

# MLADINSKI LIST

MESEČNIK ZA SLOVENSKO MLADINO V AMERIKI

J U V E N I L E

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Katka Zupančič:

## SLAVA?

**S**INČEK strašno modro govori.  
Ko doraste, da bo general, veli.  
Katji generali duša so vojske,  
generali slavni so možje.

Zmaguje oče z glavo;  
podcenjuje generalov slavo.  
Sinku čelo se stemni,  
češ, brez generalov vojske ni.

Kdo bi domovino branil, kdo,  
če do vojne bi prišlo?  
Če sovražnik si želi prepir—  
dati mu je leka, pa bo mir!

Oče zamiži; spomin krvav je oživel...  
"Sinko," pravi, glas mu je drhtel,  
"Gledal sem sovražniku v oči:  
bil je tak, ko jaz in ti in vsi..."

Tepel se je na ukaz, ko jaz;  
če sem njega, sem i sebe bil v obraz.  
Pravi naš sovražnik pa si je smeje  
daleč proč na varnem mel roke!

Ej, ej, sinko, vojna je barbarski lek  
ter sramoten madež za naš vek—  
dokazuje volčjo grabežljivost;  
dokazuje pasjo ubogljivost."

ANNA P. KRASNA:

## TRI MATERE

**P**OD razkošno restavracijo, ob temeljih  
dvajsetnadstropne železobetonske zgradbe  
delajo tri matere.

— Tri matere, tri delavke, tri narodnosti, trije svetovi  
Na plečih vseh treh ista skrb:

OTROCI.

Kata študira sina in gara deset dolgih ur  
vsaki dan —  
ko pride sobota ji stisnejo beraških deset dolarjev  
v dlan.

Oni pred njo so plačevali deset in petak —  
pobožni Poljački pa bo pomagal božec in njena skromnost,  
da bo sin tudi z desetimi postal advokat. —

Greta vlačí povite noge okrog razgretih peči,  
na njenem obrazu z dneva v dan,  
od sedmih zjutraj do petih zvečer  
neprodirljiv in zagoneten nordijski smehlaj visi.

. . . Morda misli na hčer, ki ima nekaj postati,  
morda na ono, ki je prejemale petak več,  
pa je morala mesto pri pečeh njej oddati.

Hanna je najmlajša — ona skrbi za tri —  
njene zagrenjene misli ne vidijo v življenju  
nič drugega ko še deset let  
deseturnih dni.

— Tudi ona je potegnila bedni kruk  
iz boljše plačane roke —  
ali mati mora, je prisiljena na kak način  
preživeti svoje otroke.

— — — — —  
Nad tremi materima teža železobetonskega gradu —  
Na razbičanem hrbtu upornega proletarjata  
tri svinčena bremena nevednosti, skrbi in —

GLADU . . .

Ivan Jontez:

## Konec Tilkine ljubezni

PRVIČ sem jo videl pred šestimi leti, ko je bila stara sedem let. Bilo je zjutraj. Tilka je počasi pristopicala po stopnjicah iz prvega nadstropja, se ustavila na tretji stopnici ter se mi zaspanso začudila z na pol priprtimi sinjimi očmi, ki so radovedno poizvedovale: "No, kdo si pa ti?" Jaz sem se ji prijazno nasmehnil ter jo hitro premeril z očmi. Stasito plavolaso, sinjeoko dekletce kot jabolkov cvet svežega obrazka se mi je prikupilo na prvi mah.

"Tilka, to je tvoj bratranec Karel, o katerem sem ti že pravila", je naju seznanila mati. "Lepo ga pozdravi."

Vstal sem ter stopil k nji. "Hello, moja mala sestrična!" sem jo prijel za roke, nato jo pa mehko pobožal po žametnem obrazku.

Tilkin obrazek se je razlezel v meden nasmešek in njene lepe sinje oči, ki so zasanjano gledale izpod mehkih resastih trepalnic, so me pobožale z ljubeznivim pogledom.

"Hello, Karel!" je nenadoma oživela, se me oklenila ter mi zaupno pogledala v oči. "Kar pri nas ostani, rada te imam, saj boš?"

Prikimal sem, jo poljubil ter ji dal desetico za cukrčke. S tem sem se ji šele prikupil! Njen nasmešek je postal najslajši med, njene oči pa so žarele od ljubeznivosti, ki me je ganila.

Zdelo se je, da sva si s Tilko postala najboljša prijateljca na svetu.

Ko se je tisti dan zvečer odpravljala spat, se je ustavila na stopnicah ter se ljubeznivo, skoro hrepeneče zazrla vame.

"Kaj bi rada, Tilka?" sem se ji nasmehnil.

Tilka je zardela ter povabila v zadregi resaste trepalnice. "Poljubil me nisi za lahko noč . . ." me je naposled pogledala s tisto sramežljivo ljubeznivostjo, ki na mah osvoji človeka.

Ginjen od tega dokaza njene otroške ljubezni sem vstal, stopil k nji, jo objel, jo mehko pobožal po svetlih lasih ter jo poljubil. "Lahko noč, moja srčkana Tilka!"

Zadovoljna, je Tilka odbrzela po stopnicah, se na vrhu stopnic obrnila ter se še enkrat poslovila od mene z nasmehkom, ki bi mu bilo težko najti slajšo primero.

Jaz sem se nehote popraskal za ušesom. "Prebito, takšna ljubezen! Le kako dolgo bo trajala?" sem se vprašal, kajti imel sem že nekaj izkušenj z otroki in ni se mi videlo docela verjetno, da bi se za Tilkino prekipjavajočo ljubeznijo do mene ne skrival kak skrit nagib.

Minilo je nekaj tednov. S Tilko sva še zmerom imenitno shajala. Vsako jutro je bila njena prva pot k meni, sleherni večer sem se moral s poljubom posloviti od nje. Čez dan je bila najrajši pri meni. "Tako te imam rada, Karel", mi je ponovno zatrjevala ter se privila k meni kot priliznjena mačica. In s kako sladkimi nasmeški in pogledi me je obsipala, zlasti, kadar sem ji dal petico ali desetico za candy!

Jaz sem bil že začel verjeti, da je njena ljubezen brez primesi skritih sebičnih nagibov, ko se je nekega dne Tilkina velika ljubezen do mene čudovito ohladila.

Sedel sem na verandi ter čital časopis. Tilka se je igrala s sosedovo Miniko na trati pred hišo. Nenadoma pa se je vsega naveličala ter se liki mačica prismolila k meni. "Karel, jaz bom rajši pri tebi", se mi je ljubeznivo prikupovala. "Saj smem?"

Prikimal sem ter dalje čital svoj časopis.

Čez čas sem začutil, da je bila Tilka nekam nemirna. Pogledal sem jo. Na obrazu se ji je zibal rožnat nasmešek, ki

je izdajal zadrego, katero je povzročala v njenih sinjih očeh trepetajoča prošnja, ki se je pa ni še upala izreči, bržkone zato, ker sem bil tisto popoldne izredno pust, redkobeseden in natak-njen. V moji glavi se je posvetilo.

"Kaj pa bi spet rada?" sem jo vprašal ne preveč prijazno.

Tilka se me je oklenila za roko ter se mi na moč ljubeznivo nasmehnila. "Karel, desetko bi rada . . ."

"Spet za candy?"

Tilka je prikimala.

"Ne bo nič!" sem jo na kratko zavrnil. "Dopoldne si dobila eno desetko in za danes mora to zadostovati."

Tilkine oči so se široko razprle od začudenja. Ali je mogoče, da se je bratranec tako nanagloma izpremenil? Dolej ji vendar ni bil odrekel nobene prošnje! Ne, gotovo se šali.

"Karel, prosim . . ." je zašepetala in ustnice so se ji nevarno skrivile.

"Ne bo nič!" sem jo rezko zavrnil. "K Minki pojdi in z njo se igray. Candyja je bilo danes že dovolj."

Čutil sem, da me Tilka presenečeno gleda, toda pogledati je nisem hotel, kajti potem bi se bil najbrž omeščal ter ji izpolnil njeno željo. Tega pa nisem maral; postal sem bil radoveden, ali se bo v Tilki kaj podrla.

Čez čas je Tilka izpustila mojo roko, se odmaknila od mene ter vstala. Odmaknil sem časopis izpred oči ter jo pogledal. In tam je stala Tilka, ustnice nabrane v drhčočo šobo, v očeh pa užaljenost in jeza.

"Kar imej svojo desetico!" mi je za Brusila, ko je videla, da se ne kanim premisliti. "Maram zanjo! In maram zate! Prav nič, da veš, prav nič več te nimam rada!"

Nato je stekla v hišo k materi.

In vse popoldne in ves večer me ni niti enkrat pogledala. In ko je odšla spat, se ni nič ustavila na stopnicah, nič se nisva poljubila za "lahko noč", niti lepega pogleda mi ni privoščila.

Tako je Tilkina velika ljubezen do mene umrla v trenutku, ko sem ji prvič zavrnil njeno prošnjo za denar za sladkarije. Pozneje sva se sicer spet sprijateljila za silo, toda prejšnje velike, prekipevačije ljubezni ni več bilo; ta je umrla prav tako hitro, kakor se je bila rodila: v trenutku.

Ni moglo biti drugače, otrok trenutka je bila ta ljubezen in pa otroške preračunljivosti, ki ni mogla prenesti spoznanja, da človeški računi niso nikdar absolutno točni in nespremenljivi.





*Ne za zmago, za resnico se potegujem. Stati moram na strani pravičnih. Stal bom z njimi, dokler so pravični in se ločil od njih, ko zaidejo na kriva pota.*      **LINCOLN.**

Anna P. Krasna:

## MIMOGREDE

**M**IMOGREDE so mi padli v pogled:  
nekaj črnih, nekaj belih in eden  
voščeno-bled.

S premrzlimi ročicami so vsi gnetli  
umazan sneg—  
izza neprijaznih oken nad ulico  
je uhajal pijani kreg.

Voščeno-bled je spustil kepo na tla,  
in v tistem hipu mu je izginila  
mladost iz srca.

Suh životek se je skrčil  
v izstradano tegobo—  
s sklonjeno glavico je oddrsal mali starček  
v slumsko plesnobo.

A. B.:

## NAŠA ELICA

**S**AMA počese  
se Elica že,  
veste, to niso  
več mačje solze!

Glavniček zatakne  
si potlej v lase,  
prelepa je Elica,  
heja, juhe!

A. B.:

## BREZ ŠALE . . .

**P**OLONČICE rudeče  
prinesle polne vreče  
so, veste, same sreče!

Razvezale so vreče,  
jo dečici poslale,  
zares, zares, brez šale!

Katera pa jo je dobila?

I, tista, ki v JEDNOTI je,  
to prav gotovo vsak že ve!

Anna P. Krasna:

## Krstija

(Iz zbirke "Med hrabi.")

NEKAJ tednov po rojstvu so pričvrstili Jankotu njegovo ime s krstom. In v "greinerski" kolibi je bilo spet vse živo in veselo. Ker se je zimsko vreme nepričakovano povlačilo, je bilo okrog kolib mehko kakor v jesenskih dneh, in je marsikateri gost globoko zagazil. Veselja to ni motilo, harmonika je hreščala ko za stavo in vriskanje in petje se je razlegalo daleč okrog po sajastem mestecu Claytonu. To je privabilo v goste tudi nekaj domačinov in Ircev, ki so radi jedli "greinersko" potico ter pili pivo in žganje zastonj.

Rdečelični Patrick je vsakokrat, ko so mu ponudili nov kos potice, pel slavo "Greinerjem". Potici pa še posebej. Dolgi, suhi Bill je tudi neprestano čvekalo o vrlinah "Greinerjev in gnjati, katero je izmikal s pravim nagibom požrešnosti.

"Greiner people good, Greiner people the best people from old country."

"Greinerji" so vedeli, da v družbi, ki se zbira v salunu, navadno niso takega mnenja, toda slovanska gostoljubnost pozabi na osebne mržnje in predsodke ob prazničnih prilikah. Nihče izmed njih se ni niti malo zmenil za prazno gobezdavo hvalo "fajf." Velikodušno so jim privoščili vsega, kar je težilo Klančnikovo mizo ta dan. In je ostalo vse v lepem soglasju, dokler se ni nepovabljen in nepričakovan pojavil Glevna.

Glevna, ki je imel pesti ko cepce in spomin ko slon. Naj je bil še tako okrogel, nikdar ni pozabil, če je bil kod razžaljen kranjski ponos. S svojimi jakimi pestmi je vedno primerno branil in maščeval ugled "greinerskih majnerjev." Zato je bil poznan kot groba in odločna osebnost ter je bil povsod sprejet brez ugovora.

Klančnik ga je tudi sprejel kakor katerokoli drugo neizogibnost. Stopil mu je nasproti in mu podal desnico, Glevna pa je malomarno, z zoženimi očmi poškilil v kot, kjer so sedeli domačini in Irči.

"Fajfe ste povabili?"

Klančniku ni ugajal ton njegovega glasu.

"Ne imej jih za mar, Glevna," je rekel smeje, "saj veš, da se povsod sami povabijo h takimle dobrinam."

Glevna je zamahnil z roko, vrgel suknjo s sebe in šel plesat. Potem so ga spravili gostači v svojo sredo. Zapletli so ga v svoje pogovore o bossih, kamenju, dekletih, pijači — Klančnik jim je bil pomežiknil, ko je prinesel pijačo in nalil novemu gostu.

Ali misel novega, nepovabljenega gosta, je bila zapičena v neko nedognano dozdevnost. Njegove oči so tuhtale, medtem ko je misel raziskovala po spominu. Končno je zadovoljno pokimal z glavo in zamrmral:

"Pravi bodo."

Boštjan, ki je sedel poleg njega, je vprašal:

"S kom se kregaš, Glevna?"

"S teboj že ne, mevža brinjevska," ga je zafrknil Glevna, se pobral od mize ter šel nad kos gnjati.

Domačinom in Ircem je postalo nenadno nerodno. Začeli so se poslavljati, dočim je zagnal Glevna kos gnjati boardarjem na mizo.

"Obirajte, šeme, jaz imam drugačnega opravka."

Oblekel si je suknjo in odšel ven.

Gostom je odleglo, Boštjan pa je dejal:

"Zaplešimo zdaj. Dinamit je ves zunaj, Glevna tudi, če bo kaj eksplozi-

je, bo v blatu, naša koliba je zdaj varna."

"Tako je, pri krstiji ne sme biti pretepa," je pritrdil Cene, "ampak samo petje, godba in ples — daj, Drvin, zagodi eno poskočno, ker se je naredil prostor."

Drvin je nategnil svoj meh in zaplesali so. A še preden so odplesali, je zavalovil v sobo renčeč glas Glevne:

"Tako, fajfe, zdaj pa le sem, če je še kje kateri, da vam zbijem 'merikanske buče. Sem, pravim!'"

Klančnik in gostje so hiteli z lučmi ven in so ugledali smešen prizor. Glevna je tičal skoro do kolen v blatu ter srdito mahal z blatnim sodčkom piva. Nedaleč od njega so bile po blatu razmetane "fajfe." Vsi so si z vsemi svojimi pijanimi močmi prizadevali, da se izpulijo iz blata.

Gostje in gostači so se krohotali, Glevna pa je naperil sodček proti njim:

"Tiho, barabe, pa sodčkov prinesite — meni, za fajfe nobenega, ste slišali?"

"Slišali," je rekel počasi Boštjan, "samo ne bodi tako nestrpen, saj ti še ne poganjajo korenine od nog."

Glevna je zagnal sodček v blato in izdrl eno nogo iz blata.

"Čakaj, ujedalo kraševsko, da te do-  
bim v pesti, pa boš kmalu v koreninah."

Poskusil je sprostiti še drugo nogo, pa je zlezla prva nazaj v spolzko žmrklico.

"Kaj se režite, tesla, sodčkov sem, ali pa vam jaz napravim krstijo —, po buticah vam napravim krstijo, sa . . ."

Klančnik je uvidel, da bo takoj nov pretep, če ne posreduje s pametno besedo. Pomiril je Glevno ter vplival na Boštjana, da je šel nekam v vas. Ko je bil Glevna rešen iz blata, se je krstija nadaljevala in on je bil do ranega jutra glavni junak gostije. Pravi slavljenec, Janko, pa je mirno spal v svoji zibki in skrbno materino oko je zdaj pa zdaj pokukalo pri vratih, da vidi, če ni burna krstija znabiti zbudila ljubega fantka.

MIRKO KUNČIČ:

## V ZIMSKI IZBI

**T**IKA, TAKA — vse glasneje  
stenska ura dolgčas šteje.

Muc ji modro prigovarja:

"Za pečjo se sladko spava!"

Tika, taka, petkrat pet —  
Kdor je mlad, naj gre na led!  
Kaj če nos mu bo krvav —  
jaz bom štela kot je prav.

Ded sanjari: mlad in hraber  
lopne s sank ob stari gaber;  
vrisk in smeh na vso bridkost —  
Tika, taka . . . Ej, mladost!



Titus Viki

NOČNA TIŠINA

# Moha opisuje svoje nesteco



W. WEULT

NOĆNA TIŠINA

KATKA ZUPANČIČ:

## URNITEV

**HEJ**, vrabiči? Kje ste, kje?

Družice smo tukaj!

Vse smo žive se vrnile.

Hej, vrabiči, skupaj, skupaj!

Niste vsi! Le kje so drugi?

To jih bodemo oštele!

Brž povejte, brž povejte!

Ali — mar smo ovdovele . . . ?"

"Tiho, tiho —

kar mirujte, ne vzdihujte . . .

Bili so to strašni časi —!

Po ostalih ne vprašujte . . .

Mráz in glad za tri zime!

Vsi skesani smo sklenili,

da i mi jeseni

z vami bomo se selili."

"Ah, vrabiči, ah, možiči,

skušnje vas ne izuče!

Vsako pomlad ista pesem:

'Z vami pojdemo, seve!"

Ali kadar iti treba,

sto izgovorov imate!

Da za nami boste prišli,

vedno nas varate!"



(Zimi se umaknejo samo vrabulje in mladiči;  
vrabci samci pa ostanejo doma.)

Jelka Vuk:

## Muha opisuje svojo nesrečo

(*Moja šolska naloga, recitirana v radiu,  
Ljubljana*)

V kuhinji je izpod stropa visela limanica. Obesila jo je gospodinja, da bi polovila nas, muhe, ki smo brenčale po kuhinji.

Na limanici je bilo precej muh, nekatere že mirne—mrtve, druge še pa se s smrtjo boreče.

Neka, že čisto onemogla muha, je rekla tovarišici, ki je pravkar priletela na limanico:

“Zakaj nisi pazila? Kaj ti naš vzgled ni dal nič misliti in ti ni vzbudil čuta opreznosti?”

In pravkar priletevska muha je govorila:

“Kako naj bi opazila? Zakaj me nisi opozorila? Kako naj bi vedela, da je to past? Priletela sem z dvorišča v kuhinjo, izvabljena od prijetnega vonja, ki je silil na dvorišče. Previdno sem sedla najprej na šipo na oknu in se ogledala po kuhinji. Popravila sem si, kakor je to že naša navada, frizuro. Nato sem zletela v shrambo, ker so bila vrata samo priprta.

S police je visela gnjat za velikonoč, ki jo praznujejo ljudje. Poleg je stala posoda z mlekom. Oboje me je mikalo. Obliznila sem gnjat in že sem mislila sestiti na rob skledice z mlekom, pa je stopila gospodinja v shrambo.

Da gospodinje niso naše prijateljice, sem že večkrat preiskusila. In nič nisem pomišljala, temveč sem takoj zletela nazaj v kuhinjo. To je bila tudi moja sreča, če smem zdaj, ko sem se vjela na limanico, tako reči. Ker malo je manjkalo, da nisem bila zdrobljena v rokah gospodinje.

Vsa prestrašena sem frčala po stropu in iskala, kam bi sedla, da bi se oddahnila od strahu in se ogledala za dobrim prigrizkom. Izpod stropa je visel ta ru-

menkasti trak, ves dišeč in mnogo vas je bilo na njem.

Prijetno je dišalo od tega traka in vabilo. Videla sem vas, tovarišice, kako se gostite.”

“To si videla,” se je bridko posmehnila druga muha.

“Kje naj vem, da je to past. Ve vse pa ste molčale. Videla sem res, da se nekam premetavate, ali ker je dišalo tako prijetno, sem mislila, da ste od bogate paše vse opijanjene in od prešernosti poskakujete. Nobena ni dala svarilnega glasu iz sebe.

In tako sem se tudi jaz pognala sem. Ko sem sedla na trak, sem sicer takoj začutila, da me nekdo lovi za noge.

“Že zopet kak nevoščljivec,” sem pomislila, “ki bi rad vse sam imel.”

Pogledala sem, pa nikogar ni bilo. Samo nog iz tiste sladkorne puščave nisem mogla premakniti.

Kar onemela sem od strahu. “Vjeta,” mi je zablisknilo v glavi.

“Prepozno,” je rekla zraven umirajoča muha.

“Prepozno,” je vzdihnila obupno. “Vedno je lahkomišelnim in neopreznim spoznanje prepozno. In me muhe smo lahkomišelnice. Letamo in nasedamo, kjer nas kaj vabi, ne da bi se prej uverile, če ni past in poguba.

Čutim, da me zapuščajo moči. Zdaj, ob koncu življenja vem, da bi morala biti v življenju povsod previdna, da bi morala vsako izkušnjo spoznati in nikomur zaupati. Ali to spoznanje je prepozno. Želim pa, da bi moje tovarišice, ki so še na svobodi, bile dovolj previdne in razumne!”

Ko je to izrekla, je umrla.

Jaz pa, ko sem to videla, zaključuje muha svojo zgodbo, sem se v zadnjem trenutku iztrgala in odleeta na dvorišče.

## ZMAGOVALCI

### V KONTESTU ZA DOPISE V MLADINSKEM LISTU MED ČLANI MLADINSKEGA ODDELKA

Kontest je bil razpisan za mesec oktober, november in december v preteklem letu in udeležili so se ga lahko vsi člani mladinskega oddelka SNPJ.

Pogoji kontesta so bili, da kontestant v največ sto besedah enega dopisa v slovenskem ali angleškem jeziku pove, zakaj hoče biti aktiven član SNPJ, ko doseže predpisano starost in kaj pričakuje od SNPJ. Kdor to pove najboljše in najoriginalnejše, bo deležen nagrade. Razpisanih je bilo deset nagrad. Prva nagrada je bila \$10, drugi dve po \$7.50, tri po \$5 in štiri po \$2.50.

Kontesta se je udeležilo 153 otrok in sodniki so prisodili nagrade sledeči desetorici:

#### PRVA NAGRADA \$10

Mary Elizabeth Fradel, Latrobe, Pa., društvo 725.

#### DVE NAGRADI PO \$7.50

Milka Mileta, Van Houten, N. Mex., društvo 416.

Chas. Jeniker, Butte, Mont., društvo 207.

#### TRI NAGRADI PO \$5

Virginia Mikolich, Struthers, O., društvo 277.

Frank Bergant, Chicago, Ill., društvo 86.

Tony Ulepich, Mulberry, Kans., društvo 65.

#### ŠTIRI NAGRADI PO \$2.50

Anton Drager, Johnstown, Pa., društvo 3.

Frank R. Kramer, Sharon, Pa., društvo 262.

Vladimir Maleckar, Cleveland, O., društvo 142.

Josephine Mestek, Clinton, O., društvo 50.

Dobre dopise, ki zaslužijo nagrado, a žal ni bilo toliko nagrad na razpolago, vendar se jih lahko častno omeni, so poslali sledeči člani in članice mladinskega oddelka:

John Mukavetz, Calumet, Mich.; Mary Jancic, Roundup, Mont.; Ernesta Zigon, Forest City, Pa.; Josephine Verbich, Granville, Il.; Stanley Ostanek, Lorraine, O.; Tony Leban, Imperial, Pa., in Dorothy Prelec, Fairmont, W. Va.

Našteli bi jih lahko še več a to naj zadostuje. Upamo, da bodo vsi ti naši bratci in sestre nadaljevali dobro delo in da bodo imeli več sreče pri bodočem kontestu.

Sodniki: { VINCENT CAINKAR, predsednik.  
 { FRED A. VIDER, tajnik.  
 { IVAN MOLEK, urednik.



## POGOVOR S ČITATELJI

### DRAGI ČITATELJI!

*Kontest se je zaključil in v tej številki so objavljena imena zmagovalcev. Določenih je bilo deset nagrad v gotovini za najboljše dopise. Ta ali oni bo morda razočaran, ker ni bil deležen nagrade. Toda vsem ni bilo mogoče ustreči.*

*Kontesta se je udeležilo nad 150 članov in članic mladinskega oddelka SNPJ. Pač lepo število! Pokazali ste, da se živo zanimate za svojo organizacijo SNPJ in pa za svoj mesečnik Mladinski List. Naprej po tej poti!*

*Moja želja je—križ je, da želje malo pomagajo—da bi vsi dobili nagrade. To je seveda nemogoče. Sodniki so imeli pred seboj le deset nagrad in so jih podelili onim kontestantom, ki so napisali najboljše in najoriginalnejše spise. Vsekakor upam, da boste pri prihodnjem kontestu imeli več sreče!*

\* \* \*

*Dovolj smo imeli podničelskega mraza s snegom! Čas je, da zimo prepodi pomlad, ki bo letos veliko lepša ko kdaj prej, po prestani hudi zimi. Mnogo ljudi je umrlo vsled mraza in pomanjkanja. Tudi mnogo otrok je bilo med njimi. Taka zla z ostalimi naravnimi in umetnimi neprilikami se bi dala zelo ublažiti, če se bi ravnali po načelih, ki jih zastopa naša Slovenska narodna podporná jednota. Pomagajmo vsi skupaj, da se čim prej uresničijo!*

UREDNIK.

### **Delo in šola**

Dragi urednik!

Če se ne motim, sem izostala cele tri mesece. Sama ne vem kaj je vzrok. Menda največ nemarnost. Bom pa nadomestila danes. To sem napisala in dala na pošto dne 30. jan. t. l.

Na zahvalni dan sem bila s starši v Luzernu na veselici. Uprizorili so dve igri, a mi jih

nismo videli, ker smo prišli prepozno. Deležni pa smo bili okusne večerje, ki sta jo prinesli Tončka Slopárjeva in Mrs. Bizjak. Pražena svinjina, zmečkan krompir, kisle zelje in sarma. Vse to samo za 25c.

Pred božičnimi prazniki sem bila zelo zaposlena z igranjem na klavir, ker sem igrala en komad na božični prireditvi v šoli. Teden prej sem bila v Forest Cityju pri Rataičevih, kjer smo dobili klobase. In kako dobre so bile!

Želim in upam, da jih bi teta Rataičeva še večkrat naredila. Po praznikih sem bila precej zaposlena s sankanjem, kajti letos immo dosti snega. Mama me rada pusti, da se grem sankat. Misli, da sva z bratcem dovolj stara, da se varjeva nesreče.

Pozdrav uredniku in čitateljem!

Olga Vogrin,  
2419 N. Main ave., Scranton, Pa.

\* \*

## Zima in bolezen

Cenjeni urednik!

Ker nimam posebnih novic, se bom le na kratko oglasila v "Kotičku", tako da boste vedeli, da sem še živa in zdrava. Živa sem, zdrava pa ne! Letošnja zima, kakor mnogo drugih, je tudi mene oplazila. Ne po hrbtu, ampak po glavi oziroma v grlu. Zelo so mi otekli mandlji (držali), da me ovirajo pri požiranju in dihanju. Pa tudi kašljam precej. Iskati sem morala zdravniške pomoči in izostati iz šole. In to baš ob zaključku prve polovice šolskega leta, ko se delajo izpiti. Kljub temu sem ga povoljno izvršila in bom šla v višji razred (9-B).

Tudi ostali člani naše družine so bili več ali manj deležni prehlada, in so še. Upam, da se bodo kmalu pozdravili. Čim pride toplejše vreme. To naj zadostuje za ta mesec. Pri hodnjič, ko ozdravim, bom napisala še kaj.

Pozdrav Vam in čitateljem!

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

\* \*

## Pri tiskarjih

Dragi urednik!

Že dva cela meseca nisem ničesar napisal za Mladinski List. Dela s šolskimi nalogami sem imel obilo. Zraven pa igravam pri basketballu. Tudi pri Junior News klubu sem zaposlen. Tudi čez praznike sem bil zaposlen. Vsi reporterji smo nabirali novice. Pri tem imamo zleto dobrega učitelja, Mr. Small. On nam veliko pomaga pri tem delu. Če le more, nas skupaj pokliče in nam razlaga o tiskarskem delu. Prav o vsem. Pa tudi v znano International Correspondence šolo nas je peljal. To je bilo 30. dec. Mnogo zanimivega so nam razkazali. Iz vsake sobe sem prinesel par spominov. Tudi nekoliko svinca je vsak dobil, na katerem so vtisnjene besede za tisk.

Obiskali smo tudi radiopostajo WOBI. To je bilo zelo zanimivo. Vse drugače smo si predstavljali oddajno sobo, ki je neprodušna (sound-proof). Mislili smo, da bomo tam videli vse polno ljudi, ki pojejo in govorijo. Pa je bil tam le naznanjevalec, ki je pritisnil na

gumb in povedal, kdo bo na sporedu. Oddajal je namreč gramofonsko godbo in govorjenje.

Danes sem prišel zgodaj iz šole. Namenil sem se, da napišem nekaj za "Kotiček."

Pri nas imamo 20 palcev snega. Snežiti je začelo 18. jan. in je nehalo 20. jan. Tistega dne ni bilo šole, ker je bilo preveč snega, tako da je bil promet za nekaj časa ustavljen. Še sedaj je veliko zamude po cestah radi snega. Kidanje snega stane mesto že nad \$10,000. In to samo v osmih dneh.

Lep pozdrav Vam in "Kotičkarjem!"

Felix Vogrin, Scranton, Pa.

\* \*

## Prvi dopis

Cenjeni urednik!

To so moje prve slovenske vrstice za "Naš kotiček" v našem priljubljenem Mladinskem Listu. Že enkrat prej sem se nameraval oglasiti v M. L., pa menda nisem imel dovolj korajže. Slovensko namreč še ne znam dobro pisati. Čitam pa mnogo bolje. Pri tem mi pomaga moj brat.

Star sem 13 let in sem v 8. razredu v šoli. Imam tri brate in dve sestre. Vsi so starejši ko jaz. Mi vsi smo člani društva 315 SNPJ. Moj brat Edward je že napisal dopis za M. L. Želel bi, da se bi še kdo drugi oglasil s slovenskim dopisom v M. L. iz naše nasebine.

Ako boste te vrstice priobčili, bom skušal še kaj napisati. Hvaležen Vam bom za popravke. Iskreno pozdravljam vse mlade čitatelje!

Silvester Kompara,  
1603 Sherrick rd. S. E., Canton, Ohio.

\* \*

## Na noge in pišite!

Dragi mi urednik!

Moja mama me vedno priganja, naj se malo požurim in napišem par vrstic v Mladinski List. Ker pa sem bila zelo zaposlena s šolskim delom, sem na "Katiček" čisto pozabila. Upam, da mi boste oprostili.

Reči moram, da smo tukaj na Broughtonu precej leni. Kakor da ne bi bilo tu nič šolskih otrok, le moja sestra Anna in jaz. Kajti edino me se še od časa do časa oglasimo v M. L.

Bratci in sestrice! Zakaj pa ne pišete v M. L.? Saj vsi tako radi čitamo naš M. L., ker prinaša vsepolno zanimivih povesti in poučnih člankov ter lepih pesmic. Mislila sem, če bom včasih kaj napisala v M. L., da bom s tem dala še ostalim tukajšnjim otrokom pogum. Pa nič! Broughton kar lepo spi naprej in sanja. Res je treba, da se malo požurimo in napišemo vsak mesec par pisemc, slovenskih ali angleških. Saj urednik bo vsakega pisemca vesel in bo rad popravil naše napake.

Dosedaj je bilo v M. L. mnogo dopisov. Pa veste zakaj? Zato, ker je bil razpisan kon-test.

Kmalu bom stara 16 let in morala bom dati šoli slovo, četudi sem vanjo zelo rada hodila. Tudi učitelji so zelo zadovoljni z menoj in so dobri; z nalogami nas preveč ne mučijo.

Rada bi videla, da se bi moji bratrance oglasili v M. L.—Jack, Robert in Louis Keržišnik iz Detroita, pa tudi Edward Skerbetz naj se oglasi, ker ima dovolj časa. Moje bratrance prav lepo pozdravljam in jim želim vse najboljše.

Iskren pozdrav čitateljem! Na noge! Pišite!

Jenny Grobin, Box 17, Broughton, Pa.

\* \*

### Fantovska

Dragi urednik!

Zahvaliti se Vam moram za popravke v mojem prejšnjem dopisu. Hvala! Priporočam se Vam za bodoče. Tole pesmico me je naučil moj brat:

Snoč' pa dav' je slan'ca padla  
na zelene travnike, je vso  
trav'co pomorila in vse  
žlahtne rožice.

Men' pa ni za rož'ce moje,  
če jih slan'ca pomori,  
men' je več za dekle moje,  
če me ona zapusti.

To sta le dve kitici. Ta pesem je splošno znana in posebno fantje jo radi prepevajo. Upam, da se nisem preveč zapoznil s tem pis-mom. Potrudil sem se, da bi dobro pisemce napisal. Pa se mi ni posrečilo in iz pisma je nastala gornja pesem.

Mnogo pozdravov vsem skupaj!

Edward Kompara,  
1608 Sherrick rd., Canton, O.

\* \*

### Podpis!

Dragi urednik!

Pripravila sem se in napisala te vrstice z upanjem, da mi jih priobčite. Rada berem razne dopise, ki jih ni malo. Tukaj imamo hudo zimo. Snega je tudi precej. Ali se drsamo in sankamo, da je kaj. Mrzel veter piha, kakor bi rezalo z nožem, tako se nam zdi. Toda to ne bo več dolgo trajalo, kajti kmalu bo prišla pomlad, ki je bomo bolj veseli ko prejšnja leta, ko smo imeli le milo zimo. Prihodnjič bom spet kaj napisala.

P. B., R. F. D. 5, Slippery Rock, Pa.

(Ured. pripomba:—Prihodnjič se ne pozabi podpisati. To je važno in potrebno. Prosim!)

## Zahvala SNPJ

Dragi urednik!

Že spet se oglašam v Mladinskem Listu. Najprej se moram lepo zahvaliti SNPJ za poslano karto in voščilo. Miklavž mi ni nič prinesel, ker sem poreden. Tako so mi povedali. V šolo hodim v Mulberry, Kans. Le malokdaj se vidi kakšen dopis iz Kansasa v slovenskem delu M. L. Morda ne znajo slovensko pisati, ali se pa sramujejo jezika svojih staršev.

Pred kratkim se je neki deček na lovu smrtno ponesrečil. Puška se je sprožila in strel iz nje ga je zadel v trebuh. Uro pozneje je ranam podlegel. Omenjeni je pohajal srednjo (high) šolo in je bil priden fant. Na lov je šel s svojim tovarišem, kateremu se je puška sprožila, ko je hodil za njim.

Lep pozdrav vsem čitateljem!

John F. Potočnik, R. 1, Arcadia, Kans.

\* \*

### Štiri sirote

Dragi urednik!

To je moj prvi dopis za M. L. Stara sem 13 let in sem v 8. razredu ljudske šole. Moja učiteljica je Miss Laura Love. Za silo znam slovensko pisati in brati. Imam tri sestre in jaz sem najstarejša. Ko sem bila stara pet let, je oče odšel z doma ter pustil mamo in nas štiri otroke. Leta 1929 je moja mama umrla in ni bila pri nobenem slovenskem društvu. Zapustila nas je brez vseh sredstev. Zato pa hočem jaz postati dobra članica SNPJ, ko bom prestopila v oddelek odraslih. Dodam naj, da moj oče se ni nič oglasil, da nas bi preživel in tako smo ostale sirote zapuščene, brez matere in očeta. Moj oče se piše John Leskovec. Slišala sem, da se nahaja nekje v okolici Steubenville, Ohio.

Moji reditelji so Mr. in Mrs. Mike Zavasnik, Acmetonia, Pa. Ena sestra je pri stricu, drugi dve sta pa v Allegheny County Orphan's Home. Prosim Vas, da bi priobčili ta dopis in popravili napake. Mnogo pozdravov vsem!

Box 202, Cheswick, Pa. (Društvo 586.)

Helen Leskovec.

\* \*

### "Tudi harmoniko"

Dragi urednik!

Najprej se Vam moram zahvaliti za popravke v mojem prejšnjem dopisu. Jaz bom postal aktiven član SNPJ, ko dorastem. Miklavž mi je prinesel več daril, tudi harmoniko. Tá me najbolj veseli. Toliko sem se že naučil igrati, da lahko zaigram par poskočnih za ples.

Iskrene pozdrave vsem, ki bodo to čitali!

Joe Rott, 18815 Chickasaw, Cleveland, O.

**Draginja**

Cenjeni urednik!

Jaz in moj brat se lepo zahvaljujemo za voščilo, ki sva ga prejela od SNPJ.

Prišlo je novo leto, za delavce pa ni nič boljše ko staro. Zima je huda, to je vse. Milijonarji se naprej redijo in bogatijo, delavci pa nič nimajo. Na 6. jan. sem bil star 14 let. Rodil sem se v Horningu, Pa. Draginja je velika, zaslužka pa malo ali skoro nič. Religinim delavcem plačajo po \$55 na mesec. Potem naj se preživljajo delavske družine, ki imajo več otrok.

V januarski številki je bilo mnogo dopisov v obeh oddelkih. Kotiček je vedno zanimiv. Pozdravljam Vas in vse bratce in sestrice!

Frank Krancevic,  
1047 E. 61st st., Cleveland, O.

**Morda**

Cenjeni urednik M. L.!

Že zopet se oglašam v Mladinskem Listu. Za novembersko številko sem napisal pisemce za kontest in je bilo priobčeno. Moja sestra je tudi napisala pisemce, pa ni bilo priobčeno. Morda je bilo pozneje. Morda ga niste dobili. Na 23. dec. sem bil 13 let star in dobil sem velik birthday cake, ki je tehtal 13 funtov. Podarila mi ga je moja prijateljica. Oj, kako sem bil vesel!

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

**"Milka m' je ime"**

Cenjeni urednik!

Mladinski List se mi jako dopade. To je moje prvo pismo. Če ga boste priobčili, bom prihodnjič še kaj napisala. Stara sem 11 let in hodim v 6. razred. Članica SNPJ sem 9 let. Moja sestra je stara 8 let in hodi v 3. razred. Bratov nimam. Tu je kratka pesmica: "Sem hrvatska deklica, Milka m'je ime in ponosna sem na to."

Mnogo pozdravov vsem skupaj!

Mildred Jordan,  
1304 Jackson ave., Windber, Pa.

\* \*

**Siromak in deček**

Dragi urednik!

Tukaj vam pošiljam znano pesmico o siromaku. Siromak: Kaj, deček, gledaš me tako debelo? Star sem in ne posebno lep. Zgubano čelo, lice velo in in že napol sem slep. Ljudje imajo dom in njive, travnike in les. Ali poti moje so koprive, cvetica tudi katera vmes. Po svetu sem se vedno ubijal, pod tujo streho gladen spal. Pozimi sem se v plašč zavijal, ki mi ga je mož usmiljen dal. Vidiš, deček, siromaka, koliko bridkosti je užil . . .

Joe Krancevic,  
1047 E. 61st st., Cleveland, O.



COURBERT

V ALPAH





# JUVENILE



MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG SLOVENES IN AMERICA

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## FROM *AN* ESSAY ON CRITICISM

By ALEXANDER POPE

**O**F ALL the causes which conspire to blind  
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.  
Whatever nature has in worth denied,  
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;  
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wind:  
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defense,  
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.  
If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.  
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,  
While from the bounded level of our mind,  
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;  
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise  
New distant scenes of endless science rise!  
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,  
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,  
The eternal snows appear already past,  
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;  
But, those attained, we tremble to survey  
The growing labors of the lengthened way,  
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,  
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit  
With the same spirit that its author writ;  
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find  
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;  
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,  
The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.

## PRIZE-WINNERS

### IN LETTER-WRITING CONTEST OPEN TO JUVENILE MEMBERS OF SNPJ

The contest opened in October and closed in December of last year, in which all members of the Juvenile Department of the SNPJ were eligible to compete.

The rules of the contest stated that the contestants in not more than 100 words in one letter tell either in English or Slovene why they wish to become active members of the SNPJ upon attaining the prescribed age and what they expect from the SNPJ; those who tell this in the best and most original way will be awarded a prize. Ten prizes were announced. The first prize \$10, two prizes of \$7.50 each, three \$5 each, and four \$2.50 each.

The response was gratifying as 153 juvenile members participated in the contest. The judges awarded the prizes to the following ten contestants:

#### FIRST PRIZE

Mary Elizabeth Fradel, Latrobe, Pa., Lodge 725

#### TWO PRIZES OF \$7.50

Milka Mileta, Van Houten, New Mex., Lodge 416

Chas. Jeniker, Butte, Mont., Lodge 207

#### THREE PRIZES OF \$5

Virginia Mikolich, Struthers, O., Lodge 277

Frank Bergant, Chicago, Ill., Lodge 86

Tony Ulepich, Mulberry, Kans., Lodge 65

#### FOUR PRIZES OF \$2.50

Anton Drager, Johnstown, Pa., Lodge 3

Frank R. Kramer, Sharon, Pa., Lodge 262

Vladimir Maleckar, Cleveland, O., Lodge 142

Josephine Mestek, Clinton, Ind., Lodge 50

There were other contestants whose letters merit prizes, but as there weren't enough prizes they rate honorable mention. These were the following members of the Juvenile Department:

John Mukavetz, Calumet, Mich.; Mary Jancic, Roundup, Mont.; Ernesta Zigon, Forest City, Pa.; Josephine Verbich, Granville, Ill.; Stanley Ostanek, Lorain, O.; Tony Leban, Imperial, Pa., and Dorothy Prelc, Fairmont, W. Va.

We could name many more, but let this suffice. We hope that all these little brothers and sisters will continue the good work and that they will have better luck in the next contest.

The Judges: { VINCENT CAINKAR, president  
 { FRED A. VIDER, secretary  
 { IVAN MOLEK, editor.

# A Letter to Edward

By Mary Jugg

Dear Edward:—

Ever since you can remember you've been asking questions. "Why? How?" That's the reason you've been so hard to "handle." If you hadn't always and always said, "Yes, but **why** and **how**?" it would have been so easy to satisfy you. I could have made up a pretty story for you and I wouldn't have been bothered with you anymore. But every time I did that, you still kept on, "Yes, but how and why?"

Edward, you don't know how glad I am now that you kept repeating those two words. For I know now that if it hadn't been for boys and girls like you for the last hundreds of years who wouldn't give up until they found the answers, we would still be living like barbarians.

And so, I hope that you will keep on asking, "Why and how?" as long as you live and that you will never, never be satisfied until you find the right answer.

You ask so many questions that it would take many books to write down all the answers so that you would clearly understand. "How did this earth happen to be here? Why are there so many different kinds of animals? How did the very first life begin and where? Why are there two kinds of life—the plant and the animal? Why don't we fall off if the earth goes "round and round"? How did men and women come on this earth? Why do we have volcanoes? Why do men and women today look different than they did 50,000 years ago? Why do men have beards and women don't, or was there ever a time when women had beards too? Why do so many animals have bones that are like ours? How could woman come out of the rib of a man if man today still has the same num-

ber of ribs and there aren't any missing on one side of him?"

My dear Edward, you should know the right answers to every one of these questions and more. You should ask them of everyone—your parents, your teachers, older men and women, and if you don't find a foolproof answer, go to the books of science.

Of one thing I must warn you: don't accept any fairy tales because you and your teacher and everyone else know that fairy tales never were true.

I will put you wise to one thing: You know that you can't go out in any field at any time and pick potatoes for your mother's vegetable soup. You know that your big cat was not always like it is now. Once it was a little kitten and you can remember even before that when it was so tiny and funny-looking that it couldn't even see. You know that the big tree out in the back yard wasn't just put there by someone saying, "Hokus Pokus!" How did they get there? They **grew**. Everything **grew**. All life—plant and animal—**grew** from a little tiny thing called a "cell". This is so tiny that even your eyes can't see it.

You may think this is too simple for you. But you will see in a minute how this is the key to all your questions. You must remember that no matter what you look at it is changing all of the time. It is "growing". It is either growing or growing older, but its looks are always changing.

Wouldn't you call somebody foolish if you asked them how the flowers in the garden got there and they would say, "They were put there" when you know very well that you had to plant the seed for them to "grow". But that's just what a lot of people are trying to make you believe when it comes to bigger things. Just ask them and see.

It is the same with a flower as with bigger things like the earth, the sun, other worlds and other stars and suns; men and women, giraffes, and fish; maple trees, geraniums, and radishes. If someone told you that they were made just by saying magic words, you would laugh, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you say, "How come no one can say magic words today and make things to come on the earth?"

More than that: you won't believe that all this came into being in a few days, will you? You know how long it takes a stalk of corn to **grow**. You know how long the big redwood trees in California have been growing, don't you? Well, then, you can imagine how long it took a **whole** earth with everything on it to **grow**. Yes, scientists estimate that it took a hundred million years and some say even a thousand million years! Think of it! Those are big figures, aren't they? So when

people tell you that the earth was "created" in six days, it's more than silly, isn't it?

I know, Edward, that you will be disappointed by this letter, because I didn't answer the questions you asked. But I did the best thing I could in such a short space. I told you that the secret to the whole thing is **growth, growth, growth**. If you will apply that one little word to everything you study, and test all the answers to your questions by that word, you will learn everything that is known by science today.

At a later time I will try to give you more of an explanation about some of these things, because it's one of the most interesting stories you've ever read.

One thing more before I close, Edward. For yours, mine, and everybody's sake, never, never leave off asking "How and Why?"

---

## A Friend

**A FRIEND** is one who is for you always, under any circumstances.

He never investigates you. When charges are made against you, he does not ask proof; he asks the accuser to clear out. He likes you just as you are; he does not want to alter you.

Whatever kind of coat you are wearing suits him. Whether you have on a dress suit or a hickory shirt with no collar, he thinks it's fine.

He likes your moods and enjoys your pessimism as much as your optimism.

He likes your success. And your failures endear you to him the more.

He wants nothing from you except that you be yourself.

Although you may sometimes seem to neglect him and forget him, he

ignores the slight. Nothing can cause his faith in you to waver.

He keeps alive your faith in human nature. It is he who makes you believe it is a good universe.

When you are vigorous and spirited, you like to take your pleasures with him: when you are in trouble, you want to tell him. When your time comes, you want him near.

You give to him without reluctance and borrow from him without embarrassment.

He is the elixir of hope, the antidote for despair, the tonic for depression, the medicine beside which the doctor's pills are futile. He is your friend.

—Grit.

# All One Circle

By Frank Sodnikar

A TOUR through the state of Wisconsin is a good history lesson. As one travels north into the Lake Superior region, there unfolds a panorama representing three distinct periods of American history—the Indian, the settler, and the present depression.

The Indians, who still live in many of the towns, present the lingering breath of a dying race that two hundred years ago vigorously fought back the invasion of white missionaries who went with cross and sword into its territory, robbed it of its Nature-evolved, simple religion, supplanted it with religion from a printed book based on fables, and in the meantime opened the territory to tradesmen who saw fortunes in the furs and other natural resources of the land. Today they are resigned and friendly with the pale-face tourists who buy their blankets, rugs and vases, or amuse themselves with the Indian war-dances.

But the Indian's civilization cries derisively that it is misfit. The Indian wears modern clothes, but these do not fit with his coarse braided black hair, brown face and dark beady eyes deep set in horizontal slits. His presence in the changed environment mocks the missionary's civilization—it is a living proof that the church's motives in converting the Red Man were not so pure and idealistic as one would suppose from its histories. The Indian has become converted, he is civilized—but he is also landless, and practically exterminated. The missionaries converted him, but they also squeezed him, and squeezed him some more, always taking away his territory to make room for investors who wanted profit from the land.

The old log-cabin farm houses and barns seen from the road speak of an-

other era in American history, the settlers' march West which followed soon after the Indian was subdued and the land-holding companies needed manpower to rescue the land from the clutches of wild Nature. These settlers were mostly immigrants who had themselves been driven by poverty out of European villages which were too small to hold the ever-increasing populations.

Wisconsin of today, its farm-houses, its cattle grazing in rich pastures, and its brown wheat bowing to the winds in the sun, is the monument to these settlers. In many places, however, the monument is not one of victory—it is more like a graveyard headstone marking the burial place of once mighty ambitions which are now but rotting memories. The settlers' log-cabins still stand, but they are desolate; winds have blown off the chimneys; roofs are caved in, doors are torn away, windows are broken, and the walls are waiting for another strong wind to blow them into one heap. None is there to take care of the fields which are overgrown with weeds; none bothers to gather up what the ground had borne for the use of man.

This scene, which mirrors the present depression, is much different from the colorful history of the settlers—strong, courageous men and women who could stand the hardships and privations of the woodlands to which they came. Before they could build the shack which is now toppling over, or plant the wheat which is now struggling with weeds, they had to clear off the trees and brush of thick virgin forests. They had to dig up stumps and strain backs pulling plows. There were no roads. Wolves roamed the forests and during the long winters howled at the cabin doors. Water had to be

carried in barrels from distant springs. Even the cleared land yielded little; weeds and rocks battled continually to chock the meager food that was being coaxed out of it. The wives did men's work, and denied themselves the usual comforts of a home.

The settlers considered all this hard toil worthwhile. Their dreams were noble. They were not the ordinary parents who wanted to provide only for their immediate children. Their plans included the offspring of generations to come. They were creating new territory out of which their future generations would continue to reap ample harvests.

Their children have grown up, married and had children who also married and had children. But these are gone from the lands that were their birthright through the toils of their parents. While they lived on the land, they borrowed money from bankers to pay taxes. Besides the interest, the bankers demanded the land as security against the payment of the debt. They couldn't pay the debt, so the bankers took the land away from them. The government sent many of these who were left landless at the hands of the

bankers to develop new land in Alaska—once again to become pioneers in a new wilderness, where living wasn't as easy as on the land they had already developed through their sweat but which now rested in the palms of bankers who had never dropped one bead of perspiration on it.

Ivan Cankar, a Slovene writer, once wondered at the inconsistency of such a procedure. Why must I be driven off a land that is saturated with my sweat, on which I was born, raised and worked? How is it that this land, which is as much a part of me as my children does not belong to me, asks Jerney, a character in one of Cankar's novels—in "Jerney's Justice."

Selfishness forced the Indian out of a territory which was rightfully his, and selfishness forced the white settlers from the land they had made a part of their blood. The settlers broke their backs developing new land for their children, but these couldn't enjoy it—they in turn were sent out to break their backs developing other land, which, they believed, would be enjoyed by their children.

History, they say, repeats itself.

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## SAMMY SHIRK AND TOMMY TRY

Sammy Shirk just hates to study,  
Doesn't like to read and spell;  
Always starts off with a grumble,  
When he hears the morning bell.

Tommy Try gets all his lessons,  
Just the very best he can;  
Which is going to be the better,  
When each grows into a man?

# Tomorrow . . .

By Anthony J. Klancar

**T**ODAY I went to look for work again.

The night before I spent in company of friends who, like myself, also go to look for work. With them I try to forget my troubles, drinking wine and discussing the native land of our fathers and mothers.

When I came home last night, flushed with wine, it was one-thirty. The folks had already gone to bed. It is a habit with them to go to bed early, a habit acquired in the Old Country.

Mother is usually tired and weary with a hundred cares. She always complains of headaches. Father is always work-worn. He works hard every day in the steel mill.

As I came in I could hear him moving wearily in the bedroom next to mine. I opened the door quietly, for I didn't want Mother to hear me come in late. If she heard me I couldn't face her next morning. At breakfast, on such occasions, my eyes could not meet hers. I always felt that they accused me silently: "Look at poor father! He has to go to work, while you drink around all night!"

Quietly I crept into my room, lit my reading-lamp and took off the threadbare overcoat that mother had bought me three years ago when I came back home from college. I hung it on a nail in the yellow plaster wall and sat down at my table.

Usually when I come home in the evening, I sit down to read awhile. If father is still up, he comes into my room and shares with me whatever he happens to be eating or drinking.

Last night I sat down to read my "hunkie" books again, for somehow I can't read anything but those books that father and mother brought over with them from the Old Country. Read-

ing them, I have learned to love their beautiful native land, and live in it in my dreams.

But I couldn't read, as I sat in my damp room, the walls of which always perspired. I picked up Henderson's **The Case for Socialism** which a friend had loaned to me. I read the first sentence and stopped . . . Father turned wearily in bed in the next room. I waited for his deep sigh, and a disgusting shame struck into my soul, so that I had to lay the book aside.

Outside, in a near-by factory, a steam-hammer rhythmically beat its taunt to me: "Go look for work, go look for work, go look for work!" I half rose to go, but sat when I remembered it was night.

Slowly I began to take off my shabby clothes. The blue serge coat I put on when I go look for work has two large holes at the elbow. My shirt, mother has mended I don't know how many times. My pants are always creaseless and muddy at the shins and my underwear is patched.

With a sigh I put back the sheets that mother had made from flour sacks, and crawled into bed.

I let the lamp burn for a while, while I studied the walls of my room. I always do this when I feel low. My walls bear many placards. There is the poster of a play I translated and produced a year ago! And there another of a series of lectures I had given on my favorite foreign authors! And my college diploma, of which I was once very proud, but never study any more.

This was last night. Early this morning I went to look for work again.

I didn't get up until father left for work. My sisters had already left for school and mother lingered in her room

to avoid me. I helped myself to a cup of coffee made of grape seeds and drank it hurriedly like a thief.

I sneaked out into the cold morning, buried my face in the lapels of my blue serge overcoat, hunched my back and walked for two hours to a place where graphite bronze was made. I sneaked past it with an indescribable feeling of humiliation and hurried down to the lake.

There was nobody there yet. The door of the employment office was closed. I walked past it glad. As I went down the street, the cold wind blew at me from the lake as though it wished to hold me back. Shame struck into my soul again, and I turned back. Quickly I sneaked into an alley and pretended to myself to be interested in the lithographing machine inside a shop whose windows faced the alley.

My shame grew on me with every minute, and when I saw a boy going past me through the alley, I followed him and asked: "Where's that graphite place?"

"Up there," he said and pointed to where I had come from.

I went with him, and he told how he had been going there for the past three months. "I go there to get warmed,"

he added. Neither of us said anything. We walked on silently.

Soon we came on the large crowd standing at the door of the employment office. Some fifty boys and girls, men and women stood there in small groups. Some were looking into the shop; workers grinned at them. Others were chatting and laughing. A few looked tortured and sad—like Christ on Golgotha.

Among them I recognized a girl I knew as a boy before I had gone off to college to study to become a teacher. She laughed at me with a sickening grin as though she were taunting me, and again an indescribable disgusting shame crept into my soul. I tried to avoid her eyes and sneaked into a crowd of boys to hide myself . . .

I don't remember how long we stood there in the cold, for my thoughts were far away in my books, but we must have been there a long time.

Suddenly I heard a deep voice say: "Nothing doing today, boys!" and die away with the slam of a door.

And I moved on with the rest of the crowd, my thoughts still far away in my "hunkie" books.

Tomorrow I'll go to look for work again . . .

C. Kingsley:

## A FAREWELL

MY fairest child, I have no song to  
give you;  
No lark could pipe to sky so dull and  
grey;  
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave  
you  
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will  
be clever,  
Do noble things, not dream them, all  
day long;  
And so make life, death, and that vast  
for-ever  
One grand, sweet song.





IVAN L. ALBRIGHT

INSPIRATION



## IT'S ALL OVER NOW!

DEAR READERS:—

*The contest is over and the winners are announced elsewhere in this number. Many of you will perhaps be disappointed because you didn't get a prize for your letter. Only ten were so lucky; only ten prizes were announced; only ten will receive prizes.*

*So—out of some 150 contestants who participated in the contest with their letters, it is impossible that everyone would get a prize. At any rate, we are glad to be able to say that the contest was a grand success. Your nice little contributions show that amply. You have convinced us that you are interested in your organization, the Slovene National Benefit Society, and that you love your juvenile magazine, the Mladinski List. We are proud of you! The SNPJ is proud of you! Continue the good work!*

\* \* \*

*Winter! Snow and more snow! Blizzards and more blizzards! Cold and more cold! Subzero weather and more subzero weather!*

*I am convinced that you had more than enough of these wintry, unpleasant visitors. Many children and grownups suffered a great deal during the past two months from severe cold. Many died as a direct result of cold and lack of shelter and warmth and proper food. All these evils along with social and economic evils could be minimized if the conditions were such as propagated by the SNPJ. Help her in her cause!*

—THE EDITOR.

### **SNPJ—a True Friend**

Dear Editor and Readers:—

As we rang out the old year and rang in the new, we again expressed a hearty welcome: "May 1936 be a brighter and most prosperous year to all of you." Remember the old proverb: "Give to the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

The SNPJ is a friend of mine. It has qualities of true friendship and through its publi-

cations it has taught me a great deal. This organization teaches by example rather than precept. When it engages in controversy it is invariably done in a frank and honest way. You listen, and if a new thought is given you, you thank the persons who presented it.

People look up at this brotherly organization and have respect for it because it has clean thought and speech according to the by-laws. The SNPJ does not overestimate its importance, but members give it a large place in their lives and thoughts because it is so prompt and honest.

When the way is dark and members are passing through deep waters, the SNPJ is always by their side, holding their hand. When all plans were defeated and "castles built high in the air" come down with a crash, the SNPJ is by our side with a new plan all made out and drawn up clearly and completely.

The SNPJ has been loved because it understands us and tries to share our aspirations.

#### An SNPJ Poem

Children are the builders of the world to be,  
So I know with me

You will all agree,  
We've found the greatest blessing of humanity,

When we've joined the SNPJ.

United now we stand,

And we've pledged our might

In cause of right,

For the children of our native land.

So when you see these letters four,

Remember what they say,

"We will pull together always,"

That's the motto of the SNPJ.

Our hearts are bound together with ties that bind,

And it's love we find,

We should bear in mind,

We're marching on together for all human-kind,

So we'll boost the SNPJ!

A Proud Juvenile,

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

\* \*

### Lincoln, the Man of the People

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Again I have decided to write to this wonderful juvenile magazine, the *Mladinski List*.

This month we celebrate the births of two of our greatest Americans, namely—Lincoln and Washington. Everyone should read the lives of both of these two men. Lincoln's life should be an inspiration to everyone. He showed what can be accomplished by hard work and persistence. He was the man of the people.

A few months ago, I had the pleasure of hearing Edwin Markham, 83 years old "poet laureate of America" and author of "The Man with a Hoe," "Lincoln, the Man of the People," "Eighty Thoughts at Eighty" and other well-known poems which had made him an international figure. He discussed the value of poetry. The "Lincoln" poem appeared in the *M. L.* several years ago.

Markham stated that poetry must have

beauty, wonder, surprise, and astonishment—and it must thrill. He read not only his humorous poems, but also the more serious poems for which he is famous. His face and voice all spoke of enthusiasm for life and for poetry.

His speech was very interesting and the students applauded him for a few minutes after the speech was over.

I want to make an apology to Molly Dodich for "bawling her out" too soon. I've noticed that a few Cantonians have begun to write to the *M. L.* Keep it up! I wonder what had happened to my pen-pals of Aquilar, Colorado, and Gowanda, New York? Also, what has happened to the "Inexplicable Four" of Indiana? Their letters were very interesting.

Best regards to all. **Dorothy Vitavec,**  
1614 Sherrick S. E., Canton, O.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to this wonderful magazine, the *Mladinski List*. I like the stories, poems, jokes, letters, etc., very much.

I am ten years old and my birthday is on May 14. I will be eleven years old. I like school very much. My teacher is Miss Collins.

There is a lot of snow in Canton and I go sled-riding every day. In the summer time, I go swimming up "the mine." We call it "the mine" because there are coal mines around the pond.

I will write more next time.

**Edwin Vitavec,**  
1614 Sherrick S. E., Canton, Ohio.

\* \*

### More Contests

Dear Editor and Members:—

A New Year has come and I hope it has joy in store for everyone. I am trying to do my best in all studies. My sister, Frances, was on the Honor Roll in Dec. She is doing fine.

I wish to tell you of the happenings during vacation time. The snow has been falling for several days. This made a wonderful scene for the yuletide season. Coasting goes along with it. We children had great fun coasting.

Each child received at Xmas a treat from the local UMWA. I know we are all thankful for that.

I think the *Contest Letters* were written up rather nicely. (Here's hoping the judges are "very reasonable" to the contestants.) It is surprising to see how many more letters can be written to the beloved magazine when a prize is offered. I think it is very nice of the Supreme board to offer a great many prizes to the *M. L.* members for their efforts

to write letters concerning the SNPJ. May we have more contests in the year 1936!

I received a personal letter from Elsie Jerina of California. (Sorry to say, Elsie, but I misplaced your letter. Won't you please write me another with the same questions as you included in the first. I'll be glad to answer as soon as possible.)

I enjoy reading "Dot" Fink's letters. What is holding Frank Miklaucich back? I hope he hasn't the "sleeping sickness"?

Best regards to Editor and Members.

Mary Jerina, Box 124, RFD 3, Irwin, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. Our lodge number is 299. We are all members of the SNPJ.

There are five in our family. I have two sisters. My biggest sister is in the eighth grade, my little sister is in the first and I am in the fifth grade and am 11 years old.

Our school started Oct. 21. We go to school on Saturdays. I like to go to school very much. My teacher's name is Mrs. Prator. She is a very good teacher. We have to walk a mile to school. My sister and I take lunch to school.

My father is a coal miner; he does not work every day.

Best regards to all.

Anna Cekado, Alamo, Colo.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I was preparing to write to the "List," but just could not get started, also I did not have any time. There are four persons in our family, all belonging to the SNPJ Lodge 34. I am proud of my brother who is a member of The West Side Buddies basketball squad; they have a very fine record. My father is treasurer of Lodge 34 and my cousin is secretary. I am in the sixth grade and am 11 years old.

Louis Dragan,

720 N. Warman ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

\* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I haven't written for a long time, but I hope I will have time to write every month. I go to Coal Run school, 8th grade. I have four teachers: Mr. Gordon, Mr. Grundy, Mr. Miller, and Miss Sunderlin. We have 4 clubs in our school; each teacher has his own club. I have three sisters. Olga (14) goes to school in 8th grade; Antonia is 4 years old; Albina is 16 years and she works in New York. I am 13 years old and in 8th grade.

We all belong to SNPJ. I hope to be in it always. There were many nice letters in the

last M. L. I enjoy reading them. I wish somebody from McIntyre would write to M. L. We had lots of snow here and the weather is cold. Mines work here 2-3 days a week. I am sending best regards to my cousin Pencos in Sumerset, Colorado, and the Kovacic family in Washington. I wish some members would write to me, I would gladly answer them. Best regards to the Editor and readers.

Mary Kalister, Box 77, McIntyre, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, but I intend to write more often.

There was no school in Klein or Roundup until the thirteenth of January, because of the many cases of scarlet fever around here. Last time I heard there were one hundred and fifty in Klein and Roundup together.

I enjoy reading the Mladinski List very much, and especially the letters which come from various places. I have read it ever since I can remember.

There are four in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 132 of Klein.

I wish someone would write to me, because I like Pen Pals very much. I am thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade. I will be fourteen in March.

Evelyn Komac,

Klein Star Route, Roundup, Mont.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of Lodge 629, East Pittsburgh, and I think there is no society better than the SNPJ. I am 10 years old and in the 4th grade in school. I certainly enjoy reading the Mladinski List. It comes to my sister Catherine. I also enjoy the riddles you put in it. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ. My mother is Secretary of this lodge.

I wish all the boys and girls of my age take advise and join the SNPJ. I do hope that boys and girls of my age from different places correspond with me. Best luck and success to all SNPJers and to all Mladinski List readers.

George Mikasinovich,

44 Prospect st., Turtle Creek, Pa.

\* \*

## Mine Explosion

Dear Editor and Readers:—

Again I bring to you the news. I recall the greatest disaster which occurred January 20 at 6:20 a. m. That was a terrific explosion which trapped eight men in the under-ground workings of the Monarch Mine, 2 miles south-east of Louisville. Two men who escaped luckily were Nick Delpizzo and William Jenkins Jr., both of Louisville. The eight men

were trapped. Seven have been located and reported dead. The eighth, a Mexican miner, has not yet been located for it is believed he is lying crushed beneath tons of rock. The men who were located are: Tom Stevens, Tony De Dantis, Ray Bailey, Oscar Baird, all of Louisville, and Steve Davis, also of Louisville, who was not crushed but died of gas fumes. Kester Novinger of Broomfield, Colorado, and Leland Ward of Monarch Camp were other victims of the explosion. But last of all, "Mexican Joe, the mule boy" lies under those terrible blasted tons of rock while his wife and children wait patiently for the news of finding him. If the explosion would have happened twenty minutes later, one hundred miners who would have worked on the day shift, would have been trapped.

Another subject I will write about is the serious illness of my brother Frank. Frank has had pneumonia for the last three weeks, but now is recovering rapidly. For the first two weeks no visitors were allowed to see Frank but now that he is recovering, many friends gladly visit him. Louisville has had ten cases of pneumonia.

The weather in Louisville and surroundings is—slight snowfalls with the temperature as low as eight degrees below zero.

In school we have just finished our semester tests, which I passed all above the grade of ninety. We are now beginning our second semester. As I have written before (if you haven't forgotten) I am in the tenth grade and take up Biology, Home Economics, Related Arts, and English.

Our family, I and friends express our sympathy to the miners and their families who were shocked and killed by the unfortunate disaster which happened during the early part in the year of 1936.

**Helen Hafner,**  
Box 624, Louisville, Colorado.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. There are seven children in our family: Joe, Andy, John, Edward, Caroline, Helen and I. I am in the 6th grade and am 11 years old. My teacher is Miss Maeder. I like her very much. We all belong to the Lodge 315 of the SNPJ, except my brother Andy; he is a sailor in the U. S. Navy. Daddy and my oldest brother Joe are working pretty good. There's been much snow here, and it was very cold, around zero. The cold spell hit the record mark.

I don't play outside very much, because mother has very much work to do, so I stay in and help her. I have to learn to iron and cook and bake cakes and clean the house. I learned all this from my mother. When I grow up, I'll

be a good housekeeper, I think; I wish to be. Mother taught me how to sew on the sewing machine. I'd like some of the Dolences of Adena, Ohio, would write more to the M. L. because we were good neighbors many years ago.

Best regards to all.

**Frances Guna,**  
2517 Indiana Way N. E., Canton, O.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my fourth letter to the wonderful **Mladinski List**. I wish it would come every month. I love to read its poems and riddles. I read some poems and letters in Slovene. Come on, New York! I haven't seen any letter from it yet. Let's try to beat Pennsylvania, for once.

I saw Ernesta Zigon's letter in the M. L. December issue. I hope she would come down to see us with her parents. (Write again, Ernesta.) We moved to Milford, New York.

We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 457 except my little brother. My father is treasurer of the Lodge. I thank SNPJ for the yule cards. I'll try to write every month.

Best regards to all.

**Frances Konchar,**  
Box 99, R. D. 1, Maryland, N. Y.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I like this magazine very much. I am 12 years old and in the 7th grade. I have eight teachers and I like them all. I go to South Fayette high school.

There are seven of us in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 319. I don't very often see any letters in the M. L. from Cuddy, so I thought I would make it my duty to start them off by writing the first letter this year. I will write next time if this letter is published.

**Helen Baselj,**  
Box 131, Cuddy, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor and Readers:—

I am sorry I did not write sooner as I was busy.

The weather here is okay, except for a little bit snow yesterday (Jan. 25). The sun is shining now.

I wish Joe and John Oblock would write as I have a picture, now.

We had our half year tests and my lowest grade in average was 81, which was in Agriculture.

Hudson had a basketball game with the Wyo. Training school. We won both games, as the 1st and 2nd team played. The scores for the first team were 19 to 6 and for the second team 10 to 2.

The mine is working pretty good. My father works every day and overtime, usually.

I enjoy reading Dorothy Fink's and Frank Miklauchich's letters. They are very interesting.

What is the matter with Rock Springs' children? Did they freeze or what is the matter? Wake up!

**Mary Pershin,**  
Box 183, Hudson, Wyo.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I am a juvenile member of Lodge 106, SNPJ, and this is my first letter to the M. L. I can hardly wait until the M. L. comes, as I enjoy reading it very much. I am 13 years old and in the 8th grade in Pike Junior high school. I have nine school teachers. My father is a miner. Our entire family of four belongs to the SNPJ. Best regards to all.

**Anna Yamnick,** Box 326, Imperial, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

As this is my first letter to this magazine, I must tell you that I am 8 years old and am in the 3-A class. Miss Black is my teacher. My Daddy is Secretary of Lodge Lipa 129, SNPJ. This Lodge will hold a dance and entertainment on Feb. 22. I hope we'll have a real good time.

**Josephine Ban,**  
1218 E. 169th st., Cleveland, O.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I am 11 years of age, in the 7th grade and this is my first letter in the M. L., if printed. I have been a member of the SNPJ since I was three months old. Our family numbers eight members and we all belong to the good old SNPJ. We have been having bad weather for several days and many pupils were absent in school.

**Julia Vidmar,**  
R. D. 2, Box 125, Tarentum, Pa.

\* \*

Dear Editor:—

I like to read the M. L. I am 10 years old and in 4th grade in school. We all—our family—belong to Lodge 124, SNPJ. Best regards to all.

**Philip Jacob Germ,**  
531 Main st., Richmondale, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade in school. My teacher is Mr. Joseph Robb; he is good to all the pupils. Xmas is over and I hope Santa was good to everyone. Our Lodge held a dance Dec. 24. Then Santa brought each member a nice present and lots of candy. I hope all members of our SNPJ were treated the same way. I belong to Lodge 176, SNPJ. Best regards to all members and you, Editor.

**John Lesjak,** Box 41, Piney Fork, O.

Dear Editor:—

I am 13 years old and in 8th grade, this being my first letter to the M. L. There are ten in our family and we all belong to the Lodge 124, SNPJ. I have been in this lodge since I was one year old.

**Justine Mae Germ,**  
531 Main st., Richmondale, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I am in the 4th grade in school, am 8 years old and this is my first letter to the M. L. My teacher is Miss Sartin. I go to Maplewood school. I like to read the M. L. There are eight in our family. My brother is 12 years old and is in the 7th grade. I belong to Lodge 19, SNPJ.

**Kathleen Potocnik,**  
R. R. 1, Cherokee, Kans.

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Dear Editor:—

I go to Middlebranch school in the 7th grade and am 12 years old. This is my first letter to the magazine. I enjoy reading the letters of the boys and girls in the M. L. I will try and write again. Best regards to all.

**Dorothy Chok,** R. F. D. 3, Canton, O.

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This being my first letter to this magazine, I must tell you that I am 9 years of age and am in the 4th grade in school. My teacher, Miss Tife, is very good. Our family of four belongs to Lodge 138, SNPJ. I think the SNPJ is one of the largest Slovene organizations in the world. My father works in a coal mine which works four days a week. I will write more next time. Best regards.

**Mike Skittle Jr.,** Gen. Del., Canonsburg, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

I was very glad to see my first letter printed in the M. L. For Xmas I got many nice things, and from our Lodge 7, SNPJ, too. Many new things happened this year so far. Many people died. A man hanged himself. He was a member of the SNPJ which helped with its promptness so that its members gave him a nice burial.—I am in the 7th grade and am interested in art. I hope to become an artist some day. I am going to try and keep on writing to the M. L. every month.

**Lewis German,** R. D. 1, Jeannette, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List and I think I will be writing to it more and more. "Santa" was good to me. I am 10 years old and in 5th grade. My teacher is Mr. Howard Whitten. Best regards to all members.

**Ann Lenich,** R. R. 2, Nokomis, Ill.

Dear Editor:—

I am a member of the SNPJ but I don't receive my magazine. I would like to get it. My father, brother and two sisters belong to the SNPJ; my mother does not. I would like to get the M. L., because I have read it at my neighbor's. And it is really interesting. Our Lodge number is 416. Best regards.

Tony Rodman, Box 7-9, Van Houten, N. Mex.

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#### EDITOR'S NOTE

Painesdale, Mich., Anna F. Pintar, Lodge 22, SNPJ:—Your contest letter, mailed Jan. 15, 1936, could not be considered in the contest which ended Dec. 31, 1936.

Pittsburgh, Pa., John Ujcich:—Any time; it doesn't matter. But it does matter a lot that you write on **one** side of the paper **only**, leaving a margin for corrections on the left side of the paper.

To Contributors:—It is very important that you write your letters on **ONE** side of the paper **ONLY**. Write in ink, using the standard writing paper if at all possible. Thank you.

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#### A QUEEN AM I

Oh, hey, diddle, didle,  
The cat and the fiddle !  
Who is as healthy as I?  
Spinach and peas and young lima beans,  
Potatoes and carrots I try;  
Celery, too, and sweet juicy beets,  
Asparagus tender and green,  
Brown, tempting squash  
In queer, crooked shell  
are dishes fit for a queen.

By Yarny Cheligoy,  
838 Rudyard rd., Cleveland, O.

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Dear Editor:—

This is the first time I am writing to the M. L. I am in the 7th grade and 13 years of age. I have one brother and one sister and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 322. I have noticed that nobody has written from Chisholm for a long time. I wish that the M. L. would come more often because it is so interesting and I get it only once a month. I hope this letter will be printed in the magazine. I will write more next time. Best regards to Editor and all.

Joe Gradisher, Box 36, Chisholm, Minn.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am a member of the SNPJ. I am in the fourth grade. There are nine pupils in my grade. My teacher is Miss Zerngast. I have one sister, Mary, age 10. I am 8 years old and go to

Yale school. I like to go to school. There is a pond close to our school and I go to skate there. When I was skating one Saturday I fell right on my back.—I'm studying for the spelling contest. There's fifty-eight children at our school.

France Mahorich, R. R. 1, Pittsburg, Kans.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—

This is the first time I am writing to this wonderful magazine. We have a lot of snow out here. I belong to Lodge 124 and my father and sister belong to the same Lodge. There are four in our family: mother, father, sister Margaret and I.

I wish the M. L. would be issued every week. I like to read the stories and letters in the M. L.

I live on a farm in the country. We have twenty-three heads of cattle, two hundred chickens. We have a large farm. I like the country.

I am in the sixth grade and go to the Meredith school. My teacher is Mr. Mills. He is a good teacher. This is the second year he is teaching me. I had only three teachers since I am going to school. I like to go to school. My sister goes to the same school; she is in the fourth grade.

Elsie A. Poloncic, R.F.D. 2, Uniondale, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my third letter to the M. L. I was glad to get my yule cards from the SNPJ. Thank you. But you missed one. I have a little brother, Pete. I got some candy from our company store and also from United Mine Workers of America, Local 6381. Best regards to all.

Mileka Mileta,

Van Houten, New Mex.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I belong to Lodge 14, SNPJ, in Waukegan. My brother also belongs to this Lodge. I am eight years old and in high third. I go to Lincoln school and my teacher's name is Miss Doree. I will write more next time.

Antonette Podboy,

611 So. Utica street, Waukegan, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Hunter. I enjoy reading the Mladinski List very much and wish it were issued weekly. I will write more next time.

Josephine Kosmach, Box 86, Universal, In.

Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am eight years old and in the third grade. I am thanking you for those Xmas cards that you sent me. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 208.

Ludvik Lenich, R. R. 2, Nokomis, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am nine years old and I go to Jackson school. I am in fourth grade. I have a brother, eight years old and in third grade. I have a friend, Olga Kozina. She helped me make a snowman. There are four in the family, all members of the SNPJ Lodge 119 and Lodge 14. My father is working now. I help my mother washing dishes. I like to read the Mladinski List. Next time I will write more.

Mary Grum, 1612—10th st., Waukegan, Ill.

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Dear Editor:—

Whenever I write letters they're never published. I wrote my contest letter and it was never published. I bet you were afraid I was going to win and for that I'll never write any letters, if they aren't published. I wrote it in November and have been a member for 13 years.

Mary Sertich,

706 12th st. N., Virginia, Minn.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. which I like to read very much. I am thirteen years old and in the 6th grade. There are six of us in our family and all members of Lodge 254. I hope all of you young SNPJers had a merry Xmas and a happy new year. The mines are working good in our town. I wish it were summer already. This is all I have to write for this time. (Wake up, Bon Air, and write oftener to the M. L.)

John Miller Jr.,

R. D. 2, Box 107, Bon Air, Johnstown, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am nine years old and enjoy reading the Mladinski List very much. My father and mother also belong to the SNPJ. On February 22, our Lodge is having an entertainment for members and friends. There will be enough amusement for all. I also belong to the Juvenile chorus "Slavčki". We will have a concert on February 16 under the direction of Mr. Louis Seme. We hope that SN Home will be filled to the last seat, because we are having beautiful Slovene songs.

Dorothy M. Trebec, Lodge Lipa 129,  
1255 E. 61st st., Cleveland, O.

Dear Editor:—

We had a vacation from Dec. 21, 1935 to Jan. 2, 1936. We have snow and have fun going sleigh riding. Will write more next time. Best regards to all.

Angela Cekada,

40-16 Crescent st., Long Island City, N. Y.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my second letter to the M. L. I am 13 years old and in 7-a grade. My teachers are: Miss Shiff, Miss Kumse, Miss Templer, Mr. Halis, Coach McChie, and Miss Raleigh. I have a brother, Gerald, and a sister who is married. I went fishing with my brother-in-law and caught a few fish. I have been going down the creek casting often. My brother is very smart in school, and I am the opposite. I take Hawaiian guitar lessons at the Honolulu Conservatory of Music. My teacher is Mr. Alex Koapoli.

Stanley Ostang,

1848 E. 34th st., Lorain, O.

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Dear Editor:—

Now 1935 is out and 1936 is in. My first letter was printed in 1935 and this is my first letter in 1936. This year I'll start writing sooner and try to write every month to the M. L. I am 13 years old and in the 8th grade. If I pass I will go to high school.

Lodge 279.

Tony Dolenc, Box 156, Adena, Ohio.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the M. L. I love to read this lovely magazine.

I live on a farm. We have seven cows to milk. We also have seven calves. My daddy is working on the PWA works and drives a truck. He gets seven fifty a day (\$7.50).

My sister Margaret and I were on a vacation at Raton where we stayed two weeks with my grandma.

I am twelve years old and will be in the eighth grade. I have one brother and three sisters.

Rose Sinkovich, Box 191, Aguilar, Colo.

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Dear Editor:—

This is my first letter to the SNPJ. I am fifteen years of age. I have three brothers and five sisters. My Daddy and my two brothers work in the Westland coal mine. We have lots of snow here. Why don't the Strabane girls and boys wake up, and write? Come on and hurry. Best regards.

Anna Moze, Box 225, Strabane, Pa.