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# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

Issued monthly for the Young Slovenes by the Slovene Nat'l Benefit Society at 2657 S. Lawndale ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1922, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under Act of August 24, 1912. Annual subscription, \$1.20; half year, 60c; foreign subscription, \$1.50.

LETO XIV—Št. 1.

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, 1935

Vol. XIV—No. 1.

A. P. Krasna:

## ČAKANJE

**O**B sedmih je oče odšel  
in ob osmih smo si dejali:  
Zdaj je že tam,  
in znabiti so mu že kakšno delo dali.

Ob desetih smo bili zanj v skrbeh,  
kajti mraz je hud,  
oče pa revno oblečen—  
slabo obut.

Opoldne smo se molče spogledali,  
ko da vsak izmed nas ve:  
Zdaj je čas obeda,  
oče pa tišči novce za delo—  
in nič ne je.

V popoldanskih urah smo prisluhnil  
vsakemu koraku  
in mater je zaskrbelo:  
kaj če bi mu prišlo kje slabo, siro-  
maku . . .

A ob temi se je oče vrnil,  
kot že mnogoteri dan:  
za spoznanje bolj postaran—  
v duši srdit, žalosten in bolan.

Katka Zupančič:

## DREVO V IVJU

**S**REČATA se dečka dva.  
Prvi je prešeren;  
drugi je čemeran  
in na tihem godrnja.

Ves začuden vpraša prvi:  
"Kaj se je zgodilo?  
Kaj se pripetilo?  
Temno zreš izpod obrvi!"

Glej, povsod se okna lesketajo!  
Naše okno je temno;  
ni drevesca, lučic sto —  
kakor jih drugod imajo."

"Mar se naj s teboj smejim?  
Letos zame ni božiča,  
očka nima ne beliča . . .  
Česa naj se veselim?"

"To te grize? Prava reč!  
Kaj je smrečica zelena?  
Teden dni je okrašena;  
a nazadnje gre v peč!"

To, poglej, drevo ob cesti!  
Kaj za okni je ves kič?  
Spričo tega — prazen nič!"

"A v hišo se ne da prenesti . . ."

Katka Zupančič:

## DIVJI MOŽ

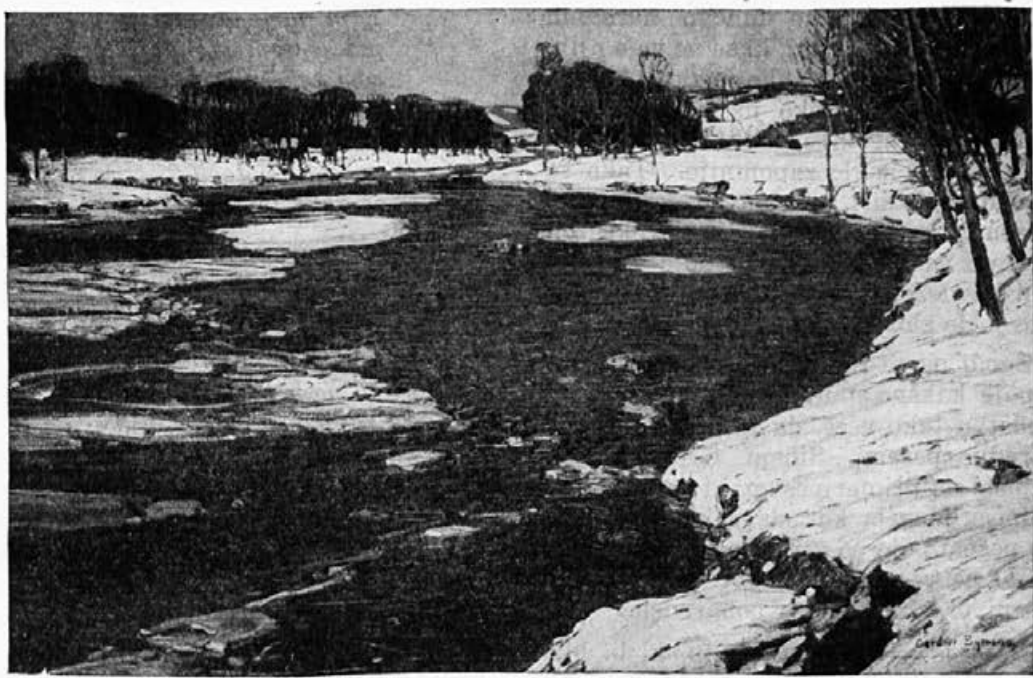
**Z**AMAN si Mihec prizadeva—  
Mihca nihče ne vpošteva;  
nihče se ga ne boji.  
Mihca to hudo boli!

Pa bi rad bil divji mož—  
divji mož, kosmati mož—  
da pred njim bi trepetali,  
da pred njim bi vsi bežali.

Napak suknjo si obleče;  
nos namaže si rdeče;  
brke, brado, škornje še—  
ves je strašen, kar ga je!

Tak na cesti se pojavi:  
Zdaj, dečad, se le pripravi!  
Toda, toda—kaj je to?  
Vse pognal je v smeh, hoho—!

# Narodne otroške pesmi, postrebnije magajivke in še kaj



G. SYMONS

ZIMSKO SONCE

# Narodne otroške pesmi, posmehulje, nagajivke in še kaj

**S**LOVENCIMa imamo mnogo narodnih pesmi, to so pesmi, ki se ne ve o njih, kdo jih je zložil. Lahko je zložil katero pesem le eden, lahko jo je zložilo več ljudi, a po vsebini in obliki je taka, da si jo ljudje naglo zapomnijo. Tako se pesem naglo širi, posebno še, če jo pojo. Pesem gre od človeka do človeka, od vasi do vasi, in kmalu jo poje vsa slovenska dežela, ne da bi ljudje vedeli, kdo jo je zložil in kdo zapel.

Zgodi pa se tudi, da kdo od pesnikov zapoje kakšno umetno pesem, ki pa je ljudstvu tako všeč, da jo prevzame kot narodno pesem. Simon Gregorčič je napisal na primer pesem, ki se začinja: "Sinoči je pela kot slavček lepo . . ." To pesem pojo po vsej Sloveniji in marsikdo ne ve, da je Gregorčičeva. Taki pesmi pravimo, da je ponarodela.

Malo je narodov na svetu, ki bi bili tako maloštevilni, kakor smo mi, pa da bi imeli toliko narodnih pesmi. Na tisoče in tisoče jih je, pa še zmerom se pojavljajo nove.

In še nekaj: Slovenci nimamo samo narodnih pesmi, ki govore o odraslih in ki so jih zložili odrasli, marveč imamo tudi polno otroških narodnih pesmi. To so pesmi, ki jih pojo otroci med sabo ali pa pesmi, ki jih odrasli pojo otrokom, pa spet otroške šale, otroške igre, pa zabavljice, posmehulje in drugo.

Največ teh pesmic se je rodilo pač med pastirji. Jeseni pasejo krave in ovce, kurijo si na njivah in poljih ognje, plešejo okrog njega, pri plesu pojo kakšno pesem, ki so si jo sami izmislili, love se, pa spet s posebno pesmijo določijo, kdo bo prvi lovil, dražijo se med sabo ter nagajajo drug drugemu s popačenimi imeni ali pesmijo, zloženo na ime tega ali onega. Tako je znana n. pr. tista pesem o štruklju:

*Tam gori na gori  
pri svetem Mohorji  
sem tekel, sem padel,  
sem štrukelj popadel,  
ga v maslo pomočil,  
po grlu potočil,  
je rekel: Štrbonk!*

Pastirska razposajenost se tudi ne ustavi pred svetniki. Tudi s svetniki si dovolijo šalo in dovtip ter zapoje:

*Oj sveti trije kralji,  
ki so nam kravo ukrali!  
Še radi bi bli bika,  
pa niso meli štrika;  
še radi bi bli tele,  
pa se preveč dere.*

Ali pa o Petru in Pavlu:

*Peter in Pavel  
sta vlekla za kavelj,  
Peter spusti,  
Pavel pa preč zleti.*

Pastirci so po navadi pobožno vzgojeni, toda na paši so svobodni in dovoljujejo si marsikaj, ne da bi čutili pri tem, da delajo kaj pregrešnega. Molitvico spremenijo ali okrasijo po svojem:

*V imeni — pri Klemeni  
boga očeta — sta dva hleba kruha  
načeta  
in sina — dva firklja vina  
in sv. Duha — sta dva deda gluha  
amen — kamen!*

O grehu imajo svoj nazor in so tudi o grehu zložili kratko pesmico:

*Greh — gre v meh,  
meh počí, pa greh ven skoči!*

Znana je tudi tista pastirska pesem, v kateri se jezijo na gospodo, ker je vse golobčke pojedla. Komponist Emil Adamič jo je vglasbil in jo trboveljski

mladinski zbor z velikim uspehom poje na svojih koncertih. Glasi se:

*Pastirci, dam ženimo!  
Še pasimo, še pasimo!  
Kaj bomo delali?  
Lešnike tolkli.  
Kje je kladvo?  
Za grmom, za grmom.  
Kje je tisti grm?  
Koza ga je obrala.  
Kje tista koza?  
V vodo je skočila.  
Kje je tista voda?  
Golobčki so jo spili?  
Kje so tisti golobčki?  
Gospoda jih je vzela,  
gospoda jih pojela.  
Kje pa je gospoda,  
Kje pa je gospoda?  
Vrh Grintovca je šla,  
pa doli je skočila,  
kosti si polomila!*

In tu pastirci veselo zaukajo, češ, prav je, da se je pobila tista gospoda, ki nam je vse golobčke vzela, da zdaj ne moremo lešnike tolči!

Polno je pesmi, v katerih se otroci delajo norca iz koga ter porabijo njegovo ime za šaljivo pesem, ki ji pravimo zaradi posmehovanja posmehulja. Takaka posmehulja na ime Andrej je na primer:

*Andrež bandrež, peč podrl,  
noter zlezel, gor podprl,  
kruha spekel, babi dal,  
baba rekla: Tak je prav!*

Ali pa se začetek menjava kakor so pač imena: Hanza panza peč podrl, Janez banes, Andrej pandrej, Jože kože.

Na Ižanskem se Angeli posmehujejo takole:

*Angela kadela,  
na kamnu sedela,  
je fajfo kadila  
in dnarce zapila.*

V Bohinju pa dražijo Mico:

*Mica potica  
pod mizo leži,  
ma strganga strica  
pa en kovter uši.*

Na Ižanskem, kjer imajo menda sploh mnogo takih posmehulj, dražijo Tomaža takole:

*Ej Tomaž,  
kam krevljaš?  
"V Iško vas  
po par klobas.  
Če jih snem,  
domov ne smem,  
če jih prodam,  
domov ne znam,  
če jih spečem,  
domov stečem."*

Tudi lagati se znajo pastirci v svojih nagajivih pesmih. Tako je znana pesem o svetu, ki je narobe. V različnih krajih jo različno pojo. V Beli krajini jo pojo takole:

*Stara baba gobe žanje,  
mož korenje pleve,  
stari dede žabe pase,  
sin pa polže strelja.  
Vsi studenci so presahli  
samo luže izvirajo,  
vsa dekleta so pomrla,  
same babe rajajo.  
Primi žabo, vdari babo,  
kaj bo baba rajala!*

Lažejo seveda tudi Ižanci:

*Solnce sije, dež pa gre,  
mlinar melje brez vode,  
petelin skače brez noge,  
dekla pometa brez metle,  
perica pere brez vode,  
kovač tolče brez roke,  
konjič teče brez noge,  
žaba ima dobre zobe,  
polž ima pa trde roge.*

Take so slovenske otroške narodne pesmi! Navedli smo jih le nekaj, a koliko jih je še! Ko so pred leti nabirali slovenske narodne pesmi ter jih objavljali v knjigah, je izšlo vseh skupaj 16 knjig samih narodnih slov. pesmi. In otroških je bilo med njimi okrog 1000! Iz te množice sem jih naštel le nekaj za zgled, da vidite, koliko otroških pesmi je slovenska mladina sama zapela!

Drugič pa vam jih morda naberem še kaj!

**Mile Klopčič.**

# Mala umetnica Tilka

Ivan Jontez

**M**ALI Tilki je bilo namenjeno menda že ob rojstvu, da bo postala umetnica. Jedva je namreč bila zlezla iz plenice ter shodila, že so morali skrivati pred njo svinčnike in kredo, in njene čačkaste risbe, ki jih je bilo najti na stenah, vratih, pohištvu, sploh na vsakem predmetu, ki ga je otrok mogel doseči, so delale Smrekarjevi materi nemale skrbi. "Ta presneti otrok!" se je hudovala, "vse mi pomaže s svojimi čačkami in komaj, da bi pazila samo na njo ter puščala vse drugo v nemar."

"Presneti otrok" pa je potolažil svojo mater z ljubkim nasmehljajem, s katerim si je vedno znal izprositi odpustanje, ter dalje neumorno krasil razne predmete s svojo "umetnostjo", ki je bila vsem nerazrešljiva uganka.

Z leti pa je postajala Tilka pridnejši otrok in spretnejša risarka; nič več ni čačkala po stenah in pohištvu, temveč je rabila papir in njene risbe so se čedalje bolj izoblikovale. In te njene risbe: očeta so predstavljale in mater, obiskovalce, domačega kužka, mačko, kokoši in kunce v vseh mogočih držah, resnih in smešnih, da so imeli domači z njimi nemajhno zabavo. Vendar pa nihče ni pripisoval Tilkini risarski spretnosti posebne važnosti. "Otroške muhe!" je menil oče, ki mu je hčerina spretnost sicer ugajala, a je bila vendar le v njegovih očeh brez kakega praktičnega pomena. "Otroci morajo nekaj početi, da jim ni dolg čas."

Toda risanje je bilo za Tilko nekaj več kot zgolj pripravno sredstvo za preganjanje dolgočasnja; bilo je zanjo kašipot k najpopolnejši obliki človeškega izražanja: k umetnosti.

Ko je bilo Tilki osem let, je prišel v naselbino umetnik, ki se je bil namenil zbrati krog sebe za risanje in slikanje vnete otroke svojih rojakov, da bi onim, ki bi kazali znake resnične nadarjeno-

sti, pokazal pot v pravo umetnost. Med onimi, ki so postali njegovi učenci, je bil tudi sin Smrekarjevega soseda Johnny, Tilke pa ni bilo med njimi. In Tilko je to bolelo, kajti prepričana je bila, da je znala mnogo bolje risati kot Johnny.

Zaman je prosila očeta, naj bi jo dal v umetnikovo šolo. "Kaj bi s tem čačkanjem!" jo je zavrnil na kratko. "Materi pomagaj v kuhinji, da boš znala kuhati, ko boš velika."

Toda Tilka ni izgubila upanja. Če ji že oče noče pomagati, se bo pa obrnila na mater. Mati ji bo pomagala in če bo treba, bosta očeta enostavno na kak način ukanili. Toda kako?

"Veš, mama, ti me kar pošlji v šolo," je svetovala materi Tilka, ki je že imela pripravljen svoj načrt. "Samo enkrat na teden imajo šolo, ob sobotah; oče ob sobotah dela . . . In veš, čez tri mesece bodo imeli razstavo, sosedov Johnny mi je povedal, in takrat bova peljali očeta tja, da bo videl . . . Kajne, mama, da me boš peljala? . . ."

In mati ji je kajpak ustregla, saj drugače ni mogla storiti, ko pa jo je Tilka tako proseče pogledala s svojimi mehкими očmi ter se ji dobrikala s preljubeznivim smehljajem.

Tri mesece pozneje je oče Smrekar čital v časopisu, da se bo čez dva dni vršila razstava del učencev umetnikove šole in da bo med drugim razstavljenih tudi troje risb njegove hčerke. Smrekar je debelo pogledal preko nizko na nosu nataknenih očal ter glasno zaklical v kuhinjo:

"Hej, mati, Tilka, sem pridita!"

Ko sta prišli, je nejevoljno zabrundal:

"Kaj pa to pomeni?" jima je pomolil časopis pred oči. "Kdaj pa sem rekel, da sme Tilka v to šolo?"

“Oče, nikar se ne jezi,” ga je krotko zaprosila mati. “Tako hudo ji je bilo, ker si ji ti zavrnil njeno prošnjo, in tako lepo me je prosila, da ji nisem mogla odreči . . . Saj ne stane mnogo in škodovalo ji tudi ne bo. Naj ima otrok svoje veselje!”

“Lepa reč!” je dalje brundal oče, ki pa se je bolj delal hudega, kakor je bil v resnici, kajti v časopisu je bilo rečeno, da je med vsemi učenci Smrekarjeva Tilka najboljša, kar je seveda prijetno požgačkalo njegov očetovski ponos. “Saj ne rečem, da bi ji ne bil dovolil pohajati te šole, če bi le ne bila odnehala, ampak . . .”

“Kaj: ampak, atek?” se mu je tedaj približala Tilka, se ga z rokami oklenila okrog vratu ter ga ljubeznivo pogledala v oči.

“Beži, priliznjenka!” se je je otepal oče, že skoro čisto premagan in potolažen. “Za mojim hrbtom ne bi smeli ničesar počenjati! Saj pravim! takšna žena, takšen otrok . . . Za mojim hrbtom, brez moje vednosti, in cele tri mesece sta me vlekli za nos, da bi vaju šment! . . .”

“Pa bi se bil sam podal ter jo poslal v šolo!” se mu je zasmejala žena ter se vrnila v kuhinjo k peči.

Tilka pa, ki je videla, da je vsa oče-

tova jezica od muh, se je ljubeznivo zazrla vanj ter preseče poizvedovala:

“Kajne, atek, saj boš tudi ti šel z menoj na razstavo. Tudi sosedovi pojdejo z Johnnyjem . . .”

“Figo, če hočeš!” je zabrundal oče, kakor da je še vedno hud, ter jo narahlo stresel za ušesa. “Nikamor ne pojdem, ker sta me tako grdo vlekli za nos.”

Toda Smrekar je šel vseeno na razstavo in Tilki se je celo zdelo, da se mu je bolj mudilo kakor nji. In ko so se vračali domov, so spotoma zavili v bližnjo slaščičarno, kjer je oče Smrekar zadovoljno dejal:

“Zdaj si pa le privoščita sladkarij, posebno ti, Tilka, do sitega in še bolj! Zato, ker si se tako dobro postavila, Tilka! . . .”

Umetnik mu je namreč zaupal, da je Tilka res njegova najboljša in največ obetajoča učenka, kar je tako prijalo njegovemu očetovskemu ponosu, da je na mah odpustil ženi in hčeri vso njuno “zahrbtost”.

Doma pa se je pred sosedi pobahal, češ, Tilka je podedovala svojo nadarjenost po njem, kajti tudi on je kot otrok rad risal, škoda le, da ga niso dali v šolo, kakor je on “dal v šolo” svojo Tilko . . .





EDUARD MANET      DEČEK IN MEHURČKI



Anna P. Krasna:

## Juhuhu!

V SVETLO januarsko noč je nenadno vsekal mogočen, polvesel, polkljubovalen vrisk, in rudarji, ki so vasovali pri Petniku, so takoj zaključili:

"Glevna pride v vas!"

Otroci, domači in soseski pa so vzkliknili veseli:

"Glevna bo dal nikljev, Glevna da rad niklje!"

Miren in Boltnik, ki se z Glevno nista mogla, sta vstala.

"Jutri bo treba na delo, zato, zdravi fantje, se že še vidimo."

"All right, good-by."

Odšla sta baš v pravem času, zakaj na ovinku se je prikazala električna, vrh hriba Glevna.

Petnik in Škornik sta stala med vrati in gledala za odhajajočima. Glevna je z orjaškimi koraki stopal proti njima.

"Halo!"

Sila njegovega glasu bi drobila atome.

"Halo, Glevna, kaj je novega?"

"Good-by sem prišu reč."

Petnik in Škornik sta se pogledala. Tam dol ob tračnicah je železno zajezčalo in spet odškripalo dalje.

"Ujela sta jo, good."

Petnik je zaprl vrata in vsi trije so stopili v pritlično kuhinjo.

"Glevna jemlje slovo," je naznanil Petnik in si oslinil svalčico.

Otroci so obkolili prišleca.

"Hello, Glevna, ali greš res stran, stric Glevna?"

"Šure."

"Ali nam boš dal kaj nikljev?"

"Šure."

Segel je v žep in privlekel pest drobiža.

"Tu imate, otroci, da se boste spominjali kdaj je dal Glevna tem hribom slovo."

Petnik je prinesel novo steklenico pijače in nalil kozarce.

"Napijmo torej Glevni, na zdravje in na srečo."

"In mi, mi bomo tudi napili stricu Glevni," so se oglasili otroci.

"Tako je, dajte otrokom pit!"

Glevna je samozavestno in prešerno položil petdolarski bankovec na mizo.

"Ni treba, Glevna," se je branila Petkova, "rabil boš denar, če greš po Ameriki."

"Ti kar lepo spravi, Glevna ima še lince takih."

"Zato pa lahko greš, mi pa smo se zakopali v tele bajte in smo zmirom suhi," je nekoliko otožno, nekoliko ponosno pojamral Puhnik.

"Glevna je že prebrisan, on že ve kdaj je treba odnesti pete od tod," je rekel z važnim glasom gostač Jernej.

"A, kaj bi tisto," je zavrnil oba Petnik, "vsak gre lahko kamor ga veseli, toda garati je treba povsod, na enem koncu Amerike ali pa na drugem in če človek zmirom kolovrati okrog, nikdar nič nima in nikdar ni nikjer doma. Poiskusi sem, zato vem kaj govorim. Jaz bi svetoval Glevni, da ostane med nami, se oženi in si postavi hišico poleg naših. Tale naselbinica, ki si jo gradimo, ima bodočnost."

"Pika in lopate," je pridal Glevna cinično in nagnil kozarec.

Otroci so se mu skopali na kolena in ga spraševali kam bo šel in če bo prišel kdaj na obisk in prinesel nikljev.

"Kaj nikljev, cekinov vam bo prinesel," jim je obljubljal bahato.

"Cekinov. U!'" Skočili so mu s kolen in stekli v kot razpravljati o bogastvu, ki jim ga bo prinesel radodaren stric Glevna z divjega zapada. To bo takrat sladkarij in igrač! Še vse drugače kot o sv. Miklavžu.

Rojaki okrog mize so dajali Glevni različne nasvete. In čim več je stalo na mizi praznih steklenic, tem modreje

so bili zamišljeni nasveti, zakaj v vsakem nasvetu je bilo skrito svetovalčevo lastno hrepenenje po večjem in boljšem uspehu. In tiha neodoljiva želja nadaljevati pot za srečo z Glevno vred.

Toda tam v kotu so bili otroci—nova, mlada generacija, kateri je treba graditi bodočnost.

Možaki so postali pijano-resni, sentimentalni.

“Pa zapojmo kakšno. Daj, Glevna, ti dobro basiraš.”

“Okej. Khr . . . kgh . . . kgr . . . Snoč pa dav . . . oj snoč pa dav—”

“—je slanica pala—”

Polagoma so se uglasili in potem je sledila pesem pesmi.

Pozno v noč.

Otroci so pospali po kotih in Petnikova je s težavo pripravila Petnika, da ji je pomagal znesti zaspančke v posteljo.

V majhni kuhinji je postalo zatohlovroče in nekdo je odprl vrata.

“Poslušajte, v baraki tudi pojo.”

“Kaj pojo,” je zamahnil z roko Glevna, “molijo, svetniki žalostni.”

Prisluhnili so in gledali skoz odprta vrata ven v noč.

“Jesus Lo-ves me—” je medlo odmevalo od sosednjega hriba.

“Misijon zaključujejo,” je pojasnila Petnikova, videč da poslušajo petje od cerkve-barake.

“Žalosten misijon,” je odrezal Glevna in zaloputnil vrata.

Sledile so šale in glasen smeh.

Globoko nekje tam dol v krivuljasti dolini je gorelo kakor v peklju.

Tam dol je bilo barje, plavži . . . pekel za žive.

Tu gor petje, smeh, v vinu potopljeno trpljenje in gorje—

—in spokojno speča nova, mlada generacija.

Vse skupaj majhen utrip razmaha Amerike, velike, veličastne in krute Amerike.—

“Ju-ju-juhuhu!!”

Glevna se je poslovil.

—(Iz zbirke “Med hribi.”)



GRANT WOOD

“HČERKE REVOLUCIJE”

PRIPOMBA:—Grant Wood, ameriški slikar iz Iowe, se je najbolj proslavil s svojo sliko “Ameriška gotika,” ki je bila objavljena v Mladinskem Listu pred dvema letoma. Gornja slika, “Hčerke revolucije,” njegovo drugo najboljšo delo, je jedka satira ultrapatriotičnih aktivnosti organizacije “Hčera ameriške revolucije,” ki so po svojih tendencah skrajno nazadnjaške.



## POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI"

**DRAGI OTROCI!**

*Dospeli smo v novo leto! Vsi smo ga z veseljem pričakovali. Če bo v resnici veselejše ko lansko—to bomo še videli!*

*Lep kupček zanimivih dopisov ste napisali takoj za prvo letošnjo številko MLADINSKEGA LISTA! Prav vesel sem jih, ker so tako osvežujoči. Le žal mi je, da nisem mogel vseh priobčiti, ker so prišli malo prepozno, tik ob zaključku te izdaje. Kar šest jih je prišlo v enem dnevu!*

*Onih šest dopisov, ki so dospeli prepozno, so poslali sledeči mladi dopisovalci: Naša zvesta in marljiva sotrudnica JOSEPHINE MESTEK iz Clintona, Ind., naša pridna OLGICA VOGRIN iz Scrantona, Pa., naš znanec MARION M. JEREB iz N. Iruwia, Pa., dalje TONY KLUN in njegova sestra MAMIE KLUN iz Gowande, N. Y., in FANNIE R. KRAMER iz Sharona, Pa. Njihovi dopisi bodo priobčeni v "Kotičku" prihodnjič na prvem mestu!*

*Kakor ste gotovo vsi opazili, prihaja letošnji MLADINSKI LIST med vas v popolnoma novi oblecki. Upam, da se vam dopade. Toda to še ni vse! Kajti obljublja se nam, da bodo platnice vsake letošnje številke M. L. drugače opremljene! To bo pač neka posebnost, nekaj povsem novega za tisočere mlade zvedave oči in tisočere bistre glavice!*

*Sprememba je vselej potrebna. Pa ne samo sprememba, ampak tudi izboljšava! Tej smeri bomo letos posvetili precej pozornosti. Vi vsi pa urno na delo! Na noge! Dopisujte in pripovedujte! Vaš,*

**UREDNIK.**

### NAŠ PEVSKI ZBOR "KANARČKI"

Čenjeni urednik!

Sklenila sem, da se moram brž spet oglasiti v Mladinskem Listu!

Najprej Vam moram povedati, da se hodim učiti slovenskega petja k mladinskemu zboru "Kanarčki". Nas mlade "Kanarčke" je Anna Traven sklicala skupaj, Mr. Seme nas pa uči. Sedaj že dobro pojemo slovenske pesmi. In na 10. februarja bomo priredili že koncert! Moja sestra bo pela z Anno Habian na odru. Pevske vaje imamo vsak petek.

Božične počitnice so hitro minile in spet smo se vrnili v šolo. Imela sem dobro izpričevalo. Moja učiteljica je rekla, da sem z neko deklico najboljša v našem razredu.

Tukaj se slabo dela. Največ ljudi živi od podpore. Ljudje obupavajo. Dva delavca sta si življenje vzela, ker sta bila brez dela, eden se je obesil, drugi pa ustrelil. Bila sta dolgo brez dela, vrhu tega ju je trla še bolezen.

Želim, da bi bilo leto 1935 mnogo boljše!

Rose Koprivnik,

8514 Vineyard ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

\* \*

### JENNIE SE UČI ANGLEŠKI!

Čenjeni čitatelji!

Tudi jaz se želim postaviti malo na noge, da vam povem, da znam tudi jaz pisati slovensko. To je moj drugi slovenski dopis. Slovensko znam čitati in pisati, kajti ni dolgo,

odkar sem prišla iz starega kraja—dne 24. julija 1934.

V stari domovini sem dovršila osem razredov ljudske šole. Tukaj sem pa spet začela v šolo hoditi, da se bom naučila angleško. Dosedaj sem se že precej naučila, tako da me ne bo nihče prodal, kot pravijo.

Kmalu bom stara 15 let. Učiteljice so me dale v 4. razred. Imam dve sestri, obe mlajši ko jaz. Anna je stara 9 let in Ella 7 let.

Upam, da bo to pisemce priobčeno v januarški številki Mladinskega Lista. Ob koncu želim dodati še tole pesmico:

Čez Pilštanj voda teče,  
kjer drnule perejo;  
če jim eno odnese,  
se vsi zaderejo.

Na Pilštanju tudi  
lesnike stiskajo;  
če se jim ena ne stisne,  
se vsi razjočejo.

— — —  
Mi smo pa s Štajerskega,  
Štajerskega, prav lušni ljudje!

Vsem čitateljem in uredniku pošiljam vesele pozdrave in želim obilo zadovoljstva v novem letu!

Jennie Grobin, box 17, Broughton, Pa.

\* \*

#### ZAHVALA ZA DARILO SNPJ

Dragi urednik!

Iskreno se zahvaljujema z mojim bratcem za božično voščilo, ki sva ga prejela od SNPJ. Pa ne samo za voščilo, ampak tudi za prosti assesment v decembru, kajti s tem je mojemu očetu mnogo pomagano, ker mu ni bilo treba šteti grošev za najino članarino.

Zelo težko sem pričakovala božiča in končno je prišel, in novo leto tudi. Miklavža sem težko pričakovala in želela, da bi zunaj malo pomrznilo, da se bi šli drsat.

Mnogo pozdravov Vam in vsem čitateljem.

Olga Vogrin,

2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

\* \*

#### FRANKIE RAD HODI V ŠOLO IN NA LOV

Dragi urednik!

Najprej se Vam moram lepo zahvaliti, ker ste popravili moje napake v mojem prejšnjem pismu.

Pri nas je v novembru precej deževalo, potem pa je v decembru postalo mrzlo, kar smo pričakovali. Bil sem precej zaposlen s šolskim delom, pa tudi orehe sem moral nabirati. (Največ sem jih pa snedel, kakor veverica; če je mama hotela potico speči, jih je morala sama nabirati.)

Jaz hodim v Arcadia High School. Imeli smo football team in dva dečka sta se precej

pobila. Sedaj pa je na vrsti basketball. V šolo moram hoditi tri in pol milje daleč. Rad hodim v šolo, ker so vsi učitelji dobri z nami. Zadnjič sva se s tovarišem nekaj sporekla, pa nama je učitelj zažugal, če ne bova pridna, da naju bo skoz okno ven vrgel.

Večkrat grem na lov na zajce; včasih kaj prinesem, včasih pa nič. Zadnjič sem šel spet na lov. Videl sem par zajcev in pa divje race, ki so pa odletele.

V novembrskem M. L. je imel zanimivo povest Ivan Jontez—"Sanje in življenje."

Prišel je božič in tudi novo leto, razmere so pa še vedno bolj slabe. Proslave 30 letnice SNPJ so končale in jih ne bo več celih pet let, ko bo jednota slavila 35 letnico.

Želim vsem skupaj vse najboljše v novem letu!

Frankie Potočnik,

R. 1, box 47, Arcadia, Kans.

\* \*

#### MI IN NOVO LETO 1935

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Minilo je že več mesecev, odkar sem se zadnjič oglasila v M. L. Upam, da mi boste oprostili, kajti sem bila zelo zaposlena s šolskim delom.

Pri nas smo dobili prvi sneg. Imeli smo milo jesen. Prišel pa je božič in za njim novo leto in pa tudi mraz. Upam, da nam bo novo leto prineslo kaj boljšega kot prošlo.

Moram Vam povedati, da je naša slovenska šola na Holmes ave. priredila zelo lepo in zanimivo mladinsko igro "Kraljestvo palčkov".

Želim, da se bi v tekočem letu dečki in deklice še bolj pogosto oglašali v M. L., in tudi jaz bom skušala tako storiti.

Frances Marie Čeligoj,

834 Rudyard rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

\* \*

#### FELIX JE ČASNIKAR

Cenjeni urednik!

Ob nastopu leta 1935 se Vam želim zahvaliti za trud in delo, ki ste ga imeli z mojimi dopisi v prošlem letu; še za bodoče Vas prosim, da storite isto. Obljubljam, da bom pisal vsaki mesec, tako da ne bo "Naš kotichek" prišel samo s tremi dopisi.

Le pogum, moji mali prijatelji! Pišite, mnogo pišite! Saj nam bo naš urednik vse popravil.

Jaz sem zelo ponosen na naš Mladinski List. Vsako število M. L. vzamem v šolo in jo pokažem našim učiteljem in mojim sošolcem. Tudi naša šola ima svoje magazine—"Junior News" and "Junior Spirit." Prvemu sem tudi jaz prideljen. Vseh reporterjev skupaj nas je 15. Z veseljem se učim tipkanja na pisalni stroj (typewriting).

Lep pozdrav Vam in čitateljem!

Felix Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.

## NOVICE IZ PITTSBURGHA

Dragi mi urednik M. L.!

Tudi meni ne da srce miru, ko vidim v M. L. toliko lepih in zanimivih dopisov od naših bratcev in sestric, zato Vam pošiljam to pisemce. Res, lepo je slovenske dopise čitati, ali težko jih je pisati.

Tukaj pri nas v Pittsburghu gre z delom bolj slabo. Tukaj je veliko tovarn, ki pa pomalem obratujejo. Pravili so, da bo po volitvah obljše. Da bi le bilo!

Radi smo pa vseeno veseli v naši naselbini. Vedno imamo kakšno prireditev v Slovenskem domu na Butler & 57th. Tako smo imeli eno 27. okt., ki jo je priredilo društvo 118. Meni se je zelo dopadlo. Zabave prirejajo razna društva. Odkar je predsednik Slovenskega doma Mr. Klun, je v Domu mnogo zabav.

Lepo se mi je zdelo, ko sem videla angleški dopis moje sestrične Josephine Samec, še lepše pa bi bilo, če bi se kaj oglasila tudi v "Kotičku". Upam, da bo Josephine prihodnjic napisala slovenski dopis, zakar jo prav lepo pozdravljam in ji želim vse najboljše.

To je moj drugi dopis v M. L. Prosim Vas, da popravite napake, zakar se Vam že v naprej zahvaljujem, vse "Kotičkarje" in bralce pa iskreno pozdravljam!

Ljuboslava Pauline Fabec,  
6910 Butler st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

\* \*

## SLABE DELAVSKE RAZMERE

Cenjeni urednik!

Opazila sem, da je bilo v novembrski in tudi v decembrski številki M. L. precej slovenskih dopisov, kar mi je dalo še več korajže, da bom še vedno dopisovala v M. L.

Moj atek slabo dela. Pa tudi drugi slabo delajo. Že v jeseni so bili odpuščeni. Moj ata gre večkrat na lov z našim psičkom, ki ima zelo dober nos za dihurje. Tako sta enkrat v novembru nalovila kar 13 dihurjev pa samo eno lisico in enega kunca. Moj ata ima zelo rad našega psička, ki mu je zvest spremljevalec; oba rada hodita na lov.

Upam, da se nam bo letos vsem skupaj boljše godilo kot lani!

Alice Strajnar, box 88, Piney Fork, O.

\* \*

## ZAMUJENA VINSKA TRGATEV

Cenjeni urednik!

To je moj drugi dopis za M. L. Še precej sem zaostal, četudi sem bil že opozorjen, da bi še kaj napisal za Kotičke. Moj prvi dopis se je mnogim dopadel.

Pisal bi kaj o delavskih razmerah, pa saj veste, da se otroci ne brigajo za take stvari; da imamo le dosti jela. Vseeno: tukajšnja majna obratuje po 3-4-5 dni v tednu, največ pa štiri dni. Poleti se bo gotovo slabše delalo. Zasluži se kakor povsod.

Tukaj so tri slovenske družine in par "pečlarjev". Poleti je tukaj zelo prijetno, posebno za nas otroke—hodimo ribe in rake lovit pa igramo se v hladni senci.

V februarju bom star 10 let. V šolo hodim z mojim starejšim bratom in sem v 5. razredu, ker sem že s 5. letom šel v šolo. Moj učitelj je Mr. Weaver. Moj mlajši brat hodi v 2. razred; njegova učiteljica je Miss Buhite.

Na 13. oktobra sem šel z mamo v Strabane na obisk k teti. Mislili smo, da pridemo na vinsko trgatavo, ki so jo takrat priredili, pa smo prišli prepozno; že vse grozdje je bilo potrغانo. Naš konjiček je hodil počasi in zgrešil je pot. Zato smo prišli na veselico šele ob 11. ponoči. Naslednji dan pa smo se zabavali pri moji teti. Ona bi mi dala par karnarčkov, pa niso imeli sreče z njimi. Upam, da jih dobim pozneje.

Pozdravljam vse bratce in sestrice, da bi bili vsi zdravi in veseli v novem letu!

Ladko Lehar, box 136, Stump Creek, Pa.

\* \*

## ZAPOZNELO PISMO

Cenjeni urednik!

(Ta dopis sem napisala dne 26. nov. 1934 in dvomim, da bi dospel dovolj zgodaj za decembrsko številko; bo pa za januarško.) Pred seboj imam Mladinski List in se mi čudno zdi, da je včasih tako malo slovenskih dopisov v njem. Pozimi jih je še precej, čez poletje pa bolj malo.

Zelo rada čitam slovenske pesmi. Sicer nimam nič posebnega poročati, kot to, da sem stara 14 let in da sem prišla iz starega kraja prošlega julija. Sedaj pohajam tukajšnjo ljudsko šolo in se pridno učim angleški. V starem kraju sem dovršila ljudsko šolo.

Prosim Vas, da priobčite tole znano pesmico:

Čuk in sova

Čuk se je oženil,  
tralala, tralala;  
sova ga je vzela,  
hopsasa, hopsasa!

Komar z muho pleše,  
tralala, tralala,  
da se ves svet trese,  
hopsasa, hopsasa!

Prav lep pozdrav vsem dopisnikom in čitateljem M. L.!

Jennie Grobin, Broughton, Pa.

\* \*

## ZANIMIVI DOPISI V M. L.

Dragi urednik M. L.!

Četudi imam dosti dela s šolo, vendar zato ne bom pozabila na naš Mladinski List. Mor-da bo ta dopis dospel malo pozno za decembrsko številko, upam pa, da ga boste priobčili v prvi ali januarški številki l. 1935.

Rada bi videla, da bi bilo še več slovenskih dopisov v M. L. Z mojo sestrico Alice vselej naprosiva mamo, da nam prebere vse slovenske dopise. In me rade poslušave. Moja sestra Alice skoro vse dopise prebere sama, ker precej dobro zna, pa tudi pisati zna slovensko precej dobro. Zato se tudi jaz učim, da bom znala sama brati. In ko bom znala sama dobro pisati, bom pisala teti Jennie Gorjup v Cleveland. Napisala ji bom veliko pismo in jo povabila k nam.

Pošiljam prav lepe pozdrave vsem skupaj!

Virginia Strajner, box 88, Piney Fork, O.

\* \*

### MARION POMAGA V KUHINJI

Dragi urednik!

Božič se je že poslovil in za njim tudi novo leto. Dasi imam veliko šolskih nalog, si bom vseeno vzel čas, da napišem ta dopis za M. L. Želim, da bo prva letošnja številka M. L. zelo bogata na slovenskih dopisih, zato sem moj dopis poslal precej zgodaj. Pobrigajmo se, dragi čitatelji in dopisniki, da bo mnogo dopisov v letu 1935.

Naj Vam opišem malo moje nadloge. Vsako jutro moram prinesiti 'bokat' premoga in posodo pomit, moj brat pa pepel odnese ven in posodo obriše. Potem se oblečem in hitim v šolo, da pridem tja predno šolski zvonec zapoje. Žal mi je, ker nimam nobene sestre, to pa zato, ker morava z bratom opravljati domače delo. Drugi dečki so pa prosti in se lahko igrajo na prostem. Jaz moram kuhinjo počistiti in drva pripraviti ob sobotah, ko ni šole. No, pa saj pravijo, da delo človeku ne škoduje.

Pozdravljam vse čitatelje, dopisovalce in Vas! Želim vsem skupaj mnogo uspeha v novem letu!

Marion Mike Jereb,  
92 Lincoln ave., North Irwin, Pa.

\* \*

### SLABI ČASI, SLAB MIKLAVŽ

Dragi urednik in čitatelji!

Po dolgem času bom tudi jaz napisala mali dopisek za naš priljubljeni M. L. in njegov Kotiček. Kadar prejmem Mladinski List, vselej najprej pogledam v Kotiček, da vidim, če je v njem dosti dopisov. Če jih je veliko, sem zelo vesela, če jih je malo, pa si mislim, da zakaj nisem še jaz kaj napisala, da bi bil eden več.

Odsedaj naprej pa nameravam to izpolniti, ne samo misliti.

Prišel in odšel je božič, s katerim ima mladina toliko veselja. Starši so nam pravili, da so slabi časi, zato ne smemo veliko pričakovati ne od Miklavža ne od drugod. Zato želim, da bi se kmalu vrnili boljši časi in da bi

bilo dovolj dela in zaslужka, tako da bi ljudje lahko kupili vse, kar potrebujejo. Potem pa bi bil res vesel božič za vse in Miklavž bogat.

Vsem čitateljem in dopisnikom želim obilo sreče v novem letu, Mladinskemu Listu pa obilo dopisov! Pozdrav vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Mary Potisek,

box 217, Hutchinson Mine, Rillton, Pa.

\* \*

### PESEM O VETRU

Cenjeni urednik!

Tudi jaz sem se namenil napisati kratko pisemce za M. L. Upam, da bo priobčeno, ker to je moje prvo pismo po dolgem času. Mama mi ga je pomagala sestaviti. Tu je kratka pesmica:

Veter

Veter sem, veter,  
naglo letim,  
drevje podiram,  
strašno bučim.

Ceste pometam,  
listje in prah,  
deci nagajam,  
da jo je strah.

Z glave klobuke  
mečem po tleh,  
hodim in piham,  
kakor star meh.

Vrata zaprite,  
okna in hram,  
da ne pripiham  
v hišo še k vam!

Sedaj pa še tole uganko: Kam gre zajec, ko je leto dni star?

Matt Lekan. RFD 2, Willoughby, O.





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XIV

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, 1935

Number 1

## JANUARY

**I,** *JANUARY*, the open gate of all the year,  
Peering into the future, discern strange legends.  
As the symbol of new hope and new chance come I.

*Turning the soiled record of the past,  
I offer a clean, new page for your choice  
And bear greetings of happiness to all.*

*The new year is at hand. Before you, see  
The benefits of the fast fleeting-time;  
Wisely choose the gifts of the days that pass*

*As my sister months come on in turn,  
As the cunning magician, Father Time,  
Designs and weaves the pattern of Life.*

—T. G. W.



## THE LITTLE SNOWFLAKE

By MARGARET SANGSTER

**I**T WAS a little snowflake  
 With tiny wingles furled;  
 Its warm cloud mother held it fast  
 Above the sleeping world.  
 All night the wild wind blustered,  
 And blew o'er land and sea;  
 But the little snowflake cuddled close,  
 As safe as safe could be.

Then came the cold gray morning,  
 And the great cloud mother said,  
 "Now every little snowflake  
 Must proudly lift its head,  
 And through the air go sailing  
 Till it finds a place to light,  
 For I must weave a coverlet  
 To clothe the earth in white."

The little snowflake fluttered,  
 And gave a wee, wee sigh;  
 But fifty million other flakes  
 Came floating softly by;  
 And the wise cloud mothers sent them  
 To keep the world's bread warm,  
 Through many a winter sunset,  
 Through many a winter's storm.

## TRAMPING TIME

By EMMA PIERCE

**I**T IS just the time for tramping,  
 When the year is on the wane;  
 When the sun is not too ardent,  
 And the air is like champagne.

The emerald fields of Summer  
 Are olives now, and browns;  
 The lanes have lost their blossoms,  
 The trees their leafy crowns.

Where roses breathed their sweetness  
 Glow scarlet rose-hips now,  
 And crumpled leaves are rustling  
 On every beechen bough.

The flames of earlier Autumn  
 Have smouldered, and are dead;  
 October gave us painting;  
 We have sculpture now, instead.

Yes, it's the time for tramping,  
 With Autumn on the wane,  
 And the air so crisp and sparkling,  
 Is better than champagne!



# No Game of Chance

By Mary Jugg

*CHARACTERS: MR. and MRS. SIMON KUNSHEK, Slovene immigrants and members of the SNPJ since its beginning.*

*HENRY KUNSHEK, their son, an aviator.*

*MOLLY KUNSHEK, their daughter, out of high school and as yet, out of work.*

The scene takes place in the living room of the Kunshek home. It is evening of a spring day. As the curtain rises, Mr. Kunshek and his son, Henry, are discovered in the room. Mr. Kunshek lays aside the newspaper he has been reading and removes his spectacles.

HENRY: (*Throwing up his hands in despair*) I give up arguing with you, Dad. You can't listen to reason.

MR. KUNSHEK: If it's sound and good, I stand ready. I haven't grown too old for that.

HENRY: Then why don't you drop the thing?

MR. KUNSHEK: Henry, there's many a word I allow to escape from your lips. But I resent and outright forbid you to speak light of an institution I've helped build and seen rise before my very eyes. I'm a member of the Slovene National Benefit Society from its very beginning. (*Reminiscently*) Well do I remember those early days—how we fought against reaction for some avenue of enlightenment for our fellow immigrants here in America. Those were dark days, all right. I remember how we had to fight against all those Austrian traditions. Why, some of the members actually wanted to be dressed in the uniforms of the old world army officers, with sabres, gold emblems, right up to feathers in their caps. Imagine! Then the fight we had to establish our declaration of freethought principles. It wasn't done in a day. Here are ideals, my son, not only insurance.

HENRY: Yeah. I can understand

how you'd feel sentimental about the whole thing.

MR. KUNSHEK: (*Rising*) Who's being sentimental?

HENRY: Why, you! Sitting there dreaming about all those by-gone days instead of scooping up the actual, cold, hard facts and placing them on the scales.

MR. KUNSHEK: Nothing is so ignoble as sentimentality.

HENRY: Righto, Dad. Then snap out of it.

MR. KUNSHEK: And relating the early hardships and the subsequent achievements of a thriving institution is not sentimentality.

HENRY: But going by has-been dreaming instead of facts is. Look at yourself, Dad. Working hard all your life, and what have you? Just another man hit by the depression, that's all.

MR. KUNSHEK: I don't see what that has to do with dropping the SNPJ?

HENRY: Just this. You've been paying a high insurance rate into that Society year after year. Figure it out for yourself. For thirty years at approximately two dollars and fifty cents every month. It makes a nice sum. And what did you ever get out of it? Thirteen dollars sick benefit the time you hurt your toe in the

mine. But that sum of money all in one lump would come in mighty handy right now.

MR. KUNSHEK: I've been insured in case of death all that time.

HENRY: YOU could have been insured anywhere else and for much cheaper, too. Look at me. For the ten dollars per year I pay into the Stratford Insurance Company I'm protected in case of death.

MR. KUNSHEK: (*Less firmly*) That isn't a very great investment.

HENRY: No. When I intend to invest I place my money where it'll bring me some return. My money goes to David Zorn. He's building a big linen manufacturing plant. In a few years, what a money-maker that'll be! Machinery, imported direct from Germany! Exclusive patented process of manufacturing linen! We're living in a modern age, Dad. One that's up and doing things, not building on rocks of sentimentality.

MR. KUNSHEK: Well, I don't say you've changed my mind completely, Henry. There is brotherhood and fraternalism concerned. Things that no money can buy. But I agree. In my case, the long years of steady investment have netted me no profits. Our Branch meeting is next Sunday. I'll ask for a withdrawal card and consider your Stratford Insurance Company.

HENRY: Bravo, Dad! I knew you had good common sense.

MR. KUNSHEK: I'm not altogether at ease about my decision. But I guess I'll get over that feeling.

HENRY: Everything will turn out for the best. You'll see. (*Prepares to leave*) Guess I'll take a stroll around the town. It's not often I get a night off duty. Sem Rains took my night shift for tonight. He was always looking forward to piloting my plane by night. But he'll change his mind.

I'll have to ask him how he liked it—tomorrow morning. (*Exits.*)

(*Enter Mrs. Kunshek.*)

MR. KUNSHEK: Well, Rena, you've been gone a long while. Henry and I have just made some important decisions.

MRS. KUNSHEK: (*Nervously*) Where's Henry now?

MR. KUNSHEK: Just left for a stroll around town he said. Well, well, what's the matter? You look so distressed.

MRS. KUNSHEK: Oh, Simon. I've just heard the most terrible news. I stepped over to Snider's to ask her about our next meeting and they told me that Zorn just skipped the country.

MR. KUNSHEK: Zorn? You mean David Zorn?

MRS. KUNSHEK: Yes, David Zorn. The man with all the original ideas for a linen manufacturing plant. Gone, with all the money his trusty friends gave him.

MR. KUNSHEK: And Henry's money?

MRS. KUNSHEK: Gone like all the rest.

MR. KUNSHEK: Well, that's pretty how-de-do.

MRS. KUNSHEK: Oh, what shall we do? What will Henry say? Course, Henry didn't invest so very much. He hasn't been a licensed pilot for so very long. But, anyway, it was all he had. (*Molly rushes into the room.*)

MOLLY: Oh, Mother, Dad! Look at this! (*She waves a newspaper in front of them.*)

MR. KUNSHEK: Why all the excitement?

MOLLY: Look! The Stratford Insurance Company!

MR. KUNSHEK: Well, what about it?

MOLLY: It's gone on the rocks. Look at this write-up in the paper.

MRS. KUNSHEK: (*As if awakening from a stupor*) The Stratford Insurance Company! Henry's Insurance Company?

MOLLY: Yes. It says it's the third private insurance company to have failed in a month.

MRS. KUNSHEK: (*Pacing up and down*) Oh, my poor Henry. First one thing happens to him and then the next. It's a good thing he has nothing else to lose.

MR. KUNSHEK: Well, there's one thing sure. I can't sign up with the Stratford Company after I step out of the SNPJ.

MRS. KUNSHEK: Simon, you're not leaving the SNPJ, are you?

MR. KUNSHEK: Yes, Rena. I've thought the thing over pretty carefully. Henry was right. Of course, he may have lost a little now. But Zorn's enterprise was just a game of chance. Everyone gambles with chance when he goes to invest. And the insurance company closing up is nothing unusual, either. Hundreds of banks have closed up, too. It's chance whatever way you take it. Leastways, you don't care so much if you lose less.

(*At this point Henry enters. He appears quiet and pale. He slinks into a chair by the door. A silence falls upon the three in the room.*)

MOLLY: (*Approaching him*) Cheer up, Henry. Don't look so glum.

HENRY: You'd be looking glum, too, if Sem hadn't taken my night shift tonight.

MOLLY: What do you mean?  
(*Mr. and Mrs. Kunshek come over to him.*)

HENRY: Just that I wouldn't be a-sitting here, that's all.

MRS. KUNSHEK: You mean Sem Rains—

HENRY: Yeah. He crashed. A few minutes after he took off. In my plane, too. Engine went on the bum. Killed instantly!

MRS. KUNSHEK: (*Excitedly*) And to think it could have been you!

HENRY: As like as not. Some strange turn of chance saved me this time.

MOLLY: And to think. Right after your insurance has gone on the rocks.

HENRY: You're pleasant all right. (*With sarcasm*) My insurance!

MR. KUNSHEK: (*Trying to dispel some of the gloom*) That's right. We would have even been minus your insurance money.

(*Henry looks from one to the other in consternation.*)

MRS. KUNSHEK: Yes, and wait till you hear about your investment with David Zorn.

MR. KUNSHEK: (*Suddenly changing to a serious mood*) Well, that settles it. I've been feeling queer ever since that decision of mine to withdraw from the SNPJ. And things began to happen right after that—one, two, three. No more gambling on chance. No withdrawal card for me on Sunday or any other Sunday.

MOLLY: We'll stick by you, Dad. We both want to be its members and carry on its spirit always.

MRS. KUNSHEK: Well, thank goodness I won that argument, too.

(CURTAIN)





A. L. RIPLEY

WINTER NIGHT

## The Apache Trail

**F**AR, far back across the years and buried deep in the mists of antiquity, here in what is now our own United States, there lived and thrived a race about whose annals no faintest breath comes down to our day. This was a race whose people unquestionably were outstanding among others of their time in point of culture and civilization, yet its last representative disappeared from the face of the earth so long ago that the wisest of our scientists, thus far, have been utterly unable to reconstruct anything of historical or biological value from the intensely interesting but meager data that was left behind.

Hidden away amid the gulches and peaks of Arizona a lone prospector, many years ago, came upon unmistakable signs of human handicraft. Pursuing this strange phenomenon, he discovered, perched high upon the faces of cliffs, cleverly fashioned dwellings, monuments, temples and other structures, all radically unlike anything heretofore discovered in this or any other country. He reported his discoveries, and scientists soon thereafter began exploring, excavating and restoring all those fragments of a forgotten civilization and to study them earnestly with a view to piecing together a story that might solve the mystery.

So now let's visit that place and use our own imagination in an effort to reconstruct the scenes that have faded from the earth. Our route takes us over what is known as the Apache Trail, so called because, in the days of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, this region was the home of a fierce and valiant Indian tribe which fought bitterly against the encroachments of the white race.

We'll start our trip of 120 miles by motor bus, leaving from Globe, Arizona, following the route that was taken by

the Spaniards who really were the discoverers in the sixteenth century, long before the time of the lone prospector. We reach Phoenix before noon, where we see ancient irrigating canals which, scientists tell us, were carrying water long before the time of Julius Caesar.

Nearby is a prehistoric apartment house of some 600 rooms which the American Museum of Natural History has excavated and which is to be restored, in part, to its original form. This visit to Phoenix is really a side trip but is well worth the while, but now we return to Globe where, in 1875, the first American white men came and fought bitterly to stay. Here, in the records of the Old Dominion mine, are many references to bloody encounters with Apaches who made the job of mining and transporting gold a most hazardous one. The Smithsonian Institute is busy with its excavations here.

To the north of Globe the road climbs around the base of Smoke Signal Peak, where the Apaches, in the old days, lighted their signal fires. From the summit of the trail, at 3980 feet of elevation, is obtained the first glimpse of Roosevelt Lake, 2000 feet below and fifteen miles away, the site of the famous Roosevelt dam.

The Apache Trail here winds closely along the shores of the lake on the opposite shore of which rises the great triangular mass of Geronimo mountain. The scenery increases in grandeur as we approach Roosevelt dam, midway down the lake. The dam stretches its mighty span between two massive cliffs at the entrance to Salt river canyon where Tonto creek joined the larger stream, the impounded waters forming a lake thirty miles long and four miles across its broadest point.

Roosevelt dam undoubtedly is one of the greatest modern engineering triumphs and is, in itself, worthy of an

entire separate article, but in this one we are concerned mainly with the accomplishments of artisans now centuries dead, so we'll describe now in some detail.

One of the most interesting of these is to be found in Cholla canyon, in approaching which we pass Pleasant valley which, in earlier days, was the home of a band of outlaws and the scene of a feud that raged in 1886. The bloody annals of this feud are romantically treated in Zane Grey's gripping, "To the Last Man."

To the south is Indian ridge, a castellated range where rich placer mines were discovered by miners from Globe. One of the discoverers was killed by Apaches and it was his funeral which started the Globe cemetery.

As we pass the heights which form the entrance to Cholla canyon we get our first glimpse of the Tonto cliff dwellings in their overhanging caverns, discovered in 1877. In them the scientists found many evidences of a high

civilization as well as a vast number of inscriptions which no man, to this day, has been able to decipher.

The dwellings, scientists say, were occupied at least one thousand years ago and are the largest of their kind in the southwest. The floor of the lower ruin, a three-story structure, is of clay, trodden almost as hard as rock. The posts and beams are of red cypress, hewn with stone axes. Across the beams are cypress and juniper boughs, saguaro ribs and river reeds with a top dressing of adobe clay. This was smeared on by hand, the finger prints of builders, in many places, still being plainly visible.

Much of the craftsmanship on these buildings and the utensils found in them discloses evidence of a surprising degree of skill which is far in advance of any similar art displayed by the Indians found in the vicinity. This would indicate that the lost race was isolated from the tribes which survived.

—O. T. F.

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## Long-Lived Birds

The swan is the longest-lived bird, and it is asserted that it has reached the age of one hundred years. Knauer, in his natural history, states that he has seen a falcon that was one hundred and sixty-two years old. The following examples are cited as to the longevity of the eagle and vulture:

A sea-eagle captured in 1715, and already several years of age, died one hundred and four years afterward, in 1819; a white-headed vulture, captured in 1706, died in 1826, in one of the aviaries of Schoenbrun Castle, near Vienna, where it had passed one hun-

dred and eighteen years in captivity. Paroquets and ravens reach an age of over one hundred years. The life of sea and marshbirds sometimes equals that of several human generations. Like many other birds, magpies live to be very old in a state of freedom, but do not reach over twenty-five years in captivity. The nightingale lives but ten years in captivity and the blackbird fifteen. Canary birds reach an age of from twelve to fifteen years in the cage, but those flying in liberty in their native islands reach a much more advanced age.



## THE NEW YEAR

DEAR CHILDREN:—

*Hello, everybody! I hope you are all feeling "top notch" these days, with traces of your yuletide spirit still lingering in your memory. Not the spirit so much as the presents—that's what counts! Yes, provided your parents, relatives and friends were "in the mood" to be generous. Well, we can say of the past New Year's that "the song has ended, but the melody lingers on."*

*But here we are, in the new year! And the new year usually brings new interest and new life. Well, how do you like the new cover design of the MLADINSKI LIST? That's a real present for you! Hope you like it; I do.*

*There are an even number of ten pages of letters by our Juveniles published in this number. Ten whole pages! And there is another batch of letters left over for the next number. These were written by the following: Cecelia and Jennie Stefancic, Oakdale, Pa.; Rose Zupanc, Auburn, Ill.; Joe Kavcic, Pierce, W. Va.; William Fautsko, Canton, O.; Stanley Matoh, Diamondville, Wyo.; Frank Pelantz, Pierce, W. Va., and many, many others. All these letters will receive due consideration and will be printed in the February M. L.*

*And now—don't forget that next letter!*

—THE EDITOR.

### A GOOD SUGGESTION FOR THE M. L.

Editor and Members:—

One resolution that we made (maybe) for the New Year, and the only one that should not be broken, is to write to the Chatter Corner as often as possible. Bro. Editor said in the Dec. issue that this year's M. L. will have a brand-new cover design. So if we miss having a contrib. in the first number, we'll surely be glad to have one in the second.

I suggest that the inside surface of the Cover be used for advertising the SNPJ as follows:

A picture of a two year old baby, or:

A picture of a youngster, from one to ten years of age.

The picture to be size 3'x3' or 4'x4' or 5'x5', and be placed at the top of the page. Below it should be the words (in large type) SHE

(HE) IS A MEMBER AND SO ARE YOU—BUT HOW ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS?—Then there would be a 2 inch circle to one side with "ASSESSMENT AS LOW AS 18c PER MONTH" in it. The lower part of the cover inside surface would be a writeup as follows (or something similar):

31 years of service has taught us much of value. Let this experience serve you. You'll never regret it.

Besides that, the confidence and resources behind us show that you can't be wrong in affiliating with THE SNPJ.—Address and Seal.

The back inside surface of the cover would have a Juvenile benefit scale using the entire surface, and such similar material each month. Also a half page picture of the SNPJ Headquarters. And the picture used in the letter-head of Society Correspondence could be

used for a half surface material. Thus the empty space in our M. L. would be filled.

If the above suggestion is not O. K., members are welcome to make better ones.

In the November issue **Dorothy Fink** has gone clear philosophical. There is no doubt the "I know an easier way to do it" quotation is all too true. The question is, is that only a boast, just "to get your goat?" I think it is. And as for the attitude of living and desire that you voice, Dorothy, it is nice to see common sense mixed with just a "little" of prophecizing, down black on white.

My philosophy is: Work for all that CAN work; To each the fruit of his work; Help for those that won't work.—American Guard.

Ano, someone comes along, tells me that money isn't everything. The lawless think it is. In fact, I think it is a mighty handy thing to have "lying around."

"Someone" will ask, are Henry Ford, Thomas Lamont, W. W. Atterbury and A. W. Mellon successful? In making money, yes! But how about happiness and contentment? That cannot be measured in dollars and cents. If they are not happy and contented the "Someone" says these rich men are "Poor Rich Failures." So what!

#### Prohibition:

Gospodinja: Remember, Jeeves, the master is to have absolutely no liquor.

Hlapec: Quart so, Madam, quart so.

#### Alimony

Officer to married couple: Now if you two don't stop this, there's liable to be murder.

Wife: Officer, you don't know the half of it, because de—vorce is yet to come.

#### Conundrumovich

What's the happiest vowel in the alphabet? —"I"—It is in the midst of bliss, while "E" is in hell, and all the rest of the vowels in purgatory.

What is the difference between an engineer and a school teacher?—One minds the train and the other trains the mind.

**Frank Miklaucich,**  
box 3, Willock, Pa., Lodge 36.

\* \*

### OUR JUVENILE PROGRAM

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I haven't been writing to the Mladinski List much, but I will try to write a letter every month this year.

Four Slovene Lodges gave a Christmas Party for the Juvenile members on December 24 at 8 o'clock. There was a very nice crowd, including many adults. They had a very nice Christmas tree. The children sang Christmas carols. Two girls and a boy sang in English

and then in Slovene, and Carolyn Yager, 10, was playing the piano. It was very nice.

The SNPJ gave the Juvenile members free assessment for December, so the Lodges gave us a Christmas Party. The Juvenile members wish that they would be lucky this year as they were last year and have another Christmas Party. Wishing everybody much happiness in the new year.

A proud member, **Dorothy F. Brezovsek,**  
Box 74, Conemaugh, Pa., Lodge 168.

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### THE 14TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE M. L.

Dear Editor and Juvenile Members:—

Now, since the 30th SNPJ anniversary is over, we, the contributors to the M. L., may celebrate the 14th anniversary of the M. L. Let us, one and all, show most of the hidden spirit by writing to our beloved M. L.

#### A TRIBUTE

Here's to the good old M. L.,

A paper of national renown;  
East, West, North, and South  
Its admirers can be found.  
Fourteen years of faithful service  
Has earned it a rightful place;  
As a typical Slovene monthly journal  
It has set and kept the pace.

M. L. as a foremost monthly  
Has proved worthy of its name;  
Having blazed the trail for fourteen years,  
To the peak of undying fame.  
Like beacon light it leads the way,  
And readers have always found  
Its newsy columns up to date,  
Authentic, safe and sound.

So at the close of this tribute  
It would seem fitting to say:  
"Congratulations" to the good old M. L.,  
In a friendly, poetic way.

The sophomores, with the aid of their teacher, Miss Bossart, have composed a school song in admiration of our Washington-Wendel Jr. Hi. The tune is taken from the "fight song" of Notre Dame. Our Jr. Hi holds assemblies in which we all sing the song. Our Hi School is also selling emblems composed of our school colors—green and white.

Our Jr. Hi Parent Teachers Ass'n. One was held recently at our Community building near our Hi school. Parents are welcome. A huge gathering was there. Amusements were plentiful and a delightful lunch was served. Elderly persons enjoyed themselves in some of the games. The members of the dramatic club presented a very short play called "The Flivver Family." It was interesting.



In conclusion I am hoping that the SNPJ has many more boostful members and contributors for the M. L. The season's best greetings to editor and readers. I am also extending my sincere hope for more M. L. contributors. Show your hidden SNPJ spirit. Don't forget to write to the M. L. to show your enthusiasm for the 14th anniversary.

A proud Juvenile,  
Dorothy M. Fink, Wendel, Pa.

\* \*  
**MANY GIFTS**

Dear Editor:—

First of all, I am going to thank the SNPJ for the Christmas cards sent my two brothers and me. They were very nice.

I hope everyone had a merry Christmas and a happy new year. My brothers and I got many things for Christmas. Santa came to our house at seven o'clock and brought many presents. Then he went out of the house and when he came back, he was not Santa—it was my brother. We had a lot of fun then. We had a very good time. I and my two brothers got a nice present from Cleveland from my aunt.

At the last week of school we had a Christmas program. It was very nice, many people were there to see it. My mother was there also. She thought it was very good. Then, on Friday, we had a party and we sang Christmas songs, we also had a radio in school; it was playing all afternoon. Every room had a Christmas tree. We had a Christmas tree at our house, too.

There are five in our family and we all belong to Lodge 533.

I am again thanking the SNPJ for the Christmas cards which were sent to us.

Mary Surina,  
box 216, Enterprise, West Va.

\* \*  
**THE PROGRESSIVE MINERS**

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List.

The mines are not working very good in Illinois.

Conditions are worse in the striking area, where they want recognition of the Progressive Miners, a clean union for the working man. It was organized after the ballot stealing of John L. Lewis, friend of the capitalists. His company union has thugs and drunken gunmen in Christian county, home of Peabody, Insull mines. This strike is more than two years old.

It is tough for the children. The Progressive Miners union helps these oppressed victims which the U. M. W. of A. has never done. The scabs are mostly imported and ignorant with a low standard of living. Injuries are

frequent and the undertakers have an unpaid prosperity even quite near the tomb of Abraham Lincoln.

There are several Slovenes on strike. The coal mines are getting worse every day. We still have a little liberty here and not the John L. Lewis' dues collecting agency.

Louis Widmar, Bend, Ill., Lodge 356.

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**"THIS WONDERFUL MAGAZINE"**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I hope everyone will enjoy health, happiness and success in 1935.

I was not so very faithful in writing every month in 1934, but will try to do my best in 1935. I like to read this wonderful magazine, Mary Jugg's poems and Frank Miklaucich's letters.

I think it would be grand if the people from west would write in the M. L.

It is grand, too, that the SNPJ gave the juveniles free assessment. It certainly was a nice present in these hard times.

I will close wishing that some boys and girls would write to me, and wishing that they would have a wonderful year.

A faithful reader,

Frances Smodich, box 57, Maynard, Ohio.

\* \*  
**A LETTER FROM CHICAGO**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L.

I like Louis Adamic's book, "The Native's Return," and I hope he writes many more books. I go to Pasteur school; I like school very much. My teacher's name is Mrs. Becker. I would go to Slovene school, but there isn't any.

We all belong to Lodge 39. I can not read nor write in Slovene, but I would like to learn it. I wish they had Slovene school, then I would write in Slovene.

I live near the Municipal airport. Last year I saw the air races. I saw parachutes coming down. They looked like butterflies.

My dad has over one hundred Slovene books, but I don't even know how to read them. I will try and write every month.

Walter Mihelich,  
6048 S. Kilbourne ave., Chicago, Ill.

\* \*  
**ANNA'S PONY**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I think this time I'll tell you a little about my pony. It has nice blue eyes, is light-brown and white; her mane and tail are black and white. Her name is Queenie and I like her. I ride her to school every day. She likes to go home, but not to school. She learns a little every day. She knows how to say please give me something good to eat. She says he-ha-

ha-ha. When she can see me bringing something, she begins to say he-ha-ha-ha. That means "thank you" beside "please give me something good to eat."

Well, I think that's all for this time. Please, cousins Mary, Sylvia, Josephine and Stanley, write.

**Anna Prelec,**

R. F. D. 2, Painesville, O.

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#### "MY FIRST"

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to this wonderful magazine. But my reason for writing is to thank the SNPJ for the Christmas greetings. I think it was a wonderful gift to the members for giving free assessments to the Juveniles in December. I believe that it is appreciated by the members of this Lodge, especially those whose fathers do not work. I will now close, sincerely wishing every member and Editor a happy new year.

An Exceedingly Proud Member,

**Dorothy Miklos,**

Benld, Ill., box 684, Lodge 356.

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#### ANOTHER "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. My brother wrote last month to the M. L., so I thought I'd write this month. I think Dec. is the best month of all, because of Santa. I hope the year 1935 would bring us better times. We hope so, anyway.

Now, dear Sisters and Brothers, I would be glad if some of you would write to me. I love to get letters, and will sure answer every one.

Much happiness in 1935.

**Alice Umeck,**

R. F. D. 1, box 171-A, Niles, Ohio.

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#### THREE SISTERS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 8 years old and in the 3rd grade. I like school very much. I go to Broughton school. I have two sisters, one is 6 years old and one 14 years old. The one that is 14 years old came from the old country last year in July. She goes to school, in 4th grad. She learns very well in school. Vse tri smo v mladinskem od-delku.

**Anna Grobin,** box 17, Broughton, Pa.

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#### RUDY'S "LITTLE JIM"

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my third letter to the wonderful magazine the M. L.

I am going to get a pair of ice skates. I know how to roller-skate, so I ought to be able to ice-skate.

I have a little kitten. I call him "Little

Jim." He sure does bite; he bit me quite a few times.

I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Donald Drummond. I like him very much. He is also a basketball coach.

My next birthday will be April 18, 1935.

There is quite a bit of snow out here.

Our high school team has already played several games of basketball this season. My brother plays basketball.

My father, mother, sister, brother and I all belong to Lodge No. 183, SNPJ.

Happy new year to all the members, readers and editor.

**Rudy Pershin,**

box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

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#### WINTER SPORTS IN WYO.

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am very sorry I didn't write sooner, but I was too busy playing.

The weather here (Dec. 11) is nice. I don't mind the snow, but I don't like the cold weather.

I wish William Lukancich and Helen Stanko would write, also Maria Petek.

On Saturdays and Sundays I go sleigh-riding and skating. I have lots of fun. One night Joseph, Rudy and I went sleigh-riding on a hill by our house. It was about 7 p. m. We got on all at the same time. Joseph would always get at the end, I would get in the middle and Rudy would get in the front. Every time we went down on the sled we would "wreck" or either Joseph would fall off. When we got home my mother asked us if we had a lot of fun, we said, "Yes, only it was cold." She said, "Good for you. Next time you will dress up more."

We had a Christmas play.

I think that is all for this time.

I wish some of the members would write to me. I would gladly answer them.

**Marv Pershin,** box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

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#### OLGA LIKES SKATING

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I have been reading it monthly and enjoyed it very much. I am glad that the Chatter Corner has increased. I like stories and jokes best.

Winter is here and I think that I shall have a lot of fun. Last winter my friends and I went sled-riding and skating. We have a creek near our school and every winter it freezes, and we have a swell time skating.

I wish that the people of White Valley would wake up and write. And by the way, I would like to hear from some other school children.

I am writing a few jokes:

First Kid—Everybody's always telling me I got my papa's eyes and nose.

Second Kid—Well, I got my grandpa's teeth. They are in a glass upstairs.

Boy—Say, dad, do teachers get paid for teaching?

Dad—Certainly.

Boy—I don't think that's right when we pupils have to do all the work.

Best regards to all.

Olga Gutman, box 42, Export, Pa.

### "MY LETTER IS SHORT"

Dear Editor and Members:—

I have not written to the M. L. for such a long while, but I decided to write now.

Our first half of school is completed. We had our mid-year finals. I made fairly good grades in most of my monthly tests. I hope the other members make just as good, or even better grades.

I am sorry that my letter is so short, but news are scarce around here; I don't have much time to write.

Clara Zebre,

box 23, Marianna, Pa.

### TOO MUCH HOMEWORK

Dear Editor and Readers:—

School is here and I do not have time to write to the Mladinski List, because I have a lot of homework every day. Whenever the M. L. comes I am the first one to look at it, the first thing I try to find is the jokes and riddles. I wish some boys and girls of Cleveland, Ohio, would write. I belong to the SNPJ Lodge 406.

Next time I will try to write more.

Best regards to the Editor and all.

Olga Kandus,

1009 E. 66th Pl., Cleveland, Ohio.

### THE SUN WILL SHINE

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years old and I am in the 5th grade. My father is not working for a long time as working conditions are very bad. The conditions will improve when people will start to think. Let's hope the sun will shine soon.

I am a member of Lodge 126, SNPJ.

Jennie Virant,

986 E. 71st st., Cleveland, O.

### A VOICE FROM MINNESOTA

Dear Editor:—

Here I am, as busy as a bee. I didn't write for a long time, but I have a lot to write this time to make up for lost time.

First, I want to tell you about my birthday party on Sunday, November 18. It was the first time last year that I had so much fun. When all the boys came over, my sister called

us into the room. The table was all set and ready for us to eat and eat until everything was gone. After we ate the delicious food, we played a game that you readers might want to play sometime. Here is how you do it. Write a funny question on a piece of paper, then you fold it so that your partner cannot see what you asked when you pass it to him. Your partner will then try to answer the question without seeing your question. As soon as you all have completed the process, exchange with your partners and read the question and the answer written. It will be very funny. Remember, if you play this game you shouldn't show your question or answer until everyone is through, and the papers are ready to read.

We played lots of other games, too. My sister Mary made nice souvenirs, little clowns. She made them with wire and crepe paper. She also makes flowers and baskets with tin. We had lots of fun at our party with Lazzo. Lazzo is a good boy and is always jolly. You just fool him that you're laughing, and he will start to laugh. And when he laughs there isn't anyone who doesn't laugh with him.

Eight of us were at the party, which is enough for any party.

Well, now I should tell you a little about Ely. The snow keeps falling, and the sun comes out and melts it. Sometimes the weather gets so cold that we have to play in the house, and when the sun comes out from behind the clouds it becomes warm again. Isn't that funny weather?

I am learning to play a trombone, and my father and the rest of the family tell me to practice in my room because I make so much beginner's noise on it.

I liked that song Elsie Pavlin sent in. I'll bet the other readers liked it, too.

I also got an airplane ride for the first time in my life. The pilot was Roy R. Dugan. He gave me the ride free because I helped him polish the airplane. The boys and girls that did not get an airplane ride yet surely miss something good. Everything on earth looks like toys, and the scenery is very beautiful. The thing I liked the best was the Old High school. Its color made it look so nice. The Shagawa lake was nice to see also. The islands on it are full of trees and some have high ledges. The city of Ely looks like a small toy town. (Santa should come here.) Small cars seem to be going places. It sure is swell!

It seems as though everyone is busy. My brother, who is a reporter for the Range Facts, is always out getting news. He gets the news from Tower-Soudan and Ely. That's lots of work, but he can do it.

(Editor:—What day do the letters have to be in your office?—Ans.: Before the first of each month.)

In our English class, we wrote stories about a circus. I got an A and a B. The A counts for how the story was written, and the B counts for spelling.

The deer season is over. Many hunters from all parts of the country returned to their homes with deer packed on the fenders of their cars. Some had as much as two and three while others were more unfortunate—didn't get any! Three men in this section were killed accidentally while hunting. One was mistaken for a deer, while the others seemed to be careless in handling their guns.

I didn't go hunting because I still am too young, but I'm going when I get older.

Well, I'm very busy myself, with school work and learning how to play the trombone. Right now, I have to play the trombone, so I'll just go into my room, stuff all the key-holes with rags, and then I can blow in peace. Meanwhile, I'll be seeing you, that is if you don't see me first.

Albert Pechaver,

648 E. Camp st., Ely, Minn.

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#### ELEVEN IN FAMILY ALL SNPJ-ers

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter in the M. L. I am ashamed of myself for not writing sooner.

There are eleven children in our family, eight girls, and three boys. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge.

I am fifteen years old. I don't go to the High school, because we don't have any in our town.

We had quite a bit of snow here lately.

When we get the M. L. I look for my cousin's letters first. I enjoy reading the letters in the M. L.

Grace Penko,

box 164, Somerset, Colo.

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#### ON SELLING GARLIC

Dear Editor and Members:—

I am very sorry I did not write sooner. I could not write sooner, because I was very busy.

I went to many places last year. The first place I went to was Bridgeport, O. I stayed by the Snoys. They are very good people and they treated me very nice.

Next I went to Westmoreland. There I visited many SNPJ members. They all treated me very well. I stayed by Mrs. Steban in Hermine. They treated me also very good. From Hermine I went to Yukon where I saw many of the SNPJ members.

When I got home mother and I went to Cleveland, Ohio, for the second time. Of all the places that I have traveled, I've never seen so many Slovenes before as there are in Cleveland. They were all very kind to me.

The reason that I go to so many places is, because I sell Slovene books and

spices. The only thing that I did not like about this job was selling powdered garlic. When I went on the street-car all the people were holding their noses. It was the garlic that started all the trouble. I hope my boss will discharge me from this garlic business. In the houses I had another trouble. When I brought spices they asked if I was selling blood-bologneys.

My father found a good poultry farm in Johnstown where we will be moving soon. Then I hope that I will not have to sell garlic anymore. I will write more next time.

William Lukancich, box 6, Milway, Pa.

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#### JULIA LIKES HER NEW PLACE

Dear Editor:—

My brother Rudy got a radio from a good friend for a Christmas present. It's a nice one and we all like it.

Wake up, Fayette and Frederick, there are many SNPJ members around here that could get busy and write to this wonderful magazine. If you like to read it you ought to like to write to it and also read your letters. Those who don't write to the M. L. sure miss by not reading their own letters. It sure is hard for me if I don't write at least every other month or every month.

All those who asked me for a picture will get one as soon as they are developed. I took a picture some time ago which I hope will be good.

The weather is okay.

When we first moved out here I sure thought I would miss Morley and wouldn't get used to the place and people's ways, but I'm more than glad we did come out here, because the people are all friendly in school and around our place.

I wish we would have come in the summer because I could have gone to the parks and interesting places. Then I would write to the M. L. and describe the things I saw.

Julia Slavec, box 225, Lafayette, Colo.

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#### MARY'S SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter I am writing to the M. L. There are three of us in the family and I am the only one that belongs to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 375.

I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade. I like school very much. I wouldn't think of missing school one day unless I would be very ill.

Work is very scarce in Brackenridge. My father only gets two or three days a week and sometimes not even that much.

Best regards to Editor and readers.

Mary Chandek,

1031 Sixth ave., Brackenridge, Pa.

**MY FIRST LETTER**

Dear Editor:—

I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I am having vacation now for three months and I am spending it in Brackenridge. I will go back to school January 10.

There are five of us in our family, and three of us belong to the SNPJ. I like to read the M. L. I will write more next time.

Best wishes to Members and Editor.

Jenny Gaspersic, 716—24th st., Ambridge, Pa.

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**DANICA DOESN'T BELIEVE IN SANTA**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I was very glad when I saw my first letter in the December Mladinski List. Now I am going to tell you something about Christmas. I was going to get a sewing machine from Santa (in whom I don't believe, anyway), but he left me only a Shirley Temple book and several other things. The sewing machine was too expensive. Maybe I was too naughty last year. I hope I'll have better luck next Christmas.

That's all this time. Best regards to all.

Danica Kuhovski,

78 E. Buena Vista ave., Detroit, Mich.

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**A SECOND LETTER**

Dear Editor and Readers—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I was very glad when I saw my first letter published.

On Dec. 21 we had a play in our school in the morning. In the afternoon, when we came back to school, we saw a big fat man sitting in a chair beside the Christmas tree. Can you guess who it was? Why, it was jolly old Santa with a big bag of candy. He gave everyone one pound box of candy!

I thank Annie Kabe for the pretty Christmas card that she sent me.

Now I know that before this letter will be in the M. L. it will be the new year of 1935 and I hope that it would be better than 1934 was.

We had very bad luck last year. We live in Elicia, No. 1, Pa. The men over here had lots of trouble. They asked the company to recognize the U. M. W. union. The company refused to do it. So the men came out on strike. The superintendent sent a man to take the water off of the strongest union men's families. And then he cut the electric power off. Next he sent to everybody a seven days' notice to get out of the houses. Then the president of this Local got a 4-day sheriff's notice, and when he did not move the sheriff came down to put them out on the road. He came with a big truck and 14 deputies in 4 cars. And with them they brought machine guns, high-power rifles, sawed off shot guns, and lots of tear gas bombs, to scare the people, but they found

out that the people of the place were not afraid of them.

When deputies carried some of their furniture on the truck the people of this place got together and carried it back into the house and chased the driver with his truck away from the place.

And then the sheriff, with his 14 deputies, found out that the people were stronger than he and his 14 deputies, left the place and never came back.

I wish the Editor and all the Readers much luck.

Josephine Kozlevchar,

box 147, So. Brownsville, Pa.

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**MY FIRST, BUT NOT THE LAST LETTER**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I didn't see a letter from the State of Washington yet. I'm writing my first letter. Here in the State of Washington things don't seem to pick up as they were predicting. My father wasn't working for the last four years. There are four in our family. We enjoy reading the M. L. There are many interesting letters, poems, and stories in the Mladinski List. I am eleven years old and in the fifth grade. I go to the Longfellow school. I have three teachers; they are all very nice to me.

I came to the United States on Oct. 10, 1930, from Rupa, Istria, Italy, but I'm not an Italian.

We belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 403. I will write more next time. I give my best regards to the Editor and Readers.

Zlatka Dorothy Klarich,

809 So. 21st st., Tacoma, Wash.

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**ANNE'S THE PRESIDENT**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I was very glad to see that my last letter didn't see the waste paper basket and I wish this one won't either.

I am the president of our Literary Society meeting in our school and I have a secretary to do the writing.

Most of the letters in the M. L. are from Penna. Where are the rest of the states? Sound asleep, I guess. Come on, everybody! Let's beat Penna for once.

I received a letter from Josephine Sedlar of Versailles, Pa., and I wish to thank her again for her kind letter.

A Proud Member,

Anne Flaker, R. R. 1, Hatley, Wis.

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**IS WAUKEGAN LAZY?**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I think Waukegan is getting a bit lazy. I haven't seen any letters in the M. L. lately. Is the cold weather getting you or what? I think Dorothy Judnich, Lorraine Miller, and Frances Kerzic ought to write. Come on, Wau-

kegan, wake up! So that we can make the Chatter Corner bigger. I haven't been writing to this great magazine myself lately.

I would like to receive some letters from some of the members. I would gladly answer them. Now I will close with the best regards to Editor and all!

Emily Mozek, 929 Lenox ave., Waukegan, Ill.

### \* \* \* XMAS PARADE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

In Wheeling, W. Va., they had a Xmas parade. I saw the parade the year before and liked it.

Some of the writers are getting lazy since school started. Even if you have to do some school work at home you should have a little time to write to the M. L. I like school and have many good times with other children.

Two men came up to our school on Nov. 23 and showed everyone who paid a dime movies of the world's fair. I enjoyed the pictures very much. Best regards to all.

Pauline Eliz. Novak,  
Box 113, Valley Grove, W. Va.

### \* \* \* FROM 'WAY UP NORTH

Dear Editor and Readers:—

You're about to hear from a member 'way up north, that is to say, Minnesota.

First of all, I've tried a bit to describe myself (not a good job, I'll admit). Anyway, here goes: 5 ft. 5 in. tall, wavy brown hair, hazel eyes, high forehead and a plentiful supply of freckles, fun-loving; favorite sports: swimming, hiking, and camping, which includes, of course, fishing, etc. Oh, I almost forgot—15 years of age. I've been very much interested in the Chatter Corner, with its various letters submitted by the numerous members of our SNPJ. Some, especially, deserve praise—Frank Miklaucich, Dorothy Fink and others.

We've been having some very odd changes in weather. Snowing and raining. That doesn't affect me frequently, as I'm too absorbed in my school activities. Attending the Memorial high-school, as a sophomore, I take these subjects: English II, Geometry, Modern History, and Latin II. That's enough to keep me busy the whole school term.

As I close my letter, I have one more request to make—I would be especially glad if a few of the members would correspond with me.

Frances Chernivetz,  
box 4, Ely, Minn.

### \* \* \* THE POOR

Dear Editor:—

Since Josephine Kozlevchar wants to see my letter in the M. L. I thought I would write. There are four in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ.

By the time this letter arrives it will be after new year's.

Christmas wasn't good for the working people. The rich had all kinds of things on their tables. But some of the poor people hadn't even any bread. I don't understand why everyone can't have something to eat.

I think the working people ought to have more than those that don't work, the capitalist class.

Dorothy Shink,  
Box 156, West Newton, Pa.

### \* \* \* I'LL SURPRISE MOTHER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am very sorry for not writing more often. I have been very busy these last couple of months. Now that the holiday season is over I will have more time to write. I left days and months pass without writing but I didn't let a month pass without reading our wonderful magazine.

December was the month of my birthday. I was 13 years old and Dec. 24. I got many practical gifts for my birthday.

We had a play at school for Christmas, "Too Much Christmas." I was the mother of a very sick girl who had had too much Christmas. There was also a doctor. The doctor part was played by Ernest Laurich. He would make an excellent doctor, I think.

We had a week off for our Christmas vacations from school. We went back on December 31.

We haven't much snow in Yukon. We had no snow at all for Christmas. I am very lonesome for snow. When we did get enough snow to go sled-riding, I had to do something or other.

My mother does not know I am writing to this magazine. It will surprise her.

I noticed Frances Presern and Steffie Hafeler don't write as often as they did before. What's the matter, girls? Why don't Elsie Dolinar of Broughton write?

Well, I wish Santa treated everyone fine. He treated me fine. Of course I don't believe in Santa.

Best regards to all, Agnes Flander,  
box 140, Yukon, Pa.

### \* \* \* SKIING IN TRAUNIK

Dear Editor and Readers:—

There is no one that writes from Traunik, so I thought I would. It is my first letter to the Mladinski List. But I will try to write every month from now on in the year of 1935. I like to read the Mladinski List very much. I wish it would come every week instead of every month.

I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I like to go to school very much. Our school held a Christmas program Dec. 21. We had

Christmas vacation till Jan. 7, 1935. There is much snow down here. We have very much fun sliding and skiing in Traunik. There was a Basket Social at Traunik December 29. The Dramatic club members gave it.

I am a member of the SNPJ, Lodge 387. I have 3 sisters and 3 brothers. Two of my sisters are working at Chatham, Michigan. They like their job well. I wish some member would write to me for I am fond of answering letters.

Anna Ostanek, Traunik, Mich.

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#### POTATO WAREHOUSE

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I like to read it very much. I wish this magazine would come every week instead of every month.

I am 13 years of age and in the eighth grade. My birthday comes Feb. 25. I have 4 sisters and one brother. We all belong to the SNPJ, Lodge No. 387.

There is very much snow here. I like winter, so I can go out sliding.

The Emergency Relief is making a potato warehouse in Traunik. It is forty feet wide and eighty feet long. They are making that potato warehouse so the farmers that raise potatoes will be able to store it there.

I will try to write every month from now on. I wish some of the readers would write to me.

Tilly Knaus, Traunik, Mich.

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#### HELLO EVERYBODY!

Dear Editor:—

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

I wish 1935 is better than 1934. I will try to write every month if I can. I bet half of the children that get the M. L. don't write but just like to read. Get busy one and all.

I guess I am the only one that writes from Chicago. I have two brothers and one sister. My two brothers, my sister and I belong to the Slovene National Benefit Society, Lodge No. 559, Pioneers.

Best regards to Editor, Readers and Writers.

Anna Chavich, 2254 Lewis st., Chicago, Ill.

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#### SOCIALISTS WIN!

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I had the pleasure of listening to Dr. George Hartman, professor of Penn State College, speaking several weeks ago and I sure did enjoy it. He made many wonderful and many plain comments.

Dr. Hartman said that the Republicans and Democrats do not ask a person to think because if the people would think they would

not vote for them. I believe this is very true. Socialists always advise people to think over the situation and in this way more people are likely to be changed. I truly did wish that more people could have heard him because he certainly delivered a stirring address, one which made the person think.

There was some improvement over the previous election, especially in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where they voted Socialists to office. Gradually, maybe people will swing the right way. Let's hope so because we all want to get out of this depression which is causing misery to many and depriving people of some rights and privileges they should have.

I want to add that for legislatures of Pennsylvania, Mr. Darlington Hoopes and Mrs. Lillith Wilson were again reelected, which was a very wonderful thing.

Mr. Adamic, the noted Slovene author, is receiving more and more attention daily. In Latrobe, the Book Club reviewed his book, "The Native's Return," and advised people to go to the Public Library and read the book. In the library they have an entire shelf devoted to comments on Louis Adamic's life and works. This is a very wonderful thing as through him they will learn more about the Slovene people. Mr. Adamic deserves all the praise and attention he is getting as this book is a very interesting one.

Latrobe high-school football squad has come through the season undefeated, this making them the champions of Westmoreland county. Only one touchdown was scored against Latrobe, and that was by Connelville. The second team of Latrobe happened to be playing then. This certainly was an exciting game. After each game we still wanted to carry the title of being undefeated. Now we have come through.

May you, the editor and readers, have a very happy and prosperous new year.

"A Proud Torch,

Mary Eliz. Fradel, Latrobe, Pa.

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#### GASPER IS A SINGER

Dear Editor and M. L. Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 13 years old and in the 7th grade. The school I go to is Nathan Hale. I have eight teachers. My home-room teacher's name is Miss Zink; she is a good teacher.

I like to read the M. L. I am a member of the SNPJ Lodge, No. 667. In our Slovene Labor Hall we have a Junior Singing Club. The name of this singing club is "Kanački." I belong to this Singing club with my two brothers and one sister. There are about 80 singers in this club, I belonged to a singing club before, too. The name of this club is "Slavčki." We had our concert Sept. 16. There was a

big audience. All my friends were there. Our teacher of singing club "Slavčki" and "Kanarčki" is Mr. Louis Seme. There is another singing club I belong to; the name of this singing club is "Cvet." Perhaps most of you heard of this singing club. The teacher of this club is also Mr. Louis Seme. I hope that some of you are not thinking that this club "Cvet" is a Junior Singing Club. It is not. "Cvet" presented an operetta, "Darinka," at the Slovene Labor auditorium on Prince ave. and East 109th st. on Nov. 18. A large audience attended. They all said that Anna Traven, Rose Ban, and Louis Počkaj did very good; they said that the other players did well.

I wish all the M. L. readers and the Editor much happiness in the new year.

Gasper A. Segulin,

10709 Prince ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

P. S.:—See me next month in the Slovene section of the M. L.

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## JUNIOR JOTTINGS

Dear Editor:—I am 11 years old and in the 6th grade. My teacher, Miss Gregg, is very kind and gentle. This is my first letter to the M. L. In school I like geography the best, because I like to read about the different nations. But I also like the other subjects in our school. Every Friday we have programs; girls sing their national songs. Winter is here and work is getting scarcer. What will we do for food, coal and clothing? Prices are going up. Workers of this nation should realize that they cannot prosper under this system. They should support the Socialist Party, which really is the worker's party.

Frances Kmiotek, Barnesboro, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—This is "my first" to the M. L. which I like very much. I am 12 years old and in the 6th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Martin. My father works two or three days a week, and the rest of the days he is hunting. I wish the M. L. would come every week. I belong to Lodge 171 SNPJ. I wish other children from here would wake up and write.

Anna Habe, box 276, Marianna, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—I am in the 5th grade in school, and this is my first letter to the M. L. I wish my cousin Frank would write me a letter. I would like to get his address. Best regards.

Rudolph Habe, box 276, Marianna, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. and I hope it will be a success. I am 16 years old, junior in high school; blonde,

blue eyes, fair complexion and five feet three inches tall. I am interested in reading and writing letters. I wish to correspond with girl and boy members. Next month I will write more.

Ann Sertich,

512 Kennedy st., Ironwood, Mich.

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Dear Editor:—I enjoy reading the M. L. and this is my first letter. Our family belongs to Lodge 230, SNPJ. My father was its secretary last year and also this year. It was nice of the SNPJ to give me free assessment for December. We thank the SNPJ for this kindness.—I never saw a letter yet in the M. L. from here. Write, please.

Elmer Kurtek, box 350, Granite City, Ill.

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Dear Readers:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I was very glad to see my first letter published and hope to see this one also.—My birthday is Jan. 21, 1935, and I will be 11 years old. Old Santa was pretty good to me this year and I hope he will be better next year. We didn't have any snow during the holiday season at all. I hope some readers would write to me and I would gladly answer them.

Christine Kaus, box 513, Harmarville, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old and in the 5th grade. There are seven in our family. My two brothers, sister and I belong to SNPJ Lodge No. 667. Best regards to one and all.

Joe Mike Segulin,

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10709 Prince ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor:—I didn't have time to write before because I had to do my school work. And so this is my first letter to the M. L. Now, in winter, I like to go coasting down the hill. I am ten years old and in the 5th grade. My birthday was on Dec. 19.—We have three calves and three cows, and one of them is mine. I will write more next time.

Frank Kaucic, box 120, Pierce, W. Va.

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Dear Editor:—I like to go to school and I like my teacher, Mr. Michael Krultz. And I like geography. This is my second letter to the M. L. I hope it will be published.

Johnny Bergant Jr., Willard, Wis.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—Good morning, boys and girls. There were so many letters in the November number that the Editor had to leave my letter out with several others. Of course, I was very sad, but was very glad later, when I saw it in the December M. L.

Amelia Bergant, Willard, Wis.