

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Mile Klopčič:

## LEP BOŽIČNI VEČER

(Šolarčkova domača naloga)

**K**O je prišel večer, je oče naš odšel,  
odšel na delo na železnico, kjer vozi vlak.  
Takrat prišel je tihi, blaženi večer,  
a oče naš drvel je z vlakom skozi mrak.

Takrat sva z bratcem se ukradla zdoma  
ter šla božičnih praznikov iskat na cesto.  
Samotne, prazne so bile vse ulice  
in v tisoč lučkah je žarelo mesto.

Hodila sva po ulicah in sva iskala.  
Zagledala sva okno razsvetljeno.  
Za oknom stali so otroci krog drevesca,  
občudovali mizico, z darilci obloženo.

Kako so vneto govorili med seboj!  
Najbrž hvalili so bogatega Božička,  
ki jim prižgal je svečke na drevescu,  
prinesel sadja in igračk in še konjička.

In koliko bilo je oken razsvetljenih!  
In koliko igrač in koliko konjičkov!  
Najbrž ima Božiček več nosačev in tekačev,  
ali pa je kratkomalo več Božičkov!

Nikjer na cesti ni bilo človeka,  
nikjer koraka, vsepovsod sam mir.  
Svetilke cestne so zaman gorele.  
Ljudje so vsi doma in vsi imajo lep večer.

A videla sva tudi mnogo oken,  
 ki ni za njimi niti luč gorela,  
 in kjer nihče ni pel božičnih pesmi.  
 Precej sva z bratom tudi teh naštela.

Za temi okni spali so otroci,  
 ki so samotni kakor jaz in brat,  
 a ki jim ni bilo mogoče,  
 da šli bi praznikov na ulico iskat.

Svetilke so gorele vsepovsod ob cestah,  
 a ulice bile so prazne, osamele.  
 Bil sem vesel, imel sem lep večer,  
 ker so svetilke le za naju dva gorele!

## TU DOLI

**T**AM gor je nebo, solnce, zvezde, oblaki,  
 nebotičniki, tramovje, drveči vlaki.  
 Tu doli, kjer diši po vsem,  
 samo ne po svežem zraku,  
 smo pa mi razcunjani paglavci  
 na svojem tlaku.  
 Mi nadležni sirotniki  
 brez konca in kraja od povsod podeni, —  
 brez konca in kraja na ta tlak prismoljeni.

Pa bi tudi mi radi šli v solnčne krajine,  
 v gozdove in loke,  
 v prelepe daljine.  
 Preradi! —  
 A kaj, ko pa smo ko zakleti  
 v to stisnjeno bedo neusmiljeno ujeti . . .

— Anna P. Krasna.

# V slogi je moč

(Srbska pripovedka)

**ALI** živi še bolj šibka ptica kakor vrabec in bolj slabotna kakor je lastovka? Skoraj, da ne. Toda če vrabce ali lastovke napade kaka ptica-ujeda ali ptica-roparica, se ji vrabci in lastovke ubranijo na ta način, da se hitro združijo v jato, jo vsi skupaj napadejo, odbijejo, potem pa jo složno preženejo in odpode. Tudi človek, ki je osamljen, je brez moči in šibak. Močan je samo v slogi s svojimi brati, s svojimi tovariši in sodrugi ter s svojimi soljudmi.

Tako je potoval tudi neki mož čez planine in prišel do kraja, kjer je ogromna skala, ki se je nekoč zakotalila s pobočja hriba, zatrpala in zaprla vso pot, tako da sploh ni bilo mogoče iti skozi sotesko. Niti obiti nisi mogel skale. Na eni strani so se v nedogledne višine dvigale strme stene, na drugi pa je zijal prepad. Mož je poskušal skalo odvaliti, vendar je niti malo premakniti ni mogel. Od vseh strani jo je porival, se napenjal, potil, pa vse je bilo zaman. Ko je videl, da se mu stvar ne bo posrečila, je sedel ob pot in se ves žalosten zamislil.

“Kaj bo z menoj, ko nastopi noč in me zateče tu v tej pustinji brez kruha? Brez prenočišča in brez obrambe? In kaj če pridejo še divje zveri, da si poiščejo plena?”

Med tem, ko je tako premišljeval, je prišel še drugi popotnik. Tudi on je poskušal odvaliti skalo, toda ko je videl, da je ta napor brezuspešen, je sedel in sklonil glavo. Za njim je prišlo še nekaj popotnikov, toda skale ni mogel odvaliti nihče. Vse je navdal velik strah.

Tedaj pa se je domislil eden izmed njih rešitve in rekel:

“Bratje, česar ni mogel doseči sam nihče izmed nas vseh, bomo lahko dosegli vsi skupaj. Poskusimo.”

Vsi so vstali ter se složno lotili skale. Skala se je premaknila, zakotalila v prepad in pot je bila prosta. Zdaj so lahko vsi popotniki mirno in veselo nadaljevali svojo pot.

(Cv. K.)

## VSAK VEČER

**V**SAK večer ob pozni uri,  
ko odhaja mati na delo,  
prisluškujemo zamišljeni,  
kako tiho zapira duri.  
Kako se v noč gubijo  
njeni trudni koraki,

ko stopa sključena in bedna  
po trdem tlaku.  
In vsak večer se nas  
prečuden strah poloti:  
— Kaj pa če enkrat omaga  
na svoji križevi poti? . . .

Anna P. Krasna.

## Zakaj ribe pozimi ne zmrznejo

ČE si pustil pozimi z vodo napolnjeno steklenico čez noč na oknu, se ti je morda zgodilo, da si dobil zjutraj na oknu samo še nekaj razbitih koščkov stekla. Voda, ki je zamrznila, je steklenico razgnala.

Skoraj vse snovi, ki jih poznamo, so v trdnem stanju težje kakor v tekočem.

Skoro vse snovi imajo tudi to svojstvo, da zavzemajo v trdnem stanju manj prostora kakor v tekočem. Če vzamemo lonec tekočega kleja in ga postavimo na hladno, bomo po pokanju med strjevanjem sami opazili, da se krči, poka in v loncu lušči od sten.

Voda pa je izjema. V trdnem stanju — torej v obliki ledu — je lažja kakor v tekočem. Zato plava tudi led po vrhu vode, ne pa na dnu.

Voda se tudi pri prehajanju iz tekočega v trdno stanje ne krči kot druge snovi, ampak se še celo precej raztegne. Iz desetih delov vode nastane enajst delov ledu. Zato tudi raznese pri zmrzovanju polne steklene posode.

Ko začne pozno jesen zmrzovati, zagledamo časih ob robu jezer suličaste ledene jezike, ki padejo v globino. To so prav taki ledeni kristali, kakor jih poznamo na oknih pod imenom "ledene rože." Če se namreč voda ohladi, se začne namreč pri 4 stopinjah Celzija

plast za plastjo pogrezati proti dnu — pri 4 stopinjah Celzija je namreč voda najgostejša — dokler ne dobi voda te temperature. Če pa se voda na površini še bolj shladi, ne postane več težja, ampak se začne spet širiti, dokler pri 0 stopinjah ne zmrzne v led, ki plava na njeni površini. Led postane tako močan, da pri dalj časa trajajočem mrazu nosi človeka. Pozimi lahko hodimo čez jezera in ribnike in se na njih drsamo, časih pa prevažajo celo obložene vozove.

Kaj pa delajo ribe pod ledeno skorjo? Ali zmrznejo? Ali se zaduše? Ne! Ribe žive še dalje. Voda v globini, ki ima 4 stopinje Celzija, je zaradi svoje gostote zdrknila na dno in se tam zbrala. Tja so prišle tudi ribe. Ker ne črpajo kisika, ki ga potrebujejo za dihanje iz zraka kakor ljudje in živali, ampak ga s pomočjo škrg sesajo iz vode, kjer ga je zanje dovolj, prežive prav lahko tudi vso zimo pod ledom.

Če je mraz le prehud, vsekajo skrbni ribiči iz previdnosti v led nekaj lukenj, da bi se ribe lahko navžile zraka, če bi jim morda kisika v vodi primanjkovalo.

Zato je torej tako zelo važno, da je voda v trdnem stanju lažja kakor v tekočem in da je pri 4 stopinjah Celzija najgostejša. Kakor povsod drugje, vidimo tudi tu, kako pameten gospodar je mati priroda.



Božena Němcová:

## Pravljica o petelinčku in putki

PETELINČEK in putka sta šla v krkonoške gore skupaj jagode brat. Dogovorila sta se, da si jagode pravično razdelita. Putka je našla majhno jagodo, poklicala je petelinčka, dala mu je eno polovico, drugo polovico pa je snedla sama. Potem pa je petelinček našel jagodo, pa putki tega ni povedal in je hotel jagodo pogoltniti sam, ali jagoda mu je obtičala v grlu.

Petelinček maje z glavo sem in tja, nateguje vrstek, se zgrudi in dviga nogi navzgor. Putka to vidi, beži k studenčku ter prosi:

"Studenček, studenček! daj mi kapljico vode za mojega petelinčka; na hribčku se davi in dviga noge navzgor."

Studenček pravi:

"Vode ti ne dam, dokler mi ne prineseš z lipe listka."

Putka reče lipi:

"Lipa, lipa! Daj studenčku listek, studenček da mojemu petelinčku vode."

Lipa reče putki:

"Ne dam ti listka, dokler mi od šivilje ne prineseš oblekce."

Putka beži in prosi šiviljo:

"Šivilja, šivilja! Daj lipi oblekco, ona da listek itd."

Šivilja de zopet:

"Ne dam ti oblekce, dokler mi ne prineseš svile od kraljice Sabe."

Putka beži k Sabi:

"Kraljičica, Sabica! Daj mi svilico, da jo dam šivilji, šivilja da oblekco, oblekca listek itd."

Kraljičica pravi putki:

"Ne dam ti svilice, dokler mi ne daš od čevljarja prekrasnih čevljkov."

Putka beži k čevljarju:

"Čevljarček, čevljarček! Daj tej kraljici prekrasne čevljkove; da mi svilico, svila da oblekco, itd."

Čevljarček odvrne putki:

"Ne dam ti čevljkov, dokler mi od svinje ne prineseš ščetin."

Putka prosi:

"Svinja, svinja! Daj čevljarju ščetine, on mi da čevljkove, dam jih oni kraljičici, itd."

Svinja reče putki:

"Ne dam ti ščetin, dokler mi od mlatičev ne prineseš omlatenega zrnja."

Putka beži in prosi:

"Mlatiči, mlatiči! Poklonite mi zrnja, da ga dam oni svinji, ona da ščetine itd."

"Mi ti ne damo zrnja, dokler nam od ovčarice ne prineseš smetane."

Putka beži k ovčarici:

"Ovčarica, ovčarica! Daj mlatičem smetane, oni dajo zrnja, zrnje dam svinji, svinja da ščetine, ščetine čevljkove, čevljkove kraljičici, kraljičica svilico, svila oblekco, oblekca listek, listek da vode — voda petelinčku, ki dviga noge."

Ovčarica reče putki:

"Ne dam ti smetane, dokler mi ne prineseš s polja velike rjuhe trave."

In preden je putka vse to obbežala in znesla skupaj ter prinesla nazaj petelinčku od studenčka kapljo vode, je bil petelinček že mrtev.

Prevedel Cv. K.





Clark Fay: CIRKUS V NIZI, FRANCIJA

# Zgodba o gosposkih in kmečkih otrocih

Napisal Lev Tolstoj

DEKLETCE in fantič sta se peljala v odprtem vozu iz ene vasi v drugo. Deklici je bilo pet let, dečku šest. Nista si bila bratec in sestra, bila sta bratranec in sestrična. Sestri sta bili njuni materi, ki sta ostali nekje v gosteh, otroka pa sta poslali s pestunjo domov. Ko so se peljali skozi neko vas, se je strlo na vozu kolo in voznik je dejal, da ne morejo dalje. Poprej je pač treba voz popraviti, da pa to ne bo vzelo mnogo časa.

"Kakor nalašč," je rekla pestunja (ki ji pravijo v Rusiji njanja), "precej poti smo že prevozili in otroka sta že lačna. Dala jima bom mleka in kruha. Kako dobro, da so nam dali kruha in mleka s sabo."

Bila je jesen, zunaj je bilo mrz'o in začelo je deževati. Njanja je stopila z otrokoma v prvo kmečko kočo. Koča je bila znotraj vsa črna, ker ognjišče ni imelo dimnika. Kadar pozimi v teh malih kmečkih bajtah zakurijo, odpro vrata na stežaj, in skozi se vleče na plano dim, dokler se ogenj dodobra ne razgori. Tudi ta kočica je bila takšna; bila je zamazana in stara in tla so bila razpokana. V kotu je visela sveta podoba, pod njo so stale klopi in miza, nasproti mize pa je bila peč.

Otroka sta v koči zagledala najprej sebi enake: boso deklico, ki je imela samo zamazano srajco na sebi, in debelejšega, skorajda golega fantička. Trejji otrok, enoletno dekletce, je ležal na klopi ob peči ter se na vse grlo drl. Gospodinja ga je tolažila, ko pa je vstopila njanja z otrokoma, je pustila malega kričaća ter začela za obiskovalce pospravljati s klopi in mize v sprednjem kotu.

Njanja je prinesla z voza popotno vrečo z lesketajočo se ključavnico; oba kmečka otroka sta strmela v to ključavnico ter si jo drug drugemu kazala.

Njanja je vzela iz vreče steklenice s toplim mlekom in kruh ter čisto serve-to, vse pripravila in rekla:

"No, otroka, začnita, mislim, da vama že pošteno kruli v želodčkih."

Otroka pa kakor da nista slišala. Sonja, kakor je bilo ime deklici, je uprla svoj pogled v napol gole kmečke otroke in strmela zdaj v enega, zdaj v drugega. Še nikdar ni videla takih umazanih srajčk, in takih golih otrok, pa se je silno čudila. Petja pa se je oziral v sestrico, pa spet v kmečke otroke in ni vedel, ali bi se smejal ali bi se čudil. Sonja je posebno pozorno gledala malega kričaća, ki se je še vedno jokal na klopi ob peči.

"Zakaj joče?" je vprašala.

"Jedla bi rada," je rekla mati.

"Potem ji vendar kaj dajte."

"Prav rada, če bi kaj imela."

"No, no, jest zdaj," je rekla njanja, ki je razpostavljala kruh po mizi. "Pridita, pridita," je jezno ponovila.

Otroka sta ubogala in sedla k mizi. Njanja je nalila mleka v dve čaši ter ju postavila pred nju; potem je dala vsakemu še kos kruha. Toda Sonja ni hotela jesti in je porinila čašo proč od sebe. Kakor hitro je Petja to zagledal, je storil takisto.

"Kaj je res?" je rekla Sonja in pokazala na kmetico.

"Kaj?" je vprašala njanja.

"Da nima mleka," je rekla Sonja.

"Kako naj jaz to vem? To ni naša stvar. Jejta zdaj!"

"Nočem," je rekla Sonja.

"Jaz tudi ne," je rekel Petja.

"Jaz ji dam svoje mleko," je rekla Sonja, ne da bi umaknila pogled od jokajočega otroka.

"No, dosti čenčanja, nehajta," je rekla njanja. "Jejta, sicer bo mleko hladno."

"Nočem jesti, nočem!" je Sonja nenadoma zakričala.

"Tudi doma ne bom jedla, če ji ne daš mleka."

"Jejta najprej vidva, in če bo kaj ostalo, bomo dali punčki."

"Nočem in ne bom jedla, dokler ji ne daš."

"Jaz tudi ne, jaz tudi ne!" je kričal Petja. "Nočem in nočem!"

"Kaj, ali bosta nehala ali ne?" je rekla njanja. "Saj vendar niso vsi ljudje enaki. Kakor je bog odločil, in bog je bogastvo dodelil vašemu očetu."

"Zakaj ni dal tudi njim?" je odgovorila Sonja.

"Tega ne moremo vedeti. Tako je hotel pač naš gospod bog," je rekla njanja. Nalila je v skodelico malce mleka ter ga dala kmetici za otroka. Otrok je utihnil in začel piti, Sonja in Petja pa se še zmerom nista pomirila. Sonja še zmerom ni hotela ne piti ne jesti.

"Tako je hotel gospod bog," je ponovila Sonja. "A zakaj je hotel tako? Hudobni bog! Grdi bog! Nikoli več ne bom molila."

"Nespametno je, kar govoriš," je rekla njanja in zmajevala z glavo. "To je grdo, to. Očetu povem."

"Kar povej," je rekla Sonja. "Zdaj mi je vse jasno, vse jasno. To ne sme biti, to ne sme biti."

"Kaj ne sme biti?" je vprašala njanja.

"Da imajo nekateri vsega v izobilju, drugi pa nič."

"Mogoče pa je bog nalašč napravil tako," je rekel Petja.

"Ne, bog je hudoben. Ne bom jedla, ne bom pila. Bog je grd! Ne maram ga!"

Nenadoma se je oglasil s peči hripav glas, kašljal in govoril:

"Eh, otročička, otročička, dobra otroka sta, a nespametno je, kar govoriš."

In spet je začel kašljati. Otroka sta uprla svoj pogled na peč in sta videla, da se je gori s peči sklanjal starec: obraz je bil naguban, lasje beli kakor

sneg. Samo glavo je bilo videti. Majala se je sem ter tja in govorila:

"Bog ni hudoben, otroci. Bog je dober. Vse ima rad. To pa, da imajo nekateri bel kruh in drugi niti skorjice, tega ni napravil on, to so storili ljudje." In spet ga je začel daviti kašelj.

"Bog ni ukazal, da naj žive nekateri v izobilju, drugi pa naj stradajo," je nadaljeval starec s peči, "bog hoče, da imajo vsi vse."

"A kako naj storimo, da bodo vsi imeli vse?" je vprašala Sonja.

"Kako naj storimo? Tako, kakor je ukazal bog. In bog je ukazal, da se mora vse razdeliti na enake dele."

"Kako, kako?" je vprašal Petja.

"Bog je ukazal, da je treba vse razdeliti na enake dele."

"Je ukazal, da moramo razdeliti vse na enake dele," je ponovil Petja. "Ko bom velik, bom storil tako."

"Tudi jaz bom storila tako," je ponovila Sonja.

"Jaz sem rekel prvi, da bom storil tako," je hitel Petja. "In tako bom napravil, da ne bo več siromakov na svetu."

"No, in zdaj dovolj teh čenč," je spet začela njanja. "Izpij do dna."

"Nočeva, nočeva," sta začela kričati Petja in Sonja hkratu, "in ko bova velika, bova na vsak način storila tako, kakor nama je povedal sivolasi striček na peči."

"Pridna otroka sta," je dejal starec in se smehljaj. Pri tem je pokazal svoja edina dva zoba. "Jaz tega pač ne bom več doživel, toda dobra je vajina namera in bog vama pomagaj."

"Naj store z nama, kar hočejo," je rekla Sonja, "toda midva bova na vsak način izvedla svojo namero."

"Na vsak način," je ponovil Petja.

"Prav, prav," je dejal starec in se pričel smehljati in kašljati. "Glejta samo, da ne pozabita."

"Ne bova pozabila, nikoli," sta obljubila otroka.

“Lepo, lepo,” in starček se je smehljajal. Smehljajal se je, ker je videl v teh otroških obljubah poročstvo za boljše življenje v bodočnosti. On sam tega ne bo doživel, doživeli pa bodo drugi. In že to je vredno, da se je starec smehljajal od veselja.

Prišel je voznik, češ, da je voz popravljen. In otroka sta se s svojo njanjo odpeljala.

Nobenega dvoma ni, da bo mladina izvršila nekoč svojo obljubo.

(Priredil Mile Klopčič.)



A. Kuprin:

## Slon in komar

V NEKEM mestu je živel star slon. Doživel je morda že dvesto let. V vsej okolici so bili starejši od njega samo še gavran, papiga in gad.

V mladih letih je bil slon v cirkusu. Tam je hodil po vrvi in po steklenicah, stopal in postavljaj se je na zadnji nogi in igral na lajno. Svirati pa je znal samo eno samo pesem: pesem o čížku, ki sicer ni bila vesela, pa mu je edina ugajala. Pričenjala je tako-le: “Do-mi-do-mi-fa-mi-re.”

Slonov prijatelj je bil komar.

Živel je v predmestju, ščipal je razne živali in zveri ter jim puščal kri. Tudi komar je ljubil glasbo. Kakor hitro je zasviraj slon svojo pesem o čížku, je komar priletel in se sedel na lajno. Tam na lajni je sedel in poslušal.

“Čížek, čížek, kje si bil? . . . Kje si bil? . . .”

In obadva, slon in komar, sta jokala.

Nekega dne je komar spet priletel k slonu. Govorila sta o tem in onem, pomenkovala sta se o vsemogočih stvareh in poklepetala sta o volu, noju in vel-

blodu. Pa reče komar slonu: “Starec, zaigraj mi kaj! Rad bi te poslušal.”

Slonu so se oči skoro zalesketale, kakor da bi komaj čakal na komarjeve besede. Z rilcem je prijel kljuko pri lajni in zasviraj pesem o čížku. Pomagal mu je pa tudi še kanarček, ki je zraven piskal in pripeval s tankim glasom: “Čížek, čížek, kje si bil?”

Te pesmi slon ni mogel nikdar igrati brez solznih oči. In ko je jokaj slon, je jokaj tudi komar, pri tem pa je lezel po lajni bliže in bliže slonu, da bi boljše slišaj pesem. Ali ko je tedaj slon naenkrat vzdihnil in je pri tem potegnil z rilcem zrak vase,—je potegnil vase tudi prijatelja komarja.

Pesmi je bilo konec.—

Slon se je razjaril. Podrl je kar celo drevo. Prevrnil je hišo in jo razdejal. Tulil je tako, da je zbudil vse mesto. Toda komarja ni mogel izslediti in ga najti. Šele drugega dne ga je izkihnaj iz rilca. . . Pa kaj je to pomagalo?

Komar je bil mrtev in se še niti ni ganil z nožico.

(Cv. K.)

# VOLKOVI IN KONJI

(Srbska basen)

**Z**IMA je huda in v gozdu stradajo celo volkovi. Ker so lačni gredo iskat plena. V krdelu jih je večje število.

Ko pridejo do konca gozda, opazijo na polju več konjev in žrebet.

Mladi volkovi se razvesele in hočejo kar napasti konje, toda eden izmed starejših jih zadrži:

"Stojte, kam pa hitite?"

"Mar ne vidiš? Glej jedi, kolikor hočeš!" odvrnejo mladi.

"Deca, mir! Mladi ste še. To ne gre tako. Če navalimo na konje kar tako brez premisleka, nas bodo konji pohodili vse, drugega za drugim. Ali pa nam bodo morda kar vsi ušli. Take primere sem že doživel. Pa tudi, če bi dobro premislili in bi napadli konje po načrtu od vseh strani, se znajo konji

ubraniti. Postavijo se v krog, glave navznoter in zadnje noge navzven. Žrebeta postavijo na sredo v krog. V tem primeru jim ne pridemo do živega in jim ne moremo ničesar. Niti približati se jim ne bi mogli. Pobili bi nas kar z zadnjimi nogami! Tako ne smemo delati. Konje moramo kakorkoli že razgnati, potem pa poloviti drugega za drugim. Nato odženemo vsakega konja za se daleč na polje. Tako jih bomo pa lahko premagali.

Mladi volkovi ubogajo starega. Dobro si ogledajo polje. Ob strani zapazijo enega osamljenega konja in ga hitro složno napadejo. Predno so se mogli ostali konji združiti in priti temu napadenemu konju na pomoč, so volkovi tega osamljenega konja že požrli.

(Cv. K.)



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute



## POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI" IN ČITATELJI

*Cenjeni!*

*S to številko zaključujemo dvanajsti letnik Mladinskega Lista. Dvanajst let že pridno zahaja naš vrli mladinski glasnik v tisoče slovenskih hiš in razveseljuje bistro glavice, jih poučuje in seznanja s stvarmi, ki so vredne, da jih vemo.*

*SNPJ izdaja mladinsko glasilo v interesu naše mladine, da jo seznanja s svojimi načeli. To delo—delo: pisati za mladino—ni lahko. Veliko truda je treba, da se v nežni besedi povedo mladini stvari, katere mora vedeti. Treba je nežnih pri-povedovalcev, ki poznajo otroško mišljenje. Teh imamo v slovenskem delu M. L. precej, ki se oglašajo z lepimi prispevki mesečno.*

*S prihodnjo številko začenja Mladinski List trinajsto leto svojega dela. Upamo, da bo v novem letu še več slovenskih dopisovalcev, ki bodo okrasili Naš kotiček s svojimi ljubkimi dopisi.*

*Obilo sreče v novem letu!*

—UREDNIK.

### JOŠKOVA MAMA JE OKREVALA

Dragi urednik M. L.!

To je moj drugi dopis za "Naš kotiček". Dolgo sem odlašal in sem se končno vendarle odločil. Ker sam ne morem, sem moral naprositi koga, da mi pomaga. Moja mama je bila bolna in sem moral pomagat kuhati. Sedaj se ji je začelo zdravje vračati. Bila je nad osem let bolna in v tem času je bila trikrat operirana. Imela je slabe zdravnike, take, ki jim je več za denar ko za človeka.

Mojo mamo je ozdravil dr. E. P. Neary. Drugi, ki so jo prej zdravili, se menda niso veliko brigali.

Moja mama se najiskrenejše zahvaljuje naši dobri materi jednoti — SNPJ — za pomoč v bolezni!

Dragi urednik! Zima nas je letos zgodaj obiskala. To je pač slabo za reveže, ako nimajo strehe. Ker pišem slabo, Vas prosim, da mi popravite; drugič bom boljše napisal.

Mnogo pozdravov Vam in vsem čitateljem!

Joseph F. Krancevic,  
1221 E. 61st st., Cleveland, O.

\* \*

### SREČNEJŠE NOVO LETO VSEM!

Cenjeni mi urednik M. L.!

Najprej se Vam moram lepo zahvaliti za popravke v mojem zadnjem dopisu. Sedaj Vas pa prosim, da bi priobčili tudi ta dopisek in ga popravili.

Zima nas je obiskala zgodaj, potem je malo odjenjala in postalo je lepše vreme. Potem spet sneg, ki je prepodil ptice, da so se preselile v

tople kraje. Kaj pa mi? Mi pa moramo kar naprej ostati tu sredi bele snežene odeje. Lahko pa se sankamo in zabavamo na snegu, če smo siti in toplo oblečeni. Če tega ni, ima zima slab pomen za nas.

Blíža se božič in novo leto. Želim vsem čitateljem in uredniku obilo sreče v prihodnjem letu, tako tudi vsem prijateljicam na Strabanu! Obenem pa tudi želim, da bi še več dečkov in deklic pisalo slovenske dopise za "Naš kotiček" v prihodnjem letu. Poskusite vsi!

Vse to želive podpisani sestre—

Milka in Ludvika Kopriva,  
1709 Romine ave., Port View, McKeesport, Pa.

### DEBELI MIKLAVŽ

Dragi urednik!

Ker je bil včeraj zahvalni dan, nismo imeli šole in tudi danes ni šole. Zato bom napisal par vrstic v "Naš kotiček".

Danes, prvega decembra, je zapadel sneg. To bo par dni veselja s sneženimi možici in sankanjem!

Tega meseca se otroci veselimo debelega Miklavža, ki pa letos žal ima v malhi bolj malo daril za nas delavske otroke.

Tukaj je kratka pesmica o Miklavžu. Mama pravi, da Miklavž hodi v starem kraju 6. decembra in nosi v košu darila za otroke. Parkelj pa rožlja z verigami.

Sv. Nikolaj, prinesi meni kaj,  
samo šibe mi ne nosi,  
te Victor lepo prosi.

To pesmico nas je naučila sestrična Tončka Tomšič, ki je prišla z njeno mamo pred dve mi leti iz starega kraja iz Knežaka na Notranjskem.

Želim vesele božične praznike in srečno novo leto uredniku in čitateljem!

Victor Tomsic, Box 122, Walsenburg, Colo.

### VESELEJŠE NOVO LETO VSEM!

Cenjeni urednik!

Zopet sem izostal par mesecev, odkar je bil priobčen moj zadnji dopis v M. L. Toda, predno se konča staro leto, se hočem še enkrat oglasiti v M. L.

Nimam kaj posebnega poročati, ker tukaj v Collinwoodu je vse po starem, to je: za nič. Dela in zasluzka je malo. Upajmo, da nam novo leto kaj boljšega prinese. Zimo imamo že precej hudo in snega tudi.

Iskrene pozdrave vsem skupaj, posebno pa uredniku in veselejši novo leto 1934 vsem!

Albert Volk, 702 E. 160 st., Cleveland, O.

### KAJ PRINESE NOVO LETO?

Dragi urednik!

Že dolgo, da, predolgo se nisem nič oglašila v M. L. Zato je že čas, da napišem par besed v "Naš kotiček."

Vzrok molka je seveda bil ta, ker sem bila preveč zaposlena s šolskim delom. Sedaj zopet pohajam slovensko šolo v 2. razred.

Pisati nimam kaj dobrega v tem letu. Kaj neki nam prinese novo leto—bomo videli.

Mnogo iskrenih pozdravov prav vsem sestricam in bratcem, malim članom SNPJ, ki se zanimajo za naš mesečnik M. L.!

Mary Volk, 702 E. 106 st., Cleveland, O.

### NEKAJ O HARMONIKI

Cenjeni urednik!

Že zopet se oglašam.—Vedite, da sem bil v Luzerni na veselici z mojimi starši. Na veselici se mi je zelo dopadlo. Najprej je bila igra, ki se imenuje "Železni križ." Po igri je bila prosta zabava.

Mene plesalci niso dosti zanimali. Kmalu sem se zmuznil k muzikantom, tamburašem, ki so tako lepo igrali, da se je vse vrtelo v dvorani. Zanimal me je stric z brkami, ki je tako lepo obračal veliki bas. Zraven pa drugi, ki so hiteli po strunah s prsti po tamburicah. Pa še eden—ta pa je imel harmoniko. Ko je bil korajžne volje, je harmoniko čez glavo potegnil, pa še lepo naprej igral. Jaz pa sem si mislil: "Sedaj bo šel meh!" Seveda, to je moja otročja navada, da se bojim za harmoniko.

Ko sem bil star štiri leta, nas je enkrat obiskal stric Joe iz Elizabetha, N. J.; tudi on zna igrati na harmoniko, pa mu je moj oče dal harmoniko v roke. Ker je bil meh že luknjast in star, je moral stric precej raztegniti, da je dobil kaj sape. Jaz pa sem se spravil pod mizo in opazoval mojega strica, kaj bo naredil z našo harmoniko, katero sem jaz tako rad slišal.

Ko je stric tako vlekel harmoniko, da bo igral nemško koračnico, se je meh vsa zvil in v sredi se je naredila velika luknja. Seveda, stari so se smejali, jaz pa sem kričal in jokal na vse grlo nad zgubo očetove harmonike.

Na to sem se spomnil in se je zbudil v meni strah, ko sem opazoval tega muzikanta. Imen ne morem povedati, kar bi zelo rad, vem le, da so bili iz Forest Cityja.

Drugič se bom zopet oglašil. Srečno pozdravljam čitatelje in urednika, obenem vam voščim vesele božične praznike in srečnejše novo leto!

Felix Vogrin, 2419 N. Main st., Scranton, Pa.

### MOJ PRVI SLOVENSKI DOPIS

Dragi urednik!

Namenila sem se, da tudi jaz napišem en slovenski dopis za "Naš kotiček." Zanimam se za slovenščino in za slovenske dopise v Mladinskem Listu, toda meni gre še bolj težko. Čitati znam še precej, slovensko pisati

pa je mnogo težje. Upam pa, da se bom že še naučila tudi slovensko pisati.

Pred kratkim smo imeli tukaj večerno šolo. Naši učitelji in učiteljica so namreč pokazali staršem, kaj nas učijo v šoli. Naši starši pa so seveda bili veseli večerne šole, da so lahko prišli med nas. In skoro vsi so prišli. V kratkem bomo spet kmalu imeli večerno šolo ali Parent Night.

Tukaj ni nič posebno novega. Delavske razmere so bolj slabe. In to ravno sedaj, ko ima priti med nas Miklavž, da nas bi obdaril z darili—pa so take slabe razmere, da bo revež kje v snegu obtičal!

Za danes naj to zadostuje. Pisala pa bom še prihodnjič in kaj več. Pa naj bo še tole:

Jaz sem slovenska deklica,  
rojena tu, istotako tudi moja mama,  
moj ata pa je pred leti prišel čez lužo.  
Oženil se je in sedaj ima družino:  
Tri dečke in eno deklico.

Vsem skupaj želim vesele praznike in srečno novo leto!

Dorothy M. Fink, box 1, Wendel, Pa.

\* \*

### ZANIMIVO ŽENITOVANJE

Cenjeni urednik!

Ker se leto nagiblje h koncu in ker nas naš priljubljeni *Mladinski List* obišče samo še enkrat v tem letu, sem se namenila tudi tokrat napisati v "Kotiček" nekaj vrstic. Posebno še, ker ste me v zadnji izdaji javno pohvalili, deloma pa tudi zato, ker sem videla v novembrski izdaji dopise novih pa tudi starih dopisovalcev in dopisovalk, ki so takorekoč vete ni v dopisovanju. Nad vse zanimivi pa so članki in pesmi naših stalnih prispevateljev in so-trudnikov, posebno Katke Zupančičeve, Ivana Jonteza in drugih. Vsa čast jim!

Delavske razmere se niso tu v Clintonu še nič izboljšale. Drugače pa je na družabnem polju, ker tu smo imeli v novembru kar dve poroki slovenskih rojakov. Dne 4. novembra z nevestinega doma k poroki, so jim slovenski ga rojaka Karla Vrabiča, z Raymundom Bairdom, Amerikancem. Dne 25. novembra pa se je poročila Antonija Rozina, hči Franka Rozi ne (na 13. ulici), z Antonom Roshlom, sinom Antona in Neže Roshla iz Terre Hauteja. Ta poroka, oziroma ženitovanje se je vršilo na pristen starokrajski način, nekako tako kot ga je opisal Louis Adamič v svojem članku "Ženitovanje na Kranjskem" ali "Wedding in Carniola."

Podrobnosti tega ženitovanja ne bom opisovala. Rečem le toliko, da je bilo to nekaj novega za Amerikance, ki kaj takega še videli niso. Namreč, ko so se svatje odpeljali od doma neveste k poroki, so jim slovenski fantje z okolice zaprli ("zašrangali") pot in jih niso pustili prej skozi, da je ženin posegel

globoko v žep. Ko so prišli od poroke, so nevesto obsipale sosede z rižem in konfettijem, da je bila kot zasnežena. Nato se je začelo gostovanje in rajanje.

Moj oče in stric Jarc sta bila godca; moj oče je igral na flavto in za spremembo na kitaro, stric Jarc pa je vlekel harmoniko, da se je vse kadilo. Mize so bile obložene z izbranimi jedili in pristno michigansko kapljico. Bilo je približno sto gostov z družinami vred, ki so pridno praznili kozarce. Tudi pečene piške so se nekam naglo pomikale z mize in velik pitav prasič, ki je par dni prej dal življenje za to pojedino, čeprav ne rad, je misteriozno zginil z mize. Od njega ni ostalo drugega ko kup kosti in koža, ko je bilo konec pojedine. Pa kaj hočem še več pisati o tem. Bilo je lušno. That's all.

Za nameček naj napišem še tole pesem, ki jo je spisal moj oče in jo s spremljevanjem kitare zapel nevestinim staršem namesto neveste predno je odšla z ženinom k poroki:

### Nevestino slovo od staršev

Draga mati, dragi oče,  
meni srce v prsih joče.  
Zdaj je prišel tisti čas,  
ko bom mogla proč od vas.  
Ženina sem si izbrala,  
mu srce in roko dala  
in zato današnji dan  
stopava v zakonski stan.

Predno od vas slovo vzamem,  
vaju enkrat še objamem,  
kot ljubeča zvesta hči,  
predno starše zapusti.  
Vidva sta me odgojila,  
vedno lepo me učila.  
Da mi sile bilo ni,  
sem živela brez skrbi.

In zato vama mati, oče,  
bom hvaležna še v bodoče,  
ljubila vaju ko dozda  
bom tudi zana preja.  
Zdaj pa odhajam roko v roki  
s svojim ženinom k poroki;

Vama želim še mnogo let,  
dolgo še stran ob strani.  
Oče, mati, zdaj jaz grem,  
za slovo še en objem . . .  
Svatje pa s starešino  
novoporočencema želimo:  
Naj ženin z nevesto vred  
živi mnogo, mnogo let!

Mnogo pozdravov Vam in vsem čitateljem!  
Želim vsem skupaj vesele božične praznike in  
srečno novo leto!

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



# JUVENILE



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## VIGIL

**TONIGHT I will hang my stockings up  
Just as I used to do;  
I will neatly set the house aright  
And then I'll wait for you.**

**They took you away so long ago  
One night while I was asleep;  
But I know you'll return on Christmas Eve,  
For your word you always keep.**

**Tomorrow the stockings will hang up there  
Empty—just as they are.  
For my Santa left with the night they came  
And quietly took you afar.**

**But you will come from across the hill —  
I'll pull the shade up, so —  
And follow this streak of light along  
And enter my room and set it aglow.**

**Tomorrow the day will be cold and bleak  
And my stockings may empty be,  
But tonight there's Christmas in my heart  
For tonight my Santa comes to me.**

Mary Jugg.

## THE SIXTH BIRTHDAY

YOUR little hands can do so many things;  
 They work and play and daily grow stronger.  
 I breathe the holy fragrance that still clings  
 To them from nature since you came from there.

Your little lips are red and soft and pure;  
 They laugh and sing and lilt unconscious praise;  
 Their sweetness is for tired hearts a cure;  
 Their touch is balm to soothe the troubled days.

Your hand still on the door of Babyland  
 You pause before the gate which leads to Youth;  
 Oh, would that I could hold you where you stand  
 And yet I urge you on to greet the truth.

—Berenice Metcalf Rice.

## JUST SO!

YOU know the man who never makes	He's got a lot of fine advice
A blunder all life through.	For all, as you will find;
He's always right, nor once mistakes	Of course, it's worth a mighty price,
The thing he ought to do.	According to his mind.
He sees the end e'er he begins	We ought to listen with respect
And rises to success;	And do what he may bid,
He is the man who never sins	Then with success we might connect
Because of carelessness.	Just as our hero did.

Yet human nature oft is made  
 Imperfect as can be,  
 And most frail mortals, I'm afraid,  
 Are just a bit like me.  
 Now, when I meet the perfect man  
 I have been singing here  
 I'm moved to see how hard I can  
 Hit him behind the ear! —D. T.

# Rivers of Ice

*A Close-Up of the Glaciers of Alaska and Canada*

By W. E. Butler.

HOW FAR would you go to see a glacier? Any kind of a glacier, for there are many kinds—little ones, big ones, live one, dead ones, hanging ones; great bodies of blue solid translucent ice; and silent rivers of solid ice, miles in length, that creep and gnaw their way out of mountain retreats where the foot of man has not yet trod. There are so many glaciers that some of them have not yet been named, and they are so large that they contain more ice than all of the glaciers in Switzerland. I am speaking of the glaciers in Alaska and Canada, as that is where I have been spending some time, visiting them and walking over them. Recently I made a trip to boat from Seattle to Kodiak, down on the Alaskan peninsula, and I saw many glaciers along the way and stopped and examined a number of them. Besides that, I made a trip to the interior and had an opportunity to see many more there.

Some of the glaciers move gently down the valley they have carved out between two ranges of mountains, and when they meet the sea, if the beach is a gentle slope, they push their way out into it and are washed by the waves and slowly melted by the sun and water. The Spencer, near Seward, is one of these. The Alaskan Railway passes along one side of and in front of it, and a fine view is obtained from the train. The glacier glides slowly down into the valley, and the melting snow and ice form a river of no mean proportions. It is a majestic river of ice, sloping down from craggy heights, while its flashing, opalescent color is a picture which will ever linger in one's memory.

But the giant of all the glaciers that I have seen is Malaspina, a hanging one. For 100 miles our steamer moved directly in front of it. Can you imagine a frozen river, 100 miles wide, several hundred feet high and miles in length, moving forward at the rate of seven and eight feet a day, grinding to flour or carrying with it everything in its path? In area, it is as large as the state of Maryland. Just try to imagine the state of Maryland suddenly transformed into a body of frozen ice and moving slowly forward toward Chesapeake Bay seven or eight feet a day. Columbia and Muir glaciers are in the same class. The steamer approached to within one-eighth of a mile in the face of Columbia and remained there 30 minutes. This glacier is a mile wide, 300 feet high and 38 miles in length and moves slowly forward. As only one-eighth of a glacier is out of the water, there is 2400 feet of this one hanging underneath. This is an enormous weight, and as a result great masses are constantly breaking off, with a crash that can be heard for miles. These form the great icebergs such as we were constantly meeting. All the while we were there, there was a constant snapping and cracking, then suddenly a portion of the glacier's face would tremble, and with a crash and a roar a huge piece would fall into the sea. I estimate that some of these pieces would weigh at least 40 tons.

Muir glacier is another of the hanging kind, but of late years it has changed much. It used to act the same as the Columbia, and steamers used to go into Glacier Bay and allow passengers a close view of it. But since the earthquake disturbance in 1899, the Bay was

rendered inaccessible owing to the ice pack. Occasionally, in late years, it has been found possible to approach the face of the glacier, but it presents an entirely different appearance, as it has receded about 12 miles.

Taku glacier is interesting from the fact that where it enters the sea a rocky point divides it, and the part on the right is alive, moving slowly a few feet each day, while that on the left is dead and is slowly receding.

All of the glaciers present a very rough and rugged appearance in the face, and there are huge cracks in them as well as caves of great dimensions. Owing to the movement and the constant breaking away of large pieces, the face is always changing. That is what accounts for there being so many different pictures of the face. It may look one way today, but so much can fall off in 24 hours that tomorrow it is not the same. The color of the ice is the deepest blue. At the bottom, there are generally several feet of crushed rock and earth that have been scraped up and brought along; then comes the blue ice to within a few feet of the top; and on top the snow, the depth of which will vary according to the fall. You will notice what appear to be patches of dirty snow; these are the ashes that fell there from the last eruption of Mt. Kenia. On many of the mountainsides where the snow has entirely melted, you will see these patches; and for several days after that eruption, the vessels sailed through miles of it, as the sea was covered.

While in Jasper National Park, Canada, I made the 12-mile trip out to the foot of Edith Cavil mountain and examined the Angel glacier. It is not hard to climb on its top. It is several rods wide at the mouth, from  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 mile wide and 12 miles long. There are

the usual few feet of rock and dirt at the bottom, then come about 11 feet of clear blue ice, and then the snow, while underneath is the gray, glacial water that forms Angel river and that flows for 12 miles a crooked course down the side of mountains. At times the grade is so steep and there are such huge rocks in the bed of the stream, that it is lashed into a white foam for many rods. It finally empties into the Assinibone river.

I walked upon the top of this glacier for a mile, and noted that it was full of cracks. Some were only a few inches wide and in length, while others were so wide that I could barely step across and they were many feet in depth. Through them all I could see this grey, glacial water flowing, and ah, how cold it was! Occasionally there were humps of ice on the surface that made the walking difficult, and one had to be careful not to fall in surmounting them. I went up on the left-hand side of the glacier and returned down about the middle until near its edge, when I had to return to the left side. For some time I stood and looked at the grey water coming from under those eleven feet of blue ice, and then I thought of all the cracks I had stepped over and the water I had seen running through the ice and underneath, but all finally converged at a central point and emerged from under these eleven feet. For some time I stood and watched and watched that water flow, trying to think of some expression that would fit the situation. As by an inspiration it came to me: This grey, glacial water, coming from twelve miles away through these various cracks and crevices, underneath this frozen river, and then all concentrating at a central point and emerging in a body underneath these eleven feet of blue ice and snow—was the birth of a river.



## Scolding Should Be Banned

"The child's first school is the family."

—Froebel.

SOMETIMES when friends are expected in, or Mother is particularly busy getting ready to go away, the children are unusually "bad." Billy runs around and around the sitting-room—enough to drive one mad—and quiet Bess all at once begins to ask questions to the limit of endurance. Yet the children do not know friends are expected or that Mother is going out. At least, one supposes such innocence, since they have not been told.

Yet in some subtle way the children sense some unusual circumstance. Why is Mother going about the rooms, adjusting shades, filling flower vases, arranging books? Or why does she stand by her dresser, finishing her toilet, and end by snapping her bag open and shut again and again to see if everything wanted is in? Something is in the air, and the children know it. Mother does not think she is nervous, but there is a lack of poise which certainly is communicated to the children.

The point is, why blame the children when the fault is not theirs? A better way is to anticipate their state of mind, dependent upon the mother's and provide for it. Some little entertainment could be arranged for the children, to be going on at the time—a bit of work or play—if there is no one else to provide for them while Mother is so busy.

Grown people often scold children for what they call "quarreling," but what the children, themselves, regard as a sort of court. Voices may become loud, there is argument, and it seems high time for interference. The situation is not pleasant for grown people, but after all, children have their rights.

One day Aunt Bessie was listening to a loud dispute between her nephew, a boy of 6, and his younger sister. Final-

ly, unable to stand it longer she attempted to arbitrate. Whereupon Robert turned upon her firmly though respectfully and said, "Aunt Bessie, you don't have to say a single word. I was talking to Rose."

Aunt Bessie saw that he was right and at once retired.

One mother said that when all voices were loud she was better satisfied. No one child was being imposed upon. If things got too lively, she did not scold, but called the children in. Then she helped hold the court. Each child stated his case without interruption. Usually the dispute settled itself.

Unfortunately, with little children, naps and bedtime are very often seasons of much unhappiness. Almost every afternoon I hear a cry of rage from 4-year-old Benny, next door—howls, shrieks, commands, sometimes even spans and then more howls. It is Benny's nap time. By her method his mother so excites her child that it is a wonder he ever sleeps.

Another mother lies down on the bed with her little son when he resents being made to stop his play. And maybe there is a story or song—something soothing. If sleep doesn't come the child has rested, at least. But more than likely he does sleep.

About bedtime some children become much excited. One little girl who lived near us used to whirl around and around in a wild dance just before her nap time. Then her mother discovered what a nervous time it was, and took charge of the sleepy-time program. It became the quietest and sweetest time of the day for the little girl—and for her mother, too.

It is neither wise nor fair to contribute to the unrest of a child by scolding. In doing so you are aggravating the very condition you wish to relieve.

K. Assnt.



## Chatter Corner

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

### LETTERS GALORE!!!

Dear Contributors and Readers:—

There are more letters published in this number of the Mladinski List than there were in any other previous single number since its beginning twelve years ago. Ten pages are devoted to this month's Chatter Corner which is quite a record!

The Mladinski List with this issue concludes its twelfth year of service among our juvenile members. Their numerous letters to the M. L. are a living testimonial how well they like it and how proud they are of their "Little Monthly SNPJ Visitor."

By issuing the Mladinski List the Slovene National Benefit Society is doing a creditable work for its juveniles and its readers in general. Our members and readers are appreciative of this worthy endeavor and are well aware of its significant role and influence which it commands in our communities.

Continue the good work in the coming year! With this message in my mind I extend the season's greetings to one and all!

—THE EDITOR.

#### GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS

Dear Editors:—

This is my second letter to the M. L., readers and writers.

There are some bad and good news in and around Bridgeport. My aunt went to the hospital on the tenth of Nov. for some serious operation. She was near her death. Mr. Frank Paulivich died on the ninth of Nov., resident of Bridgeport. He died of pneumonia.

Here's some good news now. The mines here are working every day except Saturday. And the miners organized in the United Mine Workers of America union. I believe every one is happy for this.

Cold wave hit eastern Ohio with 3° below zero.

Come on, M. L. writers and readers. Boost your own Juvenile magazine.

Best wishes to all Juvenile members of the SNPJ.

Eddie Sodnikar,  
R. F. D. No. 1, Box 37, Bridgeport, O.

\* \*

#### RUDY'S PET RABBITS

Dear Editor and Members:—

This is my first letter to the M. L., and I would like to have it published.

I like school very much. I am 13 years of age and in the 7th grade. We all belong to the S. N. P. J. Lodge No. 198, except my little sister Olga. I enjoy reading the stories, poems, riddles, and jokes in the M. L.

I have five rabbits. I feed the rabbits clover, cabbage, carrots, and give them water

to drink in the morning, and fresh water again in the evening. I have a dog named Queenie; she's a good hunting dog, and we go hunting with my brother Valentine on Saturdays and catch one or two rabbits.

On November 3 I was at a carnival and had lots of fun there. The whole school played on harmonicas and Elsie Prebil played solos for 3rd place. I know only one Slovene song. It is the "Willard Hymn" or "Mat' potico pečejo." Here it is:

Mat' potico pečejo,  
men' pa nič ne rečejo.  
Jaz pa le počas,  
jo režem in kosim.

Ta kosa je rujava,  
ne reže travce več,  
ta dekle ni ta prava,  
ne ljubim je nič več.

If this letter is published, I will be interested in writing another one next time. I will also try and write in Slovene next time.

Best regards to all.

Rudolph Slemec, Route 1, Willard, Wis.

\* \*

#### FROM A YOUNG MILKMAID

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter in the M. L. I thought I would write because there are few from Waukegan.

The name of my school is Oak Grove. I am in fourth grade. We had exams Friday. They were hard, but I got high grades.

One day I wanted to learn how to milk a cow. I took a pail and a chair, and started to milk cow. But she kicked me. Then, the next time I again took a pail and a chair. I started to milk and she did not kick at all. I got a full pail of milk. Now I can milk about three cows, but my mother won't let me. She said I am too young.

Best regards to all M. L. readers.

Helen Stanonik.

Bucky Rd., Box 118, Waukegan, Ill.

\* \*

#### FOUR SISTERS—MUSICIANS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is the first letter I've ever written to the Mladinski List. I read in the October number that the M. L. was getting short of news. So I thought I would start and write.

I have quite a few interesting news. Mr. Snoy wrote us a letter and asked us to come and play for a dance in Bridgeport, Ohio, October 28. Two lodges held the dance; one was No. 13 SNPJ, and the other No. 640 SNPJ. We four sister went and played. We started Saturday at three o'clock p. m. It was a very beautiful afternoon when we

started. We rode along the Ohio River and saw many beautiful views. We made over sixty miles. I enjoyed the ride very much.

We arrived at Mr. Snoy's place at five o'clock. Then at seven the dance began. I never saw so much fun at a dance before. They had hung on strings lots of grapes, apples and pears. If you stole a bunch of grapes you had to go up to the judge and pay for the grapes; if you didn't pay for the grapes you had to go in jail. Some of them in the jail were singing and some of them were "crying."

We all had a good time. We were supposed to stay at Snoys. After my aunt from Lafayette came out and took us to her place. We all had a good time there. We started for home Sunday afternoon and reached home at five.

I might write more the next time, and I hope that my letter will be published.

Best regards to all.

Josephine Bergant,

R. No. 2, Box 19, Lisbon, Ohio.

\* \*

#### HERMINIE, WAKE UP!!!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I haven't written to the M. L. for a long time and have decided to write now.

I haven't seen a letter from Herminie for a long time. Why don't you all wake up and write and make this magazine larger and more interesting? You'll find some spare time to write. The next month I'll want to see some letters from here!

I am in the 6th grade and have six teachers. Their names are Misses Green and Neal, and Messrs. Mason, McCune, Decker and Pritts. Mr. McCune is my Home Room teacher. I like all of the teachers.

Best regards to all.

Sophie Batis.

Box 287, Herminie, Pa.

\* \*

#### A NEDDY XMAS GIFT

Dear Editor:—

Here is a Yuletide story about a poor family:

As the snow fell in tiny flurries on the homes and streets in the small town of Berlin, Cleo Bennings, the sales girl in a grocery store was seen walking homeward. Her head was bent low and one could easily understand that she was in trouble. Indeed she was. Cleo just dreaded the coming of Christmas because she knew that her mother, Georgie, her nine-year old brother, and she could not afford a Xmas tree. Not only a tree but presents and all the goodies that go with Christmas as well.

As she walked along her thoughts traveled to all the bad luck their family had had for

the past seven years. First her father had lost his job and had to stay home for about two years. One-half year later he got an attack of pneumonia and died. After his death it was Cleo's duty to go to work. She did house work several years and now she got a job in the grocery store. She gives her mother all of her weekly earnings. It isn't much—five dollars—but that's all they have to live on, let alone buying coal, clothing, school supplies and so on.

Soon she reached the gate of her home and turned in the yard. She stood on the porch and dusted the snow from her shoes and stockings when she noticed Georgie with his head pressed against the window pane smiling at her. "Sis has come home, mother," she heard him say. She quickly went in and gave him his usual kiss. Then she kissed her mother and went to the bed room to take off her working clothes. She came back into the kitchen and lit the small kerosene lamp which stood on the table. "Sure gets dark quick now," she said, and she began to set the table. "How's business," asked Mrs. Bennings. "Fine," answered Cleo. "We sell a lot of Christmas stuff, candy, trees, ornaments."—At this point Georgie butted in, "Aren't we going to have a Christmas tree," he asked making sour faces as he talked. "Maybe," sighed Cleo to keep her mother from answering. "Supper's ready," announced mother, and they sat down to eat.

After supper was eaten and Georgie was safely in bed, Mrs. Bennings broke the silence by saying, "Cleo, do you think we can manage to have a tree. What ever you say goes, dear."

"Oh, I think I can get one," replied Cleo. "It's been so long since we've had one and we sell them at the store at fifty cents."

"I know, dear," said Mrs. Bennings, "but fifty cents is a lot of money nowadays. Yet, it would be nice to have a tree."

So it was thus decided and they retired, due to the fact that Cleo must get up early and also Mrs. Bennings was old and needed rest.

The weeks passed by quickly and before Cleo realized the time, it was a day before Christmas. This was her last day to work, then she'd have her Christmas vacation, which were three days. About the closing time of that day Mr. O'Neil, her boss, gave her a Christmas tree with some ornaments to take home. "I'm not charging you for this," he said, "You can also take home some candy, nuts and fruit for your mother and brother."

"Oh! how can I thank you," she cried as she thanked him. "I'm glad to do it," he said smiling.

That night was a very happy one for Cleo as she walked home.

When she got home and showed the family the surprise, they were very happy and pleased.

That evening they all helped put up the tree. It wasn't very big nor decorated very much but it made their hearts swell and glow with happiness. The next day they enjoyed a simple but good dinner. After dinner they sat in the dining room where they could be near the tree, and Cleo read them Yule stories. Every once in a while she had to stop and tell Georgie not to touch the ornaments for fear he'd break them.

About two o'clock a knock was heard at the door. Cleo jumped up to open the door and she wondered who would come at their home and why.

She opened the door and to her surprise she saw a man that resembled her father. "Come in," she said and he walked in. He kissed her and kissed Mrs. Bennings, who was in the kitchen by now. Then he kissed Georgie. Next he went to the tree and placed on it a package. Cleo was dumbfounded—she just stared. "Open your present, Mrs. Bennings," he said. "It's for all three. I am Frank Bennings, your uncle." Mrs. Bennings opened the package and lo! and behold before them lay money in paper bills. "That's for you three. Do not ask any questions just now," he said as he smiled.

"Oh! a real Christmas gift at last", cried Cleo as she tried to hug her uncle, Georgie and her mother all at the same time.

M. Paver,

1412 N. Bdwy, Joliet, Ill.

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### BETTY'S INTERESTING LETTER

Dear Editor:—

I read the paragraph in the October number of the Mladinski List asking for more children to write, so I thought I would write to make the Chatter Corner much larger.

I am getting very good grades in school, and I am going to work very hard in my studies until the end of the term so I will pass.

There are four in our family; my mother and my father and my little sister Marjorie; she is just three and a half years old.

We had an NRA parade and it was very long. There were many beautiful floats. Many people marched; also a number of boys and girls from the schools marched.

I will be waiting to see if this letter will appear in the Dec. edition of the M. L. I hope that more boys and girls will write just as I do. I wish some of the members would

write to me; I will gladly answer all their letters.

Here are three riddles:

1. If a store costs \$85, what would a ton of coal come to? Ans.: Ashes.

2. What state is round on both ends and high in the middle? Ans.: Ohio.

3. What is bought by the yard and worn by the foot? Ans.: Carpet.

Best regards to the Editor and readers.

Betty Macek,

465 East North ave., East Palestine, O.

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### ON PROSPERITY

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L., and I hope it will be published. I have been reading the letters of the other writers and I enjoy them very much.

I have noticed how some of them write about our president and the political parties. They say that prosperity will not return. If the world would live up to the brotherly love prosperity would come.

Albert Gokin,

Lodge 738. Box 169, Enumclaw, Wash.

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### WAKE UP, HARWICK!

Dear Editor:—

This is the first letter that I have written to the M. L. Our Lodge No. is 419, SNPJ.

Wake up, Harwick! Are you sleeping? I have noticed that no one from Harwick writes to the M. L.

Our school has started, and I am in 7th grade. The M. L. is a good magazine. The M. L. is a "Regular Book." It is full of good news. I always read it, every month.

Best regards to all.

Mary Radishak,

box 26, Harwick, Pa.

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### TWO SETS OF TWINS

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. Our Lodge No. is 419 SNPJ. There are six in our family that belong to the lodge. We have five children in our family.

I sure enjoy reading the M. L. every month. We have two sets of twins. My two brothers are six years old and in the first grade. My sister is nine and in the fourth grade.

My sister and I are twelve years old, and in the seventh grade.

I hope some one in Harwick would write to the M. L. Wake up, Harwick!

Best regards to all.

Pauline Radishak,

box 26, Harwick, Pa.

### ELSIE'S SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor:—

I am going to write to the M. L. again because I like to read it so well. I cannot write much because I am busy with my school work. But I am going to write anyway.

We got our report card October 24. I was very glad because I had a good report card. I like my teacher. Her name is Miss Leander. I would like to write in Slovene but we have no Slovene school.

I was very happy when my aunt came from Idaho.

The government intends to put many people to work. They are going to make a dam on the Columbia River.

We had bad weather in Washington a few weeks ago. For Halloween the "Bluebirds" girls had a play. I am going to close for this time.

Best regards to the Editor and readers.

Elsie Alzec,

R. 1., Opportunity, Wash.

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### MORE LETTERS, MORE FUN

Dear Editor:—

It is a long time since I last wrote to the M. L., but I like to read it, though. And also like to go to school; I am in 5-B grade. More members should write to the M. L., and the editor should put his picture in, too. I like to read Dorothy Fink's letters, and other letters also. I don't know Dorothy, but my father and mother know her parents. My parents would like to know how Dorothy's father is feeling now, because they are good friends. Won't you write, please?

Rose Koprivnik,

8514 Vineyard, Cleveland, O.

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### FIRST LETTER TO M. L.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to this beautiful magazine, the Mladinski List. I am 12 years of age and I go to the Union School, seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Thurston. She is very good. There are five in our family. My father got a stroke in the mine. Now he can't work.

Best regards to all. Victoria Udivich,  
Box 121, Willock, Pa.

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### THE STORY OF NEMACOLIN, PA.

Dear Editor:—

This being my first letter to the Chatter Corner of the M. L., I must tell you that our school motto is: "We stand for better English."

Long, long ago, when Nemacolin was first settled, the chief crop here was corn, also some sugar cane, etc. But as more people settled here, the town spread and grew bigger.

In 1916 the highway which passes through Nemacolin was nothing but mud and clay. Now it is paved with brick and cement. The "Old Nemacolin Trail" is said to pass over "Turkey Knob" and a couple of other "knobs."

The reason why the Indians had their trails built on the ridges is because (1) they always wanted to be on the lookout and (2) to have the advantage over their enemies. Nemacolin was named after a great Indian chief by the name of Nemacolin which means "Lancing Waters" or "Balancing Canal." The local mine ranks among the greatest in the world.

That's all for this time.

Pete Rancich, box 48, Nemacolin, Pa.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have been reading the M. L. and I am getting disgusted since no one from Greensburg writes. What is the matter, girls and boys? Wake up and write a few lines to our beloved magazine at least occasionally.

Our lodge had a dance Sept. 30, and our whole family attended, and almost all the members, including outsiders. I am quite sure everyone enjoyed it. Frank Shalahar and two others played for our lodge.

I want to thank Wm. Lukancich for his letter and hope to hear from him and some other members. I am glad to see my niece's and nephew's letters in our beloved magazine, and hope to see my other nephew's letter in this month. Come on, Greensburg, see if you can't get started and write.

The Vocational Home Ec. girls had a dinner Oct. 30 at Harrold Jr. High, which I attended and enjoyed very much. I also went to see the "Captive Whale" and I learned something about it. I am expecting to see Frank Blatnik's letter in this month, and others.

Regards to all the readers and editor.

Victoria F. Ovsec,

R. D. 7, Box 14, Greensburg, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I haven't written for two months. I am in the sixth grade. My teachers' names are Mr. Kauffman, Miss O. Evans, and Miss McCormack. They are very good.

My birthday was about two weeks ago. My father didn't work for a long time.

Come on, Josephine Bozich, and write to the M. L. and other children, too. I almost forgot until Dorothy M. Fink told me to write to the M. L.

Winter is coming along and snow will be coming down, too. Boy, it will be fun to play in the snow.

I like Mary Jugg's poems very much.

Best regards to all.

Frances Marie Samich,

box 85, Irwin, Pa.

## COME ON, HOOSIERS!

Dear Editors and Readers:—

The Chatter Corner in the M. L. certainly did expand in a month's time, didn't it? There were so many interesting letters. I was interested in Anna Traven's letter, and I heartily agree with her upon her discussion concerning our Magazine.

The letters in the last issue represented many states, but *what about Indiana?* Only one letter from here—that was by Josephine Mestek, a friend of mine—a very interesting letter I think.

Come on, Hoosiers! Write now and don't delay. Let's see how many letters we can get in next month's issue. It should be a pleasure to be able to write to such a wonderful magazine. Let's do our part.

Best regards to all.

Emma Gorse,

Universal, Ind.

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Dear Editor:—

I have not written for quite a time. Many children are not writing in the M. L. because of school, I suppose.

My father began working, and now it's getting worse again.

I think the editor ought to put his picture in the M. L. because we want to know him, don't you think so?

At school I'm in 7-B grade, 1st division.

Emma Koprivnik,

8514 Vineyard, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. and I wish to have it published. I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Mayer. Best wishes to the readers of the M. L.

Nick Loncar, Masury, Ohio.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am in fourth grade and am nine years old. My teacher's name is Miss Chambers.

Come on, Josephine Bozich, write to the M. L.

Best regards to all.

Anna Samich,

box 85, Irwin, Pa.

\* \*

## SNPJ BOOSTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Last month's Chatter Corner was set up pretty good, but I still think that it could be much better. Of course, everyone knows or ought to know that not even one half of the members write.

The duty of every member is not only to pay your lodge dues, but also boost your lodge. If you can't do anything else, at least write to the M. L. for Chatter Corner.

I noticed *Dorothy Fink* and some others are writing often. That's the old SNPJ lodge spirit. A lot of members never even think of writing. If you think I'm wrong on that, show me that I am—by writing.

I know Dorothy Fink's mother and dad but I don't know Dorothy.

We are having a Christmas play in school. I wish all of you could see it.

Jack Frost has come to visit us again. But I don't like the way he was biting my toes and nipping my nose; I think he'll bite me harder than now. They say this winter is going to be a hard winter. Get busy and write before you freeze.

Here's a poem I like to read over and over:

#### My Heart Leaps Up

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky;  
So is it when life began;  
So is it now I am a woman,  
So be it when I shall grow old;  
Or let me die!  
The "Child is father of the man";  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

It was written by Wordsworth.

Best regards to Mrs. and Mr. Penko.

I'd like to see several letters from the following: Henry Penko, Mary Kolence, Steffie Retonia and from others.

Wishing all of you a very merry Xmas, always a booster of the SNPJ,

Steffie Kaferle (14),  
Box 195, Yukon, Pa.

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#### ALOUISE LIKES TO READ OTHER LETTERS

Dear Editor and Members:—

This is my second letter which I have written to be published in this M. L. magazine. I hope that in time I will be able to write interesting letters in this favorite magazine which I have been reading for a few years. I cannot read, write, or speak Slovene, but I can understand some things that mother says to me. I hope that in time I will be able to acquire the knowledge of knowing Slovene.

The weather in this section of the country is favorable at the present time, and I sincerely hope that it will continue so for a few more weeks.

I hope that everyone enjoys him or herself on Christmas, and also hope that both the members and Editor have a big feast of turkey or deer on that holiday.

Say, how about some of the members which seem to live so far away from little Washington, take a little time and write to me. I

will gladly answer every letter that I receive from them.

Wishing everyone a "Merry Xmas" and a "Happy New Year",

Alouise Logay, Box 25, Washington, Pa.

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#### FIRST LETTER FROM OLGA

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 11 years old and am in the 7th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Flaherty. My youngest brother is 9 years old and is in the 4th grade. His teacher's name is Miss McPherson. My brother Frank is 14 years old; he's a sophomore in the Cecil high school. About 2 years ago I read a letter in the M. L. from *Lillian Kosmach* of Strabane, Pa. Since then I never saw another letter from her. Wake up and write, Lillian. I am trying to write every month now.

I wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all brothers and sisters of the SNPJ.

Olga Grossek,  
Box 79, Hendersonville, Pa.

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#### MY SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I am very happy to know that my first letter was published in this well known magazine, and hope to continue writing every month. I hope that in time I will be able to write interesting letters such as those which *Dorothy M. Fink* writes. Some of the members write such interesting letters which make one feel like reading them several times.

I cannot read, write, or speak Slovene, therefore I often get my mother to read in Slovene for me.

Wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

Ann Logay, Box 25, Washington, Pa.

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#### FROM LODGE NO. 583

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. which I like to read.

I am nine years of age and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Anna Mary Pierce.

There was an accident in Gratztown. There were two brothers, one was killed and the other is in the hospital. Their names were Albert and Thomas Pedan.

I wish Santa will bring me something for Xmas. I wish you and all the members a Merry Xmas.

Karl Klun, Box 45, Lowber, Pa.

## A FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 5. I am 10 years old; my birthday was Oct. 19, 1933, and I had a birthday party. I had 4 boys in my party; we had a nice time. At this party we had pop, ice cream, candy, etc. We had a nice time with my pony also. I received nice presents and my Dad gave me a little baby goat and my mother gave me a sweater:

I am glad I have the Mladinski List.

Matt. Lekan, Willoughby, O.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade. I go to Oakdale school in East Barberton, O.

There are hardly any letters from Barberton so I thought I would write. The working conditions here are pretty bad; my father works about four days a week. I hope something will open up and open up soon.

Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ. There are seven in our family. I have three brothers and one sister. I like to read the M. L. and the rest of our family enjoy it too.

I wish the Editor and the readers of the M. L. a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Albert Valencic,

464 Franklin ave., Barberton, O.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade.

The work here is still pretty slack. There are still lots of people out of work. My dad works about 6 days a week. I have two brothers that could go to work if they could find a job.

I have four brothers and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 48.

I went on a trip to Pennsylvania in September and I've seen a lot of interesting things and had a good time.

I don't see any letters from Barberton in the M. L. I wonder what is the matter.

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

Frances Valencic,

464 Franklin ave., Barberton, O.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read the M. L. very much. There are six of us in the family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 583. I am ten years of age and in the fifth grade. On November eighteen we visited the museum and Highland park.

I hope the editor will publish my letter. Here is a riddle:—What is the pres. of U. S. doing? Ans.: breathing.

I will write more the next time. Best regards to the Editor and readers.

Frank Klun, Box 45, Lowber, Pa.

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## MY SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I didn't write for a long time. So I decided to write. I was surprised to see Mary Hribar's letter in November's issue.

I am twelve years of age and in the seventh grade. I was at Pittsburgh, Pa., at Shenley Park, and Highland Park, and to the Conservatory. It was nice down at the museum. At the Zoo there were all kinds of wild animals, snakes, and birds. At the Conservatory there was a banana tree, and all kinds of flowers.

I wish the Editor and Readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Rose Klun, Box 45, Lowber, Pa.

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## IT'S COLORADO FOR FRANKIE!

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. Since my last letter we have moved back to Colorado, the good mountain state. I hope I never have to go to Utah any more. Colorado is the state for me.

I am in the 3rd grade and have good teachers. I have two brothers and one sister. I like school, but my brothers don't care much about it. My sister is in the kindergarten. I wish more of the boys and girls would write to the M. L.

Here is a joke:

Little boy: "Father, how does a war start?"

Father: "Well, when one person picks on another."

Wife: "You are going to spoil him."

Husband: "I am not."

Little boy: "Never mind, father, I know how they start."

Frankie Bergoch, Trinidad, Colo.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 13 years of age and in the eighth grade. There are three of us in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 583.

Here is a riddle: What is the best book?—Ans.: Your pocketbook.

My father works at the Hutchinson mine.—I wish the editor and the members of the SNPJ a Merry Christmas.

Vincent Trotnick, Lowber, Pa.

## COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Dear Editor:—

Being very busy with my school work I was delayed in writing a letter for the last issue, so I am writing this month.

I am in the eighth grade and I have four teachers who are, Mrs. Pierce, who teaches Arithmetic and Spelling; Mr. Sowa, who teaches History and Health; Miss Maloney, who teaches English and Reading; and Mr. Noel, who teaches Geography and Writing. We are very busy lately studying for H story County Examination which will be given at the close of the semester.

Since the depression has hindered so many people around here the graduating classes of years before were not able to hold very good commencement exercises. So our class has decided to organize themselves for the purpose of preparing for a bigger and better graduation exercise. Thru this organization we will be able to receive some money to help us pay expenses and other little things which will be needed.

I have been on a vacation at my cousin's place for seven weeks and had enjoyed it very much.

Since there had been several letters contributed to the M. L. I think there should be a great deal more letters sent in for the oncoming year.

I wish the editor and readers a Merry Christmas.

Frances Dermotta,  
Box 262, Library, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I am writing a few riddles.

Riddle me, riddle me, what is that over the head and under the hat?

Answer: Your hair.

A cat goes upstairs with four feet and comes down with eight feet; what is that?

Answer: A cat with a mouse in its mouth. That is all of my riddles.

I am 8 years old and in the third grade. There are five members in our family. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge.

Best regards to all. William Bom,  
Box 47, Chestnut Ridge, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read the M. L. My birthday was on Nov. 15 and I was eight years old. I am in third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Cenis. She is a very good teacher. There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 63. My Dad is not working much. I will close now and will write more next time.

Karl Jereb,  
92 Lincoln ave., North, Irwin, Pa.

Dear Editor:—

This is my fifth letter to the Mladinski List. I was glad I saw my letter published.

We went to Rock Springs, Wyo., Nov. 1, 1933. It snowed when we were on our way. When we were coming back it snowed, too.

The sixth grade pupils are having arithmetic now. We are going to have a Christmas program. The name of it is: "Christmas Speaking at Skaggs Schule." I do not know what I am going to be, because our teacher didn't give us our parts yet.

That is all I have to write. I hope my letter is published.

Mary Pershin,  
Box 783, Hudson, Wyo.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I belong to Lodge No. 386.

I am in the eighth grade and am thirteen years old. I have four teachers. We are now preparing for our History County Examination. My History teacher is Mr. Sowa; he is a very good teacher. My English teacher is Miss Maloney, a very good teacher also. My Arithmetic teacher is Mrs. Pierce. She has taught in this district for many years and all the boys and girls like her. My Geography teacher is Mr. Noel and he shows us movies of different parts of the world.

When are the children of Library going to write to M. L.? I finally wrote since Frances Dermotta has asked me so often. I think this will be all for the first time.

Best regards to all. Albina Ocepek,  
Library, Pa.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—

I haven't written to M. L. for a long time and it felt very lonesome not to write. But I just thought I'd write a few lines for Xmas.

I was glad to see so many nice letters in last month's M. L.—During Education week we had a great play made up by our library teacher, Mrs. Dietz. We have given it about seven times all in different buildings. They had many different characters, such as History, Humor, Art, Poetry, Music, Amusements, Trades, Stories, Picture Book, etc. And I was "Useful Arts." For the scene of the Play some of the sixth grade girls and I made the picture. All the scene painting was under the direction of our Art teacher, Miss Bartle. The music was made up by our Music teacher, Mrs. Jones. Xmas is coming soon, but I don't expect to get much because it seems to me that the "Bad Wolf" doesn't want to go away.

I wish to contribute a couple of riddles: A little boy came home one day and said: "Papa, who's the biggest sissy in the world?" And papa said, "I don't know, sonny." —

"Babe Ruth, because he hits the ball and then runs home."

And here's another: "Papa, if you had a gift of another eye, where would you want it?" said Junior.—"Well, Junior," said papa, "I'd like it right on the back of my head."—"Why?" said Junior.—"So I can watch you better my son. Where would you want it, Junior?"—"You know, papa, I'd like it on the end of little finger, so I could drill a hole in the fence and see the ball-game free."

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

Elsie Pavlin,

1519 E. Orman ave., Pueblo, Colo.

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Dear Editor:—

I am glad to be back to the M. L. There were many letters in the Nov. M. L.

I go to school every day. The teachers are very good to us and I like them very much. They give us lots of home work.

Times are very hard. Many people are out of work. My father works about 3 or 4 days a week.

On Thanksgiving we had a good dinner.

Xmas will soon be here. I hope I get a lot of presents. Some children will not have a good Christmas because their fathers do not have work.

I wish some of you members would write to me.

Best wishes and regards to all.

Genevieve Logar,

768 Coleman ave., Johnstown, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading the poems, stories and riddles. So I decided I would write to the good old M. L. I am 13 years old and in the 7th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Meyers. I have one sister and three brothers. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 310. The work around here is slack. Xmas is coming, but I believe Santa will be poor this year. I am also giving a few jokes.

Usually

Visitor:—"Your son has his mother's eyes."

Mother:—"Yes, and his father's mouth."

Little son:—"Yes, and his big brother's trousers."

How

Jasper:—"What made you leave Mrs. Black's boarding house after living there for three years?"

Casper:—"I found out they had no bathtub."

Who Owns the Calf

Policeman (to school boy):—"Who owns the cow and calf?"

School boy:—"I don't know who owns the cow, but I have an idea who owns the calf."

Policeman:—"Well, who owns the calf?"

School boy:—"The cow."

Best wishes and regards to all.

Julia M. Supanick,

R. D. 2, Box 161, Boswell, Pa.

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LODGE NO. 714

Dear Editor:—

I was surprised to see all the members busy. I guess it is my time to write.

The mine worked 5 days last month.—Santa Clause is going to be poor this year, because he didn't "work" very hard. He didn't make anything, not even for his shoes. Just think! But we should be thankful that we have plenty to eat and a place to sleep. There are so many children that don't even have that.

My mother would like to know from where Maksa Samsa writes. (From Ljubljana.—Editor.) She sure writes nice poems.

We sure had nice weather so far. I hope every boy and girl had a nice Thanksgiving. I did. I wish that the waste paper basket keeps its mouth closed until this letter is printed.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to everybody.

Julia Slavec,

box 63, Morley, Colo.

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## THE MLADINSKI LIST

Dear Editor:—

Please have this composition in the next number of the M. L.

M is for our magazine we all love to read

L is for the letters so nice and neat

A is for another book added to our pile

D is for the dandy jokes that are worthwhile

I is for the initials M. L. we all love to see

N is for next issue we can hardly wait to get

S is for the Slovenes that all belong to SNPJ

K is for the kiddies that are on the right way

I is for Illinois where our magazine is made

L is for us all to do our part

I is for ink to give us a start

S is for the subject on which we'll write

T is the time it makes to make this M. L. so bright.

Best regards to all.

Mary Paver, Joliet, Ill.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—

I have enjoyed reading the M. L. and I do wish I could write and read SLOVENE, as I do think I would enjoy it more.

This is my third letter; hope it would have been the tenth, not third. It could have been, but I didn't have time. Well, I'll write more often now.

I go to Bethel School and I am in eighth grade. My home room teacher is Miss Mc-

Mullen, and besides her there are eight others: Miss Jones teaches Arithmetic, Miss Morrison—English and Literature, Miss Rhodes—Spelling and Writing, Miss Phillips—Geography, Mr. Pearson—Civics, Miss Hemlinger—Music, Miss Lough—Home Economics (cooking, sewing, and art).

Yes, I nearly forgot to tell about Halloween. We had a Halloween Party in the evening in the school on Oct. 31 and had a good time. We marched around the room and Miss Scoth picked five best ones and they got prizes. We also played games; one was push a penny with your nose to a certain line and see who was first to the line. Another is to put a hard boiled egg in a spoon and carry it with one hand, not holding the egg, to a certain line and see whose egg falls first.

I wish Rose J. Kobe and Jennie Kiyfes would think only once if not more and write to this magazine. Editor and Readers, don't you think they are sleeping? I do. Come on, girls, and write. Don't sleep all your life.

Here's a riddle: Why does a chimney smoke?—Answer: Because it can't chew.

Mary Dolinar,

Baptist rd., R. D. 1, Library, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I will be a newspaper reporter, too. Our salary is to see if the news got in the Mladinski List.

The school I go to is Wm. H. Brett. I am in the 6-A.

I am a Pressboy, too. I have 14 customers and I make good profit.

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List.

Of course, all the family belongs to SNPJ, Lodge No. 142.

Best regards to all. Frank Zorko,  
848 E. 155 st., Cleveland, O.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second attempt to write to the dear Mladinski List. I have read about the demand for more letters to this magazine and thought of writing. Although I have not much to say I will do my best. I am a Freshman of the Sewickley Township High School and am devoting my studies to the Academic course. Our football team is through playing football for the season and they came close to being class B champs.

This depression is gradually melting away and work is going on better than it did before Roosevelt's administration. My opinion of the National Recovery Administration is that by and by it will be a success. It has put many men back to work around this part of Pennsylvania. We all hope it to be a success rather than to be a failure.

As I have come to think more of the magazine I think the suggestion of Miss Dorothy M. Fink of Wendel, Pa., is a good one. Every reader should do his or her part in making the little magazine much larger. Let's devote our part to the little magazine and the rest will follow.

There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ.

John Ursic, Rillton, Pa.

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## OUR FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is our first letter to the Mladinski List. We enjoy reading this magazine very much. We are 14 years old and are in the 7th grade. We have two sisters and one brother, and all belong to the SNPJ.

Working conditions around here are bad. The farm crops were poor this year on account of the dry weather.

We will close now; will write more the next time. Best regards to the readers of the M. L. Rose and Mary Kodelja (twins),  
403 Depot st., Conneaut, Ohio.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. which I read every month and I think it is very interesting. I never see any letters from West Virginia. Come on readers of Thomas and Pierce, let's wake up and write to the M. L.!

We are having cold weather and lots of snow here. I go to school every day and am in the 4th grade in the High School Building in Thomas. My teacher's name is Miss Topper.

During the summer many people travel through this section from all parts of the country to see the beautiful Blackwater Falls at Davis, W. Va. Our home is located about two miles from the falls. If any one is thinking of touring through this state, don't hesitate, but come and see this beautiful scene.

Mary Fradel of Latrobe, Pa., wrote a nice letter about her trip to West Virginia and the falls. It's really educational and worth seeing. Also the beautiful Canyon below it, which is very steep.

I am living with my grandparents and have been for seven years. I was born in Bridgeville, Pa., and also know of Sygan, Pa., a small mining town, which I have visited a few years ago with my grandparents.

Wishing every reader and also the Editor Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Frank Verdinek, Box 165, Thomas, W. Va.

