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# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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*Katka Zupančič:*

## ADELA

**A**DELA imela je sedem sestra,  
očeta in mater, in bratca še dva.

Adeli se zdelo je strašno hudo:  
darilca za vsakega najbrž ne bo—.

Adela imela pa novcev je par  
in sebi kupila primeren je dar.

Adela zardela je od sramu:  
kdo neki kupuje sam sebi daru?

Adelo skrbelo je: komu naj da—  
odloči naj mamica, ta se spozna.

Adeli velela je mati tako:  
"Ki tebi najbližji je, tega naj bo!"

Adela odštela je bratca oba,  
nato je odštela vseh sedem sestra.

Adeli pri srcu so starši najbolj—  
ali darilca deliti ne more na pol.

Adela zapela je končno tako:  
"Darilce nesrečno—kar moje naj bo. . ."

## DOMIŠLJIJA

**M**ATI, le predstavljaš si, da smo končno dorasli  
in začeli misliti kakor razsodni ljudje.

Prav nič več te ne nadlegujemo z otročjimi vprašanji,  
nič več ti ne sivimo las s porednimi kljubovanji,  
in tudi v nobene bajke ne verujemo več.

Zato, mati, pa smo si iz starega sveta,  
v katerem smo s teboj vred prestali hude čase,  
skovali in izobličili nov svet.

Tako, zdaj si pa predstavljaš,  
da živiš v tem svetu.

Vse težke skrbi, ki so te včasih mučile in morile  
so izginile s starim svetom, kajti,

v našem novem svetu velja geslo:

Dobrine tistim, ki jih ustvarjajo!

Ali veš kaj to pomeni?

Da smo odpravili bedo—

sovražnico, ki te je pestila s skrbmi!

— Kaj ne, mati, na tihem si želiš,

da bi bila naša domišljija resnična?

*Anna P. Krasna.*

*Ivan Jontez:*

## OTROK SE ČUDI LEDENIM ROZAM

*(Zima je; zunaj sneg, na oknih led. In otrok želi zvedeti):*

**M**AMICA, kako to, da na naših šipah tako težke ledene rože cveto?  
In da je v vsakem kotu v naši hiši tako neznansko hladno?— —  
Glej, tam pri sosedu-trgovcu je vse drugače, je lepo:  
na oknih nič rož iz ledu in pri njih je tako prijetno toplo!

*(Mati pogleda otroka, nato rože ledene ter se trpko nasmehne):*

Ah dete, pri sosedu je lahko prijetno in lahko gorko,

premožni so; z denarjem odženejo rože ledene, zimo grdo.

Pri nas je drugače: oče je revež, brez dela že večnost dolgo!

Gorkota? Ah, dete, kje vzeti za premog?—kmalu niti za suh kruh  
denarja ne bo!— —



PRVI POUK

(Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute)

A. P. Krasna:

## Pet let

“PET let, sestra, pomisli, ali ni to smrt? . . . Pet let, ker sem mislil, da ima tudi moj malček pravico živeti . . . čemu bi Ti razlagal dalje, Ti boš razumela. Da, od vseh morda Ti edina — — Ti boš vedela, da sem prehodil vse križeve poti preden sem storil najskrajnejši korak. Tebe niti ne prosim: Ne zaničuj me, ampak samo: Sodi kakor veš in—odpusti . . .”

Desetkrat in večkrat je prečitala sestra te besede in ji je bilo, kakor da se je nenadno odprl pred njo ves črn prepada bedo v vsej svoji grozi. Videla je, kako padajo tisoči in tisoči čez rob v—propast.

In mu je odpustila.

Skoz njene misli pa je šla tisto žalostno popoldne vsa njegova preteklost. Vsa njegova preteklost, vse sem od tistega dne, ko ji je bilo štiri leta in se je bil rodil.

Da bi se ne bil! . . .

Toda spomnila se je natančno, da je bila takrat silno vesela. Majhna kakor je bila, je hotela, da ji oče napravi perilni plohec, da bo prala njegove plenice pri studencu. Smejali so se njeni zahtevi. Oče, ki jo je močno ljubil, pa je takoj ustregel njeni želji. Že na dan krsta je bil plohec gotov in takoj brez odloka odnešen v sobo, kjer je ležala mati z malim Andrejem.

“Mati, ali je že kaj plenice?”

Mati se je nasmejala in babica je bušknila v glasen smeh. Botra pa je rekla:

“Tadva se bosta pa rada imela.”

Pa je bila ta ljubezen že od začetka prepletena z grenkostjo. S plenici se je pričelo. Mati je kmalu po rojstvu Andreja zbolela in starejšo sestro je pobrala jetika.

Tako je zadela plohec-igračko resna in težka naloga. Dan za dnem je romal na glavici male Marte k studencu in nazaj. Včasih je bil težak in ga ni mo-

gla sama zadeti na glavo, pa je ihteč čakala, da pride kaka ženska po vodo in ji pomaga. Drobnji prstki so ji ledeneli v suhem vetrnem mrazu in grenka nemoglost, pomešana z otroško boleščjo, jo je tiščala za grlo.

— O, da bi bila vsaj velika!

— Ali da bi še živela Zofija . . . lepo je bilo prati plenice z Zofijo. Zdaj pa . . .

Mali možgani so bili primorani, da so doumevali življenje daleč preko svoje mladosti. To doumevanje pa je, kakor krut ropar, ugrabljalo najlepše bisere otroške dobe.

Ali sredi vseh mračnih doživetij je bil Andrejček. Lepo dete, Andrejček! Ob njem je Marta pozabila na premrzle prstke in boleščno čakanje ob studencu. Znal se je tako sladko smehljati in tako lepo je raste. Ni bilo dolgo in že se je igral z njo na podu. To je bilo veselje. Podvojeno veselje, ko je lepega dne sredi igre napravil svoj prvi korak.

“Mati, Andrejček hodi!”

Strašno je bila ponosna, da je baš v njeni družbi napravil svoje prve stopinje.

\* \* \*

Dnevi so šli potem dalje hitreje. Marta je šla v šolo in Andrejček je veselo prepeval pri svojih igrah. Hotel je biti sodar in je zmirom oblal in zbijal pa valil namišljene sode po dvorišču.

Dokler niso bile roke dovolj močne za delo.

Z delom je pa prišla zopet druga doba za Andrejčka. Moško je koračil poleg očeta na polje in tam delal in izpraševal. Izpraševal brez konca in kraja ter spravljal očeta v vsakojake zadrege s svojim radoznalim izpraševanjem. Vse, kar je slišal v šoli, cerkvi, doma in kdo-vešekodi, vse je hotel imeti natanko razloženo. Če je videl na cesti motorno

kolo, je hotel vedeti, kako je narejeno, kaj ga goni in kako.

Potem je naenkrat zadivjala vojna in Andrejčkova vprašanja so se postoterila. Po cestah ob njivah in travnikih so korakale armade, so jahali konjeniki, vozili težki truki, se bobnajoč vlekli grozni topovi. In od juga so v dolgih vrstah bežali begunci. Žalostne karavane ljudi, vozov in živali. Zopet druge karavane so vozile krvave tovore od tam, kjer je grmel in gorelo, kakor da se je odprl nov vulkan.

Bilo je vse tako strašno in nepojmljivo, a Andrejček je hotel pojmiti vso stvar do dna. Izpraševal je očeta, mater, Marto, vojake, brate in begunce in še se ni zadovoljil z odgovori. S svojimi lepimi, svetlimi očmi je gledal in opazoval, kakor da hoče za vsako ceno prodreti vsako nejasnost. Njegove oči so sledile slednjemu zrakoplovu, so trenutno razložile sovražne od svojih. Poznal je zračne črte, razumel vsa vojaška povelja, igral karte z vojaki in klepetal z njimi v vseh avstrijskih jezikih.

Skratka, Andrejček je vojno užival. Bil je premlad, da bi razumel grozoto vojne v pravem smislu. Šele, ko je del te groze padel ko črna senca na pot njegovega mladega življenja, se je zavedel, da je vojna strašna in neusmiljeno kruta.

\* \* \*

Kakor kuga se je razpasla nalezljiva bolezen in smrt je kosila na fronti in v zaledju. Tiho so se premikali žalostni sprevodi na pokopališča. Včasih je zvonil edini zvon v zvonikih, včasih je bilo prepovedano. Težki dnevi so bili to in na gosto so puščali žalost za seboj.

Takrat je tudi zajelo Andrejčka in ga potegnilo v vrtinec vojne bede.

Dvema sprevodoma je sledil na pokopališče in se je komaj zavedal bolečine udarca, ki ga je zadel.

Takrat je nehal biti Andrejček.

Postal je Andrej. Edini možki v hiši. Gospodar.

Daleč, bogve kje so bili bratje. Mor-da ujeti, ranjeni, mrtvi.

On in Marta pa doma—siroti—in gospodar in gospodinja obenem.

Tudi starša sta bila.

Pepca je bila najmlajša sirotica. Zaredi nje sta morala misliti, da sta že velika, odrasla. Drugače bi je bilo še bolj strah. Tako pa se je vendar počutila, kakor da čuvata nad njo nova starša. Samo v časih, ko so kakor preplašene ptice čepeli lačni okrog ognja na ognjišču, se je živo domislila, da ni več matere ne očeta in da je v hiši pusto, prazno in strašno. V takih trenutkih je jokala, se bala strahov in razbojnikov.

Andrej pa jo je tolažil.

“Nič se ne boj, Pepca, nihče nas ne bo. Vrata bomo zapahali in jaz bom pripravil puško in kol. Če kdo pride, ga bom.”

In ko so neke noči res prišli razbojniki—lačni vojni jetniki—je zares junáško stal pri oknu s kolom v roki in puško ob strani. V svojem mrzličnem, s pritajenim strahom prepojenem pogumu bi bil brez dvoma tudi udaril in streljal, ali razbojniki so samo razbijali in zlomili ključavnico, močnega zapaha pa niso mogli premakniti. Preklinjajoč so odšli z dvorišča.

Groza ene noči je minila, strah pa je ostal. Pri vseh treh. Toda Andrej je bil mož, gospodar. On ni smel kazati strahu. Mirno je vsak večer pristavil kol in puško k oknu ter pritrdil vse zapuhe z zagozdami.

Za vse je skrbel. V vsem je posnemal očeta, samo rožnega venca ni molil naprej ob večerih. Zato ker niso več molili na glas, odkar so ostali sami. Rajše so molče ždeli okrog ognja in mislili vsak svoje misli.

\* \* \*

Skupno trpljenje jih je tesno združilo. Tudi so znali gorje dobro prenašati. Delali so načrte za bodočnost in se riniili trudoma naprej, trdno verujoč v nejasni, a zaželjeni jutri, Andrej je hodil za živežem in se vračal slab, bled in utrujen, mnogokrat bridko razočaran. Kljub temu ni tožil. Upal je na konec vojne, na vrnitev bratov, na lepše čase.



Smilil se je Marti. Tako zelo, da je včasih jokala radi njega. Ni mu mogla kupiti obleke ne obutve, niti preskrbeti hrane, ki bi jo potreboval. Dala ga je torej za pastirja in malega hlapca.

“Boš vsaj sit,” je rekla.

Andrej pa ni rekel nič. Brez ugovora je gonil živino daleč v goro in se vračal nemalokrat premočen, lačen in bolan domov.

Marto je bolelo.

Pomagati pa ni mogla.

Tudi potem ne, ko je bila vojna končana in so se vrnili bratje.

Še hujše ko vojna jih je udarila povojna kriza. Brat Jože se je vrnil brez noge, ostali niso mogli nikjer dobiti služka. V vojaških cunjah so postajali okrog in stradali z mlajšimi vred.

In da bi zmanjšali in olajšali stradanje, so spet dali Andreja od hiše.

To pot je šel za tri leta.

Za sodarskega vajenca.

Takoj za njim je šla Marta.

Preko morja za kruhom.

Da bi pomagala vsaj najmlajšima in sebi!

Velike načrte je napravila, a plača je bila majhna in njen lastni dolg jo je držal za vrat. Zato je mnogokrat samo jokala, ko je v pismih boječe prosil Andrej: “— Pošlji mi, če moreš, vsaj toliko, da mi bo gospodinja dala napraviti par srajc in kaj spodnjega—čisto brez obleke sem, same krpe, še te strgane. Vse nedelje prečepim doma v delavnici, ker nimam obleke, da bi šel med ljudi.”

Da, takrat ji je bilo huje pri sreju nego zdaj, ko ji je sporočil, da je dobil pet let . . . Odtrgala si je kakor je mogla in ga je oblačila. Včasih mu je posla'a za hlače, drugič za jopič in srajce itd. Malo je imela, malo je mogla dati. Preveč jih je bilo in vsi so bili potrebni. Toda njegova boječa, ljubeča pisma so jo ranjala najbolj. On je trpel najbolj.

Andrej, ta nesrečni fant, ki ga je zmirom zadevalo najhujše.

Marta je komaj čakala, da bi enkrat dorasel, se izučil.

— Potem bo bolje zanj, je upala.

Tri dolga leta so minila.

Izučeni vajenec je stopil iz delavnice v svet za delom.

Njegova pisma so postala veselejša.

“Že zdaj se rinem za silo naprej,” je pisal Marti, “v nekaj letih bo pozabljeno vse trpljenje. Samo Tvoja ljubezen, Marta, ne bo nikdar pozabljena. Da bi Ti le mogel kdaj povrniti vse tako ko mislim, da zaslužiš!”

Pela je Marta veselja, ko je brala njegova pisma.

— Prestal je najhujše in zdaj bo že šlo. Izučen je.

Nehala je skrbeti zanj. Saj je že skrbel sam zase.

Toda malo časa.

Komaj se je samostojno okrenil in se drznil delati načrte za bodočnost, so ga pritegnili v armado.

“Za tri leta, Marta,” ji je pisal.

In kakor zdaj, ko je pisal o petih letih, je pristavil: “Pomisli, sestra, tri leta za menoj, tri pred menoj—kdaj bom vendar imel priliko delati in živeti zase? Šest let življenja bo šlo k nič! Saj bom v treh letih skoro pozabil svoj poklic.”

— Res, dolga bodo, je pomislila Marta takrat, ali mlad je še, obupavati ni vredno. Treba ga je bodriti. Naj spozna do dna vso grdo gnilobo naše civilizacije, ki zahteva, da ji najizbranejša mladost služi v podle moralne namene. Se vsposablja za nove vojne, namesto da bi se vsposabljala za novo in boljše človeško življenje.

Marta je sovražila vojna in izkoriščevalstvo.

V pismih do Andreja je govorila o tem. Andrej se je čudil njenim nazorom. A ne dolgo. Med širšim svetom se je sam navzel širših idej. Začel je gledati na vse z novimi očmi. Videl je kruto in nizko preganjanje svojih rodni bratov po tujcih in uprlo se je v njem.

Hoteli so ga prisiliti, da jih preganja tudi sam. Zavrelo je v njem in je zamahnil s puškinim kopitom ter osvobodil brate.



D. Griffin: SPEČI DELAVCI

Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

Tedaj je pisal Marti: "— kaznovali so me — kako, Ti raje ne povem — zdaj je prestano. Pravzaprav še zmirrom trpim kazen — predstavili so me v najslabši kraj, ki si ga moreš misliti pod solncem. Med lopove in morilce so me vtaknili. Pa mi je vseeno. Jaz sem storil svojo narodno in človeško dolžnost. Izdajstvo bi me mučilo huje nego mučilec . . .

To pot Marta ni jokala.

Vedela je, da je zdaj jekleno trden in močan in njegova dejanja samonikla. Zdaj ni več otrok ali poldorasel plašen deček. Postal je mož. Lep mlad mož. Značajan in razumen mož.

Na tihem je bila ponosna nanj.

Na ljubljenca Andreja.

\* \* \*

Pravični in značajni pa imajo zmirrom boje in trdo pot v življenju.

Marta je vedela, da bo moral hoditi tudi Andrej to pot. Vsi, ki delajo za pravi blagor ljudstva, hodijo po strminah skozi življenje.

Nič ni bila presenečena, ko ji je sporočil, da je moral ubežati iz svoje domovine. Slutila je že davno, da bo tako prej ali slej. Kljub temu pa mu je pisala dolgo pismo in ga prosila, naj postane neagilen. Naj poskrbi nekoliko za lastno bodočnost. Vedela je, da ima deklo, da si bo kmalu ustanovil družinsko življenje.

Andrej pa se je navdušeno nasmejal njeni prošnji.

"Sestra, jaz ne morem gledati krivic, ne da bi jim ne skušal krepko in uspešno zavijati vratove. In teh vratov je toliko. Ves svet jih je poln."

To je bilo Marti znano. Predobro.

Toda čemu naj bi bil ravno ta nesrečni fant žrtev tudi tu?

Sama bi se raje žrtvovala.

Na tihem pa je vedela in slutila, da bi ga niti njena žrtev namesto njega ne rešila.

Stopil je v areno in ostal bo v njej. Je pač eden izmed tistih. Da bi vsaj ostal sam. Bi trpel vsaj sam.

Tako je mislila Marta in mu zaupala svoje misli.

Ko je odgovoril na njeno pismo, je priložil sliko lepe nevestice in novico, da so ga odslovili iz tovarne, ker je pomagal organizirati stavko.

"— Tovariši so se potuhnili in me pustili na cedilu. Lahko bi se bili potegnili zame, pa so raje pogledali v tla, ko so šli mimo mene na delo, da jim ni bilo treba srečati mojega pogleda. Pa so vseeno čutili, da so udani psički. Seveda, mi vzlic vsemu ostanemo na svojem mestu, zakaj še bo treba boj in vztrajnih boriteljev."

Držal je besedo. Trpel je pomanjkanje. Rodil se je sin, on pa ni imel beliča, niti ničesar s čimer bi postregel bolni ženi.

Marta je spet prihitela na pomoč. Nelahko, ker je njena lastna družina trpela pomanjkanje radi gospodarske krize. Toda Andrejevo trpljenje je bilo hujše od njenega. Bolelo bi jo, če bi ga ne podprla v tako težkih dneh.

"Še več bi Ti rada pomagala," mu je pisala, "če bi sami ne imeli težke borbe za obstanek. Vkljub temu pa se ne boj mi zaupati, če spet prideš v hudo silo. Če le mogoče, Ti bom pomagala."

Dolgo ni dobila odgovora na pismo. Mesece in mesece je čakala zaman.

Potem je prišlo par vrstic. Iz njih je brala Marta vse, kar bi ji povedalo dolgo, dolgo pismo. Andrejeva družinica je trpela bedo. Andrej je iskal dela, beračil okrog kmetov za košček kruha, da mu bolna žena in otrok nista poginila gladu. Prodal in zastavil je vse, kar je imel, celo svojo dobro obleko. Izgleda za boljše čase ni bilo, narobe, kriza je postajala hujša, vedno več ljudi je postavalo okrog brez dela, jela in strehe.

"Svet je norišnica, blaznica brez primere—mi bedni proletarci z našimi otroci vred stradamo in trpimo, da se peščica mogočnih valja v bogastvu. Kdaj se bo ta uboga delavska para zavledla, da je to krivica—krivica, katero



mi sami lahko odpravimo, obračunamo z njo!?"

Neizrečena grenkoba je bila zlita v te končne besede. Niti pozdrav jim ni sledil. Ne naslov. Težko je vzdihnila Marta. Ona ni mogla pomagati, kakor ne takrat, ko jih je trla vse povojna kriza.

S hladno resigniranostjo je čakala, da se spet oglasi. Morda z boljšimi poročili.

Oglasil se je. Po devetih mesecih. Njegovo poročilo leži razgrnjeno pred njo:

"Pet let, sestra, pomisli, ali ni to smrt? . . ."

Sestra pa misli z upanjem in grenkobo v srcu na malega Andrejčka.

Na tistega Andrejčka, ki je brez dvoja prav tako ljubko dete kakor je bil nekdanj Andrej.

Kakšno bo njegovo življenje, življenje milijonov njegovih malih sotrpinov? Ali bo šlo spet in spet vse Andrejevo pot: — čez rob, v prepad bede?

Zaradi parazitov na vrhu?

Strah je Marto teh misli, a vendar vidi svetlo nado v njih:

Enkrat pa bdo svarilni klici iz prepada vendar segli preko roba in tedaj bo nastopila nova doba.

Takrat bo Andrejeva žrtev s stotisočeriimi drugimi vred rodila svoj sad: nove dni!

— O, da bi Andrejček dorastel v te dni! —

## V MRZLI NOČI

**L**EDENE šipe se kakor kristali bliščijo,  
zunaj sveti mesec in zvezde žarijo—

Jaz pa ugibljem:

Oh! le koliko jih je, ki kakor jaz  
nocoj mraz trpijo—

ki kakor jaz in moji bratec  
v srebrne šipe strmijo—

Kakor moja mati in sestrice  
pritajeno v svojih dušah ihtijo—  
in, kakor moj oče, kljubovalno  
za pravični upor gorijo?— —

*Anna P. Krasna.*

## Dvoje stekel od očal

V 17. STOLETJU živeči nizozemski brusar očal Hans Lippershey je sedel nekega dne v Middelburgu v delavnici pri svojem dnevnem delu. Brusil je optična stekla. Njegova otroka pa sta se igrala ob oknu z dvema stekloma od očal, ki sta ju držala enkrat bližje eno od drugega potem pa spet bolj daleč eno od drugega z namenom, da bi

gledala skozi stekli. Kar naenkrat zakličeta otroka: "Oče, midva pa vidiva ljudi na cesti tako blizu pri nas, kakor da bi bili v sobi!" Mojster je postal na to igrakanje pozoren in se je temeljito lotil te stvari; uspeh vsega je pa bil, da je iznašel Hans Lippershey s pomočjo igrakanja svojih dveh otrok z dvema stekloma od očal—daljnogled.

(—st—)

Katka Zupančič:

## KANARČEK IN VRABCI

**P**RED hišo tik okna se veje krive;  
na vejah premraženi vrabci sede.  
V hiši tik okna pa kletka visi;  
v kletki na prečki kanarček sedi.

Kanarček vrabičem takole zapoje:  
— Vse lepše, ko vaše, življenje je moje!  
Jo vidite—hišico—bratci ubogi?  
In živeža zame je vedno v zalogi.  
Pa pojem, praznujem  
in vas pomilujem.—

Vrabiči pa v zboru: Čuj, čuj!  
Le sebe, le sebe ti pomiluj!  
Ne maramo biti ujeti pevači!  
Smo rajši svobodni kričači!  
V kletki rojeni, vzgojeni čič-čič,  
ne veš o prostosti nič-nič!



## O ježu

**I**Z Janezkovega prirodoepisnega prostega opisa:

Jež sestoji v glavnem iz bodic. Z bodicami se jež lahko popolnoma zvije. Zmore se zviti tako daleč, da ga sploh nič več ne vidimo. Zaradi tega se psi obgrizejo do krvi ob njem, če ga hočejo vjeti. Toda lisica ga lahko vjame, ker ga v vodi odvijje. Jež živi od hrane, ki jo požre. Živi tako dolgo, dokler ne

pogine. Jež je lepa žival. Zaradi tega mu pravijo tudi prašičji jež. Imamo pa tudi pasje ježe. Toda na svetu je več prašičjih ježev kakor pasjih ježev; prašičji ježi žive povsod in spoznamo jih po gobcu. Jež krade ponoči sadje, ki si ga narobe navali na hrbet, ga vtakne med bodike in ga potem nese domov.

Pravijo, da je to bajka.

(Prir. Cv. K.)



Mary Cassatt: TOALETA



## POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI" IN ČITATELJI

*Cenjeni!*

*Nastopilo je novo leto in z njim nove nade, novi upi in želje. Dasi je zima šele začela, že upamo na skorajšnjo pomlad, ki nam prinese v naravi novega življenja. Živimo iz enega upanja v drugo in pričakujemo, kaj nam prinese bodočnost . . .*

*Ne samo angleški, ampak tudi slovenski dopisi so se precej pomnožili. To je zelo razveseljujoče za vse, ki listajo po našem mladinskem glasniku Slovenske narodne podporne jednote, katera letos slavi svojo 30-letnico. Že 30 let vrši naša dobra mati SNPJ podporno in vzgojevalno delo med našimi delavci in njihovimi otroci. Lep in časten rekord ima naša jednota ob njenem jubileju!*

*Vsi, ki ste prispevali svoje dopise za januarско številko M. L., se potrudite, da boste imeli svoje dopise tudi v februarški številki. Poleg teh pa naj se oglašijo tudi drugi, novi dopisovalci. Za vse je dovolj prostora v Mladinskem Listu!*

*Veselo na delo!*

—UREDNIK.

### NOVO LETO, NOVI UPI—POGLAVJE O OGNJU

Cenjeni urednik!

Ko bodo te vrstice zagledale beli dan, bomo že v letu 1934.—Čas hitro beži in ga ni mogoče niti za trenotek zaustaviti. Ker je brezčuten, zato ne vidi mizerije in krivic, ki se dogajajo na svetu, ampak hiti naprej svojo večno pot.

Staro leto je odšlo; nam ni prineslo nič dobrega. Prineslo je sicer "new deal" in Niro, ki pa menda ne bo dosti koristila delavcem. S starim letom je odšla tudi prohibicija, ki je prinesla dosti zla, zahtevala dosti človeških žrtev in požrla Ameriki lepe milijarde dolarjev, zato ne bomo jokali po njej.

V naših krajih imamo letos izredno milo zimo. Sneg se je le parkrat malo prikazal, a je takoj zginil.

Ker posebnih novic ni in nimam kaj drugega pisati, zato naj dodam

### Poglavje o ognju

Vse, karkoli dejansko gori, je ogenj. Ogenj je vroč in peče, če se ga dotaknemo. Žrjavica je tudi ogenj, ki pa ne gori s plamenom, ampak samo tli. Kadar ogenj dogori, ostane samo pepel. Najhujši nasprotnik ognja je voda, ki ga je vstanu pogasiti. Nasprotno pa ga veter in zrak pospešujeta. Brez zraka bi ogenj sploh ne mogel goreti.

Ogenj je poleg zraka in vode človeku neobhodno potreben in koristen. Postane pa lahko nevaren element, če se oprsti spon, v katere ga je vkoval človek, ker mu lahko uniči življenje in imetje. Če bi ne bilo ognja, se človek ne bi bil mogel povspeti do tako visoke kulturne stopnje kot se je, marveč bi bil ostal na stopnji živali.

Ogenj je torej važen činitelj v človeškemu življenju. Človek ga dan za dnem uporablja na nebroj načinov ne le dejansko, marveč

tudi besedno, to je, v pregovorih. Naj navedem par takih primerov.

Marsikdo je že lahko videl in slišal "vnete-ga" strankarja, ki je bruhal "ogenj in žveplo" na svoje nasprotnike, a je kljub temu "pogorel" pri volitvah. Tudi marsikak zločinec ali bankir išče v begu rešitve ko mu "gorijo tla pod nogami". Če žena ošteje moža ko pride pijan domov, je takoj "ogenj v strehi". Zaljubljenca si izmenjavata "goreče poglede" in sta tudi drugače "vsa v ognju". Ljubezen, če je prava, baje tudi "večno gori", kar se seveda ne vidi. Nevidno "gori" tudi nevošljivost. Če bi gorela vidno, bi bil ves svet v plamenih, toliko je je. Pa še neka stvar je, ki že dolga stoletja nevidno "gori" in bo gorela, dokler bo na svetu kaj neumnih ljudi. To je peklenjski ogenj.

Mnogo pozdravov Vam in čitateljem ter na svidenje prihodnjič!

**Josephine Mestek,**

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

P. S.:—V decemberski številki se je v mojem dopisu vrinila pomota. Izpuščeno je bilo ime Kristine Vrabič.

\* \* \*

#### KRATEK POTOPIS

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Namenila sem se, da se bom letos bolj pogostoma oglašala v Mladinskem Listu kot sem se lani.

Dne 29. novembra je sedem članov našega društva (med temi sem bila tudi jaz) odpotovalo v Pennsylvanijo. Najprej smo se ustavili v Veroni pri Mr. in Mrs. Kern. Potem smo se še isti večer udeležili veselice, katero je priredilo društvo "Veronians" št. 680 SNPJ. Prvi večer smo torej prenočili v Veroni. Zahvaliti se hočem družinam Lesar, Kern in Jakovec za prijaznost, katero so nam izkazali.

Dne 30. nov. dopoldne smo zapustili Verono in se napotili v Library, kjer je ta dan društvo "Jože Zavertnik" obhajalo četrto obletnico svojega obstoja. Dospевši v Library smo se ustavili pri dobro poznani družini Strimlan. Ko smo se malo okrepcali, smo se podali v Slovenski dom v Library na prireditve. Tam sem spoznala več voditeljev raznih društev SNPJ in delegatov zadnje konvencije. Med njimi so bili dr. J. J. Zavertnik iz Chicaga, Previč, Kosela, Dolenc, Riska, Stefančič in več drugih, katerih imen pa si nisem zapomnila.

To je bil v resnici dan veselja, katerega ne bom nikoli pozabila. Take zabave še nisem doživela na zahvalni dan in nobeden drugi dan v letu. Vse prehitro je čas minil in treba je bilo iti počivat.

V petek opoldne smo se poslovili od Librarianov in se odpeljali v Yukon. V Yukonu smo obiskali družine Prešeren, Zalokar, Martins

in Baloh. Zvečer smo se zbrali v Narodnem domu v Yukonu skupno s člani društva SNPJ "Silver Stars" v Yukonu in "Keystonians" iz Herminie.

Tudi ta večer smo se izvrstno zabavali. Vse prehitro je prišel čas ločitve. Obiskali smo družini Urbas in Vozel v Herminie. Obiskali smo tudi Franca Gradiška v Westmoreland bolnici v Greensburgu. Br. Gradišek je bil v avtni nesreči pred par tedni in si hudo ranil desno roko. Naša iskrena želja je, da bi Franc kaj kmalu okreval.

Na potu v Cliff Mine smo se v soboto popoldne oglasili pri družini Kogovšek v Pittsburghu in si ogledali Slovenski dom na Butler st. Ravno pred nočjo smo dospeli v Cliff Mine k družini Louis Vidmar. Tukaj smo se prav po domače zabavali cel večer. V nedeljo zjutraj smo se še malo pozabavali, nakar smo se zopet napotili nazaj v Cleveland. Ves teden smo imeli spomladansko vreme, le v nedeljo zjutraj je začelo deževati. Najlepša zahvala vsem Pennsylvančanom, ki so nam tako lepo postregli. Kadar pridete v Cleveland, bomo skušali vrniti.

Takih počitnic še nisem imela. Napisala bi lahko še mnogo, toda za enkrat je itak nemo-goče.

Sedaj pa želim vsem članom in članicam SNPJ in pa uredniku obilo sreče in zadovoljstva v novem letu!

**Anna Traven,**

1120 Revere ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

\* \* \*

#### ZIMA, BOŽIČ IN DARILA

Dragi urednik!

Zapoznil sem se z mojim pismom, ker je bilo preveč skrbi, kako bova s sestričo okrasila božično drevesce. Letos sva sama pripravljala in okrasila pod drevescem. Oče je nama le pomagal postaviti oder, na katerem je stalo drevesce. Pod drevescem sva naredila polovico zimskega in drugo polovico letnega časa, med katera sva postavila majhno železnico.

Snega še ni bilo za božič. Mislim, da je bil Miklavž precej zamazan ko je nosil svoj koš z darili. Pri nas se je tudi oglasil in meni je "pustil" lepo žogo (football), game, knjigo, rokavice in štiri pare nogavic.

Drugi dan po božiču je padlo precej snega. To je bilo veselja za nas, ker smo imeli božične počitnice. Sankali in rajali smo po snegu. Toplomer je kazal 10 stopinj pod ničlo.

Danes je predzadnji dan leta 1933. Mislim, da imamo vsi upanje za boljše čase v letu 1934. Želim Vam, urednik, in čitateljem obilo veselja in sreče v novem letu! Obenem Vas prosim, dragi urednik, da popravite mojo slovenščino, ker sem še vedno tako okoren.

Pozdrav vsem!

**Felix Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.**



## DELAUSKI POZDRAVI

Dragi urednik!

Ko prebiram *Mladinski List*, se mi tako dopade, da moram tudi jaz nekaj napisati.

Prišla je zima, nezaželjena, pa vendar vesela, ker sem pa tam kakšen prašiček zacvili, in so kmalu klobasice na mizi.

Dela je zelo malo, zaslužka še manj. Kdaj pridejo boljši časi? Menda nikdar zato, ker jih nočemo mi delavci . . .

Ker je to moj prvi dopis, ne vem kako in kaj naj pišem. Prosim, popravite ga ali pa vržite v koš.

Staro leto poslovalo,  
mlado, novo se žari.  
Naj prinese vsega obilo,  
kar delavčevu srce želi!

Vesele pozdrave vsem čitateljem!

Antonia Jakše,  
19 Grant ave., La Salle, Ill.

\* \* \*

## "MI SMO MUHO KLALI IN KOLINE VAM POSLALI"

Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet sem se spomnila, da je čas, da spet malo napišem v *M. L.*, katerega nam je zadnja redna konvencija ohranila.

Premišljuje, kaj bi napisala. A že vem. Sinoči sem jedla klobase, pa veste kakšne? Prave kranjske krvavice, ki nam jih je mrs. Zupančič iz Library poslala. O kako so bile dobre! Skoro bi se bili stepli zanje. No, pa mrs. Zupančič že ve, koliko nas je, da smo dobili vsak enako porcijo. Ko sem jedla klobase, sem se spomnila na tisto:

Mi smo davi muho klali  
in koline vam poslali.  
Tri mesene, tri pertene,  
vmes pa nekaj krvavic.  
Vina v reki si kupite  
in koline poplaknite.

Sedaj pa, čitatelji, ne bodite hudi, ker pišem o klobasah, saj so pa dobre. Želela bi, da bi se Sophie Smrkolj iz Clairtona kaj oglasila. Vem, da bo brala moj dopis, če ga urednik ne vrže v koš.

Mnogo veselja in zabave vsem članom mladinskega oddelka v novem letu, posebno pa uredniku!

Mary Yuvancic, Bridgeville, Pa.

\* \* \*

## OLGA BO PISALA VSAK MESEC

Cenjeni urednik!

Hvala Vam, urednik, ker ste priobčili dopis mojega brata in tudi mojega. Poleg tega pa smo opazili, da ste naju z imeni pohvalili v *Kotičku*. To mi daje novega upanja, da spet pišem; pisala bom vsak mesec v *Mladinski List*!

Ko to pišem, sem dobila šolsko spričevalo; moja povprečnost v šolskih predmetih kaže 94. Tudi moj bratec je dobil spričevalo. On me pa vedno prekosi v redih. Njegovo povprečno redovanje znaša 96 5-7.

Božič je prišel in odšel. Ata je dejal pred božičem, ako ne bom pridna, da se Miklavž ne bo ustavil pri nas. Takrat je deževalo in bila sem se, da se bo Miklavž ves umazal v dežju in blatu.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem in Vam!

Olga Vogrin,

2419 N. Maine ave., Scranton, Pa.

\* \* \*

## SNEG, MRAZ IN DELAVSKE RAZMERE

Cenjeni mi urednik M. L.!

Upam, da bodo te vrstice priobčene v prvi številki *Mladinskega Lista* v letu 1934.

Že decembra smo pri nas dobili sneg in tudi hud mraz. Pa to je tukaj v navadi, da o božiču sneži in nastane hud mraz.

Rudarji so se organizirali v *UMW*. Tudi štrajkali so, pa je bilo vse mirno, ker ni bilo skebov. Po 11 dneh stavke jim je kompanija nekaj malega obljubila in so se rudarji spet vrnili na delo. Roosevelt le grozi, kršilci Nire se pa veliko ne zmenijo za to.

Vsem mladim članom *SNPJ* in čitateljem želim obilo srečo in mnogo uspeha v novem letu! Uredniku se obenem lepo zahvaljujem za popravke in trud, ki ga ima z mojimi dopisi. Zato pa bom spet kmalu kaj napisala za *Mladinski List*!

Mary Marinac,

RFD 2, box 159, Trinidad, Colo.

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## OBILO SREČE VSEM BRATCEM IN SESTRICAM!

Dragi urednik!

Tudi jaz sem se namenil, da napišem par vrstic za *Mladinski List*. Star sem 10 let in v šoli sem v petem razredu. Težko mi gre, ker ne razumem natančno obeh jezikov. V šoli se učimo samo angleški. Doma govorimo slovenski in angleški.

V tem novem letu želim obilo sreče vsem mojim sorodnikom, bratrancem in sestričnam v *Euclidu*, *Ohio*, in v *Coloradu*, tako tudi mojemu prijatelju *Edwardu*, ki ga je zadela nesreča ter ga položila v posteljo. Želim, da hitro okrevata.

Moj bratec *Freddie* in bratranec *Rudy* sta pričela pohajati šolo in sta precej navihana ter poredna. Rekla sta, da je njihova učiteljica prevelika, če bi bila bolj majhna, da bi jo "nafajtala." Rekla sta tudi, če bi ona kaj znala, ne bi nas otroke izpraševala, da ji povemo. Potem sta se privadila in sta bolj ubogljiva.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem!

Stanley Tegel,

1616 Tenth st., Waukegan, Ill.

## MIKLAVŽ SE NAS JE IZOGNIL

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Najprej moram povedati, da bo to moj prvi slovenski dopis v Mladinskem Listu, ako bo priobčen. Zadnjič sem videla slovenski dopis, ki ga je napisala Dorothy Fink, zato sem se namenila, da bom tudi jaz kaj napisala. Ker pa slovensko slabo pišem, Vas prosim, da ga popravite. Prihodnjič bo boljše.

Povedati Vam moram, da letos ni bilo Miklavža pri nas. Pa saj mu ne zamerim, ker so tako slabi časi. Božič pa nas je obdaril z velikim snegom, kar je v veliko veselje mladini. Pa tudi dovolj časa imamo, da se gremo lahko sankat, ker imamo božične počitnice. Mama me je naučila to-le o snegu:

Mi s sanmi po strmem bregu,  
potem pa doli po belem snegu.  
Če gre s tira, ne umira še junak,  
mi po vrsti v družbi čvrsti kakor vlak.

Ko smo doli, brž spet gori  
vlečemo in gremo s težkimi tovari.  
Doli, gori—naokoli—kakor vlak,  
Dvakrat, trikrat—stokrat—vsak.

Med počitnicami smo imeli mnogo veselja, toda počitnice so bile kratke in treba je spet v šolo. Spet se bo treba učiti, toda z novim veseljem, kajti navžili smo se dovolj dobrega zraka in se razgibali na prostem. To je dobro.

Želim obilo sreče v novem letu vsem, ki to čitajo! Mnogo pozdravov uredniku in čitateljem!

Frances Samich,  
RFD 3, box 85, Irwin, Pa.

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MIKLAVŽ JE PRIŠEL IN PRINESEL  
PUNČKO

Cenjeni urednik!

Miklavž se je pri nas ustavil in pustil za mene kovčeg s punčko. Poleg tega pa mi je prinesel tudi raznih drobnarij, katerih sem zelo vesela.

Med prazniki sem bila zelo zaposlena z raznim delom v šoli in doma. V šoli smo imeli malo veselico in dobro smo se imeli vsi. Naredili smo par igrač, katere smo nesli domov staršem pokazat.

Pozdrav Vam in ostalim!

Olga Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.

\* \* \*

## ŠOLA, POČITNICE, BOŽIČ IN SNEG

Dragi urednik!

Odločil sem se, da tudi jaz napišem en slovenski dopis za naš Mladinski List, da si s tem kratim čas, ker ni šole. Imamo božične počitnice.

Tukaj, v Crested Butte, Colo., imamo dosti snega, čevelj visoko, in še vedno pada.

Imam dve sestri, Anna in Pauline, ter štiri brate: George, William, John in Anton, ki so pri naši Slovenski narodni podporni jednoti. Pet iz naše hiše nas hodi v šolo: Anna, George, Pauline, William in jaz.

Moj ata dela dva dni v tednu v rovu. To je vse za danes. Drugič bom spet kaj napisal.

Lepo pozdravljam Vas in vse bratce in sestrice, ki bodo brali moj dopis!

Joseph Shaffer ml.,  
box 534, Crested Butte, Colo.

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## NAŠA BOŽIČNA DARILA

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Srečno novo leto vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Naj Vam povem najprej to, da sem dobila spet malo novega veselja za dopisovanje, ker ste mi tako lepo popravili moj zadnji dopis. Zato se Vam moram lepo zahvaliti za Vaš trud.

Naj omenim, da smo božične praznike preživeli veselo in zadovoljno, tako da smo imeli res "Merry Xmas." V šoli smo dobili božična darila, pa tudi moja mama je dobila darilo, pa ne samo eno, ampak več. Zato pa ne vem, komu naj se zahvalimo za vsa ta darila. Iskrena hvala tistim, ki so bili tako dobri!

V šoli smo uprizorili igro, v kateri je igrala moja sestra, in jaz tudi. Peli smo in bili veseli. Tako je prav, da se vrača veselje, saj je bilo dovolj te krize, ki nas je tako dolgo mučila.

Za danes naj zadostuje, bom pa še kaj napisala za prihodnjo številko, ako bo to pisemce priobčeno. Pozdravljam vse mlade čitatelje in tudi urednika M. L. Tudi moja sestra se mi v tem pridružuje in želi vse dobro vsem!

Milka in Ljudmila Kopriva,  
1709 Romine ave., Portview,  
McKeesport, Pa.

\* \* \*

## VIRGINIJA BO ŠE PISALA

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Dasi so se tudi slovenski dopisi precej pomnožili v Kotičku, sem se vseeno tudi jaz odločila, da napišem par vrstic za januarsko številko Mladinskega Lista. Na ta način bom spet pričela novo leto pravično—z dopisi.

Če bi jaz tako rada pisala dopise kot sem dneve štela, kdaj bo prišel Miklavž, potem bi bili moji dopisi bolj redni. Veseli me, ker je toliko pridnih dečkov in deklic, posebno deklic, ki tako pridno dopisujejo v Kotiček. Upam, da bom letos tudi jaz ena izmed teh, da bom napisala slovenski dopis vsak mesec, če mi bo mama pomagala, ker sama bolj težko kaj napišem.

Obilo sreče in zdravja vsem v novem letu!

Virginia Strajnar,  
box 88, Piney Fork, O.

## ELICA NE BO VEČ ODLAŠALA

Dragi urednik!

V Mladinskem Listu sem opazila moje ime med drugimi imeni, ki ste jih omenili, da dopisujejo ali so dopisovali v Kotiček. To me je "prijelo," da sem se takoj odločila in napisala te vrstice. Da nisem prej pisala, je največ krivo odlašanje. Upam, da bom odsedaj naprej bolj pridna, če mi bo moja mama pomagala.

Prišla je jesen in potem božič in zima. Snega ni veliko. Čez praznike smo se zabavali kot vsako leto. Malo je bilo tega, malo onega, pa je šlo veselje naprej.

Sedaj smo v novem letu, zato pa voščim vsem malim bralcem tega lista mnogo veselja in sreče ter zdravja! Želim, da bi prišli kmalu boljši časi za vse otroke! Obilo sreče vsem, tudi uredniku, ki ima z nami dosti dela, namreč z našimi dopisi!

Elica Strajnar, box 88, Piney Fork, O.

## MALI IZDELOVALEC PAPIRJA

NEKDAJ so izdelovali v Evropi papir samo iz cap in cunj. Ko pa se je z napredkom duševnega življenja v 18. stoletju silno razvila tudi tehnika papirne industrije, je postala nabava sirovin za izdelavo papirja skrajno pereča zadeva. V štiridesetih letih 19. stoletja je slišal tudi tkalčev sin Friedr. Gottl. Keller iz Hainichena v Nemčiji, kako zelo primanjkuje industriji papirja sirovin in kako je zaradi tega v velikih težkočah. Mladi mož je premišljeval dan za dnem o tem, kako bi se odpravilo to pomanjkanje sirovin. Na nekem svojem potovanju je počival in je "Atek, atek—tu je polno punčk in imajo klobuke."

"Škoda," pravi atek, "da ti je mamica nedavno kupila nov klobuček! Lahko bi si utrgala enega kar tukaj!"

"Mhmmm!" je zabrundala Milenka pritrdilno.

(—st—)

"Gospa Zajčeva zdaj na pol žaluje," pravi mamica in štiriletna Rezika to sliši. Takoj se oglasi zvedavo:

"Zakaj neki pa ima polovično žalovanje? Je mar morda kdo v njih rodbini samo na pol mrtev?"

## KAJ VSE JE ZNAL CIGAN

NEKI gospod je dal razglasiti, da bi potreboval za poljska dela mnogo delavcev. Pa se je sešlo pri njem mnogo ljudi, ki so stali na dvorišču posestva in med nje se je zamešal tudi neki cigan.

Gospod pride na dvorišče in reče: "Kdo od vas bi znal v dušku izpiti liter piva?"

"Jaz, gospod!" zakriči cigan.

"In kdo bi naenkrat snedel skledo žgancev s kislim zeljem?"

"Jaz, gospod!" spet zakriči cigan.

"A kdo bi pa v enem dnevu zmlatil in očistil korec žita?"

Tedaj pa cigan ni več kričal, nego se je obrnil do ostalih in jim rekel: "Ljudje božji, govorite tudi vi, kaj mar nisem jaz že dovolj povedal? Kaj morda hočete, da bi napravil jaz vse popolnoma sam?" (Cv. K.)

## MILOSTLJIVA GOPA IN MILOSTLJIVI GOSPOD

(Ukrajinska ljudska šala)

Človek je šel po cesti, se ustavil in vstopil v kočo, toda razen majhnega otroka ni našel tam nikogar.

"Kje je oče?"

"Naš oče niso oče."

"Kaj so pa?"

"Milostljivi gospod."

"Torej, kje so milostljivi gospod?"

"Zavili so se v vrečo in šli so past prašiče."

"In kje je mati?"

"Naša mati niso mati."

"Kaj pa so?"

"Milostljiva gopa."

"Torej, kje so milostljiva gopa?"

"Odšli so prat plenice in obljubili so, da nam prinesejo za obed repe."

(Cv. K.)

Zaman čistiš konja, če mu ne daš zobi.

Nečista roka, črn obraz.

Dokler osel vleče, je priljubljen.



# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XIII

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, 1934

Number 1

## RING OUT, WILD BELLS

*By Alfred Tennyson*

**R**ING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Year that is to be.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

**S**ON, you may not believe it, but still it is true:  
When I was a boy, I was just like you.

I caused bitter sorrows, and tear-stained cheeks,  
Because with bad company I thought I must mix.

But when I was good, I felt as you do,  
The weight of the hard times that we were through.

I watched father's form grow old and bent,  
Saw worries that were with him wherever he went.

I noticed how mother grew old and sad—  
And knew 'twas not only because I was bad.

I learned the real reasons of grief and sad looks—  
For, Son, I was reading two living books. . . .

And I was thinking of a justful revenge—just as you—  
Well, Son, I failed to attain it; I hope that you do!—

*Anna P. Krasna.*

## JANUARY

*By J. M. Blaine*

**I**T'S frosty and cold and the rivers are ice,  
They're some of the things that make January nice,  
The ball's up for skating, and the children flock thick  
To the pond where you hear the skates' merry click.

And then there are snowmen to build by the fort,  
Oh, this is the month for gay winter sport,  
The first of the year, and so, full of fun,  
We always are glad a new year has begun.





SUNLIGHT

Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

## Arizona, The Land of Winter Springtime

LOOK out now with me over the glistening snow to a land where the birds are singing, the leaves and grass are lush and green; where the air is like velvet and, from October to May, roses, violets and chrysanthemums bloom their brightest. Arizona, too long regarded as an entire region of desert and cactus, is coming into its own at last.

Much of Arizona, it is true, consists of arid and untillable land, but there is a very considerable portion of it that is highly fertile. An article of this length could be devoted to any one of those spots, but this will be devoted entirely to Tucson and the points of interest in its immediate vicinity.

Life under such delightful conditions as those which exist around Tucson finds parallel in few other places in the world. Every outdoor recreation is at your command. Golf, motoring, horseback riding, tennis, hiking, polo and big-game hunting are diversions that hundreds enjoy. Those who seek rest and health find new vigor and peace of mind in quiet days on vine-clad verandas or in the sun-lit patios reminiscent of Old Spain. But to workers, the place is a million miles away.—

The days are filled with sunshine; the nights cool and refreshing. There is no fog or dew and very little wind. More than 80 per cent of all days in the year are "sunny" by official count. The sun shines at some time almost every day.

Tucson is encompassed by lofty mountains, resting upon a plateau half a mile high and covered with grass, shrubs, cacti, palo verde and mesquite trees. There is adequate proof of the health-restoring efficacy of the sun shine climate. It is recognized that at

least half of the present population of Tucson came to the region originally to obtain benefits of the body-building climate and outdoor life and were so greatly benefited that they now remain as a matter of preference.

There are fine roads radiating in all directions from which you may revel in the mystery and weird beauty of the desert. Above the desert to the north rise the copper-stained Catalinas in gorgeous masses of piled-up color, while to the east the Rincons, misty, pink and opalescent, rear their jagged peaks into the snow a sheer mile above your head.

Flinging their length across magnificent distances of desert and mountains, the smooth highways lead through fantastic forests of giant Saguaro cactus, along clumps of feathery mesquite trees, or close beside stubby little barrel-cactus which yield excellent drinking water from their pulpy interiors.

The gaunt mountains, dull garnet, deep red and terra cotta, which loom above the desert, bear in spots, fabulous veins of copper, gold and lead. Since the Spanish adventurer, Antonio de Espejo discovered their wealth in 1582, men have torn avidly at their stubborn sides.

Far away a white dome flashes in the sunlight from time to time and as you approach it reveals itself as a mission founded in 1687—246 years old. A happy, peaceful village of Indians rests reverently nearby and sends its modern, bobbed-hair flappers to the school.

On this reservation real redskins live much as they lived a century and more ago. The squaws weave graceful, water-tight baskets from wild grasses, and stain them vividly with vegetable dyes. A mud hut, a tiny plot of ground,

a swarm of babies, a burro or two and life for them is full and complete. You will find close to Tucson much of the picturesque Indian life that is so rapidly passing away.

Time your stay in Tucson if you can, or stop over en route elsewhere so that you may see the truly remarkable celebration of the Yaqui Indians. The spectacular dances are sights you will never forget. Deer dancers, coyote dancers, rabbit dancers, matachino (mask) dancers and fariseos (clowns) take intensely active part in the ceremonies. The village in which occurs this unique celebration is only twenty minutes from Tucson.

One of the picturesquely fascinating sights common in Tucson is that of meek-faced little Indian burros trudging patiently along half-buried under huge loads of wood along streets lined with primitive adobe houses with mud walls two feet thick in a city of modern department stores, street cars, taxis and beauty parlors. The old and the new, indeed, live very close together in Tucson.

For 150 years Tucson was a walled city defended almost continuously against the attacks. Today it abounds in good hotels and apartment houses, and in the words of the eminent scientist, William T. Hornaday, it is "a wide-spreading, wide-awake city on a level, subtropical plain that is encircled by granite mountains; a city with wide, clean streets, abundant electricity, good buildings and all the concomitants of a metropolis."

Freedom from storms and cold weather make living conditions simple and easy. Outdoor recreation may be enjoyed. It is doubtful if any similar area in all the world offers, in just such a way, the wide range of recreational possibilities that can be found in the vicinity of Tucson and in southern Arizona.

Within a day's ride of Tucson it is possible to attain altitudes up to 10,000 feet, to go from desert to mesa, to pine-

clad mountains through thousands of blossoms, countless varieties of cactus and other strange plant life, through fertile valleys and thriving farms to mountain tops where giant ferns and streams abound. Only a days' ride away from Tucson are fifty mountain ranges with their hundreds of ideal valleys.

Ages before Columbus touched the shores of America, civilization lived on the plateau where now lies Tucson. Just west of the city, on the top of Tumamoc Hill, there still remain fortifications made by a race whose identity has long been lost in the mists of antiquity. Large boulders on the eastern face are covered with hieroglyphics that doubtless would reveal a new page in human history could we but read them.

For miles north of Tucson in the Santa Cruz valley—that curious valley in which a river, like a jack-in-the-box, emerges again and again between alternate, abrupt disappearances—lies scattered evidences of buried cities which, if excavated some day, may reveal unsuspected facts about prehistoric life on this continent.

Casa Grande (the "big house"), about three hours by motor from Tucson, is a remarkable prehistoric dwelling rising two stories above the desert with its first floor buried in debris. It marks the site of an ancient city which flourished, presumably, about the middle of the eighth century.

Two hours from Tucson by motor over smooth highways will bring you across the border to Nogales, Sonora, in Old Mexico, where quaint, picturesque life and scenes contrast sharply with the modern bustling characteristics of Nogales, Arizona, on the American side.

Nogales, Arizona, is colorful and entertaining with vivacious people, stringed orchestras, refreshment places, venison for sale in street markets,

outdoor restaurants, sugarcane vendors and a soft, strange tongue intermingled with the singsong of the Chinese.

You will see trainloads of mahogany coming up from far down the coast. You will learn, too, of the truly wonderful hunting and fishing that lies just to the south of Nogales. The waters of the gulf of California teem with fish

—huge "pescados"—as large as a man. Deer, mountain sheep, antelope and other big game are plentiful. An expedition into Old Mexico will provide even a strictly truthful hunter and fisherman (if there is such a human being) with yarns for a lifetime. Workers are underpaid and widely exploited on both sides of the border. O.T.F.

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## Friends

By Mary Jugg

THE footsteps of the warden died away. Jure settled back into the chair, resolute.

"You're my friend, Andre. You'll do this."

"The test of our friendship, I take it. Is that it?"

Jure did not heed the comment. He continued. "So it's all arranged. Ready for the preparations?"

"You don't waste time, do you, Jure?" Andre again evaded the question.

"No. One would think sitting back there in that cell for five years, a person 'ud take time out when he got out into the visitor's room like this. But he gets hardened. Inside or out, it gets so it doesn't make much difference. It used to drive me mad. I had a horror of what my mother out there in America would do. All her letters to me for these five years haven't reached their address at all. I couldn't bear to have her know of this atrocious sentence they imposed on me." Jure changed his tone. "You believe I'm innocent. That's something."

He paused. Andre studied the features of his friend's face, devoid of expression. Jure had not been so—five years ago when they worked together in the lumber camp. Then he had built

his future—a time when he could go to America to be reunited with his mother who had left him here a small child. Then came that night in the tavern where a group engaged in a brawl and in the scuffle that ensued someone drew a knife and killed Joze Travnik. Jure had been in the group. He was sentenced to life imprisonment without privilege of a trial. What though his name finally came in line for a possible immigrant to America? He had long since given up hope of release. But things changed their aspect now. The time had come. The immigration bureau decided that Jure might cross the waters. Andre received the letter and took it with him when he went to visit Jure, as was his custom once a month.

Andre broke the silence.

"You want me to go in your place and pose as her son. If your mother should ever discover the truth—think of her anguish."

Jure waved aside the objection. "Impossible. She has no idea what I look like. You've no relatives. And no one knows about mine up here. I've been lost to the world even long before I ever came up to that lumber camp."

"And suppose you're freed?" resumed Andre.

"Impossible again. Life imprisonment, isn't that what they said? Besides, I'm used to it. But you—think what it means. A mother's heart gladdened. What's more, saved from the cruel pain of learning the truth. For you: opportunity for a new life."

"I'll go," said Andre. "The future is ours to explore."

"Yours," corrected Jure. "Not much exploring to be done inside four walls."

\* \* \*

Heavy black boots appeared outside the door of the cell. Jure saw their shadow from the cot where he sat, and accepted their appearance as a matter of daily routine. No one could mistake them—the shoes of the warden. Only this time the shadow did not disappear. Jure heard the warden adjusting the key into the lock of his cell.

"All right. You can get up." He heard the harsh, rough voice of the warden. "And get out," he added.

Jure stood up mechanically.

"You got me the first time," roared the husky man. "Into the office."

And the strangeness of that announcement left Jure inert. They had told him that he was free. Someone added that Michael Petranovich had confessed to the guilt. But Jure was simply weary, and strangely lonely.

"Freedom! America!" The thought frightened him. It aroused him to his senses. "And the ship leaves tonight."

At the harbor, passengers swarmed the deck of the ship. Excited jostling, shouting, and general disorder characterized the leavetaking from the native land. Into this crowd Jure wandered as one who drops from bondage into nothingness. He looked for one man only—the man who was to wear his mask of freedom and seek new adventures. And him he also spied. Down near the gangplank stood Andre with two heavy brown handbags, looking about eagerly. But there was no one who would see him off. A wild desire seized Jure—to rush before him, take his papers, perhaps his bags, and lose himself on the deck amid the others. He was entitled to it. He was a free man.

He pushed angrily through the crowd. The last minute. Andre would not mind. He would understand. But at that moment Andre scanned the crowd once more, his face full in the direction where Jure was standing. The look arrested him. In it Jure saw the gleam that comes only with the all-fulfilling satisfaction of an undertaking that is an achievement.

"He's overwhelmingly happy," said Jure. Then he remembered. "He's my friend."

The cheers from the deck became more and more distant. Jure was walking into the direction of the tavern.







# Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

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

## SO MANY LETTERS!!!

Dear Contributors:—

*With this number of the Mladinski List we enter the new year which is upon us, with new hopes and duties and expectations. You are still rejoicing over the presents of the season that has just closed, and are awaiting eagerly for the arrival of spring . . .*

*There are so many letters in this number! So many—and so sweet and full of life! It is indeed timely that so many of you should write for the M. L. this year, which is the anniversary year of the Slovene National Benefit Society. This rare event must be fittingly observed by all SNPJ members, at its 30th birthday, during the entire anniversary year.*

*It is a pleasure to handle so many little letters from you, and I hope that you will continue to write for the M. L. in the future.* —THE EDITOR.

### LET'S BOOST THE SNPJ

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Last month's issue of the Mladinski List pleased me very much. Many long and interesting articles were found in it. The girls from Library perked up and I believe they should keep on writing because by the looks of their articles it seems as if they have much material as many events are occurring in Library. Steffie Kaferle of Yukon, Pa., also has a fine article in last month's issue of the Mladinski List, and many others have, too.

One boy stated that the depression is melting away, but I do not agree with him. Anyhow, it isn't in Latrobe or any town close to it. Roosevelt also is giving men employment so that they will think that the capitalists are good to the people, therefore they will still vote for the capitalists. In other words, he is doing this to preserve capitalism. For all of Pres. Roosevelt's good plans he does not definitely go against the capitalistic class.

We are now nearing the end of the second quarter of school. I think it has gone fast. Report card time, too, is drawing near. We

have many good times in school, which come along with our studies. It is not such a terrible place as the boys and girls imagine it to be, after all. A good definition of school, I think, is, "The work shop for the boys and girls."

The SNPJ is the only fraternal organization which has for its juvenile members a magazine. Therefore we should take advantage of this opportunity and write to the M. L. as often as possible. There is plenty of news everywhere, if there is only somebody there to write about them. Let us each and everyone write to the Mladinski List and boost the SNPJ. "A Proud Torch,

Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

\* \* \*

### HUNGRY CHILDREN

Dear Editor and Members:—

Just to begin the New Year right, I decided to write to the Mladinski List. Let everyone of us belonging to the different lodges make a resolution to write to this beloved magazine each and every month. Isn't that a glorious way to start a new year? I think it is.

In the December issue of the Mladinski List, there were so many letters. Let's keep it up and show our Slovene spirit. We all have it; why not show it?

On December 3, 1933, the Slovenski Dom gave a Miklavžev večer and many attended. Fun was in store for all. In the afternoon there was a program which consisted of home talents of the children. This was then followed by games and songs. In the evening there was a playlet called "The Christmas Candle." This play was of two dear little children who lived in a small hut in a large forest. Hans, who was the little boy, lit a small candle and placed it in the window to light the way for Santa. There was a gentle rap on the door, and then there entered a poor, homeless, little, ragged beggar. The mother and the two children sacrificed their last piece of bread for this stranger. They were awarded by the coming of Santa at the very end. This playlet went over in a "big way" and was enjoyed by all who attended. Dancing followed and an enjoyable evening was spent.

Now let us get away from pleasure for a while and talk of present conditions. Business in Milwaukee is progressing slowly, but we all hope prosperity will return. The children who have parents that are working should be thankful. Let them also remember that there are thousands of other needy children who are starving and who would be thankful for anything given them.

I will close with a joke.

Teacher (teaching foreign pupils): Will someone please use these three words in a sentence. The words are defeat, defense, and detail.

Bright pupil: "When a cat jumps the fence, de feet comes before de tail."

Best wishes to all juvenile members of the SNPJ and the editor.

Angeline Jenko (14),  
831 So. 22nd street, Milwaukee, Wis.

\* \* \*

#### FEW LETTERS FROM MILWAUKEE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Seeing no letters from Milwaukee, Wis., in the December issue of the M. L., I thought I would write. It was surprising to see so many letters in the December issue. If only every one would continue to keep it up.

The majority of the letters were from Pennsylvania. That's the spirit, Penna. Keep it up. If every state did as your state, there would be a large improvement in the Chatter Corner. Now Indiana and Wisconsin, see if you can do as good as Penna.

The whole family belongs in the SNPJ. The SNPJ lodges in Milwaukee give a number of affairs; they usually have a "Domača za-

bava" where they serve vino, potica and klobase.

There are three in the family that belong to the Young People's Lodge which is called the "Badgers". That is one of the branches of the SNPJ. There is a meeting once a month which is very interesting. They have a wonderful group of officers; the president is Anton Kamnikar. I do not as yet belong to the Badgers, but I intend to be transferred in the near future.

Then there is the Socialist Club. Nearly all of the Badgers belong to this Club. They have interesting talks quite often.

(Best regards to John Speck of Cleveland, Ohio.)—Good luck to all.

Mary Speck.

1523 So. Sec. st., Milwaukee, Wis.

\* \* \*

Dear Readers:—

My, but this magazine sure gave me a surprise last month. I guess every one was glad to see so many letters. There sure was a lot of difference compared to October issue.

I wish that some of the Oglesbians would wake up and write, so it will add to the list of the M. L. writers. We surely do not want this magazine taken away from us. So come on, Oglesby, let's help boost the M. L.

Here are some jokes for those who are interested:

Lady: "Hobo, did you see that pile of wood in the yard?"

Hobo: "Yes'm, I seen it."

Lady: "You should mind your grammar. You mean you saw it."

Hobo: "No'm. You saw me see it but you didn't see me saw it."

Teacher: "When was Rome built?"

Percy: "At night."

Teacher: "Who told you that?"

Percy: "You did. You said Rome wasn't built in a day."

I hope you'll enjoy these jokes as much as I did the first time I read them. I will try to send more the next time I write. So adios until then.

Angie Nadvesnik,

251 E. 1st street, Oglesby, Ill.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like the M. L. very much. I am going to be twelve years old in January, and am in the sixth grade. I have six teachers. They are very nice to me.

We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 87. I wish some of the members would write to me. I also expect to write to the M. L. every month. I hope I may see my first letter published in the M. L.

Best regards to the Editor and Readers.

Agnes Stern, Box 31, Herminie, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

I am writing a few lines to let you know that I am not asleep. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. I have 4 teachers. Their names are: Mr. Steves, Miss McCoy, Mr. Daniels, and Miss Higbotham.

There are five members besides me in the family. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 263. I have 2 more brothers. Their names are Joe and William. That is all this time.

I wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the readers.

Frank Bon, Box 47, Chestnut Ridge, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

I was very glad when I found my letter in the M. L. in the Nov. issue. So I thought I would write another letter for Dec. I hope the Editor won't throw it in the wastepaper basket. I hope Santa Claus will not forget me.

We have a Geography club in school. I like it because it is very interesting. On Nov. 24, 1933, Miss Cooly, the teacher of first and second grade, showed us many interesting things she brought from the Indians on her trip through Mexico, Arizona and California.

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

Marion Jereb,  
92 Lincoln ave., N. Irwing, Pa.

\* \* \*

#### MY FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I read it almost all through every month, except "in the front of it."

I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade. I like to go to school very much. My teacher's name is Miss Keppel. I like her. She lives in the same town as I do.

My father didn't work for 9 weeks for he had broken three toes. He started to work on December 18. Now he works 3 or 4 days a week.

There are 3 in our family. I am the only one in the SNPJ.

I wish some one from Cleveland would write.

Best regards to the Editor and Members.

Mary Chandek,  
703 Stieren ave., Brackenridge, Pa.

\* \* \*

#### JOHN'S SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. and I would like very much to have it published.

I like school very much. I am 11 years old. There are 6 of us in the family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 385.

Work is picking up good in Koppel. My Dad works 5 days a week.

I enjoy reading the riddles and jokes in the

M. L. And I enjoy very much Betty Macek's letter and riddles. I did not see anyone writing from Koppel, so I wrote.

Come on, wake up, boys and girls of Koppel. Don't sleep so long. I'll write more the next time. Wishing you all a happy new year.

John Evanson,  
box 304, Koppel, Pa.

\* \* \*

#### TONY'S FATHER WORKS IN THE MINE

Dear Editor and the Readers:—

This is my first letter in the M. L. I like it very much. I wish more people would write to the M. L., and I would like to see Willy and Frank Hribar write to the M. L., too. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge number 141.

I am eleven years old and in sixth grade. My brother, nine years old, is in the fourth grade. I have four teachers. I go to Davidson school.

The work is scarce here. My father works in the coal mine.

I had a good Thanksgiving. We did not have any school on Thanksgiving and the following day. My brother and I had a vacation for three days with Frank and Willy Hribar.

Best regards to all. Tony Clements,  
box 228, No. Bessemer, Pa.

\* \* \*

#### HELLO EVERYBODY!!!

Dear Editor:—

Ten pages of letters—that means business. Boy, it does! I guess Mr. Editor's fingers sure did hurt. (Didn't they? I'd hate to be you.)

I wish 1934 is better than 1933. I will try to write every month if I can. I bet half of the children that get the M. L. don't write but just like to read. Get busy one and all. I was in the Christmas play in two parts—in "Old Man Depression" and "Money Doesn't Make the World Go Around." The name of our play was "Santa's Beauty Parlor." Mrs. Santa told Mr. Santa to put up a beauty parlor and get all mixed up. So he decided to go back to his toy shop and that was all in a 2 act play.

I guess I'm the only one that writes from Morley. I have two brothers, and I'm the only girl in the family. We all belong to the Slovenska Narodna Podporna Jednota, Lodge No. 714.

We had 4 little snow storms.—Here is a riddle: "Why do people in Pa. build their pig pens on the north side of the house?" Ans.: "To put the pigs in."—Best regards to Editor, Readers and Writers. (I wish some boy or girl would write to me.)

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

## ANNA'S VISIT IN PENNA

Dear Editor:—

Since my article in the Slovene section is rather long, I will shorten this one.

I spent my Thanksgiving vacation in Western Penna and I had a very nice time. We visited Verona, Library, Yukon, Greensburg, Herminie, Irwin, Pittsburgh, Cliff Mine and a few other places. On Thanksgiving day we attended the J. Z. Juniors Fourth Anniversary Celebration in Library. Here I met several delegates of the last Convention and leaders of various lodges. This trip was one of pleasure and one I will not forget. I thank all the Pennsylvanians for their kind hospitality and bid them come to Cleveland and visit us.

I wish all the SNPJ members and the editor much happiness in the new year.

**Anna Traven,**

11202 Rivere ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

\* \* \*

## MORE FIRST LETTERS

**Frank Zitko**, box 725, Imperial, Pa., writes: "This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 10 years old. There are six children in our family. We are members of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 106. I like to read the M. L."

**Leona Rudolph**, box 162, Central City, Pa., says in her first letter to the M. L.: "I am 12 years old and am in the 7th grade. We are having cold weather here. If **May Martinjak** sees this letter, I hope that she will write. I wish others would write, too, as I am anxious to receive letters and like to answer them. Best regards and best wishes to all."

**Helen Adlesich**, Magic Springs, Ark., tells us in her first letter that she is 9 years old and is in the 4th grade in school. "My birthday was on Dec. 9. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 433, except my mother," she concluded her first letter and sends best regards to all.

**Walter Dudach**, 185 Wellington ave., Washington, Pa., relates the following: "This is my first letter to the M. L. I am in 4-A grade in Clark school. My teacher's name is Miss Berwer. On Dec. 27 I was 10 years old. I like the M. L. There are five in our family, all members of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 521.—Here's a riddle: What makes more noise than a pig?—Ans.: Two pigs.—More next time."

**Willie Starkovich**, Gardiner, New Mex., writes his second letter and tells us that he has been sick for the holidays. He says: "I am going to write every month, if I can, and also wish that Pete writes every month, if he can. We visited Mrs. A. Doggett's room in November and saw dog cabins, stocks, chickens, etc. I'll write more next month."

**Josephine M. Bozich** of Irwin, Pa., box 106,

RD 3, tells us in her second letter that she read the call for more letters and so she responded at once. She writes: "My sister just joined the big Lodge of the SNPJ. Since the M. L. comes on her name, I would like to have it changed on my name now, because I am the youngest in our home. I am taking piano lessons, and I can play a few nice solos. I have my third grade book. In school I am in 4th grade. I like my teacher, Miss Chambers, very much. Playing outside is my joy. Come on, juvenile members of the SNPJ, write more letters! I am a devoted reader of the M. L."

\* \* \*

## FROM UNIVERSAL, PA.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Since I didn't see any letter from Universal, I thought I would start and write.

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 11 yrs. of age and I am in the 6th A grade in the Washington public school. My teacher's name is Miss Bruner; she is a very good teacher.

My father, sister and I all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 141. There are five of us in our family.

Here is wishing you a happy new year.

**Joseph Girdich, Jr.,**

P. O. Box 101, Universal, Pa.

\* \* \*

## LODGE NO. 386

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I thought that I would wake up and write to the M. L. and not be a sleepy head. I didn't see many letters from Library.

My teacher's name is Miss Rice. She is a good teacher to the whole class.

I wish that **Sophie Batis** would write to me.—We had a Thanksgiving play at school and a Xmas play and I was in it.

**Mary Cic**, Box 192, Library, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L., which I read every time we get it. I have a brother and three sisters, making seven in our family with my mother and dad. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 39. I go to the Harrison High School. I am in grade 1-A. I have seen my cousin **Betty Macek's** letter in the December issue of the M. L. I am 13 years old. I wish that some readers would write to me. I would gladly answer their letters.

**Ernest Dreshar,**

2217 So. Wood st., Chicago, Ill.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am ten years old and in the 4th grade. I have one sister; she is eight years old and in the third grade. We all belong to Lodge



No. 238 SNPJ. I like to read the Mladinski List very much. I don't see any letters from Mansfield so I decided to write. I had many Christmas presents this year.

Best regards to all. **Aldrane Turk,**  
50 Harker st., Mansfield, Ohio.

\* \* \*

#### START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am starting the New Year right this year by writing to our dear M. L. I hope everyone that receives this magazine would start their new year by writing to our M. L.

It is a pleasure to read the M. L., because I have enjoyed it a great deal. I hope everyone else did, too. I also wish a happy new year to the Editor. Speaking of New Year, my sister Mary still had her beautiful Xmas tree up on New Year's night. I received many gifts on Xmas.

Jan. 3, 1934, means that I'll be one year older than last year (as usual). I was fifteen years old. Well, I guess this will be all for this month. I will try to write every month from now on. Anyway, I wish that it would come true.

Best regards to all of our members.

**Agnes Michcic,**  
417 Hopwell ave., W. Aliquippa, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years of age and in the 5th grade. I have 3 teachers; their names are: Miss Bedford, Mr. Lash, and Miss Wagner. I like to read the M. L. very much. I hope that we would get the M. L. weekly. There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. I wish some of the members would write to the M. L. to make it much larger.

Best regards to all.

**Frances Ursic,** Rillton, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

During my spare time I thought of writing to this dear M. L. I was glad to see that November and December issues had more letters. I've been saving every M. L. last year and I guess I'll save all of them this year, too.

I haven't seen any letters from Marianna for a whole year. I wish some of the members would wake up and write. I think Dorothy Fink's opinion in Nov. issue was very good. Dorothy Fink wrote me a personal letter and I appreciate it very much. I wish more members of the M. L. would write to me. I would like to answer them as soon as possible, as letter writing is one of my hobbies.

Best regards to the Editor and Members.

**Clara Caroline Zebre,**  
Box 23, Marianna, Pa.

#### BE GOOD TO YOUR MOTHERS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years of age and am in the 5th grade. I like to go to school. I like my teacher; her name is Miss Butts. We just moved a week ago and I like the place very well now.

I like to tell all the boys and girls to be very good to their mothers. I was without my mother almost two years, and how lonesome I was. She was in the hospital. How glad I am that she is at home. I never knew how the children feel without mothers, but now I found out. I hope everybody lives happily with their mothers.

My father didn't work for two years. He began to work under Roosevelt's program.

Happy new year to all.

Best regards to the Editor and Readers.

**Vladimir M. Luketic,**  
611 No. Canal, Newton Falls, Ohio.

\* \* \*

#### OUR BAD LUCK

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am in 6th grade and go to Edgewood school. My teacher's name is Miss Kessel. She is a good teacher.

I had a bad luck. I broke my arm. I cannot go to school, but I wish some visitor would come and visit me. I would be happy with joy. I have two brothers and one sister and we all belong to lodge 168 SNPJ, Conemaugh, Pa. I hope someone would write to me.

Best regards to all the members.

**Mary Gorentz,**  
box 435, Meadow st., Morrellville, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

While looking through the 1928 M. L. I found my cousin's name in the list who wrote short letters. I was also looking for some names of children I used to know. I was trying to see if my pal's name was in some of the magazines of 1933. I used to live in Cleveland, but moved to Akron. I forgot to get my pal's address so that I could write her about Akron.

Times are bad here in Akron. People are always getting layed off, or their pays cut.

Come on, girls and boys of Akron, why don't you wake up and write to the old M. L.

Here is a poem:

Have you ever been lonely,  
Have you ever been blue  
When Mladinski List  
Was away from you?

Your proud member, **Nada Slanovec,**  
203 Saberling st., Akron, O.



## ANOTHER FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 13 years old and go to Washington-Wendel Junior High school; I am in the 7th grade.

There are seven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 200.

Pete: "Why did they make the hand on the statue of Liberty eleven inches long?"

Bill: "I don't know."

Pete: "Well, if they made it twelve inches, it would have been a foot."

Anna Pavsek, Box 74, Irwin, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 13 years old and in 72-A Jr. High school.

I like to read the M. L. and Dorothy Fink's letters, and stories. I do not see any letters from Beaverdale, where I was born. I would like to see some letters from there.

I hope everyone had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I had a very nice Christmas and received very many nice things. I say "Hello" to my grandmother in St. Michael, Pa.

A lot of happiness to everyone.

Margaret Drobnich, Eveleth, Minn.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter. I am 9 years old and in the 5th grade. My teachers are Mr. Wright and Miss Easton.

Here is one of my riddles:

What has four legs and cannot walk?—

Ans.: A chair.

Best regards to all. Bertha Motika,  
Box 173, Diamondville, Wyo.

\* \* \*

Dear Sir:—

I wish you would put this in the M. L., as this is my first letter to the M. L. which I read every month. I am in the 5-A grade and my teacher's name is Miss Baggott. Every two weeks we have a club meeting. Sometimes we have games, plays, poetry and sometimes we have a party.

Frank Susnek, 903 Elm st., Racine, Wis.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have decided to write to our M. L. as I haven't seen any letters from Kv in the M. L. yet. I am 8 years old and in the 3-A grade. My sister Cilly is in the fourth. There are 6 in our family and we all belong to SNPJ, Lodge No. 433. We all like to read the M. L. I wish some members would write to me, especially Hellen Alesich in Arkansas. I would answer her letter.

Best regards to the Editor and members.

Mary Podnar, Box 65, Hardburly, Ky.

## HELEN'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. I am ten years old and in the 5th grade. I have two sisters; their names are: Virginia and Antonia. My sister and I belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 567.

Lots of the men got state jobs, but my Daddy didn't. In our school we had a grab-bag and we bought presents. We had a Xmas program in our school. I go to Pryor school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Mary Pittman. She is a good teacher.

Nobody writes from Springfield, Ill., so I thought I would write. Wake up and help build our magazine larger.

Helen Strukel,

R. R. 5, Box 104, Springfield, Ill.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

I am glad I belong to the SNPJ, because I like to read in the M. L. interesting stories, poems and letters. I have noticed in December's "Chatter Corner" that there has been a great many letters, and to do my part as I should, I made up my mind to write.

I go to the Lincoln school. My teacher is very good; her name is Miss Maloney. I am eleven years old and in the seventh grade. I have three brothers. We had our room decorated for Xmas. I wish more girls and boys would write from La Salle.

Best wishes to each and everyone.

Adele Jakse,

19 Grant ave., La Salle, Ill.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am eight years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Thompson. She is a very good teacher. I have a sister; she is seven years old and in the second grade. Her name is Rosie.

We (our family) all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 560. We live on a farm. My sister and I help feed chickens and pick eggs.

Best regards to the Editor and all.

Helen Matko,

Route 1, Box 244, Hoquiam, Wash.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I belong to SNPJ, Lodge number 39. I saw a Santa up 22nd street, and he asked me what I want for Xmas. I said I want a box of candy and a pencil box. My sister ordered a doll and a bed and a cooking set. Santa looked very poor. I don't care if he brings me anything, as long as I could get something from my parents.

Angeline Potokar,

1835 W. Cermak rd., Chicago, Ill.

**JOHNNIE'S FIRST LETTER**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter. I am 11 years old and in the 6th grade. I have 2 teachers; their names are: Miss Peritti and Miss Jaquart. They are very good teachers. I have 10 subjects.

My father has not been working for 2 years. He is working this winter in an iron ore mine. Sometimes he has night shift, from 12 o'clock to 8 o'clock in the morning.

I live on a farm a mile away from town. We have lots of cattle also. I like to live on a farm.

**John Vestich,**

Box 243, Ramsay, Mich.

\* \* \*

**WAKE UP, LYONS!**

Dear Editor:—

This is my third letter to the M. L. I like to read the M. L. very much. I was very glad to see my letter published.

Work is very scarce here. My father works once in a while, in the quarry.

Wake up, Lyons, and write. It seems to me like I am the only one from Lyons writing. I would like to see something published from Danna Juricich. I will write more next time.

**Vera Vidas,**

8113—4th st., Lyons, Ill.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor and Members:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, and I would like to see it published.

I am 13 years of age and in the 8-A grade. I like school. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 675. Mr. Mike Staudohar is the secretary and my Dad is vice president.

We are having cold weather, but no snow.

I know many Slovene songs. My favorite song is "Rožic ne bom trgala." Here it is:

Rožic ne bom trgala, da bi vence spletala,  
mirno svobodno ljubo, po planinah naj cveto.  
Ako bi jo vtrgala, rožica bi umirala,  
glavico obesila, sonca ne bi učakala.  
Tudi jaz sem rožica v vrtec vsajena,  
skrivam se tu in tam, trgati se ne dam.

I enjoy reading everything in Mladinski List. I shall try to write next month either in English or Slovene. I would like to get some letters from members of the SNPJ.

Best regards to all.

**Sophie Kozleuchar,**

1903 Clifton street, Youngstown, Ohio.

\* \* \*

**FIRST LETTER TO M. L.**

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read the M. L. I am nine years of age, and I am in the 4th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Edwards. We had a Xmas play in

school. I was in two parts of the play. We all had a good time. I wish that somebody from our lodge No. 528 would write to the M. L.

Best regards to all.

**Mary Simenec, Box 70, Cornwall, Pa.**

\* \* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I sent a letter for Dec. It did not appear in the M. L. So I am trying to write another one. I was very glad when I got a letter from my cousin, Wilda Jereb, of Washington, Pa. She found my address in the M. L. in the November issue. On Dec. 23, 1933, we visited our aunt and uncle at Bridgeville, Pa. We had a good time. We went to the Slovene Home. There Santa gave us candy, apples, oranges, and chewing gum. On Dec. 24 we went home. We've seen lots of nice things in Pittsburgh, Pa. I had a fine Xmas.

Best regards to all members.

**Marion M. Jereb,**

92 Lincoln ave., N. Irwin, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to this dear magazine. I am 12 years old and will be in the eighth grade. I go to Lincoln school. There are three in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge. My father has been elected Secretary of Lodge No. 73. I enjoyed reading Francis and Albert Valencic's letter and was surprised that someone writes from Barberton, Ohio.

Best regards to all.

**Joe Sustarsic,**

405 Van st., Barberton, Ohio.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. The first one I wrote was not published. I wish this one will be published.

I am nine years of age and in the 5th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Griffith; she is very kind.

We all belong to Lodge No. 310 SNPJ.

My Daddy works three days a week. Everytime he went to work it started to rain or snow, and he couldn't work.

My brother Joe got a car for Xmas and I got a doll and dishes.

I have a pet dog. His name is "Fritz." I let him come in, then my mother chases him out.

Best regards to all.

**Mary Tursich,**

R. D. 2, Boswell, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

I made up my mind again to write to the M. L. The last time I wrote was in the February magazine. I did not write, but I read the poems, riddles, stories and jokes every month.

My birthday was last month and I was eleven years old. I am in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Peterson.

I have one brother and two sisters, and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 177, but my little sister.

The Winter is here and we are having lots of fun playing in the snow and sleighriding.

They work here about 4 or 5 days a week.

We should not only read this wonderful magazine, but we should also write to it and make it bigger. I never saw a letter in this magazine yet from Reliance but my own.

Rose Kuseck, Box 4, Reliance, Wyo.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I enjoyed the December number very much.

My teacher's name is Miss McCormack. I have two other teachers besides. Their names are Miss Evans and Mr. Kauffman. They are very good teachers. I am in fifth grade. The name of our school is Washington school.

I forgot to write to the M. L. for December. —I hope work would pick up better.

Best regards to all.

Mary Samich, box 85, Irwin, Pa.

\* \* \*

#### MY FIRST LETTER TO THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L., and I hope it will be published. I always read the M. L. when it comes, and I am very interested in it. But I cannot read in Slovene. I wish I could, so I could enjoy it more.

We have no Slovene schools around here, because all the people are Polish.

I am in the 6th grade and am 10 years old. I like my teacher very much; his name is Mr. Kluk.

We, my brother Frank and I, are in the Lodge No. 134, SNPJ.

I was in Wyoming before, but now you find me in Wisconsin.

I will try to write more next time.

Best regards to readers and Editor.

Annie Flaker, R. R. 1, Hatley, Wis.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is the first letter that I have written to the M. L. I have a brother and a sister. My brother is in the fifth grade and 11 years old, and my sister is married. I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade. I have six teachers: Miss Lea, Miss Rawson, Miss Carley, Mr. Henan, Mr. Bolen, and Miss Tate. There are four in our family and my father is not working since March 27, 1933. There are poor times here in West Frankfort. People don't like John L. Lewis; he is the cause of the miners' trouble. Johnny Smodilla,

20 E. Manila st., W. Frankfort, Ill.

#### FIRST LETTER TO THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 14 years old. I go to 8th grade. My teacher's name is Miss D. Myers. She is a good teacher. I go to a little country school. There are only 14 children in the room. I live on the farm now; before I used to live in McIntyre. I was born in Italy. I came to America in June, 1929. I have 3 sisters. Their names are Olga, Mary, and Antonia. The first two sisters were born in Italy; Antonia was born in America. She is 2 years and 7 months old. We all belong to SNPJ lodge.

I like to read Mary Fradel's letters. I think I'll write more the next time; I might write in Slovene.

Best regards to all. Albina Kalister,  
Box 77, McIntyre, Pa.

\* \* \*

#### MY FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 9 years old and am in the 4th grade. My teacher's name is Miss McPherson. I enjoy reading the jokes and riddles very much. I'll try to write every month.

Best regards to all. Henry Grosseck,  
box 79, Hendersonville, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

I wish you and the readers a very happy new year. I was glad to see my first letter. I am very happy playing and working all the time. We had a happy Xmas and hope that you and the readers had the same.

A great deal of snow fell here after Xmas, and it is getting colder now.

I want to see Rose Omek's letter published in this month's M. L. I love to read the M. L.

Pauline Radish, Box 26, Harwick, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading it very much. I go to Fallen Timber school. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Painter. She is a very good teacher. We have two weeks of vacation and had a Xmas program in our school.

Best regards to the editor and readers.

Lillian Bogatay, Box 211, Avella, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

Happy new year to all. I decided to write to the M. L. for I haven't seen any letters from around here in it. We didn't have any snow for Xmas, but we sure have lots of it now, and it's cold out here; it was 5° below zero. Although we had a nice Xmas. I'm not going to school for I'm through grammar school, and it's too far to go to high school, so I'm just staying at home, being a farmer.

We have a colt, a cow and a heifer. My father started to work last fall after 2 years without a job. He's a coal miner. He has only one eye and that made it harder for him to get a job.

I belong to Lodge 279. I have 2 sisters and one brother, members of this lodge. This is my first letter to the M. L. which I enjoy reading very much.

Best regards to my cousins in Canonsburg and Bellaire, and all SNPJ members.

Martin Skedel, Box 132, Adena, Ohio.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

The first thing I am going to do is to thank the Editor for putting my letter in the wonderful M. L.

I have had a nice Xmas. We have had a week or so vacation.

I have gotten at least something from Santa. The year 1933 is out. There has been a large amount of snow and the weather is cold.

Best regards to all. Mary Radish,  
Box 26, Harwick, Pa.

\* \* \*

#### SO MANY LETTERS!

Dear Editor:—

From the looks of the November and December issues, the Editor certainly had his request filled. I agree with Dorothy M. Pink's suggestion. I am sure all the rest of the members will agree with me, too. It will do much towards arousing interest in our magazine and competition for prizes will be keen.

I was certainly glad to find so many letters to read in the November and December issues.

I was twelve years old in November. The name of the school I go to is Washington school. My teacher's name is Miss Karvala. I have 3 other teachers and their names are: Miss Fenske, Miss Burley, and Miss Schmidt.

We've got enough snow to start some winter fun.

I would be very glad to hear from other SNPJ Juvenile members.

Best regards to all. Albert Pechavar,  
648 E. Camp st., Ely, Minn.

\* \* \*

#### MY SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter which I have written to be published in the M. L. I hope that in time I will be able to write more interesting letters. I have been reading this magazine for years, and I've been enjoying it. I cannot read or write in Slovene, but I hope in time I can. I am learning how to read a few lines in Prosveta, but my mother says I

cannot pronounce some of the big words. There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 343.

Best regards to all. Olga Grossek,  
Box 79, Hendersonville, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the wonderful M. L. Our Lodge No. is 419, SNPJ. My pal, Mary Radish, told me to wake up, so here I am. We are just beginning to write to the M. L.

I have made my new year's resolution, but I can't tell what it is.

I am in the 7th grade and am 12 years old. Mary and Pauline Radish and I were all born the same day and year. Our teacher is Miss McKee. I can play the piano, Mary Radish and Pauline play the violin. We play all kinds of Slovene pieces. We like to play. I would never like to give up my piano. I could play and play all day.

Wake up, Cleveland!

Best regards to all.

Anna Koprivnikar, Box 121, Harwick, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I enjoy reading it very much. I have two brothers and one sister. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 106. My youngest brother is in the hospital. I wish he'll soon recover. I am 13 years of age and in the 8th grade in school. I have 8 teachers; they give me a lot of homework to do. Hope some one would write from Tyre.

Freda M. Progar, Box 114, Tyre, Pa.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am in 5-A, and my teacher's name is Miss Kral. Since there is hardly any writing from Lyons, I think I'll start in.

Danna Juricich,  
8014—45th st., Lyons, Ill.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:—

Our Mladinski List is getting very many letters.

What is the matter with Johnstown? It looks as if everybody is asleep. I can't see why somebody doesn't start to write instead of waiting for somebody else. Every month I look into the magazine and see if anyone writes from Johnstown, and that is why I am starting this month and will try to keep it up. A poem, joke, or riddle would help.

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