

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Issued monthly for the Young Slovenes by the Slovene Nat'l Benefit Society at 2657 S. Lawndale ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1922, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under Act of August 24, 1912. Annual subscription, \$1.20; half year, 60c; foreign subscription, \$1.50.

LETO XV.—Št. 3.

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH, 1936

Vol. XV—No. 3.

Katka Zupančič:

## Povest sirote

VESTE, ubožica je bila moja mati.  
Življenje mi je dala, in ime,  
podobo svojo tudi—  
in to je bilo vse.

Potem se je gorje začelo.  
Iz srede mrzkih cunj in joka,  
iz srede mrzlih nočnih senc  
me dvignila je tuja roka.

Pa morda pregoreče je molila,  
naj spomni Bog deteta se!  
A Bog jo je narobe slišal—  
kaj kmalu bila sem brez nje . . .

In nesla me na gorko,  
na svetlo, tisto že.  
Toda ljubeče, tolažeče?  
Ah, ne—tisto ne . . .

Da kdo bi me k sebi stisnil—  
zaman sem stezala roke.  
Ljubezni zame ni ne trohe bilo—  
zaman so bile vse solze.

In vse prekmalu sem spoznala,  
čutila, kaj je biti beračica.  
Na zgodnje jutro se večer je sklonil:  
otrok sem bila že starica—.

Ej, če stopila zdajle bi pred nje—!  
Morda pa menijo, da so mi dobri bili;  
morda nobeden njih ne ve,  
da so mladost mi umorili . . .

## Volk in pes

**NEKOČ** sta se srečala volk in pes.

Volk je bil suh kot trska, pes pa lepo rejen. Pozdravita se, zastaneta in volk vpraša psa: "Od česa si tako lepo okrogel? Odkod ti hrana, s katero si si napravil tolik vamp, medtem ko jaz, ki sem mnogo močnejši od tebe, ginem od lakote?" Pes mu priprosto odgovori: "Nič težje ne bo tebi pripitati si prav tak vamp, če si le pripravljen vršiti enako službo gospodarju kakor jaz. "Kakšno?" vpraša volk. "Da varuješ njegovo hišo podnevi in ponoči." "Seveda sem pripravljen!" vzklikne volk, "v gozdu se le s težka in bedno prebijam; kako mi ne bi bilo prijetneje živeti brezskrbno in v izobilju in imeti nad seboj streho, ki me bo ščitila pred snegom in dežjem, ki sem jima sedaj predan na milost in nemilost!" "Pridi torej z menoj!" veli pes in odpravita se proti gospodarjevi hiši. Med potjo pa opazi volk, da ima pes hudo odrgnjen vrat. "Od česa imaš to, prijatelj?" pokaže na vrat. "O, nič, nič," de pes, ki se sramuje povedati, da mu

ga je veriga tako ogulila. "Pa vseeno, povej!" vztraja volk. "Ker se zdim hud, me čez dan privežejo na verigo, da bi miroval in čuval tem budneje hišo ponoči; o mraku me spustijo z verige in tedaj lahko hodim, koder me je volja." Nič kaj prijetno ni bilo volku slišati to razlago. Pes je to takoj opazil, zato je skušal zabrisati njen nevšečen vtis s tem, da je navajal velike ugodnosti, ki jih uživa. "Poleg tega, da sem ponoči prost," je hitel nadaljevati, "imam hrane na pretek: Kruha mi prinašajo, gospodar mi daje kosti s svoje mize in vsakdo od družine mi vrže po kak grizljaj. Tako si brez dela polnim svoj trebuh." "Povej mi, vpraša volk, "ali ti je svobodno, da zapustiš gospodarja, kadar se ti zazdi?" "Ne popolnoma," odvrne sramežljivo pes. Tedaj de volk porogljivo in ponosno: "Uživaj, kar hvališ, pes! Še kralj ne maram biti, če nisem sam svoj gospod!" To reče in odide zopet v gozd.

(Po Phaedrusu v "Svobodi".)

## POMLAD

**MLADO** je nebo se razpelo  
in jasno ko ribje oko;  
ščink! ščinkovec ščinka veselo,  
ko grm zeleni in drevo.

Trobentice, zvončke, zlatice  
čebela obira brenče;  
igrajo se v solncu mušice,  
metulj spreletava se že.

Pastirček pri čredi prepeva  
in uka, pomladi vesel;  
pred hišo se starček ogreva,  
kožušek je solncu odpel.

Kako je lepo zdaj na sveti,  
čast pojmo in hvalo solncu,  
ki dalo nam spet doživeti  
to prirodno lepoto — juhu!

J. STRITAR.

Andrej Rape:

## Sam

## I.

“ADIJO, Ana! Ne jokaj in ne žalosti se! Danes ne grem prvič z doma. Upam, da tudi zadnjič ne. Seveda! Pot je daljša kot navadno, tudi dalje izostanem kot sicer, a tako mora biti. Ne skrbi kakor običajno, ako le malo zabuči vihar okoli hiše. Ladja je trdna; najboljša jadralka je. Tako sem varen na nji kakor na suhem. Ne skrbi tedaj! Adijo! Na otroka pazi! — Vladko, priden bodi! Mamo slušaj; v šoli se pridno uči, da čujem samo hvalo o tebi, ko se vrnem.”

Vladkov oče je bil delavec. Poslavljaj se je danes od svojcev. Odriniti je hotel na daljno pot.

Ločitev je bila pač vsem trem težka. Mati je imela solzne oči. Vladku, ki se mu je sicer vedno skrivala v jamicah na licu prava vojska nagajivih, smehljajočih se škrateljčkov, je ta vesela vojska iz jamic izginila. Ondi v koticih pri očeh in na metlastih trepalnicah pa se je tako čudno mokro svetilo, in usta so mu nagajivi škrateljčki raztegnili podkvici podobno. Ko mu je oče podal roko in ga poljubil na čelo, takrat pa so pognali ti nepridipravi cele potoke solz iz velikih Vladkovih oči in polno globokih vzdihov iz ljubečega srčeca. No, tudi materi so se ulile solze . . .

“Pojdita, pojdita,” je zamrmral oče ter potegnil z roko preko oči, kjer se je tudi nekaj posvetilo. “Da bi še človeka samega kmalu spravila v solze! Pojdita, pojdita!” In odšel je hitrih korakov.

Za njim je zrla četvorica solznih oči, za njim je hrepenelo dvoje ljubečih, močno utripajočih src.

Izginil jima je izpred oči. Mati in sin sta ostala sama.

## II.

Na krovu ladje je stal zamišljen Vladkov oče — sam. Na obrežje je zrl v prerivajočo se množico ljudi.

Koliko prerivanja, vpitja, ihtenja, stiskanja rok! Koliko solznih oči, kakor jih je imel on ob slovesu! Še en gorak pogled v smer, kjer je ostavil ženo in otroka, še en tih pozdrav — in zazibala se je ladja. Pred njim so se razprostrle breždanje vode. Nikjer ni bilo več obrežja. Samo voda, morje, veličastno se zibajoče morje!

Kakor brzokrila ptica beži ladja dalje in dalje; kakor ona naprej, tako beže njegove misli nazaj k ženi, k otroku. Med njima in njim pa je vedno večja razdalja — globoko morje s svojimi skrivnostmi . . .

Med šumenje valov, ki jih reže ladja, se meša šum potnikov, ki radovedno zročez neizmerno morsko ravan tu sede, tam stoje, se meša hrup strojev, ki sopihajo iz širokih prsi, šum lopat, ki mečejo premog v peči, premog pomešan z znojem napol nagih kurjačev, ki v osrčju ladje služijo svoj težki vsakdanji kruh.

\* \* \*

“Potniki s krova, nevihta bo!” ta klic je drugi dan predramil našega znanca iz mišljenosti. Pogledal je na morje. Kako valovanje! Tu odpira široko žrelo — mrzli grob, pa se zopet zagrne in pljuskne kot gora visoko.

“Zopet le grob,” je pomislil. “Kaj se še niso odpirali dovolj brezštevilni grobovi baš v dneh grozovite svetovne vojne! Kaj je zato pogumno gledal smrti v obraz v boju, se izpostavljaj krog lam, da koristi zatirani domovini, da služi njenemu osvobojenju, da sedaj, ko je videl tako težko pričakovano svobodo domovine, da sedaj, ko se je izpolnilo tisočletno hrepenenje njegovega naroda po združenju, da sedaj brez odpora in moči pade v hladni grob morja?”

Povsod vpitje, rjojenje viharja, bučanje valov! Huje in huje! Komaj so čuti v tem divjem šumu odločni, rezki

ukazi kapitanovi. "K sesalkam!" zadoni zopet potnikom na uho s poveljniškega mostu. Nevihta raste, vije huje in huje. Ladja pleše po grebenastih, razpenjenih valovih kot lupina. Povelja, jok in stok! . . .

"Čolne v vodo!" doni rezek ukaz. Vse skače in se preriva z mrzličnim trepetom. "Umiramo!"

Vladkov oče stoji nem in bled, zroč s čolna v to divjanje besnega morja. Ladjo gleda, ki se počasi pogreza v široko žrelo razljučenega morja niže in niže. Ni ga strah smrti. Žal mu je le žene in otroka.

"Zbogom, ljubi otroki, draga žena, pozdravljena!"

Vihar divja, divja! . . .

### III.

Minevali so tedni, izginjali meseci. Vladku in materi je umiral up, da še kdaj vidita dragega očeta. Časopisi so že bili prinesli žalostno vest, da se je ona ladja, ki je bil na njej tudi Vladkov oče, potopila. Moštvo in potniki so se sicer rešili v čolne, a o njih ni ne duha ne sluha. "Najbrž so se tudi v čolnih vsi ponesrečili." To je bil konec v vseh časopisih. "Nič upa ni ostalo Vladku in mamici . . .

Očeta izgubiti, očeta, ki nas je ljubil, ki je skrbel za nas ponoči in podnevi, ki nas je branil v vseh neizgovornih življenja — to je hudo.

Materine oči so bile malokdaj suhe. Po ure in ure je strmela predse, gledala v svojega ljubega otroka, a zalile so jo vedno solze ob pogledu nanj, zakaj kakor se je zazrla v njegovo prejšnjo tako svežo, vedno veselo lice, ki je bilo sedaj tako otožnohrepeneče, pa jo je neka zla roba zagrabila v grlu, v srcu ji je postalo tako neizrazno hudo, da si ni mogla kaj, da ne bi jokala. Utripala je takrat z vekami, hoteč zatreti solze in potisniti jih nazaj, globoko dol v srce, da bi vsaj sama trpela to silno bol in je ne kazala otroku, ki je takoj zajokal, kadar je ugledal solzno njeno oko. Toda pomagati si ni mogla. Objemala je svojega otroka in često se je

morala zasolziti. Vladko pa jo je posnemal.

"Oče, pridi nazaj, da mi mamica žalosti ne umrje, da me ne umori hrepene nje po tebi," tako je klicalo v Vladkovem srcu ob takih trenutkih.

Pa so prišli dolgi, pusti večeri, in sedela sta Vladko in mati pri mizi. In je zapihala burja okolo oken, zgenila se je mati in plašno je pogledal Vladko. Mati je šepetala: "Vihar, vihar, zakaj si vzel in pogubil očeta otroku in meni moža? In sedaj se nama še rogaš, divjaje okolo hiše! Sedaj tožeč, sedaj udarjajoč po šipah pripoveduješ čudne, strašne dogodke."

Premagala je večkrat z nadčloveško močjo svojo veliko bolest, zatrla solze, spravila sina v postelj ter sama legla k počitku, da pozabi, pozabi . . . Pozabi? Da! Toda večkrat jo je ponesel sen v čudne kraje. Morje je divjalo in se penilo okolo nje. Vihar je rjul in potapljal ladjo, na kateri je bil Vladkov oče. Klice njegove je čula: "Pozdravljen Vladko, pozdravljena ženka!" Kaj čuda, da ji je to duševno trpljenje izsesavalo tudi telesne moči! Z grozo je mislila na čas, ko bi morala še ona ostaviti edino dete samo, tako samo na svetu . . .

### IV.

Počitnice so bile. Vladko je bil v šoli dobil znano "Pripovedko o vetru" v šolarski knjižnici. Sam je bil danes doma. Mati je odšla iz hiše po opravkih. Zamišljen je sedel h knjigi in bral. Zatočil se je bil v čitanje tako, da je pozabil na vse okolo sebe. Tam daleč v čudno lepi deželi je bil s svojimi mislimi, tam, kjer ima veter svoj grad. Nagajivi škrateljčki so pričeli plesati okolo njega. Pa ga je eden pobožal z nežno ročico po očeh in zopet drugi. Neznansko prijetno mu je bilo. V obraz je pordel, oči so jele gledati sanjavo. Veke so se počasi zaprle. Škrateljčki so ga odvedli v deželo sanj. V velikem, svetlem gradu je. Pod gradom se širi silno morje. Pa čimdalje gleda, tem večje, tem silnejše je morje. Srcece mu trepe-



če. V neznanske globočine pohiti njegov duh ter objema morja brezkončne meje. Sinjo plan morja gleda, ki se spaja na obzorju z nebom v dolg, neminljiv objem. Ladje zagleda na morju, ki hite dalje po valovih pozlačenih od jutranje zarje, po neizmernem hrbtu morja. Pa nastane noč. Tiha in zvezdnata visi nad skrivnostnim morjem ter se smeja. Vladku se topi srce ob tem pogledu. Škrateljčki ga božajo, mehko, nežno . . .

\* \* \*

Izginilo je morje. V sobi doma je Vladko sam, sam . . . Očeta nima, mame ni. Težka boleost mu sede v srce, boleost, ki kljuje kot kragulj! Pa potrka nekdo na okno. Veter je, veter na svojih velikih krilih, ki plove z njimi kot ptič povsod; odnaša vse vesti, vsak klic obupa in ga z divjo hitrostjo nese dalje.

"Kaj delaš, Vladko?" ječi žalostno veter. "Bil sem zraven, daleč tam na morju sem bil. O, jaz vse vidim, vse vem! Ponosna ladja se je zibala po silnem hrbtu morja. Na nji je stal tvoj oče. A morje je skrivnostno, morje je strašno. Zvezalo se je z mano. Hi-hi-hi! . . . In zagugal sem njegove valove in

odprl njih brezdna. Pa je plesala ladja po njih, prej ponosna, sedaj ko orehova lupina. In igrala sva se z njo, jaz in morje, moj zaveznik. Čuješ li, Vladko?! Takole so klicali ljudje na ladji: "Na pomoč, umiramo! In strele sem čul na ladji, ki so naznanjali silo. In čul sem glas tvojega očeta. Klical je: "Pozdravljen, Vladko!" Hahahaha! . . . Vladko, jaz vem vse, vidim vse! In grozen sem in šaljiv sem. Eno mi je: raztrgati na silnem morju ladji jadra, odnesti na suhem klobuk kakemu gizdalinčku, upihniti svečo in zanetiti iz majhne iskre silen požar. Čuješ li moje glasove, Vladko? Čudni so, kaj ne, različni so, ker je v njih toliko izprememb! . . . Jaz vidim vse! In videl sem čoln in v njem je bil tvoj oče. Vladko, oče ni umrl, ni ga požrl mrzli grob, rešil se je, vrne se . . ."

\* \* \*

Vrata se odpro. Škrateljčki odbeže od Vladka. Zbudi se. Pred njim stoji mati z očetom, ki se je vrnil.

Zunaj pa piha veter in bobna z dolgimi prsti po steklu in raznaša Vladkovo srečo — da ni več sam — po širokem svetu.



LARSON ZAJTRK

Courtesy of  
Chicago Art Institute

# Radovedni Ervin

Milan Medvešek

PETLETNI Ervin se je zamišljeno igral s kamenčki in peskom ter risal v mokra tla prečudne podobe: parklje, živali, hišice in druge podobne stvari. V svojo otroško umetnost je bil tako močno zaverovan, da je že drugič preslišal, ko ga je mati klicala h kosilu. Nenadoma pa ga je iz igranja prebudilo strahotno tulenje sirene, ki je presunljivo presekalo ozračje. Sirena je tulila v pol milje oddaljeni tovarni, ki je bila edina v tistem okraju, katero so dogradili šele pred nekaj dnevi.

Ervin je napeto prisluhnil in začudenozastrmel v smer, odkoder je prihajal skrivnostno-grozeči glas; skoro se ni upal dihati. Zategnjeno, zveri podobno tulenje, je bilo zanj nekaj čisto novega, nekaj, ki je polnilo njegovo srce s strahom, obenem pa z globoko otroško radovednostjo.

Sirena je že zdavnaj utihnila, a Ervin je še vedno napeto gledal v tisto stran in čakal, da se ponovno oglasi.

Iz njegovega prisluškovanja pa ga prekinje Bajarjev Bogo, ki se je pripodil k njemu z obročem.

"Kdo tako tuli?" Ervin plašno vpraša Bogota, ki je bil eno leto starejši od njega.

"Zver tuli..." skoraj zašepeta Bogo.

"Zver? ... se Ervin čudi in vprašujoče gleda Bogota, čakajoč, da mu kaj več pove o tuleči zveri.

"M-haaa," skrivnostno prikima Bogo in mu važno razlaga: "V tovarni imajo priklenjeno zver, ki pazi na stroje, kadar pa jo prime lakota, prične toliko časa tuliti, dokler ji ne dajo jesti!"

"Kdo ti je to povedal?" še nadalje poizveduje Ervin, ne morda vsled dvoma, marveč da bi še kaj zvedel o grozni zveri.

"Ata mi je povedal!" odgovori Bogo.

"Kdo pa je tvojemu atu povedal?"

"Naš ata ve vse, ker je bil v Ameriki!" reče Bogo s takim povdarkom, ki je izražal neomajeno vero v njegovega očeta.

"Ali se zver nikoli ne odtrga z verige?"

"Ne vem... bom ata vprašal!" odgovori Bogo, nakar ju zmoti Ervinova mati, napodi Bogota domov, Ervina pa v hišo.

Ervin danes še jesti ne more od samega premišljanja o tuleči zveri.

"Zakaj ne ješ?" ga kara mati.

"Nisem nič lačen... Mama, ali res tuli zver v tovarni?"

"Beži, beži, norček! Stroj tuli na veliko piščalko," mu pojasni mati.

"Pa ni res!" ji on ugovarja. "Zver tuli, saj mi je Bajarjev Bogo povedal, njemu pa njegov ate! — Ko bom velik, bom šel pogledat tisto zver!"

"Le pojdi, le pojdi, da te bo pohamala!" je mati na kratko zaključila pogovor o tuleči zveri.

Čez nekaj let pa je tovarna ustavila obrat in tudi "zver" je prenehala tuliti. Na Ervinovo veliko veselje, ki mu je bilo sedaj že enajst let, pa se je njegova mati preselila v bližino zapuščene tovarne, in tedaj se je pričelo zanj bajno življenje.

Ogromni, temačni tovarniški prostori, v katerih sedaj ni bilo nobene žive duše, so se mu zdeli prav pravljici Deveta dežela, dežela polna skrivnosti in tajnosti — pravo kraljestvo! Ni bilo dneva, da ne bi taval in se izgubljal v svojem raj. Toda nekaj ga je motilo — prostor, v katerem je osamljeno počival velikanski stroj, ki je nekoč tako presunljivo tulil, je bil zaklenjen.

Ervin je po cele ure strmел skozi okna v skrivnostni stroj, ki je prihuljeno čepel v poltemi kakor kakšna pošast, in ob pogledu nanj ga je grabila groza; pravljica o tuleči zveri mu je nanovo

oživela, dasiravno ni več verjel v njo. Toda naš mali junak je bil večji radovednež kakor pa strahopetec. Stroj si je hotel ogledati od blizu, pa naj se zgodi kar hoče! In res, nekega dne je razbil okno in že je imel glavo med železnim omrežjem, toda s telesom ni mogel skozi, nazadnje pa tudi glave ni mogel izvleči iz omrežja in tako je bil v pasti: ni mogel ne notri ne ven. S silnim naporom je končno osvobodil glavo, seveda si jo je precej odrgnil, kljub temu pa ni izgubil upanja, da bo nekega dne prišel do stroja.

Preteklo je pol leta. Pravijo: 'Kdor išče, ta najde', in tako je bilo tudi v tem primeru: Ervin je nekega lepega dne opazil v steni odlučeno opeko in v njem je hitro dozorel sklep: poiskal je železen drog in pričel ruvati opeko iz zidu. Od vlage preperel omet se je z lahkoto luščil in po nekaj popoldnevih vztrajnega dela je resnično izkopal veliko luknjo, skozi katero se bi z lahkoto splazilo njegovo drobčkano telesce. Pri delu pa ga je ves čas opazoval njegov najboljši prijatelj — oskrbnikov pes, ki je imel nalogo paziti, da ne bi nepridipravi, kot je bil Ervin, delali škodo okoli tovarne. Pes bi mu najbrže tudi pomagal, če bi mogel.

Sedaj pa, ko je bila luknja izkopana, je Ervin trenutno izgubil pogum, zato se je odločil, da se splazi notri naslednji dan. Opeko je skrbno vložil nazaj v steno in se napotil domov. Ravno isto popoldne pa je prišel okoli tovarne oskrbnik in opazil, da nekdo namerava udreti v tovarno. Mož nekaj časa ogleduje luknjo, nato pa se napoti domov (živel je v majhni hišici, ki je bila oddaljena približno dvajset minut), očitno z namenom, da ukani "falota" ki mu dela škodo. Čez pol ure se povrne s ključi in z nečem drugim, ki je nesel zavito v vreči, nato odklene vrata, vstopi notri, kjer pa se mudi le malo časa in zopet odide.

Drugi dan je Ervin zopet na svojem mestu — pred luknjo. Dolgo časa se junači: v glavi mu šumi, srce mu tolče,

da ga sliši, vendar ne odstopi od svojega namena — že se plazi skozi odprtino . . .

Strahotna tišina, velikanski stroj zavrt v poltemo, razni drugi predmeti, ki so ždeli v kotih kot kakšne hudobne pošasti, so mu živo priklicali v spomin pravljičico o tuleči zveri: trese ga mrzlica, zobje mu šklepetajo, toda on ne odstopi od svojega cilja. Plazi se dalje, zadržuje sapo, napeto prisluškuje . . . se ustavi . . . zopet prisluškuje . . . nato pa še bolj previdno nadaljuje svojo pot na kolenih — tedaj pa joj! . . . 'Sama zver me ima v gobcu!' ga spreleti smrtna groza. Od strahu skoraj strepeta in zavpije na vse grlo: "Mama!"

Nekaj ga zgrabi za koleno, se mu zagriže v kožo in ne odjenja, ampak ga še bolj stiska, griže . . .

V času ene sekunde mu gre stotine misli skozi možgane: "Zakaj sem bil tako radoveden? . . . Sedaj je po meni — nikoli več ne bom videl ne mame in ne bratcev . . . Pravljičica o tuleči zveri je resnična . . . zver me bo raztrgala!"

Napol mrtev se nato opogumi in pogleda sovražniku v oči in vidi, da se oklepa njegovega kolena "železna zver" — ogromna past, železni skopec za lisice, ki mu ga je nastavil oskrbnik. Kljub hudim bolečinam se Ervin globoko oddahne, kot se oddahne obsojenec na smrt, ki ga na zadnjo minuto pominost.

Stvar pa ni bila tako enostavna kot si je Ervin mislil prvi trenutek. Past se mu je zagriznila globoko v kožo in čim bolj jo je vlekel, tem bolj se ga je držala. V sili pa se človek hitro kaj pametnega domisli in Ervinu je prišlo na um, da s pastjo vred pobegne iz strahotne tovarne. Prične se plaziti proti izhodu, toda nekaj ga sunkovito potegne nazaj — skopec je bil priklenjen!

"Vse se je zarotilo proti meni!" si misli Ervin in skoraj na glas zajoče, potem pa se vrže z vso močjo v boj s pastjo. Vleče past, se premetava po tleh in skoraj omedleva od bolečin, vendar

mu ni kazalo drugega kakor s'lo odtrgati past, in končno jo je res odtrgal, seveda z njo vred pa je odtrgal velik in debel kos kože od kolena. Ves krvav je nato urno pobegnil na prosto, nepopisno srečen, da je ušel iz groznega prostora.

Razumljivo, da je Ervina bridka skušnja pošteno izučila. V bližino tovarne ga ni več mikalo, ampak jo je

gledal oddaleč, in kadar mu je bil spomin posebno grenak na njegovo nesrečno prigodo, je pobral kamen in ga zalučal z vso močjo proti oknom, za katerimi je ždel velikanski stroj, in ko je zaslišal, da se je zopet sesula ena izmed mnogoštevilnih šip, mu je srce veselo zaigralo od zadoščenja, nato pa jo je kot blisk ucvrl v bližnji gozd, da ga ne bi ujel "hudobni" oskrbnik.

## Zakaj je lev kralj živali

**P**RED davnim časom nekoč so se živali odločile, da si izberejo vladarja. Naveličale so se bile borbe vseh proti vsem in pravice močnejšega ter zahrepenele po nekom, ki bi krotil samovoljo in krvoločnost posameznikov. Zedinile so se zato, da se skliče vesoljni živalski svet na zbor, na katerem naj se predstavijo zbranemu živalstvu vsi, ki se potegujejo za vladarsko čast. Izmed teh naj se potem izvoli vladar vsega živalstva. Rečeno, storjeno. Za kraj zbora so izbrale veliko ravnico, okoli in okoli obdano s pragozdom, preko katere je tekla reka, da bi ne bilo treba zborujočim živalim trpeti žeje.

Lepega dne so se torej zbrale na ravnici. Ali izkazalo se je, da jih je bilo več, kakor so mislile: kajti na ravnici jih je mogla stati, kakor je že bila velika, le osmina, vse ostale pa so se morale stiskati v obdajajočem jo pragozdu. Med slednjimi je vstalo veliko nezadovoljstvo in predlagale so, da se naj izbere za volitev drug, prikladnejši kraj, kjer bodo lahko vse videle in slišale one, ki naj jih volijo. Toda zaman je bil ves njih odpor. Manjšina na ravnici je užugala večino v gozdu. Na ravnico so se bile namreč prerinile

le najmočnejše in najokretnejše živali: te pa so bile za to, da se zbor ne preloži.

Ko je potihnilo prerekanje, se je povzpел na skalo sredi ravnice predsednik zbora, slon, zatrobil v znamenje, da se zbor pričinja, in nato pozval vse one, ki se potegujejo za vladarsko dostojanstvo, naj se mu javijo, da jim podeli besedo.

Prvi se je prirnil na skalo okretni tiger. Takoj pa je bilo videti, da mu ne bo lahko zasesti prestol. Najprej se je zaslišalo iz gozda razburjeno cviljenje, pihanje in tuljenje, temu pa je sledilo na ravnici zamolklo renčanje. Toda tiger se ni zmenil za to; s predrznim in smelim pogledom se je ozrl naokoli, zarjovel iz vsega svojega grla, da je vse otrpnilo ter spregovoril porogljivo, oblastno in grozeče: "Slišal sem, da si želite miru, da ste se naveličali krvi in strahu pred močnejšim! Zato si iščete vladarja, katerega naj bi vsakdo slušal. Če res tako mislite, morate izbrati le enega: tisti pa sem jaz! Jaz sem na svetu zato, da vladam in strahujem vse, ki se mi protivijo. Ako pa hočete mene za vladarja, vedite: Vsi ste siti krvi, jaz je nisem! Vsi ste





B. SWIFT

OVDVELA

Courtesy of "Proletarec"

se naveličali strahu pred grozečo propastjo v boju z močnejšim, jaz se ga nisem naveličal, ker ga ni silnejšega od mene! Kogarkoli drugega boste izvolili, čaka ga neslavna smrt v mojih šapah!" Ko je to dejal, je tiger skočil s skale, da odstopi mesto drugemu govorniku. Ali dolgo ni bilo nikogar na skalo. Vseobča tišina na ravnici in v gozdu je pričala, da se tigra boje močni in šibki. Vsakdo je sklonil glavo in se zamislil.

Končno se je povzpela na skalo učena lisica. V želji, da se prilizne tigru, se je priklonila najprej njemu in nato šele ostalim ter dejala: "Pripravila sem si bila sila dolg govor, da bi lahko spoznali vso mojo ogromno učenost in nato sodili, kdo je najvrednejši, da vam vlada. Ali ko sem slišala silnega tigra, sem takoj uvidela, da more biti edino on naš vladar. Pozdravljam ga prva kot vladarja in naj dovoli, da mu poročem: Sila in znanje sta si lahko največja prijatelja. S tem hočem reči, da bo najbolje vladal, če mu bom jaz svetovalka." Po teh besedah je zapustila lisica govorniško mesto.

Tedaj pa je naglo priletel nad ravnico orel ter se spustil na skalo. Toda ni se potegoval za vladarsko čast, temveč z zlonosnim glasom zavpil: "Vsi ste zapisani smrti! Ljudje, vaši največji sovražniki, so zažgali pragozd okoli in okoli, da bi vas ugonobili."

Po tej vesti so se živali razbežale na vse strani, ali orel je govoril čisto resnico. Okoli in okoli je obdajal živali goreči pragozd. Skušale so se po reki rešiti iz ognjenega obroča, ki se je vedno bolj ožil, toda ljudje so pričeli vlivati v reko goreče tekočine, da je postala en sam ognjen zubelj. Edina možnost rešitve, ki je še preostala, je bila, priboriti si prostorček na ravnici in tam počakati, da požar preneha. Toda le osmina se je mogla tako rešiti, vse druge je čakala gotova in grozna smrt. Pričela se je torej obupna borba vsakogar proti vsem, da bi prišel na

ravnico in tam ostal. Čim močnejši in spretnější je bil kdo, bližje je stal rešitvi. Večji je teptal manjšega, okretnejši premagoval okornejšega, močnejši izpodrival šibkejšega. Gnetli so se, plazili, grizli in trgali. Tiger je zavratno napadal, lisica skakala in se zvijala med drugimi, slon teptal. Vsakdo pa je misli le nase.

Le eden je bil, ki je mislil na vse. To je bil lev. Kot najsilnejši in najokretnejši si je bil priboril mesto na skali, odkoder je zrl na strahovito klanje. Toda lev ni le v moči in okretnosti daleč nadkriljeval vse druge živali, temveč tudi v plemenitosti. Zato je tudi on edini mogel najti rešitev za vse; rešitev pa je bila v tem, da je samega sebe žrtvoval. Dejal je orlu poleg sebe: "Odleti k ljudem in jim reci, da jim silni lev predlaga: Večino živali boste ugonobili z ognjem, a leva ne boste mogli, ker stoji na skali sredi ravnice. Zaveže se pa, podati se v vaše ujetništvo, ako pustite, da se vse živali rešijo po reki. Vse tiste živali, ki jim boste tako pustili življenje, vam niso tako nevarne kot silni lev". Orel se je dvignil visoko nad plameneči pragozd in odletel k ljudem. Ti so sprejeli levov predlog, ker so zaupali njegovi besedi. Nehali so zažigati reko, da so se lahko po njej rešile vse živali od najmočnejših do najšibkejših. Lev pa je šel k ljudem, ki so ga zvezali in ubili ...

\*

Nikdar več se živali niso zbrale, da bi si volile vladarja. Katera bi si tudi upala stopiti na prostor, na katerem je lev onega strašnega dne govoril orlu besede žrtvovanja in s tem dokazal, da je samo lev vreden, da vlada nad vsemi, ker ni samo najmočnejši, ampak tudi najplemenitejši.

Zato je lev kralj živali in ne tiger ali lisica ali kaka druga žival.

(Bondonus v "Svobodi".)



## NEKAJ O OTROŠKI VZGOJI

### SOCIALNO ČUTENJE

*Te vrstice so v prvi vrsti namenjene staršem in mladini sami. Ne gre za pravopisje ali kaj podobnega; take stvari spadajo šolam. Za hip se bomo pomudili pri veliko važnejšem vprašanju: pri otroški vzgoji.*

Otroška vzgoja je nepretrgano učenje šolske mladine in je v področju staršev ter šole. Najvažnejši cilj otroške vzgoje je, da otroke vzgajamo v dobre in plemenite ljudi. Kajti življenje potrebuje ljudi, ki bodo zdravih nazorov, plemenitega duha in nesebičnih dejanj; ljudi, ki bodo znali soditi pravičnost, ki bodo socialno čuteči, ki ne bodo videli le sebe, temveč tudi druge; ljudi, ki bodo pomagali, da se odpravi zatiranje in izkoriščanje nižjih slojev; ljudi, ki bodo odpravili revščino, nevedo in zločin. Znano je, da revščina povzroča nevednost in nevednost revščino, oboje pa nudi material za izkoriščanje. Otroke je treba vzgajati, da bodo znali rabiti razum v prid skupnosti.

Učenje ne preneha s končanjem šole. Vse življenje se je treba učiti in izpopolnjevati. Kal dobrote je treba vsaditi že mlademu srcu. Socialno čutenje se mora vzgajati že v otrokih. Vsak človek ima pravico do življenja, ima pa tudi pravico do uživanja dobrin, ki jih ustvarja človeški razum in roke. Nihče naj ne bo pod vtisom, da bo živel brez dela na račun drugih. Socialno čutenje zahteva, da se odpravijo krivice, pod katerimi ječijo milijoni. Edino prava otroška vzgoja jih bo odpravila.

—UREDNIK.

### **Pomlad je prepodila zimo.** —Kampanja SNPJ

Cenjeni urednik!

Po dvatedenski bolezni, ki me je priklenila na posteljo, sem toliko okrevala, da spet lahko grem v šolo. (To sem napisala 21. feb.)

Pretekla zima je bila tako huda, da

že dolgo let ni bilo take. Tukajšnja vodovodna družba (Water-Works) je ugotovila, da je vsled hude zime zemlja zmrznila štiri čevlje globoko. Vsled tega so vodovodne cevi v mnogih hišah in poslopjih zamrzile in celo popokale. Uslužbenci družbe so bili na delu noč in dan, da popravijo poškodbe.

Tudi za kurjavo je šla prošlo zimo

bolj trda. Premog se je izdatno podražil, pa se ga kljub temu težko dobi. Veliki rovi so po večini zaprti, mali rovi obratujejo s polno paro, pa vendar niso mogli zmagovati naročil. Pri vsakem rovu se je od jutra do večera gnetla cela vrsta voznikov, ki so potrpežljivo čakali ves dan, da dobijo voz premoga. Mnogi ga niso mogli dobiti in so odhajali na večer razočarani domov. Sedaj se je vrnila ljuba pomlad, ki smo je vsi veseli, ker je prepodila zimo.

Zdaj pa še par besed o naši jednoti. Kampanja za pridobivanje novih članov v mladinski oddelek je v teku. Bratje in sestre, na noge! Poskušajmo, kar nas je starejših, pridobiti jednoti vsake vsaj po enega člana ali članico! Zavedam se, da je mladina temelj naše jednote in čim več nas bo skupaj, tem bolje bo za jednoto in njeno bodočnost.

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

\* \*

### ***Lep spored SNPJ***

Cenjeni urednik!

Četudi malo pozno, se moram vendarle najprej zahvaliti naši SNPJ za božično voščilo. Že leto dni se nisem nič oglasila v našem priljubljenem Mladinskem Listu. Vzrok je največ lenoba, pa tudi to, ker sama še ne morem dopisa zložiti po slovensko, z mamo pa sva kar odlašali. Ata pa se hujuje nad menoj, ko pogleda v M. L., da vidi, če sva z bratcem kaj napisala za "Kotiček."

Dan 21. decembra je že dolgo za nami, pa še nisem pozabila kako lep večer smo imeli mi mladi člani SNPJ. Bilo nas je lepo število na programu, ki se je izvajal v Slovenskem domu. Imeli smo več govorov, igro, deklamacije in ples. Moj starejši brat in jaz sva deklamirala slovenske kitice, mlajši brat pa angleške. Pred programom nas je fotograf slikal, po programu pa nas je obiskal Miklavž in nas obdaril z lepimi darili. Bilo je obilo smeha in veselja za vse. Želim, da bi kaj kmalu

spet kaj takega priredili. Sestra Rozi Matekovich je imela veliko truda z nami.

Dne 20. marca bom stara 14 let. V šoli sem v 8. razredu. V šolo rada hodim, kjer se učim tudi kuhati in več drugih koristnih stvari. Moj mlajši brat bo star 8 let in pohaja 3. razred ljudske šole. V naši družini nas je pet in vsi smo člani SNPJ, te velike in dobre jednote. Upam, da bom postala aktivna članica SNPJ, ko dorastem.

Želim, da se bi vedno več dečkov in deklic oglašalo v M. L. s slovenskimi dopisi!

Mamie Klun,

23 Aldrich st., Gowanda, N. Y.

\* \*

### ***Toni dela aeroplane***

Dragi urednik!

Najprej se moram lepo zahvaliti SNPJ za voščilo, ki sem ga prejel za božiče, četudi je poteklo že tri mesece od tiste dobe. Poleg tega pa se nisem oglasil v Mladinskem listu že celih 12 mesecev. Zato bi moral sedaj napisati daljše pismo, kajti novic se je nabralo vsepolno. Ker pa mi gre slovenska pisava bolj slabo, bom napisal le kratko pisemce.

Kakor je vsem znano, okrog božiča "Miklavž" nosi pridnim otrokom darila. Ker pa so slabi časi, je meni bolj malo prinesel. Tako sta mi povedala oče in mati, kajti onadva sta tista Miklavža. Prinesel nam je veliko snega in še več mraza. Tako mrzle zime še ni bilo tukaj, odkar smo se pred desetimi leti preselili sem iz Chisholma, Minn. Zima je pritiskala januarja in februarja, prve dni marca pa se je malo ogrelo.

Star bom 13 let in sem v 7. razredu v šoli. Moja učiteljica je dobra. Jaz igram basketball in football v šoli. Tudi slikam rad; sem najboljši v risanju in slikanju v našem razredu. Kmalu bi pozabil povedati, da delam aeroplane. Imam jih že osem! In kako luštni so! Izrezani so iz lesa. Sedaj, ko se je



spet vrnila pomlad, bom pa šel večkrat ribe lovit. To bo veselja!

Kontesta v Mladinskem listu se je udeležilo lepo število članov in članic. Povedati Vam želim, da tudi jaz nameravam postati aktiven član SNPJ ko dorastem. (Pozdravljam moji dve sestričini, M. in F. Shega v Kittzu.)

**Tony Klun,**

23 Aldrich st., Gowanda, N. Y.

\* \*

## **Muha, brez trebuha**

Dragi urednik!

Najprej se Vam moram zahvaliti za popravke v mojem prejšnjem dopisu. Obenem Vam hočem povedati, da je naša šola imela koncert in jaz sem igral na harmoniko. Bilo je zelo lepo, namreč naš koncert. Vse učiteljice so prišle poslušat.

Tu je kratka pesmica o muhi:

O ti, ti muha,  
kako si suha!  
Drugega te ni  
ko same kosti!

Prišli so prišli  
trije duhovni,  
da bi ti muhi  
dušo zašili.

O ti, ti muha,  
ki si brez trebuha!  
Drugega te ni  
ko same kosti!

Prišli so prišli  
trije mesarji,  
da bi to muho  
zaklali in odrli.

O ti, ti muha, itd.

Prišle so prišle  
tri brhke kuharice,  
da bi to muho  
skuhale in sevrle.

O ti, ti muha, itd.

Res, uboga muha! Nanjo so se spravili duhovni in mesarji, potem pa še kuharice, ki so jo skuhale in ocvrle!

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

## **"Hiše" iz pleha**

Dragi urednik!

Namenil sem se, da napišem drugo moje pismo za Mladinski list, in tu je!

Zelo sem bil vesel, ko sem zagledal v M. L. moj prvi dopis. Lepa hvala Vam za popravke in priobčitev! Napak, vem, je bilo v njem precej, pa tudi ta dopis ni brez njih. Pa zato ne bom obupal, temveč se bom potrudil, da bom vsak naslednji dopis boljše sestavil.

Tudi pri nas v Toledu, O., je zima precej pritiskala v januarju in februarju. Par dni so bile vse šole zaprte, na deželi pa kar dva tedna. Ceste so bile pokrite z ledom in snegom. Ljudje so se bali še večjih nesreč kot so se pripetile mnogim. Nihče ne pomni že dolgo tako hude zime. Tudi premoaga je zmanjkalo.

Pri tem sem večkrat mislil na one uboge ljudi, ki živijo tam ob vodi v "hišah" iz starega pleha. Najprej jih je trpinčila huda zima, sedaj pa jim grozi povodenj. Voda je že precej narasla.

Tudi tukaj je mnogo ljudi brez dela, kakor drugod. Vesel in srečen sem, da moj ata dela in ne trpimo pomanjkanja. Naša družina šteje štiri člane in vsi smo v društvu 666 SNPJ. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem, posebno pa Tončku Vrh in Mrs. Jennie Bostjančič v Clevelandu, O.

**Albert Valenčič,**

1645 Lebanon st., Toledo, O.

\* \*

## **Prve vrstice**

Cenjeni urednik!

To so moje prve slovenske vrstice za "Naš kotiček" v našem priljubljenem Mladinskem listu. Že enkrat prej sem se nameravala oglasiti v M. L., a menda nisem imela dovolj korajže. Slovenski namreč še ne znam dobro pisati, čitam pa mnogo bolje. Pri obojem mi seveda pomaga moja mama. Stara sem 13 let in sem v 8. razredu ljudske šole. Imam dve mlajši sestri. Vsa naša družina je pri društvu 581

SNPJ. Rada bi videla, da se bi še kdo drugi oglašil v M. L. iz naše naselbine. Če boste priobčili te vrstice, bom skušala še kaj napisati. Hvaležna Vam bom za popravke. Iskreno pozdravljam vse mlade čitatelje M. L.!

Mary Renko,  
123 No. 20th st., Olean, N. Y.

\* \*

### **Mnogo slov. dopisov**

Cenjeni urednik!

Že zopet se želim oglašiti v našem priljubljenem Mladinskem listu. Zelo me veseli, ko vidim toliko dopisov v

"Našem kotičku." Obenem pa obžalujem, ker se nihče drugi ne oglasi v M. L. od društva 262 SNPJ s slovenskim dopisom. Mene ni sram slovensko govoriti. Mene uči moj ata. Od koga drugega naj se pa naučim, če ne od očeta? Saj pravi ona znana pesmica: "Slovenec sem, Slovenec sem! Tako mi je mati d'jala, ko me je, dete, pestovala. Zatorej dobro vem, Slovenec sem!"

S tem zaključujem in pozdravljam vse člane SNPJ!

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

Ivan Jontez:

## **O pisanju dopisov**

**O**DKAR sem pred leti postal sotrudenik Mladinskega lista, sem se vsekozi zanimal tudi za "Naš kotiček" ter pridno brskal po njem. Pri tem sem opazil marsikaj zanimivega, predvsem pa neko razliko med slovenskimi in angleškimi dopisniki Mladinskega lista: dočim so slednji navadno dokaj originalni, pa se prvih drži le prepogosto neoriginalnost ali posnemanje, ponavljanje. Sicer je res, da tudi odrasli dopisniki slovenskih listov v Ameriki radi greše v tem pogledu, vendar s tem ni rečeno, da se ne bi smelo spregovoriti o tem nekaj besed v našem listu, da se bodo naši mladi dopisniki lahko izogibali vsaj glavnim napakam. Naj navedem nekaj primerov najobičajnejših pogrškov.

"Namenil sem se napisati dopis . . ." je začetek, ki ga človek večkrat opazi. Tak začetek je neoriginalen, neroden in odveč. Vsi vemo, da se je mladi dopisnik moral najprej nameniti, da napiše dopis, sicer bi ga ne bil napisal. Mnogo bolje bi bilo, ako bi mladi dopisnik začel neposredno opisovati, kar ga

najbolj zanima ali kar je v ospredju njegove misli. Zdajle pozimi bi lahko začel na primer takole:

"Oni dan sem se drsal po ledu in imel pri tem smolo, da sem izgubil ravnotežje ter z nosom krepko poljubil debeli led, da se mi je ulila iz nosa topla kri . . ." Ali pa, če pišete poleti: "Pred kratkim sem s starši in bratci obiskala družino strica Johna v Detroitu itd." V prvem slučaju potem nadaljuje dopisnik z opisom občutkov, ki jih je imel, ko je z nosom treščil ob led, v drugem pa opisuje zanimivosti s pota, kaj je videl ali videla na potovanju itd. in dopis bo zanimiv in originalen. Samo začeti je treba pravilno in videli boste, da bo potem pero gladko teklo in opisovalo dogodke in misli malone "samo od sebe."

"Delavske razmere pri nas so pod ničlo," se tudi večkrat bere v "Kotičku" (in tudi v dopisih odraslih rojakov v drugih listih). To je, skoro bi rekel da—papižje posnemanje. Rajši zapišimo na primer tole:

"Dela se pri nas slabo. Naš ata dela samo po nekaj dni v tednu. Kompanija, za katero dela, neprestano odpušča delavce, tistim, ki še delajo, pa trga mezde, da le za silo rinemo skozi življenje." Nato dopisnik lahko malce postane ter se vpraša, zakaj je tako in ali je tako prav. In potem nadaljuje: "Moj oče pravi, da je zato tako hudo na svetu, ker peščica ljudi poseduje vse stroje, rudnike itd. in jih ne obratuje v našo korist, temveč zgolj zaradi profita. Tem ljudem je samo za profit, mi smo jim deveta briga in jim je vse eno, če nas zlodej pocitra že danes. Tako pravi moj oče. Meni se to ne zdi prav. Ali se ne rodimo vsi ljudje enaki? In ali bi brez nas delavcev bilo kaj premoga nakopanega, hiš postavljenih, kruha pripravljenega itd.? Zakaj delavec ne dobi poštenega deleža od produciranih dobrin, sadov svojega dela? Nekaj je narobe. Itd." Seveda mora imeti dopisnik, ki tako piše, to srečo, da ima očeta, ki mu stvar tako razloži!—

In vzemimo, da je v vaši naselbini spor med delavci in delodajalci. "Delavci v tovarni, v kateri dela moj oče, so te dni zastavkali, ker jim je kompanija znižala že itak borne mezde. In včeraj sem šel z očetom pred tovarno in videl sem . . ." Tako začnete in potem poveste, kaj ste videli—pikete, policaje, morda kako prasko ali celo kaj hujšega itd.—in kaj se vam je videlo najbolj zanimivo ali čudno in nerazumljivo, in kaj se je najbolj globoko vtisnilo v vaše mlade možgane.

Ker sem že pri tem, naj omenim tudi, da človek včasih naleti v "Kotičku" na filozofiranje o delavskih razmerah in kapitalizmu, o katerem vsak človek odprtih oči takoj ve, da ni bilo spočeto v otroški glavi. Prav je sicer, da oče ali mati ali oba pomagata sinu ali hčerki z nasveti glede jezika, toda narekovati mu dopisa po svoji glavi nikakor ne smeta; potem otrokov dopis ni več njegov, temveč vaš! Otrok naj piše sam in tako, kakor mu narekuje njego-

va lastna glava; naj piše o tem, kar njega najbolj zanima ali kar se je njemu najbolj vtisnilo v možgane! Lahko mu pomagata z nasveti, kako začeti dopis, lahko mu pomagata pri črkovanju in zlogovanju slovenskih besed ali ga opozorite na slovnične in pravopisne napake, vse drugo pa mora otrok opraviti sam, če hočete, da bo dopis njegov, ne vaš. Le na ta način se bo otrok navedil pisati slovenske dopise ter postal originalen, da bodo njegovi dopisi zanimivi.

Pogosto se bere v dopisih "Kotičkarjev" tudi: "—in upam, da mojega dopisa ne boste vrgli v koš" in: "—prosim, da popravite moj dopis, za kar se vam v naprej zahvaljujem." Tudi to je odveč. Urednik Mladinskega lista rad priobči vsak dopis, ki je količkaj vreden tiskarskega črnila, ter ga opili jezikovno, slovnično in pravopisno; in bolj ko je dopis originalen in zanimiv, z večjim veseljem ga urednik opili. O tem ni dvoma.

S tem sem navedel nekaj stvari, ki sem jih tekom zadnjih let večkrat opazil v "Našem kotičku" in o katerih sem že večkrat nameraval izpregovoriti nekaj besed, a sem do danes odlašal. Namenjene so te vrstice v prvi vrsti starejšim našim mladim dopisnikom, da jim bodo lažje svetovali, kako je treba napisati dopis, da bo originalen in zanimiv, kakor so dokaj originalni in zanimivi dopisi doslej le nekaterih "Kotičkarjev." Ne mislim pa, da bi morali naši mladi dopisniki dobesedno posnemati ali kopirati moje primere. To bi tudi ne bilo pravilno. Primere so navedene zgolj zaradi lažjega razumevanja predmeta, o katerem sem pisal. Naj še enkrat poudarim:

Glavno je tole: otrok naj piše, kar ima on v mislih, o tem, kar njega najbolj zanima, kar se je njega najbolj dojmilo, in to naj pove na način, ki njemu najbolj prija. Svariti ga je treba le pred posnemanjem, s kakršnim se človek postavi h klepetavim posnemovalkam papigam. In pa, če se še težko

izraža v slovenskem jeziku, mu pomagajte pri tem. Drugače pa naj otrok piše o čemer se njemu hoče in kakor on hoče ali zna. Ako pa mu slovenščina sploh ne gre od rok, tedaj naj piše angleško, kajti dosti boljše je, da napiše dober in zanimiv dopis v angleščini, kakor da bi napisal slab in nezanimiv dopis slovensko!

Mislím, da tudi ne bi bilo napačno, ako bi se naši slovenski učitelji v Ameriki bolj pobrigali za ta predmet ter skušali dati svojim učencem in učenkam nekaj dobre podlage v tem pogledu. In to ne samo izjemoma, temveč po splošnem pravilu, ki ga je treba uveljaviti. Učitelj lahko vzpodbuja otroke k pisanju slovenskih dopisov in ko mu te dopise predlože ali ko so priobčeni,

lahko pokaže na napake, pogreške in nedostatke, da se jim otrok v bodoče lažje ogiblje. To bi bilo potrebno, zaželjivo in tudi koristno.

(Ker sem že pri tem, naj mi bo dovoljeno še povedati, da se mi vidi čudno, da Mladinski list za nekatere naše slovenske šole v Ameriki tako rekoč sploh ne eksistira, dasi bi jim lahko služil ko hvaležen učni pripomoček, včasih nemara celo bolje in uspešnejše kot razna berila, ki so jim na razpolago. Pesmice Anne P. Krasne, Katka Zupančičeve in zadnje čase Jelke Vukove, kakor tudi njihove povestice, bi bile po mojem mnenju prav pripravno štivo za učence in učenke slovenskih šolskih tečajev. Mar ne?)

Marija Bizilj, Ljubljana:

### **Papirnati zmaj**

Daj, zmaj, dvigni se pod nebo,  
visoko nad tratico,  
kjer cvetice ne cveto,  
lepo ne cveto,  
kjer ptički ne pojo,  
lepo ne pojo.

### **Pomlad**

Prelepa si pomlad,  
ko slavček žvrgoli,  
ko cvetica cveti.  
Prelepa si pomlad.

Potoček zažubori,  
solnček toplejši postane.  
Starim on družbo deli,  
ko si ogrevajo bolne rame.

### **Pirhi**

Pirhov modrih in rdečih,  
to veselja je.  
Pomaranč rmenih, jabolk zelenih  
to otroška sreča je.

V košaricah pletenih  
pirhov mnogo je,  
oranž pa je rmenih  
polne skledice.

### **Cigani**

Cigani ne mirujejo,  
po svetu potujejo,  
od vasi do vasi  
v bogajme prosijo.

Mnogo, mnogo je ciganov  
na tem božjem svetu.  
ne more jih prešteti  
otrok v desetem letu.

Cigani so pa huda reč,  
kradejo otroke,  
tepejo jih  
in polomijo vse roke.

\* \*

### **Zelena papiga**

Imam malega bratca, po imenu Mirko. Ker hodi šele v prvi razred, mu je oče kupil zeleno papigo. Zelo jo je bil vesel. Če ima le kaj časa, takoj k papigi. Kolikokrat se mamica krega nad njim, ker jo valja po rokah.

Pa saj jo imam tudi jaz rada. Sama se tudi rada poigram z njo. Govoriti pa še ne zna, le včasih malo počivka. Če je izpuščena, zleti mamici na ramo. Zlasti rada ima očka, ker ji da včasih kak košček sladkorja. Zoblje ga zelo rada. Zelo ima ukrivljen kljun, zato ji moramo dati temu primerno hrano. Najraje lušči oves, pa tudi prosa se ne brani.





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XV

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH, 1936

Number 3.

## Snow-Bound

*EDITOR'S NOTE: The long, cold winter of 1936 will help the reader of the M.L. to appreciate "Snow-bound." "Snow-bound" is a poem of winter written by John Greenleaf Whittier, New England poet. He was born in East Haverhill, Massachusetts, near the ocean, in 1807. He lived in the house which was built by his great, great, grandfather and which was 100 years old at the time of his birth. "Snow-bound" gives us a faithful picture of Whittier's home, as it existed 100 years ago. The poet described the life on the farm as they prepared for the coming of the storm:*

"MEANWHILE we did our nightly  
chores,—

Brought in the wood from out of doors,  
Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
Raked down the heard's-grass for the  
cows;  
Heard the horse whinnying for his  
corn;

And, sharply clashing horn on horn,  
Impatient down the stanchion rows  
The cattle shake their walnut bows;"

For two days and two nights the  
snow storm raged:

"In starry flake and pellicle  
All day the hoary meteor fell;  
And, when the second morning shone,  
We looked upon a world unknown,  
On nothing we could call our own.  
Around the glistening wonder bent  
The blue walls of the firmament  
No cloud above, no earth below,—  
A universe of sky and snow!  
The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes  
and towers

Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden-wall or belt of wood;  
A smooth white mound the brush-pile  
showed,

A fenceless drift what once was road;  
The bridle-post an old man sat  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked  
hat;

The well-curb had a Chinese roof;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle."

"We minded that the sharpest ear  
The buried brooklet could not hear,  
The music of whose liquid lip  
Had been to us companionship,  
And, in our lonely life, had grown  
To have an almost human tone."

*The poet says that they were prepared for the snow storm. They piled plenty of wood against the chimney and put the great oaken logs into the fireplace at night, about which the family gathered.*

"Shut in from all the world without.  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north-wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat  
The frost-line back with tropic heat;  
And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney  
laughed,

The house-dog on his paws outspread  
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;  
And, for the winter fireside meet,  
Between the andirons' straddling feet,  
The mug of cider simmered slow,  
The apples sputtered in a row,  
And, close at hand, the basket stood  
With nuts from brown October's wood."

*Whittier tenderly pictured the members of that family; father told of his hunting trips for moose and his experiences in trappers' huts and in Indian camps; his Quaker mother while she turned her spinning wheel, told about the simple life of her early days. He describes his uncle who "innocent of books, was rich in lore of field and brooks"; the uncle who told all about habits of bees, birds and other animals.*

*There at the fireplace were his aunt and his sister; there, too, was the village school-master, who bragged about the tricks that were played in Dartmouth's college halls.*

*When Whittier wrote this poem he was an old man. The members of his family, with the exception of a brother, were all dead and gone. He, too, was trusting in humanity, and justice.*

"What matter how the night behaved?  
What matter how the north-wind  
raved?  
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow

Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy  
glow.

O Time and Change!—with hair as  
gray

As was my sire's that winter day,  
How strange it seems, with so much  
gone

Of life and love, to still live on!

Ah, brother! only I and thou

Are left of all that circle now,—

The dear home faces whereupon

That fitful firelight paled and shone.

Henceforward, listen as we will,

The voices of that hearth are still;

Look where we may, the wide earth  
o'er,

Those lighted faces smile no more.

We tread the paths their feet have  
worn,

We sit beneath their orchard trees,

We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
And rustle of the bladed corn;

We turn the pages that they read,

Their written words we linger o'er,

But in the sun they cast no shade,

No voice is heard, no sign is made,

No step is on the conscious floor!

Yet Love will dream and Faith will  
trust

In humanity and what is right and  
just!

## APRIL

A MAGICAL bugler is merry young April

For he calls and the grasses obey;

The reeds by the river, the rushes a-quiver,

The crocuses dancing and gay.

The maples and beeches, where'er the strain reaches.

Call down for their springtime array,

Anemone whitens and arbutus brightens,

At sound of that glad reveille.

A rollicking bugler is merry young April,

And far flies his summons of cheer;

From Florida fountains and Georgia's green mountains,

The red bird and warbler appear.

The swallow and linnet and wrens, every minute.

Some flocking, though vistas are drear,

On hillside, in valley, they gather and rally,

Rejoicing that springtime is here.

—L. M. T.

# Boytown

## A Short Story

*(With acknowledgement to "Falcon Call," the U. S. A. Red Falcon's Magazine, as it appeared in reprint in "The Pioneer of the Folk," published by The Woodcraft Folk in London, England.)*

THE citizens of Boytown, a suburb of a certain industrial city, populated entirely by boys and girls, once carried on a prosperous trade among themselves in marbles, tops, knives, kites and various other toys. Some of the more skilful boys and girls would make toys, and exchange these toys for sweets, candies or other toys. In this way the little outskirt of Boytown lived and prospered.

However, there came one day to Boytown a lad named Bill, who bore, in the city he came from, a name for the shrewdest trader among all the boys. Bill came, looked Boytown over, and immediately laid plans for a prosperous future. Having acquired a large number of tops and marbles in the city he came from, he started to barter these for boards, old boxes, nails, wheels and what-not. After a while he proceeded to exchange his toys, which he called "capital," for the labor of some of the other boys. This was not a new idea in Boytown and all went well.

Bill placed his planks about and formed a circular track some 100 feet in diameter. He made a platform out of the boards, and mounted it on wheels. Eventually he had a sort of little railroad, on which he ran what he called his train. And having completed his "railroad" Bill looked about for a passenger. "Hi Tom," he called to one of the workers on the road. "The railroad's finished. Come on, take a ride." Tom came, looked over the car, took his place, and was pushed around the track by the industrious Bill.

"Gee, that's swell," said Tom when the ride was over. "How about another one"? Bill thrust his hands deep into his pockets and, looking like the shrewd financier he was, said, "Oh, you'll have to buy a ticket." "Huh? a ticket"? said Tom. "What'll I buy with?" "What've you got?" asked Bill shrewdly. Tom proceeded to make an inventory of his pockets. "That'll buy four tickets," said Bill, when the inventory was over. After some bargaining, the deal was made, and Tom was pushed round the track four times.

By this time news of the "railroad" had reached Boytown, and the other boys and girls came flocking to the line. Bill did a roaring business, and his pockets bulged with the things that he had collected in payment for "tickets." In a few days he had every marble, top, kite, knife, doll and what not in Boytown. Bill now called himself "rich."

However, he soon noticed a falling off in business. He couldn't understand it. The boys were there, eager to ride, the car was all right, and there were plenty of willing hands to do the pushing. But nobody had anything to buy "tickets" with. Bill retired to the side of the track and thought for while. Then he returned and made an announcement. He was going to build a "depot" and would pay for material, labor etc., in "currency" which would buy tickets for the "railroad." The citizens of Boytown pitched in with a will. Boards and nails were "lifted" from the lumberyards and blacksmiths shop, and soon the depot was being built and the railroad was running mer-

rily. But when the depot was finished and Bill would pay no more money, the railroad stopped running again. "Must be another depression," he said. Once again he retired and thought, and then came back. This time he announced that he would pay for services if fellows would rake his yard, paint his fence, run errands for his mother etc. For these services which the boys always performed he paid liberally, well knowing that the money would always come back to him, because everybody wanted to ride on his railroad. For a while, Boytown presented a busy sight, there were plenty of funds and the railroad ran busily. However, after a while there was no more work to do, and the usual falling off in business became apparent. This time there was muttering among the citizens of Boytown. Tom, the first passenger on the line, appeared to be unusually demonstrative. "Why should Bill own the railroad?" he would ask. "We built it, and he paid us with toys. But after we built it he got all the toys back again by charging us for rides on the railroad. Now we aint got nothing but bits of paper and these are pretty rare. I think Bill's worked a trick on us." When Bill heard this sort of talk, he would say to the others, "Oh never mind him. He's just a radical. He wants to divide everything up even, and make everyone equal. But somebody's always got to be rich. Don't pay any attention to him."

However, Tom kept on talking and, what was more, did some thinking, too. First he thought of building his own railroad, and having other kids ride on it, but he discarded this idea because none of them had anything to buy tickets with, anyhow. At last he conceived an idea. He called a meeting in Jerry Simpson's backyard. Bill viewed the meeting from his depot with an anxious eye. He sent his bosom friend, Hank Wilson, to supervise the meeting.

At last Tom came before the meeting, and shouted for attention. "Now

fellow citizens," he said, "I have a plan, and I think that we can have all the rides we want if the plan works."

"What is it?" yelled a dozen voices.

"We'll build our own railroad," says Tom.

"Can't be did," said one boy.

"It's against the law," yelled Hank. "Boytown has granted a 'charter' to Bill. We aint allowed to build a railroad."

"Who's the citizens of Boytown?" shouted Tom.

"Us," shouted all of them.

"And can't the citizens do what they want?"

"Sure they can," says one boy, brighter than the rest, "and I nominate Tom as Chief Engineer and Public Controller for the new railroad."

It was put to the vote and Tom was elected unanimously, except for Hank Wilson's vote, and immediately work on the new road was begun. Again boards, scantlings and nails and wheels were pinched, and the citizens of Boytown worked industriously. On little slips of paper were written the value of the labor that each boy put into the road. Bill, in his depot across the way, viewed the proceedings scornfully. "They won't have anything to buy tickets with," he muttered. "I'll just hold out for a while, and then they will have to come to me. I'll buy the new road . . ." So he went on dreaming. In the meantime, the new railroad was nearing completion.

When the road was finished, lots were drawn to see who would be the first to ride. After that the boys rode in turn. For every time a boy pushed, he took about four rides. So the road run merrily.

Bill the "capitalist," was amazed. As he looked across the road and saw the business the other railroad was doing, he became frankly envious. He viewed with alarm his now rusty car. "Think I'll go over and see how the darned thing works," he said.

He locked the door of his little depot,



and walked across the road. He was cordially greeted by his former passengers, and Tom, Public Controller, shook hands with him. "Glad you decided to come over, Comrade," he said. He took Bill around and showed him all the fine points of the railroad. "I see all that," said Bill. "But where do you come in this? Where do you make your profit?"

"Aint no profit," said Tom, "everybody works, and everybody rides. When we rode on your line, we had to push twice to get enough to ride once. Here we push once and ride four times."

"Pretty good," said Bill. "Think I'll take a ride."

He offered some "currency" that was good on his line, but the conductor looked at it disdainfully. "That stuff aint no good here. You got to have labor-value coupons."

"Aint got none of those," said Bill. "I'm rich. I don't have to work."

"Then you can get off and walk," said the conductor, "we all works around here. Labor talks, boy . . . labor talks."

KOODOO.

## The Everlasting "Whys"?

Ann Kodelja

"WHY do you come to school so dirty?" the fifth-grade teacher asked a little, pale and ragged Mexican boy, in an angry tone.

"Tell me, why are you always so dirty?" she repeated the second time, more emphatically.

Georgie did not answer her question, but thought to himself:

"How can I be as clean as the others, with ten children in the family . . . Our home is full of misery, scoldings, fights and other unpleasantness, so I prefer to spend my spare time playing in the mud and water down at French Creek, where everything is peaceful, calm and beautiful, where my father's scoldings do not reach me, nor do I hear my mother's everlasting lamenting and complaining. Yes, there is dirt and mud, but I find everything my soul enjoys."

Day after day, Georgie faces the same problem.

"George, why are you always so ragged? . . . Why do not your mother or your sisters mend your clothes? . . .

Tell me, why not?" Miss O'Conner, his teacher, again fires at him.

Georgie timidly looks at her, lowers his eyes to the floor, and keeps silent.

"Speak! Answer my question. Why are you so raggedly dressed?" she demands almost furiously, yet Georgie remains silent, but to himself he thinks:

"My father is a sweeper down at the mill, and makes only seventeen bucks a week: a quarter of it goes for the rent, one-half for food, some for father's drink and tobacco, and none is left to buy clothes for me, my brothers and sisters . . ."

"George, you are fifteen years old, the oldest in the room, yet you know the least . . . You will never know anything! . . . Tell me, what is the cause? . . . Why?!" the teacher's harsh voice rings in his ears.

"Why?"

As usual, Georgie shyly looks at her, lowers his eyes without saying anything, and thinks to himself:

"Who could study at home? As long

as I can remember, a tall, mean-looking man, the landlord, comes to us and demands money for rent, when he finally goes away swearing angrily, my father in turn picks on my mother, quarrels with her and sometimes even beats her, but beats us oftener—so I escape to French Creek. Mother cries and fights back at father, which only makes him angrier, so he bangs the door and goes out—into some near-by beer-joint, from which he comes home late at night, drunk. Who could study at home? I much rather go to French Creek, where all home troubles sink into the mud."

"George, why are you so sleepy every day? Why?"

"Why am I always sleepy? . . ." Georgie thinks. "Who wouldn't be? . . . First my father comes home drunk, making terrible noises: slamming the door, stumbling against the stove, mumbling who knows what, while mother cries and begs him to be more quiet. Another night one or another of my brothers or sisters get sick, sometimes two or three at one

time. Day and night the house is full of noise: crying, hollering, fighting, swearing . . . Who could sleep? . . . Who wouldn't be sleepy? . . ."

"George, why don't you answer my question? Speak!!!"

Again the Mexican boy does not answer the teacher, but thinks:

"Why should I answer your 'WHYS'? . . . You wouldn't understand anyway; everyone will laugh if I tell you why I am so dirty, ragged, dumb and sleepy!"

\* \* \*

Georgie hates the teacher almost as much as he hates the landlord, because she is always asking him: WHY? WHY? WHY?

At times, when she loses her temper, she paddles him; no, he does not cry, but he must bite his lips to keep from saying aloud:

"Why is my father underpaid? Why does he make only seventeen dollars a week? Why does he get drunk? Why are we always ragged and hungry? WHY? WHY? WHY?!!!"

---

## Fun in Flying Kites

April days are the days to be out playing in the wind, and it is a good month to make kites and parachutes. A simple way to make a kite is to use some light-weight wood, such as that from which orange crates are made. Use pieces not more than a third of an inch wide and fifteen inches long. Place one across the other about four inches from the top of the other stick, then tie these securely together where they cross. Notch the ends of both sticks, then run a string from the ends of the sticks. Now cut from a thin piece of paper, such as tissue, a light-weight wrapping-paper or cellophane, a piece about

an inch larger all around than the kite. Fold this inch over the string and paste it down all around. Tie a string at the bottom of the kite, and also one on the crosspiece and through the paper. Make this string as long as the distance necessary. Now fasten a long string onto this. Sometimes a kite will fly better if it has a tail to balance it, so you will have to try yours out and see if it needs a tail. This can be made of a strip of cloth an inch or so wide and a couple of feet long, and if still more is needed tie some rag bows onto the tail.

# A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

After I had written the last letter to you, I set myself to thinking. You had asked so many "hows" and "whys," and I told you that I never wanted you to stop asking those questions. I knew you expected me to answer all of them, and the only clue I had given you were the words "cell" and "grow."

But I began thinking of something else before I could go directly to your questions. I enjoyed your letter and questions so much that I said to myself, "Edward is not only a bright boy. He will make his life worth living, and his name will really live for ages and ages if he keeps on asking questions and if he doesn't give up." I couldn't help comparing your life now to that of a Mr. Berg who lives in our town.

All the neighbors say that Matt Berg was the most brilliant boy in school. He studied the stars, animals, plants; he made experiments; he was always and always asking "how?" and "why?" until no one in the town could satisfy his questions. "Matt Berg'll be a great man some day," everybody said.

But I saw "old" Mr. Berg today. His shoulders were bent; his head was bent. He speaks to no one; he never asks questions anymore. I doubt whether he has troubled to look up at the stars for years. Many people speak of him as "queer." You, no doubt, know many such people in your town.

I wondered why Mr. Berg had changed as he did. He hasn't lost any of his brains. But I do remember people telling how many hardships he had had. Ever since he left school one misfortune followed another, until Mr. Berg lost all his spirit. I don't believe he has had work for the last five years and he has three children at home—the oldest just your age. Yes, Edward, it's

that worry day after day—how a person will live, where food for his family will come from—that makes a man become like "old" Mr. Berg.

Did you ever pause to think how many people are stopped from going on with their learning of "how?" and "why?" just because working so hard only to live takes up all their time? And it shouldn't be so. It is against all the laws of right and justice that some people should take the stuff that we all need for life and make profit from it.

But, you will say I got away from my subject. A little, yes—but not so much. If it weren't for what I have just told you that stops people from learning things that would help everyone, we would know many, many more answers to all your questions than we do today. But, if you will have to spend all your time worrying just how you will live, you won't have any time or joy in finding out answers to questions you'd like to know. Even now, if you had to work from daybreak until nightfall at a hard job, you would be so tired that you wouldn't bother to read my letter all the way to the end, and you certainly wouldn't write another one and ask me more questions. And there are, at this very minute, a great many children in that very predicament. So you see, Edward, what a wonderful work you will do if, when you grow up, you work for a way of living, which we call a "system," in which men and women won't have to spend all of their lives just trying to keep alive.

When you asked me so many questions about how the earth was formed and why we have different peoples on this earth and why we have so many different kinds of animals, I wondered, too, why your school books or school

teachers didn't tell you. It must be that they think you're too young to know such things or that they are too hard for you to understand.

But you should begin to learn the true facts now, Edward. You may not get to go on to college. Maybe there'll be no chance to go to high school even. Remember how your mother told you it was hard to keep you in school even now? And you know that your friend William didn't finish his grammar school because of the reasons that I mentioned above.

It would be the greatest kind of pity and shame if you had to quit school, never having found out the answers to any of your questions. Because I am so afraid that you will become an "old Mr. Berg" long before you will be old in years, I'm going to write you more letters. Don't get impatient by thinking that this way is too slow. If you will grasp only two things from today's letter: that many people never ask questions like you because they work too hard for a living and that sometimes children your age are not told things because many people think that they are too stupid, I will be very, very happy. You know yourself that these same people will entertain you with fairy stories. This wouldn't be so bad, either, once in a while, but when they try to make you believe that they are true, it is really a shame.

When you wrote your letter, I was wondering just what kind of picture you had about the earth and all that's on it. I remember how A. Gowan Whyte, an English scientist, tells that, as a boy, he believed that the world was a big round table with nothing on the underside. Above this was another table floating in the sky which was the home of the angels, and below the earth was a third table where bad peo-

ple went and this was what they called Hell.

Now, I know that you have learned enough from your school geography to know how wrong he was in his thinking. You know that the earth is almost round and that it whirls around and around in regular time and that all this time it is moving around a sun like other worlds which also belong to our "planetary" system and that this whole system with all the planets and their moons and the sun is also moving onward and onward. Then—this is only **our** "solar" system. What about all the others—so many that we cannot even know about?

As I shall have to end soon I want to tell you that we are fortunate to be living at a time when we can talk about these things and believe that there is no limit to the universe. You know that at one time everybody **had** to believe that the earth had four corners so that when you got so far there was a jumping-off place. How many, many men were put to death because they insisted that there was more to this earth of ours than what our eyes can see and that there must be a better explanation than merely making up stories to satisfy simple minds!

Before you can be ready to start learning about all the questions you asked you must know some of the funny things people used to believe. Some people are not much better today!

I will ask you not to forget that I gave you a big secret in the last letter—"grow" and "cell." You **must** keep this in mind before we can get anywhere at all.

Dear Edward, I will be expecting another letter and more questions, because I wouldn't have you become an old Mr. Berg for anything in this world.



## Life in the Far North

SOMETIMES we think that it is rather cold in some parts of the country, but how would you like to be a little Eskimo boy, living away up north where there are no warm houses like you have (if you have one), and where it is dark most of the winter, due to the sun setting in the autumn and not coming up again for about six months. Little Eskimo boys don't have to go to school, for there are no schools. Neither do the children have to take bath nor wash behind their ears, so maybe some boys would like to be Eskimos after all. You would soon wish to be back in your own home and back in school and back with all your playthings, however.

Eskimo children have no toys, so they have to find other ways of having fun. They make sleds of large cakes of ice that they cut from the streams or the rivers. They use a knife to chip off the front of the sled so it is curved like our sleds. This makes it slide down the hills faster. They have very little wood for it is so cold that trees do not grow there. Sometimes pieces of driftwood will float in during the summer along the shores, but these pieces the fathers use to make their sleds for the dogs to pull. The children sometimes slide down the hills on their feet, and they just go whizzing down these inclines. They also amuse themselves with the bows and arrows made of bone and reindeer strips. They must learn early in life how to shoot straight so as to hunt with their fathers in getting meat for the family.

Can you think how queer it would be to not have any books to read or pictures to look at? The only stories they know are the ones the mothers tell the children, and these are often the ones that the grandmothers have told to

their mothers. They are so shut off from the outside world that they know little about it, and so the stories are about hunting or fishing, or about the moon or stars or wind.

The fathers go away to hunt while the mothers do some of the fishing. Their fish lines are long strings of reindeer leather, and the fishhook is made of bone. Holes must be cut in the ice so the fish lines can be dropped in the water. Sometimes the fathers go out in small boats, called kayaks, and with them they take spears. In this way they catch the seals and the whales. The skins are used for clothes and covers, the meat for food, and the oil they get from these is the only thing that they have to burn for light or for cooking.

In the center of the room is a stove made of a hollowed stone, on which is poured some of the oil. A wick is made of moss, and when this is lighted it makes the room quite warm. Fish is cooked over this fire, but the Eskimo often eats the fish raw.

You may have learned that their houses are called igloos. These are made of blocks of ice cut from the rivers. Between the cracks of ice they put snow. The houses have three rooms, the first being only a hall which is not used for anything, due to it being very cold. There is no door, only a hole in the ice, and the opening covered by a skin. The second room is for the dogs, for they must be kept out of the cold winds. The third room is for the people, and it is in this room that the stove is found. On one side is a bench made of snow, and covered with skins. Here the family sit in the daytime, and sleep on it at night. How would you like it if your mother told you to go to bed, and you had to crawl up on a bed made of snow? Brhh! But

Eskimo children don't mind that, for they are dressed in warm suits and they sleep in fur bags, too.

If you were an Eskimo you would have a queer name—not like Bill or

Mary or Anne, but it would sound more like an Indian name. Perhaps you are glad it is not Metak or Nooka, but it is interesting to know about children in other places.



TO WORK IN IRON MINE

Courtesy of "Proletarec"



# CHATTER CORNER

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

## THE CAMPAIGN FOR JUVENILE MEMBERS

The campaign for new Juvenile Members, as announced in the *Prosveta*, opened on April 1 and will close on Dec. 31, 1936. Children between the ages of six months and sixteen years are eligible for admission into the Juvenile Department of the SNPJ.

Following are some of the special campaign points:

1. The Society will pay medical examination fees up to the amount of 50c for every new Juvenile Member admitted during the campaign.

2. All present and new members of the Juvenile Department (those admitted during the first two months of the campaign) will be exempt from all assessments in April and May.

3. Children whose parents are not members of the SNPJ, are also eligible for admission into the Juvenile Department.

4. In addition to these special offers to new members, cash awards will be given to members who will secure one or more new members for the Juvenile Department (from fifty cents for one new members to eighty-two dollars for seventy new members).

Besides these awards, four special prizes, one of fifty, one of twenty-five, one of ten and one of five dollars, will be awarded to individuals or lodges who will secure the largest number of new members. (Particulars about the campaign offers and prizes were announced in the *Prosveta* of March 25.)

Please understand that every one of you is entitled to enter this campaign by bringing into your lodge at least one new member. Ask your parents or your lodge secretary who will gladly tell you all about the campaign to your complete satisfaction. And after you have secured one or more new members for your Society, write a nice little letter to the *Mladinski List* on "How I Secured a New Member for the SNPJ." Will you? —THE EDITOR.

## Easterners and Westerners

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This being my first letter to the much-loved *Mladinski List*, I will open with the usual brief description of myself. I am almost fourteen years of age and am in the tenth grade in school. I have one brother and one married sister. Our entire family belongs to the SNPJ.

In our part of the country (Pa.) we had

very cold winter (15 below zero) and 4 feet snow. The highways were drifted high with snow which made travel and transportation almost impossible. Milk distributors and school buses were unable to get thru and, in some places, especially rural communities and suburbs, the schools were closed. That was in January and February. Now we have springlike weather.

I have a suggestion to make to all the readers of this magazine. I hope it will be

taken merely as a suggestion and not a criticism. Since boys and girls in one part of the country are naturally interested in another part, I suggest they ask them in their letters to M. L. and then those who wish to answer, do so. In this way, I think, we could enjoy ourselves, at the same time receive a little education. Many Easterners would like to know about the Westerners and I should imagine the Westerners would like to know about Easterners. I myself have many questions about the West I would like to have answered and would be glad to answer others' inquiries. Here's the first one:

In the West, are trees such as the oak, maple, sassafras, beech etc., native? This question may sound irrelevant, but to one who has never been there, it is not. I would be grateful to any and everyone who answers this question in the next edition of our little magazine, the M. L. Hoping my suggestion meets with approval by readers and the editor, I will close wishing everyone happiness and good luck.

Pauline Saksek,

700 Russell ave., Johnstown, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I was glad to see my first letter in the M. L. which was also the first letter from here. I hope somebody would write to the M. L. either from Tarentum or its surrounding towns. Although my Daddy has not been working very well, we always paid our assessment because it will help us sometime.

A couple of months ago we did not receive our M. L. I certainly missed it. Now we are getting it and we are very glad.

Julia Vidmar,

R. D. 2, Box 125, Tarentum, Pa.

\* \*

### "Air-Minded"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I suppose I ought to be ashamed for not writing to this lovely magazine sooner, and I am. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List.

I saw my cousin's letter in this magazine the other month and decided that I had better write and keep up with her. I'd love to hear from her.

I am 15 years old and in the second year of high school. (During the week of our mid-term exams I was a little nervous.)

My head is chucked full with ideas of traveling. I have been always determined that some day I'd get to see at least a part of this good world. Especially the West. I am as "air-minded" as my cousin as you

might readily see. As I am sometimes told, I'm always up in the air.

So all you Western and "air-minded" readers, get pens an paper and write me all about your vicinity. I'll answer all of your letters gladly and promptly.

The Slovene Club of West Newton is a Singing Society and I have joined it in the hope of becoming a singer of some sort. I try to sing soprano.

A Mladinski List Reader,

Rosella Povirk,

R.D. 2, Box 112, West Newton, Pa.

\* \*

### 50th Anniversary

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I didn't forget what I promised you in my first letter, that I would write again, if it were published. So here I am.

I have something interesting to tell you this time. On Feb. 22, my Grandma and Grandpa, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Guzel from Cuddy, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary at their home. They sure have many friends and relatives. Their house was just filled with people. But that is not all. The tables were filled with all kinds of a good poticas, krofi, klobase (what all Slovenes like best). There were many other goodies. The best of all was the big wedding cake, which was set in the middle of the table, decorated with inscription and flowers. There were vases full of flowers on each side of the cake. My mother said she hopes that they would live well and happy until their 75th anniversary and longer, so that we could have another good time.

I think this is all I have to write this time. I wish some boys and girls from Cuddy would wake up and write to the M. L., so I wouldn't be alone.

Helen Baselj, Box 131, Cuddy, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I like the stories, poems, riddles, letters, etc., very much. I am 11 years old and am in the sixth grade. My teacher is Miss B. Rayot from Louisville, O. She is a very good teacher. I like to read Dorothy Vitavec's, Dorothy Fink's, and many other letters. I want to say "hello" to Molly Dodich. And I saw in the Mladinski List Dorothy M. Trebec's letter from Cleveland, O., and I was glad. I have been in the SNPJ for 10 years in Lodge McKinley, No. 733, SNPJ.

Jennie Ceh, Box 42, East Canton, O.



Dear Editor:—It is very pleasant to tell you that this is my very first letter to this magazine, the M. L. I really think I should have written before. I am 14 years of age and in the 8th grade in school. Our family consists of seven members. Two of my sisters are in New York, Louise and Anna Zadrovec. I am a trapper and I got many furs. We have lots of fun in the summer time riding on motorcycles. I ride with Stanley Stolich; he works in the mine. I would like to see Elsie and Mary Reich of Chicago, Ill., write to the M. L. (Come over in summer, Elsie and Mary, and you can ride horses.)

Charles Zadrovec, Box 64, Livermore, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—I am a member of Lodge 315, SNPJ, I go to McGregor school, am 10 year old, and this is my first letter to the Mladinski List. My teacher is Miss Adrian. There are three people in our family. My father bought me a piano-accordion and I can play many pieces on it. I am going to write in Slovene sometime.

John Mavrich,

1832 Bellflowers ave., S. W. Canton, O.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—I was 10 years old in February and this is my first letter to the Mladinski List. Last year I was in the Children's hospital in Akron, O., for three months, suffering from appendicitis. I was sick for three months at home and I was glad to get well. I missed one year in school. I had a good time sledriding at vacation time. I got a baby sister who was born at new year. My father works in a coal mine. When I will grow older I will write in Slovene.

Joe Auble, Box 173, Maynard, O.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read the M. L. very much. I am eleven years old and in the 5th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Worm. I like her very much. I have a sister in the eleventh grade. My father and sister and I belong to the SNPJ Lodge 297. (This is a beautiful country out here.) I saw Mary Ann Sinkovic's letter in the M. L. so I thought it's about time for me to write.

Donald M. Cash,

540 No. Third st., Raton, N. Mex.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—I don't think it would be much of a surprise to tell you that this is my first letter to the M. L. I am thirteen years of age and in the 9B grade. I go to Highland Junior high school. After this year I will graduate from Highland to Central high school.

Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ,

Lodge 48. I belong to two lodges, but I like the SNPJ the best.

My father works at the Columbia Chemical, and it went on a strike on Feb. 19. Instead of the strikers being outside as usual, they were inside, but not working. I didn't get to see my father much, because he was there day in and day out. The only time I got to see him was when I went to take food to him with my mother. We gave it to him over a big fence. My father's birthday was on Feb. 24, and he had to be in the shop instead of having a good time at home.

I guess I've said enough for the first time, so I will close for I have a lot of home-work to do. I may write again.

Mary Zadel,

141—15th st. N. W., Barberton, Ohio.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the wonderful M. L. and I hope it won't be the last. I am very sorry that I didn't win a prize but I will try again later. Wake up, Lorain! Let's show that we are faithful to this wonderful M. L. My father works 4 days a week in the National Tube Co. (Branch of the U. S. Steel Corp.)

There was a big fire in Lorain recently and a hotel burned down. The traffic was stopped for 2 days while city relief workers cleared the ice from the trolley car tracks and from the road. There were icicles as thick as a telephone pole. The owner plans to make a three story brick building in the springtime.

Judge: "Stanley Ostanek, you are found guilty of not writing to the M. L."

Stanley: "Me?"

Prosecutor: "You are sentenced to write to the M. L. hereafter."

Stanley Ostanek,

1848 E. 34th st., Lorain, Ohio.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I should be ashamed of myself for not writing sooner, because my mother always tells me to write, but I never seem to get started. I must tell you that I am 11 years old and in the 6-A grade. There are five of us in our family, we all belong to the SNPJ. I have a brother and sister. My brother's name is Richard and my sister's name is Alice. We all go to the Burbank school. I have six teachers. My home room teacher's name is Miss Olason. She is very good. I've been a member of the SNPJ over a year. My mother and father belonged to the SNPJ 15 years. The number of our Lodge is 121. I have not seen a letter from Detroit for a long time. I wish somebody would write to me as I would gladly answer them. I enjoy Dorothy

M. Fink's letters and many others. I enjoy the M. L. so much that I can hardly wait till the next one comes. I wish it would come every week instead of every month. I saved M. L. copies ever since I joined the SNPJ. I've got a great big pile of them; I am going to try to be a member of the SNPJ as long as I can and do everything I can to make the SNPJ even greater than it is now.

Jennie Volk,  
16047 Manning R. 4, Detroit, Mich.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to this wonderful magazine for a long time, so I have decided to write. I read the M. L. every month, because it is so interesting.

There has been a lot of snow here in Feb. and March and the weather very cold. My father is working for the PWA. He and other men are breaking down a school. Sometimes he doesn't go to work because of cold weather. He walks one mile to work.

I am sending best regards to my cousins in Waukegan, Ill. I hope they will read my letter. Will write more next time.

Carolyn C. Kutzler,  
Box 203, Buhl, Minn.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 13 years of age and I love to read letters from members. I like Dorothy M. Fink's letters a lot. There are four of us in our family, mother, father, brother and I. We all belong to SNPJ Lodge 394. I would like to have members write to me; I will gladly answer them. I have two hobbies, stamp collecting and collecting movie stars. I will close and will write more next time.

Anna M. Kastelic,  
383 Porter st., Oakmont, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I'm going to start to write every month now, and I want everyone to write to the M. L. from Imperial. There were just three so far who wrote from Imperial. Betty Jamnick, Jenny Godisha and Sylvia Zitko never wrote yet but perhaps when they see my letter in this month they will write too.

We had the measles in February and stayed at home eleven days, but should have stayed sixteen. There were eight, as far as I know, that had the measles. Now when the weather is changing there will be others who will get other kinds of sicknesses.

I would like everyone who has pictures of Yugoslavia send them to me. And also send me a letter with the pictures. Thank you!

Frances Augustin, Box 303, Imperial, Pa.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. but I assure you it is not going to be the last. I am 14 years old and in the 8th grade.

There are 5 of us in our family and 4 of us belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 182. We had some terrible cold weather out here. The mercury dropped to 46 below.

I love to read the Mladinski List. I find it very interesting. I read Pauline Novak's letter last month and I have taken her advice. (Thank you, Pauline!)

I don't see any letters from Gilbert in M. L. What happened to Elsie Zager? She used to write. Why not start again, Elsie?

I'd appreciate it very much if some of the readers would write to me. I'd gladly answer them.

Mary Poderzay, Box 94, Gilbert, Minn.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I haven't written to the M. L. since last January. Don't you think that tis carelessness? I must not do that again. There are many of us who like to read the M. L., but don't like to write to it. I didn't quit writing to this magazine. Here's a poem:

I wish I had a home  
And a mother too.  
I live upon the streets  
With no work to do.

Berta Jurjevic,  
48 Avendell st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my very first letter to the M. L. I live on a ranch near the Spanish Peaks. I have four sisters and am the only boy in the family. I love my little sister; she sure is cute. My grandpa gave me a little Jersey calf. I like it very much. I have two dogs and four cats. It snowed (about two inches) the other day. We have summer school out here. I will be in the fourth grade and am eight years old. Margaret is 14 years old; Rose 12; Mary Ann 10, and Maxine 19 months.

My best regards to all members.

John Sinkovich, Box 191, Aguilar, Colo.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I go to the Wenonah school and am in the sixth grade. I have two teachers, Miss Virginia Case and Mr. Howard Whitten. We gave a very good program and we had a big crowd that day. I am eleven years old. I enjoy

reading the M. L. very much. I know nearly every word in Slovene. And I know how to read almost every word in the Prosveta and the M. L. The mine out here works about two or three days in a week. My father works five days and then stays five days home. I am going to write in Slovene the next time I write to the M. L. There are five in our family and all are SNPJ members.

Martin Lenich, R. R. 2, Nokomis, Ill.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 9 years old and in the 4th grade. My father is the Sec'y of Lodge 118, SNPJ. Our whole family belongs to SNPJ. I will try to learn to write Slovene. I will write more next time.

Mary Ban,

241—57th st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the good old M. L. I am trying to fulfill my promise by writing every month.

The last two weeks of January we had a big snowfall about a foot deep. Roads and highways were impassible. Buses and automobiles were abandoned on the highways and the people sought shelter and comfort in farmhouses and stations. The weather was so cold that it was 20 below in Pittsburgh. School children had a holiday during the old days.

Well, the weather will take a turn, and the people won't be coughing and saying they have a cold, because Old Man Winter will be slowly chased out by Old Man Summer and then the people will be saying "It's too hot."

Best regards to all.

John Ujcic,

5334 Wickliff st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

## Magic Land

TRULY, it was a magic land! That evening, as I listened to the old traveler's colorful narrative in his warm, dimly lit library, I could see each consecutive scene in the flickering pattern of the fire.

Albania, land bordering our native land, Jugoslavia.

Up, over the Macedonian hills, past the picturesque, quaint Florina, and then over smooth, green mountains into a fertile plain, into Koric, with its glittering minarets that reminded one, somehow, of the smooth beauty of Arabian architecture. Here could be glimpsed both the modern and the outmoded—chauffeurs in their sleek cars brushing against wagons of yellow hay, bound to the hay-market.

The oriental quarter suggests all the glory of the Orient—black veiled women, their provocative, mysterious personalities reflected in their dark olive eyes. The occidental quarter offers a direct contrast, with styles of dress imported from modern Europe and America.

The horse-market, too, contributed a distinct factor to this cosmopolitan little country. Crowded, teeming with bartering, bargaining, buying Albanians, in their native dress—all having the shrewdness of county fair barkers, bickering with prospective buyers, praising their horses and discounting the merits of others—this was the horse market.

Then on, on along the roads that pass the quiet beauty of roadside shrines, and farms that seem to have been "placed," not "built." Here a sunny pasture, there an ancient, historic well; here a green shuttered country farm, where gracious hospitality reigned king. Always in the distance can be seen the towering, purple mountains, topped with clean, creamy snow, all set against a background of rolling white clouds.

Rivers, too, with their picturesque bridges, many of Roman architecture could be seen. And on them the boats, sailing either down to the historic Slav Adriatic, or up into the peaceful inland.

Nestling in valleys, clinging to hillsides and seashores, lay the communities, which would, if viewed from an airplane, appear like spattered patches of color painting the countryside.

We passed a jail, through whose grim bars a dazed prisoner was staring. He would meet death for the theft of a horse . . .

The peasants, with their faulty, accented English and immaculate farms and homes, could be seen tending their cattle and sheep in the pastures. Once toward twilight we passed a wealthy native's villa of a pinkish marble, situated majestically on a towering hillside. It was a pearl set in the lush green of the hillside.

Now, the seashore. The blue harbors along the Adriatic coast sparkle with sunlight, or become a beautiful crimson during sunrise or sunset. The gypsies can often be seen at the waterfront, gazing out to sea with their dreamy, quiet eyes . . .

My friend stopped talking, and the fire in the hearth was but a pink glow. It was late and it was "good night!" As I made my way through the dark streets, I whispered to the stars, "truly, a magic land."

By Clifford Cernick, Cle Elum, Wash.

## Mother of Mine

AS a motorman on a street car, I have to deal with and handle the public. This gives me the opportunity to watch differences in the public with whom I am daily in contact. Those who interest me most are children.

At the Nottingham end of the line are two public schools. Every day, I see a mother of three children waiting for them in front of the school. When they come out, a smile of happiness comes over her face; she takes them by their tiny hands, and home they go. A six year old boy rides with me once in a while. His mother waits for him at the car stop. As soon as she sees him, she smiles. Her son jumps to her, grabs her by the hand, and home they go. Another mother brings her daughter, Dorothy, to the car and says, "Watch when you get off the car."

Often, I wonder if those tots understand the love in their mothers' hearts for them, then my thoughts go back as far as I can remember. Oh yes! I, too, had a mother.

I was born in one of the villages in the county of Krško in Slovenia (Jugoslavia), between the rivers Sava and Krka. This is also called Krshko fields, which consist mainly of farming country. About four miles from my birthplace, is the mouth of the river Krka which flows into the Sava river.

I may have been about three years old, when I remembered for the first time that mother of mine. It was one bright Sunday before noon, I was seated in the yard by the cottage, and my mother was cutting my hair. There were no barbers for miles around. I felt a sting on one of my ears. Mother had touched it with the scissors, and the blood was starting to run. I cried, but mother must have felt that more than I did, and she prom-

ised that we would go "bye-bye" across the river Krka in a boat to my aunt's house, which was at Perascce. So I quieted down.

I was growing, and had more brothers and sisters. We were in the poorer class of peasants. To give us bread and potatoes, father and mother had to rent land for growing crops. But even then, there was no money to pay rent, and mother had to work at one wealthy farmer from seven in the morning till dusk, so that we children could have a little more bread.

Of course, I, too, did not understand the love that mother had for us little kiddies. But now I know that mother of mine even went hungry herself; just so we had enough to eat, she was happy.

When 14 years of age, I was ready to leave and go to a factory in a strange mining town. It was early in the morning, my things were packed and it was time to go. My mother said, "Where are you going, sonny?" Then she wept loudly; it was her love for her child.

Wherever I went, even though I did not see her much more, yet I remembered her. From the time we parted and even now when she is dead these ten years, I still remember her.

About one year ago, I was in a house where a couple of boys were using harsh words against their mother. She nearly cried. I said to the boys, "Be nice to your mother. She is the only mother you have, and when you lose her, you will never find another mother who will love you." The boys began to realize what a mother is to them.

By Frank Barbič,  
Lodge 53, SNPJ, Cleveland, O.