," and a good many letters from monthly writers.

By the time this letter will be published our school children will be starting on a spelling contest given by a local paper. The child who wins will be sent on a free trip to Washington with their home room teacher.

Since my home room teacher teaches arithmetic (Miss Widle) my class naturely recites the most lessons in arithmetic to the principal. We just finished giving a lesson on "bank account."

Best regards to all.

Audrey Maslo,

14904 Pepper ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

PAULINE'S SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I was glad to see my first letter published. I like to read the M. L. very much. March issue had a lot of letters and I enjoyed them all. I counted the letters and there were 62. I was glad to see Louise Selak's letter and I would like her sister to write to the M. L.

Spring has come and the dandelions are out. We ate dandelions a couple of time.

Pauline E. Novak,

box 113, Valley Grove, W. Va.

* * *

SPRINGTIME!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the Chatter Corner of the Mladinski List. Now that spring is here I'll try to write more often as the days are getting longer and warmer. While pussy-willows are out my girl-friends and I go picking them; we also love other flowers too. Another of my favorite flower is the violet. They have a sweet fragrant smell.

At our school we jump rope, a hobby of most girls. Sometimes Miss Chambers, our

teacher, joins us. We have lots of fun! We do not care to hear the bell ring for our next subjects for we are busy jumping and yelling about the school ground, but of course, we must study.

I have seen in the last month's Mladinski List many "first" letters. I was very much interested in them for I have also written one. I think the members like to read and write to our well liked magazine. I wish to see the magazine increased in pages and letters.

Where are the boosters from Herminie? I hope they are not starting to get the sickness of spring fever. Of course, we all like to read the M. L., but we should consider in making it larger by our writing.

I like *Dorothy M. Fink's*, *Julia M. Slavec's* and *Frank Miklaucich's* letters. I would like to see letters written by *Steffie Lah*, *Katherine Nemec*, and many others of our little members.

Best regards to all.

Mary Jerina, R.D. 3, box 124, Irwin, Pa.

* * *

ALL SORTS OF FEVERS AND OTHER EXPERIENCES

Dear Editor and Readers:—

"Spring Fever," the "thing" that comes with spring and early summer, is getting in its more serious stages now. I'll bet there are not many of us that don't "ketch" it more or less. Tho, I've found a way to get rid of it sooner, there is no way found yet to not get it at all. The way to get rid of it sooner is to work it out. That is, to wing and anchor or an ax, and to swing long and hard, so that there is plenty of sweat pouring from the brow and elsewhere. This can also be done by connecting the bat hard with the ball; chasing long and high flies, and putting a lot of smoke on the ball from the pitcher's box. In about three or four days this "treatment" should completely "cure" anyone of "Spring Fever." But don't forget: this is only a temporary cure, because the spring fever will come back again next spring, and nothing can be done about that.

Regardless of whether we want to or not, some of us have to work out the spring feverish feeling in pretty short order.

One evening my brother and I started to figure out our personal expenses, that is: clothes, shoes, and amusements for the past year. His bill ran to \$30.00; mine was \$27.00. Then he counted up how much he earned in the past year. We found that it amounted to \$500.00 for the whole year. Then we subtracted the \$30.00 from \$500 which left \$470 to his credit, and contribution to general household expenses. Then we counted up to see how much I earned. And that was exactly \$2.

We subtracted the \$2.00 from my incurred \$27.00 of expenses, and found that I still have to "cough up" \$25.00 if I want to balance only my personal budget. It, therefore, is "swung out" of balance and put me in a hole. How could I contribute to the household expenses (which I never did before) if I can do nothing about my personal expense? The answer to that brings us to spring fever again. And that means I'll be one of those that'll have to work it out. And I'm lucky and glad to have the opportunity. I'm told, it's time for me to begin.

With a former Mon. City auto speedway race winner for my boss, it could be thought that to please him I'd have to go like h—, ditto spring fever, but that is not the case. Tho, he is reasonable, it will not be like "laying under the shade of the old cherry tree," and good-by spring fever—hello hay fever, maybe! Because I'll have to fool around with grass, and perhaps gas—then carbon monoxide fever. We have a lot of things to contend with, so if it isn't one thing something else is bound to pop up.

Some time ago, the school doctor and nurse visited us and gave us the once over. They decided that I needed eye glasses. So, a couple of weeks later, the teacher took me to an eye doctor in a city about 5 or more miles away from the school. This doctor was to examine my eyes thoroughly. We went into his place of business and sat around for an hour or so, then he was ready for me. He examined me. There was a piece of white paper stuck up on the wall, with about 7 or 8 different sizes of black letter on it. He had to put a certain kind of liquid drops in my eyes, but to do that, he must have the consent of my parents.

A week passed. My brother went along with me this time. The doctor put his hand on my head and tilted it back and put some drops that felt like water, in my eyes. During the next half hour, he put drops in four times, and then took me into his office where he got a spy glass with an electric light in it, and looked into my eyes with it. When we were through, he again told me to come back in a few days, and he would have the glasses for me. The few days passed, my brother and I went back again. And again I had to recite the letters from the paper stuck up on the wall. I recited them with and without the glasses. And I found I could see just as good without the glasses, as with them. The doctor said I didn't need them in the first place. So he wrote a note to the principal, which he gave me to deliver, and in which he explained that I could see just as good without glasses and, therefore, it was un-

necessary to have them. That puts the "finishing touch" to glasses as far as I'm concerned.

What do you think of our school? By golly, the Pittsburgh Press thinks enough of it to send out a reporter and a photographer, to get pictures and a story about it. They used a lot of "important" and prominent space for the pictures and write-up, too. Maybe a lot of you members around the Pittsburgh district noticed the pictures and article and read it. But, for the benefit of members elsewhere, I will briefly tell about the high-spots in it. Following is the caption of the article:

Pupils Study in Old-Fashioned School, Yearn to Fly Modern Planes.—Country School at Airport Links Old and Modern Eras

"Right on the rim of one of the most modern airports in the country, is an old-fashioned cross-roads school. For more than half a century, and long before the drone of motors could be heard in the skies above it, it stood there. The school is still like it was then. Two boys volunteer daily to go to a home over the hill to get the pail of drinking water. A furnace stove in the room is cared for by pupils and teachers. An annex adjoins the building, where upper grade pupils are taught by Homer Kohl (my teacher). The primary grades are under Helen Chestay. They have found that there is a new spirit in the old school as almost every pupil is ambitious to fly a plane some day. Lunch hour is a picnic occasion—sharing sandwiches, sampling gingerbread (they should have included hot peppers, too) and when it is over, the boys still clamor for the chance to ring the bell as they did in the olden days."

I guess this covers the article and gives an idea what it's like.

In conclusion I must not forget the SNPJ. Because if it wasn't for the SNPJ, we wouldn't be getting our Mladinski List. And not only that. The SNPJ stands for many things, among which the most honorable are Brotherhood, Guidance, and Security. As we all should know, the Principles of the SNPJ are to imbue and instill into us, a sense of Real Democracy. Do you remember when you studied Thomas Jefferson, in history? Do you remember the chapter which said that Jefferson wanted the common people, workers and farmers, to have the deciding voice in government? In other words, they were to govern themselves. Which means none other than Real Democracy. That is what the SNPJ has been teaching for the past 30 years and what it stands for.

A Zveza (Union) member, Willock, Pa.

Frank Miklaucich (Lodge 36).

OUR LOCAL CELEBRATION

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Well, I got the "sleeping sickness" last month, but I will try not to let that happen again.

School will soon be out. I suppose some children are glad but I'm not. Education is something that people need in life.

On March 4 it has been 1 year since Roosevelt's inauguration. And I think he has done fine work in that small amount of time.

On July 4 the SNPJ Silver Stars of Yukon are joining the Senior lodge to celebrate the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ at the Slovene Hall of Yukon. I think it was a wonderful thing when the Supreme board decided on the Membership Campaign and cash prizes for securing new members. I hope that encourages many of the members.

Often, when I am reading the M. L., I say to my mother that I am going to write to the M. L. Then she answers, "Ti bi morala tisto napraviti že davno. . ." She is very glad to see that I have taken interest in writing to the M. L.

I will try to write in Slovene sometime. My mother has taught me to read and write a little.

Best regards to all.

A Fond Reader of the M. L.,

Frances Preseren, box 42, Yukon, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. There are four in our family, all members of Lodge 147 SNPJ. I am glad Spring is here and with it the birds which are so nice and which leave us in the autumn.

Louis J. Vesel,

1250 E. 173rd st., Cleveland, O.

* * *

Dear Members and Editor:—

In this, my first letter to the M. L., I must tell you that I like to read the M. L. and its many letters. Our family consists of four members all belonging to Lodge 205 SNPJ. The working conditions are poor and my father hasn't been working for a long time. On May 27 I will be 9 years old.

Margaret Lubina,

125 W. Second st., Duluth, Minn.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

I am in fourth grade in school and this is my first letter to the Chatter Corner of the M. L. Our family of four belongs to Lodge 216 SNPJ. Will write more next time.

Joe Bertosa,

522 W. R. R. ave., Verona, Pa.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have two rabbits, if you are interested to know, and this is my second letter in the M. L. My rabbit's name is "Joe." Our school was out the latter part of April; I passed to the 5th grade. I wish *Mary Podnar* would write to the M. L., also *C. Podnar*, *Maggie* and *Rose Buckovich*. Best regards to all.

Helen Adlesich, Magic Springs, Ark.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

My name is Tony and this is my very first letter to the C. C. of the M. L., see. I like the M. L. very much. I am 11 years old and in the 7th grade in school. Our entire family belongs to the SNPJ, except my mother.

Tony Adlesich, Magic Springs, Ark.

* * *

Dear Members:—

I am 9 years old and member of the SNPJ since I was three years old, that makes it six years. Our Lodge celebrated the 30th anniversary of the SNPJ on April 7, when our Supreme President, Bro. V. Cainkar, was present addressing the audience as the principal speaker. I would like to know how to write in Slovene. I musn't forget to tell you that this is my first letter in the M. L. I wish Margaret Snoy from Bridgeport would write to me.

Dorothy Selak,

1076 North ave., Girard, O.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

Our school was out April 27. This is my "first" to the M. L. I am going to write every month. I was glad to see my sister's letter in the M. L. I like *Frank Miklauchich's* letters. Best regards.

Mary Senicher (11), Strabane, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor:—

Our school will be out May 15. I am 8 years old. I help my father in the garden. This is my first but not last letter in the M. L.

Best regards to all.

Clara Ann Lenich, RRH 2, Nokomis, Ill.

* * *

Dear Readers:—

I will be 10 years old on October 23, 1934. This is my second letter in the M. L. My father, mother, brother and I belong to Lodge 207, SNPJ, of which my father is secretary.

Charles Jeniker,

2303 Cottonwood st., Butte, Mont.

* * *

Dear Readers:—

Our Lodge number is 87, SNPJ, and we all belong to it. My Daddy has been working four to five days a week. I will write more the next time, I hope.

Anna Peternell, box 312, Herminie, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I like to read the M. L. and the numerous letters from boys and girls. I have 6 brothers and 4 sisters, and my Dad isn't working. This is my first letter to this magazine. Our school was out May 2. I am glad of it.

Martha Mahoney,

RD 3, box 134, McDonald, Pa.

* * *

Dear Editor and Members:—

In a previous number of the M. L. I read a letter written by *Frank Miklauchich* in which he stated, "History is bunk." That's only personal belief. The big events of today and yesterday are being written with definite grounds and facts to back them up. Another statement was to the effect that we have poor representatives in Washington. Some are poor, no doubt, but there are also some who are good. I believe that the leader of the country has done much toward the recovery, and for that we should honor him.

Rudolph Jelercic,

15302 Waterloo rd., Cleveland, O. (L. 614.)

How is it that summer goes so quickly? — There is often an evening mist.

What kind of servants are the best for hotels? — The inn-experienced.

What did Jack Frost say when he proposed to the rosebud? — "Wilt thou," and it wilted.

What is the difference between an engineer and a school master? — One minds the train, the other trains the mind.

What is it that has a mouth much larger than its head? — A river.

What time do people do all their talking? — A life time.

What flower does mother wear when you are naughty? — Bleeding Heart.

* * *

A little red thing on the hill, give it water and it will die, give it hay and it will live. A fire.

* * *

Customer: "I want some pepch."

Clerk: "What kind of pepper, red or black?"

Customer: I want some writing pepch."