

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

## OČKA MIKLAVŽ

**G**LEJ, Miklavža pravega,  
dobrega in starega!

Z brado belo do pasu,  
s kučmo rdečo do vratu,  
debelušen, zavaljen,  
v škornjih črnih do kolen  
ziblje se, ko koraca  
na široko, kar se da.

Vidiš ga, zavil je k vam!  
O Miklavž! Zavij še k nam!

\* \* \*

Jaz pa se smejim, ker vem  
— a povedati ne smem —  
da za belo brado iz prediva —  
se moj ljubi očka skriva!



Anna P. Krasna:

## “Janko naj bo—”

(Iz zbirke “Med hribi.”)

OBRAČALA je v roki pismo, ki ga je komaj napol razumela in je vprašala podzavestno a glasno: Kje si zdaj, Janko? Zakaj Janka, kakršnega si je bila zasanjala in začrtala pred leti, ni bilo več.

Toda tiste sanje, sanjane v davnih časih, ko so živeli v sajastem Claytonu, so bile vendarle lepe. In grobo kakor je bilo, se je zdaj zdelo vse, kar je obkrožalo one dni, kakor blažilen spomin na preživete poltežke polprijetne čase.

Sedla je vsa trudna na stol ob oknu in se je ozrla nazaj.

Sajasti Clayton je zaživel svoje polno, težko življenje tako živo, da so jo bodli v oči predrobni drobci saj in jekla. Na nogah je čutila blato, ki se je vse spolsko in umazano šopirilo okrog kolib na barju, kjer se je rodil—Janko . . .

Ah, da, Janko—

. . . Mraz je bil takrat, hud mraz. Vso noč so kurili boarderji, pa je vseeno zmrznila voda v čebrih.

A kdo je kaj maral za mraz tedaj!

Vsi so bili mladi, vsi življenja, načrtov in upov polni. In vsi so bili veseli, ker je dobil Klančnik sina.

Piva so kupili in stregli babici z whiskeyem. Potem so začeli z izbiranjem imena. Vso pratiko so prelistali in vse svetnike so prerešetal. Ta je imel lepo zveneče ime, a je bil malopomemben ali celo slab svetnik, drugi pa je imel morda res več ugleda in slave, toda pusto ime. Bilo je šal brez konca in kraja in končno se je oglasila ona iz sobe:

“Janko naj bo—.”

“Tako je! Loljzka ima najbolj prav: Janko naj bo.”

Natočili so kozarce in so ji napili. Boarder Boštjan pa je govoril:

“Janko, Janez, Johnnie—prebrisana je naša Lojzka—nič srednjega imena ne bo treba. Poleg vsega se tako ime spodobi, ker je to prvi ameriško-kranjski Janez v tej luknji. Tega si ne bodo upali metati z ulične, kakor tukajle Videta, kadar se pelje iz mesta natrkan. Napijmo torej fantu zdravico: Živel Janko!”

“Živel!!!”

Lesena koliba se je stresla od sile njih mladih, krepkih glasov in njej je bilo tako mehko in dobro pri srcu. Nežno je stisnila k sebi topel zavitek, ki je bil njen sinček Janko in se je vsa prepuščila lepim novim sanjam.

Kako je rasel takrat pred očmi njenih sanj! Kakšno pot skozi življenje mu je bila vsekala tedaj, ko je bila še sama napol otrok v svoji duši.

Široko, gladko, v prijetne svetove uspehov vodečo pot mu je začrtala in ob obeh straneh te poti je rasla sveža čista trava, s poljskim cvetjem pretkana. Na vsej poti ni človek ugledal krampa ne motike niti drobca črnih saj. Tudi ptički so žgoleli v zelenih logih ob poti, po kateri je imel hoditi njen velik up—njen sin.

Sin!—

Videla ga je kako hodi, visokorasel in ponosen in uživa spoštovanje in ugled, ker je domačin ter učen pa uspešen mladi mož.

Nasmehnila se je, kajti zdaj ni bila več mlada in ji ni bilo več do sanj. Bilo jo je skoro sram, da se je predala za trenutje tistim davno sanjanim in davno izpuhtelim sanjam.

Globoko v njeni notranjosti pa je vkljub vsemu neprestano telo tiho žalovanje za Jankom, ki ga ni bilo več . . . pravzaprav ga nikoli ni bilo.

Ljubezen njena in njena skrb sta bili vse, kar ji je ostalo od tistih davnih, poltežkih polsanjavih dni.

In Johnnie ji je ostal Johnnie, ki ji je poslal prvo pismo iz šotorišča civilne

armade. Ko dragocen dokument ga je spet vzela v roke in je vedno znova prečitovala končno vrstico:

"Plenty fun imamo, Mom, samo po Tebi sem malo lonesome.—Johnnie."



DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

SMRT IN KIPAR

Katka Zupančič:

## Odmev harmonike

Božična enodejanka v osmih prizorih za mladino.

POZORIŠČE: Siromašna soba v slovenski naselbini kjerkoli v Ameriki. Miza in stoli; na levi polica, na nji par knjig, časniki in zganjen plakat; desni kot zastrt z zaveso, za njo delavnica. V ozadju vrata in poleg okno. Druga vrata na levo.

ČAS: Sedanji; popoldne pred božičem.

OSEBE: PETER PLOH, čevljar, 40 let let

ANA, njegova žena, 35 let

TONE FRELIH, muzikant, 40 let

MARY, 11 let

EMIL, 7 let } čevljarjeva otroka

BERTA, 10 let } Frelihova otroka

HARRY, 8 let }

FRANK

RAY

LEO

ELVIRA

OLGA, 12 let

MIMICA, 5 let

JIMMIE, 11 leten zamorček

} 10 do 14 letni otroci  
} iz soseske

} hčerki trgovca z zelenjavo

### PRVI PRIZOR

Peter, pozneje Ana.

PETER. (sedi pri mizi zatopljen v podolgovati zvezek pred seboj): Taki majhni računi! In vendar mi jih nobeden ne poravna. Pridejo: "Na, to, čevlje mi popravi!" A ko bi mi moral plačati — "Nimam — pa drugič!" Božič je tu, pa je vse, kar imam, tu notri! (Se zgane.) Vseeno bi rad vedel, koliko je vsega skupaj. (Sešteva.) Ena in nič je ena, in 2 je 3, in 7 je 10, 10 in 5 je 15, in —

ANA (vstopi).

PETER: Na, pa si me zmotila!

ANA (postoji, vzdihne): Oh, tako je! (In se odpravi na levo.)

PETER (gleda za njo): Vzdihuješ, pa nič ne poveš, kaj si opravila.

ANA: I, kaj sem opravila . . . Nič! Rekli so, da popravljaš čevlje, torej imaš dohodke; in kdor ima dohodke, ni upravičen do podpore.

PETER (vzroji): Vsi zlodji vendar! Kakšne dohodke imam? Zadnji teden sem zaslužil šestdeset centov — mar so to dohodki? Kako naj živimo? Nisi se dovolj postavila!

ANA: — Postavila —. Saj sem jim razložila.

PETER: No, in?

ANA: In so dejali: En cent ali pa

sto dolarjev — dohodki so. Da jih imajo že tako preveč takih, ki so brez vsakega centa dohodka. In so me odpravili. (Se nekoliko ujezi.) Drugič pa pojdi ti! Boš videl, kaj boš ti opravil.

PETER: Jaz? (Vstane.) Še stebel bi se z njimi, ko bi mi čekali o mojih dohodkih. (Povdarja.) Dohodki!! Henry Ford ima dohodke; Marshal Field ima dohodke; Morgan ima dohodke; (ironično:) in seveda Peter Ploh ima dohodke!!! — Taka lumparija!

ANA: Nikar ne razsajaj! Rajši vzemi tisto reč (kaže na polico) in jo pribij zunaj na steno. Čeprav boš delal skoro zastonj. Živeti je treba!

PETER: Da, živeti je treba! To bom dostavil na plakatu. (Gre in ga vzame s police; vidi se natiskano:

POPRAVIM ČEVLJE,

dokler čakate.

SAMO 15c OD PARA!

ga razgrne po mizi in stopi po črnilo in čopič.)

ANA: Kaj pa če ti bodo prinašali čevlje vse raztrgane, z raztrganimi podplati?

PETER: Ha, si bom pa z lepenko pomagal. Vsak pameten človek ve, kaj se za petnajst centov dobi. — Nikar me ne moti zdaj! — Živeti je treba! (Tiska.)

ANA (*nekaj časa opazuje, nato se obrne proč; sama zase*): Kakor da bi napisal: Usmilite se nas, dobri ljudje! (*Čez čas glasno:*) Oh, oh, kam smo prišli!?

PETER: Eh, na cesti pa le nismo. Četudi nas je kriza vrgla med zamorce. Saj so zamorci tudi ljudje!

ANA (*se nasmehne*): To praviš zdaj. Včasih so ti smrdeli na milje daleč.

PETER: Včasih—. Včasih mi je smrdelo i kislo zelje, zdaj mi pa kar lepo diši! — Poznam rojake, ki žive že od nekdanj v tej okolici, pa radi tega še niso počrneli; tudi mi ne bomo. (*Poskuša s prstom, če so črke suhe, gre po žebličke in kladivo.*) Kar obleci se zopet! Še ena pot te čaka.

ANA: Kakšna pot?

PETER: Tam! (*Kaže na zvezek z račun.*) Poglej, kje bi se dalo kaj iztirjati!

ANA: Sam boš šel.

PETER (*z zganjenim plakatom že na vratih, se obrne*): Kdo je čevljar — jaz ali ti? Boš ti popravljala čevlje, če jih kdo prinese! Hm! (*Odide. Sliši se nabijanje.*)

ANA (*pomišlja, odpre zvezek, s prstom gre od imena do imena, pri vsakem odmaje z glavo. Sede.*) Taka revščina!

PETER (*vstopi*): Si pogledala?

ANA: Ne bo nič. Pri vseh teh sem že bila. Včeraj. — Zobec je brez dela in bolan. Žonta mi je kazal svojih petlačnih otrok. Pecelj je bil surov; nesnaga bi zapil i svojo srajco, če bi jo kdo maral. Frelih je čakal kupca za svojo harmoniko.

PETER: Zdaj? Tik pred prazniki jo bo prodal?

ANA: Kaj pa hoče?! Stopetdeset ga je stala, za petinsedemdeset jo bo dal, in si bo kupil kako poceni škripalo. Toliko da ni jokal, ko mi je pravil. Harmonika se je blesketala na mizi in otroka njegova sta jo gledala tako, kakor smo mi otroci gledali kravo, ki je — prodana — morala iz hleva. Revčka,

kar smilila sta se mi. — In res sem srečala pred hišo tujca, ki me je vprašal po muzikantu Frelihu.

PETER (*poskoči*): Ja, potem pa brž! Teci!

ANA (*začudeno*): Kam?

PETER: I, k Frelihu vendar! Morda boš še vjela tistih, tistih — no, koliko je že? (*Pogleda v zvezek.*) Tiste tri dolarje petdeset.

ANA: Saj res! Pa da mi ni to padlo prej v glavo. Bo treba kar hiteti! Samo nogavice si moram spremeniti. (*Vidi Petrovo nestrpnost.*) Poglej, no! (*Kaže.*) In navsezadnje, kolikor poznam Freliha, nas ne bo spregledal. On ve, kako se živi brez denarja. Veš kaj, nikamor ne grem. Sam bo prinesel, ali pa bo poslal. Boš videl!

PETER: Ali te še ni izučilo? Glavo svojo zastavim, da ne bo ne prinesel, ne poslal.

ANA: Siromak mora imeti vero v siromaka! In jaz jo imam. (*Odide na levo.*)

PETER: Sirota! Stokrat že prevarana se izpostavlja novim prevaram. — Bom pa sam stopil tja k njemu, še nočaj!

## DRUGI PRIZOR.

*Peter, Mary, Emil, Olga in Mimica.*

MARY in EMIL (*veselo vstopita. Za njima Olga in Mimica.*)

EMIL (*veselo kaže*): Oče, čevlji so prišli!

MARY: Dva para!

PETER: Slišita! Ko bi čevlji sami priropotali, bi vidva zbežljala od strahu. (*Se smeje.*)

OLGA: Pete sem zbila. In moja sestra tudi.

PETER (*se odhrka*): Imata denar seboj?

OLGA: Imava. Zame petnajst centov; za Mimico pa samo deset, ker ima manjšo nogo, je rekla mama.

PETER (*zdaljša obraz*): Tako! No, pa naj bo. (*Olgi:*) Ti se sezuj prva.

EMIL (*pocuka očeta*): Ali bo dovolj za drevesce?

PETER: Ti si pa moder! Vprašaj,



če boš danes večerjal, in jutri kosil!  
Ne pa božično drevesce.

EMIL (*kaže na okno*): Poglej, oče, tam zunaj jih prodajajo.

PETER: Vem, vem. (*Odide s čevljem na desno.*)

OLGA: Pri nas ga pa že imamo.

MIMICA: Mhm, in je veliko—veliko!

EMIL: E, jaz pa imam rajši majhna drevesa, (*kaže*) takale.

OLGA: Seveda, če ni večjega.

MARY: Dajmo se rajši kaj igrati.

OLGA: Šolo se dajmo.

EMIL: Jaz bom učil.

MARY: Ti že ne! Si še premajhen.

EMIL: Tebe pa ubogal ne bom.

OLGA: Bom pa jaz učila!

EMIL: Kako boš učila, če si pa bosa. Hoho! Bosa učiteljica!

MIMICA (*stopi pred nje*): Ali mene ni tukaj? Hm! (*Vsi se smejejo.*)

EMIL (*norčavo*): Na, vse tri bi rade učile. Mene že ne boste! Jaz grem. (*Odide, a se takoj vrne.*) Bo, bo!

MARY: Kaj bo?

EMIL: Drevesce! Vse polno otrok prihaja! Dvanajst! (*Vsi stečejo k oknu.*)

MARY: Kakšnih dvanajst? Šest jih je!

EMIL: Oh, ti pa znaš računati, ti! Šest otrokov, to je dvanajst čevljev, ne?! (*Smeh.*)

### TRETJI PRIZOR.

*Prejšnji in Frank, Ray, Leo, Berta, Harry in Elvira*

EMIL: Kar štej jih zdaj!

FRANK, RAY, LEO, BERTA, HARRY in ELVIRA (*hrupno vstopijo.*)

PETER (*se pokaže iz za zavese*): Pa ne, da bi vsem treba popraviti čevlje?

FRANK: Meni že.

RAY: Tudi meni, in mislim, da bo treba vsej tej naši procesiji. (*Kimanje.*)

PETER: Huje! Kar sezujte se, vsak po en čevlj! (*Proti Mary:*) Drugače bi mi nemara kateri ušel.

BERTA: Prej vzemite tole, da ne zgubim. Oče je poslal. Jaz sem Frel-

hova. (*Odda ovitek.*) Poleg je še trideset centov za moje in bratove čevlje.

RAY: Jaz imam tudi denar za vas! Tukaj. (*Izroči Petru.*)

LEO: In jaz tudi. (*Odda.*)

PETER (*silno iznenaden*): Ljuba deca! Odkod naenkrat toliko bogastvo?

RAY: Jaz vem. Bertin oče je prodal harmoniko, pa nam je plačal dolgove; mi pa vam.

FRANK: Saj res bo nekaj takega. Škoda, da ni več takih harmonik!

PETER: Nikdar nisem rad poslušal harmonike; odslej jo bom cenil. (*Berti:*) Povej očetu, da mu tega svoj živ dan ne bom pozabil!

EMIL (*nestrpno*): Čevlji, čevlji! Naj jih sezujejo? (*Nekateri sedajo po tleh in se sezuvaajo.*)

RAY: Kaj pa, če se čevlji zmešajo?

PETER: Saj res. Bomo se rajši kar vrste držali. (*Pogleda na uro.*) Toda pozno je že! Tako naredimo, če ne bo do mraka gotovo, bo šla Mary z vami na dom po čevlje. In jutri zarana vam jih prinese. Popravil pa vam jih bom, če delam magari celo noč. (*Kliče na levo:*) Ana, o Ana!

### ČETRTI PRIZOR.

*Prejšnji in Ana.*

ANA (*prihiti*): I kaj pa je? Ali se je nesreča zgodila? (*Gleda preplašeno po otrokih.*)

PETER: Kakšna nesreča? Sreča, sreča! Dobil se je poštenjak, ki nam je vsem pripravil tak božič, da se ga nam ni treba bati!

ANA: Freljih, kaj ne?! (*Potegne Petra na stran in gleda je postrani se nasmehne:*) In ti si zastavil svojo glavo!

PETER: Ali mi jo boš zdaj odbila?

ANA: Le kam bi pa potem klobuk natikal, če ne bi imel glave?

PETER (*ji izroči denar*): Na, pa razpolagaj z njim previdno! Saj veš, kako je.

ANA: Mary, prinesi mi suknjo in kar treba. Hitro!

EMIL: Boš kupila drevesce, mama? *(Se pritisne k njej in mati ga poboža.)*

PETER: Sama drevesca mu hodijo po glavi. *(Proti Emilu:)* Mama bo kupila rajši klobase in kruha, da bomo jedli. Jaz sem lačen in vi ste tudi. Kar z njo pojdi. *(Proti Ani:)* In kupi na vogalu. Pa pošlji po Emilu. *(Odide na desno.)*

MARY *(prinese:)* Ne pozabi kupiti meni kakšno malenkost!

ANA *(se obleče):* Maryca, ne upaj preveč! Takole bom potegnila klobuk na oči, da ne bom videla drugega kot to, kar nam je najbolj potrebno. Nikar ne povešaj glave! Nobena stvar ni večna, pa tudi naša revščina ne bo! Pojdiva, Emil. *(Oideta.)*

#### PETI PRIZOR.

*Vsi prejšnji razen Petra, Ane in Emila.*

FRANK: Prav tako nas je tolažil danes naš oče. Kriza da ne bo večna, je dejal.

ELVIRA: Naša mama pa je pravila to že lani, takrat, ko smo še stanovali v lepi hiši daleč odtod. Letos je pa kar tiho.

MARY: Tudi mi smo živeli prej v lepem kraju. In vrtiček smo imeli pri hiši. In rože in drevesa. Oh, kako je bilo lepo! Pa je prišla kriza in nam poržla vse skupaj.

MIMICA *(se zgrozi):* Joj! Ali je kriza žival, ki grize? *(Vsi se zasmejejo.)*

LEO: Žival! Pa kakšna! Kar tako zazeva *(kaže z rokami)*, pa te pograbi in Mimice ni več!

MIMICA *(se stisne k Olgi):* Pojdiva domov, bojim se!

MARY: Kaj jo plašiš, Leo! Ne veš, da ji bo oče popravil čevlje? Nič se ne boj, Mimica, kriza ni žival.

LEO: Grize pa vseeno. Meni je zgrizla suknjo, ne vidiš? *(Kaže Mimici raztrgani rokav.)*

MIMICA: Oh, Olga, jaz se bojim.

OLGA: Le čakaj, Leo! Povedala bom mami. *(Oholo:)* Nič več ne boste dobili pri nas na upanje!

LEO: Beži no! Polovico krompirja,

ki smo ga kupili pri vas, je bilo gnilega!

OLGA: Saj ga niste plačali.

LEO: Takrat ne. Smo ga pa danes. Tudi tistega, ki ni bil zanič.

FRANK: Tudi naši so se že pritoževali, da prodajajo pokvarjeno robo.

OLGA: Ti pa kar tiho! Vi ste nam še sedaj dolžni.

RAY: Kako pa to, Olga, da ti veš za vse? Mar ti vodiš knjige? V šoli si bolj pri zadnjih!

OLGA: Tudi vi ste nam bili dolžni do danes! Zato se pa usajate vame!

MARY: Prosim vas, nikar se ne kregajte pri nas!

*VSI (umolknejo.)*

#### ŠESTI PRIZOR

*Prejšnji in Peter. Pozneje Emil.*

PETER *(pogleda izza zaveze):* Sem mislil, da ste jo popihali ven. Kaj pa je, da ste tako utihnili? *(Vstopi s čevljem v roki, ki ga da Olgi.)*

MARY *(zmigne z rameni):* Eh, kriza nas je zadela. O nji se pogovarjamo.

PETER: Pojdite no, kaj veste vi, otročari, kaj je kriza.

FRANK: Čutimo jo pa le, čeprav ne vemo, kaj je.

BERTA: Pri Rayju doma imajo psa, ki mu pravijo Kriza. *(Vsi se nasmejejo.)*

PETER: Najbrž je jako ješč?!

RAY: In kako! Več ko mu damo, več bi pojedel. Pa je vedno suh ko treska.

OLGA: Še sami nimate kaj jesti, pa bi dali psu!

LEO *(naglo):* Vi mu ne bi dali niti gnilega krompirja, ga rajši prodajate ljudem.

PETER *(pomirljivo):* Eee! Dečko! Le čuvaj si bojevitost za čase, ki pridejo.

OLGA: Vedno se ujeda! Kar šla bi, da ni za sestrico že plačano.

PETER: Namesto petnajst samo deset centov, zato, ker ima manjšo nogo. Pri tvojem paru bom zaslužil šest centov, pri sestricinem en sam cent — koreninico peteršiljčka . . . Kakor te je

volja. Denar ti lahko vrnem. (*Seže v žep.*)

OLGA: Počakala bom. Prav nalašč!

LEO (*proti Franku*): Ej, kako bi jo jaz nagnal!

PETER (*se dela, kakor da ni slišal*): Ampak gost zrak je tukaj, ali ni? Bom malo odprl, če vas ne bo zeblo.

RAY: Saj je zunaj gorko, skoraj bolj nego notri.

PETER (*odpre okno in gleda ven*): Ho, Emil, le brž! Stoji zunaj, pa gleda.

BERTA: Hmmm, kako je zadišalo po smrečju!

EMIL (*z zavitkom vstopi*): Kruha in klobaso je mama kupila.

PETER (*mu vzame zavitek in odviže, odtrga košček klobase in kos kruha*): Na, Mary, nesi ostalo v kuhinjo in naredi par sendvičev. Je tudi od vas kateri lačen?

OLGA: Jaz že ne, in Mimica tudi ni.

LEO: Tudi mi drugi nismo, saj mišlim tako, kaj ne da nismo?

VSI (*odkimajo*): Nismo.

PETER: Pa naredi samo sebi in Emilu.

MARY (*vzame jestvine*): Kar tu počakaj, Emil. Takoj prinesem. (*Odide.*)

PETER (*vzame klobaso in kruh*): Kje so čevlji?

OLGA: Na nogah jih ima še. Brž, Mimica!

FRANK: Pa nam vi ta čas povejte, kaj pravzaprav je kriza.

PETER: Posledica slabega gospodarstva je kriza.

RAY: Moj oče je vedno prav gospodaril, pa smo vseeno prišli na nič.

PETER: Današnjo krizo občutimo vsi, ves svet, ker je bilo svetovno gospodarstvo slabo. (*Pogleda na uro.*) Sicer nimam časa, vendar se mi zdi važno in nujno, da vam odgovorim, če me že vprašate. Veste, kaj je revmatizem? (*Klobaso in kruh položi na okno.*)

BERTA: Moj oče ga ima.

FRANK: In moj tudi. Nalezal se ga je v rudniku. Pravi, da je stal v vodi.

PETER: Delo v nezdravem vlažnem prostoru je krivo, da se kri po telesu

ne pretaka pravilno; ampak se nabira, na nekih mestih je je preveč, na drugih je primanjkuje, in človek čuti bolečine — trga ga. (*Črna roka vzame od zunaj klobaso in jo po nekoliko trenutkih zopet nekoliko skrajšano položi nazaj. Nihče tega ne opazi.*) Kar je trajna vlažnost za človeško telo, to je trajna grabežljivost za človeštvo. Grabežljivost je vlekla bogastvo vedno le in vedno bolj na kupe. Tako imajo zdaj eni vse, drugi — in teh je velika večina — nič. Kri, to je denar, se ne pretaka pravilno, in človeštvo je ekonomsko strto in bolno. (*Gre, da bi vzela jestvine z okna, pa opazi zmanjšani kos. Zato pusti in pazi, a ko govori dalje, pozabi na okno.*)

OLGA: Eh, kdo vas naj razume! In koga zanimajo boleznin in bolniki. O razbojnikih nam rajši kaj povejte, o razbojnikih, da nam bodo lasje vstajali po konci, pa ne bomo pospali.

MARY (*tih vstopi in da sendvič Emilu, ki se ga takoj loti*).

PETER: I, saj vam govorim o razbojnikih. Ljudje, ki so tisoče pognali na cesto in v beraštvo; ljudje, ki so si iz našega dela nakovali milijone; ljudje, ki razpolagajo z ogromnimi zalogami življenskih potrebščin, pa nas puste stradati, kaj so drugega, nego razbojniki?

RAY: Pa bo kdaj drugače?

PETER: Ne prej, dokler se mi sami ne zganemo. Vedeti moramo, zakaj trpimo in kdo je kriv, da trpimo. Treba se je postaviti v boj in v boju vztrajati! Pa bo drugače!

OLGA: Pa kaj to pripovedujete nam, otrokom? Kaj nam mar! To je vaša skrb.

PETER: Danes je naša skrb, čez par let bo i vaša! Čimprej se pripravite nanjo, bolje bo! (*Olgi:*) Ti, deklica, si danes sita, ne veš pa, če boš sita tudi jutri.

LEO: O, bo bo! Oni si privoščijo piščance, drugim pa prodajajo gnil krompir. Iz takih ljudi se razvijejo grabežljivci. Zdaj prodajajo zanič ži-



vila, pozneje bodo prodajali zanič papirje — kakor Insull.

PETER (*se je zazrl v okno in je prešišal zadnje besede.*)

OLGA (*preteče*): Povedala bom doma.

LEO: Saj to hočem, da poveš!

PETER (*jim pomaha in kaže na okno. Črna roka se zopet stegne od zunaj in vzame klobaso, a je ne odnese, ker je vse potihnilo. Peter dene prst na usta in tiho stopi ven. Čez par trenutkov se vrata bučno odpro — Peter vstopi, držoč plašno zročega zamorčka za ovratnik.*)

### SEDMI PRIZOR.

*Vsi prejšnji in zamorček Jimmie.*

PETER (*ga še vedno drži*): Z mojo klobaso se je gostil! Kakšno kazen mu prisodimo — temu grešniku?

EMIL (*proseče*): O, pusti ga, oče! Vidiš, lačen je bil. Že ves dan čepi pri drevescih zunaj.

PETER: In vi drugi, kaj pravite vi?

FRANK: Kar pustite ga. Lahko bi odnesel vso klobaso naenkrat, če bi bil mislil krasti.

RAY: Saj res. Nihče bi ne bil opazil.

BERTA: Jaz bi mu še košček dala.

LEO: Tudi jaz. Kar pustite ga.

MARY: Ah, pojdite no! Mar mislite zares, da mu bo naš očka kaj slabega naredil? Pa čeprav bi mu snedel vso klobaso!

PETER (*izpusti zamorčka in se mu nasmehne*): Ah, kaj mu hočem, revežu! Samo skušal sem vas.

OLGA (*si zatisne nos*): Oh, kako smrdi!

LEO (*naglo*): Bolj ne ko vaš gnil krompir!

PETER: Fant, enkrat sem te že opomnil: čuvaj si svojo bojevitost! Bo ti še prav prišla.

MARY (*pride tik zamorčka in duha*): Nič ne smrdi! Diši pa, po smrečju, se mi zdi!

EMIL (*posnema Mary*): O, kako lepo diši po drevescih!

JIMMIE-JU (*se od veselja svetijo oči.*)

ELVIRA: Kakšne lase ima! Vse skodrane, še preveč.

HARRY: In nikdar se mu ni treba umivati, to to!

JIMMIE (*se naglo okrene*): Kako, da ne! Jaz vsak dan umit obraz. In sobota ves umit! Moja mama — ej! (*Se nasmeje.*)

VSI (*kažejo veliko presenečenje*).

PETER: Hej, črni patron, ti govoriš po naše?!

JIMMIE: Mhm, Stanley mene učil.

GLAS OD ZUNAJ: Jimmie, hej, Jimmie!

JIMMIE: Moj oče. Pridem še. (*Z roko pomaha in naglo odide.*)

EMIL, MARY in BERTA (*skočijo k oknu in gledajo ven.*)

PETER: Škoda, da ima črno kožo. Prijazen dečko.

FRANK: Zamorec, pa govori slovenski!

OLGA: Oh, pa kako!

LEO: Če bi bila ti zamorka —

PETER (*ga prekine*): No, no! Nikar se ne prepirajta. Rajši pogledjmo, kaj je pred vrati. (*Jih odpre.*)

JIMMIE (*vstopi in nese smrečico; jo položi pred Emila*): To — zate! Moj oče dal. (*Kažoč po vseh*.) Vi vsi moji prijatelji: bela koža, dobro srce; (*kažoč nase*.) črna koža — dobro srce!

PETER: Saj bo menda res tako.

JIMMIE: Res, res! Moj oče Miklavž danes. Pridite videt!

MARY: Kaj, vi imate črnega Miklavža?

JIMMIE (*se smeje in kima*): Pridi! Bo dal črno — črno —

MARY: Črno punčko?

JIMMIE (*pokima*): Da, črno punčko. Vsi hvala! Goodbye! (*Odide.*)

### OSMI PRIZOR.

*Prejšnji brez Jimmieja. Kasneje Frelih.*

BERTA: Nazadnje bomo imeli še črne prijatelje.

FRANK: Zakaj pa ne? Meni se je Jimmie zelo prikupil.

RAY: Tudi meni.

LEO: Nemara se bomo odslej še večkrat srečali z njim. Kako se neki piše?

FRANK: Saj res. Pa najbrž je kakšen Jackson ali pa Washington. *(Se smeje.)*

MARY: Oh, oče, ali bomo šli? Belega Miklavža letos ne bo; bomo pa črnega videli.

PETER *(se nasmehne)*: Ne vem.

BERTA: Vprašajmo doma, pa pojdimo vsi skupaj.

MARY *(se nenadoma domisli)*: Ali veste, na kaj smo pozabili? Saj ne vemo, kam iti! Naslova nimamo! Oh, brž za njim. *(Steče skozi vrata; drugi k oknu.)*

FRANK: Najbrž je že odšel s svojim očetom.

MARY *(se vrne)*: Ni ga več. Pa smo ob Miklavža! Ne belega, ne črnega ne bomo videli. In moje črne punčke tudi ne bo. *(Se žalostno nasmehne.)*

EMIL: Jaz pa imam le svojo smrekico.

*(Od zunaj se sliši harmonika.)*

MARY: Kaj pa je to? Harmonika! *(Odpre vrata.)*

FRELIH *(s harmoniko vstopi)*: Dober dan! Pa kmalu bo dobro večer!

BERTA: Harry, naš oče! Novo harmoniko ima! *(Oba skočita k očetu in ogledujeta harmoniko.)*

FRELIH: Kako je, Peter? Si podkoval moja dva konjička?

PETER: Ne še. Bom pa ponoči.

FRELIH: Tisto pa ne! Naš član si in z nami pojdeš v dvorano. Tukajle, Frankov oče nas bo vseh pobral v svoje motovilo in nas odpeljal v dvorano S. N. P. J. Je že zmenjeno.

PETER: Kaj pa bi tam? Ko ni tega — — *(Pomenca s palcem ob kazalec.)*

FRELIH: Kaj bi tam? Vprašaj ta drobiž tukaj, če bi rad videl jednotinega Miklavža.

VSI *(veselo poskočijo.)*

MARY *(proseče)*: Moj dobri očka!

PETER: I, saj pojdemo. Harmoniki se ne smemo zameriti. Z njo se je zaokrenilo na bolje! Hvala ti, Tone!

FRELIH: Na, čez pol leta je čakal na svoj denar, sedaj se pa še zahvaljuje!

BERTA: Daj oče, zaigraj, da bomo videli, če tudi ta tako lepo odmeva, ko ona prejšnja!

PETER: V Frelihovih rokah bo vse lepo odmevalo!

FRELIH *(se nasmeje, požmigne Petru in zaigra božično.)*

OTROCI *(poslušajo, potem se pridružijo s petjem. Med petjem in igranjem počasi)*

ZAVESA PADE.

## MRAZ

**G**OR po ulici se je spet prirezal  
naguban stric mraz,  
in kakor vselej:

nastanil se je baš pri nas!—

Oj, pri nas, ki se mu res nimamo kam  
umakniti—

in trepečemo pred njim v stare cunje  
zaviti.

ANNA P. KRASNA.



## POGOVOR S "KOTIČKARJI"

### DRAGI OTROCI!

*Tudi za decembersko številko ste se dobro postavili! Poslali ste OSEMNAJST dopisov! Devet sem jih priobčil, ker so prišli dovolj zgodaj, ostale pa bom priobčil v januarski številki, ker so prišli tik pred zaključkom decemberske številke.*

*Dopise, ki so prišli malo prepozno za to številko in bodo priobčeni v prihodnji, so poslali sledeči dečki in deklice:*

*LADKO REHAR iz Sump Creeka, Pa., FRANKIE POTOČNIK iz Arcadije, Kans., JENNIE GROBIN iz Broughtona, Pa., VIRGINIA in ALICE STRAJNAR iz Piney Forka, O., MARION MIKE JEREB iz No. Irwina, Pa., MARY POTISEK iz Rilltona, Pa., MATT. LEKAN iz Willoughbyja, O., in L. SLAVA PAULINE FABEC iz Pittsburgha, Pa.*

*Pač lepo števílo pridnih dečkov in deklic! Kakor izgleda, bo takoj prva številka za leto 1935 zelo bogata na slovenskih dopisih, kajti DEVET jih je že tu!*

*S tem zaključujemo poslednjo letošnjo številko našega mesečnika Mladinskega Lista. Moja iskrena želja je, da se bo v prihodnjem letu zanimanje med dečki in deklicami za M. L. še pomnožilo v vseh ozirih. Upam, da mi boste ostali zvesti še nadalje in da boste pridobili še večji krog pridnih dopisovalcev za "Kotiček."*

*Obilo veselja čez praznike in obilo sreče v novem letu!*

—UREDNIK.

### FRANK SE JE PONESREČIL PRI FOOTBALLU

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Tudi jaz se moram spet enkrat oglasiti v "Našem kotičku", sem dejal, pa sem napisal ta-le dopisek za letošnjo zadnjo številko Mladinskega Lita.

Listje je polagoma odpadlo z drevja, dasi se je dolgo upiralo, sedaj pa je zima že tukaj. Na 1. novembra smo dobili prvi sneg, ki pa je naglo zginil. Tla so bila še pregorka in zrak neugoden, da bi se dlje pomudil med nami.

Delavske razmere so slabe. Tovarne slabo delajo in vsak dan je slabše. Mi otroci potrebujemo tega in onega, starši pa nam ne morejo dati, ker ni denarja. Kdo je tega kriv?

Moj brat in jaz hodiva v slovensko šolo S. N. D. Učiteljica je Mrs. M. Ivanush. Ona nas uči lepe slovenske pesmi in marsikaj zanimivega nam pove. Sedaj pa ne bom mogel v šolo kakšne tri ali morda celo štiri tedne. Dne 3. novembra me je namreč doletela nesreča. Ko smo igrali football, me je neki fant

porinil, tako da sem si nogo zlomil na dveh krajih. Naslednji dan me je zelo bolelo, sedaj pa je že boljše.

Ob večerih me pride obiskat veliko prijateljev, ki mi delajo kratek čas. Podnevi se učim slovensko in kaj čitam, tako da se ne dolgočasim. Časih pa seveda tudi mami malo ponagajam in sitnost delam.

Kako to, da se **Anna P. Krasna** več ne oglasi v Mladinskem Listu z njenimi zanimivimi povestmi? Moja mama mi je čitala njeno povest "Dolarska deca," ki je bila zelo zanimiva. Kakšno vzgojo imajo otroci bogatih in kaj vse počenjajo, medtem pa morajo delavski otroci stradati. Želimo, da se bi Anna Krasna še kaj oglasila.

Naj končam, ker je že itak preveč. (Nikakor ni preveč, upam, da boš prihodnjič spet kaj napisal.—Urednik.) Prosim, da mi uredite ta dopis, tako da bo prav.

Mnogo pozdravov Vam in vsem čitateljem!

**Frank Krančević,**  
1047 E. 61st st., Cleveland, O.

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### "V GOZDU JE POLNO BELEGA PRAHU"

Dragi urednik!

Po dolgem času odlašanja se spet oglasam s kratkim dopisom za Kotiček.

Sedaj sem stara 10 let in pohajam 5. razred ljudske šole tukaj na Frontierju, Wyo. Za Halloween smo imeli program v naši šoli, kratko igro, v kateri sva nastopila tudi moj brat Johnny in jaz. In zvečer smo pa imeli pri sosedovih prijetno zabavo ali party. Dobro smo se imeli.

Imam dva brata. Starejši od mene je Lojze, star 12 let, mlajši pa je Johnny, ki je star 8 let. Vsi trije zelo radi beremo **Mladinski List**.

Če ne bo ta moj dopisek romal v koš, bom še kaj napisala v novem letu, ali pa še prej, če bo decembrska številka **M. L.** prišla dovolj zgodaj, vsaj pred božičem. Upam, da bo!

H koncu naj dodam še to-le pesmico, katero me je naučila moja mama:

**Po hribih, dolinah, sneg debel leži  
in solnce rumeno ga v žarkih zlati.  
Vse tiho je v gozdu, ni slišati glasu,  
drevesa so polna sneženega prahu.**

Vesele božične praznike in srečno novo leto želim Vam in vsem malim in velikim čitateljem **Mladinskega Lista!**

**Josephine Krizak,**  
box 126, Frontier, Wyo.

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### MARY RADA ČITA SLOVENSKI Cenjeni čitatelji!

Tudi jaz se hočem postaviti malo na noge, da vam povem, da znam tudi jaz pisati slovensko. To je moj prvi slovenski dopis. In me veseli, da še nisem pozabila slovenski.

Ko sem še bila v starem kraju, sem hodila samo par mesecev v šolo. Takrat so tam učili še slovenski jezik, a sedaj pa učijo samo italijanščino. Pa sem tudi že večkrat kaj pisala domov. Tudi sedaj se učim slovensko. Tudi Prosveto čitam — seveda bolj počasi. Vendar znam toliko, da me ne more nihče prodati, kakor pravijo. Saj tudi pravijo, da človek toliko velja kolikor jezikov zna.

Dragi 'Kotičkarji'! Zadnjič je naš urednik omenil, da tudi odrasli radi čitajo naš **Mladinski List** in naše dopise v njem. Zato bom omenila nekaj, kar se tiče bolj odraslih članov. Bilo je tako-le:

Baš je preteklo leto dni, odkar je bila naša mama v bolnišnici, kjer se je podvrgla težki operaciji. Tri tedne in en dan je bila v bolnišnici, par mesecev prej pa se je odjavila bolniški podpori, spremenila je zavarovalnico. Sedaj je zavarovana samo za smrtnino. Vidite, kako si človek večkrat sam sebi škoduje, ko misli, da bo prav, pa ni. Marsikateri si misli: "Danes sem zdrav, pa bom tudi jutri." Pa ni res tako. Kajti nihče ne ve ne ure ne dneva ko ga zadene bolezen ali nesreča. Seveda so



spremembam zavarovalnin veliko krive slabe razmere, ki so vsem nam prav dobro znane.

Urednik, prosim Vas, da popravite moj dopis, zakar Vam bom hvaležna. Vsem čitateljem in uredniku pošiljam vesele pozdrave, želim vesele praznike in srečno novo leto!

Mary Kalister, box 77, McIntyre, Pa.

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### ŽIVLJENJE NA FARMI V PENNI

Nad vse dragi 'Kotičkarji'!

Zopet sem se odločila, da napišem par vrstic za M. L. To je moj drugi slovenski dopis. Tudi za oktobrsko številko bi bila rada kaj zapisala, pa nisem imela časa—preveč je bilo dela. V oktobru je namreč največ dela na farmi. Pa saj vam je to gotovo znano. Mislila si sem, da urednik gotovo čaka naših dopisov. Toda jaz nisem mogla; preza-posleni smo bili.

Upam, da mi bodo 'Kotičkarji' za enkrat oprostili. Skušala bom, da bom v bodoče večkrat pisala. Ta dopis sem poslala za novembrsko številko, vem pa ne, če bo priobčen v novembru ali decembru, ali nikdar. Upam, da bo vsaj v decembrski številki.

Prej sem omenila, da živimo na farmi. To je kompanijska farma, tako zapuščena in zanemarjena, da vam ne morem povedati. Prej so v hiši stanovali baje neki Angleži. Pa je bilo tako zamazano, da ni bilo za vstopiti. Moja mama pa ljubi snago in smo vse lepo očistili. Pa saj pravi pregovor, da snaga je pol zdravja. No in sedaj pa moramo kar naprej delati in snažiti, če hočemo, da ostane vse čisto.

Delati je treba. Mi delamo to, drugi drugo. Tudi naš urednik ima obilo dela z našimi dopisi, ki ga gotovo večkrat utrudijo. Toda on hoče in si prizadeva, da bomo mi enkrat dobri člani ko dorastemo. Zato pa bodimo dobri 'Kotičkarji' in ubogajmo našega urednika, ki nas tako lepo uči.

Tu je kratka pesmica, primerna za delavske otroke:

V hišici mi kraljevi  
zibelka tekla ni,  
vendar v mojo hišico  
solnce prisveti.

Tam, kjer mir prebiva,  
se pokojno spi —  
Naj si bo na slamci  
ali na mehki pernici.

Sedaj pa pošiljam najlepše pozdrave uredniku in prav vsem 'Kotičkarjem'! Obenem pa ne smem pozabiti na običajno voščilo: Prav vesele praznike in novo leto vsem skupaj!

Olga Kalister, box 77, McIntyre, Pa.

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### MIKLAVŽARIJA JE BUNK!

Cenjeni urednik!

Da se leto zaključi kot se spodobi 'Kotičkarjem,' sem se namenila, da tudi za decembrsko številko Ml. Lista napišem mal dopisek.

V novembrski številki sem opazila deset dopisov, torej sedem več ko v oktobrski. Upam pa, da se to število slovenskih dopisov v decembrski izdaji najmanj potroji.

Naše društvo "Skala" št. 50 SNPJ priredi veselico dne 8. decembra v Pasaventovi dvorani na 7. ulici. O poteku veselice bom poročala prihodnjič.

Zima je pred durmi in z njo božični prazniki. Ti prazniki se po vsem krščanskem svetu praznujejo leto za letom z običajnim pompom. Pobožni ljudje hodijo k spovedi in maši, da se očistijo grehov. Za pokoro darujejo cerkvi v denarju in se vračajo olajšani—grehov in denarja domov. Svojem kupujejo darila, starši otrokom, otroci staršem, bratje sestram, zaročenci svojim izvoljenkam in obratno itd. To so ponavadi premožnejši ljudje, katerim Miklavž na božični večer prinaša darila. Ubogih brezposelnih delavcev in njih družin pa Miklavž ne pozna! Sploh pa vsa ta miklavžarija in ves ta verski bunk ne prinaša ljudem nobenih kori-

sti, temveč le škodo, ker vse to stane mnogo denarja. Koristi imajo le cerkve, ki se vzdržujejo od nevednosti ljudi, in pa trgovci, ki prodajajo otroške igrače in podobno ropotijo.

Ker sem napisala vse, kar sem imela pisati, zato sklenem ta dopis in dodam samo še to-le:

**Želim več članskih dopisov za 'Kotiček', več članov SNPJ, kar bo vsem v dobiček, pa novih naročnikov na "Prosveto", vsem skupaj pa prav srečno novo leto!**

Mnogo pozdravov vsem skupaj in na svidenje v novem letu!

**Josephine Mestek,**  
638 N. 9th st., Clinton, Ind.

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#### Z NAŠE VINSKE TRGATVE

Cenjani urednik!

Zelo sem vesela, da ni snega, čeravno se je že davno prikazal, pa je moral kmalu izginiti. Dne 21. in 22. nov. pa je bilo tako gorko, da je živo srebro v toplomerju kazalo 73 stopinj gorkote. Seveda smo otroci izrabili to priliko in se igrali na vrtu brez sukenj.

Pred več tedni sem šla z mojimi starši na veselico, ki so jo imenovali za vinsko trgatve, kajti vsepolno grozdja so razobesili v dvorani. Res, zanimivo je bilo videti, kako so ljudje "kradli" grozdje, belo in rdeče, ki se nam je smejala. "Policaji" so imeli obilo dela s "tatovi". Težko se je bilo premagati skušnjave, da ne bi trgali grozdja, zato so pa morali plačati to skušnjavo na "sodniji".

Mnogo pozdravov, vesel božič in srečno novo leto vsem!

**Olga Vogrin,**  
2419 N. Maine ave., Scranton, Pa.

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#### VESELE PRAZNIKE VSEM!

Dragi urednik!

Vesel sem bil, ko se je bližal zahvalni dan, ker smo imeli dva dni počitnice. To je prav, kajti zelo sem zaposlen s šolskim delom in sem si želel malo odih.

Na 17. nov. sem šel s starši na 44. cesto na vinsko trgatve. In, veste, moj oče je moral kar osemkrat pred "sodnika" radi trganja grozdja! In ko se je vrnil, sem dobil lepe grozdice sladkega grozdja — mmm! Na veselici se mi je dopadlo, kajti kaj takega še nisem videl. Domov smo prišli šele ob 2. zjutraj.

Želim vsem čitateljem in Vam prav vesele praznike in zadovoljno novo leto!

**Felix Vogrin,** Scranton, Pa.

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#### MARY NASTOPI V IGRI

Dragi urednik!

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

Iz Franklina, Kans., sem prejela dopisnico od Mary Volk. Ona se ravno tako piše kakor jaz. Morda so naši starši iz enega kraja doma? Moj ata so doma iz Vipave, vas Dobravlje.

Jaz bom stara 11 let na 15. januarja. Mene zelo veseli čitati in tudi pisati v M. L., ker hodim tudi v slovensko šolo. Sedaj se učimo tudi igro za slov. šolo.

Mnogo pozdravov uredniku in čitateljem. Želim vsem skupaj vesele božične praznike!

**Mary Volk.**

702 E. 160th st., Cleveland, O.

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#### DECEMBER—MESEC VESELJA

Cenjani urednik!

Ker se leto nagiblje h koncu in ker nas naš M. L. obiše samo še enkrat v tem letu, sem se namenil tudi sedaj napisati dopisek za Kotiček.

Mesec december! V tem mesecu se otroci veselimo belega Miklavža, pa mislim, da letos se ne bo nič oglasil—so preveč slabe razmere.

Bliža se božič in novo leto. Želim vsem čitateljem in uredniku obilo sreče v prihodnjem letu!

**Albert Volk,**

702 E. 160th st., Cleveland, O.



# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

Volume XIII

CHICAGO, ILL., DECEMBER, 1934

Number 12

## CHRISTMAS EVE

By MARY JUGG

*THE* fire burns low; the clock ticks on;  
The Mother sits alone.  
Her former dread of Christmas Eve  
To greater grief has grown.

For weeks she trudged along the streets  
With hope to earn the means  
That start old Santa on his way,  
And brighten children's dreams.

The day drew on; she walked in vain;  
Yet Santa must come there.  
In yonder room two weary heads  
Will wake at dawn to find their share.

What makes the shadows larger grow?  
Will morning ever dawn?  
Can night, then, ever turn to day  
With fires grown cold, and glad dreams gone?

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## THE FAIRY ARTIST

*OH, THERE* is a little artist  
Who paints in the cold night hours,  
Pictures for little children,  
Of wondrous trees and flowers!

Pictures of rushing rivers  
By fairy bridges spanned;  
Bits of beautiful landscape  
Copies from elfin land.

The moon is the lamp he paints by,  
His canvas, the window pane,  
His brush is a frozen snowflake,  
Jack Frost is the artist's name.

## December

**A** HOLLY branch and mistletoe,  
 And Yuletide chimes where'er we go,  
 And stockings pinned up in a row!  
 These are your gifts, December!

And if the year has made you old  
 And silvered all your locks of gold,  
 Has your heart ever been a-cold  
 Or known a fading ember?

The whole world is a Yuletide tree,  
 As multitudes are wont to see.  
 So, sing a carol joyfully,  
 The year's great feast in keeping!

But alas! on many a December night  
 The poor and destitute in fright  
 Tremble, suffer in their wintry plight,  
 Amidst plentitude they're weeping!

H. F. BELL.

## CONSTANCY

By MIRIAM McNALLY

**P**INES look so dark and lonely in the spring,  
 When all their verdant friends are building beauty,  
 Gay with promise, sweet with blossoming.

And yet their plumes were soaring green and high  
 When other trees cringed desolate, and yearned  
 Toward them for comfort from a bitter sky.

When winter comes again in dismal gray,  
 Pines will forget their hurt, and guard the hopes  
 Forgotten in this blue and golden day.

They will be higher, stronger, that they know  
 Their only love must come from those who need  
 Their rugged solace . . . in a time of snow.



# A Little Girl and Big Fat Raisin

By E. H. McKeegan

SEVENTEEN, eighteen, nineteen, yes, nineteen was right, or had she started counting scallops with the one on which she had her finger? Well, she'll just have to start counting over again, because when it was such a big important cooky as this, with a great fat raisin right in the middle, it really wouldn't do to make a mistake.

"Snip," one scallop disappeared into Patsy's little rosebud mouth, and "Snip, snip," two scallops close together this time, for as Patsy tasted the spicy sweetness of grandmother's ginger cooky it seemed as though she just must have another bite in a hurry.

Whatever were the firemen doing? Funny Patsy hadn't noticed them before, because Patsy's home was right across the street from the fire house and very little that the firemen did escaped her notice. Every once in a very great while the fire whistle would sound and everybody would hurry around at a great rate.

But today the firemen were not idling in the sun as they generally were on a warm afternoon in summer; they were doing something. Oh, of course, they were mixing cement to make a new driveway from the fire house.

"Swish, swish," went the cement mixer across the street. Then its contents were emptied into a long flat box and scooped leisurely into the wooden mold by several of the firemen, while other firemen scooped more cement and

sand into the mixer, all at a slow, regular pace that seemed to be in time with the lazy hum of the insects in the air on this drowsy summer afternoon.

Suddenly a thought struck Patsy with force. She remembered just in time, and holding the raisin carefully in two fingers, she scurried across the street.

"Mr. Brown," she said, "what if there's a fire before the new driveway is hard?" Mr. Brown looked at the other firemen and their startled looks were gradually changing to chagrin, while some of them hung their heads sheepishly.

Then Mr. Brown came to with a roar of laughter, and he laughed so hard that, for a minute, Patsy thought his red face was almost as red as the strawberries mother had given her for luncheon.

"Well, fellows, that's a good one on us. Here we are, eight of us, supposed to be grown-up men, with all our senses, and it takes a little gal to remember a sensible thing like that. Here, you fellows get busy.

"Run down to the lumber yard and bring a couple of good stout planks, and we'll run Rebecca (the firemen's pet name for the one fire engine in town) out of here and have her ready for business."

Now Patsy was ready for the big fat raisin.





LORADO TAFT

FOUNTAIN OF THE GREAT LAKES

## Learning Foreign Languages

THERE is but one way to make ourselves understood by others, says A. Patri, leading authority on child psychology, and that is through the use of language. Speak to a man in his own tongue and the whole of him replies to you. Speak to him in another tongue and only the echoes in his empty words reach you.

The time to learn a language is when one is beginning to talk, because at that time it is the easiest. There is a high tide of speech energy in the years between two and ten that we ought to use for teaching languages. And the way to teach any language is to talk it. If you want to learn how to swim, you must plunge into water. The way to learn a language is to hear it and use it. It is almost impossible that anybody ever learned to speak a foreign tongue by studying it from a book. Conversation must precede the book.

In the United States the children are fortunate in this respect. Many of them have parents, grandparents and relatives who speak a foreign tongue as their own. The people who came from the old world still think and talk in their own tongue, though they use the English speech of America. It is a mistake

to let the children neglect that speech. They should master it as well as their own English. Too often they learn to regard their fathers' speech as something to be ashamed of, something to shun, to hide. This costs them a knowledge of another tongue and another literature, both precious, and likely to be more so as the years pass.

Lose no opportunity to teach little children your own tongue. And if there is somebody in the family who can use another language, have him talk it to the child, so that when he or she enters school at the age of six, he or she is already bilingual (or even trilingual) child. The teaching he gets in the school will aid him and he will find his languages come much easier for the earlier training.

It is a good scheme to teach children a foreign tongue, particularly your native tongue; the effort will be well repaid as the years pass. The time and effort so spent, the broader experience gained, is well worth the cost of your willingness. Remember the old Slovene saying: "Človek toliko velja, kolikor jezikov zna"—a man's knowledge is valued by the languages he knows.

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### AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

SOME fellows start right in the rut,  
While others head the throng.  
All men may be born equal, but—  
They don't stay that way long.

There is many a man with a gallant air,  
Goes galloping to the fray;  
But the valuable man is the man who's  
there  
When the smoke has cleared away.

Some "Don't get nuthin' out of life."  
But when their whines begin,  
We often can remind them that  
They "don't put nothin' in."

—Author Unknown.

## "A Tale of Two Cities"

LET'S call this article "A Tale of Two Cities." Not the two great cities around which Dickens built his deathless romance. Not two cities at all geographically, because they're separated in area by only a few blocks, yet in all other characteristics they're perhaps 2000 years apart. And they bear the same name—Hongkong.

In one Hongkong you'll see rich, modern buildings that would be a credit to New York, Paris or Chicago. In the other Hongkong people are living much as they did when the cruel Pharaohs swayed their scepters over ancient Egypt, centuries before Paris or London appeared upon the stage of the world's mighty drama.

Here Antiquity and Modernity walk hand in hand. In the old section men and women live, love and linger for a brief space—then die without having lived for one fleeting second of the life that we call living.

Hongkong is typically China, whose people go placidly along, reversing, in many respects, the very basic principles by which the rest of the world lives. When other nations arm themselves to the teeth, China maintains her policy of nonresisting peace. She sees her people branded as barbarians, all the while knowing that her ancestors were intensely civilized when all the rest of the world wallowed in barbarism.

China is China and nowhere on earth is its equal. I'll not try to make you understand China because I don't understand it myself, but I'll tell you about it as I saw it and leave the solution in your hands. It's far beyond me.

I view it first from a sea filled with sampans swarming with runners for native hotels. On each suddenly up-lifted hat is painted an advertisement for a hotel or roominghouse.

We first encounter the modern section of the city—beautiful, but not greatly different in appearance from cities in our own land so we'll reluctantly leave its description for another article some time later.

Hongkong came under British control in 1841 after a stormy period of lawlessness which ended when Britain sent her warships which took a flock of forts and sent a fleet of Chinese war junks to the bottom of the river. Then on the island which had been called Victoria, the city of Hongkong was built—truly a triumph of modern advancement. The opposite peninsula of Kowloon was also ceded to the British in 1861 and since that date the improvements have been radical.

When you land at Hongkong you will notice a new odor, neither exactly pleasant nor unpleasant—just different. It's the odor of the Orient. And it grows more pronounced as you mingle with the hordes of swarming Chinese. I mentioned this once to an educated Chinaman who replied, "Yes, no doubt there is an odor, but you smell different, too."

Maybe, after all, it isn't the people; I'm inclined to think it's the moldering decay of a disintegrating civilization, the crumbling buildings and the things that centuries of dust have buried under foot.

The narrow streets seem to fairly bulge with their packed-in hordes of humanity—shouting, shoving. Little shops line these alley-like streets, and their wares are limitless, ranging from sandals woven of straw and priced at unbelievably low figures, to the most exquisitely wrought pieces of art in gems and precious metals or glistening lacquer-work in which the Chinese have led the world for centuries.

You won't be long in this section till



your eyes and nose tell you that sanitation is nothing more than a strange word and a crazy idea of the "foreign devils." Also you'll be impressed with the evidence that the Biblical injunction to "multiply and replenish the earth" is not confined to the Christian Scripture. The streets, such as they are, seem to be paved with a squirming mass of almond-eyed children mingling with dogs and poultry in one squealing, squalling, squirming mass.

Yet amid all the squalor it is not unusual to come upon a pagoda or joss house that glitters bravely in black, red, blue and orange lacquer and gold leaf with fluttering strips of painted prayer papers hung all about.

Go now to the water front and see Chinese life truly "in the raw." Here you'll find frail sampans from eight to forty feet long on which live a yellow horde of our yellow brothers and sisters who laugh at all—and eke out a precarious existence by fishing and such other odd jobs as they can find. Here Chinese law stops at the river bank, or considerably inshore, and it's "every feller for himself." But they get along, just as they have for centuries and as they'll probably continue to get along for centuries more.

I'd like to tell you more about old Hongkong, but I haven't the space to tell you much. However, it may interest you to know that in the modern section of Hongkong you could easily imagine yourself back in your native America. Street cars, taxicabs, auto-

mobiles, particularly the small ones that are so popular here, are abundantly—not to say pestiferously—in evidence. Rickshaws and chairs supported by long, springy bamboo poles carried by two, three or sometimes four sturdy coolies, also crowd the streets, but the sidewalks are wide and well paved. The signs on the fronts of the business houses are, as often as not, in English and the entire atmosphere is one of western civilization.

For example, the Hongkong hotel, not one of the most modern by many years, is a structure of five stories with broad balconies in buff-colored stone and affording the guest all the modern conveniences.

One of the sights of cosmopolitan Hongkong is the collection of cemeteries which typify the wide range of religious beliefs represented in the city. Among these are Parsee, Catholic, Protestant, Mohammedan, Confucian, Jewish and many others, all of which are maintained with the idea that theirs is the only true halfway halt on the way to Paradise—Superstition.

Hongkong commercial buildings are very much like those at home. Hongkong's parks are occidental in their arrangements and its city government, as it applies to the modern city, is administered along lines similar to those to which you are accustomed.

You enter Hongkong knowing nothing about it and you leave it, even after months of residence there, knowing little more.  
—O. Frash.

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## OWLY WISDOM

"A wise old owl  
Sat in an oak.  
The more he saw  
The less he spoke.

The more he spoke  
The less he heard.  
Why can't we be  
Like that old bird?"

## Victor Hugo

THE great soul of Victor Hugo was ever concerned with the conditions of the miserable. To him to a large extent we owe the new standards of industrial conditions. His plea for the unfortunate is higher and clearer and truer than all others. He sounded the heights and depths of human misery. "There is a stage," he says, "where the unfortunate and the infamous are mingled and confounded in a word, 'Les Miserables,'"—and thus he named his great book—perhaps the greatest ever written by man. Then he asks, "And with whom lies the fault?" Again he asks, "Should not the help be greater the deeper the fall is?" Hugo drew the one great indictment against society when he said, "Society is responsible for the night it produces. The soul is full of darkness and crime is committed, but the guilty person is not the man who commits the crime, but he who produces the darkness."

Hugo makes Jean Valjean's defense of his petty crime absolute. Here was a man willing to work, but there was no work to be had. He was penniless and he was hungry. His defense is summed up in a single sentence: "Can a man wait when he is hungry?" Then he arraigns society for its unreasonable improvidence on the one hand and its pitiless foresight on the other; for its failure to provide conditions under which men may live decently, and for its certainty to punish men who fail to live decently; for eternally holding a man between want and an excess—want of work and excess of punishment.

He tells that there were, at the time he wrote *Les Miserables*, 1,320,000 peasants' houses in France which had only three openings; 1,870,000 which had only two openings—one door and

one window; and 346,000 cabins which had only one opening—the door. How did he know this? France laid a tax on every door and every window in a house. What a tremendous indictment he drew when he said:

"Nature gives men fresh air, and the law sells it to them."

Hugo's great book reformed not only the prisons and penal codes of France, but of the world. Hugo showed that there was much more abuse on the side of the law in the penalty than there was on the side of the culprit in the crime; that excessive punishment made a victim of the culprit, a creditor of the debtor; that the indigent, the poor, and the criminal are worthy of indulgence; and there should be no thought of punishment for the commission of crime, but for the reformation for the criminal; that revenge is not a proper attribute of society. Here is some of Hugo's philosophy:

There are but two problems: First, to produce wealth; second, to distribute it. The first is the employment of strength, the second the distribution of enjoyments. We create wealth admirably, but distribute it badly.

Whether there is monstrous opulence there is monstrous misery.

It is a false and dangerous situation to base public power in private want.

The grandeur of the state should not be rooted in the sufferings of the individual.

It is a badly composed grandeur in which all the material elements are combined, and in which no moral elements enter.

Equitable, not equal, division of property results in happy men, free citizens, great nations.

Equal division would destroy emulation and labor.

Killing riches is not distributing them.

The world allows everything to die which is solely selfish, and everything which does not represent a virtue or an idea to the human race.

Suppress misery; put an end to the unjust exhaustion of the weak by the strong.

Adjust mathematically and paternal-ly the wage to the labor.

Blend gratuitous and enforced educa-tion with the growth of childhood.

Democratize property by universaliz-ing it, so that every citizen without ex-ception, may be a land owner.

In two words, know how to produce wealth and to distribute it and you will possess at once material greatness and moral greatness—Socialism.

What an admirable comforter was Hugo. He did not try to efface grief for the dead by oblivion, but to dignify it by hope—to “transform the grief that gazes at a grave by showing it the hope that looks at a star.” “A small garden to walk about in, and immensity to dream in; at his feet what can be cultivated and gathered; over his head what can be studied and meditated; on the earth a few flowers, and all the comforts made possible by labor—for all alike.

## PUTTING THE WORLD TO BED

By ESTHER W. BUXTON

**T**HE little snow people are hurrying down  
From their home in the clouds overhead;  
They are working as hard as ever they can,  
Putting the world to bed.

Every tree in a soft fleecy nightgown they clothe;  
Each part has its night-cap of white.  
And o'er the cold ground a thick cover they spread  
Before they say good-night.

And so they come eagerly sliding down,  
With a swift and silent tread,  
Always as busy as busy can be,  
Putting the world to bed.



# Chatter Corner

EDITED BY

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

## "ONE BIG FAMILY"

DEAR CHILDREN:—

*This number of the Mladinski List definitely is the "last round-up"; it is this year's final issue. The next edition of the M. L. will visit you sometime in January 1935 garbed in an entirely new toga. The new cover-design will be very attractive.*

*With this number we conclude our united efforts—yours and mine—for this year. But our work shall and must continue! We have been laboring together for another twelve months, and I am certain that we all feel like "One Big Family" under the secure protection of the SLOVENE NATIONAL BENEFIT SOCIETY which now is concluding its jubilee year. Your little cheerful contributions and splendid co-operation I have been enjoying as much as you have been enjoying the Mladinski List. I trust that this mutual interest shall continue.*

*Just as we went to press with this issue, we received more than TWENTY additional little letters which, I assure you, will all be published in the January number of the M. L.*

*I cordially extend to you the season's greetings!*

—EDITOR.

### THERE'S NO MODERN ALADDIN

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Once again old Saint Nickolas time is here to bring cheer and joy to us. But old Nick will most likely pass up a lot of unfortunates as usual. Altho, let's hope he cuts out this practice pretty shortly.

Once again also the old year will be kicked out and the new year dragged in. If, "a prophet I would be" to tell what 1935 will bring, I would like to tell about the coming of good time. But alas and alack, there is no modern Aladdin in my make-up; though plenty of magic lamps lying around, they and "Alladin I would be" are shockingly ineffective to produce wizardly results that are required to only partly exceed the record of

fabled achievement. There fore, let's hope for the better and expect the other kind.

Some more about Christmas. The City-County airport is being decorated in a big way. About 250 trees will be set up to grace the fairways and dazzle passengers into the old Yuletide spirit. Among "the notables" visiting or landing at this airport were: Col. Lindbergh, ex-pres. Hoover, Max Baer, Eddie Cantor, ex-king of Spain, Alphonse, Ginger Rogers and Joan Crawford. Most of them have a couple of squads of motorcycle police, to escort them to and from the city, at their disposal.

For the first time in 44 years Penna has a democratic governor, and 60 years since the last democratic senator was elected. Now



Penna. has gone "clean" democratic. If they keep their promises, we boys and girls will have to keep educating ourselves till we're 18 years old. That is, if the Child labor law is passed, which is one of the promises.

The new democratic governor Earle is a rich play-boy, so the news-papers say. The new democratic senator is a manufacturer. Gov. Earle could well play Santa Claus with Sen. Guffey as chairman. If Gov. Earle plays Santa as well as he does his own play-boy role, then we might begin to think he is a radical democrat. No one can tell what he might do. And if he does play Santa, we'll know the democrats have done queerer things than that before. So much for the newly-elected democrats.

Well, the SNPJ 30th aniv. campaign is closing. There are some of you that have just begun to receive the M. L. Others that will not be able to read it for a good many years yet. But there are some of you that can read it, and I would suggest, to write to the Chatter Corner also. Did you all hear, sometime when a crowd started gathering? Folks would say, "The more the merrier."

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

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

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#### DANICA WILL WRITE EVERY MONTH

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my very first letter to the M. L. I am 8 years of age and in the 3rd grade. I am very proud to be a member of the SNPJ. There are four people in our family. I go to R. E. Barber school, and I am very much interested in the Mladinski List. Last summer I went to my uncle's farm for my vacation. I liked it there very much. I will try to write every month now that I started. Best regards to the Editor and Readers.

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

\* \*

#### MONEY DOESN'T GROW ON TREES

Dear Editor and Readers:—

It seems I haven't been writing to the Mladinski List regularly this year. I'll try to do better this coming year.

The Hiram College in Hiram, Ohio, caught on fire and they are now rebuilding it. It really is too bad that this accident occurred. They just bought some new curtains for their stage, apparatus and several other articles just before the fire.

The new streamline was on exhibit in Cleveland at the Terminal Tower, in November.

Well, the "new deal" is still an "old deal," and times are just as bad, if not worse. Work is scarce and money is hard to get. It doesn't

grow on trees, as some people express it. I'm beginning to think that some people have no brains, or else they have and don't use them. Why don't people vote Socialist? Why are millions of bushels of wheat, corn and other crops dumped into the ocean? There are many families that could make great use of these. Think these questions over and you'll find that capitalists have a great deal to do with them. Next time vote Socialist!

Christmas is near but Santa Claus is poor. We have a new year before us, and I wish all the readers of the Mladinski List will find some spare time to write to this wonderful magazine.

I wish the Editor and Readers of the M. L. a merry Christmas and a happy New year.

Audrey Maslo,  
14904 Pepper ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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#### PAULINE'S VERY FIRST

Dear Editor:—

First of all, I must tell you that this is my very first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years old and in the 6th grade. My teacher's name is Mr. E. Wagner.—There is a green house, a white house, and a red house with monkeys all over. What is it?—A watermelon.—I'll close now, but will write more next time. Season's greetings to one and all.

Pauline Bencich (Lodge 657),  
box 215, Wardner, Idaho.

\* \*

#### A LETTER FROM WILLOCK

Dear Editor:—

I haven't written to the M. L. for a long time, but I hope I will have time to write every month starting January 1935. We are going to have a club at Willock for the children who haven't anything to do at nights. If anyone wants to join, tell us and we'll sign your name.—Thanksgiving came and went, and now we are all eagerly awaiting Xmas. Be good and your stocking will be filled up, maybe. A very merry Yultide and a happy New Year to all.

Victoria Udivich, box 121, Willock, Pa.

\* \*

#### ABOUT THIS AND THAT

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I haven't written to the M. L. in English for a long time, because I like to write in Slovene better, for your own language is always first. But I decided to write in English for this issue.

On November 5 we had a wienie roast at our school. On October 26 we had a pie social and a Halloween program. After the program was over, Mr. George, a man from West Lebanon, Pa., was selling our pies. They

didn't go very high, because the audience didn't have much money. We were selling candy etc. After we sold everything, we had a fish pond. The fish pond tickets were 10c. We had a cake walk—the tickets were 5c. Two girls from Indiana, Pa. were playing on guitars. We made \$16. Our teacher's father had a ten minute speech. I liked the things that he talked about.

When we were through with everything, it was about 10 p. m.

I hope everybody that had a hunting licence had a good luck on Nov. 1, for it was the first day of hunting season. I hope anybody that went hunting got at least three rabbits.

This is the month of November, the month in which Thanksgiving is celebrated. So I'll put in a song that I know for a year or so.

#### *Thanksgiving Day*

Just before right through December,  
Through the snowflakes o'er the ground,  
Toward the end of November,  
Such a joyful time comes around.  
Thanksgiving day is here,  
Thanksgiving day is here,  
Best regards to all.

Albina Kalister, box 77, McIntyre, Pa.

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#### PENNA AND OHIO TAKE THE CAKE

Dear Members:—

There are many interesting letters in the M. L. Whenever it comes I can hardly wait to read it. I got my sister Pauline to write in the M. L. There aren't very many letters from Idaho, but Penna. certainly takes the cake, so does Ohio. There isn't very many Slovenes in Wardner. I like to read *Dorothy Fink's* and *Frank Miklaucich's* letters; they're very interesting.—What's is black and white and read all over?—Newspaper.

Christine Bencich (Lodge 657)  
box 215, Wardner, Idaho.

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#### OUR LODGE IS OUR SANTA

Dear Editor, Mladinski List:—

Will you please publish a few words for our Lodge 170, SNPJ. "Believe it or not" (Akron, Ohio). All Juvenile members will receive Xmas gifts for the first time in many years. My Daddy just told me that he received a letter from Santa (Lodge 170) that he "will visit" all our Juvenile members, because our members "are best he ever met." My Daddy says it is true. Every time he meets one, he gives him a smile and that makes him happy too.

My Daddy is Secretary of Lodge 170. He also told me, "If you have a friend, boy or girl, who wish to become our members," let

my Daddy know before Dec. 2. That will give him plenty of time to send your name in for a gift, too, if you join before Dec. 3. Also, you get 2 months free assessment and free examination. So hurry, get all your boys and girls in before Dec. 2.

Something else: Tell your parents that our Lodge will have a big time on Dec. 29. at 7 p. m., at 562 Cores st., Ukranian Hall, Akron, Ohio. I'll be seeing you there.

Good wishes to all SNPJ members and the season's greetings.

Your fraternal member and reader of Mladinski List,

George Carl Klaric, Lodge 170,  
1396 Main st., Cuyahoga Falls, O.

\* \*

#### MY SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. and I am ashamed that I didn't write sooner.

I am 11 years old and in the seventh grade. I shall go to high school in Kohler, Wis. I am going to stay at my sister's house while I go to school. There is a closer school to go, but I have no relatives to stay with. That is in Wausau, Wis.

I wish I could read and write in Slovene so I could write letters to the M. L. in Slovene.

I like to read *Frank Miklaucich's* and *Dorothy Fink's* letters and the other writers' letters also.

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

A proud reader,

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

\* \*

#### THE REAL SANTA

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. The Harmarville girls and boys must be sleeping that they don't write—so I will.

The Harmarville mine is working every other week.

Xmas will be here soon. So you better be good, children, else Santa won't bring you anything. If you want him to bring you something, you better listen to mother and father—they are the real Santa.

Don't forget to write a nice big letter to the M. L.

Here are some riddles: What has teeth and can not bite?—A comb.

What has four eyes and can't see?—Mississippi.

What has hands and cannot hold anything?—A clock.

Best regards to all.

Helen Langus,  
box 565, Harmarville, Pa.

## THE WORK IS SCARCE

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am nine years old and in the fifth grade. I have 4 teachers. I like them all. We had a big Halloween party in our school October 26. My girl friend got a prize for the funniest costume

The work is scarce in this district. My father is working one or two days a month only since April. I hope that work would pick up before Xmas, so that Santa would have some new clothes, if not anything else, for me.

I would like to see some letters in the M. L. from *Dorothy Shenk*, *Lillie Pevec* and *Annie Kobe* of Collinsburg.

I like to read M. L. very much. I am sending you a little poem. The name of it is, "No one like "Mother."

*No One Like Mother.*

There is no love like mother love,  
So bright, so pure, a flame;  
There is no sweeter sound on earth  
Than her beloved name.  
There is no sunshine like her smile.  
No arms like hers to hold.  
No touch so tender and so dear;  
No heart of purer gold.

I hope the letter doesn't see the waste-paper basket. I shall write more the next time.

Best regards to the Editors and all the readers.

Josephine Kozlevchar, box 147,  
South Brownville, Pa.

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## OUR FARM PETS

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my second letter to our beloved Mladinski List. I like to read the magazine every month. I wish it would come every week instead of every month. I wish that our "Sleepy-heads" would wake up and write to the M. L.

I am 13 years old and in the seventh grade. I have five teachers. I like to go to school.

I have many farm pets. We have two colts which are very gentle. We have much fun with our dog "Pal." He barks at the wagon wheels and the wheelbarrow wheel.—The town is making a gravel road by our house. We will all be able to ride down hill soon. We have many snow storms.

All of us belong to Lodge 457, SNPJ, except my little brother. We have been here for about five months. I liked the other place, but I like this place better.

We see many deer on the Crumhorn Mountain. There are many coons up there. Last

summer some people saw a black bear in the woods.

My brother is plowing here for next spring. In the spring there will be much work to do. Best regards to all.

Mary Konchan, R. D. 1, Maryland, N. Y.

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## LIFE ON THE FARM

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my third letter to the dear old Mladinski List. I love to read the riddles and poems. I wrote one letter in Slovene.

I am in the sixth grade and have five teachers. The school bus comes to our door every day. I have my friends here. I go to the Milford Central school. The town men are making road past our place. My father and mother moved in this town of Milford recently. We have twenty-three cows and four horses. There are two colts and one pair of horses. I have many pets. The dog is my favorite pet. His name is Pal. He chases the cows.

My three brothers work on the other farm. They have many cows and calves. They have two horses. They have some chickens and pigs too.

The great river Susquahanna is near our place. I went fishing and boat riding in it this summer. The Crumhorn mountains are near our place. I was going to see the Crumhorn Lake but I didn't have time. One day my mother, father, my sister Mary and I went to pick hazel nuts.

We have a new barn. It holds much hay. We had much hay to put in. My brother Stanley is going to plow the flat up for the spring plowing.

Best regards to all.

Frances Konchan, R.R. 1, Maryland, N. Y.

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## LODGE 472

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading it very much and wish it would come every week instead of every month.

I am 10 years old in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Jones.

There are eight in our family and all members of S. N. P. J., Lodge 472.—Our school started September 4. The children from Lodge 472 are lazy. Come on and write. I think the M. L. is a wonderful magazine. It contains so many interesting stories, poems and letters. I wish some readers would write to me.

Best regards to all,

Christine Kaus,  
box 513, Harmarville, Pa.

**CALIFORNIA FOR ME!**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is my third letter to the Mladinski List. We had a Halloween party at school. Our teacher gave us peanuts and apples. We played many games. One game I like is peanut race. We had a very good time.

It is cold here again; I don't like it, because when we go to school I am cold. I like sunshine. I would like to live in California, because it is warm there. I would like to get letters from girls and boys.

Best regards to all.

Amelia Bergant, Willard, Wis.

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**WHAT A SURPRISE!**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I would like to tell you about my surprise Nov. 9. Early in the morning when I walked in the next room, what do you think I saw? There was a piano with a birthday cake on it with 9 candles burning. Then I realized it was my birthday. I wish you all could see how my fingers went over the piano keys. I was wishing for a piano a long time. Now my wish is granted.

On Nov. 12 we got snow one inch deep, only it was wet. We are having a terrible time in school this year. They packed 4 grades in one room. Our school used to have 4 teachers, but they cut down 2 teachers on account of economy. It looks like depression will never

leave us. They are building a new school with 16 rooms, but the children come from 3 villages. I hope it will soon be done, so we children will not be so crowded.

Best regards to Editor and readers.

Ann Leskoshek, box 157, Irwin, Pa.

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**JOHNNY IS AN ATHLETE**

Dear Editor:—

I did not write to the M. L. for a long time, although I have been reading it all the time.—It is snowing out here right now. I belong to an athletic club (Joe Weaver's). He won the 2nd prize in the world's meet in Europe.

We have to wear gym suits. The first day all we did was march, but now the leader said we were in trim and could jump the dummy horse.

The men held a dance to make some money to buy assortment for us. They made \$50 profit with which they bought spring boards, boxing gloves, mats, dummies, swings, stunt bars, basketballs and other assortments. The trouble is the commands are in Bohemian (Cech) and many of the boys can't understand it.

At school we get an honorable certificate if we have an average of 90 or above for the 6 weeks, and most of the boys and girls are trying hard to get one.

John Leskoshek, box 157, Irwin, Pa.

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## The Cat and the Pumpkin

One day a black cat was sitting in the road, when along came a pumpkin. He was big and fat and yellow, just the kind that boys and girls like to make jack-o-lanterns out of.

"Hello, there, pussy cat! How are you?" called the pumpkin.

"Well, I'm fine as you are," replied the solemn black cat.

"I just happened to be along the road today, and I'm looking for a little boy to make a jack-o-lantern out of me."

"I know a boy and a girl, but they threw stones at me!"

"Yes, I know them; they wouldn't pull the grass from around me either!" said the pumpkin.

"I tell you what; let's scare them so that they will be better children!" suggested the green-eyed black cat.

"What a fine idea. We'll frighten the very daylights out of them!"

So on the eve of Halloween the cat and the pumpkin hid by the side of the path until the bad boy and girl came out of doors. Then the black cat mewed and stretched and jumped like a demon. The fat yellow pumpkin glared out of his hollow eyes and grinned a toothless grin.

The bad girl and bad boy were so badly frightened that ever after they were a good boy and good girl.

By Eva Grace Reed.