

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

LETOŠNJI BOŽIČ

BOŽIČ! kaže koledar
kakor vsako leto.
Kaj je koledarju mar,
če je z bedo vse prežeto?!

Letos marsikdo želi,
da ne bilo bi božiča.
Marsikoga to teži,
Ker ga v žepu ni beliča.

Letos bode mnogokje
le pri želji vse ostalo.
Letos bode mnogokje
še božično drevce izostalo

Letos bode marsikje
deca razočarana jokala;
letos bodo marsikje
srca staršev zdihovala.

Miklavžem-staršem letos slabo kaže,
slabo tudi vam, otrokom —
Sreča revnim rada laže!
Vendar kvišku glave! — Kaj bi z jokom!?



R. Tagore:

Oblaki in valovi

MAMICA, bitja ki bivajo tam gori v oblakih mi kličejo:

"Mi se igramo, odkar se prebudimo, dokler se nagne dan. Igramo se z zlato zarjo, igramo se s srebrnim mesecem."

Vprašam: "Ali kako naj pridem gori k vam?"

Pa odgovore: "Pridi na kraj zemlje, dvigni roke proti nebu in vzame te na oblake."

"Mamica me čaka doma," pravim. "Kako naj jo zapustim in pridem?"

Nato se zasmemo in odplavajo.

Ali jaz poznam še lepšo igro, mamica.

Jaz bom oblak in ti boš mesec. Jaz te zakrijem z obema rokama in sleme naše hiše bo modro nebo.

Bitja, ki bivajo v valovih, mi kličejo:

"Mi prepevamo od zore do mraka; potujemo in ne vemo kam potujemo."

Vprašam: "Kako bi se vam pridružil?"

Oni pa mi reko: "Pridi na kraj brega in stoj s trdno zaprtimi očmi, pa te odnese na valovih."

Pravim: "Mamica hoče, da sem vsak večer doma — kako naj jo zapustim in grem?"

Nato se zasmemo, zaplešemo in odplavajo.

Ali jaz poznam še boljšo igro od te.

Jaz bom val in ti boš tuj breg.

Jaz se bom valil naprej in naprej in naprej in smejoč se ti razbijem ob nedrih.

In nihče na svetu ne bo vedel, kje sva.

Anna P. Krasna:

MAMICA JE ŽALOSTNA

MAMICA je žalostna, molči,
ne pove kaj jo tare,
kaj na srcu ji leži.

Saj, kdove, če prav to
ji srca ne zvedri,
in ne vrne žarke luči
ji v tožne oči.

Če bi mamica znala,
kako me to boli—
svojo grenko tugo bi zaupala mi.

O, jaz slutim, predobro,
kaj mamico teži—
grenka skrb za obstanek
ji zdravje mori . . .

Tako rad bi pomagal dobri mamici,
če bi vedel kako—
toda, joj!—mamica samo
trpi in molči . . .

Naočniki

(Po Hermyniji Zur Muehlen pripoveduje Mile Klopčič.)

BILA je nekoč velika, bogata dežela, kjer je bil vedno mir in red. Čeprav si imel tudi v tej deželi siromake in bogatince, ter so bogatinci izkoriščali siromake, nisi slišal nikoli pritožbe, še manj godrnjanja ali grožnje. Kralj je debel, tolst in zadovoljen sedel na svojem zlatem prestolu, meščani so debeli, tolsti in zadovoljni živeli v svojih lepih palačah, in siromaki so potrpežljivo garali dvanajst ur na dan v fabrikah in po poljih. Nikoli niso opazili, da so pogosto lačni in da imajo pičlo plačo.

To pa se je zgodilo tako-le. Pred sto in sto leti je živel v tej deželi hudoben čarovnik, kraljev prijatelj. Ta čarovnik je znal gledati v bodočnost in je slutil, da se ne bodo pustili siromaki večno tako izrabljati kot živina. Nekega dne bodo vstali in zahtevali svojo pravico. Tedaj bo konec vsej krasoti kraljev in meščanov. To je hotel preprečiti. Vse svoje življenje je presedel čarovnik v svoji delovni sobi, rezal steklo v majhne okrogle plošče, jih različno prebarval in izdeloval iz njih naočnike. Potem je svetoval kralju, naj on in njegovi potomci skrbijo za to, da bodo vsakemu novorojenčku takoj nataknil te naočnike, ki jih ne sme nikdar odložiti. Če jih kdo odloži, mu bodo odsekali glavo.

V veliki dvorani so ležali skrbno položeni na volni naočniki. Bilo jih je brez števila. Čarovnikov naslednik je bil tu oskrbnik. Njemu so takoj sporočili, če se je kje rodil kak otrok. Potem je izbral ustrezujoče naočnike in jih sam nataknil novorojenčku na nos ali pa je naložil to dolžnost svojemu uradniku.

Naočniki pa so bili zelo različne sorte. Največ dela je imel čarovnik z izdelavo naočnikov, namenjenih za otroke siromakov. Skoro petdeset let se je mučil z njimi. Nazadnje mu je le uspe-

lo. Stekla teh naočnikov so bila tako čudovito brušena, da si videl skozi vse siromake in sirote majhne in ne-bogljenе, kot manj vredna bitja. Če pa si pogledal skozi kralja ali meščane, so se ti zdeli to mogočna, skoro bogu podobna bitja, ki so deležna vsega dobrega na svetu in ki jim nihče ne more kljubovati, ker imajo pravico storiti vse druge za svoje svoje sužnje. Tudi z barvo teh naočnikov je imel stari čarovnik velike sitnosti. Barva je morala biti namreč taka, da so siromaki videli skozi te naočnike svoje zamazane stanovanjske luknje kot udobna in razkošna stanovanja, da pa krasot bogataških palač in vrtov niso opazili v vsej jasnosti, ker bi bili sicer postali nezadovoljni.

Vse lažje pa je čarovnik izdelal naočnike za meščane. Dodal je steklu le malo zlata in srebra, tako da je meščan skozi naočnike povsod videl le srebro in zlato, nikoli pa ne ljudi. Ti naočniki so bili izdelani tudi tako, da je meščan videl skozi delavce kot stroje, ki so na svetu samo za njihovo korist.

Najlažje pa je izdelal čarovnik naočnike za kralja. Teh sploh ni bilo treba brusiti. Samo namočili so jih enkrat v krvi najzlobnejšega in dvakrat v krvi najbolj trapoglavega človeka, kolikor jih je kdaj živelo na svetu. Samo to—in kralj je videl skozi naočnike vse to, kar po navadi vidijo kralji, in videl je zmerom tako, kakor se pač to spodobi kralju.

Potem je še bilo nekaj takih naočnikov, ki so bili rožnato prebarvani in ki so jih zelo redkokdaj rabili. V teh tristo letih po čarovnikovi smrti so jih samo trem nataknil na nos. Ti naočniki so bili namenjeni za ljudi, katerih oči so kljub navadnim naočnikom vendarle videle tudi nekaj resničnosti.

Pa je živel na primer nekoč mlad pesnik. Bil je dvorni pesnik, živel je v razkošju na kraljevem dvoru. Vsi meščani so ga častili in hvalili. Pisal je lepe pesmi v kraljevo čast in v čast njegovega dobrega vladanja, pisal je vesele pesmi za meščane in hvalil njihove čednosti. Človek bi mislil, da je pesnik bil najsrečnejši človek na svetu. In je tudi res gledal prijazno skozi naočnike, ki so bili nekoliko posrebreni. Meščane pa je motilo, da se pesnik kar ni maral tako lepo zrediti, kakor so oni. Toda bil je pač pesnik in so mu radi tega odpustili.

Zgodilo se je, da je zablodil ta pesnik v tisti kraj mesta, kjer so živeli siromaki. Bil je lep poletni dan in solnce je tako močno pripekalo, da se je srebro v enem steklu naočnikov raztopilo. Tedaj je pesnik z enim očesom zagledal vso resničnost, ki ga je tako prestrašila, je od groze zakričal. Videl je trudne trpeče ljudi, suhe, bolne ženice, blede, lačne otroke. Pa je mislil, da tega še nikoli nihče ni videl in da mora to povedati vsem ljudem. Pohitel je k meščanom, se zjokal in povedal vse, kar je videl. Meščani so se mu režali in rekli, da se mu je najbrž zmedlo od vročine. Ozrl se je pesnik in zagledal iznova s svojim očesom resničnost. In zakričal je: "Roparji! Morilci!" Potem se je zatekel h kralju. Ko pa ga je zagledal sedečega na zlatem prestolu, je moral zakričati: "Ti hudobni, strašni tepec! S kakšno pravico sediš na prestolu?!"

Zvezali so ga in vsekakor bi ga bili ubili, da se ni zavzel oskrbnik naočnikov, naslednik čarovnika. Razložil je kralju, da so se naočniki pokvarili, vzel je nove rožnate naočnike ter jih nataknil pesniku na nos. "Tvoji naočniki so bili pokvarjeni, zato si videl tako strašne stvari. Pojdi zdaj na cesto in boš videl, kako je vse rožnato lepo."

In pesnik je šel in videl skozi rožnate naočnike, da je vse lepo in čudovito. Siromastvo je videl kot nekaj svetniško lepega. Mislil si je: "Delo daje čast človeku, da postane plemenit. Kako

srečni so tisti, ki so lahko po dvanajst ur na dan plemeniti." V meščanih je spet spoznal svoje čednostne prijatelje in ko je stopil pred kralja, mu je kar jemalo oči od tega sijaja in ves udan je kleknil na kolena pred prestolom.

Po tem dogodku je bil v deželi spet dolga leta red in mir.

Mladi pesnik pa je ostarel. In ko je stari pesnik ležal na postelji in umiral, je snel naočnike. Tisti trenutek je spet zagledal vso resničnost, kakor jo je bil zagledal tisto nedeljo predavnimi leti. Zagledal je poleg sebe mlado postrežnico, ki mu je dolga leta zvesto služila. Videl je, da ima žulje na dlani. Vse je videl tako, kakor je res bilo. In je rekel razločno in odločno postrežnici, snemite naočnike in spreglejte! Prijel je postrežnico za roko, glava mu je omahnila. Umril je.

Mlada postrežnica se je vsa zamišljena in nekoliko zmedena vrnila k svojim domov. Pesnikovih besed sicer ni popolnoma razumela, ker so vplivali naočniki tudi na možgane, a zapomnila si jih je natanko. Često se je vpraševala, kakšen bi neki bil svet, če bi človek pogledal brez naočnikov? Poizkusila pa ni nikoli.

Omožila se je z nekim čevljarjem. Ko je rodila prvega otroka in zagledala njegove lepe, velike oči, se ji je zdelo škoda, da bi jih pokrila z naočniki. Toda prišel je oskrbnik naočnikov in nataknil Peterčku naočnike na nasek. In s tem je bilo vse v redu.

Za vselej? Ne. Peterček namreč nikakor ni mogel trpeti naočnikov. Vedno jih je hotel strgati z noska in starši so se zelo bali, da mu bo kdaj uspelo, da bo planil brez naočnikov na cesto, kjer ga bodo ujeli in po zakonu usmrtili. Prosili so ga in rotili, pomagalo ni nič. Kakor hitro je bil sam, je začel trgati naočnike z obraza. Ko je nekoliko odrastel, mu je večkrat uspelo, da je snel naočnike z nosu. In vsakokrat je zagledal strašne stvari: bedo in lakoto in pomanjkanje na eni strani, bogastvo, razkošje, sijaj in krivičnost na

drugi strani. A to je bilo le za hip, zakaj vselej je pritekla mamica ali sestrica, ga ozmerjala in prosila, jokala in pretila, dokler mu niso spet nataknilo naočnikov na nos.

Toda iz Peterčka je zrastel Peter. In kar je v kratkih hipih videl, je zadoštovalo, da je postal fant poln žalosti in sovraštva. Preudarjal je dolgo, kako bi bilo mogoče odpraviti krivico na svet. Spoznal je: vsega tega so krivi naočniki. Če bi moji sodrugi in prijatelji gledali svet brez naočnikov, bi spoznali vso krivico in spoznali bi tudi, da niso tako brez moči, kakor vidijo to skozi naočnike.

In nekega dne, ko je bil Peter sam, je strgal naočnike z nosa, jih vrgel ob tla in poteptal na drobne kosce.

Kar so zdaj zagledale njegove oči, ga je najprej omamilo kot udarec po glavi. Potem se je opomogel in prisegel, da ne bo miroval in počival vse dotlej, da bodo tudi njegovi sotrpini odložili naočnike in resnično gledali in videli.

Moral pa je skrivati svoje dejanje pred meščani. Zato je prevezal preko očes črn robec, češ, da se mu od solnca blešči in ga bolijo oči. Meščani pa so mislili: skozi robec vidi še manj kot skozi naočnike. In niso rekli ničesar.

Ponoči pa se je plazil k svojim sotrpinom in jih nagovarjal, naj odložijo

naočnike. Spočetka so se mu smejali, ko pa je Peter vendarle pregovoril nekatere, da so odložili naočnike, so se mu takoj pridružili. Tako je z vsakim dnem naraščala armada "sovražnikov naočnikov."

Kmalu je bilo dve tretjini delavcev, ki so bili odložili naočnike ter jih razbili. Tisoče in tisoče jih je bilo. Zbrali so se ter napadli palače bogatincev in kraljev dvor, strgali jim z nosov naočnike ter zahtevali svojo pravico. Kralj se je tako prestrašil, da je zbežal na cesto in tekel in tekel, dokler ni dospel v deželo, kjer so še vsi nosili naočnike. Tam je ostal. Meščani v njegovi deželi pa so se morali kar udati "sovražnikom naočnikov," ki so uredili v deželi novo, boljše življenje.

Napravili so v deželi pravi red: kdor je delal, je prejemal pravično mezd, kdor je lenuharil, ni prejemal ničesar. Skrbeli so za otroke, bolnike in starčke; nihče pa ni imel več, kakor mu je pripadalo.

Vsi so živeli srečni in zadovoljni. Toda še so na svetu dežele, kjer nosijo siromaki škodljive naočnike. Toda ni daleč čas, ko bodo po vseh deželah sveta razbili ljudje te sleparske naočnike. Tedaj bodo spregledali in spoznali vso krivico sveta. In bodo šli v boj za pravičnost.

Danilo Gorinšek:

PESEM O SNEŽNEM MOŽU

VSE odelo mu je belo
kot iz same žide,
kdor ga vidi—spoštovanje
vsakogar obide.

V desni roki bič pleten pač
ni pozdrav prijazen
in v levici črn mošnjiček
—škoda da je prazen.

Pa na glavi domišljavost
kar cilinder nosi,
vse telo blišči se žarko
kakor zvezde v rosi.

Bič, mošnjiček in cilinder,
ves gosposki bil je . . .
Solnce toplo posvetilo
v brozgo se razlil je . . .



E. A. Aizelin: MIGNON

Katka Zupančič:

PRIDNE ČEBELICE SPE . . .

ČEBELE pridne sejo so imele:
kako čez zimo bi se preživele;
Še prava zima se začela ni,
pa že jim lakota preti. —

— Čebele, sestre, slabo se obeta!
Zaman je bilo naše delo vsega leta!
Okradel nas je gospodar!
In zdaj — oslajeno vodo nam daje v dar —

Samo za delo smo živele
in pa v poštenje smo verjele;
zato pa nihče ni na straži stal.
A on je čul, medico nam jemal. —

— Tako je, da! In kaj naj zdaj počnemo?
Kako se glada naj otmemo? —
— Imamo žela, žela vse!
Zletimo po medico našo, tja, kjer je!

— O, da, pa danes je že pozno, jutri . . .!
— Zares, prepozno je, a jutri . . .!
— Saj res, pa jutri, da . . .!
— O, jutri, jutri, to se zna . . .!

A zopet drugi dan k seji so se zbrale:
do jutri, da bi lahko še čakale . . .
Zvršile niso sklepa še do tega dne —
ker pridne so, delajo, trpe in spe . . .



Zvesta sestra

OB severnem morju je stala samotna hišica. Morski valovi so divjali okoli nje; ob hudi uri so se valovi zagnjali do oken, vse to ji ni škodilo. Ponosno je zrla na široko morje in pozdravljala ribiške ladjice, ki so plule mimo.

V hišici je bivala Elka, najlepša deklica daleč na okrog. Davno sta ji bila umrla oče in mati, plela je mreže in si s tem služila kruh. Imela je samo brata, ki ga je ljubila nad vse na svetu. Kakor vsi moški v vasi, je bil tudi njen brat ribič. Po več tednov je plul po morju. Elka ga je vedno težko pričakovala. Da bi pa brat že od daleč videl, da ga sestra pričakuje, je Elka obljubila, da bo vsak večer postavila na okno luč, ki bo svetila na morje.

Nekega dne je brat odplul daleč proti severu. Elka je vsak večer postavila na

okno luč in pozno v noč čakala, kdaj se vrne. V vsako jutro je žalostna upihnila luč, zakaj brata ni bilo nazaj.

Minuli so tedni in meseci; Elka je še vedno čakala. Sosedje so prihajali k Elki in ji prigovarjali, naj ne požge toliko luči, zakaj olje je drago in brat se je gotovo pogubil. Zajel ga je vihar in je utonil. A Elka je vedno odgovarjala: "Obljubila sem, da bo vsako noč gorla luč in obljubo hočem držati."

Minula so leta. Nekdaj lepa deklica Elka je bila postala siva starka. Komaj se je še držala na nogah, vsako noč je svetla luč klicala na morje, da zvesta sestra še vedno čaka. Nekega večera pa so sosedje opazili, da je Elkino okno temno. Radovedni so pohiteli v njeno kočico. Tam so našli Elko mrzlo in mrtvo in poleg nje je stala ugasla svetiljka.



R. Tagore:

Sočutje

CE bi bil samo kužek, ne tvoje dete, ljuba mamica, ali bi mi rekla "Ne," če bi hotel jesti s tvoje mize?"

Ali bi me zapodila proč, rekoč: "Poberi se, ti malovredni kužek?"

Potem pa pojdi, mamica, pojdi! Nikoli ne pridem k tebi, kedar me boš klicala in nikoli več ne pokusim ničesar od tebe.

Če bi bil samo majhen, zelen papagajček, in ne tvoje dete, ljuba mamica, ali bi me priklenila, da ne bi odletel?"

Ali bi mi pretila s prstom in dejala: "Kakšen nehvaležen, malopriden ptič! Gloda svoj lanec dan in noč!"

Potem pa pojdi, mamica, pojdi! V gozdove pobegnem; in nikoli več se ti ne dam vzeti v naročje.

Nasredin Hodža in paša

NASREDIN Hodža, nekakšen Pavliha naših južnih bratov, je bil velik šaljivec. Prišel je neki dan k paši in ga prosil miloščine. Paša je bil ravno slabe volje in ga je napodil: "Poberi se, nepridiprav, in glej, da mi nikoli več ne prideš pred oči." Nasredin Hodža je odšel.

Drugi dan je spet prišel na dvor. Paša je sedel na preprogi, a Nasredin Hodža je hodil za njegovim hrbtom. Paša ga je vprašal, zakaj je tako nedostojen, da ne pride predenj in se mu ne prikloni, kakor se spodobi, a Nasredin Hodža je odgovoril: "Saj si ukazal, da ti ne smem pred oči." Paša se je ujezil, poklical dva služabnika in jima velel, naj zavežeta Nasredina v vrečo in ga vržeta v morje.

Služabnika sta nesla v vreči zavezanega Nasredina k morju. Nasredin Hodža je neprestano ponavljal: "Nočem, nočem!"—služabnika pa nista ve-

dela, kaj to pomeni. Tik ob morju je bil han (gostilna). Eden izmed služabnikov je odšel na kavo, drugi je stražil. Pa je vprašal Nasredina, zakaj vedno ponavlja: "Nočem." Nasredin Hodža pa je rekel: "Paša mi je ponujal službo najvišjega uradnika na dvoru, a ker je nisem hotel sprejeti, me je velel vreči v morje." "Jaz bi pa rad sprejel to službo," je rekel služabnik. "O, to je lahko! Vlezi se v vrečo in govori: 'Hočem, hočem!'" pa boš dobil, kar hočeš," je svetoval Nasredin Hodža.

Služabnik se je res dal zavezati v vrečo in je ponavljal: "Hočem, hočem!" Nasredin Hodža pa je pobegnil. Med tem je prišel drugi služabnik iz hana in ni vedel, kdo je v vreči. Čul je, da nekdo ponavlja: "Hočem, hočem!"—"Na, če hočeš!" je rekel služabnik in brcnil vrečo v morje. Služabnik v vreči je utonil, Nasredin Hodža pa je srečno odnesel pete.

Gustav Strniša:

Rosa in slana

MATIJEK je nabiral v gozdu dračje. Utrudil se je in šel pod košato jelko, da bi se odpočil.

Tedaj sta prihiteli, na parobek v bližini, dve veverici, vsaka z druge strani. Prijazno sta se pozdravili in si pomignili z repom. Ko sta si pogledali v oči, je prva dejala:

"Sestrica draga, kje si vendar hodiš? Težke solze ti kapljajo iz oči. Tako žalostno gledaš, kakor še nikoli ne."

"Tudi ti si vsa solzna," je odvrnila druga. Solzna si, a tvoje oči sijejo od samega veselja, kje si pa ti bila?"

Ozrla sta se, če ju kdo ne posluša. Dečka nista opazili. Smuknili sta na prvo vejo, kjer sta bili bolj varni. Jeli sta pripovedovati druga drugi. Matijček je napenjal ušesa in poslušal drobne glasove.

Prva veverica je pravila:

"Skakljala sem, skakljala po smrekah, jelkah in hrastih, dokler nisem dospela do visoke lipe kraj gozda. Zahajalo je solnce. Zlati vrh lipe je žarel. Pognala sem se kvišku in se zazibala na blestečem vrhu. Tisti hip se mi je zazdelo, da sem kraljica gozda v sinji

višavi. Zadovoljno sem se ozirala v nižino.

Videla sem, da stoji lipa na koncu gozda, ki prehaja v žitno poljano. Na poljani je bila nizka hišica. Pred hišico je rajala deklica in pela kakor še nobeden.

Ko je nehala peti, je mirno obsedela pred svojo kočico. Pogledala je kvišku in me opazila. Nje smehljajoče se oči so mi zasijale tako prijazno, da sem se takoj pognala na tla in pohitela k njej.

Šele tedaj sem opazila, da sedi med samimi cvetočimi rožicami, ki so mi prijazno dehtele naproti in kimale s svojimi pestrimi glavicami v pozdrav.

"Kdo si vendar, deklica mila?" sem jo vprašala in ji skočila v naročje.

Pogledala me je in me prijazno pogladila. Začutila sem se popolnoma varno. Neznano veselje me je spreletelo.

"Živalca mala! Ali me res ne poznaš?" je vprašala deklica. "Jaz sem vendar Radost. Tu med cvetkami in ptičicami je moj domek. Vsak večer o mraku pa odprem svoje okence in spustim po svetu svojo golobico, belo meglico. Ta meglica je meglica veselja. Povsod po svetu plava, kamor pride, se napije solz, ki jih pretakajo oni, ki plakajo od veselja. Te solzice se potem razkroje v svetle meglice, ki pokrijejo polja in vrtove. Ko se zjutraj moja golobica vrne, že leže solzice povsod. Te solzice so hladilna rosa, ki pokrije naravo, da jo okrepi in poživlji. Veselo srkajo cvetke in bilke dobro roso, z novo silo zažive v mladi dan."

Pogladila me je deklica in se poslovila od mene. Jaz pa še zdaj jokam od veselja, tako srečna sem. Zdaj pa ti povej, kaj je s teboj!

Druge veverica je pričela:

"Ravno na nasprotni strani kakor ti sem hitela po drevju in dospela do strmega hrasta na koncu gozda.

Bilo je zgodaj zjutraj. Ozrla sem se v nižavo in videla, da stoji moj hrast poleg nizke, napol razpale koče. Vse okrog nje je bilo dolgočasno in žalostno. Niti trava ni rasla v bližini. Še hrast

je imel spodaj suhe veje, le vrh je bil zelen.

Gugala sem se na vrhu in poslušala slavca, ki je milo pel nekje daleč v grmovju. Tesno mi je postalo pri srcu, najrajši bi bila zaplakala.

Tedaj sem zagledala pred kočo žalostno starko. Sedela je na trhli klopici. Iz oči so ji kapljale solze težke, debele kakor lešniki.

Starica se je otožno ozirala z velikimi, mračnimi očmi. Slučajno me je opazila. Ko me je pogledala, me je takoj zgrabila tajna sila. Oči stare ženice so bile tako žalostne, da sem se pognala na tla in pohitela k nji, da bi ji pomagala.

Skočila sem starki v naročje. Še bolj je zahitela in me pritisnila k sebi. Tedaj sem začutila strašno otožnost. Tudi sama sem pričela točiti težke solze, ki jih še zdaj točim, kakor vidiš, sestra ljuba."

"Kdo si, mamica? Tako stara in zapuščena si," sem vprašala starko.

"Veš," jaz sem Žalost," je odvrnila. "Tu, v tej zapuščeni koči domujem. Zvečer pa spustim svojo sivo golobico, meglico, da hiti po svetu in popije solze vseh ubogih, žalostnih, zapuščenih, ki jokajo od gorja in bolečine. Ko izpije solze, jih potrosi na polja, vrtove, livade in se vrne k meni. Ko zjutraj ljudje vstanejo, vidijo tiste solze. Hudo jim je, zakaj tiste solze se izpremene v strupeno slano, ki pomori vse v prirodi, kamorkoli se vleže."

Zafrfotalo je starki nad glavo, na ramo se ji je spustila velika siva golobica, ki me je pogledala z mrtvimi, kristalnimi očmi. Starka je odšla z njo v kočo, jaz sem pa bežala, dokler nisem prihitela semkaj, kjer sem našla tebe."

Matijček je poslušal veverici. Odtrgal je lipov list in ujel solzo veselja, ki je kanila veseli veverici iz oči. Potegnil si je z njo preko oči in se vrnil domov.

Odslej se je deček vedno veselo smehljaj, žvižgal, pel in še druge radostil, uboge in zatirane, da so morali biti za hip dobre volje.



Dragi čitalci in dopisniki!

Z veseljem lahko naznanim v letošnji zadnji številki Mladinskega lista, da je bilo letos mnogo, mnogo več slovenskih dopisov v "Našem kotičku" kakor v kateremkoli prejšnjem letu. Način, ki sem ga uvedel s posebnimi naslovi nad dopisi, se je obnesel; odobrili so ga čitalci in dopisniki in zato bom z njim nadaljeval tudi v prihodnjem letu.

V tem letu ste svojo nalogo z dopisovanjem častno izvršili, dalo pa bi se še veliko izboljšati. Na vsak način morate poskrbeti, da bo v prihodnjem letu še več slovenskih dopisov, ki naj bodo kratki in originalni. Opišite delavske razmere, veselice in piknike — mnogo je stvari, za katere se otroci zanimajo; dajte jih v javnost potom Mladinskega lista.

V upanju, da boste prihodnje leto še bolj pridni doma, v šoli in pri dopisovanju ter učenju slovenščine — vas iskreno pozdravljam in želim vse najboljše!

—UREDNIK.

DOPIS IZ CLEVELANDA

Čenjeni urednik!

Zopet Vas nadlegujem z mojim pisanjem. Poletje je že davno pri koncu in zima je že tu. V Clevelandu je po par dni vroče, potem pa zopet mraz, tako je bilo v oktobru in tudi v novembru.

Bolezni se tudi nikjer ne manjka. Z delom gre še vedno slabo, v nekaterih krajih pa še slabše.

Angleško poslujoče društvo "Beacons" .št. 667 SNPJ je imelo plesno veselico dne 28. novembra. Ta dan so praznovali tretjo obletnico društvenega obstanka.

SPPS društvo "Cvet" priredi svoj koncert 27. decembra. Sklenjeno je bilo, da se koncert priredi 8. novembra, toda na prošli seji so člani ta sklep ovrgli in sklenili, da bo boljši uspeh na 27. decembra.

Sedaj je malo priredb, toda h koncu leta jih bo pa preveč, in sicer omenjeni dve društvi in pa še klub slovenskih žena, odsek Slovenske delavske dvorane, ki priredi veselico dne 31. decembra, to je na Silvestrov večer.

Jako me veseli ko vidim, da se ljudje po širni Ameriki in drugih krajih tako zanimajo za naš preljubljeni Mladinski list. Prav dobro mi je ugajalo priznalno pismo v oktoberski številki M. L., katerega je pisal naš clevelandski slovenski zdravnik dr. F. J. Kern. To more dati nam mladim dopisovalcem korajžo in pogum do dopisovanja. Le s korajžo naprej, da bo še večji M. L. kakor je sedaj, in tudi še bolj zanimiv!

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem tega lista in Vam, čenjeni urednik!

Anna Traven,

11202 Revere ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

UPAJMO NA BOLJŠE

Dragi urednik!

Spet se hočem malo oglasiti v priljubljeni Mladinski list, ker se mi tako dopade.

Še ta mesec, pa bo konec tega leta. Listje je že z drevja padlo in tako bo tudi konec tega leta, kmalu nastopi novo leto 1932. Upajmo, da bo boljše kakor je bilo leto 1931.

Urednik piše, če smo se kaj v tem letu naučili. Upam, da smo se, zakar smo lahko hvaležni uredniku, ker nas spodbuja in naše napake popravlja, naši starši nas pa uče in nam pomagajo.

Bližajo se božični prazniki. Želim, da bi se vsi prav dobro imeli, saj živimo v bogati deželi. Želim, da bi naš Santa Claus obiskal in želim vsem mladim čitateljem Mladinskega lista vesele božične praznike in tudi uredniku tako želim!

Anna Matos,

Box 181, Blaine, Ohio.

* *

JE DOBILA PRVO NAGRADO

Dragi urednik!

Sedaj se Vam najlepše zahvalim, ker ste tako lepo uredili moj dopis, ki sem ga z veseljem prečitala. Vam povem, da sem dobila prvo nagrado za šivanje in šla sem v Pueblo na "state fair," jaz in neka Američanka. Ona je dobila prvo nagrado v drugem razredu, jaz pa v prvem. Z nama je šla naša učiteljica in smo imale "free trip." Tam sem videla razne farmske pridelke na razstavi. Videla sem enega lepega konjiča. Učitelj ga je vprašal, koliko je star, pa je z nogo udaril ob tla petkrat. Vprašal ga je, da če "lajka" Hooverja, pa je odkimal z glavo, da ne.

Lepa hvala za popravke v prošlem in v tem dopisu, in pozdrav vsem čitateljem, posebno Vam, urednik!

Mary Marinac,

El Moro, Colo.

* *

STARŠEM MORAMO BITI HVALEŽNI

Dragi urednik!

Zopet sem se namenila napisati par vrstic v "Naš kotichek."

Minilo je vroče poletje. Približuje se nam zopet starka zima in ptički so odšli zopet v tople kraje.

Delavske razmere so grozno slabe. Mnogo otrok strada, nimajo kruha ne obleke. Kriza je prišla do vrhunca. Moj ata tudi ne dela. Mi otroci ne vemo koliko truda in skrbi imajo naši starši, zato jim moramo biti hvaležni. Priobčite to pesmico, prosim:

Ptičice

I

Mrak se spušča iz višin,
milo klenka zvon iz lin.

II

Ptičke v gozdu so odpele,
ker slovo so sedaj vzele.

III

V tople kraje gredo zdaj,
spomlad nam vrne jih nazaj.

Pozdrav vsem bratcem in sestricam in posebno uredniku.

Fannie Čeligoj,

16024 Holmes ave., Cleveland, O.

"TAKO KOT SEM NAPISALA"

Dragi urednik!

Prosim, priobčite teh par vrstic tako kot sem jih napisala. Hočem malo napisati za "Naš kotichek." Mislim, da se smem enkrat malo oglasiti. Moj ata plača vsak mesec 22c za mene. Naj omenim, da smo bili na farmi. Šli smo obiskat strica, ki je bolan. Ko smo zasedli karo, sem se spomnila, da bi bilo dobro, če bi vzeli kozla s seboj. To sem povedala atu, ki je res šel po kozla. Ko smo prišli v lese na farmi, sem jo odprla, ata pa je spustil kozla ven ter mu rekel: "Na, tukaj bodi, jaz se ne bom več jezil s teboj doma."

Naj omenim še to, da bo vedela Kristina Škodova, da mi ni še nič pisala Gizela. Gotovo se ima mnogo učiti. Tudi pri nas se sedaj pridno učimo. V tukajšnjem kamnolomu se sedaj dela še precej dobro. Jaz opazujem vsak dan mojega ata, ki razbija v kovačnici.

Še bi kaj pisala, pa moram iti posodo pomivat. Zaenkrat naj zadostuje, da se ne bo urednik name jezil, ker pišem še bolj slabo.

Pozdrav vsem Škodovim in stricu na farmi ter tudi teti! Želim, da bi se kaj oglasili.

Rozi Marolt, Smithfield, Pa.



ČAS—ČUDEN POJAV

Cenjeni urednik!

Vem, da mi ne boste odrekli malo prostora, da prispevam še k zadnji, to je, k decemberski številki Mladinskega lista.

Čas beži hitro. Ali ni to čuden pojav? Če mislimo o času naprej, se nam zdi dolg in da se niti ne gane, če pa mislimo nazaj v preteklost, se nam pa zdi kakor bi bilo lani šele včeraj.

Letni časi prihajajo in odhajajo in vsakteri izmed njih prinaša svoje slabe pa tudi dobre lastnosti. Naprimer, po zimi je sneg in mraz, ki sta ravno tako potrebna kot poleti dež in toplota.

Če bi bil svet prav urejen, bi se ne bilo treba bati ljudem ne vročine, niti mraza, tako pa kot je zdaj, se bojijo vročine in zime le reveži, a bogatini se obojega lahko ubranijo. Zima prinaša bogatim ljudem razkošje, ubogim pa mraz in pomanjkanje.

Ker se nam bližajo božični prazniki in novo leto, želim iz vsega srca, da bi jih kolikor mogoče veselo praznovali vsi bratje in sestre SNPJ, pa tudi oni, ki še niso v njej. Želim pa tudi, da bi se še bolj zanimali za slovenščino, ki je naših staršev jezik, in da bi še bolj pridno dopisovali kakor so dozdaj. Da pa tudi moj decemberski dopis ne bo ostal brez pesmice, Vas prosim, da priobčite še tole:

Slovenska abeceda

A, Be, Ce,
s tremi črkami se prične
Če, De, E
po tri vkup se vrste,
eF, Ge, Ha,
le vsaka tretja pa
I, Je, Ka,
povedati kaj zna,
eL, eM, eN,
sledi naj kdor ni len
O, Pe, eR,
tem črkam v pravo smer
Se, Še, Te,
bo predno se zave
U, Ve, Ze
dospel do črke Že.

Mnogo pozdravov in vesele božične praznike in novo leto želim Vam in vsem skupaj!

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

DELAVEC IN SODNIK

Bilo je na Angleškem. K važni sodni razpravi so poklicali za pričo tudi siromašnega delavca. Ko je delavec stopil v sodno dvorano, so se vsi navzoči zgražali nad njegovo siromašno obleko. Eden izmed sodnikov, ki je sedel v talarju in z lasuljo na glavi delavcu nasproti, mu je dejal:

"Zakaj niste oblekli nedeljske obleke, ko ste vedeli, da morate pred sodišče? Pogledjte, kakšna je vaša obleka. Polna je apna in prahu."

"Res je, gospod," je odvrnil delavec. "A tudi vi ste v svoji delavni obleki, zato mislim, da se nisem pregrešil, če sem tudi jaz prišel v svoji."

ELICA JE OKREVALA

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Zelo sem se razveselila, ko sem v novemberski številki Mladinskega lista videla moja dva dopisa, ki sta bila priobčena skupaj.

Naj sedaj povem, da sem že zopet zdrava ter da spet pohajam šolo. Dolžnost me veže, da se zahvalim mojim sošolcem in moji učiteljici, ki so me hodili obiskavat tekom moje bolezni. Pa tudi Vam se zahvaljujem, cenjeni urednik, za izražene simpatije in željo na hitro okrevanje.

Veste, zelo sem trpela in zdravnika sem se vselej ustrašila, kadar je prišel k meni. Takrat sem se vselej jokala, moja ljuba mama pa me je tolažila.

Zadnjič ste omenili, da sem pozabila dodati k sliki imeni, zato pa sedaj drage volje dostavljam.

Na spodnji sliki, na levi, je moja sestra Virginija, ki drži pisano mačko v naročju, na desni pa sem jaz s sivo mačko. Oprostite, ker sem to zadnjič pozabila navesti.



Lep pozdrav vsem skupaj in vesele praznike ter srečno novo leto! Elica Strajnar,
Box 88, Piney Fork, O.

Igor Igorjevič:

ZIMA

ZIMA in radost v očeh!
Beli sneg povsod po tleh!

Kakor da so z mehko volno
palčki zemljo nastlali,
da bi z nami se igrali,
ga povsod je polno, polno!

Po gorah in po dolinah,
v brdih, v polju in ravninah
so njegovi beli prti
ko za praznik razprostrti.

Skrivajo ga vsi kotički,
kjer premnogi drobni ptički
dan in noč zmrzujejo
in trdo gladujejo.

Bomo pa jim zrnci dali,
da še oni praznovali
polni zdravja in moči
bodo kras teh zimskih dni!

Zima in radost v očeh!
Beli sneg povsod po tleh—



D. Vargazon:

SNEG IN DEŽ

JUG in sever—čudna brata,
le pozimi se igrata;
s sabo Jug pripelje preje,
tkalec Sever se mu smeje:
—Bratec, niti bo premalo;
če s tkanino mehko, belo
hrib prekrijem, polja, selo,
kaj za trate bo ostalo?
Jug posluša in se vrne,
vesna cvetnic plašč razgrne—
tkalca solnce prežene
v kraje temne in ledene.
Jug prijadra, čaka, čaka—
tkalca od nikoder ni:
v svojem gradu truden spi—
bratec žalosten zaplaka.



VRANA IN RAK

Vrana je letela nad morjem in zagledala raka, ki je lezel tam spodaj. Hop, in imela ga je! Nesla ga je v les, da bi tam sedla na kako vejico in se dodobra najedla. Ko je rak spoznal, da gre za res, je pričel vrani pripovedovati: "Hej, vrana, vrana! Poznal sem tvojega očeta in tvojo mater, dobra človeka sta bila!"—"A—hm!" je odvrnila vrana, ne da bi odprla kljun.—"In tvoje brate in sestre tudi dobro poznam. Plemeniti ljudje so!"—"A—hm!"—"Toda naj bodo še tako plemeniti, tebe še daleč ne dosegajo. Zdi se mi, da na vsem svetu ni pametnejšega bitja od tebe." Te besede so bile vrani všeč. Na ves glas je zakrakala in izpustila raka v morje.

A. N. Afanasjev.



JUVENILE



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WINTER

ONE of the loveliest things I know
Is an upland meadow white with
snow;
A grove of firs to mark its crown,
Their spreading arms by snow weighed
down;
Slender mullein stalks frosted white,
Last year's goldenrod capped with light;
While, under the rays of the noonday
sun,
Glittering and glistening, swift rain-
bows run
Backward and forward across its face,
Till eyes are straining and pulses race
With a strange excitement, a wild desire
To whirl through that field of glinting
fire.
Yes, a hill-slope covered with sunbright
snow,
Is one of the loveliest things I know.

—Edna Judson Wilde.



THE DAY IS DONE

H. W. Longfellow

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.
I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist.
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist.
A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.
Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish thoughts of day.
Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.
For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And tonight I long for rest.
Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;
Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.
Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.
Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.
And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

THE LABORER

MY heavy hands are like great clubs,
Calloused and bruised, with grease
and dirt
In the deep cracks. So coarse are they
That others think no pain nor hurt
Is there when great machines wear
them
To dust. And no one understands
That Nature might choose to recreate
More hands from my two broken
hands.

THERE'S a little bit o' baby, just a
little yellow head,
And no one understands that I,
Like Nature, perhaps, can make from
dust
Something that stands a thousand years
Resisting time, decay and rust.
What I have made is much like Nature's
Except that time will come and tear
Mine down. I make with my two hands
A gesture—in the air.

—Raymond Kresensky.



The North Wind

IN ONE of the little villages of Germany, high up among the forest-clad hills lived an old violin maker. His violins are famous, for patiently and lovingly he makes every part himself. He selects all the wood, and it is said that for his very finest instruments he takes the wood from the north side of the tree.

Isn't there a wondrously beautiful thought in that? Can you see that great, gloomy forest with the trees all silent and straight? Can you picture the long, cold winter with the bitter north wind lashing and beating and breaking those trees? And yet all the time as it sweeps so fiercely upon them it is changing them silently and gradually and making them fit to give the world sweet melody. And the wood which gives forth the sweetest sound is not that which is most protected, but it is that which has borne the brunt of the storm, the part against which the rain and sleet have beat the most mercilessly, the side where the cold snow has clung. This very bitterness has brought the strength and the fiber needed for the sweetest, most delicate sound.

It is typical of life, is it not, except that those who have stood the brunt do not always discover the melody? They stand bravely up against the blasts of misfortune, the coldness, the merciless lashings, but sometimes it makes them bitter. They think there is nothing to life but the north wind.

But this is not true. The north wind, did they but know it, has put a song into their life that ever after will fill it full of melody. For those who have stood the stress and strain of life can enter into the joys and sorrows of hu-

manity as nobody else can. And this broadening of sympathy, this ability to comprehend the hearts of others, brings happiness into life. It is a coming into line with the infinite way of seeing things. It is getting out of self. And all these things start a little tune to singing in the heart.

The thing to do is to recognize what the north wind is bringing us and let it work this magic in our lives. We should not think only of our sufferings. We should try to see how these sufferings may be transformed into beauty of character, sympathy, insight. Many of those who have wrought some of the greatest good of the world have done so because the north wind has blown on them through many years, the north wind of physical suffering, of poverty, of self-sacrifice, of sickness and pain, which was caused by the injustice of the present system.

And even though we may not do great things to make this world happier, if we let the north wind bring into our lives the joy of broader sympathies and keener appreciation of the lives of others, it will make our own life more joyous and happy.

When we listen to some exquisite, tenuous, almost ethereal note of a violin, we can be thankful for the north side of the tree and the bitter storms that have helped make this melody. And when in our own lives we can rise to heights of comprehension that enable us to see over the petty trials of the day and grasp the infinite view of things, we can be thankful for the bitter experiences that have brought this understanding of the sweetness and soundness and bigness of life. It is faith that is a song.



Pordunk Village

By J. Billings.



TRANGER, have you ever been to Pordunk Village, my native place?

It is a dear little lullaby of a place,

sleeping between two small mountains, in the State of Pennsylvania.

It contains about 1,000 souls now, and is watered by goose creek, which meanders thru the village as crooked and as lazy as a school boy on his way to the district school house.

I was born here, and the ground on which the old house stood, is there yet. My ancestors are all here too, but they have retired from business, and are taking their ease, in the old village graveyard.

The red painted tavern, where years ago the townsfolks gathered in on Saturday nights to wet their whistles and brag on their bush beans and other garden sass, is gone and departed.

And Roger Williams, where is he?

Roger was the village blacksmith, and could out argue the parson on a bit of scripture, his anvil is still, and he now lives in his new house with the rest of the old people, just back of the little graveyard wall.

Where is Squire Watkins, the Justice of the peace? He knew law and the statutes just as easy as he did his business. His little old office, for 50 years unpainted, is no more.

No one by his name is left; he and Roger the Blacksmith lay side by side just back of the little one-story church as still as death can make them.

Sue Dunham, the crazy woman, I don't see her! Poor Sue, she was not always welcome, but no one turned her away; a night's lodging no one refused. She was even beautiful still when I was a boy, but I shrunk from the flash of her mysterious eye.

The old folks knew her story. It was that sad one, so often told and so often forgotten, a man's perfidy.

Sue Dunham raves no more, but in the farther corner, just back of the little graveyard wall, where the dead lay the thickest, lay Sue.

A weeping willow, sown by accident, hangs over her grave and on her headstone these words, almost knawed away by time, can be made out: "Sue Dunham, aged 59."

Deacon Tucker, who sold sugar by the pound, and mollasses by the pint, who delt in whale oil and bar soap, who kept raisins and razor straps, who could measure a yard of cotton, of calico, to a thread, and who, 4th of Julys, sold 3 firecrackers to us boys for a penny, what has become of the deacon?

An odd fellow was Ez Farnham, and withal as keen at a trade as a hornet. Those that swopped horses with Ez once, didn't hanker to do it again. He was honest, but oh! how fatal to dicker. No one now, in the whole village, remembers him. He has gone where they don't give, nor get boot. They put him in the half-acre, in the graveyard.

Job Pierson is dead, too, and so is Job's wife and all of Job's sons and daughters.

I go up, and I go down, the good old village of Pordunk, and the people all stare at me, as I stop here and stop there to say to myself, "Here it was that Lige Turner threw Dave Larkin, 40 years ago, in a wrestle on the village green, and there stood the old town pump.

"Here old Beverly, the barber, shaved for three cents a shave, and there, Burbanks half-soled boots for a quarter.

"Here—let me see! Was it here? Yes, Old Mother Benneway sold taffy here, each stick at least eight inches long, and made out of Deacon Tucker's best Porto Rican mollasses.

"There stood the little red school-house, right there, it was the fork of a road then—it is the corner of a block now.

"Who can tell me where Daniel Purdy, the schoolmaster, lives now. No one! I have asked a dozen, but no one remembers Daniel Purdy.

"It is a sad thing to be a schoolmaster. No one ever seems to know where they go when you miss them. They just seem to depart, that's all. I never knew one to die and be buried."

Ah, it is pleasant!—It is sad, to go back to the village of Pordunk. There is more people now there, than there

was when I was a boy, but how different are they—or how different am I.

The old trees are the same, man can't alter them. Goose creek runs where it did, with willows in all of its elbows. The mountains each side haven't grown any smaller. The birds sing the same songs, but I don't know any one that I meet, and what is more lonesome, no one that I meet knows me.

When I go to Pordunk, and want to see anybody that I remember, I go down the main street to the first corner, just where Joel Parker once lived. Then I turn to the left, and keep on for a ways, till I come to the little graveyard wall.

Just back of that they are all living now—all those old friends of mine that I remember so well. They don't remember me when I go there, but I remember them. And it won't be very long now, I get to thinking sentimentally, before I shall join them there behind the little graveyard wall, where all is so quiet and peaceful-like, and solemn.



PRIVATION

Salt Deserts

BEAUTIFUL to gaze upon, but as barren of life as the Arctic regions and somewhat resembling the Arctic's vast white wastes, the two great salt plains of Oklahoma, stretch over an area of almost sixty square miles.

Glistening beneath the sun like white frosting on two immense cakes, the layers of salt vary in depth from a thin coating to six inches. On these salty expanses few forms of life can exist. The Edith plain, in Woods County in Northwestern Oklahoma, supports absolutely no living thing on its 12 square miles of territory and is known as one of the most barren spots in the world. Some distance to the east, in Alfalfa County, the Cherokee salt strip of 43 square miles provides a home to but four forms of life: two kinds of insects and two genera of plants.

The plants are blue-green algae said to be akin to those which live in hot springs, and a sea blite found only on clay spots where the salt is thin; and the two insects are rove beetles and tiger beetles.

The salt plains are death traps for animals and most insects. On their snow-white expanses may be seen the skeletons of dogs, rabbits, and hogs that wandered out only to be blinded by the glare of the sun on the salt. Unable to find their way back off the treacherous lure, they starve, for no food is to be found. Dead grasshoppers along the edges of the salt testify to the lack of available nourishment. Many migratory birds, deceived by mirages and believing the plains to be great sheets of water, alight on their surfaces. For years Oklahoma sportsmen journeyed thence to shoot ducks, geese, and quail. Such happy hunting grounds are no more, however, for in 1930 President

Hoover issued a proclamation making the salt plains national game reserves.

The plains are the scene of a constant warfare waged between the salt and encroaching vegetation. The battle line retreats and advances with the rain, and neither side is ever victor or vanquished. Blue stem, the rank grass that carpets the adjoining sand dunes, halts abruptly near the edge of the salt. Among its coarse stalks live grasshoppers and kangaroo rats; in orange-red mounds rising up in bare spots are great ants.

A sudden gust of wind blows a root-bud from the blue stem across the salt. Sometimes the bud catches in a hoof-print, a beetle's turret, or the earthy hummock of a pocket gopher who mistakenly wended his blind tunnel out beneath the bare salt plain. The bud, caught during a rainy spring, takes root and grows. Later winds bring drifting sand, and other grass seeds. The increased vegetation harbors more sand which in turn feeds more vegetation. And so a little island is formed in the sea of salt. Vegetation has won a foothold.

Lured on by the green, kangaroo rats scamper to the island and grasshoppers follow them. There they cut down the new-grown weeds and loosen the soil beneath them. Weakened by this onslaught the roots begin to give way. By August the excessive evaporation has dried the plant life. Winds that first carried the root-buds onto the salt return to carry away the drifted soil and seed. The rats, dismayed at their wreckage, return to the sand dunes and the salt once again creeps back over the little area it so nearly lost.

Hannah Flagg Gould:

THE FROST

THE Frost looked forth, one still clear
night,

And whispered, "Now I shall be out of
sight:

So through the valley and over the
height,

In silence I'll take my way:

I will not go on like that blustering
train,

The wind and the snow, the hail and
the rain,

Who make so much bustle and noise in
rain.

But I'll be as happy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and
powdered its crest;

He lit on the trees, and their boughs
he dressed

In diamond beads—and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that it need not fear

The downward point of many a spear

That hung on its margin far and near

Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who
slept,

And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he
slept,

By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things—there were
flowers and trees;

There were beves of birds and swarms
of bees;

There were cities with temples and
towers, and these

All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly
fair;

He peeped in the cupboard, and finding
there

That all had forgotten for him to pre-
pare—

"Now just to set them a-thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for
me

Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drink-
ing."





Dear Readers and Contributors:—

In this last number of this year's *Mladinski List* I am glad to say that your contributions to the "Chatter Corner" have become much more readable and mature. The letters you have written for the *M. L.* this year showed more originality than in previous years, and that is really what I wanted and pleaded with you at the outset for this year's work. You have responded splendidly and your work was noteworthy. In future, I wish you would continue describing local working conditions, lodge doings, outings, etc., etc.

The new idea of captioning every letter with a suitable title proved to be popular with everyone, and that's why I decided to continue it in the coming year.

I hope you will remain faithful to your "little magazine" the *Mladinski List* and its popular department—the "Chatter Corner".

THE EDITOR.

VALUE OF "LITTLE HELPER"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

We young children don't realize how valuable the *M. L.* is for us because we are too young. The *M. L.* publishes only writings and poetry of great authors so that the juveniles can read only the best of Slovene, American, and English literature. Thus it is apparent that the *M. L.* has a high literary value.

We SNPJ juveniles should be proud of our little, big magazine—and we are—pa še kako! Just think—the SNPJ is the only Slovene fraternal organization, which publishes for its juveniles a magazine. That shows that the dear SNPJ is really interested in us and I believe that we should be interested in the SNPJ and should become active members when we are old enough. We should all save the *M. L.* for future use because it contains many scientific articles, etc., which we cannot understand now, because we are too

young. For example, my sister found in the *M. L.* some scientific articles and reported on them in her Chemistry class for which she got extra credit.

I call the *M. L.* my "Little Helper and Teacher"—and that's what it is. Do you? Of course you do. To get the "Little Helper" join the SNPJ and you will get it free of charge.

All the juveniles of the SNPJ "Torch of Liberty" lodge of Latrobe are so proud of the fact that they are members of the lodge that they had a "scramble" and argument as to which one of them was first to join it. We jolly, young Torches are all readers of the *M. L.* and proud members of the greatest fraternal organization in the world none other than the SNPJ.

A proud "Torch",

Mary Eliz. Fradel,
1004 Alexandria st., Latrobe, Pa.

A GOOD SUGGESTION

Dear Editor:—

I hope the editor and members will pardon my tardiness, which is quite a while. But I will try to write regularly, so forgive me.

Mary Fradel surely takes after her sister Jane, an active member of the wonderful organization SNPJ. That's the spirit, keep it up, Mary. I certainly wish you would write to me.

On October 11, The Ladies Club of Detroit gave a play named "Domen". They sure did a good job of it.

I have a suggestion which I think would make the M. L. more interesting if the boys and girls agree. If every member would write some incident or news about his or her city from the standpoint of SNPJ news or activities. This would be very interesting if everyone follows the rule.

I wish members would write to me, also I am awaiting Mary Tomsic's letter from Cleveland.

A Faithful M. L. Booster,

Rose Pregel,
Box 134, Base Line, Mich.

* *

A LETTER FROM UTAH

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read the jokes, stories, and letters very much, and wish it would come weekly instead of monthly.

Since there hasn't been many boys and girls from Utah writing to the M. L. I thought I would. I am 14 years old and in the 8th grade. From the 7th grade to the 10th of Columbia rides the bus to Sunnyside. I am riding the bus to Sunnyside for two years.

I wish some girls would write to me. I'd answer their letters.

Zorie Poglajen,
Columbia, Utah, Box 95.

* *

"NO TIME TO PLAY"

Dear Editor:—

I sure like that story Anna P. Krasna put in; I hope she would write some more. I sure was glad to hear from Agnes Keren. I hope she would write me some more.

The mine works 2 days a week. School has begun at last. No time to play but work all day. I like school very much. My teacher's name is Miss Evelyn Talbot. She sure is a good teacher. I like her very much. The third grade girls want to play ball with us. We won by 10 and they had 2. That was a good game too. They got mad and didn't want to play with us any more.

My mother was glad to see the story by Maksa Samsa, because she lives close where

she lived in old country. She knows her mother and father and her sisters and brothers.
Julia Slavec, Box 63, Morley, Colo.

* *

HIBBING—IRON ORE CAPITAL

Dear Editor:—

This is the first time I am writing to the M. L. I was ten years old October 15, and had a nice birthday party. I am in the fifth grade.

My mother and father and I belong to Lodge No. 161 of which my father is secretary.

I enjoy reading the M. L. much. I have been saving every M. L. since 1928.—I like to live in Hibbing because it is the iron ore capital of the world.

I wish some members would write to me.
Best regards to all,

Harriet Turk,
Box 593, Kitzville st., Hibbing, Minn.

* *

STUDIES SLOVENE

Dear Editor:—

I have decided to write to the M. L. I am in the third grade, in the Village St. school. My teacher's name is Miss Wagner. I like to go to school because it is real close to our home. I read the M. L. and hope to be able to write in Slovene, so I will study hard and write something.

On November 6, we had a little bit of snow. It was the first snow. Work here in Johnstown is very slow, and I wish that it would start to get better soon.

This is all I have to write for the first time, and will try to write more the next time, I wish that the M. L. would come twice a month.

I am nine years old, and wish that some SNPJ member and reader of the M. L. would write to me.

Best regards to SNPJ members, and readers of M. L.

Joseph Gabrenya,
E. R. Box 101-a, Johnstown, Pa.

* *

POOR CONDITIONS

Dear Editor:—

This will be my first letter in the M. L., that is if Mr. W. P. B. doesn't get it. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade, and I sure like to go to school, so I can be well educated.

The coal mines here are working only 2 and 3 days a week, and when the mines do work, the poor men don't make anything. It looks like it's going to be a bad winter for all of us.

There are 11 of us in the family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 117, except two of my brothers and one sister; they belong to the "Silver Star" Lodge No. 729, English Speaking lodge of the SNPJ.

I wish the M. L. would come once every week instead of once a month. There are so many interesting letters and poems which I like to read. I am learning to read in Slovene a little already, maybe I'll write in Slovene sometime in the future.

With best regards to all SNPJ members,
August Korber, Box 112, Yukon, Pa.

LOS ANGELES—A "HOT PLACE"

Dear Editor:—

I was very glad when I saw my letter in the M. L.

I read in the paper that in many places there was snow already. But here in California it is very hot yet. Last few days in October it was over 95 degrees. I never played in snow in my life. But I saw it far in the mountains. I was born in Cleveland, Ohio. I was 17 months old when I came to California. We all like it here in California. Oranges, lemons and grape fruit grow all year around here. Many Slovene people own orange groves. We go to visit them quite often. I will write more next time.

Best regards to all. Elsie Jerina,
974 So. Dacotah st., Los Angeles, Calif.

BERTHA LIKES THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

Although it is my first letter to the Mladinski List, I think that we should be proud to write to this magazine.

I am fifteen years of age and a freshman at the Murray High School. I enjoy school very much and on November 6 I entered the Home Economic Club.

There are four in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 12.

I am signing off hoping some of the members would write to me.

Bertha Puchar,
72 Woods Row, Murray, Utah.

BAD TIMES

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L., which I like very much.

I am 16 years old. I have two sisters and no brothers. We all belong to the SNPJ but my mother. My little sister goes to the Lorraine Borough School and is in 7th grade. She is 13 years old. My oldest sister goes to night school three times a week. She is taking up bookkeeping and shorthand. I do not go to school any more.

The work is very bad in Johnstown. I wish Mr. Wastepaper Basket doesn't get this letter. I wish some of the members would write to me.

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

"TOWN OF PENITENTIARIES"

Dear Editor:—

I think that anyone belonging to the SNPJ for the last 17 years as I have, owes this wonderful magazine and its readers an apology for not waking up and writing sooner. But now that I am awake I'll write as I don't remember of ever seeing any letters from this "town of penitentiaries." I happen to call the city of Joliet that, because I am a waitress in a restaurant and almost all of the tourists that stop here ask me if this is the town where the penitentiaries are.

We have lived here for only 2 years, and intend to move to Chicago soon and see things. I suppose there's plenty of excitement in Chi, all right.

We came from the state of Kansas a couple of years ago, where we have been living for quite a while, but left there after our home burned and, anyway, there was no work.

The work in Joliet at present is like at any other place; you can't even buy a job. Well, that's that. I hope this letter doesn't contain too much news about the "pens." I'll have to close reminding you that we all belong to the SNPJ and enjoy reading the M. L. I will try to write something important next time.

Remain a member,

Anna Paver,
1412 N. Broadway, Joliet, Ill.

"HE TEASES ME"

Dear Editor:—

I am 8 years old and in 3-B. I like to go to school. I also like to read the M. L. I would like to write in Slovene. When I am older, my mother will teach me. Here's my snapshot:



My father doesn't know I wrote this letter. He always teases me and says I don't know how to write in the M. L. When he reads it, he will laugh. I wish you all a Merry Christmas.

Rose Koprivnik,
8514 Vineyard ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE "BIG" AND THE "LITTLE" LODGE

Dear Editor:—

This is the first letter I'm sending to the M. L. But I am very interested in reading it. I didn't miss a number of the M. L. We live here in Crested Butte. We are also used to having early snow and lots of it. This year the weather sure is nice.

We have a large family. We also all belong to the SNPJ—five members in the "big" lodge, and three of us in the "little" lodge.

I would like to have a letter from some of the boys outside of this state. I'm eleven years old and I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Starbuch. She is good to me; so I'm good to her also.

I will write you a Slovene letter when I learn how, but now I am just learning to read and write.

William Izak,
Box 581, Crested Butte, Colorado.

* *

FRIEDA BELONGS TO SEWING CLUB

Dear Editor:—

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

I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade of Thomas Jefferson Junior High School. I belong to the National Honor Society and received a pin.

My sister Sophie and I belong to a Sewing Club consisting of twenty-eight girls, whose ages range from twelve to sixteen years. We meet every Friday night.

Whenever we go on a hike you'd be glad to see us. All the girls are dressed in sailor pants and hats. Our club colors are blue and white and so we have blue ribbons for a tie. Now as it is getting colder we are going to give a dance.

Best wishes to all.

Frieda Luzar,
3663 W. 58th St., Cleveland.

* *

WILL WRITE EVERY MONTH

Dear Editor:—

This is about the second or third time that I am writing to the M. L. Next year I will try to write every month. I didn't go to school for about 2 weeks because my youngest brother, Frank, had diphtheria. He is well now and we are glad.

I am in the 9th grade and am taking up French. It is very interesting, and when I go to Senior High School I am going to take up German. It is good to know more than one language.

I am going to be 15 years old on December 26, and next June I hope to graduate. I

would like some members that live out in the West, especially Colorado, to write to me. I was born in Leadville, Colorado, and I hope to go there some day.

I wish everybody a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Mary Pasarich,
521 Bayway, Elizabeth, N. J.

* *

"NATURE'S PRESCRIPTION"

Dear Editor:—

I have never written before to the M. L., so I thought I would write. I am in fourth grade in public school. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 372. I am sending a poem called "Nature's Prescription." Here it is:

Nature's Prescription

I love to be upon a hill
Or some place high in the air,
Where I can converse with the clouds,
With the wind and the birds up there.

Gee, it's fun just to go up above
And dream of what lies ahead.
Lost are the thoughts of your daily cares,
Your troubles forgotten and dead.

It's stimulating treatment, this,
Of answering Nature's call.
An inspiration, we call this,
Is sure to reach us all.

I hope some of the Forest City children would write to the M. L.

Best regards to all. Joseph Saver,
130 Grand ave., Forest City, Pa., Box 527.

* *

Dear Editor:—

I had diphtheria, but now I am well. I will be 9 years old on December 23. I am in the 4th grade. I am sending my picture, which was taken last year in school.



Merry Christmas to everybody.

Frank Pasarich,,
521 Bayway, Elizabeth, N. J.

WORK IS SCARCE

Dear Editor:—

I am trying to write to the M. L. for the first time. I wish more members would write and make it larger. I like to read the M. L. very much, the stories, poems, riddles and jokes. There are three in our family, two boys and I. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 191.

The work is very scarce out here, the cement plant has shut down and the pipe shop also. But the mines are still working and I hope they will, but they are looking for them to shut down any day.

I am in the sixth grade. I like to go to school. My teacher is Mrs. McCall. She is good to us. She taught in my room for two years.

I wish some of the members would write to me. I would answer their letters with pleasure.

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

* *

HER FATHER WORKS THREE DAYS

Dear Editor:—

I haven't written to the Mladinski List for a long time, so I decided to write.

I am fourteen years old and in the eighth grade. I have one brother and one sister.

The work out here is scarce. My father only works three days in a week. The weather out here is cold; we will be having snow soon.

I wish Frances Valencheck and Emily Donjanovich would write to me. I hope some of the boys and girls would write to me.

Best regards to all. Josephine Gabrich,
365 Sharp Ave., Salem, Ohio.

* *

"A LITTLE POEM"

Dear Editor:—

I am going to write to M. L. again. I was very happy when I saw my letter in the Mladinski List. I've got a little poem to write.

The Funny Circus Man

There's a long and waving picture,
Wobbling down the crowded streets,
Chariots of gold and camels;
Gorgeous sights, so hard to beat.
You can hear the braying trumpets,
And the calliope, so fine,
But the queerest, quaintest figure
Cuts his pranks outside the line;
Wears the motley, spotted raiment
Of the age-old circus clown,
Lets loose laughs and balloons so careless,
He's the funniest thing in town.

I hope some of the members would write to me, because I would answer them as quick as possible.

Your loving friend,

Sylvia Thomas,
602 Orange ave., Johnstown, Pa.

FROM LODGE NO. 386

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I always read the English letters. I enjoy reading the letters, jokes, riddles, and stories published in the Mladinski List. I wish the Mladinski List would come more than once a month.

I am ten years of age and am in the sixth grade. I like school very much and my teachers also. Now they are building a new school which will have eight rooms.

There are four of us in our family and we all belong to SNPJ No. 386. The people do not work out here very good. I think this winter will be worse than any other winter we have had.

Here is a riddle:

What turns and turns and never moves?

Ans.: Milk turning sour.

I wish some members would write to me.

Best regards to all

Frances Dermotta, Box 262, Library, Pa.

* *

WILL WRITE SLOVENE ALSO

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I like to read the M. L. I have seen letters from boys and girls in the M. L., so I thought I would write.

Here in Cleveland work is scarce, like everywhere else. If it is not better, we will all have to die or something. Well, folks, Christmas is almost here. Soon Santa Claus will come to fill our stockings. I wish you all have a nice Christmas.

Jan. 21, 1932, I will be eleven years old. This is the first letter I wrote in the M. L. I think the next time I will write better, and maybe Slovene. My cousin Jennie Levec from Darragh, Pa., was in the hospital and is not well yet. I hope she will be well soon. I wish Julia Levec would write in the M. L.



I wish you all a Merry Christmas.

Emma Koprivnik,
8514 Vineyard ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

OLGA DREAMS A "DREAM"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Would you all like to hear about a dream I had the other day? All right, here it is.

On April 21 in the year 1950, my companion and I, equipped with food and such material as we thought necessary, started on our search for the valley of life after death. How we were to accomplish our task, having no definite idea of its location, we know not. It was as useless as attempting to find a pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Nevertheless, conscience and curiosity drove us on.

For several weeks we trudged over endless mountains, steep precipices, and dense ravines. Our journey seemed futile, and we finally abandoned all hope of success. But at last fortune favored us. If we were not to find our object of interest we could at least explore the cave upon which we chanced.

As we entered and walked for about a mile, nothing unusual happened. Then, a short distance ahead of us, lights like tiny fireflies began to flicker all around us. We continued our way until we reached some steps that seemed to lead into an abysmal pit. At the end of the now lighted passage, we noticed a huge door on which were written the following words: "Entrance to valley of life after death."

Slowly and continuously we gained admittance. How can I describe the sensation that the scene before us produced? I can not. Soft, mystic, strains of distant music reached our ears. People, young and old, draped in gorgeous garments, swayed to and fro to the slow rhythm of music. Enjoyment was their main purpose in life. No doubt this place was ruled by enchantment.

After four months had elapsed in these unbelievable surroundings, we made preparations for our return. After all, of what value was an idle life for us? We'd much rather struggle to secure our happiness.

"Olga, Olga, wake up. You'll be late for school."

"Huh?"—"Oh dear, why didn't you let me finish my dream. Now I'll never know how we escaped from the cave."

Olga Groznik,
Box 202, Diamondville, Wyo.

"A LITTLE FAIRY STORY"

Dear Editor:—

This is the first letter I am writing to Mladinski List. I just received the magazine a few days ago. I sure like to read it. There are nice poems, stories and letters. I get my mother to help me to read them, for I am just seven years old, and I am in 2-A.

I like school very much. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge. My daddy and I belong to No. 82, and mother belongs to the women's Lodge No. 600.

Am sending a snapshot of myself, and a fairy story my mother got for me. I hope some of the members will write to me. Some day will write again, if you like my letter and story.



Little Fairy Story

Oh, this is a thrilling fairy tale
Of Betty Elizabeth Brown,
Who found beneath her lilac tree
A tiny fairy crown.

She set it fair upon her hair
And gaily danced around
Acinle, thrice and never dreamed
That she danced on fairy ground.

To dance around a fairy ring
With a fairy crown to wear
Will summon swift from fairyland
The fairies through the air.

With flash of tiny silver wings
A thousand fairies flew
And they crowded close to Betty Brown,
Where the purple lilac grew.

And they cried and shouted noisily
As they pulled her dress in wrath:
"You naughty child, how do you dare
To dance on the fairy path."

Love to all members.

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