

# MLADINSKI LIST



*A Magazine for SNPJ Juveniles*

JANUARY

1942

+ 48089

# MLADINSKI LIST JUVENILE



IVAN MOLEK - - - - - Editor  
PHILIP GODINA - - - Business Manager

## CONTENTS OF JANUARY ISSUE, 1942

Vsebina januarske številke

STORIES, POEMS, ETC.	Page
Bela odeja (pesem).....	1
Janko in Metka (konec).....	3
Na pragu Novega leta (pesem).....	1
Pesem o vetru.....	11
Vrabc z izstriženim jezikom.....	27
"Wild Ride, A".....	2
Zob za zob.....	10
ARTICLES	
Zakladi sveta .....	7
Življenje na morskem dnu.....	5
FEATURES	
Birthdays of the Great Men.....	6
Introducing Our Book Friends.....	32
Just for Fun.....	9
Our Own Juvenile Circles (A Message from the Juvenile Director of the SNPJ) .....	23
Our Pen Pals Write.....	28
Our School (Winners for the Second Six Months of 1941).....	13
Stamp Collecting .....	12

Published monthly by the Slovene National Benefit Society for the members of its Juvenile Department. Annual subscription, \$1.20; half year, 60c; foreign subscription, \$1.50. Address: 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1922, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under Act of August 24, 1912.

48089



DP. 3941/1950



# MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

LETO XXI—Št. 1

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY, 1942

VOL. XXI—No. 1

## Na pragu Novega leta

Katka Zupančič

Kaj prineslo nam bo leto to?  
Spričo krikov vojne vihre, ki zajeli  
svet so od tečaja do tečaja,  
se ustavlja nam beseda in pero.

Ali v srcih naših želje plamenijo,  
ko še nikdar poprej! Kljub ledenim  
prstom težkih slutenj vžigajo se  
nove iskre, novi upi se budijo.

Da za dva imel moči bi vsakdo v sebi,  
da nikdo ob njem omahnil ne bi —  
pa še žarek sreče v zadnji kot —  
to nam bodi za na pot!

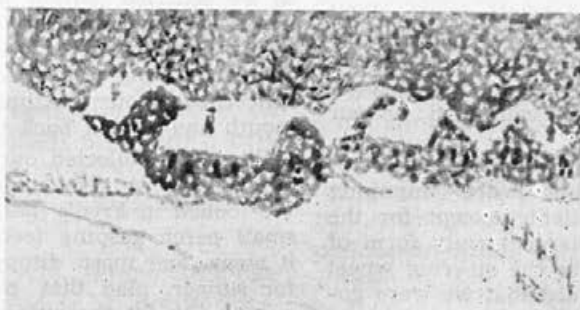
## Bela odeja

Katka Zupančič

Goste snežinke —  
ko mačice bele —  
so tiho ponoči  
na zemljo hitele,  
da pusto nagoto  
bi čedno odele.

Lepo so pokrile  
vse ceste in trate,  
drevesa, plotove,  
omejke bradate,  
pa hišice skromne  
in hiše bahate.

A veter za mejo  
je skrit se hahlja  
oblak je vodeni  
na nebo poslal,  
da belo odejo  
je vso zrešetal .



## "A WILD RIDE"

By Joseph Drasler

Since early morning we had been fishing at Stillwater Dam. Headed homeward, tired, hungry, and loaded down with fishing poles, tackle and pails, we had no more than stepped onto the main highway, when along came an ancient flivver that careened to a stand-still in a cloud of dust before us.

"Pile in," was all the driver said.

We needed no urging and piled in, feeling elated at the prospect of a ride home. Before we had time to get fairly seated, the car lunged forward down the narrow, dusty road, and we were started on an eventful ride that remains forever in our memory.

The car picked up speed rapidly and soon was rolling along at a reckless pace, bouncing us around with such vigor that we were forced to hang on for dear life.

A full-grown St. Bernard was sprawled on the back seat, occupying the entire space with its enormous, shaggy bulk, so we had to crouch on the floor that was made of loose boards. Although he was a friendly-looking sort of dog, he had the biggest mouth we had ever seen on any canine, which in itself engendered our wariness, and neither of us dared attempt to make him relinquish his seat. Instead, Fred and I sat as far away from him as possible, holding onto our pails and fishing paraphernalia with one hand and the sides of the car with the other. Frank got the better of the deal, sitting in the front seat with the driver, so we thought. The car was topless. And every time we bumped over a hole in the rough road, we first bounced straight up into the air and then piled up on the loose boards on the floor. For all of our ten years, we were beginning to feel our courage weakening, and the dog began to look fierce and seemed to growl at every jolt that disrupted him out of his composure. No doubt his master's recklessness disgruntled him considerably, and we were getting afraid he'd snap at us any minute.

Fred whispered hoarsely—"ya think the man's crazy?"

"Holy smokes! Crazy!? I smell booze, don't you? Maybe he's only drunk!" I managed to reply, stammering audibly.

Not a sound or utterance was made either by Frank or the driver, and we continued on our wild ride.

Anything could happen with a drunken driver at the wheel, and we felt our hearts thumping like trip-hammers. Still silent, except for the invitation to "pile in," the large unruly form of the driver hung forward over the steering wheel and drove like mad. It seemed that we were going at a great rate of speed down the rough dirt road, when the wheels met a railroad track that projected above the road surface. The impact was terrific, and the blowout that came instantaneously knocked the tire clear off the wheel. We hung on with all our might, eyes wide

with fright and cries frozen in our throats, for surely we thought we were goners. But the driver charged forward, chuckling, as if nothing had happened. On the next bounce, I looked back in time to see the wheel rim go rolling over the side of the road and down across the railroad track. Still, he neither looked around nor took his foot off the accelerator, but kept to the road, travelling on the spokes, which did not hold out very long, for the next time I dared look back the air was full of them flying in all directions. To jump out before we were killed became our fervent objective, but the car was still travelling too fast.

Fred was holding the pail of fish which contained what we considered a good catch of perch. But every time we went over a deep rut in the road, one or two of them left the pail, flopped over a few times on the floor boards, then slid through an opening down into the road, much to the dismay of both of us, who were too occupied holding onto the flivver to do anything to save them. The most we were able to do was look back sorrowfully to see our hard-earned meal doing flip-flops in the dust.

By the time we reached a strip of pavement extending to the outskirts of the town, we were riding on the hub of the wheel. As this was on the rear wheel, the car tipped crazily, and we slid to the lowest side with the huge dog almost on top of us. As the hub rolled on, cutting a deep parallel scar in the new pavement, we expected and hoped to see a policeman after us any moment. But no,—the flivver hobbled along through the village, and the folks who stopped to view this unusual scene, shook their heads and laughed.

As the flivver was of necessity travelling at reduced speed, we were getting back our courage and getting ready to jump out, when just as suddenly as he had stopped to pick us up, he swung in behind a tavern, turned off the ignition, and the car sputtered to a dead stop. Without a word, he lumbered into place. We sighed with relief as we scurried out of the jalopy with shaking knees and sweating brows, picking up our clattering equipment, as it fell all around us. The enormous dog remained in the back seat unconcerned at our scuttling, jawned with his huge mouth and settled back to sleep.

When we collected our thoughts a bit and got our breath, we remembered about our poor fish. We looked in Fred's pail, and there saw but one small perch gasping feebly. Dejectedly we cast it away, and most disappointedly trudged home for supper, glad that mother wasn't depending on our fish for the evening meal.

---

### How Far?

The Vocalist: "I'm going away to study singing."

Friend: "Good! How far away?"

# JANKO IN METKA

Tone Seliškar

(Konec)

Pri vratih je zdravnik obstal in njegov pogled je zajel mlado žensko, ki so jo bili pred nekaj dnevi z rešilnim avtom pripeljali s postaje in ki je zdaj ležala nekaj postelj dalje od Metkine in potem je njegov pogled spet zajel fanta. Kolikšna sličnost v njunih obrazih. Prečudno se je odražalo to njegovo krepko telo in to njegovo mlado živo zdravje v tej sobi boleznin in bolečin. Janko je bil za svoja leta nenavadno močan. Njegovo preprosto in trdo življenje zunaj mesta ga je izoblikovalo v krepkega, mišičastega fanta in z obraza mu je žarela čvrsta volja in odločnost. Janko je sedel poleg Metkine postelje in ko je videl, da se vrača Metka zdravju nasproti, je zvenel njegov smeh kakor svetla pesem bodočnosti.

"Tvoja varovanka bo kmalu na nogah!" je dejala usmiljena sestra.

"Saj bom kar vstala!" je zaklicala Metka. Pa ni mogla. Bolezen jo je strla, da niti sesti ni mogla.

"Pajace mi prinesi jutri," ga je prosila. "In tudi Tonač naj pride!"

Zdaj, ko je minula bojazen za njeno življenje, se je Janko radovedno oziral po ostalih bolnikih in ko je tako prebiral imena bolnikov na tablicah, je zagledal poleg vrat na postelji ženo, ki se je pravkar razgovarjala z zdravnikom. Njen obraz je od sile lep, prav nič spačen od boleznin in čim dlje jo je gledal, bolj se mu je zdelo, da se podoba, ki jo je nosil v srcu, oživlja. Nekako tako se mu je zdelo, da je ta žena neka prečudno skladnost z njim samim. Slišal je zdravnika, ki ji je govoril:

"Pravkar sem prejel sporočilo policije, da je vaš mož prost in zaposlen pri gradnji prekopa, da je vaš sin zdrav in da živita skupaj z očetom. Še danes bomo vašega moža obvestili, da ste pri nas."

Obraz neznanke je oživel, temne, globoke oči so žarele in njen pogled je bil prepoln nebrzdanega hrepenenja.

"Ali sem hudo bolna?" je vprašala zdravnika.

"Nikakor ne!" ji je zagotovil le-ta. "Oslablost, dolgo in težavno potovanje, zrahljani

živci. Toda to bomo kmalu popravili! Le pogum!"

Zdravnik je opazil Janka, ki se je poslavljaj od Metke. Potrkal se je po čelu in dejal ženi:

"Oh, kako nič ne mislim. Ta deček stanuje tam nekje blizu prekopa. Morda pozna vašega moža. Janko, pojdi bliže!" mu je zaklical.

Janko je obstal pred posteljo neznanke in njegove oči so zastrmele v ime, ki je bilo s kredo napisano na tablici: Danica Kolar.

"Janko, ali poznaš ti nekega ključavničarja Ivana Kolarja, ki je zaposlen pri gradnji prekopa?" ga je vprašal zdravnik.

"Saj sem njegov sin!" je dejal Janko, ki ni mogel odmakniti pogleda s tega imena.

V tistem hipu pa se ga je oklenilo dvoje rok, potegnile so ga k postelji in nad seboj je zagledal prelepi obraz neznanke in v teh prelepih očeh je bila solza veselja, solza odrešenja, in ko so ga njene ustnice poljubovale po obrazu, ko so ga njene roke božale in njene besede čarale v neko nepoznano slast nežnih občutij, je vedel in je čutil, da je to njegova mati in ves se je prižek k nji kakor dete in v njene vzlike, ki so vriskali:

"Moj sin, ti moj sladki sin!" je nenadoma prav iz dna srca kriknil, da je vse ostrmelo:

"Mati!"

Potem pa je za oba zmanjkalo tega sveta in za mnogo, mnogo hipov vsega hudega in grdega ter žalostnega. Spojena v ta prečudni zanos vsega nadzemskega, sta le občutila, kako vre iz srca vse tisto, kar ju je po letih ločilo, vse trpljenje se je odmikalo, vse je bilo pozabljeno, nikjer ni bilo nič več ne menice ne tujine ne Pikapolonice in ne ječe, le sedanost je plamtela tako močno, da sta z molkom ustvarjala čudeže ljubezni in sreče.

"Sin moj, ti moja velika sreča, ti moje sanje, ti moja bodočnost!" je vriskalo v nji in njeno ubogo srce, ki je v tujini živelo le od podobe in misli nanj, je postajalo močno in zdravo.

Nemo je stal zdravnik ob tem prizoru in ko je gledal s svojim mirnim, toplim pogledom po vseh teh bolnih in izmučenih obrazih, katerim je lajšal trpljenje, mu je bilo lepo v duši in je mislil:

"Saj ni svet tako hudo žalosten kakor si

mislimo! Vsega je mnogo, žalosti in veselja, toda življenje ne more biti brez tega. Takšen je človek! Ničesar na svetu se ne da izpremeniti, kar je naravnega. Ljudje zbole in umro, pa tudi ozdravijo; mladost rase, eni prihajajo, drugi odhajajo, človeško srce pa je kakor bokal, kjer vse to vre in kipi. Le nikoli obupati! Janko se je tepel z lakoto in jo je premagal, mati se je borila s tujino in si je priborila sina, oče se je sprl s postavami in se je prekopal na svobodo, Metka se je otepala smrti in bo živela!"

Kdo ve koliko časa bi bila tako pogreznjena v zanositost občutij, če ne bi zazvenel po sobani Metkin jok.

Metka joče. Janko plane k nji.

"Metka, naša boš! Mati je prišla," ji zavrisne nasproti.

Dvigne jo v naročje in jo nese k materi. Metka si obriše solze, stisne se k nji pod odejo in mati posluša, ko Janko pripoveduje, in zajame Metko s srcem ter jo nežno, kakor le matere znajo, pritegne k sebi.

\*

Pomlad. Rože cveto na travniku, bezeg diši, trnov grm je ves bel, metulji letajo po zraku in čebele, penica si gradi gnezdo, v potoku je nov zarod mren.

Po stezi korači Tonač in rine voziček pred sabo. Toda na vozičku niso kosti ne staro železo. Dve vreči cementa!

Zakaj cement . . . ?

Oh, sonce pripeka, ptičice prepevajo po zraku in od daleč se sliši hrumot dela; motorji regljajo, parna kladiva grme, v zraku je žvenket lopat in krampov.

Tonač sede v travo, da se oddahne in njegove oči so zadovoljne, obraz pomladanski in ko se tako odpočiva ter gleda mravljo, ki pleza na travno bilko, se smehlja predse in govori:

"Spet je pomlad in je novo življenje! Mož in žena sta se našla, otroci so zdravi in vse najhujše je za nami. Gnezdece jim moram raztegniti!"

Da, gnezdece! Kajžica je zdaj pretesna za vse. Tonač se dvigne in rine cizo po stezi.

Opoldne. Delo počiva. Pomladna rast narave se je opletla z zelenjem. Oče sedi pod hrastom in obeduje, mati sedi poleg njega. Prav takšna je kakor na sliki. Oče je tih, zadovoljen, le včasih mu senca težke misli zatemni pogled in mati mu de takrat:

"Ivan, nič ne misli, da si bil v ječi! Zame nisi zločinec, zame si le moj mož in Jankov oče. Človek je slab in dober, premnogokrat napak dela. Včasih je življenje tako hudo in grdo, da postane človek slab in grd."

"Danica, hudo sem te žalil, grd sem bil do tebe . . . Ali moreš vse to pozabiti?" vpraša oče hrepeneče.

"Človeško srce vse lahko pozabi. Drug drugemu moramo odpustčati. To življenje, ki je bilo pred nami, bomo zakopali sto klafter globoko pod zemljo! Zdaj je pomlad. Pogledj, kako se nam smeje!"

Tonač je prišel. Vreči cementa vrže na tla, nasmeje se obema, ko vidi, da se oklepata nove bodočnosti.

"Kaj pa kaniš s tem, Tonač?" ga vpraša oče.

"Gnezdece bomo raztegnili!" pravi Tonač. "Premajhno je. Zidar sem in bom zidal!"

Mati ga hvaležno pogleda. Zdaj vse ve in tudi vidi njegovo srce in vsi ga ljubijo, v veliko pomoč jim je in tudi njemu je dobro, ker gradi za vse skupaj.

A kje sta otroka?

Poglej ju, zdajle tečeta čez travnik! Oh, kakšen fant je to! V modri delovni obleki korači poleg deklice. Njegove roke so trdne in močne in od dela prihaja. Uči se za ključavničarja v strojnih tovarnah. Mojster, pod katerim vodstvom je delal njegov oče, ga je priporočil in zdaj je ves ponosen in zdaj lahko že smelo sanja o lokomotivi brzca. Metka pa prihaja iz šole. Mladost hodi čez travnike in tudi Metka sanja o svoji bodočnosti. Spretne vezilja bo ali pa pravcata umetnica.

Mati se blaženo smehlja, ko ju gleda. Srce je prepolno radosti, ko vidi vse okoli sebe in ko prekopava zemljo okoli hišice, da vrže seme vanjo, ve zatrdno, da bo seme vzkalilo. Veruje in hoče tako!

Janko in Metka tečeta gledat penice. Pet jajčec je v gnezdu. Skobec kroži visoko nad njima. V polotoku je nov zarod mren. Polodne je. Delo v prekopu počiva. Delavec so se zajedli že lgoboko v bregove, že se dviga iz struge ogrodje zatvornice.

Potem zatuli sirena.

Oče hiti k prekopu in pila reže železo.

Janko teče v tovarno in nakovalo zveni pod njegovim kladivom.

Metka sedi v šoli in si prepeva. Metka je bister potoček.

(Dalje na 8. strani.)

## Življenje na morskem dnu

Drzni raziskovalci, ki so se spustili v debelih jeklenih oklepah v temine morskega dna, so s pomočjo močnih svetilnih naprav posvetili v skrivnosti zanimivega podmorskega življenja. Dobro zavarovani so opazovali skozi majhna okna v svojem oklepu, kaj se dogaja v strašnih globinah, ki so jih že v pradavnih časih zakrile neizmerne vode. Nekaj čudovitih odkritij prinašamo v naših treh slikah.



Zanimivo je bilo odkritje, da živi tam spodaj rak, ki se brani proti svojim mogočnim sovražnikom, ki mu strežejo po življenju, z neke vrste ognjem. Napadalec—žival, ki je bila s svojim močnim strašnim zobovjem malemu raku smrtno nevarna—se je morala umakniti, ker je škrlatno-rdeči rak nenadoma brizgnil proti njej neko tekočino močne svetlobe. Ta prizor je v neprodirni temi, ki je obdajala vse dogajanje, učinkoval mogočno na začudenega opazovalca.

V današnjih dneh bi človek opazujoč zgornjo sliko mislil skoro, da ima pred seboj prizor množinskega napada s torpedi. Temu pa ni tako: na sliki se nam predstavlja roj črvom podobnih ribic, ki so vsekakor čudovito podobne nevarnemu strelivu vojne mornarice. Na morskem dnu so živo rdeče, če jih pa dvignemo na površje, so prozorne in brez barve.



## Pes in mačka

Truden od ponočne straže  
Pik na pragu spi,  
mačka z vrta se priplazi  
ga za rep vlovi.  
Nezaslišana predrznost,  
to se Piku zdi,  
kakor blisk pokoncu plane

in za njo zdrvi.  
Dirkata čez travnik, cesto  
slabo mucu se godi,  
kot oaza v puščavi  
drog ob cesti se ji zdi.  
Hitro se po njem požene  
s poslednjimi močmi,  
rešena je — toda spodaj  
Pik neznansko se jezi!

Anton Pišek.

# Birthdays of the Great Men

By Louis Beniger

## GEORGE GORDON BYRON

George Gordon Byron, the great English revolutionary poet, was born on January 22, 1788, in London, England, of a family of noblemen notorious for their pride and temper. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that the boy grew up proud, sullen, and reckless.

Byron was lame from birth. He attended grammar school and at the age of ten was sent to a preparatory school at Dulwich. His teacher soon perceived that the boy liked reading for its own sake and gave him the free run of his library. Byron continued his studies in classical literature at Harrow and Trinity College at Cambridge, but he never completed his course. However, his school days were fruitful in two respects: he learned enough Latin and Greek to make him a "classic."

George Byron possessed extraordinary physical beauty, and his lameness added a touch of pathos. Personal fascination was his from the first. He was active in sports in spite of his lameness and made friends of his schoolmates. In fact, he mastered his little world at school with the same enthralling power of personality which later took captive the imagination of Europe.

Byron's first attempt in poetry was made in a volume of poems, "Hours of Idleness," when he was nineteen. However, the immature little book was mercilessly ridiculed by the critics. Byron nursed his revenge, and in 1809, after he became of age and had taken his hereditary seat in the House of Lords, as Lord Byron, he published a vigorous attack on his critics, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It is significant that his first noteworthy work should have been in a satiric vein, and occasioned by a blow to his personal pride.

Two years later the young poet set off upon his travels. Europe was in a social upheaval. Not content with the conventional tour, he pushed into Turkey, Greece, and the islands of the Aegean, sharing the hospitality of robber chieftains, rescuing distressed beauties from harem, and doing many other romantic things. He describes his adventures in the verse-tales, "The Giaour," "The Cor-

sair," and others, which he poured out rapidly after his return to England. These tales were preceded, however, by the first two cantos of "Childe Harold," which brought instant applause.

In 1815 Byron made his final departure from England and spent the next few years in Switzerland and Italy, part of the time in company with his famous contemporary, Shelley. To this period belong his most important works, the latter cantos of "Childe Harold," the dramas "Manfred" and "Cain," and his masterpiece, "Don Juan," which is a comprehensive satire upon modern society.

It is well to remember that at this time, England was entrenched in conservatism. Hypocrisy, bigotry, misgovernment and oppression were the order of the day. After the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo in 1815, the governments of Europe entered into a "Holy Alliance" to crush the spirit of democracy. Against this state of things Byron revolted with all his strength, and all Europe felt his sincerity and worshipped him as the embodiment of its own ideal.

It was at this state of things that Byron's "Don Juan" appeared. The poem was a scornful laughter flung at social corruption which the world attempts to hide under a conventional veneer.

In the third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold," the scene of which is laid among the lakes of Switzerland, the decaying glories of Venice, and the ruins of Rome, Byron's passages are among the triumphs of descriptive poetry in our language.

The romance of Byron's life was crowned by a romantic and generous end. In January, 1824, he went to Greece to join the revolutionary forces gathered to liberate that country from tyranny of the Sultan. Byron was given command of an expedition against the Turkish stronghold of Lepanto.

Unfortunately, the poet-warrior, then 36, was seized with fever in the swamps of Missolonghi, and died on April 19, 1824, before he had had time to prove his ability in the field. His remains, all but the heart, which is buried at Missolonghi, were sent back to England, and were laid to rest at Hucknall two months later.



# ZAKLADI SVETA

## Čašica čaja

Marsikdo naših očetov je bil v svetovni vojni ujetnik na Ruskem in nato dalj časa v hladni Sibiriji. Tam so spoznali veliko vrednost čaja. Posebno pozimi so imeli vedno kotel vrele vode v sobi in kdor si je mogel, si je po večkrat na dan skuhal čaja, da si pogreje premrzle ude. Takrat so poznali Rusi še pregovor, da pijejo bogatini čaj "na sladko", reveži pa "na gladko", t. j. brez sladkorja. Pa če ga Rusi popijejo naravnost silne množine, ga uživajo Kitajci in Japonci, posebno pa Angleži še mnogo več. Ljudje popijejo na zemlji poleg vode največ čaja.

Na Kitajskem so neizmerne pokrajine pokrite s čajnimi grmi. V enem samem čajnem nasadu pridelajo na leto do četrta milijona kilogramov najfinejšega čaja.

Od kdaj pa ljudje pijejo čaj? O, od davna! Že skoraj tri tisoč let pred Kristusovim rojstvom je neki kitajski vladar priporočal svojemu narodu, naj sadi in pije čaj. Povsod po daljnih vzhodnih deželah so razširjene pripovedke o čudovitih lastnostih čaja in v Indiji pripovedujejo, da si je neki sveti mož nadel pokoro, da vse leto ne bi zaspal. Vsa sredstva je poizkusil, da bi ostal buden, odrezal si je celo veke nad očmi — a nič ni pomagalo. Prinesel pa mu je neki mož rastlino čaj — in z loncem čaja ob sebi se mu je posrečilo, da vse leto ni zaspal in se neprestano posvečal Bogu . . .

Skoraj tisoč let pred Kristusovim rojstvom so Kitajci spisali celo knjigo o čaju. Japonski duhovniki pa so prenesli v svojo domovino seme čajevega grma in od tedaj je tudi v oni daljni vzhodni državi čaj malone edina in najbolj priljubljena pijača. Mi v Evropi pa o čaju dolgo časa ničesar nismo vedeli. Šele ko so prvi naši misijonarji šli med Kitajce, Japonce in Indijce, so po vrnitvi prinesli nazaj tudi vesti o čudovito dobri pijači čaju in v Londonu je l. 1657. neki podjetni Anglež odprl prvo čajarno. Toda tedaj je stal en kilogram čaja po sedanji vrednosti okoli deset tisoč dinarjev! No, danes je čaj tako navadna pijača, da si jo privoščijo tudi preprosti človek in komaj boste verjeli, da tisti Tibetanci, ki žive na najvišjem gorovju na zemlji, za Himalajo, popijejo na leto toliko čaja, da ga morajo kuljiti prinesiti čez 4000 m visoke prelaze do deset milijonov kilogramov na leto! Ko je bila Kitajska še cesarstvo, ga je cesar samo samostanom v visokem Tibetu podaril vsako leto okoli štiri milijone kilogramov.

Največ čaja pridelajo Kitajci, toda ker ga sami toliko popijejo, ga prodajo vsako leto samo 40 milijonov kilogramov drugam, posebno Rusom in Angležem. Zato pa so začeli beli gospodarji izrabljati vroče in rodovitne, pa zelo vlažne kraje v Indiji od velikega otoka Cejlona na jugu, do pobočij visoke Himalaje, kjer sedaj sade in pridelujejo neverjetne množine čaja — nad 250 mi-

lijonov kilogramov raznih čajnih vrst na leto. Vrst čaja pa je okrog dva tisoč.

Čaj je prav za prav drevo, ne ravno visoko, a vendar drevo. Njegov sad je seme, ki ima velikost lešnika. Iz tega semena vzgoje sadike, ki so zelo občutljive in jih skrbno zalivajo, plevejo in goje. Medtem so po gričih in položnih pobočjih gora očistili gosto džunglo. To seveda ne gre kar tako in delavci se tudi srečajo včasih s tigrom, še večkrat pa s strupeno kačo naočarko, ki marsikoga umori. Zemlja je tam, kjer je bila nekoč džungla, zelo rodovitna in ko se začne deževna doba v maju in juniju, začno saditi na milijone sadik. Toda le počasi in pod skrbnim nadzorstvom se razvija čajev grm, kajti če ne bi pazili, bi zrastle drevo. Tri leta ga obrezujejo in pazijo, da se razširi bolj na široko in le do en meter visoko. Tako postanejo širne pokrajine pokrite z zelenimi grmi in le stezice in pota se vijajo med njimi čez gore in doline. Šele tretje leto ga prično uporabljati in natrgajo tedaj komaj poldrug dekagram listov. A ko je grm sedem let star in najbolj rodovit, da na leto vendarle samo do 15 dekagramov čaja. Zaradi tega je čaj tako drag.

Pa še bolje bomo razumeli njegovo ceno, če premislimo, da je treba obirati grme malone vsak teden in da dajo nekateri manjši ob vsakem obhodu samo nekaj listkov. To pohabljenost in večno skubeno in rezano drevesce-grm vztraja okoli petdeset let. Treba pa ga je varovati neštetihi sovražnikov, med katerimi je gotovo najhujši — plevel, ki bi ga že v enem letu prerastel in pokrnil z novo neprestopno džunglo. Delavci morajo biti neprestano na delu. Na otoku Cejlonu so delavci iz Indije. Ker niso vajeni nositi obuvala in bosu ne morejo rabiti lopat, zato neprestano vihte rovnice in motike in vse silovito razsežno posestvo ali farma mora biti najmanj vsakih šest tednov popolnoma prekopana in opleta. Kakšno delo! A delavci so vedno veseli in se pod vodstvom belcev, ki skrbje zanje vsestransko, bolje počutijo kakor pod svojimi domačimi poglavarji. Zato zapuste, dasi so popolnoma svobodni, redko kdaj farmo, kvečjemu, da odidejo moški nazaj v svoj kraj in se vrnejo nato z družino.

Najlažje delo na čajevi farmi je trganje nežnih listkov in to delo običajno opravljajo ženske, seveda pod vodstvom belih nadzornikov, kajti ni vseeno, kakšne listke trgajo, stare ali mlade, velike ali majhne.

Najboljši čaj, najfinejši listki rastejo v višinah do dva tisoč metrov po vrhovih Cejlona in na pobočju silne Himalaje. Seveda, pri nas je v taki višini že mrz tudi poleti, a tam je tako vroče, da bi mi opoldne gotovo ne zdržali. Domačinu pa vroče sonce nič ne škodi.

Ko so listki natrgani, pa še ni vse gotovo! O ne! Delo se šele prične! Začudili bi se gotovo, če bi sredi visokih gora, v neskončnost se razprostirajočih gričev brez naselbin ugledali — velika, a

čedna tovarniška poslopja z mnogimi nadstropji in velikimi okni, da so čimbolj zračna. V to poslopje hite dvakrat na dan žene in otroci s košarami nabranega, lepo zelenega čajnega listja. Tam ga sprejmejo delavci, ki ga skrbno razprostro po mrežah iz tanko narezanega bambusa ali iz žic ali pa na velikih plahtah. Tam ostane čaj po potrebi ali po mišljenju tovarnarja do 30 ur, da — ovene. Tedaj postanejo listki mehki in voljni ter jih prenesejo v druge prostore, kjer jih čakajo — stroji! Toda ravno tisti čas, ko so listki oveneli, je najpomembnejši za okus čaja. V strojih pa valjajo listje zato, da zmečkajo celice, da steče dišeči sok po vsem listku in ga more vroča voda posrkati, kadar kuhamo čaj. Če tega ne bi storili, bi dobri okus ostal v listku, kakor n. pr. v kavi, če je ne bi zmlelil. Nato puste, da čaj leži vlažen nekaj ur. Tudi od tega je okus izredno odvisen, ker se sok v tem času izpreminja. Tudi od spretosti delovodij je odvisno, kakšen čaj nastane, — ali slab, ki ima okus po senu, ali dober, ki lepo diši!

O, pa še ni delo s čajem končano! Čaj je še ves vlažen in plesen bi ga vzela, če bi takega zavili, če pa bi ga dolgo sušili, izgubil bi dobri vonj in okus. Zato ga sedaj pošljejo po dolgih pladnjih v drugo dvorano, kjer ga izpostavijo dokaj vročemu vetru, ki prihaja od velike peči. Pladnji se pomikajo dalje in počasi se bližajo drugemu prostoru. Kako izpremenjeni so čajevi listki sedaj! Vsi so zviti in postali so črni — čaj je sedaj gotov in že ga lahko skuhate, če ga hočete. Vendar takega, kakršen pride iz sušilnice, ne pošiljajo po svetu. Stresejo ga na veliko pripravo, sestojajo iz mnogo mrež. Vrhnja ima široke luknje, vsaka naslednja pa vedno manjše. Ko se mreža trese, padajo manjši listi navzdol in na vsaki mreži ostane čaj enake velikosti, na najnižji pa skoraj sam prah. Mreže se premikajo in čaj se sam stresa z njih v škatle in zaboje. Nekaj jih kar tam v tovarni skrbno zavijejo in delajo tudi manjše zabožčke, deloma pa ga razpošiljajo v večjih zabožjih po svetu, kjer ga razdele v manjše zavožčke.

Čaj je lahek in mnogo ga gre na en kilogram. Preveč prostora bi zavzel, če bi ga morali takega, kakor ga poznamo mi, prenašati po puščavah, v silne gore Tibeta in v notranje kraje Velike Kitajske in celo tja v Sibirijo. Zato v nekaterih krajih Indije, posebno pa na Kitajskem še vlažen čaj — liste in prah, vse skupaj — silno stiskajo v obliko opek in takega prenašajo karavane v najbolj oddaljene kraje. Nosači, kuliji, si nartajo do 35 kilogramov takih čajnih opek na svoje utrjene rame in ga prenašajo v budistovske samostane, ki leže v višavi kakor naš najvišji evropski vrh Mont Blanc!

Tako gre čaj po vsem svetu. Pijejo ga z istim užitkom v najbolj vročih krajih naše zemlje, kakor ga hvaležno srebajo raziskovalci onih krajev, ki so večno odeti v led in sneg; neizmerne koristi donša bolniku, ki ne more že ničesar več drugega uživati, veseli se ga zdrav človek, če ga more srebati ob prigrizovanju dobre jedae; željno ga pije hribolazec ali lovec po truda polnem

pohajanju po gorah in gozdovih, a ravno tako se prikrade na usta smeh stari mami, ko meša sladkor v čašici rumenega čaja. Saj je za vodo najiminenitnejša pijača na naši zemlji.

## Majhne mamice

Ob Novakovi hiši se je širil vrt. Tam je pod drevjem stala miza s klopjo. Tu so se ob toplih popoldnevih rade zbirale Aničine prijateljice.

Igrale so se mamice. Vsaka je pestovala svojo punčko. Pa so se pogovarjale o svojih dragih otrocih.

“Moja Pika,” je rekla Anica, “ima same dobre lastnosti. Snažna je, nikoli ne kriči, pri hrani ni izbircna, tudi pri obleki ne, in spanja se ne brani. Svojo mamico ima rada. Sploh je Pika zelo ljub otrok.”

In jo je pozibala v naročju.

Še druge mamice so hvalile svoje punčke.

Od daleč, ob plotu je vse to poslušala mala Rezika. Bila je drobna, blede deklica z velikimi svetlimi očmi. Očeta ni več imela. Njena mati je bila perica, ki je prala po hišah in tudi pri Novakovih. Tako uboga je bila Rezika, da nobene punčike ni imela. Zato je zdaj samo gledala, kako se deklice igrajo.

“Rezika!” jo je poklicala Anica. “Prinesem ti medvedka, pa se še ti igray z nami!”

Stekla je v hišo in se že vrnila.

Mala Rezika se je nasmehnila z medvedkom v naročju:

“Dija je zdaj moj ljubi otrok. Zelo lep in mehak je, tudi ubogljiv je. Ne vpije, še ne zamrmra ne. Če ga kaj boli, ne joče. Prijazne oči ima, nikogar ne užali, ne ugrizne. Vsem ljudem je prijatelj. Zdaj sem jaz njegova mamica in ga imam prisrčno rada. Le zasp, aja, tutu . . .”

Pa ga je mehko pobožala po smrčku.

## JANKO IN METKA

(Nadaljevanje s 4. strani.)

Tonač odbira opeko, znaša pesek in bo spet zidar.

Mati seje. Seme je drobno, drobno, iz semena bo pognala zelena bilka in zelena bilka bo rodila sad.

Življenje se je dvignilo, pomlad gori. Skobec kroži nad penicami, klen preži na mre, življenje teče in teče.

Nikdar se niti za hip ne ustavi.

(Konec)

### Stop the Meter!

Driver of overturned taxi (to Scottish passenger): “Are you hurt, sir?”

Scot: “Don’t be bothering about my being hurt, man! Stop that taxi meter of yours.”

# JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg

1942

Tomorrow

When the cold gray dawn  
Awakens the sleeping world;  
And the restless, roving, carefree winds  
Ruffle her streaming hair;  
They will find  
A bright new year  
For the old year will have gone—  
Gone with its pack of cares and woes  
And a million saddened thoughts.

\*

## WORD DESCRIPTIONS

These are just word descriptions of popular book or fairy tale characters. For example, if we say: "Who was the story-book character dressed like a grandmother that went to the cupboard to get her doggie a bone?" you would know it was "Old Mother Hubbard". See if you can guess these:

1. He was a young boy dressed in a straw hat and overalls and had freckles. He appears in one of Mark Twain's books, and on one occasion he had to whitewash a fence, which resulted in an amusing incident.

2. This little boy had to sit in a corner and as he was eating a pie, he pulled out a plum from it.

3. This is a little girl who was also eating, except that she was eating curds and whey. What frightened her was a large spider.

4. For a change we'll ask you who was a jolly fat king. He sat on his throne while has three fiddlers played for him.

5. Again we have a little girl who went to visit her sick grandmother, and because she had a red coat and a red hood, they called her—well, that's for you to guess.

\*

## KNOWLEDGE NUDGERS

All the following list of words are common to the word at the head of the list. Can you find the word that does not belong to the group?

### A. Chemistry

1, sulphur; 2, neon; 3, electioneer; 4, alcohol; 5, peroxide.

### B. Automobiles

1, chauffeur; 2, puncture; 3, fender; 4, cathode; 5, gasket.

### C. Athletics and Sports

1, wrestling; 2, audit; 3, pitcher; 4, curve; 5, arena.

### D. Trees

1, hickory; 2, poplar; 3, blackberry; 4, willow; 5, hemlock.

### E. City

1, exponent; 2, gutter; 3, hydrant; 4, avenue; 5, urban.

\*

## WORD GAME

Each of the words mixed-up in the sentences is pronounced the same as the other mixed-up word, yet it is spelled differently. Try your skill at solving the puzzle.

1. John **wedor** to the shore then walked down the **oard** to his car which he **edro** home.

2. I have **estn** to Jean a perfume of wonderful **nects**, all for a **ctne**.

3. Let me **raep** the ripe **raep** with this **airp** of scissors.

4. The **arbon** stood on **arbner** land.

5. It was wrong to **uyrb** the **rebyr** under the ground.

\*

How good is your memory? See if you can answer the following correctly:

1. **Reno, Nevada**, is situated: a, due east of Los Angeles; b, northwest; c, northeast; d, west.

2. Scrooge is a character found in: a, Christmas Carol; b, Dumbo; c, Black Beauty; d, David Copperfield.

3. A grapefruit is: a, vegetable; b, berry; c, grain; d, nut.

4. The largest amount on a money order is: a, \$25.00; b, \$100.00; c, \$500.00; d, \$50.00.

\*

## WORD BUILDER

It would be a hard thing to change a **date** into a **girl**, but in the following word builder we have done just that. You must only change one letter at a time and in six steps you will also be able to accomplish the feat. The definitions at the side of the blanks will give you some clew as to what the word should be.

D A T E

— — — — Characterized by excessive fondness

— — — — To have finished

— — — — You do this at mealtimes

— — — — Dreadful

— — — — There are 4 on every auto

— — — — To twist or twirl

G I R L

(Answers on the inside back cover page)

## OUR FRONTISPIECE

The front cover page illustration of this issue of the ML was drawn by William Smolich, age 16, Herminie, Pa., a member of Lodge 613.

## ZOB ZA ZOB

Krčmar Štefuc je opazal že dalj časa, da mu nekdo prazni steklenico brinovca, ki je stala vedno na omarici pri prodajalni mizi. Štiri stalne goste je imel na sumu. Mesarja Figovca, nizkega, čokatega možička z rdečimi, zalitimi lici; neskončno dolgega, tršatega poštarja Lovca; brkatega čevljarja Smolca in mežnarja Klobaso. Posebno zadnjega izmed četvorice, ki je večer za večerom nabijala karte in reševala svetovne ter lokalne dogodke. Že samo rdeč nos je jasno pričal, "da je to vinski brat, ki pije ga rad."

Ko se je nekega večera pripotil iz kleti obložen s sifonskima steklenicama in je opazil, da se je gladina brinovca znova znižala za več centimetrov pod črto, ki si jo je skrivaj zaznamoval že dalj časa, je sklenil dati neznanemu oboževalcu njegovega dvakrat žganega, izdatno lekcijo.

Še tisti večer je steklenico zamenjal z drugo iste velikosti, v kateri pa je bil petrolej. Nato je skrit za vrati opazoval učinek zamenjave. Oni štirje so pri svoji mizi pravkar klicali "kralja". Čim pa je Štefuc zaloputnil vrata za sabo, je mežnar odvrzel karte, proti svoji navadi pozabil pogledati za vrata, skočil k omarici, zagrabil steklenico, odčepnil in nastavil. Vse je napravil z neverjetno naglico. Ko je že nekaj časa tekla tekočina v nenasitno žrelo, je obraz, na katerem je ležal srečen nasmeh, dobil popolnoma nasproten izraz. Neizrečeno presenečenje in stud se je zrcalil na njem. Izpljunil je ostanek ter brez besed planil na cesto. Čez dobre pol ure se je vrnil smrtno blede. Štefuc ga je že čakal s kozarčkom v roki. "Na, pij, zdaj si ga pa res potreben!" mu je dejal. Prošiti se Klobasa ni dal nikdar. V trenutku ga je zvrnil, nato pa dejal smejočemu se Štefucu: "Čakaj, to ti pa povrnem!"

\* \* \*

Naslednje dni so izginili Štefucu po vrsti hlače, suknja, čevlji, navsezadnje še celo kravata. Klel je, se pridušal, sumničil cigane, ki so se mudili v vasi, stiskal pesti v obnemogli jezi, divjal po hiši ter nahrulil vsakega domačina, ki mu je prišel blizu.

Medtem pa je Klobasa, Mezgec so ga tudi klicali, uresničeval svoj načrt. S stropa v stranski sobici je visela nagačena krčmarjeva izginula obleka. Veliko truda je vložil v delo, da je postal slamnat možic čim bolj podoben Štefucu. Trebuh, ogromna pleča, posebno pa glava mu je delala preglavice. V nedeljo se je sklenil maščevati. Soboto pa je določil za generalko. Slamnatega Štefuca je posadil na stol za mizo, predenj je postavil kozarček, nato pa poklical Smolca. Le-ta je prišel kaj rad; vedel je, da mežnarjevo vino, čeprav nabrano po zbircah, ni kar tako. "Oho, kaj, god obhajaš?" je vprašal mežnarja, ko je opazil pri mizi krčmarja, "ali je pa Štefucu vina zmanjkalo!" je podražil še tega.

"Štefuc" se ni niti ganil. "Ja, šmenta, kaj ti . . ." sredi stavka se je prekinil in bušil v krot. Koruzni brki so mu povedali vse. "Mezgec,

ta se ti je pa res posrečil . . ." Mežnar mu je pomežiknil, nato pa mu je razodel svoj načrt.

\* \* \*

Zvečer je Štefuc oba pogrešal. "Pa ne, da bi se spuntala," je premišljeval, "že ves teden ju redkokdaj vidim!" Sobota je bila, ljudi pa toliko, da je kmalu pozabil nanju. Medtem sta se Smolec in mežnar trudila z dokaj težkim možicem med vejami velikega hrasta ob glavni poti. Prvi navajen šila, drugi zvonov in orgel sta ga komaj in komaj privezala na vejo. Vsa srečna sta opazovala "Šefuca", ki je nihal in se sukval v lahmem vetriču. V gostilni so peli. Močan gostilničarjev bas se je jasno razločil od drugih. —

"Oja,  
zmiraj vesel, vesel  
ooja . . ."

"Boš ti vraga vesel!" je prerokoval mežnar. "Mu že pokažem, kaj se pravi s smrdljivcem mešetariti!"

\* \* \*

Drugo jutro na vse zgodaj. "Ljudje, pomagajte, pomagajte! Štefuc se je obesil!" Stara Korenka, ki je šla k zornicam, je prva opazila nesrečneža ter zbudila kmalu vso vas. Pod kostanjem se je gnetlo ljudi, samo nesrečnega Štefuca ni bilo med njimi. Včerajšnje tekanje sem in tja ga je pošteno utrudilo. Komaj nekaj ur je še spal in niti slutil ni, koliko ljudi ga pomiluje.

"Revež, kaj je vendar mislil?"

"Tak gospodar, pa si stori konec!"

"Včeraj še tako vesel, danes pa . . . !"

"Kdo bi si le kaj takega mislil! Zmešalo se mu je!"

"Njej siroti bo treba povedati!" je zaklical nekdo. Poštar in Figovec sta se odločila opraviti to mučno stvar. Bila sta najboljša pokojnikova prijatelja. Medtem je nekaj moških zlezlo na drevo. Vsevprek so leteli nasveti: "Previdno odrežite!" — "Pazite, da vam ne pade iz rok!"

Mežnar, povzročitelj vsega, je kar na lastno pest zlezal v zvonik. Vsi so se odkrili, ko je prišel pritrkavati farni zvon.

\* \* \*

Štefuca je zbudilo glasno trkanje.

"Vraga, že na vse zgodaj ne pustijo človeka pri miru!" Žene ni hotel poklicati. "Naj spi, sirota, včeraj je res šel posel!" se je odločil in šel odpirat.

V zgodnje jutro je odjeknil krik poln groze in presenečenja, ko se je pojavil Štefuc med vrati. Križ se je vrstil za križem. Krčmarju je bilo kmalu dovolj. "Tesli, kakšna komedija je vendar to! Stojita tu kot dva junca in ne zineta niti besedice. Sem mar prišel vajine križe gledat!" je zarohnel.

"Kako si prišel vendar sem!" je izdaval mesar. Iz njegovih vedno rdečih lic je izginila vsa kri. Ako bi mogel, bi takoj zbežal, toda strah ga je pribil na mesto. "Korenka te je našla na hrastu!" je dopolnil poštar z medlim glasom.

"Baba nori! Alo, gremo pogledat!" Končno sta se le prepričala, da je prijatelj živ in zdrav, samo zaspan! Ko so prišli bližje, jih ljudje niso opazili.

Štefuc je zastrmel na drevo. Tam je visel on sam, oblečen v izginulo obleko in čevlje, še celo kravato je imel lično zvezano. "To je napravil Mezgec!" je zarohnel.

Med ljudmi je prav tedaj završalo. Požarjev fant, ki je hotel previdno odrezati obešenca, je zabrundal ter zamahnil z nožem. Lutka je zanihala, nato pa zdrvela nizdol. "Jezus, kaj si znorel!"

Tisti hip je med ljudmi, ki so se gnetli okoli nagančenca, zavladala tišina; nato pa se sprožil nezadržljiv krohot. V vseh tonih in odtenkih glasov je vriskalo in piskalo, tulilo in se krohotalo. Skozi ob padcu preparane šive je namreč sršela slama... "Kdor nas je potegnil, nas je res pošteno!" je zakričal nekdo.

Pozornost se je takoj nato obrnila na nesrečnega Štefuca. Od vseh strani so letele zbadljivke.

"Škoda, da nisi bil pravi, tako sem se veselil sedminke!"

"Je bil lep razgled?" je poizkusil nekdo postati duhovit.

"Trebuh je bil mnogo premajhen!"

Tedaj se je prerinil do krčmarja mežnar, ki je zasledoval iz line v stolpu razvoj dogodka. Razprostrl je roke v objem.

"Oh, Štefuc, prijatelj moj! Tako lepo še nobenemu nisem zvonil!"

"Strela! Ti si bil in nihče drugi, ki je to storil!"

"Jaz? Noriš?" se je začudil le-ta.

"Eh, mene ne boš!" ga je potrepil krčmar.

"Rečem ti pa — pošteno si mi vrnil!"

Ta dan je šele navrelo ljudi k Štefucu. Litri in štefani so se praznili drug za drugim v spomin krčmarjevega čudežnega ozdravljenja.

Kadar pogleda od tedaj Štefuc na hrast, pa če je še tako slabe volje, vedno mu gre na smeh.

Vekoslav From.

## Skrivnostna ježa

Dva jezdeca, Arabca, sta se srečala v puščavi. Stopila sta s konjev in se nekaj časa pogovarjala. Toda krasni živali sta bili tako nemirni, da ju je bilo komaj mogoče držati. V daljavi so bile namreč že vidne palme in ploske strehe puščavskega mesta in konja sta bila žejna. To je bil povod Arabcema, da sta sklenila stavo: tisti, katerega konj bo zadnji jezdil skozi mestna vrata, ta bo stavo dobil. Ko sta nadaljevala ježo proti mestu, je razumljivo vsak skušal čim bolj zadržati svojega konja. Nenadoma sta se pa spet ustavila in se živahno in glasno nekaj menila. Nato se je zgodilo nekaj čudnega: vzpodbodla sta živali in ju priganjala proti mestnim vratom kakor na pravi dirki. Kaj se je zgodilo? Kaj je vzpodbudilo moža, da sta kljub stavi, tako nenadoma spremenila hitrost ježe?

No, da: v vnemi okoli pogojev in višine stave sta zajahala konja drug od drugega.

## Pesem o vetru

Tuli veter in se krega z jelšo  
ob potoku, v smreke v gozdu piha  
in v mecesne se zaganja,  
zdaj že v polje prisopiha  
in grozi s pšenico zlato  
posejani njivi, zopet  
plane čez razore, trato  
in za hip se v šumo skrrije,  
da vsaj malo si oddahne.  
Komaj malo si spočije,  
brž v gorice jo primaha  
in čez brajde speče skače.  
Kot bi trenil že na vrhu  
vitkega topola baha  
se in srakam blebetavim  
gnezda ruši in razdira,  
dokler ves upehan v šumi  
ne zadremlje in zasanja  
o nevesti svoji, burji  
in o njenih svatov trumi.

MANKO GOLAR.



*This Year Give...*

The gift that fights inflation while bringing joy and protection.

**DEFENSE BONDS STAMPS**

# STAMP COLLECTING

## *Stamps From Iceland*

Have you a brother or cousin serving in the U. S. navy? Uncle Sam's fighting ships are now scattered all over the seven seas, and collectors can gather many an oddity from the sailors' mail. The Editor of the ML has a postal from Iceland bearing the U. S. one cent stamp besides the Island stamp, both accepted as a proper postage. The card came from a young Slovene who is stationed there with the U. S. forces occupying Iceland.

## *Stamps on Democracy*

Cuba issued a special series of five postage stamps December 15 on the theme of "Democracy of the Americas." Values and designs have been announced but not colors of the stamps.

The values will include a 13-cent stamp for registered letters with the Statue of Liberty included in the design. A 3-cent stamp shows four patriots of four countries of the western hemisphere. They are Maceo, African-Cuban, Abraham Lincoln, Juarez, Mexican patriot (an Indo-American), and Bolivar (Latin-American).

A 1-cent stamp will show a globe with map of North and South America and inscription, "America, a New World" (America, un nuevo mundo). The "Tree of Fraternity" planted in Havana in the soil of twenty-one nations of America is depicted on the 10-cent value.

A drawing of a work representing intellectual and manual labor is the design for the 5-cent stamp. All of the stamps bear the inscription "Por La Democracia de America."

## *Collecting Censormarks*

A reader has requested information on how to prepare covers for postmarks at the leased bases to insure their being opened by censors. He states that unsealed covers have reached him from Bermuda and Newfoundland. It appears that the reason for lack of censor marks may be found in the fact that envelopes were not sealed. Perhaps they held no enclosure, but in any event there was no necessity for a forcible opening of the envelope to examine its contents. If such philatelic covers, sent out for various postal markings, contain a folded sheet of paper to simulate a letter and are sealed against inspection they undoubtedly will be opened and examined.

If the covers are sent to the postmaster of an army postoffice and bear the A. P. O. number in the address and in the return card of the covers which are to be returned to the sender they are subject to censorship by the United States army censors only, but if this detail is lacking, they will be opened by British censors in the colony where the base is located.

So far as has been determined the British censors are doing the best job of sealing the envelopes after the contents have been examined. They seal the cut end with strips of white paper bear-

ing the censor's number or other indication. The United States army censors at some of the bases rubber stamp their number and seal the cut envelopes with transparent tape which has a non-drying cement for the adhesive. It appears that any one along the line could reopen the envelope after it has passed the censor and there would be no easy way of detecting such practices. This is the type of cement on certain envelopes which the postoffice department refuses to accept in the registry division.

The United States government is giving the British censor every facility for examining mail addressed to the United States or sent out from the United States. Mail of every sort, both air and ordinary, between the United States and Europe and Africa is examined at Bermuda, while air mail and much of the ordinary mail passing to and from South America is examined at Trinidad, where all air lines and many steamers are required to stop.

Recently a cover from Denmark was seen which started with a shipment of a new issue of stamps and a simple letter of transmission. It had been examined by every one en route and bore a handwritten note from the German censor and a printed slip from the British censor to the effect that the stamps were missing when the envelope was opened. It is likely that unused stamps were removed by the money control division on the grounds that they represented a transfer of funds from the country.

Covers from Europe which bear no censor marks probably were handed in at the postoffice unsealed. It is understood that sealed letters will not be accepted for mailing in certain occupied countries, but are read by the censor in the presence of the writer. This has the effect of keeping the writers in line.—Richard McP. Cabeen.

## *At Your Best*

Can you keep consistently at your best? Whether in the classroom, on the gymnasium floor, on the ball diamond, in your home life, in your Juvenile Circle or in your efforts at self-culture, can you keep the higher and nobler elements of life at the fore?

You can use no surer method for attaining success than continually to say to yourself, "I will carefully, conscientiously do only what represents my very best." This is true in character. The boy or girl who is willing merely to keep the breath of what is good in him or her, and is not aiming persistently at the very best of which he or she is capable, should expect a subtle, gradual deterioration in character.

You can find no substitute for your best. The young person who builds the habit of keeping every act at a high level has climbed a good many rounds on the ladder of success. When the higher motives have no appeal, you stay on the lower rounds. Can you keep consistently at your best? Of course you can, but not without an earnest effort to cultivate what is best.

# OUR SCHOOL

## Winners for the Second Six Months of 1941

FIRST FIVE PRIZES

\$10.00 Each To:



BOZANIC, ZITA,  
14, R. D. 3, Worcester,  
N. Y., Lodge 393.



DERMOTTA DOR-  
OTHY, 17, Box 101,  
Avella, Pa., Lodge  
292.



GOSTOVICH, ZO-  
RA, 13, Box 531, Ra-  
ton, N. Mexico, Lodge  
416.



BALTEZAR BILL,  
17, Short St., Butte,  
Mont., Lodge 207.



SKOFF, EUGENE, 16,  
3603 S. 56th Ave., Cice-  
ro, Ill., Lodge 559.

### Three Prizes of \$8.00 to:

Poloncic, Elsie, 17, Union Dale, Pa., R. F. D. 2, Lodge 124.

Vidmar, Josephine, 12, 2546 N. 37th Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 747.

Volk, Ben, 17, Second Ave., Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge 405.

### Three Prizes of \$6.00 to:

Hotko, Mildred, 16, 226 Main St., Oglesby, Ill., Lodge 95.

Poloncic, Margaret, 14, R. F. D. 2, Union Dale, Pa., Lodge 124.

Raunikar, Sylvia, 17, Roundup, Mont., Lodge 700.

### Four Prizes of \$5.00 Each to:

Cretnik, Annie, R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark., Lodge 24.

Blazina, Margaret, 15, Roundup, Mont., Lodge 114.

Matko, Rosie J., 15, R. 1, Box 244, Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge 560.

Zupancic, Joseph, 18, 4525 Friendship Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge 118.

### Six Prizes of \$4.00 Each to:

Alich, Florence, 14, Box 607, Aurora, Minn., Lodge 111.

Ambrozic, Victoria, 14, R. F. D. 1, Box 424, Crafton, Pa., Lodge 88.

Machek, Violet, 14, R. D. 4, McDonald, Pa., Lodge 231.

Lekse, Louise, 15, Roundup, Mont., Lodge 700.

Sedey, Dorothy, 17, 209 Adams Ave., Eveleth, Minn., Lodge 69.

Udovic, Dolores, Box 90, R. 1, La Salle, Ill., Lodge 573.

### Nine Prizes of \$3.00 to:

Bozanic, Annie M., 17, R. D. 3, Worcester, N. Y., Lodge 393.

Bozanic, Vera, 13, R. D. 3, Worcester, N. Y., Lodge 393.

Barton, Virginia, 12, R. D. 4, McDonald, Pa., Lodge 89.

Gostovich, Dan, 10, Box 531, Raton, New Mexico, Lodge 416.

Kunstel, Marie, 14, Arcadia, Kansas, Lodge 206.

Hotko, Ann, 15, 226 Main St., Oglesby, Ill.,  
Lodge 95.

Madera, Joseph, 17, Box 44, Avella, Pa.,  
Lodge 292.

Padar, Mildred, 11, 222 Wyckoff Ave.,  
Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge 580.

Turkovich, Rose, 15, Walsenburg, Colo.,  
Lodge 299.

*Fifteen Prizes of \$2.00 each to:*

Britz, Lillian, 11, Box 28, Export, Pa.,  
Lodge 232.

Bozanic, Helen, 15, R. D. 3, Worcester, N.  
Y., Lodge 393.

Campbell, Virginia, 13, Midway, Pa., Lodge  
89.

Doles, Matilda, 110 W. R. R. Ave., Verona,  
Pa., Lodge 680.

Galicich, Fannie, 18, R. R. 1, Box 137, Ar-  
cadia, Kansas, Lodge 206.

Krizay, Ava, 14, Salem, O., Lodge 476,  
(Circle 7).

Martincic, Justin, Jr., 15, Box 684, Canons-  
burg, Pa., Lodge 138.

Mihelich, Elsie Mae, 13, 602 E. 26th St.,  
Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge 94.

Mileta, Milka, 13, Box 175, Brilliant, N.  
Mex., Lodge 297.

Lenich, Martin, 17, 700 Sandford Ave.,  
Nokomis, Ill., Lodge 209.

Maslek, Violet Mae, 341 Park St., Ali-  
quippa, Pa., Lodge 122.

Saloum, Agnes, 13, R. D. 1, Bulger, Pa.,  
Lodge 89.

Stambal, Frances, 15, 1084 Sherman Ave.,  
Sharon, Pa., Lodge 262.

Volk, Mary, 17, 702 E. 160 St., Cleveland,  
Ohio, Lodge 312.

Zagar, Dorothy, 17, Gilbert, Minn., Lodge  
61.

*Five Prizes of \$1.00 to:*

Beniger, Lillian, 13, R. F. D. 1, Export, Pa.,  
Lodge 317.

Korber, John Jr., R. D. 2, Box 91, Johns-  
town, Pa., Lodge 684.

Kmetec, Emil, 14, 2414 S. Central Park  
Ave., Chicago, Lodge 559.

Matko, Helen, 15, R. 1, Box 244, Hoquiam,  
Wash., Lodge 560.

Mileta, Zita, 10, Brilliant, N. Mex., Lodge  
297.

## RACES OF MEN

There are five principal division of mankind. I will mention here four races: the Caucasian, the Mongolian, the Ethiopean, and the Malayan.

The Caucasian or white race is the largest, numbering about one billion members scattered all over the world. Their features are usually high foreheads, oval faces, long glossy hair, stright eyes and intelligence.

The Mongolian or yellow race, according to some authorities, is really the largest. Their features are generally prominent cheek bones, scanty beard, and straight black hair.

The Ethiopean or black race is third largest, numbering about 275 million. Their features are black curly hair, flat noses, thick lips.

The Malayan or brown race numbers about 50 million. Their features are coarse black hair, flat noses, short skulls and well built bodies.

The Americans and Europeans belong to the Caucasian race, including the Slavs, the English, French, Germans, etc.

The Chinese, Japanes and the Eskimos belong to the Malayan race. It is said that to this race also belong the Finns, Lapps, Hugarians and Turks.

The Negroes belong to the Ethiopean race.

VIRGINIA BARTON, 13, lodges 231  
R. D. No. 4, McDonald, Pa.

## STATE GUESSING

What state is called the Lone Star State? An-  
swer: Texas.

What state is called the Badger State? A.: Wis-  
consin.

What state is called the Bear State? A.: Ar-  
kansas.

What state is called the Golden State? A.: Cali-  
fornia.

What state is called the Sunflower State? A.:  
Kansas.

What state is called the Pine Tree State? A.:  
Maine.

What state is called the Buckeye State? A.:  
Ohio.

What state is called the Evergreen State? A.:  
Washington.

What state is called the Green Mountain State:  
A.: Vermont.



## ON SKIS

Drawn by **Elsie Polonic**,  
age 17, Uniondale,  
Pa. Lodge 124.



What state is called the Silver State? A.: Nevada.

What state is called the Hawkeye State? A.: Iowa.

What state is called the Gopher State? A.: Minnesota.

What state is called the Wolverine State? A.: Michigan.

What state is called the Keystone State? A.: Pennsylvania.

What state is called the Empire State? A.: New York.

What state is called the Equality State? A.: Wyoming.

What state is called the Sooner State? A.: Oklahoma.

What state is called the Beaver State? A.: Oregon.

What state is called the Centennial State? A.: Colorado.

What state is called the Prairie State? A.: Illinois.

What state is called the Show Me State? A.: Missouri.

What state is called the Bay State? A.: Massachusetts.

What state is called the Pelican State? A.: Louisiana.

What state is called the Hoosier State? A.: Indiana.

VIRGINIA BARTON, 13, lodge 231  
R. D. No. 4, McDonald, Pa.

### YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Yellowstone National Park was set aside for a national park on March 1, 1872. It is located in northwestern corner of Wyoming with strips in Montana and Idaho. It is 65 miles long and 55 miles wide, with an area of 3,437.88 square miles. It is one of the most interesting parts of the West.

In the park are many animals, namely, elk, antelope, deer, mountain sheep, bear and many others. The bears are specially tame and tourists come to see them every year.

Many of nature's wonders are in the park: geysers, gorges, canyons, waterfalls, hot springs,

rivers and lakes. The greatest geyser is Old Faithful, rightfully called so because it never fails to send up a gush of water at regular intervals. Other geysers of interest are the Grand, Giant, Giantess, Lion, Grotto and the Castle. There are thousands of hot springs in the park. Those of interest are: The Emerald, the Morning Glory and others.

The greatest wonder of the park is the Grand Canyon. When the sun falls upon its rocks, it changes them to many colors and is a beautiful sight to see. The Yellowstone Falls, at the head of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, are among the natural wonders of the country, and they are indescribably beautiful.

The park is almost entirely surrounded by national forests. In fact, about four-fifths of the park is covered with dense forests of black pine, balsam, fir, spruce, cedar and poplar. These trees do not attain a large size.

The park is under the supervision of a superintendent who is appointed by the Secretary of the Interior. It is policed by troops of United States cavalry. There are many hotels and cabins which open for the tourist season early in June and close in the middle of September of each year.

The strange phenomena of the park were known to some of the Indians; they were discovered by John Colter, a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition, in 1807. An account of the geysers was published in "The Wasp" in 1842.

VIRGINIA BARTON, 13, lodge 231  
R. D. No. 4, McDonald, Pa.

### CARLSBAD CAVERNS

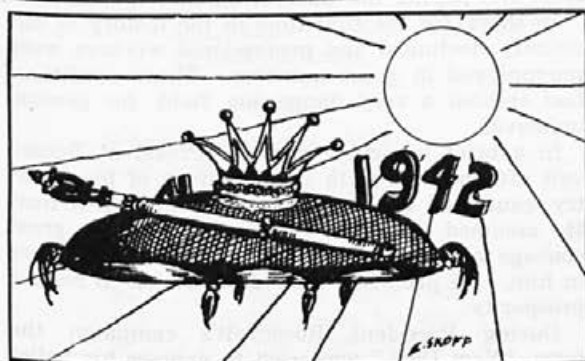
I am going to write about the Carlsbad Caverns, thanks to Milka Mileta for waking me up.

The original place known as Carlsbad is in Czechoslovakia. The place is known as Karlovy Vary. It is a city which is famous for its hot springs. It is about 100 miles from Praha or Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia. Thousands of visitors in normal times are attracted annually to its hot mineral springs. There are nineteen springs in all and the main one has a temperature of 165°.

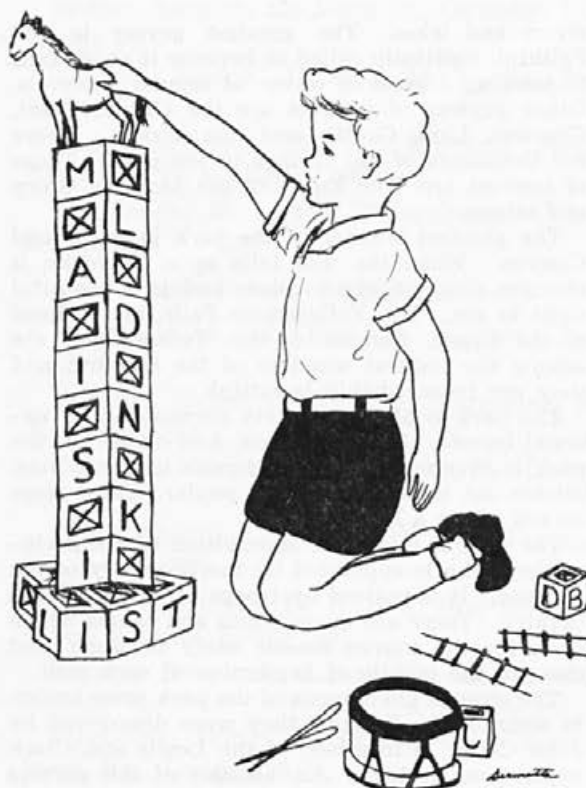
But I am to write about the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico. This beautiful subterranean wonder, in Eddy County, was brought to the attention of the government by a member of the United States Geological Society in 1922, and was made National Park in 1930.

This wonderland has been made out of solid limestone by the action of water charged with carbon dioxide that runs under the Guadalupe Mountains near the town of Carlsbad. The extent of the cavern is still unknown. It is estimated, however, to be the largest cave in the world, and a part of the great cave system of the region. Most of its rooms are several hundred feet below the surface of the earth. The Big Room is nearly 4,000 feet long and up to 625 feet wide. At one place its ceiling is 300 feet high.

The Great Dame is a beautiful stalogmite resembling the Leaning Tower of Pisa.



Drawn by Eugene Skoff, age 16, Cicero, Ill.  
Lodge 559.



## AFTER HOLIDAYS

Drawn by **Dorothy Dermotta**, age 17, Avella, Pa.  
Lodge 292.

It is not the size of the cave alone which makes it remarkable but its lavish decoration. Rooms and passageways are ornamented with glistening curtains of crystal and marble drapery. The caverns were truly discovered by a cowboy who every night saw thousands of bats come from nowhere about sundown. He followed some bats and discovered Carlsbad Caverns.

Next time I shall write on Gas Well, which is only a few miles from my home and which is advertized in magazines. (I wish to mention that I have eight pen pals and would like to have more, both girls and boys. Regards to all.)

**ELIZABETH RODMAN**, age (?), Lodge 416  
Van Houten, New Mexico.

## SOME MORE JOKES

*Man-size Watermelon*

Susie: "What's the matter, Sambo, is the watermelon too big?"

Sambo: "No, I'se too small."

*Heat Wave*

Hi: "How old is grandma?"

Ho: "I dunno. But when they brought her birthday cake in all lit up, six guests fainted from the heat!"

*Scared*

A woman driver was driving along a country

road when she noticed a couple of repairmen climbing telephone poles.

"Fools!" she exclaimed to her companion, "they must think I never drove before."

*So She Says*

John: "Who spilt mustard on this toast?"

Mary: "Oh, John! That's lemon pie."

*She's Thankful*

Fanny: "Is it true that you are going to be married?"

Nanny: "No, but I am thankful for the rumor."

Little Mary: "Mother, why hasn't papa any hair?"

Mother: "Because he thinks so much, dear."

Little Mary: "Why have you so much, mother?"

Mother: "Run along and play now."

**AGNES SALOUM**, 13, lodge 89  
R. F. D. 1, Bulger, Pa.

## OUR PRESIDENT

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, serving his third term, is the 32nd President of the United States. He was born on January 30, 1882, in Hyde Park, New York. He received his A. B. degree from Harvard in 1904 and was admitted to the bar in 1907 after he was graduated from the Columbia University Law school.

President Roosevelt entered politics in 1910 when he was elected a New York state senator. In 1913 he became assistant secretary of the navy under President Wilson where he remained until 1920. Stricken with infantile paralysis in 1921 he retired from politics for several years. From 1928 to 1932 he was governor of New York.

Roosevelt was elected President of the United States in November, 1932, carrying 42 states. When he took office, March 4, 1933, the country was in a critical position. Bank failures and economic emergencies marked his beginning at the White House. Farmers were suffering from low prices, showing discontent in high taxes and were long in debt. Millions of workers were without work, wages were declining and relief funds were inadequate for the demands upon them. Cities were near bankruptcy from inability to collect taxes and were not paying the interest on their bonds.

In short, for the first time in the history of our country, technical and professional workers were unemployed in great numbers. These conditions had created a very dangerous field for general upheaval.

In a brief inaugural address, President Roosevelt affirmed his faith in the future of his country, cautioned the people against unjustified fear. He assumed his great responsibility with great courage and the people had complete confidence in him. He promised immediate action to restore prosperity.

During President Roosevelt's campaign the term, "New Deal," was used to express his belief that the welfare of the people required a carefully planned economy and rigid control of in-

dustry by the government. This theory was contrary to the Republican theory of "Rugged Individualism" or a minimum control in business and industry.

Since 1933, President Roosevelt negotiated the Canadian-United States reciprocal trade treaty, authorized the purchase of silver until it constitutes 25% of the nation's monetary stock, signed a proclamation announcing the establishment of the Commonwealth of the Philippines, refused to intervene in accordance with the provision of the Platt Amendment when the Cubans were revolting, promoted recovery and provided work-relief, etc., etc., etc.

If everyone of us is a true American citizen we should stand behind President Roosevelt so that only good will be obtained. He tried to help us, therefore we should be with him, not against him. He is our President for the majority wanted him and the minority should also help "boost" him up until he is in office.

During the present war in Europe and Asia and Africa, President Roosevelt has shown that he is firmly on the side of the enslaved nations. He is doing all he can to crush the invaders and brute force; he is doing all he can to bring democracy to all nations.

Long live the President!

(Obtained, "Discussion for a Civic Assembly.")

ZITA BOZANIC, 14, lodge 393  
R. D. No. 3, Worcester, N. Y.

#### TEN IMPORTANT RULES

Here are some facts to keep in mind especially in cold weather, how to prevent getting colds.

First, it is very important to avoid drafts.

Second, one must avoid fatigue; that is, not to work too hard.

Third, it is necessary to drink plenty of water.

Fourth, do not wear too heavy clothing indoors.

Fifth, try to keep away from poorly ventilated, and crowded rooms.

Sixth, do not over-eat, be it Sunday or holiday.

Seventh, avoid close contact with persons who cough and sneeze carelessly.

Eighth, avoid sudden changes in temperature with usual chilling of the body.

Ninth, avoid wet feet.

Tenth, exercise moderately.

MILDRED HOTKO, 16, lodge 95  
Oglesby, Illinois.

#### SNOW

If snow were only sugar,  
How pleasant it would be  
To pick the lovely frosting  
From every bush and tree.

We would skate on sugar taffy,  
We would coast on sugar hills  
And snowdrifts would be jolly  
To roll in, after merry spills.

EMIL KOSICH, age (?), lodge 490  
10420 Ave. F., Chicago, Ill.



"OUR COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE"

Drawn by Steve Blazina, age 15, Roundup, Mont.  
Lodge 114.

#### CANADA, OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBOR

Canada and the United States are very friendly neighbors. They are cooperating very closely to help England win the war. If the United States can make a part of an airplane or tank faster than Canada, they will send that part to Canada. The same will be done if Canada can make a part faster than the United States.

Canada has been helping England in many ways. In Canada, many pilots have been trained for the Royal Air Force. Many Canadians have gone to England to fight on land or sea, of their own free will.

Most of Canada is an extension of the U. S. For example, the Rocky Mountains extend north into Canada, or the wheat fields of North and South Dakota extend north into Canada.

Out of every \$5 a Canadian makes, \$2 goes to help Britain.

The war has brought the people of Canada closer together. Before, the English-speaking people thought differently than the French-speaking people.

The farmers of western and central Canada thought the industrial region in the east had too much influence over the country.

Canada is looking forward to England winning the war.

And so is America.

FLORENCE ALICH, 14, lodge 111  
Box 607, Aurora, Minnesota.

### READY OR NOT?

Ring out the old; ring in the new,  
As all good people always do.  
And if you want to be included as one,  
You'd better start now or you'll never get done.

Your resolutions, make them interesting,  
Whether rain or shine, find yourself singing.  
Now remember, you M. L. folks, one and all—  
Begin right now, or you'll never begin at all!

ZITA BOZANIC, 14, lodge 393  
R. D. No. 3, Worcester, N. Y.



### KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Drawn by Bill Baltezar, age 17, Butte, Mont.,  
Lodge 207.

### SNOWFLAKES

Here and there, here and there  
Bonny snowflakes in the air.  
Fluffy and white, clean and cool,  
As soft as sheep's own furry wool.

How they merrily dance and play,  
Trying to make us happy and gay.  
And as they fly happily down  
They change the earth to white from brown.

Happily, merrily down they fall,  
Wishing merry days and good luck to us all.

HELEN BOZANIC, 15, lodge 393  
R. D. No. 3, Worcester, N. Y.

### A FEW MORE JOKES

Barber: "Do you want anything left on your face when I'm finished, sir?"

Customer: "Well, I hope you'll leave my nose."

Teacher: "Can anyone tell me what causes trees to become petrified?"

Bright Pupil: "The wind makes them rock."

Mrs. Jones: "What is a financier?"

Bobby: "If a fellow has a girl; she is a financier."

Son: "Father, may I ask just one more question?"

Father: "All right, just one more."

Son: "Well, then, how is it that night falls, day breaks?"

HELEN BOZANIC, 15, lodge 393  
R. D. No. 3, Worcester, N. Y.

### A TIMELY POEM

Christmas was a lovely day, 'twas okay'd;  
The children took their toys and played,  
The elders, too, had presents galore,  
Which they tried on and adore.

The tree was lighted with colored lights,  
Wreaths were also lovely sights;  
Yes, this day brought cheer and joy  
To the mother, father, girl and boy.

FLORENCE ALICH, 14, Lodge 111  
Box 607, Aurora, Minnesota.

### OUR WATCHING NURSE

Oh! S. N. P. J. you are like a nurse,  
Always hovering over the sick and ill,  
Always willing to open your purse,  
Wherever it is needed—that's SNPJ.

A father is injured and you are helpful.  
You help to keep his children together,  
And when he is well he is thankful  
That you, dear SNPJ, were watching over him  
When he laid in bed ill and helpless.

The SNPJ is watching over all its members,  
Watching that no call for help shall go

Unheeded; for you are a nurse in distress,  
Always ready to lend a willing hand  
To any of your members who shall send  
A call for help—always ready, our SNPJ.

MARTIN LENICH, 17, lodge 209  
700 Sandford Avenue  
Nokomis, Illinois.

#### WHAT WE DEPEND ON

We are all dependent on the farmer. We cannot live without food. And for this we must depend upon the man who tills the soil and raises the products we use as food.

We may eat meat but the animals which furnish this meat feed upon grass, grain, and other products of the farm.

If the farmers of America should cease their work even for a single season, it would bring great suffering and incalculable loss to millions of people.

Besides foodstuffs, agriculture produces many of the raw materials we use.

ZITA MILETA, 10, lodge 297  
Box 175, Brilliant, N. Mex.

#### A FEW JOKES

"How does that fancy clock go that you won at the country fair last month?"

"Fine! In fact it does an hour in less than 45 minutes."

Dad: "Now, son, what's the 55 for on your report card?"

Son: "Maybe it's the temperature of the school-room."

"Are you doing anything for that cold of yours?"

"Oh, yes, I sneeze whenever it wants me to."

"And how do you know that she has a set of false teeth?"

"Well, it just came out in the conversation."

FLORENCE ALICH, 14, lodge 111  
Box 607, Aurora, Minnesota.

#### TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF COINS

The *parity*, the condition, and demand among collectors always has a lot to do with determining the value of coins. A coin that is in demand may not be exceptionally rare, but many collectors need it to fill in their collection that there are not enough to go around and this causes the coin to advance in value, then many collectors wish only coins that are of the finest.

In an example of this you can see what we call a common coin in ordinary used *condition* bring a large sum, where a still *uncirculated* bright and new as it came from the mint. Pennies of the year 1914 S. mint are worth only a small sum in a slightly worn condition. But *uncirculated*, bright and new they are worth several hundred times their face value. There are very few *uncirculated* ones known while millions were coined and many can be found in good *condition*.

Next we shall go to the condition of coins. I classify these in the following terms: *Proof* coins. These are specially struck coins and have a mirror-like surface. These coins are sold to collectors at the United States mint. The mint abolished this practice in 1915, however, this practice was resumed in 1936. This practice brings in a nice sum for the treasury as they are sold for several times their face values.

*Uncirculated* coins, these are coins that have never been put in circulation or have just been put in, but taken out by some collector. These coins still have a frosty mint luster. (If you collect coins keep all your bright new unworn coins as these become scarce in a few years after their issue.) Next *extremely* fine coins that are practically *uncirculated*, they may show light signs of circulation.

*Very fine* coins are coins that show signs of wear on their highest parts. These are still very nice coins. Next the *fine* coins. These coins are worn slightly more than the *very fine* coins. Next are the *very good* coins. The average coins in the United States coinage circulation are from *very good* to *uncirculated*. These coins are worn considerably but are still very nice coins.

## IS ICE-SKATING YOUR SPORT?



Drawn by Ann Hotko, age 16, Oglesby, Ill.  
Lodge 95.

Next are the *good* coins. These are worn, though everything is still plain. Some of our coins have parts which were weak struck. On a good coin this does not always show. *Very fair* coins are those that have parts that are indistinct, the date usually shows as does most of the lettering. *Fair* coins. These coins are very worn, the dates show as well as some of the lettering and design. Last is the *poor* coin. These coins are just enough to classify. They are not worth collecting unless they are very rare.

Next the terms used. These terms are used by all collectors. The first term is *flowing hair*, the hair of the head is spread all over the coin, that is its hair is not tied by a ribbon. The *fillet head* is a head which has its hair tied with a ribbon. The *field* of the coin is the blank space which is a background for the design. The term *double eagle* is used for U. S. twenty dollar gold pieces. The term of *eagle* is used for a U. S. ten dollar gold piece.

*Arrow at either side of date.* These appear on coins of the year 1853 which indicates a reduction in weight of the coin, while the ones on coins of 1873 indicate an increase in the weight of the coin. The term *legend* pertains to inscriptions on the coins. Next a *legend edge*. Many of our early coins have lettering or inscriptions on the edge. Another interesting term is "*e pluribus unum.*" This motto first appeared on *half eagles* or five dollar gold pieces on the scroll above the eagle. This was copied from the Great Seal of the United States.

Another very interesting term is "in god we trust." This appeared on two cent pieces in the year 1864 when religious sentiment was aroused during the latter part of the Civil War. This term was taken off the coins but a great furor arose and it was then put on all coins. Another term is *milled edge*. Almost all of our present coins have milled edges. On gold pieces, people used to file some of the gold from the pieces and later sold this to some gold refiner who didn't say anything about it.

*Overdates* are widely used at present. Dies were often used the following year with the latest numbers in the date re-engraved in the old die. The silver dollars of 1802 were made by placing a 2 over the one and you can see parts of the one under the two. Next *restrikes*. These are used very much at present because of the great demand for coins and the dies from preceding years are used. The dates are not even re-engraved. That is why you can see brand new uncirculated coins that date back as far as 1938. The *observe* part of the coins is the head of face of a coin and the reverse is the tail side of the coin.

*Pattern coins.* These coins are struck in many different metals. Dies are made and the coin is struck, but not accepted for circulation. You can also find regular issues struck in different metals. A mint mark is a letter put on a coin to distinguish the mint where it was struck.

There are seven mints established. The first one was in Philadelphia. It is the largest mint.

It coins gold, silver and copper coins. The coins made in this mint bear no mint mark. Another mint was established in Charlotte, N. C., in 1838 and closed in 1861; it coined only gold pieces, its mint mark is a C. Another one was established in Carson City, Nevada, in 1870 and closed in 1893; the mint mark is CC. A mint was also established at Dahlonega, Ga., in 1838 and closed in 1861; mark D. One of the smallest mints is in San Francisco; mint mark S. The last mint established was in Denver in 1906; mint mark D.

The Philadelphia mint was established April 2, 1792. Only a few coins were struck in the latter part of the year. The *half dime* was supposed to bear a picture of Martha Washington. This coin was struck from George Washington's private silver plates. These were the first coins struck by the colonial government and were exceedingly rare. In 1793 the first half cents and cents were struck. The first half dimes, half dollars and dollars were struck in 1794, the following year five and ten dollar gold pieces were struck. In 1796 the first dimes, quarters and quarter eagles (\$2.50) gold pieces were made. These coins are rare as the coinage was rather small and many of the coins have been lost or destroyed. If you find some of these, keep them. One motto to remember is, "Always look at your change." You never can tell when a rare coin will turn up.

(I obtained some of this information from various coins and catalogues plus some of my own information.)

MARTIN LENICH, 17, lodge 209  
700 Sandford Ave., Nokomis, Ill.

#### THE NEW YEAR

The old year has gone by,  
The new year just came in,  
Let's all rejoice, with a grin,  
Because of what it has been.

Let's hope the new year'll be swell,  
Although, in these days, you can never tell,  
Across the sea there is sorrow and dread,  
Times are tough, dreary, so many underfed.

MARGAGET POLONCIC, 14, lodge 124  
R. F. D. No. 2, Union Dale, Pa.

#### JUST A FEW MORE JOKES

The small son of a workman who had met with an accident said he did not know when his father would be fit for work again—" 'cause compensations set in."

Friend: "Why, Polmetto, where have you been? You've got two black eyes."

Palmetto: "I was at a party last night. I could have gotten a lot more only I didn't have any place to put them."

A woman was having difficulty in teaching the new Chinese servant how to receive calling cards. The woman went outside and entered her own front door, giving the Chinaman a card.

The next day two women callers presented their cards. Comparing them with that of his employer, the Chinaman replied:

"Tickets no good. Can't come in."

MARGARET POLONCIC, 14, lodge 124  
R. F. D. No. 2, Union Dale, Pa.

#### DISHES ON THANKSGIVING

Oh, how I hate to do the dishes,  
Specially Thanksgiving dishes.  
Sometimes I want to run and play  
But order comes: "To work, not play!"

While I stay at home and wash and wipe,  
Mary goes out with friend Dot White.  
I remember when last Thanksgiving was,  
We invited relatives and also Fuzz.

I washed dishes till I couldn't see straight,  
When I got done it was very, very late.  
How I hate to do dishes and more dishes;  
Why, I ask you, does there have to be dishes?  
DOROTHY SKERBETZ, 11, lodge 176  
Box 7, Piney Fork, Ohio.

#### NEW YEAR'S DAY

When we celebrate the first day of the new year, we are following a custom that dates back to the very dawn of civilization; for nearly all peoples have observed a new year's celebration, though the time has varied widely—sometimes as early as the autumnal equinox (about Sept.

21) and sometimes as late as Midsummer's Day (June 22).

If we could travel around the world on a magic carpet and peep at the new year celebrations in the various countries, what a wonderful variety of customs we should find! If you were in China you might think that the Chinese were celebrating all their holidays for the year at once, for they close their feasts with fireworks and general exchange of gifts and good wishes.

In America the observance of New Year's Day is as varied as the character of the people that make up the New World. Each city and rural district has its New Year's Eve "watch night," its dancing and theater parties. And of course, New Year's Day is a time for general entertaining and visiting.

ANNIE CRETNIK, 15, lodge 24  
R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.

#### HISTORICAL EVENTS AND BIRTHDAYS

January 7, 1927—First telephone across Atlantic.

January 15, 1831—First practical locomotive.

January 20, 1937—Franklin Delano Roosevelt inaugurated.

January 1, 1735—Paul Revere (born).

January 18, 1782—Daniel Webster (born).

January 19, 1807—General Robert E. Lee.

January 21, 1824—General "Stonewall" Jackson.

January 29, 1843—William McKinley.

January 30, 1882—Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

ANNIE CRETNIK, 15, lodge 24  
R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.

#### OUR "WEENIE" ROAST

Summer was waning and with the coming of fall our "gang" turned their thoughts to the yearly event—our "weenie roast."

"Jackie," one of our group, suggested that we go to Davidson's Farm. She was very enthusiastic about the place, and since her father knew Mr. Davidson she felt quite sure that we could get permission to camp on the ground if we'd clear up the place before we left.

We appointed Jackie to ask Mr. Davidson if we could use the farm. He was very kind and said that we could if we'd be careful not to make any dirt.

It was decided one evening at a conference at my house that we'd hold our roast on Saturday, Oct. 25.

We girls grouped ourselves in various committees to make sure that no little detail of the roast escaped our attention. I being more of the housekeeper type decided to turn my efforts to serving refreshments.

The following days found our gang a very busy group. The only thought that troubled us was whether it would be a nice evening.

Happily enough it was a beautiful clear evening and the gang set out in eager spirits.

There were fourteen of us including Do-Do's mother who acted as chaperon.



HOME ENTERTAINMENT

Drawn by Mildred Hotko, age 16, Oglesby, Ill.  
Lodge 95.

We drove up in an old tin lizie which had seen happier days. Once out of the car we stretched our limbs and soon were busily engaged rounding up some of the fellows who had gone exploring an old well nearby.

With the aid of the boys we soon had a blazing fire built and settled down playing games such as spelling bees, etc. Soon we grew tired of this and as it was almost ten thirty we decided to get started on the meal. And what a meal it was! There were weenies and buns, hot steaming coffee, pop, chocolate cake and assorted chocolate candy. Mr. Davidson's wife had even provided some cooked corn for us.

We lingered over the meal and soon Tom started to tell ghost stories. This seemed to be a signal for shivers and thrills. We all took our turns at telling the stories. The cry of a dog far off on the farm, and the distant tooting of an owl set up an eerie accompaniment to the story telling.

After we had run out of ghost stories some of the boys got out their ancient instrument and wheezed out some music. Oh boy! what fun we had singing everything from "Maggie" to the "Beer Barrel Polka." We even had a few impersonations by Mary and Dot.

The time passed all too quickly and we could hardly believe our own eyes when we saw that it was almost twelve thirty. As it was Sunday the next day we decided to stay until one o'clock at the very latest. In reality it was one fifteen when we left.

First we made sure that we hadn't left any of our dirt around the place, and then we piled into the cars. We sang all the way home and I dare say that we may have awakened some sleepy residents with our lusty singing though Do-do's mother reminded us that it was late.

As we bade each other good night we all agreed that we had had a wonderful time.

VIOLET MAE MASLEK, age 16, lodge 122  
341 Park St., Aliquippa, Pa.

### JUMBLED STATES

1, abalmaa; 2, lifroad; 3, ogigear; 4, sansak; 5, tencykuk; 6, loanusaii; 7, danmaylr; 8, amine; 9, himcanig; 10, nestmoina; 11, isipsipsims; 12, red-dashlion; 13, daneva; 14, askbaren; 15, notaman; 16, sewhimnapher; 17, Sirsimou; 18, oiaw; 19, dinaina; 20, stutsachesams.

21, mixweecon; 22, wenkroy; 23, carnationlorh; 24, onegro; 25, nanyslipvean; 26, exsat; 27, atuh; 28, avigiren; 29, vemtorn; 30, teensnees; 31, out-hotadask; 32, 32, sinnaghtnow; 33, migwony; 34, sinwonsic; 35, gingviawetsir; 36, caroilutahson; 37, oohi; 38, sililoin; 39, tencuctanoci; 40, asaskran.

41, dealwaer; 42, foilacran; 43, oinazar; 44, cool-road; 45, ahoid; 46, torntoadkah; 47, neeryjews; 48, koalhoam.

ANSWERS: 1, Alabama; 2, Florida; 3, Georgia; 4, Kansas; 5, Kentucky; 6, Louisiana; 7, Maryland; 8, Maine; 9, Michigan; 10, Minnesota; 11, Mississippi; 12, Rhode Island; 13, Nevada; 14, Nebraska; 15, Montana; 16, New Hampshire; 17, Missouri; 18, Iowa; 19, Indiana; 20, Massachusetts.

21, New Mexico; 22, New York; 23, North Carolina; 24, Oregon; 25, Pennsylvania; 26, Texas; 27, Utah; 28, Virginia; 29, Vermont; 30, Tennessee; 31, South Dakota; 32, Washington; 33, Wyoming; 34, Wisconsin; 35, West Virginia; 36, South Carolina; 37, Ohio; 38, Illinois; 39, Connecticut; 40, Arkansas.

41, Delaware; 42, California; 43, Arizona; 44, Colorado; 45, Idaho; 46, North Dakota; 47, New Jersey; 48, Oklahoma.

LOUIS NOVAK, 12, lodge 490  
9118 Burley Avenue  
So. Chicago, Ill.

### WINTER SPORTS

Sleighting, skating, that's some mirt,  
Young and old, you know, are all alert.  
Frisky skating, rushing, on the ice,  
Makes cheeks rosy; yes, and quite nice.

Sleighting down an icy long hill,  
Sometimes you may take a nice spill.  
It's lots of fun, and sport as well,  
Winter offers much and all is well.

MARGARET POLONCIC, 14, lodge 124  
R. F. D. 2, Union Dale, Pa.

### NEW AND OLD JOKES

Teacher: "I hope I didn't see you looking at Betty's paper!"

Frank: "I hope you didn't, too!"

Oliver: "My, hasn't that cow got a lovely coat?"

Farmer: "Yes, it's a Jersey."

Oliver: "I thought it was the cow's skin."

John: "Have you sharpened all of those tools that we left in the barn?"

(Continued on page 31.)



Drawn by Ava Krizay, age 14, Salem, O.  
Circle No. 7



## Our Own Juvenile Circles of the S. N. P. J.



*Send all your questions and requests for your Juvenile Circles to Mr. Vincent Cainkar, president of the SNPJ, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. He has been appointed the Director of Juvenile Circles, and your Advisers should keep in touch with him.*

### A Message from the Juvenile Director

Although this is my first contribution to the **Mladinski List** and my opening message to you, I can truthfully state that I feel as though I were entering into "something" that has been one of my ambitions for a long, long time. I can assure you that I feel quite at home in these surroundings and not in the least a stranger to your principles and ideals, your work, and your splendid progress.



**M. Vrhovnik**

For a number of years I have been a follower of your activities and a keenly interested reader of the **Mladinski List**. Always, when I laid it aside, I did so with the realization that here was a juvenile magazine that every member should be mighty proud of, a literary publication that every member regardless of age should make use of, a medium of expression I hoped some day would fall to the lot of thousands of boys and girls not yet members of the SNPJ.

Thanks to the Committees and the Conventions for the consummation of the

merger of the SSPZ and the SNPJ, for through this important union several thousand members are today enriched with an inheritance that will surely awaken fresh ambition and inspire in them loftier ideals and achievements. In behalf of myself and the members of the former SSPZ, I wish to say to you who have long been boosters and workers of the SNPJ, "We're glad to be with you under the same banner, and we're ready and willing to cooperate with you to the fullest measure of our energy and ability, and share with you the duties as well as the privileges that make the SNPJ one of the biggest, strongest and most active fraternal organizations in these United States of America."

To the boys and girls, who have been ushered into the SNPJ through the merger, the opening of this avenue of literary expression and appreciation will, no doubt, be a cherished opportunity, the beginning of new and thrilling adventures. We sincerely hope it will be that way. We invite you to join with us in writing regularly for the **Mladinski List**. We urge you to send in news of your social and sports events, original stories, poems, drawings, puzzles, suggestions and

ideas of all kinds. Here you are presented with an opportunity to contribute to the composition of a truly fine magazine, one that has color, variety and rich rewards. Take advantage of it. Make use of it to the best of your knowledge, experiences and imagination. Not only is this invitation extended to juvenile members throughout the jurisdiction of the organization, but to the adults as well. If you have a message that rings with "youngster" appeal, something that will stir the imagination and interest of our boys and girls, do not hesitate to send it to the Editor.

On this momentous occasion, it is fitting and proper that words of special encouragement be given to the leaders and members of the former SSPZ. I hope you will not misunderstand the purpose of this emphasis. It is only natural that we expect them to remain active, attend meetings, stage social affairs, promote sports events, participate in contests, enroll new members, write for the **Mladinski List** and the **Prosveta**, etc. . . . We are particularly anxious to see them join hands with their **Circle** brothers and sisters, uniting with them wherever such combination is desirable and practical, and cooperating with one another wherever more than one Circle can be supported without loss to the organization. To each individual member, we appeal to stand by and for the **SNPJ**. Unity and loyalty are essential to sound progress. **Fraternalism**, as we have always been taught to believe, **means the same thing in every organization, every nationality, and every race of people**. Therefore, it should be far from difficult for us to cooperate with each other and be loyal to principles and ideals, the aims of which are to increase and insure mutual benefits. Where there is **loyalty, unity and friendliness**, there you will also find **GOOD WILL**. The meaning of these words, blended together in useful work, will harmonize the tone of our combined efforts to such a degree of superlativeness that no one, not even the stone-deaf, not even the totally blind, will fail to stand at attention and admire and respect **us**, the **SNPJ**.

A new year dawns upon us and with it new roads of opportunity and adventure will be opened to us. New resolutions, or old ones renewed, will be kept or broken. Plans will

be formulated and programs of various kinds will be staged. Good deeds as well as bad will share the spotlight as the months of the year roll by. Some will achieve fame and honor while others will fail, become discouraged and forgotten. The great majority, however, will be the masses, who will keep plugging steadily along, working hard to keep a roof over their heads and to retain or regain good health and a small measure of happiness and security . . . To you boys and girls, who have a certain amount of talent and ambition to do great things, remember that worthwhile achievements do not just happen; they are made possible through long hours of preparation, through study, thought and hard work.

Many of you, I know, are anxiously awaiting some word of a program of activity for 1942 from your Juvenile Director. You are expecting great things to be accomplished now that you have someone on the Supreme Board who shall devote much of his time in the study and promotion of activities. You have every right to feel that way. On the other hand, you, likewise, are expected to outdo your previous marks of achievement and so, as we begin the new year together, the only way we can keep from disappointing each other is to "pitch" in and do our level best no matter what the task before us. I intend not to propose changes in the present set-up of the Juvenile Circles without first ascertaining that it is willed so by the majority. In other words, the Supreme Board and you, who form the general membership of the Society, shall be my guide. From you, especially, do I hope to learn what you need, what you desire and what you are capable of performing successfully. You can trust that the **good** that is in you will be given ample opportunity to blossom forth in full bloom and like the seeds of flowers spread into the gardens of **SNPJ** youth all over the country.

The many fine traditions of the Society, we shall strive to keep alive. The principles and ideals, which have been cultivated by the pioneers and those who have succeeded them, shall be upheld to the best of our knowledge and present-day understanding of them. Improvement, we shall have no fear to suggest, wherever there is room for improvement.

Constantly we shall be on the lookout for ideas and suggestions that will make ours a better Society, that will help you to take a greater interest in the aims and purpose of the SNPJ, that will help you to absorb more quickly what it is striving to do for you and encourage you to assume, voluntarily, the duties and obligations which every loyal member should assume gladly without reservations. A motto that stands high in my estimation and one which I suggest we adopt for immediate use is: **Make friends for the SNPJ everywhere.**

The last Convention of the SNPJ approved a program of juvenile activities as recommendations to the Supreme Board. This program is an extensive one for it covers almost every known field of fraternal endeavor for juvenile members. There is enough in it to keep us all busy for the next four years. The Convention, however, has only pointed out the general direction. Choosing the right course and how it shall be steered has been left in your hands and mine, and that of the Supreme Board. By the time the next edition of the **Mladinski List** is ready to speed to its many destinations, the course will have been picked and the steering begun . . . Until then, good luck to you, and may every day of the NEW YEAR be a Happy one for you and enrich you with some worthwhile thought, or some worthwhile deed, well done.

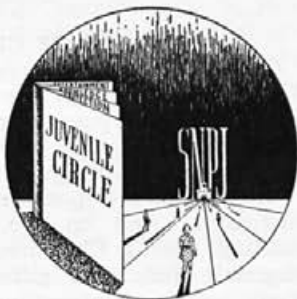
MICHAEL VRHOVNIK, Director  
of the SNPJ Juvenile Department.

#### JOLLY KANSANS CIRCLE 11

GIRARD, KANS.—The regular monthly meeting of the Jolly Kansans Circle, No. 11, was held at Bro. Shular's home on Nov. 2. Quite a few members were present at this meeting.

The Secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were approved.

The Secretary also read a letter from the Secretary of Circle 7, Girard, Ohio. She said she would like to receive a reply from our Circle. She also sent a letter to another Circle but they didn't answer. We wish to thank the Secretary of Circle 7 for the nice compliments she gave about our Circle.



Prizes were won by Jimmie Haviland, Mary Eileen Haviland, John Zibert, and Frances Kumer. Plans were discussed about having a Christmas program. Presents are going to be given to children. Music was furnished by John Zibert playing his accordion. Refreshments were served after the meeting.

We urge all members to come to the next meeting which will be held on January 4, 1942. The place will be decided at the Dec. 7 meeting. We need more cooperation, and the members can give more cooperation to keep up the Circle.

Our wiener roast was held at Sterle's farm Oct. 7. When the members had their fill, the remainder of the wieners went to the hungry dog. We wish to thank the adult members for helping the Circle.

Well, this is all for this time. All members are urged to attend the next meeting. (I am 16 and a member of lodge 434.)

JENNIE LAMPE, Circle 11  
R. R. 3, Box 863, Girard, Kans.

#### JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 25

DELAGUA, COLO.—On Oct. 12, our Circle 25 held its regular meeting at the Longfellow School. We had visitors from Circles No. 1 and No. 20, of Walsenburg and Aguilar, respectively. The meeting started at 10:30 in the morning. It was an interesting meeting.

The meeting was conducted by Sister Ann Harvatin. Present at this meeting was also Brother Edward Tomsic of Walsenburg, who gave an interesting talk. Sister Frances Kosernik of Aguilar also gave a speech.

We also had a program presented by different individuals. Instrumental selections were given by Margaret Milita, Joe Arnoi and Verna Mae Duzenack; vocal selections were rendered by Mitzi Kosernik; clarinet solo by Charlie Montero.

After the meeting was adjourned, refreshments were served by Eda Montero, Josephine Anselmo, Margaret Milita, Ann Harvatin and Marie Brogazzi. A few members of Circle 25 delivered short addresses. Then we danced and had a good time.

Our next meeting was held on Nov. 9. At this meeting we discussed plans for our future affairs. Our Circle was planning to hold a Christmas party. All this was decided at the November meeting.

MARIE BROGAZZI, Circle No. 25  
Box 371, Delagua, Colorado.

#### ACTIVITIES OF CIRCLE NO. 22

McDONALD, PA.—On Sunday, Nov. 30, our Juvenile Circle "Voice of Youth," No. 22 SNPJ, presented a three act play, "Here Comes Charlie," at the Slovene Home at Sygan, Pa., and it was a great success.

A big crowd attended the play. We had a good time at Sygan, and our play was a decided success because of the diligent work put in it by our manager and the cast. I might mention that

## OUR YOUTH IN MINNESOTA



Above is a group of the SNPJ juveniles at Eveleth, Minn., members of the lodges Nos. 69, 130 and 650. The picture was taken in front of the SNPJ Hall, which is owned by our Eveleth lodges, after a patriotic parade in which the SNPJ lodges were represented by the above group.

Sister Ursula Ambrozich sending this photo to the ML writes: "We have about 200 juvenile members belonging to three local SNPJ lodges. In the near future I am going to organize a Juvenile Circle which, I am sure, will be of credit to our organization."

Members from left to right are: front row—William Resman, Louis Steblay, Fred Kokaly; back row—Floyde Kokaly, Edward Oswald, Rosemarie Strukel, Dorothy Lokso, Rosemarie Rakovina, Helen Kuslon, Dorothy Striner, Eleanor Beutz, Mary Stible, Margery Zbosnik, Marie Buttala, Dorothy Zbosnik, Celcita Kuslon, Marcella Rozinka, Eleanor Rozinka, Dorothy Bertholm, Ronald Rozinka, Nickolas Polak.

the play was originally presented in Midway several months ago, with equal success.

For Christmas our Circle was planning to give presents to members at the regular monthly meeting on Dec. 19. Of course, the gift-giving part of the session was scheduled to take place after the meeting proper. And for Dec. 20 a dance was planned at the hall, also grab-bag presents were to be given.

Our Circle meets on the last Friday of each month at the SNPJ Hall in Midway, Pa. The next regular meeting will therefore take place on January 30. As this will be our first meeting of the year 1942, all members are expected to attend.

VIRGINIA BARTON, Circle 22  
R. D. 4, McDonald, Pa.

#### COMBINED PARTY OF THREE CIRCLES

DELAGUA, COLO.—Three Juvenile Circle of the SNPJ in southern Colorado, namely, Circle 25, Circle 20 and Circle 1 (Delagua, Aguilar and Walsenburg, respectively), presented a combined program on Dec. 14 at Delagua. It was a Christmas party and the children had a real good time.

We had lots of fun at this party. We were glad to see the Senior Lodges of this district cooperate with us. Of course, nice presents were given to the juveniles attending. Managers Ed Tomsic,

Frances Kosernik and Joseph Prunk were in charge of the party.

Circle 25 holds its regular monthly meeting on the second Sunday of the month at 10 o'clock in the morning. The January meeting will be held on Jan. 11. All members are urged to be present. At this meeting plans will be discussed for another successful year. A Happy New Year to one and all.

A MEMBER of Circle 25  
Delagua, Colorado.

#### REPORT OF CIRCLE NO. 7

GIRARD, O.—Our Juvenile Circle, "Dawn of Youth," No. 7 SNPJ, has had a very busy year which has just passed into history. We held many parties, dances, excursions and trips. We traveled to Pittsburgh, Sharon and Youngstown.

On Nov. 22 we sponsored a dance; it was very successful. And on Dec. 13 we had a special meeting, also a Christmas party. We meet at Nagoda's Hall. The gift-exchange at the Yule Party was very interesting as well as successful. Many juveniles were present at the party.

Our manager is Frank Rezek; Mary Selak and Louis Racick Sr. are assistant managers. Our Circle meets on the fourth Sunday of the month at Nagoda's in Avon Park. The next and first 1942 meeting will be held on January 23. All members are urged and requested to attend.

# Vrabec z izstriženim jezikom

Po japonski pravljici priredil G. K.

V deželi lotosa sta nekoč živela dva otroka — mali Taro in mala Okaku. Mali Taro je bil priden deček in ni lovil metuljev, ne mučil hroščev, ne tekal za cunjarjem Kami Kudzujem ter mu dalj primke. A mala Okaku, ki je bila lepa kot rožnata krizantema, po kateri so jo imenovali, je bila dokaj poredna deklica. Ni se ji hotelo meti prosa, ne paziti na vrt z melonami, ne nositi očkovega suknjiča. Mamica ji je pogosto očitala: "Pes nam varuje hišo, krava nam daje to in ono: mačka preži na miši, samo ti nisi nič prida."

Neki dan je priskakljal k hiši izgubljen vrabec. Mati je odgrnila okensko zaveso ter ga spustila v sobo. Taro ga je prijel ter mu pri ognjišču osušil mokro perje. Nato so mu dali jesti riža in vrabec je ostal pri hiši. Ves dan je po svoje čivkal ter jim delal kratek čas. Kakor hitro se je prikazala zjutraj zarja nad gorami, že je bil pokonec in jel buditi ljudi na delo. Mali Akaku pa vrabec ni bil prav nič pogodu. Morda ravno zato ne, ker je bil tako priden in je tako zgodaj vstajal. Ko je neki dan mamica delala škrob in likala perilo, je vrabec prijazno sedel na podstavek likalnika. Zadovoljno je zapel svojo navadno melodijo. Malopridna Okaku pa ga ujame ter mu s škarjami izstriže jezik! Brez glasu je ubogi ptiček pobegnul skozi okno in čez ulico pa preko travnikov — daleč, daleč.

Taro se je silno ujezil nad sestrico, ko je zvedel, kaj je bila storila. Pa tudi neznansko hudo mu je bilo in bridko se je razjokal. Sklenil je, da pojde po svetu ter poišče nesrečno živalico.

Neko jutro je povezal nekoliko kosov fiziološke kolača v materino ruto in se odpravil z doma. Potoval je čez hribe in doline, čez zelene gozdove in riževa polja. Ponoči je spal pod jelko, a ko se je jutro zasvitalo, je použil malo kolača in odrinil dalje . . . Kamor koli je prišel in kogar koli je srečal, vsakogar je vprašal: "Ali si morda videl nekega vrabca z izstriženim jezikom, našega ubogega vrabca?" Tako je vprašal zajca in jazbeca in poljsko miško. A nihče mu ni vedel ničesar povedati. Naposled je neki dan prišel do velikega črnega črička, ki se je sončil vrhu visoke konoplje.

"Oh, čriček," je vzkliknil Taro, "ali si morda videl nekega vrabca z izstriženim jezikom?"

Črni čriček pa ni rekel niti besedice in je samo malo pretegnil svoje nožice. Taro je že hotel odriniti naprej. Zdaj pa je čriček zdrsnil s stebila

in zletel proti gori tik pred dečkom. "To pomeni, naj grem za njim," si je mislil Taro in jo mahnil za čričkom. Ko je čriček priletel na vrh gore, se je ustavil pri neki ograji in začel zobati proso, ki je raslo ondi. Tudi deček se je ustavil in se razgledal okoli sebe. In kaj mislite, kaj je videl pred seboj?

Na vrhu gore je bil krasen vrt. Sredi vrta je bil ribnik in okoli njega lotos ob lotosu. In krog in krog je raslo cvetoče drevje — breskve, češnje in slive — in močne vonjave so se širile vse naokoli. V neki ljubki slamnati hišici v duplini breskve je stanoval vrabec z izstriženim jezikom in vsa njegova drobna družinica. Nič več ni žaloval, čisto srečen je bil in silno se je razveselil, ko je zagledal dobrega dečka. Povabil ga je k svojemu gnezdu in Taro je pogostil drobno družinico s sladkim kolačem. Ko so se najedli, je vrabec prinesel dečku dve košarici, eno veliko in eno majhno.

"Rad bi dal majhen dar, Taro," je rekel vrabec. "Katero košarico si izbereš?"

Taro je bil vljuden dečko in si je izbral manjšo košarico. Lepo se je zahvalil vrabcu in se odpravil proti domu. In ko je hodil, je njegova košarica postajala težja in težja. Kakor hitro je prišel domov, je radovedno odgrnil pokrivalo s košarice in pogledal, kaj je notri. In zagledal je v nji igrače vsake vrste, rdeče zmaje in brneče volkove, prožne žoge in opice iz riževe slame; nadalje je dobil v košarici bale lesketajoče se svile in polne vrečice zlata. In vse to je bilo zdaj njegovo!

"Kje pa je zdaj tisti vrabec?" je vprašala malopridna Okaku. "Žal mi je, da sem mu izstrigla jezik."

In Taro ji je povedal pot. Mala Okaku je na mah odrinila čez hribe in doline in srečno dospela na vrh čarobne gore. Hitro je poiskala hišico nesrečnega vrabca. Tudi deklico je vrabec povabil, naj pride k njemu in tudi njej je ponudil dve košarici. Lakomna Okaku je seveda takoj segla po večji košarici. Od veselja je pozabila zahvaliti se in jo ubrala polna upanja proti domu. A ko je prišla domov in odprla košaro — strah in groza! Namesto igrač in svile in zlata je skočil iz košare cel trop zlobnih škratov. Zakačili so se v deklico, jo jeli vleči za lase, ji praskati obraz in ji cviliti v ušesa. Nazadnje so jo pograbili ter odleteli z njo skozi okno. Brez duha in sluha so izginili z njo in nihče ni vedel, kam so jo odnesli.

Čez dolgo, dolgo časa so jo črni škrtatje prinesli nazaj nesrečni mamici in dobremu bratcu. To pa se je zgodilo šele tedaj, ko se je odvadila svojih grdih razvad in je postala prijazna do vsakega bitja — in tudi do drobnega vrabca.

It is much easier to ask and do it right, than to guess and do it wrong.

In order to make our Circle even stronger and bigger, it is necessary that we attend all meetings. Also, we must try to bring in new members. We must continue our activities on all fronts. This way we will attract others to join us.

CIRCLE "Dawn of Youth," No. 7  
Girard (Avon Park), Ohio.

# Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

## HER FAVORITE PASTIME



Drawn by  
Zita Bozanic, 14,  
Worcester, N. Y., Lodge 393

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years old and a freshman in Union High School. Incidentally, this is my first letter to the Mladinski List, but I have contributed to "Our School" several articles in the past. Reading the ML is one of my favorite pastimes.

My hobby is collecting match folders. It is very interesting to count the different kinds that I have. Some of them are from many states. Now my collection numbers over 500. I would appreciate it very much if any of the other members would write me letters and send me a match top from where they live. I'll answer all letters promptly.

As I am writing this letter, Thanksgiving is just around the corner and Christmas is not far away. Also, New Year's Day is fast approaching, then the year 1942 will make its entrance. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to one and all. I'll write more next time.—*Agnes Saloum*, R. F. D. No. 1, Bulger, Pa.

## WINTER BRINGS JOY

Dear Editor:—I am 13 years of age, and am in the eighth grade. I am a member of the SNPJ lodge 680, Verona, Pa. On Nov. 15, the Veronians celebrated their victory with a victory dance at the American Legion hall. The Veronians are the SNPJ softball champions.

Thinking of December reminds me of Christmas and many beautiful toys. I guess many children enjoy Christmas as I do, because on that day there is no school and because Santa will fill their stockings and bring them many toys. Christmas makes me think of the happy children playing with the snow, making snowmen, sled riding, and ice skating.

December reminds me also of New Year's Day, which comes a week after Christmas. Each year towards the end of the year we celebrate three important holidays—Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. A very merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all.—*Matilda Doles*, 110 West R. R. Ave., Verona, Pa. (Lodge 680)

## ANTHONY LIKES FOOTBALL

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am sorry I did not write sooner. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade at Penn Treaty Junior High School. My favorite sport is football and my favorite team Notre Dame. I would like to have some pen pals. If I get any letters I will try to be prompt in an-

swering them. A hopeful member of SNPJ lodge 284. Best regards to all readers and writers of the M. L.—*Anthony Mahnich*, 2575 E. Huntingdon St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## WILL MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to the Mladinski List for such a long time that I am quite ashamed of myself. But I'll try to make up for lost time in the future. During the winter months I'll have more time to write.

I have been kept quite busy now since school has started. I have three new teachers in high school, and two are the same ones as were last year. I have Miss Williams for English II, Miss Biesel for Bookkeeping, Mr. McEnerney for Plane Geometry and Mr. Fox for World History. I like them all quite well.

By the time this letter is published Thanksgiving will already have gone. But I do hope each and everyone had a very nice Thanksgiving. And soon another great holiday will be here—Christmas. I know that everyone wishes that it would hurry and come, because that is a time for everyone to be happy and make merry. (I hope the ML in which this letter appears will come before the holidays.)

I wish to say hello to all of my Pen Pals. I am wondering why Julia Tavzelj doesn't write to me any more. Before closing this letter I want to wish each and everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Best regards to one and all.—*Rose Strovos*, Box 153, Rugby, Colo. (Lodge 299, Circle 1).

## LIKES "JANKO IN METKA"

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I have written a letter last year. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. There are thirty-two children in my room. Last year I only had one teacher. Her name was Mrs. Gradisek.

I enjoy reading the M. L. I like the story of "Janko in Metka," and I like the drawings. I also like to read the letters, jokes, stories, and puzzles.

I am very glad that Christmas is coming. We are going to have a Christmas tree in our house. We had a tree every year. Santa Claus was very good to me; he brought me everything I wanted, through my parents, of course. Best regards to one and all, also the season's greetings.—*Sylvia Potisek*, Hutchenson Mine, Rillton, Pa.

## ENJOYS READING THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 13 years old and in the 8th grade. I have one brother, he is 3 years old. My father, mother, brother and I all belong to SNPJ lodge 559.

I always enjoy reading the Mladinski List. But I never wrote a letter to the ML before. One day I was thinking that "if everyone were like me," and did not write, there would be no Pen

Pals Page and no Our School column in the M. L. So I took time out to write a few lines.

I would like to hear from a few pen pals. I will close now and will write more next time. A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to one and all.—*Naomi Kranker*, 5657 W. Grand Ave., Chicago, Ill.

#### BAZAAR BRINGS HER \$8

Dear Editor:—Well, I broke my promise, but I'll try to start over again. The promise that I am talking about is—to write to this fine magazine regularly. I enjoy reading the ML very much, and I know the rest of the members like it, too.

There was a bazaar in Aguilar recently. The grand prize was fifty dollars. I sold the lucky number for the prize and John Cehee won it. The other prizes were coal, blanket, beer, etc. My sister won the 1½ ton of coal. The man who won the grand prize gave me eighth dollars! Not hard to take, eh?

The bazaar was held at the Aguilar High School gymnasium. It lasted three days. The Junior Hi of Aguilar played against Rice School of Trinidad. The score was—in favor of —. The reason I am bringing up the matter of football is because I am in Junior Hi.

The weather has been pretty good this fall. In the night it is snowing very hard; not always, though, only sometimes. But when I wake up in the morning, the sun is shining and the snow disappears. I wish there would be about four or five feet of snow. It would be lots of fun, maybe. Best regards to all and a very Merry Christmas to one and all.—*Josephine Kosernick*, Box 199, Aguilar, Colo. (Lodge 381, Circle 20)

#### "THIS FINE MAGAZINE"

Dear Editor:—Gee, it's been such a long time since I've written to this fine magazine. But as I am writing this letter on the last day of November, I hope it will reach you in time for the January number of the Mladinski List.

Last summer I went to see Roy Rogers, his horse and Fritzie Zivic in person. And boy! is Roy handsome. His horse is very beautiful.

I am in the 9th grade. I am getting along fine in school. The subjects I take are English, Modern Business, Science, Art, Home Economics, Gym, Health, Civics, Mathematics. I am a member of SNPJ lodge 88.

I want to say hello to all my pen pals. If I haven't answered your letter please be patient. Best regards to all.—*Anna Mele* (age 15), Box 311, Moon Run, Pa.

#### "AS IN 'LIL' ABNER"

Dear Editor:—I have been reading this interesting magazine for many years, but this is my first letter to the Mladinski List. My only regret is that I haven't written before.

I am fifteen years old and am a sophomore in high school. My lessons and I have been getting along fine, so far. Last week the Juniors held a

Sadie Hawkins dance. At this dance, as in Li'l Abner (the popular comic strip), the girls "chased" the boys; rather, they asked the boys for dances. This dance was very successful and I only hope our next dance turns out as well.

Although our town is small many things happen here. Just this week, November 10, there was a large gas explosion at the Davis Coal and Coke Co., Mine No. 23, in which three persons were killed and Andy Susman, a Slovene, is in the hospital in a critical condition. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

I guess I have written enough this time and I would like very much to have a lot of pen pals. I'll be waiting for your letters, girls, and boys too. Kindest regards to all.—*Olga Osretkar*, Box 100, Thomas, W. Va. (Lodge 29, Circle 16)

#### HIS FAVORITE MAGAZINE

Dear Editor:—The Mladinski List is my favorite magazine. I will never forget it. I enjoy everything in it, and I believe everything written in it is true. Soon 1941 will be over. I hope that everyone will have a happy and worthy New Year, 1942.—*Dan Gostovich* (age 10), Box 531, Raton, New Mexico. (Lodge 297)

#### MY RESOLUTION

Dear Editor:—One of my resolutions will be to write to the M. L. every month of the year of 1942.

The weather at the present in Arkansas is very warm (Nov. 28), just like a summer day. But everything seems so bare, the trees have lost all of their beautiful leaves, the grass—well, Jack Frost seems to have gotten it already. But later during the winter, we will have some beautiful scenery, with long icicles hanging down, white and pretty snow on the ground, and the beautiful snow buds will be coming around also.

We have played two games of basketball already at this time and have beaten both of them, which today is Nov. 28. We didn't lose a game last year and hope not to lose any this year, even though our coach, Mr. Spicer, of whom we are very proud, always wants us to play a clean and fair game.

Well, I guess the news has all been said. Closing with a greeting of good luck to one and all in the future days to come in the year 1942.—*Annie Cretnik* (age 15), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

#### MILDRED'S "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am interested in reading this fine magazine. My sister Annie is writing to it so I thought I would write every month also. I have a sister who is fifteen years old, another sister who is eight years old, a "big" brother sixteen years old, and another brother eleven years, and I am nine years old.

I think it is nice to be corresponding with pen pals. My sister is collecting postcards. She has nearly got one from every state. Best regards to

one and all.—*Mildred Cretnik*, R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

#### WILL WRITE EVERY MONTH

Dear Editor:—I will write to the Mladinski List every month in 1942. I go to Jenny Lind School. I am 11 years old and I am in the sixth grade. I have three teachers, Mr. Dunn, principal; Mr. Spicer, and Miss Webb, my homeroom teacher. I go in three different rooms.

I have five sisters: Mildred, 9 years old; Emilia, 8 years, Ella Mae, 1½ years; Annie, 15; Mary, 22 years. I have three brothers: Leo, 27 years, Tony, 25 years, and Johnnie, 16 years.

I will write more next time. Happy New Year to one and all.—*Willie Cretnik*, R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

#### FROM A "HARMONIZERS"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am ten years old and will be eleven on December 26. (By the time this letter is published I will be eleven). I am in the fifth grade. I take seven subjects arithmetic, language, reading, geography, hygiene, history, and spelling.

I am a member of the SNPJ lodge 700, "Harmonizers," and I am also a member of Circle 28. Enclosed you will find a picture of myself. It was taken at a Halloween masquerade party on October 19, 1941.

I am closing with best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year to everybody.—*Frank Lekse*, Box 465, Roundup, Montana.



*Frank Lekse* of the Roundup (Mont.) Lodge No. 465 out Halloween'ning" in girl's attire.

#### "NOT A BAD IDEA"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 11 years of age, and in the seventh grade. We had a big dinner on Thanksgiving Day. We invited many people. We had chicken instead of turkey. Everybody had a good time—but I didn't. I had a bad toothache and a headache. I didn't have to wash dishes because of my toothache. So I got away from dishes. It's not a bad idea if anybody wants to try it.

I'll close with regards to all. I would like to have some pen pals from different states far from Ohio. A proud SNPJ member—*Dorothy Skerbetz*, Box 7, Piney Fork, Ohio. (Lodge 176).

#### NEWS FROM MINNESOTA

Dear Editor:—Here I am again in the Pen Pal section of the Mladinski List. It seems to me I've been taking more school books home this year than any other year. Very seldom does a day go by without taking a book home.

The weather here has been quite fair for November. We have very little snow in Aurora (Nov. 25). I guess the weather will change any day.

Many people have gone from Aurora to larger cities. I have two brothers working in Cleveland, Ohio.

I was very glad to see the Minnesota Golden Gophers win all their football games. This is the second successive year the Gophers won all their games.

The basketball season has started now and I will be going to the Aurora High School games. I enjoy them immensely.

We had a three and a half days Thanksgiving vacation. Minnesota celebrated Thanksgiving on Nov. 20. Our next vacation is the Christmas-New Year vacation.

And now I'll say I hope everyone had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!—*Florence Alich* (14), Box 607, Aurora, Minn. (Lodge 111).

#### WANTED: MORE PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I wrote my first letter last summer and it was published in the August issue of the M. L. This is really a fine magazine, but we all know that more contributions would make it finer yet. So let's see more of you pen pals write.

I would like to get a letter from some of you pen pals. I will answer all letters when I hear from you. I am 15 years old. I am a sophomore at South Huntingdon High School. I take the following subjects: English, health, gym, algebra, biology, and Latin. My homeroom teacher is Miss Eckley.

I like to read and write letters, so I repeat that I would like to hear from you pen pals. I am writing this letter on November 12.

I want to say hello to the following pen pals: Stephania Kober from Jenners, Pennsylvania; Zora Gostovich from Raton, New Mexico; Annmarie Stubler from Lackawanna, New York; Mary Hevalo from Struthers, Ohio; Diane Mahnic from Cleveland, Ohio; Louise Lekse from Roundup, Montana; Agnes Lillian Spek from Absher, Montana; Margie Kopina from Cleveland, Ohio; Marilyn Mills from La Salle, Illinois, and from Rudolph Bellan and Frank Turkal.

By the way, Frank Turkal and Rudolph Bellan, let's see your letters in the M. L. I'll be looking to see your letters in the next Mladinski List issue, boys. I know you will write soon. Also you other pan pals.



I would like for you pen pals to answer my letter—Zora, Annmarie, Steffie, Rudy, Frank and a few more.

Since I am writing this letter on November 12, I know it can't appear in the December issue. Nevertheless, I wish all of you had a Merry Christmas. But it is possible that the January number of the M. L. will reach you just in time to wish you a Happy New Year.

I will close my letter now, hoping to hear from you pen pals. I also want to remind Frank Turkal and Rudolph Bellan that I'll see them at the first opportunity. My best regard to all.—Edward William Kroper, P. O. Box 384, Yukon, Pa.

P. S.: So many pen pals ask me for a picture, and I don't have enough to give all of my pen pals a picture. So the only way I could give them a picture, would be to have it in the M. L. I want to know what kind can I send in. And I also would like to know if I'll get the picture back.—E. K. (Either a photograph or snapshot will do, but the picture must be clear. If the original is blurred it will not reproduce well enough for publication.—Ed.)

## Find the Slovene Names

The following six Slovene names in the group of twelve were published in the americanized form in the last month's Mladinski List:

Sweet—Svete,  
Archer—Arhar,  
Andres—Andrejašič,  
Bruce—Brus,  
Shaw—Šavs,  
O'Corn—Okoren

This time the list of names will be shortened to eight, and four of these are "spoiled" Slovene ones. Which are they?

Sherman,	Philips,
Simms,	Gibbons,
Pike,	Russell,
Stimson,	Copriver.

### Not Really?

Teacher: "What animal hunts in packs?"  
William: "The customs inspector."



## OUR SCHOOL

(Continued from page 22.)

Asparagus: "All but de saw, chief. Ah ain't quite got all de notches out of it."

Jackie: "May I have tomorrow off, sir?"

New Boss: "Ah, yes. Your grandmother, I suppose?"

Jackie: "Exactly, sir. She's making her first parachute jump."

Mrs. Gones: "Those are mighty big oranges!"

Grocer: "Yes ma'am, it doesn't take many of those to make a dozen."

DOLORES UDOVICH, 12, lodge 573  
R. No. 1, Box 90, La Salle, Ill.

### A WINTER SCENE

Gently and softly the small snowflakes are falling,  
And silently to their myriad playmates calling.  
The ground is now covered with blankets of white,  
Packed by the tiny snowflakes merry and bright.

They cover the trees on the distant hill,  
Which makes them stand very solemn and still.  
The snow-capped peaks, snow-burdened trees,  
May soon be cooled by the chill mountain breeze.

The peaks, the trees, and the snow-covered hills,  
Send through your body a rapture of thrills.  
This sight may stay with you for many weeks,  
Then it may be covered with melting streaks.

ZORA GOSTOVICH, 13, lodge 297  
Box 531, Raton, New Mexico.

### A GLEAMING STAR

As I was looking out the window last night,  
I saw a lovely star twinkling with delight.  
It was looking at the dark still earth below,  
And seemed to think, "I hope of me they know."

To me it looked like a small joyous child,  
With a face so gentle, happy and mild.  
Its smile was filled with delicate charm,  
Like a child's when it is free from harm.

Peacefully and gently it began to disappear,  
But promised the next evening it would reappear.  
Thus ends my poem of this magnificent star,  
Which may be seen by all from near and far.

ZORA GOSTOVICH, 13, lodge 297  
Box 531, Raton, New Mexico.

### Try These Riddles

What is smaller than an ant's mouth? Its tongue, of course.

What flower by dropping its first letter becomes a suitor? Clover.

When is the best time to read a book? When autumn turns the leaves.

What goes into a house white and comes out red (read)? The family newspaper.

# Introducing Book Friends

By Betty Jartz

## RIVERS AND INVENTIONS

*Rivers of the World*, by Raymond Elms.

Rivers play a very important part in the lives of all of us. They drain our land, and permit cheap transportation to the central parts of the country. They give us water to drink, and the fish from their waters furnish us with food. If we look at a map we find that great populations have settled around rivers, lakes, oceans, and other bodies of water.

In the book, *Rivers of the World*, we are given an excellent account of all the important and historical rivers. The first river to be mentioned is the Colorado River. We learn that in 1540 a Spanish navigator, Hernando de Alarcon, was the first white man to see the Colorado. The Cliff Dwellers, an early civilization, lived on the ledges of the canyon of the Colorado. Interesting and important historical discoveries of early American Indian life have been made by unearthing the dwellings of this extinct race which once dwelt along the banks of this river.

You and I are interested mostly in what is being done to this river today. It wasn't so long ago that people—yes, even important government officials—maintained that floods were something that man couldn't do anything to prevent. Today this school of thought has been dramatically reversed. We want floods controlled, land irrigated, and power developed from our rivers. What's more, it can be done! What has all this to do with the Colorado River. The answer—Boulder Dam! This modern miracle was not completed until recent times. It is a gigantic structure: seven hundred and fifty feet high and one thousand feet along the crest of its brim. The land adjacent to this dam was once an idle desert. Today, farmers till this land and produce food for America.

Did you ever dream that a river could have such an interesting history? No? Well, just remember that the Colorado is just one river. There are many others; the Mississippi, Amazon, Danube, Yangtse Kiang River—and many others. The history of each is as interesting as that of the Colorado River, as you will soon see.

*The Boy's Own Book of Great Inventions*, by Floyd L. Darrow and Clarence J. Hylander.

This book which is written especially for boys, as the name implies, can be read by grown-ups to their advantage. I still can't see why grown-ups insist on their children reading good educational books, while they themselves waste their time on trash.

This book opens our eyes to the world around us which we take so much for granted. Take these written words, for instance. Man did not always print and read. How did all this come about. How does a magazine like this get printed? Well, this book informs us that printing was

first practiced in China. This early form of printing was expensive and slower than hand writing, because the blocks of wood with which the impressions were made had to be made by hand. The movable type, which was used to print the first book by Gutenberg, was an invention that did more for progress and culture than any other invention. From then on progress in printing developed rapidly. Take a walk through some printery after reading this chapter of this book in order to really appreciate how far man has advanced.

Inventions are not made entirely by one man. Every so often some one gets his name attached to a discovery; but in most all cases the inventor worked with the material which some one before him made available.

Take the telegraph, for instance. One might say that it was invented by Samuel F. B. Morse, but though that is accepted as true, he could not have achieved this success without the previous labors of Galvani, Volta, Oersted, and many other scientists. However, we cannot smirk and say that Morse was not responsible for a prodigious step forward in the progress of our civilization. He was a great man, stout of heart. He almost starved, because of his conviction that messages could be sent over a wire charged with electricity. People laughed at him and those who were in the position to help him refused to have anything to do with the "scientific toy." There are comparatively few people made of the stuff which keeps them doing regardless what happens. Morse was one of them. He knew that his invention would greatly benefit mankind, so he refused to give up. Finally the Congress of the United States appropriated the money to build a telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore. The first words to be despatched via Morse's invention were: "What hath God wrought."

From the invention of telegraph, the book takes us to the discovery of radio. Though Marconi is given the credit for this, all the preceding scientists share in making this modern means of entertainment and communication possible. I would like to add that the Yugoslav, Michael Pupin, made the progress to radio easier.

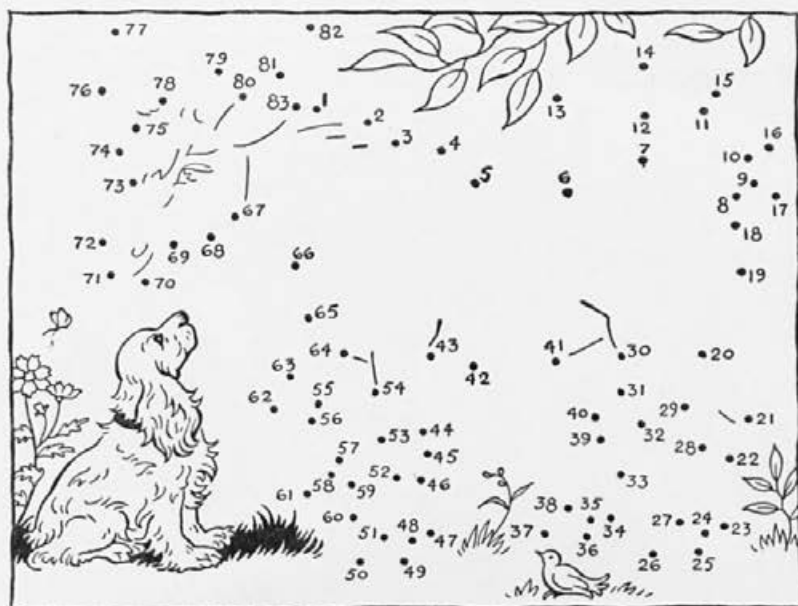
The book includes the stories of the gas engine, the airplane, photography, movies, and other inventions all of which help to make our life abundant and happy.

---

### Just Like Dad's

Barber: "Well, my little man, how do you wish to have your hair cut?"

Little Man: "I'd like it cut just like my daddy's and please don't forget to leave that little round hole on the top where his head comes through."



## DIZZIE DOT DRAWING PUZZLES

By HARVEY FULLER

Benjie our cocker spaniel observes that someone else also has long ears but that he is very different from himself. Draw a line from dot to dot to see that he is quite right.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON JUST FOR FUN PAGE:

#### Word Descriptions:

1—Huckleberry Finn; 2—Little Jack Horner; 3—Little Miss Muffet; 4—Old King Cole; 5—Little Red Riding Hood.

#### Knowledge Nudgers

1—(3); 2—(4); 3—(2); 4—(3); 5—(1).

#### Word Game

1—rowed, road, rode; 2—sent, scent, cent; 3—pare, pear, pair; 4—baron, barren; 5—bury, berry.

#### Memory Game

1—b; 2—a; 3—b; 4—b.

#### Word Builder

Date; Dote; Done; Dine; Dire; Tire; Tirl; Girl.

#### Two Whole Hours

Sandy Macpherson and Maggie, his wife, stopped in front of a restaurant window in which was hung a card bearing the words, "Luncheon from 12 to 2 p. m., 35c."

"We'll have our lunch here, Maggie," said Sandy. "Two whole hours' steady eating for 35c is not so bad."

#### Labor Saving

Visitor: "I see you raise hogs almost exclusively here. Do you find they pay better than corn and potatoes?"

Hill-Billy: "Wal, no. Yu' see, stranger, hawgs don't require no hoein'."

#### Geography

Little Nellie: "Mother, where do people go when they die?"

Mother: "I can't tell."

Nellie: "Why, mother, didn't you ever study geography?"

#### Let Her Drop

The teacher said she wanted all the little boys and girls to be very, very still—so still that they could hear a pin drop. Very soon all were silent and motionless. Suddenly an excited little voice cried out, "Now's your chance, teacher—let her drop!"

#### No Soup

Customer—I thought I saw some soup on the bill of fare.

Waiter—There was some but I wiped it off.

#### Miscellaneous

Teacher: "Now, Jimmy, we're going to take up words. I want you to use the word 'miscellaneous' correctly in a sentence."

Jimmy: "Churchill is the head in England and Miscellaneous the head man in Italy."

#### Retribution

The little boy ran into the house crying bitterly.

"What's wrong?" asked his sister.

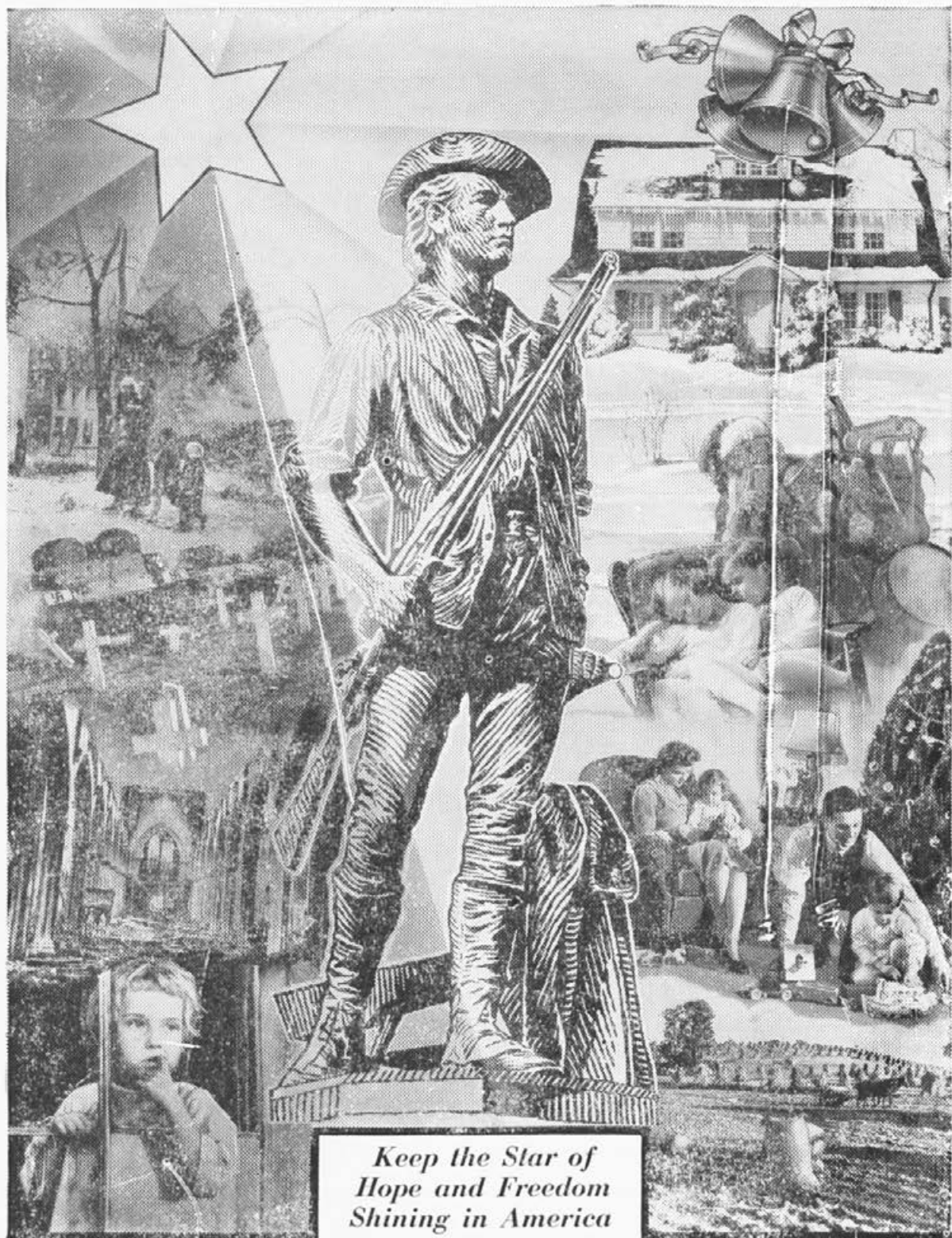
"That fellow out there hit me on the nose," came the tearful explanation.

"Well, why didn't you hit him back?"

"I hit him back first."

# What About Your Circle? Is It Active?

*Be Thankful--Be Merry--Be Happy--Because You Live in America*



*Keep the Star of  
Hope and Freedom  
Shining in America*

**BUY U. S. DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS**