

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Zadnja številka v stari obliki

To je zadnja številka Mladinskega lista letošnjega letnika z letnico 1937 in zadnja številka Mladinskega lista, kakršnega ste poznali doslej.

Prihodnja številka Mladinskega lista letnika 1938, katera vam pride v roke — upajmo vsaj — še pred novim letom, bo precej drugačna. Drugačna bo predvsem po vsebini in po razdelitvi vsebine; velikost lista in število strani ostane po starem.

Pričakujemo, da bo nova ureditev Mladinskega lista bolj privlačna vsestransko v čtivu in slikah. Podrobnosti ne omenjamo, lahko pa rečemo, da pride s prihodnjo številko v Mladinski list več stalnih stvari ali "features", ki bodo morale zanimati male čitatelje pa tudi njihove starše. Kasneje omislimo še druge stvari in sčasoma bodo dobili začetniki in doraščajoča mladina svoje stopce ali strani raznih zanimivosti.

Najvažnejša stvar v letniku 1938 bo "Naša šola" ali kontest, h kateremu so že zdaj povabljeni vsi naši mali čitatelji, ki so člani mladinskega oddelka SNPJ. V tem kontestu bodo mali čitatelji tekmovali z nalogami in večje število najboljših nalog bo nagrajenih v skupni vsoti \$25 v gotovini. Kontest bo trajal vse leto in vsak mesec bodo najpridnejši učenci prejeli \$25 v nagradah.

Ne pozabite pa tega, da vsak deček ali deklica, ki hoče biti deležen ali deležna teh nagrad, mora biti član ali članica mladinskega oddelka SNPJ!

Ne pozabite tudi tega, da prihodnja številka Mladinskega lista po jubilejna številka. V januarju 1938 bo mladinski oddelek SNPJ star 25 let! V januarju 1913 se je porodil prvi mladinski oddelek med slovenskimi podpornimi organizacijami v Združenih državah — in to je bil mladinski oddelek Slovenske narodne podporne jednote!

V PROSLAVO TEGA NAŠEGA SREBRNEGA JUBILEJA SE VRŠI V PRIHODNJEM LETU VELIKA KAMPANJA MLADINSKEGA ODDDELKA SNPJ. SODELUJTE TUDI VI, BRATCI IN SESTRICE, PRI TEJ KAMPANJI! PRIPRAVITE SE NA TO VELIKO KAMPANJO ŽE DANES!

Katka Zupančič:

“Pridna”

MOJA hčerka, to vam deklica je taka,
da ji ga na svetu vsem ni para!
Pridna, tiha in pohlevna, nežna, ljubka—
skratka—taka je, da vsakogar očara.

Križ je le, ker z deco se ne more.
Kot da bi golobček bel zašel med črne vrane—
se dečad umazana in neučena dvigne
ter nad hčerko mojo pridno plane.—

In spet znova in še dalje mati hčerko hvali;
a ne vidi, nič ne vidi, da za njenim hrbtom
mala pridno jezik kaže in vsakogar,
ki ji vseč ni, žali . . .

Božič beli

BOŽIČ beli blizu je —
pratika napoveduje,
pisano blago v izložbah
ga že dolgo oznanuje.

Božič beli, čakaj še — — —
Mnoga mati obupuje;
Srce polno je, bogato —
a nad srci žep zmaguje . . .

Božič beli, pridi že!
mladi svet vzdihuje;
v duhu gleda že darila,
ki jih komaj pričakuje.

Božič beli . . .
V hišah deca se raduje.
Mrazek jo skoz okno gleda
in se z burjo pomenkuje.

Dajte . . .

KAJ se pravi lačen biti,
i vrabec dobro ve —
ko visi na zadnji niti,
na okna prosit gre
in čivka, čivka: “Čiv-čiv-čiv,
me slišite ljudje?
Dajte zrno ali dve,
da jutri še bom živ . . .



Zgodovina božiča

Odkod izvirajo božična darila, božično drevesce in druge pritikline božičnega praznika

Dečki in deklice v Ameriki se najbolj vesele božiča zaradi Miklavža, ki jim prinaša darila, pa tudi odrasli radi "igrajo Miklavža", to se pravi, da si med seboj izmenjavajo darila. Ako ni Miklavža, je slab božič — to vam lahko pove vsak ameriški otrok.

Božič je v Ameriki državni praznik, kar pomeni, da velja za vse ljudi na splošno in nima samo verskega značaja. Lahko rečemo, da za večino Američanov — 60 do 70 odstotkov — je božič vse kaj drugega kot verski ali cerkveni praznik.

Kljub splošnemu praznovanju božiča je pa v Ameriki malo ljudi, ki bi vedeli, zakaj se praznuje božič, odkod izvira ta praznik in odkod izvirajo razni običaji, darila, drevesce, venci itd. — ki so v zvezi s tem dnevom.

Te vrstice imajo namen, da podajo nekoliko odgovora, vsaj v glavnih potezah, na vprašanja: zakaj in odkod je božič?

o o o

Najprvo je treba vedeti, da božiča niso začeli kristjani, pač pa so ga prevzeli od poganov in dali so mu svoje ime in svoj pomen. Vsi narodi sveta so imeli ta praznik proti koncu decembra že tisočletja pred krščanstvom. Takrat, torej prvotno, je imel božič naradni pomen. Pomenil je prvotno *rojstvo solnca*.

Dne 21. decembra se namreč solnce obrne nazaj proti ekvatorju (v resnici pride zemlja na svoji poti okoli solnca na točko, ki je najbližja solncu, toda se-

verna polobla zemlje visi proč od solnca), kar pomeni, da dnevi spet naraščajo. Primitivni ljudje seveda niso poznali naravnih vzrokov tega dogajanja, videli pa so, da je solnce sleherno leto doseglo okrog 25. decembra najnižjo točko na nebu, nakar se je dvigalo navzgor in dnevi so se daljšali. Tako so primitivni ljudje dognali po svoje, da se vsako leto ob tem času rodi nova moč solnca, skratka novo solnce, ki prinaša zemlji in ljudem novo življenje prirode.

Stari ljudje v davnih dobah so torej ta naradni pojav proslavili na različne načine, toda vsi v smislu osnovne ideje, da je to počastitev rojstva solnca. To je bilo v časih, ko so ljudje še v splošnem častili solnce kot svoje največje božanstvo.

V teku tisočletij je pa čaščenje solnca prešlo na čaščenje osebnih bogov. To se je najprej zgodilo v Aziji, kjer se je razvila najstarejša civilizacija. (Naši predniki, stari Slovani, so tudi prišli iz Azije, odkoder so prinesli v Evropo svojo staro vero v razne bogove, ampak slovanska beseda "bog" je prvotno v Aziji pomenila solnce, ki se je imenovalo "bago". To je dokaz, da so predniki Slovanov tudi častili solnce kot svojega najvišjega boga.)

Ko so sčasoma osebni bogovi nadomestili solnce, je tudi prvotni praznik rojstva solnca dobil drug pomen; postal je praznik rojstva tega ali onega boga, kakršnega so že ljudstva v raznih krajih priznavala in častila.

Na primer v stari Indiji je bil 25. decembra velik praznik rojstva bogov

in na ta dan so Indijci okitili svoja stanovanja z zelenjem in imeli so velike gostije.

Kitajski pisci pripovedujejo, da so na Kitajskem praznovali rojstvo *Budhe* — ki je bil rojen iz device Maje! — stoletja pred krščanstvom. Vse trgovine in sodišča so bila zaprta na ta dan.

Stari Perzijanci so istega dne slavili rojstvo svojega boga *Mitre* in stari Egipčani so na svoj božič, ki je tudi bil 25. decembra, prirejali slavnosti na čast rojstvu boga *Hora*, ki je bil tudi rojen "iz device Iris v neki votlini in po rojstvu je bil položen v jaslice."

Stari Grki so na svoj božič, ki je bil 25. decembra, obhajali rojstvo *Herkula* in ponekod tudi *Adonisa*. O grškem božiču so pisali tudi krščanski cerkveni očetje Tertulijan, Jeronim in drugi. V starem Rimu je bil istega dne praznik, ki so ga imenovali "*Natalis Solis Invicti* (rojstvo nepremagljivega solnca)". Na ta praznik je med Rimljani počivalo vse delo, bile so gostije in prijatelji so med seboj izmenjali darila. Nekaj dni pred božičem so pastirji iz Kalabrije prišli v Rim in igrali na piščali. Ta običaj se v Rimu ponavlja še danes.

Germanska in anglosaška ljudstva na zapadnem severu Evrope so v zadnjem tednu decembra imela praznik "*Jul*" — iz te besede izvira današnji angleški izraz Yuletide, ki pomenja poleg Christ-masa božič — ki je bil spremljan z zažiganjem kresov, žrtvami bogovom in bogatimi pojedinami. Škandinavci so nazivali svoj božič "*modre-necht*" ali Materinska noč, na katero so slavili rojstvo boga *Freyra* in božice *Frigge*. Pri teh slavnostih so drug drugega obdarili s konji, meči, bojnimi sekirami in zlatimi obročki.

Celo v Mehiki, predno je Kolumb odkril Ameriko, so Indijanci poznali božični praznik ob koncu decembra, ki je bil pri njih prvi mesec v letu.

Krščanski božič se je prvič pojavil okrog leta 400, ko so se voditelji cerkve po dolgem prepiru domenili, naj bo 25. december tudi rojstni dan Krista, da

ta praznik zamrači poganske božiče, kar se je polagoma tudi zgodilo.

* * *

Iz gornjih vrstic vidimo, da so božični običaji v Ameriki mešanica pravadnih običajev, ki izvirajo iz poganskih časov Indijcev, Perzijcev, Egipčanov, Grkov, Rimljanov, Germanov, Škandinavcev in Britancev.

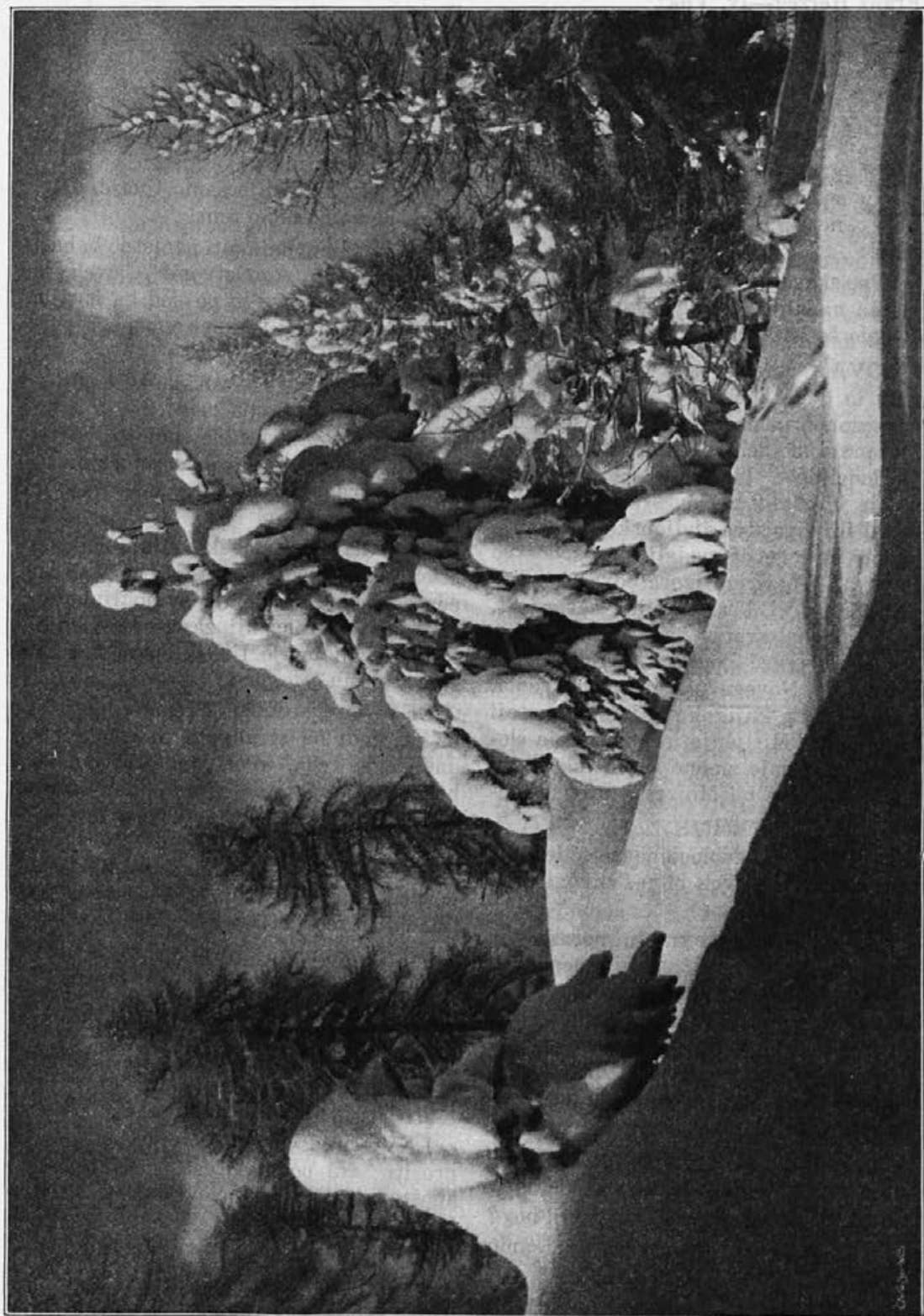
Božična darila — katerih Slovenci v stari domovini ne poznajo — izvirajo od Škandinavcev, razsvetljeno drevesce prihaja od starih Germanov, ki so žgali "drevo"; božični venci v oknih in drugo zelenje izvira še iz stare Indije.

Slovenci v starem kraju imajo še danes — na kmetih seveda — več božičnih običajev, ki so vsekakor ostanki nekdanjih poganskih verovanj. Na mizo pod prt polože prgišče zrnja od vsakega pridelka, da bo "bolje obrodilo v prihodnjem letu." Mama pisca teh vrstic je na božič položila tudi brus na mizo, a ni znala povedati zakaj. "Stara navada je in ne bi bilo dobro, če bi se opustila . . ." Tam tudi verujejo, da se v "sveti noči" živina pogovarja v hlevu. Vse te vraže — in mnogo drugih — so se vsekakor ohranile še iz časov naših poganskih prednikov, ki so nedvomno imeli podoben praznik v svoji pradomovini.

Zgodovina dokazuje, da je božič najstarejši naradni praznik človeštva. V teku razvoja se je ta praznik prelevil v verski praznik. Kot naradni praznik je pomenil "rojstvo solnca, ki prinaša novo življenje v naradi," kot verski praznik je pa pomenil "rojstvo boga".

V bodočnosti bo ta praznik vsekakor pomenil rojstvo popolne demokracije in svobode človeštva.





“Prikašljala je starca zima, naguban, suh ima obraz...”

Franz Herzeg—Iv. Vuk:

Konferenca

LEV, častitljivi starček z redko grivo, je stopil na predsedniško mesto. Nataknil je naočnike in nekaj listal po aktih. Nato je rekel:

“Preiskovalni odbor živalskega parlamenta nadaljuje svojo sejo. Ima mor-da kdo še kaj pripomniti?”

SOVA: Omenila sem v svojem referatu in dokazala, da je človeško pleme nesposobno in nevredno, da bi še nadalje opravljalo delo, ki mu je bilo od usode dodeljeno. Istočasno sem prepričana, da je s stališča človeštva, kakor tudi s stališča živalstva življenjsko vprašanje ali je še mogoče nadaljno gospodstvo človeka. To se mu mora odvzeti in seveda čim prej, ker je velika nevarnost, da bo pognal svet v nesrečo, katera se ne bo dala več popraviti. Spoštovani avditorij! Novega nisem nič povedala, kajti celo v knjigah Mojzesovih stoji zapisano: “Mišljenje in strmljenje človeškega srca je zlobno že od mladosti” —akoravno je bil Mojzes sam tudi človek . . .

PES: To so revolucionarne ideje — protestiram! Človek je naš zakoniti gospodar in vladar!

SOVA: Brezpogojna in nerazsodna privrženost, ki veže velečenjenega psa na človeka, razumljivo, nekoliko moti njegov jasen pogled. Če bi temu ne bilo tako, potem bi vedel, da ni človek zakoniti gospodar in vladar živali, ampak narava, torej bog. Človeku je dana samo posvetna oblast.

PES: Bog ga je ustvaril po svoji podobi!

SRNA: In nas? Nas ni ustvaril bog?

PES: Tudi tebe je ustvaril bog, samo ne po svoji podobi. (Veselost.)

OPICA: Da psa sploh ni nič sram? Takšno hlapčestvo!

PES: Vi, nasprotnik človekov? In vendar ste z njim v sorodstvu!

OPICA: To trdijo samo ljudje. Me, opice, ne vemo nič o tem!

KONJ: Bi ne bilo niti pametno bahati se s takšnim sorodstvom. Človek je uvedel hlapčevstvo in povsod ga izvaja.

OREL: Nikoli ni imel nobenega pojma o svobodi!

PES: Kaj govorite! . . . Ali se ni že mnogo bojeval za svobodo?

OREL: Da, ali vedno samo za lastne koristi. Borci za svobodo hočejo zasužnjiti druge borce za svobodo. Kje je potem svoboda?

PAPIGA: Če človek vzljubi kakšno ptico radi njenega pestrega perja ali lepega petja, ji izkazuje svojo ljubezen tako, da jo zasužnji za vse življenje. Povejte, ali imajo ljudje sploh kakšno srce v prsih?

LEV—predsednik: Prosim gospodo, da ne hodi na stranpota in iz okvirja dnevnega reda. Pozivam cenjene odbornike, da svoje stališče kolikor mogoče na kratko precizirajo!—Tiger ima besedo!

TIGER: Ljudje so nedostojni, da bi gospodovali nad nami. To so krvoločni trinogi in morilci!

PES: Zanimivo! Kaj pa razume mnogospoštovani tiger pod besedo “morilci”?

TIGER: Če koga ubijem, ne da bi ga lahko ali mogel pojesti, sem morilec.

KROKODIL: Resnično! Človek mori iz same krvoločnosti!

GAD: In je zelo zahrbtn!

LEV—predsednik: Po vrsti, če smem prositi. Na podlagi česa ocenjuje zelo spoštovati krokodil človeka kot krvoločneža?

KROKODIL: Človek mesari tudi svoje lastno pleme. Mi krokodili tega nikdar ne delamo.

GAD: In zahrbtn je, kakor sem že

rekel! Mori celo speče s strupenimi plini. Nobena kača ne bo pičila spečega.

PES: Če človek to dela, izvaja tako le samo svoje vladarske pravice. Končno je vendar gospodar stvarstva!

MAČKA: Čeden gospodar, ki niti sama se ne more držati v oblasti. Ako bi to mogel in znal, bi njegovo življenje ne bil neprestani kaos in bi mu ne bil pekel. Na zemlji se dogaja le to, kar človek hoče, ali on sam ne ve, kaj bi rad.

LASTOVKA: Vse obvlada samo teoretično. V praksi je negotov in odvisen od samih slučajev. Odkar stoji svet, živi v zakonski skupnosti, vendar se redko najde med njimi dober zakon. Ta je samo pri ptičih.

LEV—predsednik: Prosim, ne z dnevnega reda. Čebela ima besedo!

ČEBELA: Izvajanja mojih predgovornikov so, ne da bi jih podcenjevala, prej primerna podati psihološki pregled človeka, kakor pa osvetliti njegove vladarske sposobnosti. Jaz za svojo osebo mislim, da je od vsega ostalega važnejše to, da konstatiram resničnost in dejstvo, da človek, ki si je vzel za nalogo, da organizira svet, razpolaga z mnogo manjšo državno sposobnostjo, kakor pa živali. Me žuželke, na primer, smo že pred tisočletji uredile obliko naše države in se je vseskozi do dandanes izkazala ta oblika kot najboljša. Ljudje pa na tem polju poskušajo vsemogoče načine in ne morejo iz neprestanih nemirov, diktatur in zmed nikamor. Res ne vem, kako bi mogla soglašati z zelo spoštovanim mnenjem, ki ga izraža pes, da bi človeka priznavala za svojega kralja, ko pa umetnost, vladati, zelo slabo obvlada!?"

MRAVLJA: Cenjeni avditorij! Priključujem se mnenju svoje predgovornice in samo še dodajam, da je človek glede gospodarstva strašno neveden. Me, mravlje, poznamo zakone produkcije in konzuma, a v človeški družbi vladajo na tem polju strašne zmede in anarhija. So kraji, kjer ljudje umirajo od lakote, drugod se pa zopet življenske potrebščine uničujejo, ker jih je preveč in bi, ka-

kor govore "pokvarili cene" in jih zato, da bi "ohranili cene," uničujejo . . . S stališča ljudskega gospodarstva je to sramota!

HRČEK: Človek je grabežljiv, zato pa tako gospodari!

PES: Naj nam hrček obrazloži, kaj je to grabežljivost!

GLASOVI:—Čujmo, čujmo!

HRČEK: Rad obogatim znanost cenjenega psa o ljudskem gospodarstvu. Torej: Če si shranjujem živila za zimo, je to modrost. Če bi pa pri tem druge oviral in jim tega ne pustil, je to grabežljivost!

PES: Ne zanimam se s takšnimi rečmi. Ali to vem, da je človeštvo prineslo svetu civilizacijo!

SOVA: Nikdo neče zanikati, da je usoda obdarila človeka z neverjetnimi duševnimi sposobnostmi. Da pa teh sposobnosti človeštvo ne ve porabiti in rabiti v svojo korist, ni kriva usoda. Kaj bi pa velecenjeni gospod pes rad s civilizacijo? Grozote, beda, sovraštvo besni po vsem civiliziranem svetu . . .

PES: Priznam, da je bojevni duh človekov povzročil že mnogo zla. To pa pač zato, ker človek ceni svojo čast boljše kakor pa svoje življenje. . . .

(Veselost pri HIJENAH.)

BIK: Svojo čast? Kakor hitro je v boju, mu ni nič nujnejšega, kakor da se čimpreje znebi ostankov svoje časti. Ni zlo njegov bojevni duh, ampak zlo je, da je človek najpodlejši bojevnik pod soncem.

PES: Bik, hau, hau, bik je noblejši!

BIK: Da, tudi mi, biki, smo bojevite nature. Vendar pri nas se bije bik proti biku. Krave in teleta so nedotaknjena—razumeš!

JELEN: Bravo! Čujte! Čujte!

BIK: Človek pa nasprotno, ko je na vojni, prinaša smrt in pogin tudi ženam in otrokom.

ŠKRJANČEK: Škandal je, kako zlorablajo letanje! Dvignejo se v zrak, da od tam mečejo na glave soljudi razstreljiva! Tfu!

LISICA: In temu pravijo junaštvo in slava!

SOVA: Čustvo in zavest, povzročiti drugim žalost in bedo, je zelo cenjeno. Čim večjo bedo povzročijo, tem večja je veljava tistih.

SLON: Cenjeni avditorij! Referat, ki smo ga po nalogu našega poslanstva predelali, hočemo predložiti na najvišje, na najsvetejše mesto. Referat naj razločno vsebuje našo prošnjo, da se človeštvu, ki po našem prepričanju ni več zmožno ustvariti nekaj dobrega, ki ni zmožno več logično misliti in delati, ampak samo sebe in s tem tudi nas, spravljati v pogin, da se temu človeštvu odzame gospodstvo sveta. V tem, mislim, smo vsi edini. Po vsem, kar smo slišali in konstatirali, bi k naši resoluciji predlagal še to le: Prosili bomo na najvišjem mestu, da se gospodstvo sveta prenese na nas, živali!

(Burno ploskanje.)

Ne bo to nobena novost, ampak samo vrnitev v pristanje. Saj se je človek pojavil pač zelo pozno in je do tedaj bilo žezlo v rokah živali. Po vseh izkušnjah, ki smo jih zbrali, je naš predlog na vsak način točen in pravilen. Dobro vem in sem prepričan, da bo teklo življenje na zemlji mnogo v večjem redu, če bodo mesto človeških postav veljale zopet postave pragozda in narave.

(Splošno pritrjevanje.)

LEV—predsednik: Vprašam gospode svetovalce in senatorje, če sprejmete predlog gospoda slona z njegovim dodatkom. Gospoda, ki glasujejo za predlog, prosim, naj vstanejo!

VSE vstane, samo PES je obsedel.

LEV—predsednik: Odbor je z vsemi glasovi proti nemu. Predlog je sprejet. In tako, gospoda, ker je ura že nekoliko pozna, prekinem sejo. Jutri na svidenje!

JELKA VUK:

Mamica

(Po Rabindranathu Tagore "Oblaki in valovi")

I.

MAMICA,
bitja tam gori v oblakih
kličejo me:
"Deklica!

Mi se igramo
z zarjo škrlatno
ko dan se budi,
z luno srebristo,
ko zemljica spi,
ko plešejo vile,
kresnice blišče
in slavčki presladke
pesmi žgole.

Pridi, o dekllica, pridi še ti,
da skupaj se bomo igrali!"

MAMICA,

bitja tam gori v oblakih

vprašala sem:

"Kako naj pridem tja k vam,
ko poti ne znam?
Povejte kod steze je smer,
da morem, ko bo večer,
tja gori k vam priti!"

MAMICA,

bitja tam gori v oblakih
rekla so mi:
"Deklica,
tam, kjer zemlja obzorje objema,
tjakaj pospeši korak,
z rokama zagrlji obema
tam čakajoči oblak
in zdajci boš med nami,
veselo se bomo igrali!"

MAMICA,

bitja tam gori v oblakih

vprašala sem:

"Mamico drago doma imam,
ljubim srčno jo, nikomur ne dam!
Če pa tja k vam med oblake
usmerim korake —
kaj naj z mamó storim,
komu jo naj zapustim?"

MAMICA,

bitja tam gori v oblakih
so mi dejala:
"Tega, o punčka, storiti ne smeš!"
Mama hudo bi jokala,
da veš,
tega bi pač ne prestala,
s tugo se črno obdala,
dokler bi hladni grob je ne vzela."

MAMICA,

bitjem tam gori v oblakih
smejala se sem,
k tebi presrečna zbežala.
Mamica draga, ljubljena, vem,
nikoli te nebi, da veš, zapustila,
vedno srčno sem in bom te ljubila.
Igrala le bom se s teboj.
luna srebrista boš pa ti.
Glej, jaz bom oblak predstavljala,
Z rokama te bom zakrivala —
zvezdice, — tvoje oči
me bodo sladko uspravale . . .
slamnata streha pa bo
modro in sinje nebo.

II.

MAMICA,

bitja, ki bivajo tam v valovih,
govorila so mi:
"Od zore do mraka
prepevamo mi,
zarja večerna
valove zlati,
luna ponočna
se v nas ogleduje . . .
Prijetno tako se vasuje.
Potujemo, plovemo,
kam . . . — ne vemo,
Ne briga nas to,
veseli smo vsi."

MAMICA,

bitja, ki bivajo tam v valovih,
vprašala sem:
"Z vami bi rada, oh, potovala,
z vami se rada veselo igrala.
Povejte kako, in če to ni težko . . .
Vsa sem še mlada
neznane še ceste brezmejne
v daljavo kažoče . . ."

MAMICA,

bitja, ki bivajo tam v valovih,
rekla so mi:
"Stopi na breg,
tesno na breg,
zapri oči,
stoj . . .
Nič se ne boj! —
Valovi prijeli
te bodo, objeli
in nesli s seboj!"

MAMICA,

bitja, ki bivajo tam v valovih,
vprašala sem:
"O bitja, ki bivate tam v valovih,
šumite v tistih šumečih slapovih —
mamico drago doma imam . . .
Kaj naj storim?
Naj jo pustim
in z vami se v daljno daljavo
dam?"

MAMICA,

bitja, ki bivajo tam na valovih,
ki šume v šumečih slapovih,
so se smejala
in zaplesala . . .
jaz pa pritekla sem, mamica, k tebi!
Objami, pritisni me k sebi!
To le ti rečem:
Brez tebe nečem
po cestah brezmejnih v daljnji tja
svet!
In ti povem:
Za potovanje lepše še vem.
Jaz val bom — ti tuji boš breg,
valila bom vse se povprek,
naprej — v nedogled.
Razbila vsa se peneča
ob nedrih tvojih bom, se ljubeča . . .
mama, ti najlepši moj, najdražji
svet!



VESELO NA NOGE!

Dragi čitateljčki!

S to številko zaključujemo letnik 1937; prihodnja številka bo nosila letnico 1938 in bo dokaj drugačna. O tem lahko čitate na prvi strani te številke.

Z novim letom vam bo Mladinski list nudil več zanimivih stvari v besedi in sliki. Gotovo boste veseli te spremembe, ki je bila prvič naznanjena pred petimi meseci.

Glavna stvar bo stalni natečaj ali kontest, za katerega se boste gotovo vsi zanimali.

Za svoj trud boste dobili nagrade v gotovini, ako bodo vaša pisemca dobra. Natečaj je odprt samo članom mladinskega oddelka SNPJ.

In prihodnja številka Mladinskega lista bo obenem tudi jubilejna številka. Vaš mladinski oddelek bo namreč star 25 let in ta dogodek se bo proslavil na lep način. Vršila se bo kampanja za nove člane mladinskega oddelka SNPJ. Torej — veselo na noge za kontest in kampanjo!

UREDNIK

Zima, božič in novo leto!

Dragi urednik!—Poletje je hitro minilo. Bilo je lepo, prijazno v hladni senci. Prišla je hladna jesen, ki je bila tudi lepa. Sedaj pa je tu zima. Tudi ta je lepa, posebno za šolsko mladino. Dokler smo toplo oblečeni in imamo dovolj hrane, je vse lepo. Zdravje je tudi potrebno.

Mnogo drobnih ptičkov je odletelo v tople južne kraje, ampak mi "Škrjančki" pa smo ostali rajši doma, ker se ne ustrašimo zime. Tudi pozimi radi poje-

mo. Naš mladinski pevski zbor "Škrjančki" se sedaj namreč pripravlja za božičnico. In spet bomo peli!

Kaj vse bomo imeli na programu, ne bom tu naštevala. Najbolje bo, da se vsak sam prepriča in bo videl, kaj vse "Škrjančki" lahko naredimo in pokažemo. Miklavž nam je sporočil, da se bo letos pripeljal k nam z zelo velikim torvom. Obdaril bo prav vsakega, ki nas bo posetil. Naša božičnica se bo vršila v dvorani Društvenega doma na Recher ave. dne 25. decembra, to je baš na božični dan. Na veselo svidenje!

Vsem čitateljem Mladinskega Lista želim vesele božične praznike in srečno novo leto! Upam, da bo tudi vas obiskal stari Santa z veliko košaro in vam pustil obilo lepih daril! Vesele praznike in srečno novo leto vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

VIOLA VOGRIN,
19515 Kildeer avep., Cleveland, O.

* * *

Pridni, veseli pečlarji

Dragi urednik!—Leto gre h koncu, kakor pravijo. To je zadnja številka Mladinskega Lista v letu 1937. Prihodnja bo za leto 1938. Kako hitro gredo leta — brrrr! —

Mesec december nam prinese božično veselje, miklavžarijo in darila. To bo rajanja v šoli in v dvoranah! Doma pa se bodo dečki in deklice pridno sukali okrog drevesca. Tudi pridni bodo pred božičem, pa samo zato, da bo več daril. Upam, da jih bo dosti za vse delavske otroke!

Zadnji moj dopis ste lepo uredili, zakar Vam gre lepa zahvala. Mladinski List je res zanimiv. Upam, da bo tako ali pa še bolj zanimiv tudi v bodoče. V njem se dobi marsikaj zanimivega in lepega, vedno kaj novega.

Moj oče mi je pravil o neki pečlarski pesmici. Pečlarji so radi veseli, skupaj drže kakor snopi in sami so svoji gospodarji — doma. Pravijo, da se je tudi Adam pečlal, dokler ni dobil svoje ženice Evice. Šest pečlarjev, šest gospodarjev, vendar pa jim eden poveljuje, ker so zadovoljni z njim. Janez kuha, Majk pospravlja, Andrej pometa, France pa briše, medtem ko Peter in Pavel mizo pregrinjata. Ko pomivajo posodo, veselo pojo in žvižgajo. Če se skleda ubije, nič zato, saj si lahko drugo kupijo. Eden gre h groceristu, drugi k mesarju, tretji v pekarijo, četrti v mlekarno, peti na pošto in šesti domov, da v peči zakuri. Vsak opravlja svoje delo, vsi se dobro razumejo. Treba je postlati postelje, ribati pode in otresti prah. Umazano perilo pošljejo v perilnico in tako so vedno čisti in polikani. Včasih gre-

do v kino, včasih na ples, vedno pa se znajo zabavati in ljudje jih radi imajo.

Taka je povest o veselih pečlarjih.

Bliža se božič in za njim pride novo leto. Zato je na mestu, da vsem čitateljem Mladinskega Lista želim vesele praznike in obilo sreče v novem letu!

JOE ROTT,
181815 Chickasaw ave., Cleveland, O.

* * *

Zima prihaja . . .

Dragi urednik!—Že par mesecev nisem nič napisal za Mladinski List. Sedaj pa sem se odločil, da napišem par vrstic za decembrsko številko. Najrajši se igram. Ampak moram tudi v šolo. Treba se je učiti in delati. V bodoče pa bom skušal napisati pisemce za vsako številko.

Nekateri nam obetajo zelo hudo zimo, ampak do 6. novembra je še ni bilo. No, pa saj je tudi na koledarju še ni. Zima pride po koledarju šele okrog 20. decembra. To bo baš pred božičem. Mnogokrat pa pride zima še prej, posebno k nam v Minnesoto. Zima dosedaj torej še ni pokazala svojih rožičkov. Tudi pozimi je obilo veselja. Takrat se drsamo in sankamo. Mnogi si radi denejo na čevlje drsalke (skates) in hajd na led. Drugi se sankajo in tudi smučajo.

Lastovke so že davno odletele v tople kraje na jug. Tudi druge drobne ptice so odromale tja, ker jih bi tukajšnja zima uničila. Na pomlad pa se bodo spet vrnile k nam, ko bo solnce ogrelo mrzlo zemljo in zrak. Takrat se bomo tudi mi veselili pomladi. Ampak dolgo je še do takrat.

V nedeljo, dne 4. nov. se je spet pričel slovenski radioprogram. Lepo je slišati slovenske pesmi in godbo. — Menda sem že dovolj napisal, zato bom končal.

Ker se bliža božič in novo leto, voščim Vam in vsem čitateljčkom M. L. prav vesele praznike in pa obilo sreče v novem letu!

LOUIS EVERETT PERKOVICH,
304 E. Oak st., Chisholm, Minn.



JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XVI.

CHICAGO, ILL., DECEMBER, 1937

Number 12.

The Last Number in Old Form

This is the last issue of the Mladinski List in 1937 and the last in the familiar form.

The first number of the Mladinski List in 1938 which, we hope, will be in your hands before New Year's, will be considerably changed. It will be different primarily in contents and arrangement; the size of the magazine and number of pages will remain as now.

We expect that the new Mladinski List will be more appealing in every way. We will not go into details, but we can say that the next number of your magazine will have several features of special interest to our little readers and their parents. Later we will add other features and gradually beginners and growing youth will get their regular columns or pages of material of varied interest.

The main feature in the 1938 Mladinski List will be "Our School" or contest and we invite all our little readers who are members of the SNPJ Juvenile Department to be ready to take part. In this contest the little readers will compete with their contributions and a number of best letters submitted will be awarded cash prizes in the total amount of \$25. The contest will be in effect during the entire year and each month the best pupils will receive \$25 in prizes.

Do not forget that each boy or girl who wishes to participate in this prize contest must be a member of the Juvenile Department of the SNPJ!

Also, do not forget that the next number of the Mladinski List will be the jubilee number. In January 1938 our Juvenile Department will be 25 years old! For it was in January 1938, that the first juvenile department among the Slovene fraternal organizations in the United States was born! Of course, this was the Juvenile Department of the Slovene National Benefit Society!

IN CELEBRATION OF THIS SILVER JUBILEE, A BIG CAMPAIGN FOR NEW JUVENILE MEMBERS WILL BE CONDUCTED NEXT YEAR. ALL LITTLE SNPJ BROTHERS AND SISTERS SHOULD CO-OPERATE IN THIS CAMPAIGN! GET READY FOR THIS BIG MEMBERSHIP DRIVE NOW!

A Birdie Told Me So

By MARY JUGG

A GREAT big, popping secret
I just must let you know,
And you can bet it's true, because
A little birdie told me so.

He perches on my window ledge
And talks to me each day;
Then when he gives me all the news,
He gaily flies away.

He told me he had been around
The home of our Society;
He looked in all the windows there,—
And all the things that he did see!

It's 'bout the new Mladinski List
They're making up for you and me;
The little birdie said it was
By far the best that he did see.

They're having pictures, contests, too,
And games to play, and things to know;
And we can tell our playmates now;
My little birdie told me so.



To You, The Members of the Juvenile Department

By F. A. VIDER, Supreme Secretary

Do you know that next year your Department will celebrate its Twenty-fifth Anniversary? Have you heard of the marvelous opportunity for you to visit Yellowstone National Park, New York City, or some other important city in the United States during vacation time?

The Supreme Board has decided to conduct an extensive campaign for your Department throughout the entire next year, in which campaign all members are invited to participate. Perhaps you would like to see some interesting part of the Country which you have read about. If so, why not join this campaign and try to receive one of the prizes outlined by the special committee which are as follows:

FIRST PRIZE—100 members or more—\$150.00 in cash or \$200.00 paid trip (excursion) to Yellowstone National Park.

SECOND PRIZE—75 members or more—paid excursion trip not to exceed \$125.00 within the radius of 1000 miles from the residence of the winner, or \$100.00 in cash.

THIRD	PRIZE—65 members	\$70.00
FOURTH	“ 55 “	60.00
FIFTH	“ 50 “	55.00
SIXTH	“ 45 “	50.00
SEVENTH	“ 35 “	38.00
EIGHTH	“ 30 “	30.00
NINTH	“ 25 “	25.00
TENTH	“ 20 “	20.00
ELEVENTH	“ 15 “	13.00
TWELFTH	“ 10 “	8.00
THIRTEENTH	“ 5 “	3.50

From 1 to 4 members, an award of 50c per member shall be paid.

All you have to do is to go out and get new members for the Juvenile Department. Juvenile members in other societies have been successful in obtaining prizes for similar undertakings; how about you, our little friends? Your Department is several thousand members strong, many among whom are capable and able of helping in this Jubilee Campaign. You can explain to the boys and girls in your neighborhood, school, etc., who are not yet members of our Society, just how important it is to belong to and be protected by a Society such as ours.

Try and see what you can do during next year's campaign and see if you cannot get one of the highest prizes possible.



Merry Christmas Eve

By LOUIS JARTZ

This is a story of a loving widower, his four children and their housekeeper.

The scene is laid in their cozy parlor at about eight o'clock, Christmas eve. The housekeeper (the children call her AUNT HELEN) has gone home early. DAD is held up by his Christmas shopping. The children are alone in the parlor and are occupied with their varied interests. ALBERT, the oldest child, has settled himself awkwardly yet comfortably in an overstuffed chair. MARY, the next oldest, is fashioning a dress for a doll while JEAN, the baby, is looking on. PETIE has busied himself with his home-made plane; he is running about the room, holding the plane aloft and emitting a buzzing sound to give some reality to the plane's movement. All perk up as they hear the whistling of "Jingle Bells" through the front door. There is a wild scramble of exit through the center door as they hear a fumbling attempt to open the outer door.

PETIE: (*Reaches the door first and cries—*) It's Dad!

THE REST: It's Dad! Merry Christmas, Dad! Merry Christmas!

DAD: (*Enters the parlor laden with parcels.*) Haha! Hello! Merry, merry Christmas! How are my little tykes? Were you good children today?

CHILDREN: Yes, Daddy, you bet we were.

DAD: Well, well. I'll put this away. (*Removes his wraps; Mary takes them away and returns with his slippers and lounging robe.*)

PETIE: What did you get for me, Dad?

DAD: Wait, wait—give me time to breath. (*To Jean, tossing her up.*) Hello, little Cuddles. (*Turns back to others.*) I should ask Helen if you're deserving. Did you behave yourselves and did you help her? (*To Jean.*) Little Cutie.

PETIE: You bet, Daddy. I scrubbed the floor and everything.

DAD: Hm, scrubbed the floor!

MARY: He didn't—he only helped Aunt Helen.

PETIE: I did too, look, Dad— (*DAD puts Jean down with "Wait, I have to see," and is lead into the adjoining room.*) Look how clean it is.

DAD: (*Returning to parlor.*) Well, I must say that's very nice—very nice. (*To other children as he dons the robe.*) Did the rest of you help Helen?

ALBERT: Yes, Dad. We all helped, Dad, we were busy as bees. What did you get us?

DAD: Well (*clearing his throat.*) I hope you'll like 'em. (*Winking slyly.*) Santa Claus'll bring something, too.

CHILDREN: What did you get for me? What did you get for me? What did you get for me?

DAD: Now, children, behave. Don't—don't—don't—you've got to be good. Now, Albert, here's yours. The name is on the outside. Merry Christmas.

ALBERT: Thanks, and a Merry Christmas to you, Dad.

DAD: Here's yours, Mary—Merry Christmas.

MARY: Thanks, Daddy. Same to you, Daddy.

DAD: You're next, Petie.

PETIE: Thanks, Dad. Boy-o-boy! What a big box! What's in it? Oh boy!

ALBERT: Skates! Gee, Dad, that's swell! Just what I wanted.

MARY: And look what I got—a snow suit. Oh my, how nice, my wish came true.

DAD: Be careful how you undo that package, Petie.

PETIE: (*Lets out a shriek of delight.*) It's a puppy, it's a puppy! Oh, Daddy, Daddy, thank you! Can I keep it up here for a little while? Please, Daddy?

MARY: Oh, how cute it is.

DAD: I don't know, you'll have to keep him down in the basement.

PETIE: Can't he stay upstairs for just a little, just a little while?

DAD: Oh, I suppose so, for just a little.

PETIE: (*Lifts the puppy out of the wrappings and places it on the floor. He lies flat on his stomach in front of it and barks at it. He pets it a while then—*) I'm going downstairs to fix a place for it. (*Exit.*)

DAD: (To Jean, noticing an expression of disappointment replace that of anticipation) Now, now, Cuddles, don't pout. I was going to get you something real nice, but I saw Santa Claus and he said to me like this (simulates in a low voice)—"Now, Mr. Daddy, let me get Cuddles what she wants." He had big, white whiskers and a big nose, red as a cherry, and a big tummy like this and he laughed, "Ho, Ho! Ho! Don't you bother about Cuddles. I'm going to come down your chimney and put all kinds of things in her stockings." And he said, "Now, don't you forget, Mr. Daddy, to tell Cuddles to hang her stocking by the fireplace and to go to sleep early." Yes, that's what Santa Claus told me.

MARY: Daddy, more than all the presents we would like to have a mother.

DAD: Yes, child, I know. It is very sad that your dear mother had to leave her loving family. She was a wonderful woman. Albert, you remember her. Petie was four years old, and Jeannie, Mother passed away shortly after you were born. It was winter then, too. I don't know how we would have gotten along without Helen.

PETIE: (Enters) Boy, you oughta see how cute he jumps around. I bet he's a smart dog. I'm going to teach him lots of tricks.

MARY: Daddy, we want Aunt Helen to stay with us all the time.

DAD: Now, now, Mary—Helen wouldn't think of it—and I don't dare.

ALBERT: Why not?

DAD: What kind of conspiracy is this?

PETIE: We just thought—

MARY: Daddy—

DAD: Yes?

MARY: We asked Aunt Helen to come here tonight.

DAD: You did?

ALBERT: We were going to surprise you.

MARY: She's lonesome and you are, too.

DAD: How do you know—did you ask me? Did you ask Helen?

PETIE: Aren't you, Daddy?

DAD: No, I won't commit myself. You really invited her?

PETIE: Sure, we did.

DAD: Well, of all things—When is she to be here?

MARY: She promised to be here at eight.

DAD: At eight?—And it's dark. Get my coat and shoes. Which way does she come?

MARY: (Going for wraps) Most of the time by street car.

PETIE: Sometimes by bus.

DAD: Albert, you should have known better and told me sooner.

PETIE: Then it wouldn't be a surprise.

DAD: (To Albert) Get your things on and wait for the bus. I'll wait at the car stop. (Bell rings and Mary rushes to the outer door.)

MARY: It's Aunt Helen. (All rush from the room to the outer door.)

ALL: Merry Christmas, Aunt Helen, Merry Christmas! Merry, merry Christmas!

HELEN: (Enters laden with packages.) Merry Christmas, everyone! Merry Christmas, Al.

DAD: We were just going out to meet you, it's a bad night.

HELEN: It's a beautiful night, I think.

DAD: Oh, these children—

MARY: Look what Daddy brought me.

HELEN: What a lovely snow suit.

PETIE: You oughta see what I got. Wait, I'll show you. (Exit.)

HELEN: Jeannie, you should be in bed. Come with me. Say "Good-night" to your Daddy, dear.

MARY: I'll go with you, Aunt Helen.

DAD: Good-night, Cuddles. (Exit Helen, Mary, and Jean. Dad sits thoughtfully—)

PETIE: (Entering with his pup in his arms) Where's Aunt Helen?

DAD: She's putting Jean to bed. You shouldn't have asked her to come. She spends enough time here without working overtime.

PETIE: She likes us.

ALBERT: She brought packages with her, they're presents for us.

DAD: Oh, my goodness! I plumb forgot to get her something!

ALBERT: That's O. K. We got her a Christmas present.

DAD: You did? What?

ALBERT: A ring.

DAD: A ring (Examines it) Such junk!

PETIE: It's got pretty diamonds in it and it cost a lot of money.

DAD: You don't know what to buy, I'm going out to get something worthwhile. (Places ring on table.)

ALBERT: Better be back right away because—(Enter Helen and Mary.)

DAD: (Clearing throat) Uh—t h a n k s, Helen.

HELEN: (Recognizing embarrassment.) I was invited and I had no place to go tonight, so—

DAD: It's perfectly wonderful to have you with us tonight. Oh—Ah—I—

PETIE: Look at my puppy, Aunt Helen.

HELEN: What a darling little puppy. See how he wags his tail. He knows he has found a good home and a good master.

DAD: Albert, go down in the basement and bring up the box of tree ornaments. Mary, you help him and Petie, maybe your puppy

is hungry so give it a saucer of milk.

ALBERT and MARY: O. K., Dad. All right, Daddy.

PETIE: I'll feed him right here.

DAD: No, no, down in the basement. You might get the rug dirty. *(Exit children.)*

HELEN: I'll go down with them.

DAD: No, no, I want you to stay. I want to talk to you about something—Helen—

HELEN: Yes?

DAD: Helen, did—did the children talk to you about staying here—ah—being their mother?

HELEN: Why—yes—they have—

DAD: Well—ah—would you—would you consider it?

HELEN: I—ah—well, what do you think—

DAD: I think it's a great idea of theirs. Would you—be my wife—their mother (approaching her) Helen!

HELEN: *(Rather shyly)* Why—yes. *(He embraces her.)*

DAD: Fine, we will be happy, won't we?

HELEN: I do hope so.

DAD: *(Absently fumbles with the children's ring)* Oh, here's a ring) the—

HELEN: Oh, how lovely—Thank you.

(ALBERT and MARY intrude.)

ALBERT: Here's the stuff already. By golly, I hope the tree comes soon.

PETIE: *(Entering)* Daddy, the puppy wasn't hungry. Hey, Mary, shall we give Aunt Helen her present now?

MARY: Yes. Where did you put it, Daddy? It was right here.

DAD: Oh my, oh my. Listen children, Aunt Helen is going to be your mother. I suppose you like the idea?

MARY: *(Hugging Helen)* That's fine and dandy. We hope you'll like to stay with us. Now you and Daddy won't be lonesome and we'll all be happy.

ALBERT: Congratulations, Dad.

PETIE: What do you know about that? Where's that ring?

MARY: *(To Petie)* Are you blind, can't you see that Daddy's engaged?

PETIE: Yeh, but—

ALBERT: Come on, smarty—

(Bell rings and PETIE rushes for the door.)

PETIE: Hey everybody, the tree is here.

ALBERT: Let me at it. *(Exit.)*

MARY: *(To Helen)* Let's see the tree Daddy got us, Aunt Helen—Oh, goody, now I can call you mama.

HELEN: Oh, I'm so excited. *(Exit MARY and HELEN.)*

DAD: My my, but things have happened tonight. Am I happy;

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

(FINIS)

When Is A Million Dollars Not A Million?

Answer: When it's two million dollars. This isn't a riddle, though. It's the result of an income report for the William Rockefeller estate. Seems that in 1922 Mr. Rockefeller left his heirs a net estate of \$50,000,000. Quite a tidy sum. Instead of decreasing, the original sum has increased, at the rate of a million dollars a year, so that now

the 28 Rockefeller grandchildren and great-grandchildren have something like \$63,713,899. Family records of William R's descendants show that there will possibly be 50 grand-children in all. Thus Mr. R. has supplied the country with 50 prospective millionaires in their own right.

Such is the way our capitalistic system works—for those on top.

A Letter to Edward

By MARY JUGG

Dear Edward:—

The old year is ended. You are waiting for the new. You will be expecting to see new things; they should be better things. Every time you practiced your penmanship, you saw that if you put your mind to it the new sheets looked better than the old. So you threw away the old. But the new sheets could not have been better if it were not for the sheets that you had worked on before.

Everywhere boys and girls like you will be expecting new and better things. In many countries of the world, though, this dream looks like a great big soap bubble. And you know how that is. No sooner do you blow a nice, round bubble than it bursts. If not that, you slowly and carefully let out the air so that it disappears anyway. That is just the way with the dreams of many, many boys and girls your age as this old year draws to a close.

Why? you ask. Because some of these countries have used these great, wonderful airplanes to throw bombs upon peoples of other countries. Because the big, modern ships go out to destroy other peoples' properties. Yes, it's war. It hasn't been declared, but the cruel, bloodthirsty leaders have gone ahead and taken it into their own hands.

I am wondering what kind of Christmas the children of Spain will be having this year. In Spain the bombs are still dropping, and they are not toy bombs. They have been sent by Germany and Italy to destroy the innocent boys and girls and their mothers and fathers. And no one has tried to stop Germany and Italy. Whenever a big bully appears on your playground and gets lots of pleasure seeing all the smaller boys and girls being afraid of him,

your teacher takes him in hand and finds out what the trouble with him is. But no one has taken Hitler or Mussolini in hand to find out the meaning of their crimes. At the same time, both of these men have made the people in their own country bow down to them like so many slaves that are beaten with a whip. No one can speak his mind; no one can make any complaints; no one must disapprove of what their robber leaders are doing to other innocent people. That gives you a picture of what kind of Christmas children in Germany and Italy can expect.

Over in the East, there are other hungry robbers. These are a few people in Japan who have decided to drop bombs on the Chinese people. Have you ever read in your school books how much hunger there is in the big country of China? How poor these people are? On top of this, now, they must cower before the Japanese war lords who have decided to slaughter them like so many mice. And the same thing is happening to the people in China as is happening to those of Spain. Both are being attacked, and no one is making a move to put a halt to the barbarians who are responsible for it. And so you see what kind of day December 25 will be to the children of China.

These pictures certainly are not happy, are they? They make all the glittering tinsel and the Christmas stockings and the many, many words about the glory of Christmastime seem pretty cheap and worthless. It makes us think that any real Christmas, with genuine good cheer and happiness, is somewhere far, far in the future. What



we are trying to do now is only to keep up some old, old customs that began centuries and centuries ago.

Yes, even in China they have celebrated Christmas for centuries and centuries. These people have as their god Buddha. He was supposed to have been born on the 25th of December. Even though it may seem queer to some people of the Western countries that they worship Buddha, he is just as real to them as any other god is to these other peoples. For each race has set up its own god.

While we are thinking about the unhappy Christmastime that the children of Spain, China, and other countries will be having, I am reminded of a good movie that I saw not so long ago. It was called "The Road Back." If you have not seen it yet, try to do so. There you will see what war actually means, and how when there is war, a person's life means nothing at all. The generals and warlords whip up the fighting spirit in their soldiers, and men kill each other like so many animals without any reason in the world. These same men would be put in prison for life if they did the same thing when they returned to their homes.

And that is about the way things stand as this old year is dying out. As far as you are concerned immediately, however, one thing still stands. That is the inside information I gave you in my last letter about the Mladinski Lists from this time on. They will be different, and I hope you will find them interesting. If you haven't worked on the suggestions I gave you in the last letter, I hope you will get busy without another minute of delay. It can mean much to all of us if we want to make it so.

You have changed a great deal since the time I began writing these letters to you. There is only one thing in which I hope you will never, never change, and that is: in asking How?

When? Why? What? There will be many things told you to try to make you feel good and your mind lazy. But get into the habit of examining each one of them and not resting satisfied with just any kind of answer.

Who's In?

"THE door is shut fast
And everyone's out:"
But people don't know
What they're talking about!

Says the fly on the wall,
And the flame on the coals,
And the dog on his rug,
And the mice in their holes,
And the kitten curled up,
And the spiders that spin—
"What, everyone out?
Why, everyone's in!"

Elizabeth Fleming.



Exercises and Diet

As many sufferers from rheumatism will be found on careful check to be undernourished and possibly anemic it will be necessary in these cases to provide a nourishing diet in order to build up the patient. Proper elimination is always important and investigation in this particular must not be overlooked.

The benign influence of prunes is well known today. So many foolishly spend money for cathartics when soaked prunes taken nightly for a while would have a much more beneficial effect.

Add to these foods regular daily

exercise, sufficient to bring up a free perspiration and secure deep breathing, then waste material should leave the body freely, congestion disappear, the elasticity of the muscles be assured, and a sense of well-being will prevail.

Exercise is an aid to health. It lengthens and strengthens the muscles and adds to the attractiveness of the body. It stimulates the circulation, furnishing oxygen to the blood and aiding in the removal of waste products. It encourages intestinal elimination and increases perspiration.

The Funny Side

The applicant tried to explain it was not customary for college graduates to carry diplomas around with them.

"Well, then," demanded the producer, "say me a big word."

* * *

A \$7,000 limousine caught up with a small car and the owner of the big machine couldn't resist the temptation to slow up and jolly the other driver a bit.

"Heavens, man," he said, "what is it about your car that makes such a dreadful rattling sound?"

"Oh, that," said the driver of the small car, "is the \$6,500 jingling around in my pocket."

* * *

The steamer was only a few feet from the quay when there was a sudden commotion, and a man came running madly from the dock gates, shouting to the officials to wait a moment.

Without pausing in his stride, he flung his bag on the boat, took a desperate leap and landed on the deck with a crash.

"Missed it!" exclaimed the officer

who was helping him to his feet, "this boat is coming in."

* * *

Wife: "Did you find much difference between the city and the country, John?"

Farmer: "There isn't much difference. In the country you go to bed feeling all in and you get up feeling fine. In the city you go to bed feeling fine and you get up feeling all in."

"Good!" he gasped. "A few seconds later I should have missed it."



A Fascist Soldier Tells His Story

"We were told to bombard three Spanish villages. I flew for some time, but couldn't find them. I was afraid to throw the bombs for fear they would fall on our own men. I was about to fly back to our base when I saw sparks and realized I was being attacked by fire bullets. I turned the plane and tried to beat the flames out with the wind. Then I saw the enemy, a small plane swooping at me. My right hand motor burst into flame and I took a parachute and jumped. Lucky I got in my jump at night for orders have been given in the fascist army to shoot anyone who jumps from a plane when it is above Loyalist territory. You see word got around that they were treating prisoners pretty well and jumping from planes was an easy way of deserting. So—that's how I got here."

The German telling his story was in a Loyalist hospital. He had gone to war because he was told that Germany

was trying to stop Bolshevism and get some raw materials from Spain. He is just one more ignorant young man who has been fooled by Hitler. When he is well he will be kept as a prisoner and be given useful work to do for Spain.
—BAGOPS.

There's a Thought

Husband: "Have you ever wondered what you would do if you had Rockefeller's income?"

Wife: "No, but I have often wondered what he would do if he had mine."

* *

Not Quite the Thing

"I wish you'd show a little more tact," said the restaurant manager to the leader of the orchestra. "Here we've got the Imperial Society of Umbrella and Raincoat Manufacturers having dinner and you go and play 'It Ain't Gonna Rain No More . . .'"



A Fir Cone Duck

A DUCK that will swim about on the water in a very lifelike manner can be made from a fir cone. Choose a cone of good shape and make a slit with a knife at the thick end. Cut the head and neck of the bird from tin and paint this white, marking in the eyes, beak and so on. Slip the lower part of the neck into the opening made in the cone.

Probably the cone will not float upright in the water, and to make it do so push in a screw. The weight of the screw will make the duck float upright. To make the duck swim all one need do is to press a piece of soap at the narrow end of the cone just where it touches the water.—S. Leonard Bastin.



lack of balance to the work, improper recreational habits, and the absence of some outside worthwhile interests. Frequently, the cause lies in surrendering to anxieties, fears, and obsessions, instead of reasoning them out and thereby realizing how generally unreal and unimportant such manufactured troubles are.

Overwork

Undoubtedly overwork can break down the mind and nervous system, but it is astonishing how much work a well-cared-for body and mind can carry through. Poor mental government and a faulty attitude toward life, rather than overwork, bring about mental and nervous breakdown. Often the work itself is not so much responsible as the



The Speed Cop

“WHERE are you headed for, my little man?”
“Out in the country, as fast as I can.”

“But what is your hurry, and why do you race?”

“I hear a voice calling me some other place.”

“And when you get out where you’re going, what then?”

“I suspect I will hurry right back here again.”

“But what is your business, I’m anxious to know, and why are you simply determined to go a mile in the space of a minute or less?”

“Well, since you’re inquiring, I want to confess—

“The girl friend and I haven’t got any place in particular to go see, but we’re in a big hurry to get there, so we can start back in plenty of time to get some place else where we haven’t got anything in particular to do either, y’understand!”
—*The Optimist*.



CHATTER CORNER

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

GET ON YOUR MARK — GO!!!

Dear Little Readers:

With this number we are concluding the year 1937; the next number will bear the year 1938 and it will be considerably changed. About this you can read elsewhere in this issue.

The 1938 Mladinski List will be more inviting in many ways.

One of the main features, if not THE main feature, will be OUR SCHOOL or MONTHLY CONTEST, which will be open to all juvenile members of the Slovene

National Benefit Society. Remember that your best contributions will be awarded.

As you no doubt already know, the next number of the Mladinski List will be a jubilee number. And throughout the entire year a big campaign for new juvenile members will be conducted.

Therefore:—Get on Your Mark!—Get Set!—Go!!!

Cooperate in this campaign!

Participate in the contest!
Get ready for the 1938 Mladinski List! EDITOR

Let's Write

Dear Editor:—Now that school is in full swing and our minds on our studies, we must also give thought to another factor—the M. L. We should make use of our Chatter Corner by writing letters at least once a year. You can't depend on some one else to tell you what to do and what not to do. To write a letter and not write a letter—put the thought on your own shoulders.

I am a sophomore in high school and the subjects I am taking are under the following teachers: English II, Mr. Bemis; General History, Mr. Grosshouser, and Home

Economics II, Miss Hunter. I've joined many school clubs this year: Girls' Glee Club, Tap Dancing, Manual Arts, Nursing, Mixed Chorus, and French Horn classes.

A new grading system has been adopted for our school. The system is A. B. C. D. and F. We had the percentage system before.

Half an hour has been added to the school day, due to the fact that there is a larger enrollment in various classes. Our classes have been limited to fifty-five minutes instead of sixty minutes. The classes start in the morning at 8:20 and are dismissed at 3:20 p. m.

We had a Halloween and Initiation Party

October 22. I wore a devils' costume, I and another girl went as pairs; she was the woman devil and I was the man devil. We initiated the freshmen. Some boys had to wash and dry girls' feet, some had to roll peanuts across the floor with their nose, others had to propose, some had to suck milk through nipples. Boy, oh boy! some fun.

Best regards to Editor and all,

JULIA SLAVEC, Box 153, Louisville, Colo.

* *

"We Had Lots of Fun"

Dear Editor:—This is only my third letter to the M. L., which is hardly anything compared to some other letters girls and boys write. I noticed one time that just a few people wrote; that made me start writing once more.

Schood has begun several months ago. Some of my studies are: English, Biology, Geometry, Public Speaking, and Glee Club.

I had to get used to the Senior High School before I really got to like it.

Halloween was here and I suppose much mischief was done all over the United States. I gave a Halloween party for my best friends. Some are Burnette Floyd, Carol Berg, Olga Oswald and Matilda Pollack. We played games and bunko. For bunko we gave prizes. Burnette Floyd won high prize, and Carol Berg low prize. We also had a candy hunt which was much fun. After that we had lunch. The rooms were lit with pumpkins or jack-o'-lanterns.

We afterwards went outdoors and did a little mischief but we couldn't do much because someone beat us to it. I hope many others had as much fun as I had without too much mischief.

I want to say hello to my relatives in Pennsylvania, also to Anna Perpich, Maxine Gunlia, Frances Razdrk, George Sarver and Joseph Peterson.

Your faithful reader,

GAIL DROBNICK,

516½ Adams avenue, Eveleth, Minn.

* *

First Letter from Thornton

Dear Editor:—I'm going to take Josephine Kozlevchar's advice and drop a few lines to the M. L. Lately there hasn't been so very many letters in our beloved Mladinski List. Now that I woke up I wish the others would also. I'm going to be 17 on my next birthday, which will be March 15. I do not go to high school; I stay home and help around. There's hardly anything to do in this small town of ours. My girl friend and I go to and from

each other's house—that's all there is to do. The show is 5 miles away.

I suppose I'm the first one from Thornton that wrote, but "Come on Thornton, we'll show them we're not sleeping." Lets try and make half of the magazine full of letters. Come on Mary Yamicich, you've got as much spare time as I have, so drop this wonderful Mladinski List a line.

I guess that's all for this time. I wish some of the members, boys and girls, would please write to me. Best regards to all.

ANNE NIKSICH, Box 139, Thornton, Ill.

* *

DEAR EDITOR:—This being my second letter to the M. L. I must tell you that I am nine years of age and in 3a in Paul Rever school. My teacher is Miss Florence Bortole. There are four in our family, we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge "Tabor" No. 139. We had a good time on Halloween day. On Thanksgiving day we also had a nice time. Winter is coming and we had a little snow on the 24th of Oct. I wish there were more snow so we could have our sleds out. We better

get our coats now. Some day you'll get out of bed and you'll see snow on the ground. — Best regards to all.

EDWARD VATOVEC, Lodge 139,
9719 Prince ave., Cleveland, O.

* *

More Letters in Winter

Dear Editor:—First I will correct my mistake I made last month. Our teachers are Mr. Richardson, Miss Jenkins, Mr. Ryland, Mr. Squises, Mr. Hethengton and Miss Rainey. Mr. Ufema is our Gym teacher and Mr. Vernilis our Health teacher. They are all very good teachers. I like school now more than last year. I don't thing I will forget Miss Rainey's sister who was my last year's teacher. I hope you all like school.

I got many letters from Helen Vidmar; she



is a very good writer. She wrote a very nice letter last month to the Mladinski List. Josephine Kozlovchar wrote an interesting letter also. I will expect more letters in the Mladinski List during winter. Will you spend a little time to write to this wonderful magazine?

I enjoyed Halloween very much. I like to see mother make Halloween costumes for people. She made a very nice one. I hope you all liked Halloween as I did. We all had a nice time. The lower grade pupils were dressed very nicely.

Here's a joke: Two airplanes started at the same time and did every thing alike. One airplane landed one hour and twenty minutes later and the other took 80 minutes? Answer: In an hour there are 60 minutes plus 20 minutes—80 minutes. So both landed at the same time, in 80 minutes.

That will be all for this time, will write more next time.

JUSTINA LOVSIN, Bentleyville, Pa.

P. S.: I hope some of the Bentleyville children will wake up and write.

Our Halloween

Dear Editor:—I see there are not many writing to this magazine lately. I guess they all have been just as lazy as I have been. We are husking corn—we all have to husk—and I guess that's the cause for my laziness.

We went to another school for Halloween. We went at eleven o'clock in the morning and stayed until three thirty in the afternoon. We also had a wiener roast. We played baseball all afternoon. There were quite a few children there. There were two teachers present. They were Miss Irene La Velle (our teacher) and Miss Mabel Cavanaugh. I think they also had a good time.

I won first prize at the State Fair this year. I had some penmanship and a blue note book which I had written all about my studies at school. I didn't get anything for my prize though. I got my things back and it said I got first prize and that was all. I guess somebody else must have gotten it.

A Proud Member,

HELEN ROE POHAR,
Lodge No. 95, Route 6, Ottawa, Ill.

Dorothy's First

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I'm eight years old and in the third grade. I have twin sisters; they are six years old and in grade 2-B. I like to read the Mladinski List. I wish some girl or boy from Girard would write to the Mladinski List.

There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 49. — A member,

DOROTHY JANE MUSTER,
116 Church Hill rd., Girard, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade in San Antonia school. I have three teachers and like them very much. I take accordion lessons. My accordion was made by Hohner; it has a hundred and eleven bases. I like it very much. I take lessons on Saturdays, and go to a band on Monday night. My teacher is Mr. Roper. I played a solo for the SNPJ Lodge 615 of which I am a member. We live only eight miles from the city of Los Angeles. We sure have nice weather out here I sure would be glad if some of my pals would write to me.

AUDREY BROZ,
4839 Cecelia st., Bell, Calif.

Snow!

Hello M. L. Readers:—I finally decided to write again after all the vacation and the start of winter. On October 24 the first snow fell. I love nature very much and love to see how the snow falls and forms a coat for the cold earth. I like to sled-ride, ice-skate, have snow-ball fights and any other number of enjoyments snow brings to us.

Our school started September 13, with homework on the second day, I am in the 9th 1st year in the Fairmont junior high school. It only has 7th, 8th and 9th grades.

I take Algebra, Social Studies, English, and Latin. I also take Music and Gym and belong to 3 clubs in school: Dramatic Club, Girls' Reserve, and the Sewing Club. Our group also had our annual play this last month, in which I had the part of a movie actress. On the program we also had a toe-dance, a trio tap-dance, a sextet, singing "Whispers in the Dark", a play and moving picture. It went off splendidly. We bought a



moving picture machine in our school which cost approximately \$500.

My dad was on a strike last summer which lasted about 7 weeks, but after that for about 1½ month it worked every day and slacked down again to 2 to 3 days a week.

I was at the court house a few weeks ago and saw how a criminal trial is conducted. A policeman shot a local boy at a picnic, but was found innocent.

I will close still being the lonesome Fairmont girl writing to this magazine.

A Proud SNPJ Member,

DOROTHY J. PRELC,
521 Penn ave., Fairmont, W. Va.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I belong to the Junior Auxiliary of Roundup, Montana. I have two brothers whom I didn't mention in my first letter; their names are Elwyn and Glenn. One is in the third grade and one in the fifth grade. There are quite a few people in Klein who belong to SNPJ. It is getting to be cold and snow will be here soon. I wish some one would write to me.

A Proud Member,

VIOLET KENDA, Box 14, Klein, Mont.

* *

Grape Festival

Dear Editor:—It has been quite a while since I have written to the M. L. I wish to apologize for that because I said I would write often in my last letter.

Quite a few things have happened to me since, but to me the most important was the Slovene Home old-fashioned "Grape Festival." The hall was decorated with grapes, apples and grape vines. Before the dance began, some of the members of the Socialist Club pictured to us how life in the Old Country really was. They drank wine and ate old-fashioned raisin and nut bread (potica) under the grape vines. They sang a few Slovene songs to complete the little scene. After that the dance began with music furnished by John Gorsek Jr. and his brothers. There was a large crowd and everyone had a real good old-fashioned time.

My brother Joe and I are both freshmen at school. The only difference is that Joe is a freshman at the University of Mississippi and I am a freshman at Feitshans high school. Joe got free tuition to the University thru football and other athletics that he played at Feitshans. He wants to be a football-basketball coach. He is on the freshman football team. At Feitshans I am having my first taste of High School and I am enjoying it. My subjects are Homemaking I, General Science, English, Junior Business, Advanced

Chorus and Gym. The hardest subject for me is English, even though I enjoy writing themes. I am on the school "Honor Roll." I am looking forward to and working for a place on the "Superior Honor Roll."

I am a member of the Girl Reserve Club at Feitshans. We gave a Halloween Party at the Y. W. C. A. Thursday, Oct. 28.

A Proud Member,

MILDRED OVCA,
1841 So. 15th st., Springfield, Ill.

* *

Frank's Father Was in Europe

Dear Editor:—Here is another letter from Elizabeth, N. J. I am going to school every day now and it's keeping me pretty busy. In my last letter I mentioned about my dad going to visit Jugoslavia. He returned the end of August and had a wonderful time. He visited Lake Bled, Zagreb, Karlovac, Ljubljana, Celje, Krško, Leskovec, Črnomelj and Metlika; going home he visited Venice. (You mothers and fathers will be familiar with these places.)

He saw many people that he had not seen in a very long time, my mother's cousins and friends. He left his dad there. He brought some silk material back for my mother and also sheets, tablecloths, hankies, and many other things. There were about 280 Croatian people going across on an excursion and as dad belongs to the Croatian Fraternal Union too, he was with them a lot and met the President, John Butkovich, from Pittsburgh. They got off at Jesenice where a band was waiting for them. They had welcome speeches and then all the Croatian people went to Zagreb and my father went to his home town.

Our SNPJ Lodge 540 gave a "Grape Festival" on Nov. 13 in Newark, N. J.—The weather is getting cold out here now and it won't be long before we will have snow. I hope more members from Elizabeth would write to the M. L. It would be nice to read



their letters, too. I will write again soon. As this letter will appear in the December issue, I wish all you members a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

FRANK PASARICH (Lodge 540),
723 Clarkson ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

Dear Editor:—I am ten years of age and I go to Wm. H. Brett school. I have one sister and no brother. There are four of us in the family and we are all in the SNPJ. My father is the President of SNPJ Lodge 142. I belong to the Junior Singing Club; our singing teacher is Mr. Louis Seme. On Oct. 16, 1937, we saw the pictures of the SNPJ convention and we liked them very much. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List.

FRANK CELIN,
15705 Saranace rd., Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the M. L. My letters have brought me many pen-pals, but one of them is not writing. Matilda Pollack, please write to me.—I have a lot of fun in school and enjoy it more than any other year I was in school. I have six teachers; I like them all. This year our new superintendent furnished the school with educational movies. About once a week everyone gets to see them.

On October 30, the SNPJ Lodge gave a dance at Boydsville hall, which was decorated in a Halloween hue. I believe everyone had a good time.

I am still wishing for more pen-pals. My goal is to get a letter from every state in the Union.

MARY GRILL,
Rt. 1, Box 158½, Bridgeport, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—This being my very first letter to the Mladinski List, I will tell you only a few things. I am ten years old and go to the Blaine school. My teacher is Miss Keen. She is a fifth and sixth grade teacher. I am in the fifth grade. I was sick last Spring and was in hospital with the tonsils and for being nervous.—There are four in our family and all belong to the SNPJ lodge.

MARA CVIJANOVICH (Lodge 207),
315 East Woolman, Butte, Mont.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter that I am writing to the Mladinski List. I've been wanting to write many a time, but it seems that there really wasn't anything to write about. There are five in our family. I am the oldest. I attend the La Salle-Peru township high school and I am taking the following subjects: Mathematics, Cooking, Civics and

English. The lessons are easy, but one has much homework.—This will end my letter hoping I will find more to write about the next time.

A Member,

SOPHIE ZOKEL, 4—7th st., La Salle, Ill.

Dear Editor:—First I want to apologize for not writing so long. Then I want to ask what happened to my pen-pals? Just like someone said in the M. L. "they only write a few times." That's true, they write a few letters, then they drop. Don't forget to write, Pals. I want some new pen-pals, too. So come on! Anybody who wants to write could write to me, and I will gladly answer all letters. I don't go to school anymore, so you see, sometimes I get blue.

In Joliet we had the "Indian Summer" in November.

LOUIS PUCCEL,
1005 Hacker ave., Joliet, Ill.

Dear Editor:—I read the M. L. every month and enjoy it very much. This is my first letter. I am nine years of age and go to Blaine school (fourth grade). My teacher is Miss Hillis. There are four in our family and all belong to the SNPJ lodge. Best regards to Editor and Readers.

BESSIE CVIJANOVICH (Lodge 207),
315 East Woolman, Butte, Mont.



School Fire—Thirty Years Ago

TO THE Northeast of Cleveland was a township known as Collinwood, now it is a part of Cleveland, but thirty years ago it was a separate town. It begins at East 136th street and runs to East 165th street; to the South the Nickel Plate railroad was the boundary line, and it extended as far North as Lake Erie. The centerline of this community is East 152nd street which begins at Euclid on the South and runs into Lake Shore boulevard on the North.

Near Lake Shore boulevard, on East 152nd street and Lucknow avenue, among the gardens and trees, is a grade school which is called Memorial school, and it is hard to see it on account of the trees and beautiful scenery which surround it.

When we had the 11th regular convention of the Slovene National Benefit Society in Cleveland, some of the delegates stopped here for the purpose of seeing this school. The incident about to be described has made it a memory in school history.

It was March 4, 1908, also remembered as "Ash Wednesday", a bright day of early spring, and the sun was shining. As usual, at the opening of school, the teachers and pupils were in their places ready for the day's work. Nothing had occurred to presage any unusual happening, after the formal opening.

Hardly, however, had an hour passed when the fire gong sounded. Pupils thought it was the regular fire drill and started to go through with it in an orderly fashion. Then someone saw smoke pouring up the front stairway, and immediately yelled, "Fire!" Instantly pupils broke their lines and began running down the stairs to the door. But only one door was open, the other being fastened at the top with a spring. The fire started in the basement under the front stairway, and the children in a panic were piled up at the bottom of the rear stairway. There was panic on the stairs—and death.

Words cannot portray nor picture the horror and suffering which witnesses of the disaster revealed. By noon all Collinwood was stunned.

Some of the Slovene parents who lost their children were: Heferle, one; Oblak, one; Skerl, one; Gerbec, one. One Croatian family, Kapnea, lost two.

Mr. Joe Kuncich who is a member of Lodge 53, SNPJ, told the writer this:

"When I was told that there was a fire in the school, I ran there, as my daughter Mary was one of the pupils in the school. I was looking for her but I could not find her. She came home before me, and only her coat was burned."

But it was terrible when he was looking into the second story of the building, and children were stretching their hands out of the window, as the flames were reaching up to devour them. But no one could go to their aid and save them.

After the fire the dead children were taken to the New York Central railroad shops' storage house. Some of the children could only be identified by their clothing, others were never recognized at all.

One hundred and seventy-four lost their lives, two of them were teachers, and one was an unidentified man, and all the rest were school children. Twenty-one unidentified bodies taken from the ruins were buried in Lake View cemetery.

Funerals were held on Thursday, Friday, and some on Saturday. Then came the funeral of the three children of the school custodian Fritz Hirter, all of whom had perished in the fire. Grief-crazed parents who had lost their children in the fire were looking for some one on whom to put the blame. The first one was the school custodian Fritz Hirter, although later he was proved to have been innocent.

Long before the funeral a large crowd had gathered at the custodian's house. Police were prepared for emergencies. When the time for the funeral arrived, and the first white casket appeared in the doorway, a silence fell upon the crowd. By the time the second and third coffins had passed, hats were off and tears were in the eyes of many. Then the father came bowed with grief and looked neither right nor left. There was no fear of the crowd in his face, and there was a question among those present, Could this man be guilty of carelessness? The lives of his own children had been taken. There was no violence; sympathy had subdued passion.

Cleveland had never before seen three such days of mourning.

Could such a school disaster have happened today in Cleveland? The school officials say "No". The schools today in Cleveland are built to safeguard the pupils.

The parents should see that their children in the schools are in the best of care, and protection, also the community where they live, and society should see that they are immune from danger.

When this happened in March 1908, there was no such a thing as the Juvenile department in the SNPJ, as the Slovene National Benefit Society was only four years old, and there was no Mladinski List.

But just as the schools are progressing, so is the SNPJ and the children who belong to this Society also get some protection and help. The SNPJ regular convention in Cleveland supported the children's singing societies for their cultural value.

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