

MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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ANNA P. KRASNA:

Matere čakajo

V ZADNJIH minutah pouka prihajajo matere
pred šolo in čakajo na svoje male.

Bele, črne, filipinske, vse imajo

prelepo svetlo skrb v očeh,

vse izžarevajo eno samo misel:

Moj mali! Moja mala!

Na obrazkih in obleki vseh je zapisana povest,
ki nima začetka ne konca,

povest razdedenih, za košček kruha se borečih.

Ali v očeh tli iskra, ki je neugasljiva,

up, ki vse prenese,

pogum, ki čaka že stoletja in razdobja

neprestano bodreč:

Saj pride, z njimi pride, z malimi nam zasiže

lepši čas. — —

Matere čakajo in kramljajo, upajo in verujejo,

in ljubijo deco novih dni — — —

KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

Prezgodnji sneg

NIČ še ni pospravljeno —

vse napol pripravljeno;

saj še mehke trate zelenijo,

regratove lučke še gorijo.

Prazna gnezda še ne pačijo drevesa,

še jih skriva pisana zavesa.

Pa so sinoči topli se vetrovi —

in ko davi se oznanjal dan je novi:

Glej!

sneg beli se z vej!

Dvignilo se solnce, žarke lilo —

in je bele madeže izmilo.

Med obrazi srečam včasih mlad obraz.

Lice in oko še v polnem ognju sije —

toda sneg se je dotaknil las,

sneg, ki ga nihče več ne zmiže . . .

Mile Klopčič:

RUDARSKA SVETILKA

Pozdrav trboveljskim pevcem

VI STE pa od tam doma,
kjer se solnce ne smehlja.
Pretemno je, prehudo,
da bi solnce k vam prišlo.

Očetje vaši kopljejo pod zemljo,
s svetilko razsvetljujejo si rov,
premog dvigajo iz dna na dan,
trudni vračajo se k vam domov.

Toda vi imate svoje pesmi,
v njih vam toži silna želja,
da bi kdaj vas obsijalo
nekaj solnca in veselja.

Svetilka jamska — luč vodnica!
Nekoč jo oče vaš, rudar bo vzel v roko,
pa jo dvignil bo visoko v zrak
in prižgal bo solnce na nebo.

Pa solnce vam in nam sijalo,
za nas, za vas bo rože iz zemlje prizvalo.
Takrat mi vsi, vsi bomo tam doma,
kjer mladini solnce zmerom se smehlja.

Marijana Željeznova-Kokalj:

LJUDSKO MNENJE

JAZ sem zidar in jaz zidam palače,
tuja tod dečica bode skakala,
sreča že v zibeli bo ji sijala . . .
Cvetje na oknih in cvetje v življenju—
to je pravica po ljudskem mnenju.
Jaz sem zidar in jaz zidam palače,
svoje otroke-berače
stiskam v predmestni baraki.
Bede oblaki
senčijo tiho predmestno gomilo,
živi so mrtveci — sonce vgasnilo
krila je srečna življenju . . .
Tudi pravica—po ljudskem je mnenju.

A. P. Krasna:

Daleč je zdaj vse to . . .

(Pripovesti iz "Mi smo zrasli v vojno")

STRICEK in teta sta sedela na tleh parka in gledala otroke, kako so vabili z orehi veverice, se skrivali po grmovju, plezali po navpičnem skalovju, se gugali v drevesnih vejah in uživali lepoto dneva in narave. Naenkrat je striček vprašal:

"Ali si poznala Fičolo?"

"Zdi se mi da. Toda čemu ti je padel baš zdaj v spomin?"

"Ker jih vidim plezati—ko sem bil njih velikosti, bi si bil radi Fičole skoro polomil ude."

"Ti si bil zmirom v kaši—Tom Sawyer z gornjega konca vasi," se je zasmejala teta.

"Morda, ali v ono kašo sem padel že kot borec za obstanek. Doma ni bilo drv ne suhljadi za tiste koruzne večerje in opresna kosila, pa smo šli v goro, trije, vsak s svojo vrstico. Veseli, žvižgajoči vaški pobalini, saj si nas poznala, vsak zase je bil posebnost."

"O, že vem s kom si šel, kar nadjuj."

Stric se je smejal in pobral spuščeno nit:

"No, hodili smo in hodili ter končno zašli preko šturske meje. In smola je hotela, da smo splezali baš v Fičolove hraste. Kakšna suhljad je bila to! kakor dobra letina je bilo gor v vejevju. Frančnemu Janezu so se svetile oči od veselja, da se je iskriilo prav do mojega hrasta. Še zdaj čutim natančno, kako mi je bilo pri duši, ko so suho-prijetno hrstale veje pod mojimi rokami . . . Pri vas ste imeli gozd, zato najbrž nisi prav takega užitka nikdar okusila."

Striček je pobral s tal pred seboj suho vejico in jo ogledaval.

"Glej," je povzel, "tisti občutek je še sedaj tako živ, da bi jih nabral cel sveženj in zakuril lep prasketajoč ogenj. Pa ni tale vejica nič v primeri s suhljadjjo Fičolovih hrastov. Zamišljeni vsak

v svoje zadovoljstvo smo lomili suhe veje. Bila je to čisto posrečena suhljadna ekspedicija, dokler ni nenadno zamijavkal Frančin—saj veš kakšen glas je imel—in smo ugledali Fičolo. Parkelj bi bil v tistem hipu bolj dobrodošel. Pa ni bil parkelj, ampak Fičola, posestnik, ki ni trpel trebežev v svojem borštu! Kakor obseden je robantil in se naglo bližal. Tovariša sta po mačje izginila s hrastov in v goščavo, moj hrast pa je bil na slabem terenu, če bi pričel plezati, bi zlezal Fičolu kar lepo v naročje. Seveda mi ni bilo do tega. Sklenil sem torej, da skočim s hrasta preden se Fičola preveč približa. Nič nisem pomislil, da si lahko polomim kosti, tudi ne, da možakar ne more do mene na hrast—previsok in preraven je bil za stare noge—. Kaj lahko bi bil občepele tam gor in molil Fičoli jezik, dolgo bi mož ne zapravljaj časa pod hrastom. Ali, drugače dokaj iznajdljivi možgani so v tistem trenutju nekako onemeli, skok se je zdel edina rešitev. In skočil sem. Če bi znal zdaj tako skočiti, grem v cirkus. Kot izkušen star maček sem pazil na dotik z zemljo in ko sem jo dosegel, sem odskočil ko žoga, zakaj Fičola je bil strašno blizu. Z begom sem nemudoma nadaljeval. Potrebno pa ni bilo, zakaj rohnečega kmeta sem s skokom tako prestrašil, da je obstal na mestu in z odprtimi usti zijal za mano. Moja tovariša sta v grmovju čakala name in domov grede smo nabirali suhljad ter govorili o skakanju."

"Bil si zares junak dneva," se je pošalila teta, "in nič čudnega, če je trpela vojna štiri leta s takimi soldati."

Pri tem se je domislila nešteti dogodivščin iz trdega življenja mladosti, ki jo je udušila vojna. Otroci, igrajoči se vse okrog po parku, so se ji zazdeli spričo teh spominov srečni prebivalci pravljične dežele.

Kdo je bolj neumen?

ŽIVELA je nekoč stara mati, ki je imela dva sina. Prvi ji umre, drugi pa se odpravi v tujino. Ko je bila ženica sama, pride nek vojak k nji in jo prosi:

"Mamica, pusti me, da tukaj prenočim!"

"Kar noter pojdi, moj dragi! Odkod pa prihajaš?"

Vojak odgovori:

"Odkod prihajam? Z onega sveta."

"Ali je res? Pred kratkim mi je umrl sin, ali ga nisi nič videl?"

"Seveda sem ga videl! Še stanovala sva skupaj v isti hiši!"

"Kako mu pa gre?"

"Gosi pase!"

"O, to ima pa gotovo dosti letanja in sitnosti!"

"Seveda ima! Zmiraj mu uhajajo v mlako!"

"Gotovo je že raztrgal dosti obleke!"

"Kajpak, saj že hodi v samih capah."

"Poslušaj, tukaj imam štirideset vatlov platna in deset rubljev denarja. Bodi tako dober in nesi to mojemu sinu!"

"O, prav rad, mamica!"

Čez nekaj časa pride drugi sin domov.

"Bog daj, mamica! Kako je?"

"Pozdravljen, ljubi sin! Pred kratkim je prišel nekdo z onega sveta in mi je pravil o tvojem rajnem bratu. Dala sem mu kos platna in deset rubljev, naj mu nese!"

Sin reče:

"Z Bogom, mamica! Grem po svetu, kadar najdem koga, ki je bolj neumen kot ti, pa pridem nazaj. Sicer me pa ne bo."

Reče in gre. Pride na veliko graščino. Po dvorišču se podi svinja s svojimi mladiči. Poklekne pred svinjo in se ji prikloni. To pa vidi graščakinja z okna in pošlje deklo k njemu.

"Ti, zakaj pa klečiš in se priklanjaš svinji?" ga vpraša dekla.

Odgovori ji:

"Pojdi in reci svoji gospodinji: Vaša marogasta svinja je sestra moje žene. Jutri se oženi moj sin, zato sem jo povabil na svatbo. Reci svoji gospodinji, da jo prosim, naj pusti svinjo, da bo za družico na gostiji, njeni mladiči naj tudi pridejo na svate!"

Ko je graščakinja to slišala, je sklenila roke in zaklicala:

"Takšen norec! Svinjo in mladiče je povabil na svatbo! No prav, se bodo vsaj ljudje smejali! Brž obleci svinji moj kožuh in naprezi. Svatje ne bodo vendar peš hodili!"

Hlapec napreže voz, naloži oblečeno svinjo z mladiči in izroči vse skupaj tistemu sinu. Ta sede na voz in se odpelje.

Graščak pride domov z lova. Žena mu pride naproti in se od smeha drži za trebuh. Pravi:

"Joj, moj dragi, kaka škoda, da te ni bilo doma! Pravkar je bil nek kmet tukaj in se priklanjal naši svinji. Rekel je: Vaša svinja je sestra moje žene, in me je prosil, naj mu jo dam za družico na svatbo in pujske za svate!"

Graščak reče:

"Ti mu jih seveda nisi dala!"

"Seveda sem dala! Svinjo sem oblekla v svoj kožuh in vse spravila na voz, dala sem napreči dva konja, da so se odpeljali."

"Odkod pa je tisti kmet?"

"Ga nisem vprašala, moj dragi!"

"Tako, ne tisti kmet, temveč ti si neumna, da se ti mora vsak smejati!"

In togoten plane graščak iz hiše, skoči na konja in jo udere za kmetom. Ta sliši, da nekdo jezdi za njim. Hitro skrije konja in voz v goščavo, sname kučmo z glave, jo povezne na tla in sede zraven nje. Graščak zakriči nad njim:

"Ti bradač, ali nisi videl nekega kmeta, ki se je peljal mimo z dvema konjema? Na vozu je pa imel svinjo in mladiče.

"Videl sem ga, videl, pa je že precej časa minilo, kar je šel mimo."

"Na katero stran je pa krenil? Ali bi ga še lahko dohitel?"

"Ne vem, no mogoče! Ali na potu je vse polno ovinkov, če dobro ne paziš, pa se izgubiš. Ti gotovo ne poznaš pota?"

"Jezdi ti za njim pa mi pripelji kmeta nazaj!"

"Gospod, tega pa ne morem, tukaj imam pod kučmo sokola ujetega."

"Nič ne maraj, bom že jaz pazil na sokola."

"Ali ti boš izpustil tega dragocenega ptiča, in potem me zapodi moj gospod iz službe."

"I, koliko pa hočeš za ptiča?"

"Nič več kakor tristo rubljev!"

"No, dobro, ako ga izpustim, pa ti ga plačam."

"To pa ne, gospod! Zdaj mi sicer obljubiš, potem bi pa ne hotel nič vedeti o tem."

"Kakšen neveren Tomaž si ti! Na, tukaj imaš tristo rubljev za vsak slučaj."

Kmet vzame denar, ga spravi in sede na konja. Zavije v goščavo, poišče voz, napreže še tretjega konja in se odpelje proti domu. Graščak pa je ostal na cesti in pazil na kučmo. Čakal je in čakal, ali sinu tiste matere ni bilo nazaj.

"Vseeno moram pogledati, ali je v resnici sokol pod kučmo," si mislil graščak.

"Ako je, potem se bo vrnil tisti kmet, ako ga pa ni, mi ni treba več čakati nanj."

Vzdigne kučmo, ali sokola ni nikjer.

"Ti lopov ti! Gotovo je isti, ki je goljufal mojo ženo."

Ves togoten je bil graščak in si je pulil lase od jeze in sramote.

Sin pa je šel vesel k materi in ji rekel:

"No, mamica, sedaj pa ostanem pri tebi. Na svetu so še bolj neumni ljudje kakor si ti. Glej, za nič so mi dali tri konje in voz, svinjo z mladiči in še tristo rubljev po vrhu.

Ivanovič.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

MILLET

KONEC DELA

Tim in tri sestre

Indijska pravljica

V NEKI vasi ob jezeru je živel mlad fant, ki so ga imenovali Tima. Svojcev ni imel nobenih razen edine sestre, ki mu je gospodinjala. Imenovali so jo Belo.

Nihče še ni bil videl Tima. Sosedje so slišali njegove korake, kadar je šel mimo, in videli so v snegu njegove stopinje, a Tima še niso bili videli. Bil je neviden.

Nekega dne je Bela sklicala vse prebivalce vasice. In ko so vsi posedli okoli nje po tleh, jih je ogovorila takole:

"Moj brat Tim bi se rad oženil. Mlad je in priden, a neviden. Samo popolnoma dobri in plemeniti ljudje ga lahko vidijo. Tisto dekle, ki ga bo videlo, bo torej njegova žena."

Vsa dekleta so se razveselila, ko so slišala te besede. Vedela so, da je Tim mlad, dober in hraber, in na dnu srca se je vsaka nadejala, da mu postane žena.

Na drugem koncu vasice, blizu gozda, je živel starček, ki je imel tri hčere. Starejši dve sta bili že odrasli, najmlajša je bila pa še majhno dekletce. Starejši nista bili dobri z najmlajšo. Nalagali sta ji najtežje delo, jesti sta ji pa dajali samo ostanke. Časih sta metali dekletcu pepel in žerjavico v obraz, in deklica je imela zmerom osmojene lase in praske in rane po obrazu. Prebivalci vasice so jo zaradi tega imenovali Grdo.

Nekega lepega, mrzlega zimskega večera, ko je pokrival zemljo prvi sneg, je rekla najstarejša sestra:

"Grda, prinesi mi mojo ogrlico iz školjk in moje lepe krznene čevlje. Postati hočem Timova žena."

Deklica je skočila po ogrlico in pomagala sestri, da se je oblekla. Zvečer po solnčnem zahodu se je najstarejša sestra odpravila in šla v koč ob jezeru.

Bela jo je povabila k ognjišču. Ko sta tako sedeli in se greli pri ognju, sta čez nekaj časa začuli korake. Bilo je, kakor da bi nekdo vlekel sani po snegu. Bela je povedla gostjo k vratom in vprašala:

"Ali vidiš mojega brata?"

"O, prav dobro," je ta odgovorila.

"Tedad mi povej, iz česa so vajeti pri saneh?" je vprašala Bela.

In ta je rekla: "Iz jelenje kože."

Bela se je razjezila. "Ne, niso iz jelenje kože! Ti ne vidiš mojega brata. Poberi se, lažnivka!"

In je spodila sestro grde deklice iz koč.

Drugi dan je rekla druga sestra:

"Grda, prinesi mi mojo ogrlico iz školjk in moje lepe krznene čevlje. Postati hočem Timova žena."

Grda je prinesla ogrlico iz školjk in krznene čevlje ter pomagala sestri, da se je oblekla.

Ko je bilo solnce že zašlo, se je tudi druga sestra odpravila in šla v koč ob jezeru. Bela jo je prijazno sprejela in sedla z njo na ognjišče.

Čez nekaj časa je tudi ta začula korake pred hišo. Tedaj je Bela vprašala: "Ali vidiš mojega brata?"

"O, prav dobro!" je ta odgovorila.

"In iz česa so vajeti pri saneh?" je vprašala Bela.

In ta je odgovorila: "Iz losove kože."

Tedad je Bela vzrojila: "Ne, niso iz losove kože! Ti ne vidiš mojega brata. Poberi se tudi ti iz najine kože!" In je spodila drugo sestro kakor prvo.

Drugo jutro sta sedeli na klopi in se razgovarjali, medtem ko je morala najmlajša težko delati. Ko je opravila svoje delo, je rekla starejšima sestrama:

"Sestre, posodita mi svojo ogrlico iz školjk in moje lepe krznene čevlje. Tudi jaz hočem postati Timova žena."

A sestri sta se smejali Grdi, in nobena ji ni hotela posoditi dragocenih čevljev.

V temnem kotu kočje je našla Grda še dva stara opanka. In ker ni imela česa obleči, si je sama napravila smešno krilce iz brezove skorje.

Grda je tiho stopila v kočjo ob jezeru in prisledla k ognju. Čez nekaj časa je začula pred kočjo korake. Tedaj jo je Bela povedla k vratom in jo vprašala:

"Ali vidiš mojega brata, grdo dekletce?"

"Vidim ga," je Grda šepetaje odgovorila. "A bojim se ga, ker je tako čuden in tako lep!"

"Tedaj mi povej," je nadaljevala Bela, "iz česa so vajeti pri njegovih saneh?"

Tedaj je Grda vsa začudena sklenila roke in vzkliknila:

"O moj bože, saj to niso vajeti! To je sama mavrica!"

Ko je Tim to slišal, se je nasmehnil in rekel sestri:

"Sestra, prosim te, umij Grdi obraz in oči s čarodejno vodo."

In ko je Bela to storila, se je zgodilo nekaj prečudnega. Vse rane in praske na obrazu grde deklice so izginile, lasje so ji postali dolgi, črni in svetli, in oči so se ji zbleščale kakor dve zvezdi.

Tedaj jo je Bela spet povedla k ognju in jo posadila na prostor, kjer navadno sedi gospodinja.

Tako je grda deklica videla Tima, nevidnega junaka in postala njegova žena.

Anna P. Krasna:

STARKE NA BOWERY*)

SKLJUČENE in mršave, tihe ko sence,
tavajo starke po Bowery.

Napol ugasle oči begajo po smetiščih,
roke segajo lokavo po navlaki
in polnijo bisage.

Iz preperelih cunj na njihovih hrbtih
gleda ugaslo življenje pozabljenih dni.

V drsajočih stopinjah še odjekajo
v daljave namenjeni koraki.

V globokih gubah lic je pokopan smeh —
v obustnih zarezah je zagrebena pesem,
ki je nekoč poznala pomlad.

*) Slumski predel v New Yorku.—Op. ur.

Mile Klopčič

Otroci pojo

KDO se ne spominja tiste znane šolarske pesmi "Jager pa ja-a-ga, kaj mi poma-a-ga . . ."? Nad vse preprosta pesmica, ki si si jo otrok zapomnil in znal, če si jo slišal vsaj enkrat. Vstali smo na učiteljičino besedo v svojih klopih in vsakokrat zapeli zmerom isto pesem o jagru in ptički, "ki nasprot leti". Peli smo enoglasno in precej dolgočasno počasno, pa vendar se nam je zdelo to petje zelo imenitno. Bolj smo kričali, bolj se nam je zdelo imenitno, in razredi so se kosali med sabo, češ, mi pojemo glasneje! In potem smo znali morda še pesem "Oblaki so rudeči . . .", pa nemara še katero—in konec.

Da bi vedeli kaj o notah, o tem, kaj je ritem, da bi poznali pesmi slovenskih skladateljev—vsega tega ni bilo.

Danes je glede tega precej drugače, ne v vseh šolah, pač pa v mnogih. Šolarski otroci prirejajo dandanes pevske koncerte, kjer ne pojo o jagru in ptički in se ne derejo, kakor smo se mi, marveč pojo narodne pesmi slovenske in srbohrvaške in pesmi jugoslovanskih skladateljev. Pojo jih dvoglasno, troglasno, četverglasno, pa še s solističnimi vložki. Nekateri šolarski pevski zbori imajo tudi že svoje soliste, ki zapoje ob spremljevanju klavirja umetne, pogosto zelo težke pesmi dovršeno, umetniško. Če poslušas prvič tak umetniški koncert šolarjev, se ti zdi, da gledaš in poslušas čudež.

Pevska vzgoja je na naših šolah—zlasti v večjih podeželskih krajih in mestih—zelo napredovala. Ni dvoma, da je k temu razmahu največ pripomogla večja glasbena izobraženost učiteljev, največ pobud in poguma pa je dalo delo trboveljskega mladinskega zbora, ki so mu dali ime "Trboveljski slavček".

Ta šolarski pevski zbor je poklical k življenju, ga izoblikoval, vodil od prvih triumfov do zmerom novih zmag in ga še danes vodi po zmagoslavnih koncertnih turnejah učitelj Avgust Šuligoj. Prišel je mlad iz Primorskega in dobil kmalu učiteljsko službo v Trbovljah, v našem največjem rudarskem naselju. Zbral je šolarje in šolarke v pevski zbor in jih začel učiti. Visoka dirigentova muzikalnost, globoko čustveno dožemanje pesmi kot teksta in napeva ter teoretična glasbena izobraženost—vse to je zmoglo narediti čudež. Kmalu je Šuligoj nastopil s svojim mladinskim pevskim zborom doma v Trbovljah in dosegel velik uspeh, ki je dal zboru pogum, pokazati se tudi drugje. In prišli so tudi v Ljubljano, kjer so koncertirali v največji ljubljanski dvorani. Razni komponisti so zbor priznali kot umetniško skupino—in tako je Ljubljana pričakovala s tem koncertom posebnega doživetja. Marsikdo meščanov si je najbrže na tistem govoril, da stvar le ne bo tako "fajn", in mislil pri tem pač na dejstvo, da tvorijo večino tega zbora rudarski otroci.

Dvorana je bila nabito polna. Ko so začeli stopati mali pevci in pevke na oder, je bilo tako, kakor da se zbirajo rudarski otroci na koncu rudarske kolonije, le da je bila tu disciplina. Lepo drug za drugim so prihajali na oder in se postavljali na svoja določena mesta. Čuden je bil pogled na ta zbor otrok: ta oblečen tako, drugi drugače, eden bolje, drugi slabše, tako pač, kakor da se zbirajo rudarski otroci doma v trboveljskih kolonijah. Ljubezen večine publike je bila že ob tem pogledu vsa na strani teh rudarskih otrok, ki se jim je videlo, da so doma iz doline brezposelnosti, pomanjkanja in trpljenja.

Ko pa je stopil prednje dirigent, dvignil roke in so se oglasili prvi glasovi, je gledalce spreletelo kakor mrz: to je bilo doživetje nečesa lepega in hkrati ganljivega. Ta občutek preleta poslušalca tudi pri drugem, tretjem, šestem koncertu z enako silo. Dvorana je po odpeti prvi pesmi podivjala v ploskanju in klicanju.

In tako je dosegel trboveljski mladinski pevski zbor prvo veliko zmago, s katero si je upal iti s koncerti tudi čez meje Slovenije, v Zagreb in Beograd. V počitnicah je pel v Dalmaciji, med šolskim letom pa vsako pomlad prirejal koncerte v Ljubljani in drugih krajih Slovenije.

Program tega zbora obsega že lepo vrsto umetnih in narodnih pesmi. Lahkih pesmi je med njimi malo, mnogo pa jih je izredno težkih, tako težkih, da se jih upa lotiti pri nas le malokateri od pevskih zborov odraslih! Kako ta zbor premaga težkoče modernih pesmi, je kar občudovanja vredno. Zbor z isto lahkoto poje lahke narodne kakor zavozlane umetne pesmi ju-

goslovanskih skladateljev, z istim doživljanjem prepeva slovenske narodne kakor hrvaške in srbske narodne v priredbah in kompozicijah skladateljev: Emila Adamiča, Marija Kogoja, Stan-ka Premrla, Slavka Osterca, Matija Bravničarja, Vasilija Mirka (slovenski), Mokranca, Milo-jevića, Pozajića, Tajčevića, Grgoševića (hrvatski in srbski) itd. Višek je dosegel ta zbor pač s pesmijo istrskega komponista Ivana Matetića-Ronjgova "Narekovane za ocem", zloženo po narodni istrski naricaljki. (Naricaljke se imenujejo pesmi, ki jih pojo ob mrliču in ki hvalijo pokojnikove vrline in izražajo žalost sorodnikov.) Skozi vso pesem se ponavlja vzdih "Ča-će moj!"

Čaće moj! Nemila je vaša sirota, čaće moj!

Ah, dobri moj prijatelju, čaće moj!

Kega san ja sada zgubila, čaće moj! (Itđ.)

Pesem je izredno težka, poje jo zbor in dve solistki, glasa alt in sopran. Da je ta zbor zmagal to pesem, in to tako mojstrsko, je najboljši dokaz, da imamo v tem zboru umetniško ustanovo.



Trboveljski mladinski pevski zbor z dirigentom A. Šuligojem

Solistične vložke poje po navadi šolarka Rezka Koritnikova, ki ima lep sopranski glas, ki ga ritmično in intonančno docela obvlada. Nastopila je tudi že s samospevi in dosegla lep uspeh, ki jo bo gotovo zvalil v višje pevske šole.

Zbor šteje okrog 100 pevcev in pevk, šolarjev in šolark. S tem zborom je priredil dirigent Šuligoj doslej že kakih 120 koncertnih nastopov po Jugoslaviji, priredil pa je 26 koncertov tudi že v tujini. Trboveljski pevski zbor je namreč nesel našo pesem tudi na Češko in Slovaško in na Dunaj. Povsod je triumfiral. Pel je tudi že za gramofonske plošče in v radiu.

Največ je pel zbor Adamičevih pesmi. Skladatelj Adamič je tudi komponiral zboru pesem "Mi smo pa od tam doma, kjer se solnce ne smehlja . . ." (tekst V. Klemenčiča) in ta pe-sem je s svojim tekstom in melodijo postala zborova himna, ki jo morajo vsakokrat zapeti. (Ko so trboveljski mali pevci leta 1933 spomladi priredili spet koncert v Ljubljani, jih je otroški oder delavskega društva "Svobode" povabil na svojo predstavo "Cicibana" in ena od članic otroškega odra je male tovarišice in tovariše iz Trbovelj pozdravila s Klopčičevo pesmijo "Rudarska svetilka", ki je v tej številki "Mlad. Lista" prvič objavljena.)

Trboveljski mladinski pevski zbor je pokazal tudi druge plodove: pevski pouk se je na mno-gih šolah izboljšal, ker so po vzoru trboveljskega ustanovili mladinske pevske zборе, katerih

nekateri že dosežajo prve trijumfe trboveljskih pevcev. Leta 1934 je bil organiziran v Ljubljani nastop trboveljskega in še 19 drugih mladinskih zborov iz Slovenije (Jesenice, Ljubljana, Litija, Lendava, Št. Vid nad Ljubljano, Novo mesto, Planina pri Sevnici, Zagorje, Radeče itd.). Prvi večer je imel koncert trboveljski mladinski zbor, drugi dan dopoldne pa je pelo ostalih 19 zborov, vsak po dve, tri pesmi, za uvod pa so peli vsi pevski zbori dve pesmi. Da bi videli tedaj natrpani veliki oder velike unionske dvorane in poslušali to petje! Bilo je to veliko doživetje in glasen dokaz o muzikalnosti in umetniškem čutu slovenske mladine, pa tudi dokaz o vnemi in trudu naših učiteljev.

Seveda pa je bilo v jugoslovanski glasbeni literaturi malo pesmi, ki bi jih mladinski zbori lahko peli. In tu smo doživeli drugo veliko delo teh mladinskih zborov: komponisti so začeli skladati pesmi nalašč za mladinske zборе in danes imamo pri nas te literature že zelo veliko. Eno leto je v Zagrebu celo izhajala revija "Grlica", namenjena le mladinski glasbeni vzgoji: prinašala je članke in kompozicije!

In ko so trboveljski "slavčki" peli v Pragi na mednarodnem kongresu za glasbeno vzgojo, so dobili brzojaven pozdrav celo od slovenskih mladinskih pevskih zborov iz Clevelanda in iskrene čestitke! Dirigent Šuligoj mi je že nekajkrat rekel;

"To je bil najlepši pozdrav, kar so jih trboveljski mladi rudarski pevci z mano vred pre-jeli, in največje priznanje našemu delu!"



ANNA P. KRASNA:

LISTJE V GRMOVJU

IN NAJ se leta še bolj oddaljujejo,
v pozno-jesenske dni se še vedno
šušteči listi davnih jeseni spuščajo.
Včasih žare veseli, vsi rdeči in zlati,
v mrkih dneh leže solzni po mokri trati.
Ko se poslavljaajo ptički,
jih znaša burja v grmovje —
takrat leže tiho dolgočasje na moje domovje.

Katka Zupančič:

BOLNI STRIČEK

STRIČEK čriček je bolan;
poje, poje še, a tiho in hripavo.
Vpraša ga kobilica sosed:

Soli njemu tudi — kakor nji —
sape prehladne?
In mu tudi — kakor nji —
nič več v tek ne gre?

Dali njega tudi — kakor njo —
trga, da gorje?
In ga tudi — kakor njo —
sanje mučijo strašne?

Dali njemu tudi — kakor nji —
noge drevene?
In mu tudi — kakor nji —
žile se suše?

Končno čričku že preseda:
"Glej, kobilica klepetavo!
Zdaj šele sem prav bolan —."

Slavo Štinc:

PUNČKA SPI

PETELINČEK kikerika —
"tiho!, moja punčka spi."
Muc mijavka, se dobrika —
"tiho!, moja punčka spi."
Kužek laja, bevska vika —
"tiho!, moja punčka spi."
"Kak bi spala sredi krika?"
mala Milka govori.
Ziblje punčko in ji poje
pesmi, kolikor jih zna;

veter v oknih pa ji svoje
bajke tiho šepeta.
Mati v sobo je stopila —
"tiho!, moja punčka spi."
glej, da je ne boš zbudila." —
Milka materi veli.
Mati pa se ji nasmeje
in po prstih odhiti —
čuje: Milka več ne poje,
gleda: Milka tudi spi . . .



POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI"

PRIČUJOČA številka Mladinskega Lista je zadnja v tem letu. Prihodnja bo januarska v letu 1937. Prejeli jo boste okrog prvega. Napis na platnicah, kakor običajno vsako leto, se bo spremenil v stilu. Besedilo ostane.

NEKAJ NOVEGA! Zdi se mi, da bi bilo zelo koristno in lepo ter v zgled drugim, ako bi v svojem prihodnjem dopisku pisali o predmetu: "Kako sem pridobil (pridobila) novega člana." To seveda le, če ste pridobili enega ali več novih članov. Povejte s svojimi besedami, na kakšen način ste uspeli, da ste pridobili novega člana. V opisu štejejo le dobre ideje. Zapišite jih na papir, in to takoj, da ne pozabite!

ŠE NEKAJ! Vsi dopisi in prispevki, namenjeni za priobčitev v Mladinskem Listu, morajo biti odsedaj naprej v rokah urednika najkasneje pred desetim v mesecu, da so potem priobčeni v prihodnji številki. Nekje mora biti meja. Na primer, ako hočete, da bo vaše pisemce priobčeno v januarski številki, mora biti v našem uradu najkasneje do 10. decembra. To velja za vse prispevke oziroma sotrudnike.

BOŽIČ se naglo približuje. Tik za praznikom zahvalnega dne ali Thanksgiving day. Komaj mesec pozneje. Na zahvalni dan ste morda bili deležni puranje pečenke, morda pa le košček navadne plebejske perutnine. Kajti purančki so čisto redke živalce — za delavce in njihove družine. Pa ne morda zato, ker jih niso vredni, temveč zato, ker jim primanjkuje skupnosti, da jih bi dobili.

OB ZAKLJUČKU starega in nastopu novega leta ter božiča vam vsem skupaj želim obilo veselja čez praznike in na koše sreče v novem letu!

—UREDNIK.

Anica pripoveduje

Dragi urednik!—Četudi pozno, vsem Vam bom povedala o mojih počitnicah.

Na 4. julija smo šli v Chicago. Ko smo prišli tja, me je teta Annie vprašala, kam bi rada šla. Ali bi rada šla

na sprehod ali se peljat na čoln ali ladjo? Jaz sem rekla, da bi rada šla pogledat ladje. In smo šli res. Tam smo imeli veliko zabave, ker je bilo veliko čolnov in ladij, na katerih so se ljudje vozili. Če se hočeš peljati eno uro, moraš plačati 25c. Mi smo bili tam do noči. Potem smo šli domov. Jaz sem bila v

Chicagu tri tedne in sem se dobro imela. Šli smo v Riverview, v Lincolnov park, v kopališče in v več drugih parkov, kjer se mi je zelo dopadlo. Potem smo nakupile nekaj lepih stvari za mojo sestro Mildred, za mamo in očeta. Pa sem že komaj čakala, da sem prišla domov, da sem jim podarila lepe stvari.

Sedaj skončavam to moje pismo in Vam obljubim, da ne bom več tako lena kot sem bila dosedaj. Bom še pisala v kratkem.

Pozdrav Vam in čitateljem Mladinskega Lista!

Annie Hotko, Box 277, Oglesby, Ill.

* *

Pri gorki peči je prijetno

Dragi urednik! — Že spet se nam bliža huda zima in treba bo precej premoga, da se bomo greli pri zakurjeni peči. Takrat je prijetno. Zunaj mraz, v sobi pa gorko. To je, če je kaj dati v peč. In če je kaj za pod zob.

Ko bodo te vrstice priobčene v Mladinskem Listu, bodo volitve pri kraju. V naši bližini, v vasici Middlesex, se je že zadnje poletje oglasil republikanski kandidat Landon. Kakor pravijo, se je on rodil v tisti vasici. Tam je imel svoj prvi govor kot kandidat za predsednika. Demokratski kandidat je bil Roosevelt, ki je veliko bolj priljubljen med ljudmi. Socialistični kandidat je bil Norman Thomas, ki je tudi priljubljen, toda le med zavednimi delavci.

Sedaj pa eno pesmico: Kje so moje rožice, pisane in bele, moj'ga srca ljubice, žlahtno so cvetele. A pomlad je šla od nas, vzela jih je zima, mraz.

Pozdrav vsem malim članom SNPJ!

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

* *

Milka bo še pisala

Dragi urednik! — Sedaj, po dolgem času, sem se pa spet namenila napisati par vrstic v "Naš kotiček". Moram vam povedati, da se učim igrati na havaj-

sko kitaro in znam že precej lepo zaigrati.

Jesen je tu in tudi zima. Šola je na dnevnem redu in domače naloge se večajo vsak dan. Jaz sem preskočila v šoli za pol leta ali razreda. Moja sestra Annie je pa preskočila eno leto ali en razred.

Sedaj ni nič novega, zato bom končala to moje pisemce, da ne bo vzelo preveč prostora, pa drugič kaj več. Omeniti moram, da se bliža božič, čas Miklavža in daril, da bi jih le bilo dosti.

Pozdrav Vam in vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Mildred Hotko,
Box 277, Oglesby, Ill.

* *

Annie spet piše

Dragi urednik! — Zopet se oglašam v M. L. Res nisem že dolgo nič napisala, pa le zato, ker sem vedno čakala, da se bodo tiste deklice in dečki kaj bolj pogostoma oglašali v M. L., kateri so lani dobili nagrado za "najboljše dopise". Zato sem pa vedno odlašala. Mislila sem, da za moje pismo ne bo prostora v M. L. Pa zdaj vidim, da se niso trudili za M. L., ampak le za nagrade, ki so jih dobili. Bo treba, da bo spet razpisana še kakšna nagrada, pa bo imel urednik dosti dela.

Prihodnji mesec bom še kaj napisala, če ne bo ta moj dopis poslan v koš.

Uganka: Kako daleč leti zajec v gozd?

Pozdrav vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Annie Grobin,
Box 17, Broughton, Pa.

* *

Vesele praznike!

Dragi urednik! — Za moj tako lepo urejeni dopis v zadnji številki Mladinskega Lista se Vam moram prav lepo zahvaliti. Z velikim veseljem sem listal po M. L. Prejel sem ga že na 27. oktobra. To me je zelo, zelo razveselilo!

Jesen nam prinaša veliko veselja. In sedaj so na vrsti prazniki. Najprej smo

imeli Thanksgiving day, kar je pomenilo počitek za naše očete, za nas vse skupaj pa dobro kosilo. To je lepo, če je kaj na mizo dati na zahvalni dan, pa se vsa družina veseli pri "dinerju", potem se pa veselo pogovarja o tem in onem. Končno pa zapoje harmonika, tako da je vse veselo v naši hiši.

Upam, da bo obilo veselja tudi čez božične praznike in novo leto, ki bo kmalu tukaj. Vesele praznike vsem skupaj, mladim in starim!

Joe Rott, Cleveland, O.

* *

Lojzek je dobil pohvalo

Cenjeni urednik! — Zelo sem bil vesel, ko sem v Mladinskem Listu zagledal moj dopisek. Tudi predsednica našega društva št. 322 SNPJ, Mrs. Zobitz, me je pohvalila in nagrado obljubila, če bom pridno v Mladinski List dopisoval.

V septembru nas je obiskala teta Mrs. Frances Kurs s svojo triletno hčerko Mary iz Milwaukee, Wis. To je bilo res veselo svidenje.

Tu v Minnesoti imamo že precej mraza in snega. Spet se vsi otroci veselimo, da se bomo šli drsat in sankat. Vseeno je zima v teh krajih predolga.

Zadnjič sem obljubil, da bom poslal kratko pesmico. Tu je:

Peljubo veselje, oj kje si doma?
Povej, kje stanuješ, ljubček srca!
Po hribih, dolinah za tabo hitim,
te videti hočem, objeti želim.

— — — — —
Pa slednjič veselje šele zasledim,
na ravno ledinco pridirjam za njim.
Glej, tamkaj z otroci se prijazno igra,
jim kratek čas dela, pri njih je doma.

Pozdrav vsem čitateljem in Vam!

Louis Novak,

801 W. 4th ave., Chisholm, Minn.



Courtesy of Chicago Art Institute

ŠOLSKI ZVONEC

TINKA, tonka, tinka,
naša Nasta kinka,
glavico podpre,
sanjati začne.

Krilca si natakne,
klopico odmakne,
s šole odleti
s perutničkami.

Njene punčke zale
so doma ostale,
tja se ji mudi
mali Nastici.

Pa že zvonček cinka,
tinka, tonka, tinka.
Nastico zbudi,
kinkat ne pusti.



JUVENILE



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Christmas—1936

By MARY JUGG

SAMMY:

*Oh, mother dear, a ball and bat for Jimmie I must buy,
For I've been told he's giving me the newest belt and tie.*

MOLLY:

*And for Irene, my pal at school, a fountain pen I'll get;
She's told so many schoolmates she'll give me a dresser set.*

MRS. RUSH:

*I bought Clarice some handkerchiefs but I must give her more;
She's giving me a waffle iron; I found out from the store.*

CLARICE:

*Now should I give this waffle iron to thankless Mrs. Rush?
Last Christmas, I remember, she gave me a comb and brush.*

MR. SCOTT:

*Attention, folks! The next three weeks you're working day and night;
It's Christmas rush, and Scott and Sons make sure to do it right!*

A VERY FEW:

*Oh, dear, this maddening run-around—let's put a stop to it!
This pretense of free-giving for sane people is unfit!*

ECHO:

*Have you no Christmas spirit? Don't you observe this day?
You must be 'teched' or queer or dumb, or this you would not say!*

ONE OR TWO:

*Well, it's some game, we will agree, and given time and money,
You may come out ahead. Maybe it isn't all so funny! (?)*

Shrieks in The Night

Frank Fatur

(Conclusion.)

AS he walked on he came to an old wooden tenement house. There were no lights inside, nor were there any curtains on the windows—it looked deserted. Stealthily he made for the front door, but it was locked. Then he walked around to find another entrance. The back door was locked too. Finally he espied a broken window. "There's where I'm going to crawl in," he whispered to himself. He started to climb, but before he was half way in, a powerful hand grabbed him and pulled him back.

"Where you think you're going?" demanded the man.

"No-no place," stuttered Jackie, frightened to dead.

"Is that what you call no place? Why, you slick little crook!"

"Honest, Mister! I—I just wanted to see what the place looks like on the inside. I wasn't trying to steal anything."

"Now listen, son . . . ! Don't try any of that stuff on me.—Alright, I'll let you go this time. But don't let me catch you around this building again."

"Yessir!" mumbled Jackie, surprised to be let loose so easy, and beat it half running—not even daring to look back.

Never again will he go breaking into any buildings, he was determined. They may be allowed to do it in the movies, but not he . . .

He felt very tired now and a five-mile walk awaited him yet. It would be an hour before he would get home.

He took a short cut through the slums and factory section.

Here and there stood a tall factory building over the slums as if guarding them. Now and then the clanging of gears was heard, or pounding of the punch press, which shook the very side-

walk. Jackie didn't expect anything to happen in this part of the city. Everything seemed so peaceful . . . almost dead. Even the people that walked these streets looked half dead — either because they were born such or because they had spent their energy on years of labor and toil.

Jackie had scarcely walked more than a mile. He wasn't sure that he heard a woman shriek. But he listened more attentively this time. Sure enough: the shriek came again, and another, and some more. Jackie's heart increased its pulse. "At last," he thought, "I hear shrieks in the night that are real." Suddenly he found himself standing motionless. He didn't know whether he should run there or remain. He was afraid for a moment.

Then it flashed on his mind: didn't he spend two evenings in search of just something like that? It would be cowardly to give it up now. And besides he wasn't supposed to be scared. So Jackie decided to run towards the shrieking voice no matter what happens.

It was passed eleven o'clock and it was pitch dark. Mean clouds gathered in the skies as if a storm were about to come. Jackie stopped a distance away from the shack, just to be cautious. A small crowd of people stood around in front of it. Men attired in strange gowns were chasing the crowd away. Jackie went closer. A moan of a woman was heard from the house. On the porch two disguised night riders held another man, obviously the husband of the moaning woman.

By now all the people were chased away, except Jackie. And that probably because he stood at the side of a fence and no one saw him. He wandered what were these men waiting for.

If they were robbers or gangsters, why don't they beat it? Then a man, also disguised, came out of the house and said to his companions:

"We haven't found anything yet." To which one of the two outside men answered: "We've got enough goods on this baby anyway. He's a big trouble maker, ain't he?"

Jackie was both, thrilled and horror stricken. But also curious. He wanted to get an idea of what was going on.

He tiptoed closer. Now he could make out the face of the man held by the two night-riders. His face reflected against the faint light from the shack. It was bleeding, Jackie was certain.

The woman was still moaning inside the house, and a small child was crying his lungs out. "Why doesn't somebody call the police? Where are the police?" Jackie was whispering to himself. "I'll go call them myself."

About half dozen men came out of the house. The leader said: "We can't find anything!" Then he turned to the prisoner, slapped him in the face and growled: "Don't think, you rat, we ain't got enough goods on you. You're a union organizer and a trouble maker—we'll teach you a good lesson."

Jackie wanted to run for the police. He had heard enough. But it was too late. Two sedans pulled closer in front of the house. And if he tried to climb the fence he'd attract their attention. Now he was stuck. Perhaps for his own good, too. For just as he scarcely thought of the idea, he heard the leader giving further orders.

"Number twenty-five, twenty-seven and thirty," the leader commanded. "Go and get Gaser. Bring him to the field A. His description and address are here on this piece of paper." He handed the paper to one of them. To the prisoner he said:

"We're taking you for a 'little ride,' see, and we're not bringing you back."

Having heard his father's name mentioned, Jackie wanted to shriek, but he didn't dare.

The situation was a grave one now and Jackie quickly sought a way out of there. At the risk of causing any sound he sneaked through a small passage between the fence and the house. Even before the night-riders departed he was running down the street. He didn't know, however, how he should get home before the night-riders get there. He knew he couldn't make it afoot. Street cars weren't very encouraging, either. Besides Jackie hadn't any money. But if only the street cars traveled faster; the money part didn't worry Jackie.

He decided that the only thing to do was to take the first street car. He would hang on the back end of it. He ran full force toward the carline. But before he got there a street car sped by. "Now another car wasn't coming for at least fifteen minutes," Jackie thought. By then his father would be in the hands of the night-riders. Sweat poured down his face. The only and the sanest thing to do now was to call the police.

For the phone Jackie had a slug. He called: "Police station! Police station! Police station, please!" All this had happened in about two minutes time, from the time he sneaked away; though to him it seemed like hours passed.

The police station answered: "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Help quick! My father's in trouble," exclaimed Jackie impatiently.

"Alright, son; we'll take care of it," boomed the voice. "But what's the trouble and where?"

Before the officer was through with his question, Jackie rushed in his reply:

"Some masqueraded men are on their way to get him. The address is 331 East 90th street. Gaser is the name."

"Wait a minute, son! Did you say masqueraded men?"

"Yessir."

"You must be dreaming, son." The phone receiver clicked.

Now Jackie didn't know what to do. The fate was hopelessly against him. It was possible to get home before the night riders get there but improbable, he figured. But even if he were to get home too late, he wanted to get there the soonest possible.

From the corner he could see for blocks and blocks, but no street car in sight. Seconds seemed like weeks.

Then it came like a blessing.

The traffic light turned red and a car stopped. Jackie looked. It was a taxi. He decided to hire it. If the driver would ask for money first Jackie would plead with him, explain the situation. The driver refused at first, but as soon

as Jackie mentioned the night riders and that his father was a union organizer, the taxi driver said excitedly:

"Holy smokes, kid! Jump in quick and tell me the place. We're off!"

When Jackie told him the place and that the night riders were already on their way, the driver stepped on the gas so that the gears crashed, and sped away. They got on Ninetieth street before the night riders did. The driver took the crank out of his car and they went into the house. Then the whole family came out and they sped away in the taxi.

* * *

Next day it was learned through a small notice in the papers that "A body of a man was found in the woods east of this city. He was beaten to death by some unknown persons."

West African Crocodile More Active than 'Gator

SOME of the huge Nile crocodiles are capable of dragging a man or a large mammal through the underwater passages to their dens. They swallow a body, bones and all, and digest it at leisure, relates a writer.

The West African crocodile is more active and dangerous than his American cousin, the alligator. His snout is usually more pointed and his teeth are set differently. He is perhaps the nearest remaining relative of the great and fearsome dinosaur.

The ancient Egyptians worshiped crocodiles of the Nile. They seemed to venerate them as symbols of fertility because they appeared in large numbers when the Nile flooded its rich alluvial deposits over the fields.

Several species of the crocodile are found in India, the Malay region and Australia. A clue to their wide distribution can be had from a story told by a zoo director while he was collecting in the East Indies.

It seems the natives of an island of the Fiji group were terrified by a huge monster which had come ashore there from the sea. They found his great tracks in the marshes, heard his strange roar at night, and finally got a glimpse of the creature. Soon the whole island was in an uproar.

White hunters were dispatched to the scene and shot a crocodile almost 30 feet long. His nearest natural home was the Solomon islands. Wind, wave and tide had washed this giant through 1,000 miles or more of ocean.

A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

I had almost decided to skip this month's letter, because you will probably be too excited to want to read *anything*. Of course, I know what the excitement is all about—Christmas! And I know why you're excited about it, too! Because you're thinking only about all the presents you will get and how many there will be that just wishing for them didn't get. I hope you will understand that you got just as many as your parents felt they could afford to spend for you.

It is rather grand for you, isn't it? For one day out of the year you're actually going to be surprised (unless you've been too nosey and found where something was hidden before) and, not only that—but your parents actually think they are really bound to get something for you!

It'll be lots of fun for you and your classmates, but did you ever think about your mother? For a couple of weeks before Christmas she'll be frowning and fussing and wondering just what she can buy for all her sisters and nieces and friends. Then she'll be careful to see that she won't spend a cent more than she feels she can afford. After that, she'll wonder just what they're getting for her and the family and whether they're going to spend more or less than what she has spent. If they'll spend more, she will be ever so sorry that she didn't give a dollar or fifty cents more than she did. If, on the other hand, she spent more than they, she will be sorry she even gave them as much as she did! So it's a game all around, and it's only a matter of who is the best guesser.

Then after Christmas, she will feel all run down because she has spent so much of her energy shopping and

wrapping gifts and preparing the Christmas dinner and trying to keep you from discovering what she had bought for you. While you'll be having a grand time with your toys, your mother will think she needs a good rest to get over it all! Christmas comes on Friday this year so she'll probably take Saturday and Sunday off.

But there are some people who won't be sorry there was a Christmas. That is all of the people who are engaged in some kind of business. All the business places, all the stores will expect to make money from Christmas, and everything will be rushed as much as possible to make sure that it gets finished on time.

You will notice that to these people, Christmas has come to mean nothing else than a time for more business. It seems to be getting more and more so every year. As long as you do not take Christmas seriously, it serves merely as another holiday in which you expect to have some fun. But more than that, it becomes a waste of time and energy.

I thought you might be interested to hear something of why we celebrate Christmas day. No, don't get alarmed. I won't be telling you the same things you've been hearing again and again about "what you should think about" on Christmas day, and let that go in one ear and out the other. I think I will tell you something that you haven't heard of before unless it was from your mother or father or some one who really cared about telling you the truth.

When we observe Christmas, we are copying one of the oldest celebrations in our history. And it doesn't have anything to do with the birth of Christ as you've been led to believe! The peo-

ple who decided to celebrate Christmas because that was supposed to be the birth of Christ didn't decide to do this until the *fifth* century! For a long time they didn't know which day to take: whether the 20th of May or the 19th or 20th of April or the 5th of January. Then, after a long time, it was decided in Rome to make it the 25th of December.

Hundreds and hundreds of years before anyone decided that the 25th of December should be the birthday of Christ, they were celebrating this day in *India*. Listen to this: during this week we have the beginning of winter, and the sun has a very short journey from the east to the west (as we see it). Years and years ago, the people noticed this change in seasons, and so they celebrated it. See if this sounds familiar: the people of *India* celebrated this time of the year by hanging wreaths and garlands of all kinds about the house and by giving presents to one another. Did you look at your room decorations in school and notice the garlands in it? And didn't you decide to draw names so that you would exchange gifts? Notice how much this is like the ancient custom of the people of *India*?

Also centuries ago in *China*, they started to celebrate the last week in December. They closed all their shops and their courts. Then you have, no doubt, heard about the god that they worshiped—Buddha. He was said to have been born on the 25th of December. And so the Chinese, like the people of *India*, set aside this particular season for celebration.

Now the *Persians* also had their own god (as which of the people didn't?) whom they called Mithras. They said that he, too, was born on the 25th of December, so they observed his birthday on that date.

Over in *Egypt* hundreds of years before Christ was supposed to have been born they had a number of gods. One

of them was named Horus. The Egyptians said that he was the great God-loved of Heaven, and that he was born on December 25.

You know from your books that the Greeks had a whole flock of gods that they built stories around. Some of them are very amusing, and all of them are more or less interesting if you do not take them seriously. You have heard of "Hercules." Well, the ancient Greek believed that his god was born in the "winter solstice," in other words, around December 25.

Another Greek god was Bacchus, and the people of Greece believed that he was born upon a mountain on the 25th of December. Another god, *Adonis*, was also said to have been born on the same date.

Even in ancient *Rome* many centuries before Christ was supposed to have been born they held festivals on the 25th of December. On this day there were public games, all public business was suspended, and if there were any wars declared or any kind of business, it was all postponed on this day, and people gave presents to one another. Even the slaves were given special liberties on this day. Shepherds would come into Rome and play on the pipes.

In the same way, the ancient *Germans* for centuries celebrated this period of the winter by what they called their Yule-feast. They used to come together for pleasant times, call upon the gods, make sacrifices to them, and ask them about their future. (Of course, you can imagine how many answers they got!) This was where the practice of burning the Yule-log began, and it is still with us. I suppose you know that the old name for Christmas is Yule. In French it is Noel.

The *Scandinavians* held their biggest celebration at Christmas-time. It was also celebrated for their god, who was supposed to have been born at that time. They had evening parties,

feasting, and all kinds of merriment at that season. The guests at these parties were always given presents such as horses, swords, battle-axes, and gold-rings.

In *Great Britain and Ireland* there was also celebration at this time. I hope you understand that all this was before anybody knew anything about a certain man who was supposed to be the present god of the people who follow his belief, Christ. In the northern countries they had evergreens and mistletoe, and Christmas trees, and garlands. This practice was handed down year after year by these people. And we still follow it today!

So you see that when the Christians came to fix a date for the birth of their god, they, after much discussion, decided to make it December 25th, also. They just adopted this day. They thought that since so many people had had these customs for so many years

they might as well use them and say it was the birthday of their god.

And so I hope that when you are told about all the reasons that you are supposed to remember as to why we have Christmas, you will remember most of all that it is only a "hand-me-down" from people of all nations from all ages. If you look at it in this light, you will find some joy in the presents you get. You can remember that years and years and years ago the Scandinavians and the Romans and the people of India exchanged gifts among themselves because it was their season of the year for merry-making and because they supposed that all of their gods were born on that date. But if you take it too seriously, you will miss a lot of fun.

I will close now and continue my last discussion from where I left off at some future time.



Try These Riddles

WHY does tying a slow horse to a post improve his gait?—It makes him fast.

What do we catch very often, yet never see it?—A passing remark.

What is the best way to make a coat last?—Make the vest and trousers first.

Why are ballrooms in the air like vagrants?—Because they have no visible means of support.

Why is a vain young lady like a drunkard?—Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

What is it that belongs to you entirely, and yet is used more by your friends than yourself?—Your name.

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark?—On its head.

What is the difference between a millionaire and a prize-fighter?—One makes money hand over fist while the other makes his fist hand over money.

Why is a boot so much like a shoe?—Because they are both worn on the foot.

What is it that runs, yet never moves?—A clock.

Why The Sea Is Salt

(From the Norwegian)

ONCE upon a time, many, many years ago, there lived two brothers, one of whom was very rich and the other very poor. When Christmas evening came, the poor man had nothing in his house for Christmas dinner, and so he went to his brother and asked him for some food.

The rich man was greatly displeased, as it was not the first time that he had been asked to give his brother food. But Christmas is a time when even selfish people give gifts. So he gave his brother a fine ham, but told him never to let him see his face again.

The poor man thanked his brother for the ham and started for home. On his way home he had to pass through a great forest, and when he reached the thickest part of the forest he suddenly came to a place where there was a bright light. Near this bright light he saw an old man with a white beard chopping logs to make firewood.

"Good evening," said the poor man to the old man.

"Good evening to you. Where are you going at this late hour?" said the old man.

"I am taking this ham for my Christmas dinner," answered he.

"It is lucky for you," returned the old man, "that you met me. If you will take that ham into the land of the dwarfs, you can make a good bargain with it. The entrance to the land of the dwarfs lies just under the roots of this tree. The dwarfs are very fond of ham and they seldom get any, but you must not sell the ham for money; instead, get the magic mill which stands behind the door, and when you come out again, I will teach you how to use it."

The poor man thanked his new friend, who then showed him the door under

a stone below the roots of a tree. By this door the poor man entered the land of the dwarfs, and when he got in, all the little people swarmed around him like ants in an anthill, and each one of them tried to buy the ham.

"I ought to keep it for my Christmas dinner," said the poor man, "but I will sell it to you if you will give me the magic mill which stands there behind the door."

At first they would not agree to this. They offered him gold and silver, but he refused all such offers. Finally, some of the dwarfs said, "Let him have the old mill. He does not know how to use it. Let him have it, and we will take the ham."

At last the bargain was made. The poor man took the magic mill, which was a little thing, not half so large as the ham, and then returned to his old friend the wood-chopper, who showed him how to start it and also how to stop it. The poor man then thanked the old man again and started off with all speed for home. But all this had taken a great deal of time.

"Where have you been?" said the poor man's wife. "I have been waiting, waiting, waiting, and we have neither wood for the fire nor food for our Christmas dinner."

The house was cold and dark, but the poor man told his wife to wait and see what would happen. He then placed the little magic mill on the table and told it to grind light and heat. As soon as the mill started, the room became brilliantly lighted by candles, and a bright and cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth. He then told the mill to grind a tablecloth, dishes, spoons, knives, and forks. He next told it to grind meat, and everything else that was good for a Christmas Eve supper;

and the mill ground all that he ordered.

He was astonished at his good luck, as you may believe; and his wife was almost beside herself with joy. His wife wanted to know where he got the mill, but he would not tell her that. They had a splendid supper and a very merry Christmas.

On the third day, the poor man invited all his friends to come to a feast. What a feast it was! The table was covered with a cloth as white as snow, and the dishes were all silver or gold.

"There is somethnig very strange in all this," said every one.

"Something very strange indeed," said the rich brother. "On Christmas evening you were so poor that you came to my house and begged for food, and now you give a feast as if you were a king! Where did you get all these things?"

The poor brother then brought out the magic mill and made it grind first one thing and then another. The magic mill ground out boots and shoes, coats and cloaks, stockings, gowns, and blankets, and the poor man's wife gave all of these things to the poor people.

The rich brother wanted to borrow the mill, intending, for he was not an honest man, never to return it. But his brother would not lend it, for the old man with the white beard had told him never to sell it or lend it to any one.

Years passed by, and at last the owner of the mill built himself a grand castle on a rock near the sea. He covered this castle with plates of gold. The castle windows and the golden plates, reflecting the golden sunset, could be seen far out from the shore. This wonderful castle soon became a noted landmark for sailors.

After some time, there came a great merchant, who wished to see the magic mill. He asked whether it would grind salt; and, being told that it would, he

wanted to buy it; for he traded in salt, and thought that if he owned the mill, he could supply all his customers without having to take long and dangerous voyages.

The man would not sell it, of course. He was so rich now that he did not want to use it for himself; but every Christmas he ground out food and clothes and coal for the poor, and nice presents for the little children; so he rejected all the offers of the rich merchant.

The merchant, however, made up his mind to steal the mill. He bribed one of the man's servants to let him into the castle at night, and he stole the magic mill and sailed away with it in triumph.

When he had gone a little way out to sea, he took the mill out on the deck and decided to set it to work.

"Now, mill, grind salt," said he; "grind salt with all your might!—salt, salt, nothing, but salt!" So the mill began to grind salt and the sailors began to fill the sacks with it; but all of the sacks were soon full, and in spite of all that could be done, the salt began to fill the ship.

When the ship was filled the dishonest merchant was very much frightened, and wanted to stop the mill. But the mill would not stop grinding. The merchant knew how to start the mill, but he did not know how to stop it; no matter which way he turned it, it went on grinding and grinding. The heap of salt grew higher and higher, until at last the ship went down, making a great whirlpool where it sank.

The ship soon went to pieces, but the mill stands on the bottom of the sea, and day after day, year after year, it grinds "salt, salt, nothing but salt!" And this is the reason, say the peasants of Denmark and Norway, why the sea is salt.



TALKING IT OVER

THIS is the last 1936 issue of the MLADINSKI LIST. The next issue, January 1937, will make its appearance at the usual time, around the first of the month, a day or two before or after January 1, 1937. The cover design will be changed, as that has been our custom in recent years.

AND NOW—something new: a proposition. I think that it would be a very good idea if you would write your next letter on the subject, "How I won a new member, provided, of course, you did win one or more new members. Tell in your own words what you said and did in order to secure a new member. Good ideas count. Put them down in writing, and do so at once before you forget them.

ANOTHER THING: All material desired for publication in the Mladinski List must henceforth reach the Editor by the Tenth of the month, in order to get into the next issue. There must be a deadline. For example, if you desire a letter to be published in the January number, it must reach our office on or before December tenth. This applies to all contributors.

CHRISTMAS is fast approaching, right on the heels of Thanksgiving day, only a month later. You have had three-day vacation and, perhaps, even a turkey dinner, or was it some other common, plebeian fowl? Turkeys very often are quite elusive creatures—for workers and their families. Not because they don't deserve them, but rather because they don't exert enough united effort to get them.

MAY I take this opportunity to extend to all of you the wish that the Yuletide season will be a merry one and that the coming year will be a happy one.

—THE EDITOR.

Louis' Hobbies

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I have enjoyed every copy, so I decided to do my part by writing.

I am 12 years old, and in the 7-A grade at the Junior high school.

I have attended several gatherings of the Minnesota Federation of the SNPJ Lodges, where I sang and played the guitar. On Sep-

tember 27, I went to Chisholm, Minnesota, where I was given \$2 for playing at a previous meeting at Eveleth, Minnesota.

My hobbies are hunting and fishing and playing the guitar. I will tell you about one of my experiences while hunting.

I went out to hunt rabbits with my dad. As we were hunting, I noticed something moving in the underbrush, so I raised my gun and shot. I knew I had hit the object so I ran to

that spot and jumped at my victim, only to find that, instead of a rabbit, I had shot a polecat or, as some call it, a skunk.

I was not allowed to come into the house until I had changed my clothing and made sure I carried no more of that disagreeable S. O. (skunk odor). And now, I look before I shoot and leap.

Hoping the rest of you juveniles have better luck than I had.

Best regards to all.

Louis ("Swede") Mavetz,
141 N. Central avenue, Ely, Minn.

* *

At Cleveland Expo

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. Our lodge number is 264. We went to the Great Lakes Exposition one Saturday, on children's day. We saw Admiral Byrd's ship and some others. We saw how the Zeppelins landed and the airplanes, too. We watched the Belgumins dance and after it was over we walked around for a half hour, then they started to dance again. After that we listened to the W.P.A. band.

We were getting hungry and we sat down at a table and they gave us a hot dog sandwich, each about a foot long or more. We saw a monkey and an organ-grinder. He was telling the monkey to dance, and everytime he told him to dance, the monkey would start to squeak, because he didn't like to dance.

We went on and on till we came to the lake again. We have seen two girl artists. Anybody who wanted to get his or her picture drawn, they would draw it for him.

There was a man and he had a big stick and it had fire on it, which he stuck in his mouth.

Then we went to see the Indian villages and saw the Indian squaws and Indian chief. We saw the Chinese and Negroes. Everyplace we went we met Negroes. We went to a place where there were some animals. In the morning these animals didn't move, but in the afternoon they did. We saw little men about three and a half feet tall, some a foot or a half tall. You could carry them, so little they were. Other pupils from our school were also at the Great Lakes Exposition on children's day.

I was glad to see my letter in the M. L. I will write more next time.

Best regards to all. Mary Culkar,
R.F.D. 1, Box 123, Brunswick, O.

"We Went and We Saw"

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. School is here and I go to school every day. Our lodge number is 264, SNPJ. We live on a farm and attend the North Royalton school.

We went to the Exposition in Cleveland and saw many interesting things. We saw some Indians, funny faces, funny animals, and we saw and heard the W.P.A. band. Then we saw the ships on the water. We went into a building and we saw a picture show about a Firestone Tire and one about scarecrows. Then we had a lunch and saw some Balgumines dance. We watched them for a while, then we got up and went into a building. We saw airplanes, little boats, and there were some colored lights which went off and on.

Then we went through the Florida building where we saw some lemon trees, oranges, birds—one was real pretty and had bright colors, and one was a tanish color; he was sleeping on a little branch. He was a pretty bird. Everyone had a piece of orange in his cage.

Then we watched the Balgumines dance again. The W.P.A. band started again. We went up a little farther and saw another band.

I'm glad my first letter was printed in the Mladinski List, and I hope this one will be also.

Best regards to all readers.

Rose Culkar,
R.F.D. 1, Box 123, Brunswick, Ohio.

* *

Selling for Prizes

Dear Editor and Readers:—Since I have last written to the M. L., I have received many letters from girls who saw it and then wrote to me.

Pauline Krino wrote to me. She said she had never written to the M. L., but I hope she does sometime.

Geraldine Nash wrote to me, too, and my cousin, whom I have never written to nor seen.

You remember what I said in my last letter, that I like to sell things and get prizes. You can do that, too!

Mr. John Matekovich, working for the Gowanda Mail Order House, 145 Miller st., Gowanda, New York, saw my letter in the M. L. and sent me a punch card to sell. Mr. Matekovich often writes articles in the Prosveta. The premium I got for selling this

card was a beautiful pen and pencil set. I sold another card and got a pair of shoes. They had arch supports and they look pretty.

Both boys and girls can sell these punch cards. I'm sure they would get very good premiums.

I hope many boys and girls who haven't written to the M. L. will write sometime.

Jennie Fercik,

National, Utah. (Lodge 422, SNPJ.)

* *

"Nice School"

Dear Editor and Readers:—This will be my second letter in the M. L., that is, if it is published. I hope it is. I enjoy writing to and reading the M. L.

School is "very nice" this year. My best subjects are history and geography. My home-room teacher is Miss Graham. I have six teachers who are very good.

What's wrong with Bertha Botts from Minn., and Violet Kenda from Mont.? Wake up and write. Will someone please write to me? I will gladly answer. Florence Bregant, Box 164, Main street, Universal, Pa.

* *

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I'm sorry I didn't write sooner. I will try to write more often.—I went to Cleveland and Detroit for my vacation last summer. I had a very nice time. I saw many nice things. In Detroit I saw how autos are made. I went swimming, and to the movies. I think it is very nice in Cleveland and Detroit. I am 10 years and am in the 5th grade. I have 8 teachers. My best subjects are history, arithmetic and spelling.—I would like to have some pen pals, I will answer all letters.

John Chavka, 508 Ohio ave., Midland, Pa.

* *

"A Young Cub Bear"

Dear Editor:—I will tell you a little story about a "young cub bear" and his mother, how she was shot and how he grew, ate honey and killed the bees and in the end was caught and put in a zoo.

Once there was a young cub bear. He lived with his mother by the side of a mountain. He and his mother went down to the valley below the hill every day. They ate ants and fish all they could get. Then one day a hunter came and shot the mother bear, the young cub got scared and ran away. It was not an easy life from then on for the young cub as he had to look for his food. So he learned more and more every day. But he was also growing older and older and soon became the big-

gest bear in his vicinity. He was black and eight feet tall.

One day he climbed a tree when he wasn't full grown. There was some sweet honey in the tree. As he got up in the tree he had to fight the bees. As he came down he had many bees on his head and all over his body. So he rolled on the ground till he killed all the bees. Then he went back up the tree and ate the honey. Then he grew old and the hunters caught him and put him in a zoo.

John Bergant, R. R. 1, Willard, Wis.

* *

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. My brother is seven years old and in the second grade. I like to read stories in school; I stay in every recess to read stories. Every Friday we have art, and at noon our teacher reads us stories. We have lots of fun in school, and we are going to have a play in our school. Last Christmas Santa Claus was good to me and my brother. Maybe Santa will bring us something nice this year also. That is all I have to say.

Eugene Mantanari, Box 36, Rillton, Pa.

* *

The Big SNPJ Event

Dear Editor and Readers:—This is the day after the big event that I am writing this to let you know of the wonderful event we had here on Oct. 25, celebrating the 30th Anniversary of the SNPJ Lodge 47 by both young and old, at the Slovene Dom, 11th and Kansas.

The hall was decorated in red, white and blue and a large American flag was being hung up beside the picture of Abraham Lincoln. The program: Speeches were made by John Gorsek Sr.; Martin Bonach, Pres.; Frank Čemažer, Sec'y; four of the oldest members of the local SNPJ Lodge spoke; Bro. Leo Zevnik, of La Salle; and the honor guest Bro. Phillip Godina, of Chicago, who made an excellent, long speech. Mr. Frank Kremelj and Antonia Church rendered several Slovene songs and had to give an encore. John Gorsek Jr. and his accordion class gave several selections, Frances Gorsek gave a solo, and Edna Gorsek sang an old favorite, "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie."

The Juveniles were also called to go on the stage and about 17 went up. Edna Gorsek represented the younger ones by saying a poem, "Boys and Girls, Come to Play." I represented the older ones by saying a poem, also, "What's the Good News of the Day." A one-act play in Slovene was given. Mary Gorsek, Antonia Church, Louis Aidich and Tony Perr took part in it. A moving picture

was shown of the picnics of different SNPJ events. It was all very interesting.

A large crowd came in spite of the unfavorable weather conditions. From La Salle (about 125 miles from here) about 40 members came down to help celebrate the SNPJ jubilee. In representing the Juvenile members, I wish to thank you ever so much for coming up and we hope you enjoyed yourselves. Music for dancing was furnished by John Gorsek's orchestra.

I wish to thank all my pen pals for writing me. Rose Klun, Lowber, Pa.; Jennie Mestnick, Ely, Minn.; Ann Niksich, Thornton, Ill.; Marrien Kroll, Export, Pa.; Martha Yuris, McKinley, Minn. I wish to keep on writing to them and I wish they would to me. Also others if you wish to.

Come on, Springfield, wake up and write! Show them that Springfield is a city worth living in. The headline will be "Write, Springfield, Write!"

Mary J. Ocepek (14),

1500 S. 15th st., Springfield, Ill.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—My last letter was published and I will write again. Carolyn Strell and Mary Tursich had better wake up and write to this wonderful magazine. How about it? On October 23 our High school held a Halloween party for the Freshies and Sophomores. They danced to the peppy pieces of the school orchestra. The Comets, Lodge 715, SNPJ, held a dance on Saturday, Oct. 31, Eddie Manganelli's orchestra played for dancing. The dance was a big success.

Christmas is here and we all expect to get many nice presents. A Merry Xmas to all.

Julia Bregant, 51 Main st., Universal, Pa.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—I'll continue writing to this magazine even though I don't write much. SNPJ Lodge "Comets" held its annual Halloween dance which was very successful. The hall was decorated with owls, skeletons, pumpkins, witches, etc. The majority of the people were dressed in their Halloween costumes. Novelties such as paper hats and other small items were given out. Prizes were awarded to those who had the most beautiful costumes on and the funniest. I received Helen Vidmar's letter from Pierce, W. Va., and will answer soon. I hope many more would write. I wish Helen would write a letter to the M. L. Why don't some of the boys and girls of Universal write? There are plenty of them that are juvenile members of the SNPJ.

Tillie Puskarich, Universal, Pa.

"Back on My Feet"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

It was Friday evening, October 2, about six thirty, that an ambulance rushed me to Mercy hospital to be operated on. I had to have my appendix taken out, a ruptured appendix at that. At about eight o'clock that same evening I was taken to the operating room and was put under ether, the doctor did the rest.

I am thankful that I pulled through to be able to write this letter to the Editor and you readers.

I became better as the days rolled by and after seventeen days in the hospital or rather on October 19 I was on my way home.

I don't know when I'll be going back to school. I've been absent ever since October first and I don't think I'll be going back until or about the sixteenth of November. You readers may think I'm crazy when I say I hope I can go to school before the sixteenth of November. Well, I never knew I liked school so much as I did these days that I've been away from it.

I can hardly ever write a letter to this swell magazine without mentioning something about baseball. Well, I never thought that I would ever see a Big League game until I was seated right behind first base at League Park in Cleveland to see the last game of the season, between the Cleveland Indians and the Detroit Tigers. That young 17 year old Bob Feller pitched for Cleveland and "School Boy" Rowe pitched for Detroit. I never thought I'd see my favorite player Bill Knickerbocker until that day. Cleveland won the game 9-1, although the game ended in the sixth inning on account of rain.

I'm looking forward seeing another Big League game, if not more, next season.

Merry Christmas and best regards.

Bill Faustko,

601 Brown ave. N. W., Canton, Ohio.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 13 years of age and in the 7th grade. We have organized a club about a year ago, the "Red Falcons". We just elected new officers; I was elected treasurer. We have lot of fun. We have our meetings every Wednesday at 4. Our club went to the Brookfield Zoo in Chicago last summer. We saw all kinds of animals and other strange things.—I have four brothers (two are married) and one sister. We all belong to the SNPJ. I will try to write every month.

Elvera Mihevc,

624 Helmholtz ave., Waukegan, Ill.

Dear Editor and Readers:—I'm back again and I ought to have quite a lot to tell you about after the long vacation I took. The SNPJ Annual Picnic was held at the Cedar Point Outing Club, at Eveleth Lake, Sunday, July 26. Vincent Cainkar, SNPJ President, was the principal speaker; John Kobi of Duluth also spoke. The Shepel Sisters of Ely; "Peppy" Louie, accordionist; the Tin Can Symphony of Eveleth played a few numbers; Ana Bezljaj, and others. After the program my mother introduced me to Mr. Vincent Cainkar, whom I was very glad to meet. In Virginia, 5 miles from Eveleth, they have a radio station WH-LB and in Hibbing, about 43 miles, we have WMFG. They have phonographed records and electrical transcriptions. Hibbing has "Children's Hour" and Sloven Program. We've had our snow already and it looks like it's here to stay. Christmas is almost here and with it the presents. Merry Yuletide to all.

Margaret Drobnich,
728½ Summit street, Eveleth, Minn.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, our Juvenile Monthly of the SNPJ. I wish this letter will not be the last from me. I would like it if the Mladinski List would come every week, but it comes every month. I go to fourth grade. My favorite subjects are spelling and reading. My teacher is Miss Margaret Mueller. I am 9 years old. I wish this letter will not fall into the waste basket. I am a member of SNPJ Lodge 188.

Margaret Brozovich,
Box 2267, Dawson, New Mexico.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. and I hope it won't be the last. I am in the fifth grade. I enjoy all my lessons in school. School days are going fast. We had a three days vacation when the teachers had a convention. I do hope this letter don't go into the paper basket.

Elizabeth Brozovich (Lodge 188),
Box 2267, Dawson, New Mexico.

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Dear Readers:—This is my first letter to the SNPJ. I have been an SNPJ member for 6 years, and daddy is in the SNPJ for 26 years. I have been reading the letters in the Mladinski List for 6 years and I enjoyed them very much. I go to school and I am in the third grade. I am 10 years old. Mrs. Upton is my teacher; she is very nice. I wish Pen Pals would write to me, I would answer every letter I receive. I will write more next time. Best regards to all.

Stella Marie Plesavich,
Box 744, Dawson, N. M.

Dear Editor:—I haven't been writing for a couple of months; now I will try to write every month. Since school started I have so much homework that I haven't any time to write to this beloved magazine.

I am in the eighth grade and have nine periods a day. I have eight teachers and nearly everyone gives so much homework that I often stay up till eleven o'clock to finish it.

Every Monday, the ninth period, we have activity period, that is belonging to a club. I belong to the Comm. club. It consists of typing and shorthand. Every Wednesday we have activity period in our Homeroom, that is talking about something and having fun. I guess that's all I have to write for this time.

Justina Stopar (14),
21250 Tracy ave., Euclid, Ohio.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am nine years old. I go to fourth grade and my brother to the eighth grade. I like to go to school. My father has been sick for three months.—The workers are busy every day. My father and brother and I belong to the SNPJ Lodge 386.

Frank Lipovsek, Library, Pa.

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Dear Editors and Readers:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 10 years old and in the 5th grade at school. I hope this isn't my last letter to this wonderful magazine. I'm going to try to write as often as I can. My friends and I have a log cabin. We have our weiner frazzles there. Once we had them and the fire blew away so we had to go home and roast our weiners. There's nothing else to tell you but I'll be writing again.

Merry Christmas and best regards to all.

Frances Faustko,
601 Brown ave. N. W., Canton, Ohio.

