

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Mile Klopčič:

## POZNA JESEN

**P**OZNO dani se in zgodaj znočijo se dnevi.

Oblaki zdaj nizko nad poljem gredó,  
zdaj beli kot tropa poskočnih ovac,  
zdaj temni, da lije z njih dež na zemljó.

Čez brdo prihaja v obiske vihar,  
in sonce na nebu vsak dan slabi.  
Iz grude še žito na dan je prizvalo,  
potem pa zgubilo poslednje moči.

Spred hiše odšla na zapeček je starka;  
boji se mrazóv in natih šepeta:  
"Zdaj vse je zamrlo in vse je samotno . . .  
Tu nič ne pomaga, starost je prišla."

Zdaj čakamo vsi samo še na zimo—  
in mnogi na sneg in na mraz in na glad.  
Edina tolažba za tistega, ki obupuje:  
za zimo prišla je še vselej pomlad!

To slaba tolažba je zanj, ki trpi.  
Tolažba zaleže za dan ali dva.  
A zima je dolga, z njo mraz in glad.  
Kaj bi s tolažbo?—Kdo KRUHA jim da?



## Papirnaté barčice

**D**AN za dnem spuščam svoje papirnaté barčice drugo za drugo po dreveči reki.

Z velikimi črkami napišem na vsako svoje ime in ime sela, v katerem biva.

Upam, da jih najde kdo v daljni deželi in da bo vedel kdo sem.

V svoje male barčice nakladam cvetice z našega vrta.

Spuščam svoje papirnaté barčice in gledam v nebo in vidim, kako razvijajo mali oblački svoja bela, napeta jadra.

Ne vem, kateri mojih tovarišev na nebu jih pošilja po zraku, da tekmujejo z mojimi barčicami.

Kadar pride noč, zatisnem oči in sanjam, da plavajo moje papirnaté barčice dalje in dalje pod svetlimi zvezdami.

Vila spanja jadra v njih in tovor so koši, navrhani s sanjami.

! Rabindranath Tagore—Al. Gradnik.

## NOTRANJI GLAS

**N**EPOKOJNI vi ljudje!

V daljno strmo visočino,  
v brezen temnih globočino  
vam uhajajo želje!

Eno je potrebno le:

Skrbi za vse, ljubi brata,  
dvigni ga, odpri mu vrata  
in sodnik naj bo srce!

Fr. Levstik.

## Nasredin je delil ovne

**D**EVET gorskih razbojnikov je uplenilo s paše deset ovnov. Gnali so jih v gozd. Sredi gozda so se ustavili, da si jih razdele. Dele in dele, pa kakor se trudijo z delitvijo, da bi bila pravična in enaka, na vsakega pride po eden, na enega pa dva.

Vnel se jim je prepir. Že so potezali orožje, tedaj privede srečno naključje mednje Nasredina. Spoznali so ga, vedeli o njegovi modrosti, pa so ga pozvali: "Učeni mož, daj, da bo konec našemu prepiru, ti nam razdeli ovne, da pojde enako in po pravici!"

Nasredin je dejal: "Ako je res, da vam bo veljala moja beseda in da mi ne bo nihče zameril, tedaj naj bo in vam bom razdelil plen enako in po pravici."

Vsi razbojniki so se zakleli, da bodo poslušali njegovo besedo, pa je Nasredin razdelil ovne tako: "Vas devet in en oven je deset; jaz eden in devet ovnov je zopet deset. Na obe strani deset, to je enako in po pravici!"

Izgovoril je in je razbojnikom pustil enega ovna, s seboj pa jih je odgnal devet.

Narodna šala iz Bosne.



John Copley: V OLIVNEM LOGU

J. W. Grimm:

## O slamici, oglju in bobku

V NEKI vasi je živela siromašna stara žena. Pa je nabrala za kosilo boba na njivi. Na ognjišču je zanetila genj, in da bi hitreje zagorelo, je podtaknila še prgišče slame. Ko pa je vsula bob v lonec, ji je odletel majhen bobek in padel na tla tik slamice. Kmalu je k njima priskočil z ognjišča še kos oglja.

Slamica ju je vprašala: "Odkod, draga prijateljca?"

Oglje je dejalo: "Ognju sem ušel, sicer bi bilo moralo žalostno umreti. Le kupček pepela bi bil ostal od mene."

Bobek pa je povedal: "Starki sem ušel iz lonca, sicer bi me bila skuhala s tovariši vred!" — In se je oddahnil.

"Tudi meni bi bila huda predla: Vse moje sestrice je starka požgala. Šestdeset sedem jih je naenkrat pograbila in ugonobila. Sedaj so le še črn, sajast dimček. Srečo sem imela, da sem ji smuknila skozi prste."

"Kaj pa sedaj?" je vprašalo oglje.

"Kaj ko bi odslej do smrti skupaj držali? Saj smo ji vsi trije komaj ušli. Da nas tukaj ne doleti nova nesreča, se izselimo v tuje kraje, najboljše v Ameriko," je svetoval bobek.

In so šli.

In kmalu so prišli do potočka in ker ni bilo ne mosta ne brvi, so ugibali, kako bi prišli na ono stran. Slamica je kmalu potuhtala: "Jaz se vležem počez z brega na breg; pa gresta lahko po meni, kakor po mostičku." In se je zleknila od brega do brega.

Oglje je pogumno stopicalo po novem mostu. A ko je prišlo do srede in začulo pod seboj žuborenje in goltanje vode, mu je postalo vroče. Obstalo je in se ni upalo dalje. Tedaj se je slamica vnela, se prelomila na dva dela in omahnila v potoček. Oglje je zdrknilo za njo, zacvrčalo in izginilo v valovih. Oprezni bobek pa, ki je še stal na bregu se je jel smejeti in se je smejal, dokler je počil.

Sedaj bi bila tudi bobku huda predla, da ni prav tedaj počival ob potočku potujoč krojač. Ker je imel usmiljeno srce je vtaknil nit v šivanko in zašil bobku kožo.

Bobek se mu je najlepše zahvalil, a ker je imel krojač samo črno nit, ima od tistih dob vsak bob črn šiv.

Kdor ne verjame, naj pogleda!

## VESELI KOLEDNIKI

ČASE pregledujemo,  
zase koledujemo  
in za lepo leto mlado  
preobračamo navado:  
nič od vas ne prosimo,  
mi darove nosimo,  
meh za smeh in vrečo sreče  
Ciciban za nami vleče,  
ne za hišo zidano,  
le za voljo židano!

Oton Zupančič.

A. P. Krasna:

## Niklji

GOSPOD kandidat je govoril in otroci so se gnetli pred odrom in nagajali kakor je njih navada ob takih prilikah. V kandidatovi duši je kar vrela nejevolja, toda zdaj je ni smel kazati; za glasove je šlo in ob taki priliki je treba požreti marsikaj, nad čemer bi gospod v vsakem drugem slučaju vihal nos in se obrnil prezirljivo v stran. Govoril je dalje kljub vsemu in se skušal celo smehljati porednim

krčke, a še bolj gotovo niklje. Bogati kandidatje kot je on ne štedijo z denarjem, kadar hočejo glasov. Skrbno so pazili, da jim ne uide nepričakovano z odra. Niti razgrajanje in ploskanje jih ni odvrnilo od te pažnje. In so naenkrat instinktivno začutili, da bo kmalu konec. Že je padla zadnja beseda. Gospod kandidat je napravil korak proti izhodu in takrat so zagrmeli kakor eden.



John T. Wolf.: MLADA ORAČA

razgrajačem pred odrom. Zdaj pa zdaj so mu poslušalci zaploskali, ne da bi vedeli zakaj in gospod si je vselej pomel roke v očitnem zadovoljstvu. Otrokom ni ušel njegov svetel pogled, pa so mu burno nabijali še oni, z rokami in z nogami — v mislih so imeli niklje, ki so jih upali dobiti od njega.

Med govorom so bili preštudirali njegov obraz in so vedeli že naprej, da jim bo nekaj vrgel. Mogoče samo cu-

“Dajte nikljev, gospod! Smo revni, raztrgani, gladni — —”

Gospod je postal in jih gledal.

“Kateri je najrevnejši?”

In je zavpil ves zbor naenkrat: “Jaz, jaz, jaz!”

“Hahaha!” je rekel gospod kandidat z odra in vsa dvorana je rekla z njim: Hahaha!”

Mali razgrajači pa so se podili za niklji. Segali so ženskam pod krila, da

so jezno vpile nanje, ščipali so moške v trde gležnje in se praskali med seboj za najdene niklje. In medtem je že nastopil drugi kandidat in je ustregel še neizrečeni želji nagajivih in umazanih paglavcev.

"Thank you, Mister," so zavpili in se vnovič podali na lov za niklji.

"You are much welcome," je odgovoril kandidat in pristavil kakor prvi: "Hahaha!"

Vsa usta po dvorani so se mu pridružila in vmes so se čuli pohvalni, navdušeni klici.

"Naše malčke ceni, njega bomo volili."

"Pa majne bo spet zaronal, je rekel."

"In oni drugi nam bo zmanjšal davke."

"Bedaki!" je siknil glasno nezadovoljnež. "Za niklje se prodajate, sebe in svoje otroke, fej!"

"Booo, ven z njim, z grdobo rdečo, če mu ni prav, naj gre, odkoder je prišel."

"Saj! grem, osli!" je zavpil skozi vrata in je izginil v temi.

Otroci, ki so dobili niklje, so se vsuli za njim. V dvorani jih ni nič več zanimalo. Mislili so, da bo policija lovila

rdečkarja, pa so se zmotili. Toda vseeno so stekli za njim.

"Hej, "red", zakaj pa si tako bedast? Vsi so se ti smejali."

"In onadva pa njim — žal mi je za vas, bedniki, da vas bodo vzgojili za tepce, ki še misliti ne znajo samostojno, ampak zevajo kar za onimi: 'Hahaha!' in se smejejo svoji lastni mizeriji. Ploskajo svoji nevednosti."

"A mi smo ploskali za niklje, "red", smo li tudi mi bedasti?"

"Zdaj še ne, pa boste, če se vaši stari ne spametujejo. — Nazaj pojdite in vrzite jim tiste umazane niklje v obraz, pa jim povejte, da hočete kruha, toplih stanovanj in obleke, ker jutri boste spet lačni, bedački, kandidata pa bosta sita in se bosta široko smejala: Hahaha! — zopet smo jih potegnili tepčke—in mislijo, da imajo pravico odločevati z glasovnico — hahaha!"

"Ne, nikljev ne damo, a povedat jima gremo, če greš z nami, "red.""

Obrnili so se in so vpili na ves glas: "Le dajte še nikljev, a nas še niste kupili z njimi!" —

In nezadovoljnež je imel zadovoljen obraz.

## NA POLJANE SNEŽEC PADA

NA gorice in poljane  
snežec naletava  
in v svetlobi žarkobeli  
se blešči narava.

Na gorice in poljane  
zima je dospela:  
majka zima—stara žena—  
žalostna in vela.

Le razsajaj, zima starka,  
čez ledene trate!  
V naših mladih srčecih  
ni prostora zate.

Davorinov.



# Suženj sužnjev

Priredil Mile Klopčič

V TEJ zatohli fabriki je ubilo očeta: stroji so ga zgrabili in strli. Stroj je bil okrvavljen, celo na stropu je blestela rdeča lisa. In potem je moral v isto tovarno njegov sin. Bil je še otrok in je najprej pomagal pri prenašanju; donášal je delavcem vode. Potem je v tej fabriki rasel in postal vkladalec pri stroju. Vkladal je neprestano, v kratkih odmorih pa mazal ležaje koles.

"Hitreje, hitreje, hitreje . . . !" si je šepetal in hitel. Nenadoma pa se je fantu zazdelo, da je zabrnel tudi stroj:

"Hitreje, hitreje, hitreje . . . !"

Fant je hitel. Roke pa so mu drevele, vsaj za hip se je hotel odpočiti.

"Paznik je v drugem koncu in ne gleda semkaj. Zdajle počijem za hip."

Pa se je oglasil stroj brneče: "Hitrrreje, hitrrreje, hitrrreje!"

Fant je začudeno strmel v stroj —



Emerton Heitland: OSAMLJENA KOČA POZIMI

"Zdaj je štiri ura, hvala bogu, še dve uri, pa bo konec za danes," je dejal fant sam pri sebi. Truden je bil; od šestih zjutraj pa do šestih zvečer, to ni šala. In ves dan kot za stavo hiteti in streči stroju, v tistem opoldanskem kratkem odmoru hitro použiti kos kruha ter spet vlagati, vlagati neprestano, brez oddiha, brez pogleda drugam kakor v svoj stroj. Zamudiš en hip, pa je prepozno in te kaznujejo.

roke so delale same od sebe —, ker je bil prepričan, da je stroj res izpregovoril. Ozrl se je okrog sebe, nikogar ni bilo, pogledal je okrog stroja, nikjer nikogar v bližini. In vendar mu v ušesih zveni do mozga segajoče sikanje: "Hitreje, hitreje!" Kdo drugi bi mu bil rekel nego stroj?

Pa še več je slišal fant. Nenadoma je stroj zakričal:

"Ne zijaj tako vame, ti suženj!"

Fant se je prestrašil.

"Streži mi naglo, zakaj gorje meni in tebi, če se ne bom vrtel dovolj hitro. Gospodar bo vrgel mene med staro šaro, tebe pa na cesto v glad! Tako počenja gospodar z vami, sužnji!"

Mladi delavec je ostrmel. Zdelo se mu je, da govori stroj msili, ki jih je sam razmišljal že tolikokrat, odkar hodi v fabriko streč strojem. Toda njegovo uho je jasno slišalo besede:

"Sužnji ste! Naši sužnji, sužnji železnih strojev. Tudi jaz sem suženj," je govoril stroj, "toda mene ima gospodar menda rajši, zato mi je dodelil ljudi za tlačane. Dal mi je vas, sužnje, ki me krmite, sužnje, ki mi strežete, ki me snažite in mažete, sužnje, ki skrbijo zame, kadar zbolim, kadar se mi odlomi kakšen ud ali izgubim vijak."

"Stoletja ste mi stregli, in zato ste stradali kruha in veselja; jaz pa, železni suženj, ki ste ga vi, človeški sužnji ustvarili, jaz vidim vašo nespamet. Dan za dnem skrbite zame in me niti za hip ne zapustite, ker bi sicer izgubili še to bore hrano, ki jo imate zdaj. Vaš in moj gospod bi vas pognal na cesto. In vrhu vsega tega je stvar vendar popolnoma preprosta: gospod me niti ne pozna, a sem njegov, gospod me ni še nikoli namazal ali nakrmil, pa vendarle delam njemu. Navadna človeška pamet bi morala spoznati, da sem vaš in da so vaši vsi stroji. Vi nas krmite, zato bi morali biti vaši. Vi nas snažite, zato bi morali biti vaši. Vi nam strežete, kadar zbolimo, vi nas popravite, kadar izgubimo kakšen vijak, torej smo vendar vaši. In vi tega ne veste. Mi pa to vemo, a ne moremo storiti ničesar. Naš ukaz je samo: hitreje, hitreje."

Fant je strmel, ni mogel pojmiti, kaj se godi z njim.

"Ne slišiš, poba, hitreje, hitreje, sicer te požene gospod na cesto, tebe, ki si človeški suženj železnega sužnja, ki je spet suženj Velikega Gospoda! Ha!"

Stroj je butal in trepetal od samega

krohota, hropel je v smehu in kričal: "Hitreje, hitreje!"

Mladi delavec je zrl v stroj, ker se mu je režal in posmehoval. Raztogotil se je nad železnega sužnja in prenehal je delati.

Preddelavec in drugi tovariši so opazovali čudno vedenje mladega strojnika, ki je strmel v stroj.

Nenadoma je mladi delavec zakričal: "Zdaj je dovolj!", vzel v roke železen drog in udaril po stroju.

"Leta in leta si me mučil od zore do mraka, stregel sem ti kot ne morem streči svoji materi, ti pa me zdaj psuješ in sramotiš! Ne boš več kričal: Hitreje, hitreje . . ."

In kot blazen je začel zamahovati z drogom po stroju. Zamrmralo je v stroju, mladi delavec pa je tolkel, dokler ni stroj obstal in dokler ni utihnilo njegovo sikanje "Hitreje, hitreje!", dokler ni strl vseh vzvodov in koles.

Kričal je in tolkel okrog sebe, dokler ga niso zgrabili tovariši in odvedli v bolnico. Govorili so: "Fant je blazen."

Fant pa ni zblaznel. V bolnici se je kmalu zavedel in žal mu je bilo; ležal je na postelji in govoril tovarišem, ki so ga prišli obiskat:

"Nisem ravnal prav, stroja ne bi smel razbiti. Govoril mi je resnico. Bil je suženj Velikega Gospoda kakor jaz. Morala bi si torej biti prijatelj. Stroj bi bil moral biti moj in jaz njegov, pa sva bila oba gospodarjeva."

Ozrl se je po prijateljih:

"Stroji bi morali biti naši, nam bi morali ustvarjati, ker jim mi strežemo. Pojdite v fabrike in povejte delavcem, da so stroji naši. Samo Veliki Gospod nam jih je ukradel, nazaj jih moramo dobiti. Potem jim bodo stregli z veseljem in ne bodo nam več sršeli: Hitreje, hitreje . . ."

Ko so tovariši odšli s tem naročilom in je ostal mladi fant sam v bolniški sobi, se je skril z obrazom pod odejo in jokal:

"Nisem prav ravnal s strojem. Stroj je bil vendar moj, moj . . ."





Ricard M. Crisler: BODEČI MAK

## Človeško telo

**K**OSTI so telesu opora in mu dajo obliko. Ob kosteh so kite, ki povzročujejo gibanje telesa. S telovadbo, s plavanjem in s hojo po gorah krepimo kite in jamčimo moč telesa.

Po životu so razpreženi živci, ki se združujejo v votli hrbtenici in v možganih. Živci vodijo čute in delajo, da se človek zaveda. Živcem je treba dela in počitka. Spričo prevelikega duševnega napora človek lahko zblazni ali celo umrje. Kakor kite tako je treba tudi živce krepiti s kopanjem, s hojo v breg in v gozd ter s spanjem.

Čuti: vid, sluh, okus, voh in tip imajo vsi določena opravila.

Telo je pokrito z luknjičavo kožo, ki ima več plasti. Luknjice v koži imenu-

jemo potnice ali znojnice, ker se skozi nje potimo. Primerna obleka nas čuva prehlada.

Telo potrebuje hrane in toplote. Toploto mu dajemo z živežem. Požiralnik požira zdrobljeno hrano, želodec in čreva jo pa prebavljajo. Najboljša je mešana hrana. V jedi in pijači bodimo zmerni!

Kri dovaja toploto po žilah vsem udom. Srce in pljuča urejujejo tok krvi. S pljuči dihamo in s tem čistimo kri.

Prevetrujmo stanovanja v vsakem letnem času! S snago in z razkuževanjem se čuvamo nalezljivih bolezni in si vzdržujemo zdravje.

## Led

**A**KO hočejo imeti ljudje most čez reko, ga grade včasih dalje nego leto dni. Narava napravi to hitreje. Zgodilo se je že, da je vse vode v deželi v eni sami zimski noči pokrila s trdimi mostovi. A kako se vam bleščijo! Prav tako kakor bi jih bil napravil steklar, gladki pa so, kakor bi jih bil ostrugal in ogladil mizar. Gotovo ste že ugenili, da so to ledeni mostovi.

Otroci imajo led kaj radi. Po njem se lahko z drsalkami drsajo tako naglo, kakor dirja vlak po železnem tiru. Včasih sicer kateri trdo pade, a to nič ne de. Bolj nevarno je, ako začne led pokati pod nogami. Če počí, lahko pademo v vodo. Večkrat se je že zgodilo, da je bila pod ledom globoka voda. Pomoči ni bilo blizu, pa je nesrečnejš, ki je prišel pod ledeno skorjo, utonil.

Učitelj: "Kam spada pes?"

Mihec: "K sesalcem."

Učitelj: "Prav! In kam spada postev?"

Mihec: "H krompirju in solati!"

Matijček vidi prvič v življenju kačo, ki se počasi plazi proti grmovju, in zavpije:

"Glej, mama, tukaj je rep, ki miga brez psa!"

# Mleko

**NAJBOLJŠA** in najtečnejša hrana je mleko, ker ima v sebi vse redilne snovi, ki jih potrebuje človeško telo. Je pa tudi lahko prebavno, ker je tekoče.

Najbolj čislamo kravje, kozje in ovčje mleko.

Dobro mleko nam dajejo zdrave krave, ki ne delajo in uživajo suho krmo. Mleko delavnih krav in tistih, ki jim pokladajo zeleno krmo, je vodeno. Dobro mleko je čisto in belo. Ako stiskaš kaplje takega mleka med prsti, čutiš maščobo. Pristno mleko je težje od vode, zato padajo mlečne kaplje v vodi proti dnu. Na stekleni plošči ali na porcelanu ostanejo okrogle; ako jih pomešamo z vodo, se razlezejo.

Mleko moramo imeti v čistem, zračnem in hladnem prostoru. Zato hli in nesnažni prostori niso pripravi za mleko, ker se v takih prostorih navzame slabega duha.

Mleko uživajmo samo prekuhanu! Surovo mleko je dostikrat škodljivo. Učenjaki so našli v mleku jetičnih krav glivice, ki povzročajo jetiko. Huda vročina, ob kateri mleko zavre, zamori vse škodljive glivice. Sedaj pa v mestih mleko pasteurizirajo.

V 100 delih, recimo v 100 kvartih mleka je 80 delov vode,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  dela tolšče ali maščobe, pičle 4 dele beljakovine ali sirnine in skoraj 5 delov mlečnega sladku. Ostanek so razne soli.

Ako stoji mleko nekaj časa na zraku, se začne kisati. To izpremembo, ki jo opazujejo zlasti v poletju, povzročajo drobne, prostemu očesu nevidne glivice. Te glivice se množe silno hitro. V eni minuti se lahko ena sama glivica razmnoži na 16 milijonov enakih bitij.

Pri tem razmnoževanju izpreminjajo glivice mlečni slad v mlečno kislino. Tolšča, ki je v mleku v podobi drobnih kroglic, se ob tem dviga na površje. To je smetana.

Smetano metemo v pinji. Ob trajnem premikanju beta se kroglice v tolšči združujejo, slednjič se sprimejo v kepo. Ostala snov je pinjenec.

Kepe ožmemo in stisnemo v štruce čistega presnega masla, ki je lahko prebavna maščoba. Na ognju raztopljeno presno maslo imenujemo kuhano maslo ali kratko maslo, ki je lepe rumene barve. Na dnu posode ostala gošča so tropine. Kuhano maslo je dobra zabela, posebno za močnate jedi.

Po vplivu toplote in glivic se beljakovine zgostijo ali zasirijo. V mlekarnah stiskajo v posebnih stiskalnicah **sirni**no v hlebe. To je sir. Ti hlebi, ki so različno veliki, dozorevajo v posebnih kleteh več mesecev. Sirar jih pridno obrača, snaži in soli. Sir je redilna, a težko prebavna hrana. V Sloveniji napravljajo precej sira v Bohinju. Najboljši sir prihaja iz Švice.

Andrej Škulj.





*Dragi dečki in deklice!*

*S pričujočo številko zaključujemo enajsti letnik našega mesečnika, ki pridno zahaja vsak mesec v tisoče slovenskih hiš, kjer razveseljuje mnoge male bistro glavice in zabava tudi starejše ljudi. Saj Mladinski List vsakdo rad čita, ker je v njem obilo pestrega štiva za mlade in odrasle. To ni samohvala od naše strani, ampak odmev številnih izrazov priznanja na obeh straneh Atlantika. S tem pa gre lep kos priznanja vam, dečki in deklice, ki pošiljate ljubke dopise, da so objavljeni v "Kotičku".*

*Z izdajanjem Mladinskega Lista za slovensko mladino vrši naša dobra mati Slovenska narodna podpora delo neprecenljive vrednote. S tem pomaga vzgajati slovenski naraščaj v naprednem delavskem duhu in širiti napredne ideje, ki so orisane v jednotini načelni izjavi.*

*Vsled navedenih dejstev upam, da se bo naša mladina v novem letu še bolj tesno oklenila Mladinskega Lista in vanj dopisovala slovenske dopise. Pa ne radi kakšnega narodnjaštva, ampak zato, ker je slovenščina jezik naših staršev in ker je njena beseda lepa!*

*Upam, da v novem letu nadaljujete delo za M. L. in v tem smislu vas iskreno pozdravljam ter želim vse najboljše!*

—UREDNIK.

#### V CLEVELANDU IMAJO TRI SLOVENSKE ŠOLE

Dragi urednik in čitatelji Mladinskega Lista!

Namenila sem se napisati par vrstic za "Naš kotiček" v naš priljubljeni Mladinski list.

Tukaj, v Clevelandu, ki je največja slovenska naselbina v Ameriki, imamo tri slovenske šole. Ena izmed teh je v Slovenskem delavskem domu na Waterloo rd. V to šolo hodim tudi jaz. Naj Vam povem tudi to, da mene zelo veseli učenje slovenščine. Naša učiteljica ga. Suša nas je naučila že precej čitati in pisati slovensko. Sedaj nas pripravlja za prireditev, ki se bo vršila v nedeljo 18. decembra.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in Vam. cenjeni urednik!

Josephine Gorjanc,  
14930 Sylvia ave., Cleveland, O.

#### PREVEČ UČITELJIC IN MIKLAVŽ

Cenjeni urednik!

Tudi za december sem se namenila, da napišem kratko pismo, ki želim, da ga priobčite v "Našem kotičku" Mladinskega lista. Moja mama me vedno priganja, naj kaj napišem za Mladinski list.

V novembruški številki Mladinskega lista sem videla dopisa od Angele in Adophe Pucel. Posebno priobčene pesmice so se mi dopadle. Priporočam jima, da še kaj napišeta.

Volitve so minile. Rooseveltova zmaga nič ne pomeni za delovno ljudstvo. On obljubuje povratek piva, mi pa hočemo kruha. Mnogo ljudi se je zdramilo, da so volili za socialistične kandidate, seveda pa še ne dovolj. Preveč ljudi še verjame kapitalističnim obljubam.

Jaz pohajam ljudsko šolo in sem v petem razredu. Imam šest učiteljic; za vsak predmet drugo. Ko sem povedala doma, koliko jih je in kaj nekatere uče, se je moja mama jezila. Rekla je, če jih bi bilo polovica manj, da se bi ravno tako učili. Dne 22. novembra je naša šola uprizorila zanimivo igro, ki se imenuje "Robin Hood."

Ko bo ta dopis priobčen, se bo ponekod že oglasil Miklavž, namreč pri tistih, ki vanj verjamejo. Jaz ne pričakujem dosti, ker so slabi časi in ker ne verjamem vanj.

Kljub temu pa pošiljam sezonske pozdrave vsem!  
Mary Yuvancic, Bridgeville, Pa.

\* \*

### NJENO PRVO SLOVENSKO PISMO

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Prosim malo prostora v "Našem kotičku." Ker me veseli pisati slovensko, bom napisala par vrstic.

Novega ni nič kaj posebnega tukaj v North Chicagu. Delavske razmere so pod ničlo, kakor povsod drugod. Moj ata nič ne dela. Pravi, da bo imel vso zimo počitnice. Pa nič ne jamra. Pravi: "Zdaj ga bomo pili ko smo Roosevelt dobili!"

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in Vam, cenjeni urednik!

Lorraine Miller,

1119 Park ave., N. Chicago, Ill.

\* \*

### "JURČE ORJE, GRE ČEZ MORJE"

Dragi urednik!

Jurče tam na polju orje, vodi srce ga čez morje. Aj, čez morje, tja v deželo, kjer živi se bolj veselo! Kaj pomaga tu vsa setev, če pa slaba bo vsa žetev. Eno leto kakor drugo lakota prinaša tugo.—Več na polju tam ne orje, vozi Jurče se čez morje. Aj, čez morje, tja v deželo, kjer živi se bolj veselo.

Ko v Ameriko pripluje, čuje tam glasove tuje. V prsih mu postane tesno in začne se držati resno: "Kaj, Amerika je taka zemlja, naši je enaka in berači tu so tudi!" Temu komaj se načudi, delo Jurče je dobil v jeklarni. Ej, to bo denarja v jeklarni, pot pa s čela lije mu v potokih. Delal rad bi bil na hladnem, morda v jami, kjer se koplje ruda, a tam pa spet preveč bo truda. Kmalu, kmalu se naš Jurče prepriča, kmalu, kmalu se naš Jurče naveliča. Da povsod je treba trdo delati za druge, pa bi rajše spet šel čez morje v domači kraj, kjer sedaj drugi njiyo orje. Oj čez morje, oj čez morje!

Mary Markovich,

412 Quimesse st., Iron Mountain, Mich.



Sosed vpraša soseda: "Sosed, ali že spiš?"

"Ne."

"Posodi mi, prosim, deset dolarjev!"

"Že spim!"

### Z OTOKA FRIDAY HARBOR NA PACIFIKU

Cenjeni urednik!

Želim napisati kratek dopis za "Naš kotiček" s tega otoka, ki se imenuje Friday Harbor, Wash. Na tem otoku so trije kamnolomi. Iz tega kamna izdelujejo apno. V poletnem času so bolj slabo obratovali; sedaj obratujejo s polno paro ali se ne ve koliko časa bodo obratovali.

Na tem otoku sta tudi dve fabriki, ena za konzerviranje rib, druga za grah.

Od tega otoka do kanadske meje je le šest milj. Od tu se vidi eltrične luči v Victorijo, Canada.

Na tem otoku so tri jezera. V poletnem času kar mrgoli malih čolnov na teh jezerih. Naj povem, da na tem otoku sem že videl vsakovrstne ptice, ki sedaj v zimskem času tako lepo žvrgolijo.

Pa tudi tako lepih fazanov nisem še videl kakor so tukaj. In koliko jih je!

Tukaj pada dež že en mesec, in stari nasejlenci pravijo, da je minilo že sedem in trideset let, odkar je dež tako zgodaj pričel padati. Po navadi prične deževati meseca januarja, koncem februarja pa že pričnejo krompir saditi.

Tukaj še vedno rožiče cveto, pa tudi farmarji imajo še zelje na njivah, in korenje.

Veste, urednik, Vam bom pa na uho povedal, da vsako jutro, ko ustanem, najprej pogledam skozi okno, ako je že sneg. Skoro misliti ne moram, da tukaj sneg ne pada. Sploh ne vem zakaj sem prinesel iz Wyominga težko suknjo, zimsko čepico in pa usnjate rokavice.

Se še kaj ob priliki oglasim.

Anton Groznik,

Box 22, Friday Harbor, Wash.

\* \*

### MIKLAVŽ IN SNEG

Dragi urednik!

Kmalu bo božič. Nemara ne bom nič dobil od Miklavža, ker moj oče ni dobil letos dosti denarja.

V Scrantonu je vreme precej mrzlo. Upam, da bomo dobili dosti snega. Jaz se zelo rad sankam, le da sank nimam. Če bi se me Miklavž usmilil in mi prinesel vsaj sanke, kako bi mi ustregel.

Iskren pozdrav Vam, urednik, in čitateljem.

Felix Vogrin.

P. S.—Hvala Vam, urednik, ker ste tako lepo popravili moje prejšnje pisemce. Se priporočam.

F. Vogrin,

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.



## RIBNIŠKA O ŽLICAH

Cenjeni urednik!

Želim, da priobčite tole ribniško popevko, če še ni bila prej priobčena v Mladinskem listu:

## Ribniška

Kak žalosten ta svet  
gotov je biu popred,  
k' ni blo tach ljudi,  
da bi žlice delali!

S kruhovimi škorjami so jedli,  
sklede na kolenih 'meli.  
To pa ni kaj bistro blo,  
od ust jim je kapljalo.

Upam, da se bo čitateljem ta ribniška pesmica dopadla; meni se, zato pa sem jo poslala v priobčitev. Pozdrav vsem!

Caroline Strell, box 31, Tire Hill, Pa.

\* \*

## HOV, HOV, HOV, JOŠKO GRE NA LOV!

Dragi urednik!

Ne odneham prej, dokler ne prebrskam sleherno stran Mladinskega lista. Vselej ga rada čitam. V poletnm času sem malo pisala, ker sem imela obilo dela in pa malo zabave je tudi treba. Poleti smo imeli hudo vročino. Jaz sem najbolj skrbela za moje rože in sem jih skrbno gojila. Vsako jutro sem jih zalivala, da so lepše rastle.

Poleti so bili pri nas Škodovi iz Clairtona, Pa., in tudi Razoršek, ki je stricu Lojzetu bez-

gavke v grlu ozdravil, oziroma obljubil je, da jih bo ozdravil, ne bezgavk, ampak strica Lojzeta. Pa menda še sedaj čaka na tisto žavbo.

Volitve so končale in sedaj nam bo gospodaril Roosevelt. Moj ata in sestra Mary sta volila za Normana Thomasa, kajti on bi bil najboljši za delavce, pa ni zmagal. Treba bo še obilo dela, da se ljudstvo zave svoje dolžnosti.

Moj brat Joško rad hodi na lov. Vsak dan je šel in streljal, pa ga so zasačili in mu povedali, da je še premlad, nakar je moral puško domov za peč nesti. No, sedaj pa nastavlja zanjke, ker ima tako veselje za lov. Če bo kaj vjel, bom prihodnjič poročala.

Anna Marolt, Smithfield, Pa.

\* \*

Dragi urednik!

Namenil sem se napisati par vrstic za "Naš kotichek." Jaz obiskujem slovensko mladinsko šolo društva Pioneer že drugo leto. Imamo dva razreda. Naša učiteljica sta Mrs. Katka Zupančič in Mr. L. Beniger. Učimo se pisati, brati in govoriti slovensko.

Mi smo se preselili pred 4 leti v Chicago iz Nokomisa, Ill.

Pozdravljam čitatelje "Našega koticčka" in jim želim boljše novo leto!

Raymond Božičnik,

1628 W. 22nd st., Chicago, Ill.







# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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## DISCOVERED SANTA CLAUS

*THIS morning very early, while Dad and Mother slept,  
We scampered from our beds to see what Santa Claus had left;*

*With colored toys and goodies he had filled our stockings tight  
Soon after we were tucked away and told to sleep last night.*

*He was so very thoughtful in giving each his share:  
For Baby Ruth, a dolly; for brother Jim, a bear;*

*For me, a locomotive; and, neatly placed beside,  
A slender twig of maple tree, which I had mind to hide.*

*While tasting nuts and candies—chocolate mint, bonbon,  
I saw that all the boxes atop the pantry shelf were gone.*

*"How do you like old Santa?" my father's voice I heard.  
"Do you think he's generous and always keeps his word?"*

*"He's wonderful, indeed," I said. "He knows us every one.  
He knows my mother too." "How's that, my son?"*

*"Before I fell asleep last night, I clearly heard his voice:  
'They'll surely wake up, Clara, if you persist in making noise.'"*

MARY JUGG.



## RESOLUTION

WHEN all around is loss and pain  
 And discords sweep the land,  
 When I am met with countless things  
 I cannot understand;

When, midst its plenty, Need and Crime  
 A nation's power disgrace,  
 And bitter winds of cruel Want  
 Bite sharply in my face,

I will not raise lame hands in prayer  
 That gods unseen will set things right—  
 Such Faith that is not anything  
 But endless space in starless night.

But I will free the powers of Me;  
 I am the Force that guides my life  
 Through worthwhile channels, light, and cheer,  
 Or dark abyss, dismay, and strife.

And when I have resigned Myself  
 To steady aim and purpose good,  
 I will have found with joy intact  
 A lasting niche in Brotherhood.

Mary Jugg.

## SANTA CLAUS MAKES A DEMAND

THE time has come for my yearly ride,  
 Over the country, far and wide,  
 Sliding down chimneys, bringing joys  
 To wide-eyed kiddies, both girls and  
 boys!  
 My kit is packed and my reindeer team,  
 Well-fed and peppy, is full of steam;  
 I've sorted the letters that kiddies write,  
 And had my beard cleaned, snowy-white,  
 And ordered a nice fresh fall of snow,  
 In short, I'm ready and rarin' to go!

But one thing bothers me: WHAT to do  
 With the terrible, modern chimney-flue!  
 Why, they build 'em, nowadays, so small  
 That I can't get into the things at all,  
 And worse than that, a lot of 'em lead  
 NOT into a fireplace, . . . no, indeed!  
 But into a boiler! Then, by cripes,  
 I'm expected to crawl up through the  
 pipes,  
 Like an eel or a little alligator,  
 Dragging my pack through a radiator!

I think, in the future, there ought to be,  
 Provision made for a man like me,  
 Which might be part of the Building-  
 Laws:

"Special Chimneys for Santa Claus."

—Anon.



Wm. Schwartz: ENRICO GLÜCKENSTEIN

## DO NOT JUDGE TOO HARD

PRAY don't find fault with the man who limps  
 Or stumbles along the road,  
 Unless you have worn the shoes he wears  
 Or struggled beneath his load.  
 There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt,  
 Tho hidden away from view,  
 Or the burden he bears, placed on your back,  
 Might cause you to stumble, too.  
 Don't sneer at the man who's down today,  
 Unless you have felt the blow  
 That caused his fall, or felt the same  
 That only the fallen know.  
 You may be strong, but still the blows  
 That were his, if dealt to you  
 In the self-same way at the self-same time,  
 Might cause you to stagger, too.  
 Don't be too harsh with the man who sins  
 Or pelt him with words or stones,  
 Unless you are sure, yea, doubly sure,  
 That you have no sins of your own.  
 For you know, perhaps, if the temper's voice  
 Should whisper as soft to you  
 As it did to him when he went astray,  
 'Twould cause you to falter, too.

---

 As Others Say It

If you are afraid you will fail, you  
 are half way to the land of the Has-  
 Beens. Stop thinking you can't succeed  
 and you have turned your back on fail-  
 ure.

—Emerson.

air out of the lungs, and presently the  
 fluid ceases to supply the other centers  
 of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold,  
 and darkness.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

There are three wicks you know to  
 the lamp of a man's life: brain, blood,  
 and breath. Press the brain a little, its  
 life goes out, followed by both the oth-  
 ers. Stop the heart a minute, and out  
 go all three of the wicks. Choke the

I shall pass thru this world but once.  
 Any good thing therefore that I can do,  
 or any kindness that I can show to any  
 human being, let me do it now; let me  
 not defer it, or neglect it, for I shall not  
 pass this way again. —Drummond.

## Ivan Cankar

EVERY year the late fall days, sometimes gloomy, sometimes gloriously beautiful in their bareness and meditative quiet, bring back to mind the memories of the days when the whole world rejoiced at the news that the World War came to an end. In my own mind they always awake, refresh, and repicture the great panic and disorder which I witnessed with a vivid interest of a young person that enjoys at times even in tragic experiences simply because the life had been made rather empty and seemingly useless in any other way.

The wildly happy songs of the scattered army, the sight of endless trains of vehicles, huge army trucks, cannons, horses, cattle, etc., all followed by the frightful uncertainty of the aftermath; all that comes back to mind as a half forgotten story of a fearsome world that has been, but does not seem real nor possible now that other panics are substituting those of the past.

And it was in those very days that a sad news came from the newly formed Yugoslavia—simple news that Ivan Cankar was dead. But the world was filled to overflowing with news concerning the readjustment of war-worn Europe, and a death of one man meant little in those days. There were many, however, that knew that the loss was great, for Cankar was a great man of a small nation. His greatness were words poured out into the books in the way a real genius can pour them. Cankar never catered to the bourgeoisie literary tastes but wrote what no one else dared to write so courageously in those times—he wrote of the life in the way he saw it to be. While others were ambitiously scraping at the imaginary or off the shallowness at the top, Cankar dug in deep, bringing to light the truths that were thought ridiculous, absurd,

and impossible, but were truths nevertheless!

It was impossible for Cankar to write otherwise. Often, in his writings, one finds a doubt, expressed in a moment of gloom, or utter loneliness in a world which he chose to defy, a dreadful doubt that made him say: "Perhaps, I, too, shall yet become a practical man and live the stinking modest life of a satisfied bourgeois." He said the words, his characters said them for him, friends urged him to become sensible and thereby popular, but Cankar never turned from the unworn, rough path he followed. His creative power would not permit him to subject himself to that very world which he so mercilessly belabored because of its modest and taken for granted hypocrisy.

The critics told him that the "nation" did not care for such literary output as he was creating; people desired lighter, easily comprehended literary art, and therefore turned always to those that satisfied their mental grasp. It was their contention, as is the contention of the great majority of today's critics and writers, that the writer or artist must try to please the reading public, that he should not employ tendencies, nor be too bitter with that which has become sacred and right traditionally, and could therefore commit almost unlimited wrong without feeling sinful or guilty. And they condemned his works charging, that he was spreading dangerous new ideas which were harmful for the youth as well as for the beloved nation that seemed better off amidst the fog of simple ignorance. The Bishop of Ljubljana was in such a tremendous fear for his flock of Christian sheep that he confiscated and publicly burned Cankar's "Erotika," which was published in 1899.

But strong, steady and fearless characters are not run down easily; they seem to thrive on the opposition and stones cast at them, and Cankar, being such, seemed to have picked up every stone thrown at him and used it in the construction of the new literary structure he was beginning to build. He foresaw what others thought thoroughly impossible; the coming of a new era, the awakening of the slumbering masses. And he wrote: "Gleaming on the worn coat of the bourgeois culture was a white chrysanthemum, the romantic art. But look deeper, my friend! Do you not see whence this new vigor? Life is awakening in the depths that were sleeping. The eyes are opening, seeking light, arms outstretched, seeking goals. What matters if the spring comes amid winds and floods! From the fertile drifts will sprout new growth. Their thought is right: not a white chrysanthemum on the worn coat, but a red carnation on the jacket!"

In his great intellectual vision, Cankar saw the dawn of the day when the proletarian culture would come into its own, creating gradually a new world out of the old. A red carnation on the jacket would be this new culture, which would elevate and truly enlighten the bailiffs (hlapci—farm hands), and all the exploited proletariat of the world. In "Yerney's Justice" he pictured the vain efforts of the vast army of proletarian "hlapci" to gain their rights—vain efforts, because the "hlapec" goes in quest of justice too late and seeks it in the places where no justice for the down-trodden and oppressed could be found.—The "hlapec" in the eyes of such justice is a "hlapec," and must therefore be contended with his lot;—if the "gospodar" gives him a bite to eat and a roof over his head, he should be thankful, for what good is an old and worn out "hlapec" to the "gospodar"? What good even if he had created a fortune for him? He was only a "hla-

pec" and it was his duty to work faithfully and honestly for his "gospodar."

The world is full of such "hlapci"; America alone has about fifteen millions of them; they are not needed anymore and are free of foot to go seek a job or a justice, but will find neither in the world which has been made a pleasant place to live in for—gospodars—the hlapec must take the crumbs.

It was the same world that Cankar was observing. He saw the injustice, the hypocrisy, and the pitiable ignorance that helped to lift the unjust and the selfishly ambitious to the thrones of rulers, and would at the same time cast stones at those that dared to speak the hurting truth. He saw it all just as it was, and pictured it as he found it. The stones came flying, yet he worked on, exploring always new depths and tilling fertile soil from which a new growth would sprout. He enriched the Slovene language as no other writer ever did; his word was one continuous song, classic, beautiful, true, and just. He often suffered want and died a poor man because he had the courage to deny and bitterly criticize that which the world at large claimed as proper, right and just. Had Cankar yielded to the popular, and to what was then considered proper and sane, we would not know him today as a master of words, diction, and artfully embodied tendencies, but would much likely hear of his materialistic successes, which he waved aside with the pride and dignity of a penniless but gifted and learned vagabond.

So much in the memory of the man of whom the young American Slovenes should know more than they do, for while we may admire the greatness of great men and women of the rest of the world, those that had come from our midst are still closer to us because they are representing—us!

Anna P. Krasna.



# Wild Beasts of Africa

By M. Johnson, Explorer

(Concluded from last month)

THE millions of fish swimming up stream trying to jump the rocks and cascades attract crocodiles by the thousands, and the immense reptiles live in the river for hundreds of years.

In our boat we headed one day for a crocodile pool. On the beach they were innumerable, of all sizes, some old ones weighing 700 or 800 pounds.

earth was young. The heavy jaws snapped together and the whole mass began to squirm toward the green water, tumbling in with a dull roar of dozens of crocodiles slashing about together until the pool boiled.

The entire expedition almost went to the bottom when we were floating toward a huge croc asleep on an over-



W. E. Heitland: MORNING, MARTINIQUE

They were sleeping, most of them, in the usual crocodile slumber pose, with enormous jaws agape. Then, by shouting and stamping on the beach, I stampeded them while the cameramen in the boat 70 yards away took the scene. It was like a view of a beach in the age of reptiles millions of years ago when the

hanging bank. The boat was sliding rapidly and we were nearly under the reptile when it decided to hit the water. As it slithered off the shore some 600 pounds of crocodile landed on the tip of our bow. The boat took a nose dive, shipping water as it dipped. Luckily the croc rolled off into the water, the

boat righted itself, and the instant passed in which we all believed that the enormous jaws and the lashing tail were going to fling themselves upon us.

Our days at the camp near Murchison Falls were seldom dull. There was excitement and peril on every hand and we had to be alert and watch every step. One slip into the water meant the crashing jaws of a crocodile and quick death. Elephants, hippos, and buffaloes grazed near our tents, some of them strolling right thru camp on their way to and from the water at night. Hundreds of monkeys lived, fought, and played in the trees around the camp. Among them were splendid specimens of the beautiful colobus, leaping thru the trees, their long, bushy tails streaming thru the air like daylight comets. The trees formed one huge amphitheater with the falls the center of the stage and a small gap as an exit where the water flowed evenly out of this theater of African animals.

And there were snakes. Poisonous snakes lurked along the river bank, infested the grass and hung in lethal and macaber festoons from trees the unwary walked under, waiting to kill that they might live. Once, when we were headed toward a collection of crocodile snouts, we saw a 20-foot python draped on the limb of a tree overhead. He was not dangerous to us because we had had the best fortune any one who goes in the regions of deadly snakes can have—we had seen him first. But there he hung, waiting, waiting, reminding us of the value of looking up at trees before going under them.

One day Osa was standing on a rock, fishing. She is the most ardent fisherman I know, and she was having great sport there. As she stepped back, her

sport nearly ended permanently, for as she stepped she nearly trampled on a deadly black cobra. The cobra, thank gods, can leap only its own length. And this one missed. Had he caught her with his fangs, death would have followed swiftly.

When we went into the rhino country near the Kaisoot Desert we were bent on getting pictures of those armored tanks of the jungle charging. But they would not charge. What we wanted was war pictures—what we got was Madonna and Child scenes. Wherever we went, we were constantly running into family parties of rhino mothers and their young offspring, the elder looking angry, baffled, and implacable; the young, pathetic, and awkward. But we had some exciting moments with them.

One day we came upon a mother rhino and her ugly little baby, grazing with their heads away from us so that we got within 100 yards of them before they knew it. Then the mother turned, snorted, and pawed the ground for a minute and started off on a run with her youngster at her side. But she did not know that there was a rocky cliff ahead, or, if she did, she had forgotten that her baby was not equal to going up it. Meantime, the young one was having trouble, and we were getting closer and closer. It could not seem to get over the rocks, and it floundered around. The mother did not look around for a minute or two. But when she did, she decided we were to blame, for she came toward us at express train speed. We were having our charge at last, and we began to think of our own lives. But just as suddenly as she had started, the mother rhino changed her plan, whirled, went back to her baby, and guided it up over the rocks along a less arduous slope, away from our sight forever.



Dear Readers and Members:—

With this number the *MLADINSKI LIST* concludes its eleventh year of useful service, being a steady visitor at thousands of Slovene homes carrying its message of good will to many a bright boy and girl and the older folks. The *M. L.* is liked by young and old because its contents are selected to suit the tastes of both groups of our working people. This is merely an echo, so to speak, of many letters of recognition, in which our youthful contributors share also, for they deserve some of the credit for their Slovene and English contribs.

The *SNPJ* is doing a noble work by issuing the *Juvenile* magazine. With it the *SNPJ* is cultivating a worthy spirit among our youth and is interesting them in the progressive labor movement as provided in its Declaration of Principles. We hope that our boys and girls in the next year will show even more interest and appreciation for their monthly visitor by contributing Slovene and English articles in greater numbers. Learn the Slovene language primarily because it is the language of your parents and because of its beauty.

I sincerely hope that you will continue the splendid work you have been doing for the *M. L.* and with this thought in my mind I extend the season's greetings to all of you!

—THE EDITOR.

#### MY SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the *M. L.* I like to read the *M. L.*, but do not like to write. I am eleven years old and in the 6-B grade. There are four in our family and we all belong to the *SNPJ* Lodge 270.—The work is scarce here. My dad works every month 6 days.—I will close with a poem.

#### Christmas

Fires are all alight,  
Every place is bright,  
Christmas day is near,  
Bringing to you cheer.

Best regards to all.

Vera Vidas, 8113—44th St., Lyons, Ill.

#### WILLARD, WAKE UP!

Dear Editor:—

I always watched to see if there was any letter from Willard. When none of them did write, I will.

I go to north Mound School. I am in the 6th grade and 10 years of age. My teacher's name is Mrs. Bertha Putlez (Holt). She is a very good teacher. She is Slovene. My birthday is on February 16. I will be 11 years of age. We play harmonicas in our school. I like to play on it. We had a Thanksgiving program in our school. We had election of federal, state and county officers. There were 84 votes for Socialists from Willard.

There are 7 of us in our family and we all belong to Lodge 198 *SNPJ*. Five are in adult

class and 2 of us in junior class. My father is secretary. Our Lodge No. 198 had a picnic Oct. 23. The people over 60 miles far attended it. My brother Michael is in State Normal school.

Elma Krulc,

R. R. 1, Willard, Wis.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am a member of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 432. I like to read the letters from boys and girls, from different states.

I am 9 years old and in the 3rd grade. There is four in our family and all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 432. My dad had his leg broken 8 months ago, is feeling fine now, but is not able to work as yet.

Best regards to all members and the Editor.

Frank Gale Jr.,

216 E. Thomas st., Wilkes Barre, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years of age and in the fifth grade. I go to Oakdale school. My teacher's name is Miss Perry. There are seven of us in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 48.

Work in Barberton is very poor. My father does not work very much, he works about three or four days a week. Maybe our new president will be a little better and set some people to work. (I hope so.)

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Frances Valencic,

464 Franklin Ave., Barberton, O.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am eleven years old and in grade 5-A. My teacher's name is Miss Wallace. My father didn't work for 15 months. Those people that have work, work one day a week. They do not get much for a living. Christmas is coming—Santa Claus is going to be poor this year. I think it will be better next year.—I have one sister; she is four years old.

Best wishes to the editor and readers.

Anna Govekar, 42 Hazel St.,

Franklin Boro, Conemaugh, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old, in sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Shema. I had a good report card. My father did not work for a long time.

Best regards to all the M. L. readers.

Fannie Gerstel, 722 Hudson street,

Box 430, Forest City, Pa.

## A WRITING STREAK

Dear Editor:—

I accidentally got a writing streak, so I thought I'd write to the Mladinski List.

I am graduating from grade school Dec. 15, 1932, and am starting to high school right after Christmas. I am going to take the nurses course. Most of the girls at our school don't think that it's a good idea to take nursing. But my ambition outside of music was always facing toward nursing.

I see in the Nov. M. L. that the girls are talking politics, but I don't blame them one bit, what's right is right.

I have a poem here, I hope the editor will publish. In order to catch the joke of the poem, pronounce the abbreviations of the days in the week just as they are, as in Tue pronounce it two. (Mon stands for Money.)

### The Week of Romance

Our hero was the common sort

When all was said and done,

He worked his head off daily,

And was out to get the . . . Mon.

The reason for his diligence

Was common place, 'tis true,

He tried to swell his salary,

So 't'would suffice for . . . Tue.

I wish the Editor, members and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I would like some of the members write to me. I would gladly answer their letters.

Mary Rudolf, 3612 "V" st., S. Omaha, Neb.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I like to read the Mladinski List. I can hardly wait to get it. Because there are so many interesting things in it. But I cannot read Slovene. My mother reads the Slovene stories and poems to me. I sure did like "Moj prvi šolski dan." Because it sure made me laugh and made me think of myself when I was in the first day of school.

I am very busy with my school work. I will write more next time. My best regards to the readers and also the Editor.

Frances Mildred Martincic,

Member of Lodge 138, Canonsburg, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. My teachers' names are Mr. Dunlap and Mr. Cooper.

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read M. L. because there are many interesting things in it. I try to learn my lessons. My teachers make us stay in if we do not get our lessons. This is all for this time.

Best regards to all.

Louis Strukely,

Box 248, Adamson, Okla.



## A SAD LETTER

Dear Editor:—

I am writing a few lines to tell you my uncle Andy was killed in an automobile accident in West Frankfort, Ill., on October 30. His body was shipped by train and buried at Irish Grove cemetery near Middletown on November 2. Uncle Andy was forty-seven years of age. He had a brother in Pennsylvania, two in Middletown and a brother and sister in Italy. He belonged to lodge 341, SNPJ, in Orient. He received a pretty wreath of flowers from the lodge.

That will be all for this time. Best regards to the readers and the Editor.

Amelia Brouch, Fancy Prairie, Ill.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I like the M. L. very much. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. Some of my teachers are, Miss Copenhagen and Miss Mahar. I have more teachers. All the teachers I have are very good.

Jennie Pintarich,  
14017 Darwin ave., Cleveland, O.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I hope you enjoy reading it. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge in Reading. I am 12 years of age and in the 6th grade. I have a brother, Henry, and a sister, Elizabeth. Henry is 9 years of age and in the 4th grade, while Betty, who is in the 1st, just started school in September. I am the captain of our soccer and volley ball teams at school and of the Safety Patrol.

Anthony Papich,  
370 Tulpenhocken st., Reading, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the wonderful M. L. I'm nine years of age and in fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Rice. Our city is strong for socialism. We re-elected two representatives to the General Assembly, Comrades Darlington Hoopes and Lilith Wilson. There are five in our family, 2 boys and one girl. All belong to Lodge 606, SNPJ.—Work is very scarce. My father worked only two months this year. I think Santa Claus is going to forget us, because he has no money.

Henry J. Papich,  
310 Tulpehocken st., Reading, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I have made up my mind to write every month. I sure love to read the riddles, letters, jokes, and stories. I wish it would come every week instead of every month.

There are six of us in the family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 177, but my sister—she is 15 months old. I am nine years old and in the 5th grade. Our school is big and we have a gymnasium. We always have our programs in there. My teacher's name is Miss Peterson.

The mine here works about two or three days a week. So the men stay home nearly all the time. The weather here is not so bad, but the wind howls all the time.

Rose Kuseck, Box 4, Reliance, Wyo.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. We all belong to SNPJ Lodge No. 306. There are five in our family. I am nine years old and in fourth grade. My brother is eleven years old, sixth grade, and we have another brother, Frank, four years old. My father is not working because he is sick. It's very bad time around here.

George Kelechich,  
Box 220, Edenborn, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

Winter is here again. The birds went to the South. The evenings are long and the children have time to write. I started to school on the twelfth of September and am in the seventh grade. We have a new teacher this year. Her name is Miss Brooks. This is my third letter to the Mladinski List. I like to read the M. L. and I'm always waiting for it.

I read many letters of how bad it is in the coal mines. It is bad here, too. My father wasn't working for two years. I would like to see some letters from my friends, but I never see them. I like to read Mary Fradel's letters. I have a lot of problems to work at home, but I work them at school instead.

A proud member,

Frank E. Morell,  
R. 4, Box 126, Carrollton, Ohio.



## A LETTER FROM MORLEY, COLO.

Dear Editor:—

It has been a long time since I've written to the M. L. But I like to read it. My mother tells me to keep busy and write to the M. L. What's wrong with Julia Skrube? She doesn't write any more to the M. L. Where are all my friends? Did they go across the ocean or sea? They don't write to me any more. But we are all in the same fix: hard times. We go to school now and they keep us busy and we have a lot of home work. I'm in the 5th grade and my teacher's name is Miss Stout. I sure like her. My two brothers go to school. Rudy is in the 1st grade and Tony in the 3rd grade. My father said here we could study better than in the old country.

Julia Slavec, Morley, Colo.

\* \*

## LODGE NO. 66

Dear Editor:—

I am 8 years old and in the 3rd grade. My teacher's name is Miss Di Polo. I would be glad to hear from Frank Pasarich. When my mother read in the Prosveta what happened to him I wrote him a letter, but it returned. I don't know what is wrong. Maybe it was wrong address.

The work here is slack. Winter is here.

I will close for this time.—Best regards to the Editor and readers.

Tony Slavec, Morley, Colo.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am nine years old. I belong to the Lodge 689, SNPJ, and my two brothers and one sister belong there, too. In the state of Utah working conditions are very bad. The mines are working one, two and three days a week. Many people are out of work, starving. I go to Gondon Creek school. I am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Nelson. I do not like school, but my father makes me go.

Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all members of the SNPJ.

Ludy Bergoch, Sweets Mine, Utah.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

It will soon be Christmas time. Last year Santa Claus was kind to me. He brought just what I wanted. But this year I think he has gone to Germany. I think he won't be coming around here. Or maybe he burned his thick clothing because he went through the chimneys. Last year he brought me a purse, candy, nuts, a pretty box of candy and a set that had a comb, brush, and mirror in it. I also had a pretty Christmas tree.

Last year for Christmas we had a program at our school. This year we are going to have one, too.

Last time I wrote in Slovene and sent the editor my picture, but I didn't tell him to put it in.

A merry Christmas to every one.

Josephine Lipovsek,  
Box 710, Nokomis, Ill.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. We had a program Nov. 22 at the Lincoln high school. I was in it. Just fourth, fifth and sixth grades were in it. I am 9 years of age. The name of that program was "Robin Hood." I have 6 teachers. My teacher's name is Miss Mary Jones. She is a very nice teacher.

I hope Santa Claus will visit me this year. But I think that he won't, because times are bad now.

Best regards to all. Ella Yuvancic,  
Bridgeville, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. We are all in the SNPJ lodge. I am eleven years old and am in the sixth grade. I have brown eyes and brown, wavy hair. My sister and I take piano lessons. I have two teachers and I like them both. There are fifty-two pupils in my room. I live on a large farm.

Zora Sekulich, Penrose, Colo.

\* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am so interested in it that for a long time I have intended to write. I am ten years old and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Shimmick. She is a very good teacher.

There are five members in our family. We all belong to Lodge No. 61. I have one brother and a sister. My brother is 12 years old and his name is Andy. My sister is 9 years old and her name is Dorothy.

I wish members of the SNPJ would write to me, especially my cousins down in Willard, Wis.

Best of health to all members.

Elsie Zager, Box 312, Gilbert, Minn.

## One On Dad

Boy (calling father on the telephone at office)—"Hello, who is this?"

Father (recognizing son's voice)—"The smartest man in the world."

Boy: "Pardon me, I got the wrong number."



## JUNIOR JOTTINGS

**Eva Krotec** of Pittsburgh, Pa., 5175 Butler st., age 12, sends her first letter to the M. L. which she likes to read and promises to write more next time.

**Angeline Potokar**, member of Lodge 39, Chicago, Ill., lives at 1837 W. 22nd st. She likes the magazine. She is nine years old and there are six in her family, all members of the SNPJ.

**Mary Cherry** of Maple Ridge, Pa., likes her school. She is 11 and in the 6th grade. There are three in their family, members of Lodge 289. She will write again.

**Dominick Glavach** of Johnstown, Pa., box 209, writes for the first time for the M. L. Their family consists of 10 members, all members of the SNPJ. He is 11 and in the 5th grade in school.

**Frank Perpar Jr.**, who lives in Imperial, Pa., box 302, also sent in his first letter to the M. L. He tells us that there are four in their family and all four are members of Lodge 106 SNPJ.

**Sylvia Prelec** from Cleveland, O., 692 E. 152 st., would like to write to the M. L. more often, but has no time. She will be 11 on Jan. 9, 1933, and is in the 5th grade. The whole family belongs to Lodge 142.

**Frances Glogovsek** of Blaine, O., box 188, is sending her best regards to her friends in Windsor Heights, W. Va.: Anna, July, Eva, and Jean Mihachich. Frances' family numbers eight and they are all members of the SNPJ. She will also write more next time.

**Nick Verovich** who resides at Rockdale, Ill., 613 Moen ave., sent in two poems, one about Santa Claus and one about Mother Goose. Nicky will write again sometime.

**Rose Klun**, a citizen of Lawber, Pa., box 45, was also one of the brave members to send in her first letter. Her whole family of six belongs to the SNPJ Lodge No. 583.

**John Darovec**, 8 years old, lives in Springfield, Ill., likes snow and ice. He expects from dear old Santa some nice things. Johnny goes to 3rd grade in school.

**John Tomsic**, member of a family of five, spends his time day and night at Strabane, Pa. The P. O. box number is 72. Johnnie is in 4th grade. Their Lodge is No. 138. His father is out of work.

**Caroline Strell**, who never tires of Tire Hill, Pa., is a ten-year-old and is in the 5th grade. Their postoffice box number is 31. There are five members in their family, all members of the SNPJ Lodge 289. Work, she tells us, is very scarce there.

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L., but I have not written to the M. L. for a long time, so this being the last month of the year, I thought I would write for Christmas. I like the M. L. very much. It is the best magazine I ever read; so many different interesting letters in it. I hope the other boys and girls say the same thing about it, too, don't you?

I am in the eighth grade and I like all my subjects in school.

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

Mary Horvat,

7413 64th St., Argo, Ill.

\* \*

Dear Editor and Members:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. Magazine. There are six in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge. I notice a great many letters are written by members in Yukon. My grandmother lives there and I visit her often and think Yukon is a nice little town. By the way, hello, Dorothy Fink, I hope you read my first letter and enjoyed it as much as I enjoy reading yours.

A constant reader,

Mary Fink,

1305 Air Brake Ave., Turtle Creek, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I hope you enjoy reading it. I'm in sixth grade and go to the Ambridge Junior High school. I have three brothers. We all belong to the lodge Naš Dom No. 33 SNPJ. The Ambridge football team won all the games they played and are the champions of Western Pennsylvania.

Best regards to the Editor and members.

John Uhernik,

Box 105, Beaver Rd., Ambridge, Pa.

## Thoughtful of Her

"Are you the plumber?"

"Yes, mum."

"Well, see that you exercise care when doing your work. All my floors are highly polished and in excellent condition."

"Oh, don't worry about me slippin'. mum. I've got nails in me boots."

□

"So he's your little brother! Funny you are so fair and he is so dark."

"Yes, but he was born after mother dyed her hair."

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am ten years old and in the 5th grade. I got 3 brothers and 2 sisters. My brother Felix is in the 4th grade, my sister Sylvia is in 3rd grade and my sister Frances is in 2nd grade. Other two small brothers are Ernest and Frank; they stay at home. We belong to the SNPJ Lodge 161. The work out here in Bridgeville is below zero. My father works only 3 or 4 days a month, some time not even that much.

Best regards to all.

Joe Krek, Box 593, Bridgeville, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter in the Mladinski List. I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade. The name of our school is Horace Mann Jr. High School. I have nine teachers. For every subject we have a different teacher. They are all very good to me. I take piano lessons from my cousin. Lately we had a bunco party which was a great success.

I have four brothers and three sisters. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge. I wish that some of the members would write to me.

Best regards to the Editor and the readers of the Mladinski List. Yousty Yamnik,

101 S. 63rd st., West Allis, Wis.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to M. L. I enjoy reading it very much.

We have a little farm. We have about eleven acres of ground, six cows and about sixty chickens. I have two mean dogs, "King" and "Monkey." King is tied on a very heavy chain.

I have three brothers. The oldest is twenty-three. He is working about two to three days a week. The other two are working on the farm.

I am twelve years old and am in the 6th grade. My birthday is on Dec. 21. I go to Federal school. My teacher's name is Miss Mentz. She is a very good teacher. She lives in Oakdale.

Best regards to you all.

Christina Klemencic, Box 17, Presto, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I am in the fifth grade and like to go to school. Our school started Aug. 29.

Dorothy Shink, West Newton, Pa.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have never written a letter to the M. L. before, so I wish you will have this one published.

I also have written a few lines of verse called "JUST BUMS," which I would be very thankful for if you published it.

### "Just Bums"

Listen, my friends,  
And you shall know  
Of the bums' Convention  
By "Spike Curnow"—

On the 23rd day  
Of October last year,  
The bums met together  
Near the Rockies, I hear.

All the way from Alaska  
Came "Peepin' Tim,"  
And "Klondike Al"  
Came along with him.

Frank Petach Jr. (age 17),  
421 Marshall st., Grass Valley, Calif.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I was very glad to see my letter in the M. L. I enjoy reading it very much. I like to go to school very much, and I study every night. I am going to try to go to school every day. Last year I did not miss school.

Winter has come and leaves and flowers are all gone. They went to sleep and in spring they will come up.

I think snow is going to come early this year. I think the snow will cover the hills. I would like to see my letter in the M. L.

Genevieve Logar,  
768 Coleman ave., Johnstown, Pa.

\* \*

### Bright Sayings

Teacher—You have ten potatoes and have to divide them between three persons. What would you do?

Johnny—Mash them!

\* \*

A teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if anyone could tell her what a groundhog was. Up went a little hand waving frantically.

"Well, Tommy, you may tell us what a groundhog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's a sausage."