

# MLADINSKI LIST



A JUVENILE MAGAZINE FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES  
**SEPTEMBER** **1940**

# MLADINSKI LIST

## JUVENILE



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Vsebina septembrske številke

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JUVENILE

LETO XIX—Št. 9

CHICAGO, ILL., SEPTEMBER, 1940

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## Symbols

*Little scraps of tousled wool,  
Little squares crocheted,  
Medallions tatted, towels stitched,  
Edgings slightly frayed,*

*Knitting on the needles,  
Embroidery on the hook,  
Pages folded carelessly  
From an arts craft book,—*

*These are marks of girlhood's  
Ambitions to pursue  
The work of elders which  
They presently must do.*

—MARY JUGG.

## Postal bom diplomat

*Vladko Kos*

Ne jokajte se, mamca,  
če sin ne bo soldat,  
če rajši hočem biti,  
oj, mamca, diplomat.

Z letalom se bom vozil  
brezplačno sem in tja,  
bom vedno smoking nosil,  
a v rokah kovčka dva.

Bom pakte "večne" sklepal,  
zastonj šampanjca pil,  
kaj to, če bom drugače  
si mislil kot storil!

Po radiu bom govoril,  
oj, in lagal bom v svet,  
da boš še sama rekla:  
"Moj sin je cel poet!"

Če pa soldat postanem,  
magari general,  
bo drugi slavo užival,  
kolajne "svoje" bral.

Ne jokajte se, mamca,  
če sin ne bo soldat,  
saj spleča se dandanes  
le — biti diplomat.

## Srečanje

*Vladko Kos*

Veselo pojoč sem po ulici hodil,  
ni bilo mi v srcu, v obrazu ne mraz.  
Čudna in lepa je pesem mladosti,  
čudna in sladka je pesem življenja.  
Skorajda večen njen glas.

Potem pa sem srečal z gubami starca,  
njegove se vame so vpile oči,  
kakor da jeza na dnu njih gori,  
na pol posmehljivo, molče mi kriči:  
saj ne boš večno!

Pogledal sem starca in sklonil glavo.  
In pesem je v srcu zamrla,  
in rana se v njem je odprla,  
veš, sanje zgubiti je strašno hudo!

Potem pa se spomnil sem drugih ljudi.  
Izginil je starec in v srcu bolel,  
in vame je planila pesem teh cest:  
živi, saj mlad si, moj dragi!

## Moja pesem

*Vladko Kos*

V jasni noči mesečine,  
ko od trudne bolečine  
spati moglo ni srce,  
vzele so srebrne strune,  
pozlačene zdaj od lune,  
trudne mi roke . . .

V svetlih dnevih brez obupa,  
ko veselja polna kupa  
moja je bila,  
pil sem s čaše te veselja,  
bratec, enkrat je nedelja,  
dvakrat bol srca!

Čujte, to je pesem moja,  
boli polna in pokoja  
kakor moje je srce.  
Da bi z mano se smejali,  
z mano peli in jokali,  
pesem moja je!

# Pisma mladih beguncev

Ivan Jontez

## II.

Dragi bratranec!

Ali se še spominjaš, kako sva si pred tremi leti, ko ste prišli iz Amerike k nam na obisk, želela, da bi bila že skoro odrasla človeka, moža? Meni je bilo tedaj dvanajst, a tebi štirinajst let. Ti si hotel postati zdravnik, a jaz arhitekt, graditelj svetlih domov, veličastnih palač, mogočnih mostov. . . Tako lepe načrte sva si zarisala v pesek tedaj, pred tremi leti. . .

Danes pa se zdi, kakor bi strašotna šapa predpotopne pošasti zagrebla vse te lepe načrte v osrčje zemlje, in jaz si želim, da bi bil še dojenček, da ne bi videl in razumel ničesar, ali pa, kar bi bilo še boljše, da bi se sploh ne bil nikdar rodil! Strahote zadnjih mesecev so bile namreč tako silne, da bodo za vedno ostale zasekane v mojo dušo in mi vzbujale grozo v sanjah, v katerih se bodo ponavljale, kakor se ponavljajo že zdaj. . .

Ko sta naša soseda Francija in Anglija napovedali vojno Nemčiji, je moj oče zaskrbljeno menil: "Belgija in Holandska bi morali iti zavezniki, sicer ju bo Hitler posamič pomandral. Če bodo v Bruslju vztrajali pri tej slepi politiki nevtralnosti za vsako ceno, nas bo nekega dne nemški vojaški škorenj strl, preden nam bo mogel kdo pomagati."

Njegovi prijatelji, armadni častniki kot on, so mu ugovarjali, češ da Nemčija ne bo hotela ponoviti "napake iz leta 1914.", zlasti, ker je Belgija zdaj mnogo bolj pripravljena in jo ščitijo mogočne obrambne naprave ob Albertovem kanalu in med holandsko in luksemburško mejo. Nekateri so bili celo mnenja, da je treba bolj paziti na Francijo kot na Nemčijo. . .

Toda, ko je nemški val preplaval Dansko in Norveško, nas je začelo zebsti pri duši in na obzorju bodočnosti so začeli vstajati črni oblaki. Vendar so optimisti še vztrajali: "Napasti Belgijo, bi bila blaznost, samomor. . ."

Oče je bil na dopustu, ko je bil nenadoma pozvan nazaj k svojemu polku. Ko je odhajal, nas je tolažil: "Ne obupujte, dragi moji, morda se bo vse srečno izteklo. Vsekakor pa bomo mi storili vse, kar bo v naših močeh, da zadržimo nemški naval, dokler nam ne pridejo zavezniki na pomoč. Pogum velja!"

Ubogi oče! Vedel je, da bo boj brezupen, vendar nas je bodril, ko je bil on sam najbolj potreben bodrila. Nekaj dni pred svojim nenadnim odhodom sem ga slišal, ko je pri čitanju svojega časopisa mrko zamrmral predse: "Bojim se, da smo svoj čas dokončno zamudili. . ."

Jaz sem hotel vedeti, kaj je mislil s tem.

"Če pride napad, bomo izgubljeni", mi je odgovoril.

"Toda mi imamo vendar močno armado in mogočne utrdbe!" sem ga opozoril jaz.

Očetu se je izvil iz prs težek vzdih. "Saj. . ." je mračno prikimal. "Na žalost pa nihče ne ve, ko-

liko je v ti armadi častnikov, na katere se ni zanesi v slučaju napada. . . Kdo ve, koliko jih je že okužil kljukasto križasti bacil. . . Bojim se, da mnogo preveč, da bi nam ne škodovalo. . ."

Jaz sem želel, da bi mi stvar natančneje pojasnil, toda on, kakor da se je ustrašil svojih lastnih misli in že izgovorjene sumnje, mi je odsekano zapovedal: "Molči, sin! Premlad si še. . . Saj se bo nemara vendar srečno izteklo. . . Pozabi, kaj sem govoril. Truden sem, pa vidim strahove. . ."

Padel je pri obrambi Albertovega kanala, ko je pognal v zrak most, ki so ga njegovi tovariši hoteli prepustiti sovražniku.

Teden po njegovem odhodu je završalo. Radio nam je sporočil napad na Belgijo in našo sosedo Holandsko. Naša vlada je napovedala Nemčiji vojno in zaprosila zaveznike za pomoč.

Naše mestece je bilo blizu francoske meje—bilo, ker danes ga ni več, kajti nemški ognjemetalci so ga vpepelili—in tako smo še tisti dan pozdravili zavezniške čete, ki so se vsule preko meje, našim na pomoč. Ob pogledu na njihove polke, tanke in topove smo začeli upati, da se bo vse res srečno izteklo.

Dnevi, ki so sledili, so nam potekali v mrzlični negotovosti. Poročila z bojišča, ki jih je oddajal radio, so bila skopa in naznanjala le "strateške umike" in govorila o hrabrem odporu naših in zavezniških čet. . . Potem je tresčilo med nas kot strela iz jasnega poročilo, da je bil Bruselj prepuščen sovražniku—"iz strateških ozirov". . . Prebivalci našega mesteca so začeli misliti na beg, in mnogi so se že podali na pot preko meje. Moja mati pa o tem ni hotela nič slišati. "Vojakove družine ne sme preplašiti vsak grom!" je poudarila, prepričana, da bodo naše in zavezniške armade nazadnje pognale napadalca iz dežele.

Nekega dne pa so v dalji zagrmeli topovi in zvečer smo videli na obzorju silne kresove gorečih vasi in mest. Tok vojaških tovornih avtomobilov, ki je bil prej usmerjen na bojišče, se je obrnil nazaj. . . Drugi dan sredi dopoldneva so začele treskati v mesto nemške granate.

Zdaj je mati vedela, da ni več drugega izhoda kot beg. V največji naglici sva pobrala nekaj obleke in drobnarij ter planila na cesto. Komaj sto korakov od našega doma sva začula za seboj strahovit tresk: težka granata je razkopala našo hišico kot bi bila otroška igrača!

Cesta proti meji je mrgolela vojaštva, tovornih vozil in beguncev. Gneča je bila tolikšna, da smo se le počasi pomikali naprej. Bila je čudna, strašotna mešanica, ta nepretrgana, vedno naraščajoča človeška reka umikajočega se vojaštva in beguncev, vsakovrstnih motornih vozil in konjskih vpreg in utrujenih, preplašenih in zbeganih ljudi.

Midva z materjo sva dobila prostor na nekem angleškem tovornem avtomobilu, ki je vozil ranjence. Sredi popoldneva so zabrnili nad obzorjem pogubni kovinski ptiči s kljukastimi križi. Na cesti je nastala strahovita zmešnjava. Vozila so se ustavljala,

ljudje so kričali in jokali ter začeli bežati na vse strani. Naš avto je v tej zmedbi zavozil v občestni jarek in toliko, da se ni prevrnil. Voznik, lahko ranjeni vojaki in midva z materjo smo stekli proti grmovju, ki je rastle nekaj sto korakov od ceste. Midva z materjo sva komaj dosegla prvi grm ter pod njim padla na tla, ko je nad nami začelo strahotno grmeti, okrog nas pa deževati svinec in bombe. Tisto, kar so nam v šoli pripovedovali o grozotah pekla, se mi je tisti čas zdelo kakor pravljica, saj ni bilo niti poštena senca tega, kar je tedaj tulilo in uničevalo okrog nas.

Vojaki so postavili nekaj strojnic ter začeli streljati na napadalce. V tem je ena bomba zadela naš avto in ko se je dim razkadil, je bila tam, kjer je bil stal, ogromna jama. . . Na avtu sta bila dva težko ranjena vojaka, ki nista mogla zbežati. . .

Potem je pribrnela od nekod jata angleških lovcev ter se vrgla na napadalce. Dve letali s kljukastimi križi sta v plamenih treščili nizdol. Napadalci so se obrnili ter se spustili v beg.

Cesta in polje sta bila posuta z mrtveci in ranjenici. Tisti, ki so ostali živi, so ječali, jokali, kleli, da se je človeku trgalo srce. Blizu naju se je zvijala v poslednjih krčih neka mlada mati, z dojenčkom v naročju, ki pa je bil živ in nepoškodovan. Moja mati je pokleknila k umirajoči in ji na rahlo vzela dete iz rok. Žena, zadeta v prsi, je tedaj odprla svoje lepe sinje oči in ko je videla svojega nebogljence v naročju ljubeznive tuje žene, ji je šinil preko bledega obraza radosten nasmešek in ustnice so se ji na pol razprle, kakor bi se ji hotela zahvaliti. . . S tem nasmeškom na obrazu in okrog na pol razprtih ustnic je za vedno obnemela.

Mati je vstala. "Sin, ne oziraj se več po ti strahoti!" mi je velela ter me prijala za roko. "Zdaj je treba gledati samo naprej in bežati!"

Bežali smo. Tri dolge tedne—ali je bilo tri večnosti?—podnevi in ponoči, med gromom topov, mrtvaškim brnenjem letal, žvižganjem krogel in treskanjem bomb. Za seboj smo puščali strašno sled krvi, smrti in razdejanja. Meni se zdi, da sem se tiste dni postaral najmanj za sto let.

Naposled smo dosegli morje in našli prostor na ladji, ki nas je srečno pripeljala v Anglijo. Jaz dolgo nisem mogel verjeti svojim očem, da smo res ušli iz flandrskega pekla. Često se mi je zdelo, da zgolj sanjam prijetne sanje. Vendar smo se rešili—vsi trije: mati, na krvavem polju najdena sestra brez matere, ki jo moja mati imenuje Viktorijo, govoreč ji, da bo dočakala zmago nad barbari s severa, in jaz.

Toda naš oddih je bil kratek. Zdaj brne letala s kljukastimi križi nad Anglijo in njihove bombe rušijo angleške domove, ubijajo angleške matere in otroke. Flandrija pa se tu skoraj ne more ponoviti, kajti bežati nimamo več kam, razen če bi poskusili zbežati preko morja v Ameriko. . .

Ah, blagor vam v Ameriki! Vi si niti predstavljati ne morete, kako srečni ste v tem edinem pristanu, ki ga ne doseza strašna poplava krvi in uničevanja, v kateri izginja ostali svet. . . Amerika! Kontinent, nad katerim še ne gospodujejo arhitekti

razdejanja in smrti! Jaz včasih ugibam, ali znate pravilno ceniti srečo, ki vas obliva, in ali si jo boste znali ohraniti. . . Evropa tega ni znala. . .

Mati bi najrajši z Viktorijo in menoj v Ameriko. Pred nekaj tedni smo se že odpravljali, da odrinemo na pot preko morja, toda zadnje uro je vlada odločila, da potrebuje vse bojne ladje pri obrambi svojega otočja in naš načrt je obtičal na sipinah. Vlada se namreč ne upa pošiljati ladij z begunci na morje brez spremstva, kajti nacijski barbar ne prizanaša niti ladjam z otroki in ženami.

Vse, kar moremo storiti zdaj, je, da upamo, da se bo Angliji posrečilo odbiti nemški naval ter rešiti evropsko civilizacijo pred popolnim uničenjem. Potem se bodo moje sanje morda uresničile in bom vendar le postal arhitekt, graditelj svetlih domov, veličastnih palač in mogočnih mostov, preko katerih si bodo podajali roke srečni in svobodni ljudje. . . Če pa še Anglija podleže, bo takih sanj za dolgo, dolgo konec in Evropi bodo zagospodarili arhitekti razdejanja in smrti, ki se bodo potem obrnili tudi proti vam!

Mati, Viktorija in jaz vas pristrčno pozdravljamo in vam želimo, da ne bi vam bilo treba nikdar iti skozi take strahote, ki so doletele nesrečno Evropo, ker ni hotela videti znamenj na nebu, dokler je bil še čas.

Tvoj bratranec Albert.

#### Cause and Effect

Talkative Lady: "A big man like you might be better occupied than in cruelly catching little fish."

Angler: "Perhaps you're right. But if this fish had kept his mouth shut, he wouldn't be here."



SCHOOL IS ON

By Fr. Padar Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.

# IN CHICAGO

By Mary Jugg

I must tell you about a "World's Fair" that is in progress in Chicago. It is called the "American Negro Exposition." And this Negro World's Fair is the first one of its kind in all history. It was five years in preparation, and it is celebrating 75 years of negro achievements and progress.

The Exposition is in the Chicago Coliseum. This is an enormous building, which ordinarily could not boast of an inviting appearance—largely because of its huge interior. But for this Exposition it has been very pleasingly divided into a South Hall, in which is a large Art Gallery, and a North Hall, in which is the Theatre. Between these two there is the large Main Hall, and this is all subdivided into various departments, such as Health, Newspapers, Department of Labor, Education, Department of Agriculture, City of Chicago, and so on.

\*

As you enter through the center entrance into the Main Hall, you are first confronted by a circular display of dioramas. In case this word is new to you: a diorama is a box-like stage—somewhat like that used for puppet shows—containing miniature figures and scenery that illustrates some scene or historical period.

In this Hall of Dioramas, there are 33 such scenes, showing the progress of the negro race from the time of their helping to build the temple at Kharnak and the Sphinx, to the present time. Some of the interesting ones are those showing the Ethiopians using perhaps the first wheel for drawing irrigation water, the Africans smelting iron, the slave trade in Africa, the first slaves in Virginia, the negro Pietro Alonzo, who came to this country with Columbus; Matt Henson, the negro who accompanied Peary to the South Pole in 1909; a scene showing how Georgia slaves defended their plantation against the British, the part that negroes played in the Gold Rush, and the part that they played during the First World War.

This circle of dioramas is placed around a beautiful replica of the Lincoln Memorial, which has been erected with painstaking care. Of course, you know why they would

have the spirit of Lincoln present wherever possible in the Exhibition.

\*

As you look upward, you see about 20 large murals decorating the balcony area of the Exhibition Hall. These were painted by W. E. Scott, an internationally famous painter. Some of the more interesting ones here are: a scene in a negro home, showing the husband and wife seated at a crude table with opened books before them and the light of a kerosene lamp, being interrupted by the door opening and the figures of the Ku Klux Klan appearing to molest them. This is after the Civil War.

Of course, they are immensely proud of their negro athletes, and show this by their large portraits of Joe Lewis, Henry Armstrong, Jesse Owens, and Jack Blackburn.

Another scene shows Booker T. Washington and George W. Carver. By the way, you stamp collectors would be interested in knowing that at the stamp-collecting booth they have an enormous portrait of Booker T. Washington with sheets upon sheets of stamps of the recent series, issued to commemorate him.

Another mural is labeled: "Thanks for Freedom." It shows a group of negroes thanking Abraham Lincoln for the freedom he made possible for them.

\*

You would be amazed at the large exhibit of oil paintings and sculpture in the Art Gallery. It shows clearly that we cannot think of the negro as expressing his art only in the form of song and poetry, but that he has also employed other mediums as well.

In the literature section you see such prominent names as Paul Laurence Dunbar, Countee Cullen, Langston Hughes, and Richard Wright. It may also surprise you that in the Journalism section, two hundred and thirty negro newspapers are represented.

\*

One of the most delightful features in connection with this Exposition is the presentation of "Chimes of Normandy" in swingtime, with a negro chorus of over 80 members. The costumes are so colorful and the sing-

ing, acting, and dancing is so well done that you cannot help getting a thrill at the ability and the artistic success of a people that have had to fight against so many odds all through these years.

We must not forget that in Chicago as elsewhere the negroes are the lowest paid group and are housed in the most undesirable surroundings. And this is not because they do not pay as much rental as the white population. Figures will show you that the negroes pay the highest rental in proportion to other groups in the city.

This Exposition should help to show us the achievements of this race of people against all the unequal opportunities they have had to overcome. If they have been capable of showing so much improvement with what they had at hand, what could we not expect of them if they were given better opportunities?

\*

Amazing is the display of what the black man has contributed to the progress of our country and of the world. And the purpose of the Exposition will have been fulfilled if it helps all of us to see and understand just what the progress has been and of what it is capable of achieving if we become conscious of it. An Exposition of this type for whatever race or nationality group should fill any individual with pride for his group and with ambition to do his utmost to help with further progress.

## Gosli pojo

Vladko Kos

Le pojte, pojte, moje strune,  
kot niste še nikdar sladko!  
Ni sanj mi v srcu zlate lune,  
ne zrem nocoj v noči tolmune,  
ljudje le name z oken zro.

Jokajte, strune, ah, jokajte,  
saj s ceste sem ubog goslar.  
Od tam, kjer ždijo sive bajte,  
mi pesem revščine igrajte,  
kjer ni smehljaja src nikdar.

Tam daleč mati name čaka,  
da se ji vrnem na srce,  
kot gosli moje bolno plaka,  
gorje ji je minuta vsaka,  
v samotni ji življenje mre.



LORD BYRON

*Of all the volumes of poetic lore that I have pondered over that pictured the poets, none have satisfied my artistic eye as the portrait of Byron.*

*An artist, one who is touched and satisfied beyond words at gracious lines, at beauty, finds that in the facial features of Byron. He, to my humble opinion, is the Clark Gable (or what good-looking movie star haven't we?) of the poets dead and gone—yes, and of the present contemporary poets!*

*He had the head of an Apollo, handsomely shaped with neatly curled hair—true to the original Apollo, who was the God of music, poetry, eloquence, medicine, and the fine arts. His nose was one that an artist loves to sketch or paint with finesse. His eyes had the spark of geniality—eyes, touching eyes that one loves to see. Yet Lord Byron (he acquired that title when he entered the House of Lords at twenty-one) was rebellious at heart. Like Shelley, he was often called the revolutionary poet.*

*But, being rebellious at heart, not all of his poetry had that slant. It glowed with the eloquence and beauty which I see in his portrait. See?*

—By Steven Kerro.

# NA ZATOŽNI KLOPI

(Basen)

Katka Zupančič

Sodnemu zboru je predsedoval Čuk. Na zatožni klopi je seveda zopet sedel Lisjak. Doslej se je bil še vsakokrat srečno izmotal. To pot pa so živa! priporočale, naj se mu sploh ne da besede. Kar v kraj z njim! so zahtevale.

— Niti najhujšim zločincem, je Čuk dostojanstveno odvrnil, se ne sme jemati pravice do zagovora. Mar se naj ponižamo do diktatorstva?!

Živali so umolknile.

Lisjak je začel takole:

— Vsakdo ima svoje slabosti in jaz nisem izjema. Če sem zagrešil majčken prestopek . . .

Z galerije zažvižga orel: Kriv sem! reci, in pika!



Iz kota zatuli mihena: Linčajte ga in jaz ga pokopljem!

— Mir v zbornici! kriči Čuk in tolče s kladivom. Nato: Obtožen si, Lisjak, da si snedel osirotela mačeta, ki si jih vzel v oskrbo. Obtožen si pa tudi, da si snedel našega vrlega policijskega načelnika Petelina. To nista več malenkostna prestopka, marveč do neba kričeča zločina . . .

— Tako je! odmeva po dvorani.

Čuk potolče s kladivom.

— . . . marveč do neba kričeča zločina, sem rekel, nadaljuje Čuk. Če imaš kaj navesti sebi v prilog, navedi! Toda ne troši mi preveč besed.

— Res je, mačeta sem imel v oskrbi, štiri nedolžne sirotice. Ah, kako so se mi smilile, ko so lačne zaman klicale svojo mamo. . .

— Ki si jo ti požrl! se z okna sem zadere Muc.

— Imaš priče, dragi Muc? Povej rajši, komu se je

prejle tik pred vhodom stežkalo in mu je odleglo šele, ko je izdaval iz sebe šopek ptičjega perjeca. . .

Šušljanje po dvorani. Vzkliki: Na protokol z Mucem! Skandal!

Sodnik: K stvari! Z nestrpnjo kretnjo namigne Lisjaku.

— Uboge mačice so se mi neznansko smilile. Zato sem pojedel dve. Z ostalima dvema sem pa postregel državnemu pravdniku Volku —

— Ni res! zatuli Volk. Jedel sem pri tebi klobase.

— Da, da, klobase, se posmehne Lisjak. A sam si krohota je se pripomnil, da nisi še videl takih klobas, ki bi imele noge, rep in dlako. . . In kar je več: "klobasi" sta bili še živi. . .

— Nista! se je Volku grdo zareklo, pa je pobesil rep in glavo in klavrno utihnil.

— Čujte, čujte! Sramota in škandal! Fej! Volka na zatožno klop!

Čuk je medtem hitro dal poklicati namestnika Bobra. Osumljeni Volk se je skrnil v kot.

— Dokler se zadeva pod prvo točko obtožnice ne razčisti, preidimo na drugo točko.

Obtoženec Lisjak, drži se svojih mej, pa na kratko pojasni, kaj se je zgodilo z našim vrlim, nepozabnim policijskim načelnikom Petelinom.

Lisjak vzdihne. Na kratko? Pa bodi! Petelina je pokopala lakomnost.

— Ni res! je zakodajsnila Puta in toliko, da se ni zaprašila Lisjaku v obraz.

— Nadaljuj Lisjak, a govori spodobno.

— Prav za prav sem povedal vse. Toda če hočete več podatkov—evo vam jih: Zaslišal sem neko prhanje pred brlogom. Pridem ven in kdo je? Sam policijski načelnik. Spoštljivo se mu priklonim.

Vpraša me, kako je in kaj. . . Slabo, slabo, pravim, žvečim sveža koruzna zrna, ker drugega ne smem in nimam.

Oj, oj, pravi, sveža koruza ni zdrava. Na solnce naj si jo prinesem, da se osuši.

Res pohitim v brlog, pa prinesem ven pest koruze. Nato se takoj spet vrnem noter, da se malo očedim in skrtačim. Kajti takile načelniki niso vsakdanji gostje—saj veste. Ali ko stopim zopet pred prag, opazim, da je koruze nekaj manj. Osupnil sem. Kaj ne bi! Taka veličina, pa—tat? Nak, nisem mogel verjeti. Oko postave! Poosebljena poštenost! Toda vera se mi je le omajala. Pod različnimi pretvezami sem se zopet in zopet odstranil—dokler ni nazadnje izginilo poslednje zrno.

Kje da je moja koruza, sem vprašal brez vseh ceremonij.

On pa ošabno, dali sem pozabil, pred kom stojim. . .

— Pred tatom! sem odvrnil in ga že tudi držal pod vratom, kjer sem zatipal zrna. — Moja zrna! — slavni sodni zbor. Kaj sem storil? Vzel sem si jih — z vrečo vred.

V zbornici je zabučalo. Zgraženje, ogorčenje, hah—  
(Dalje na 30. strani.)



# JANKO IN METKA

Tone Seliškar

(Nadaljevanje.)

Gospod z očali je vzel iz svežnja listin, ki so jih zaplenili v Kolarjevi baraki, sliko in jo dal Janku.

"To je tvoja mati!" je dejal.

Janko je videl na sliki obraz mlade žene z velikimi, lepimi očmi. Nenadoma ga je oče zgrabil, dvignil k sebi, ga pojubil in že ga ni bilo več v sobi. In Janko je bil spet na cesti. Zdaj pa zdaj je potegnil sliko iz žepa in bilo mu je prijetno, ko je tako gledal ta lepi obraz. Ta človek prav gotovo misli name, ta mila, lepa žena me je nekoč, ko sem bil še dete, objemala, poljubovala in milovala . . . Tako si je s takimi nežnimi mislimi nehote vklesal to podobo globoko v srce.

Zatopljen v razgovor s svojim srcem, ni niti opazil, da se je bil že storil mrak. Lačen je postal. Zaprl je vse te nežne misli na dno srca, kajti golo življenje ga je klicalo, da se pobriga zanj. Mar ni dovolj vsega tega za danes? Toliko novega je doživel, da je pozabil, kam prav za prav kolovrati. Bil je že zunaj mesta, pogledj ga—mar ne hodi naravnost nazaj v svojo barako? Domislil se je svojega sklepa, toda noč ima svojo moč. Kadar se stemni, se vse vesele misli poskrijejo in četudi se ni bal strahov, ki jih ni, je le pričel omahovati. Ali so ali niso? Čolna ni več, baraka pa ima vsaj štiri stene in streho! To je tudi nekaj. Mar ne pobliskuje za Krimom? Soparno je, ali se k nevihti pripravlja?

Pospešil je korak. Eh, danes, to noč, ki bo viharna, bo še prenočil tamkaj, jutri pa znova poskusi drugje najti svojo srečo. Tudi brez večerje bo prestal, saj ne bo prvič! Metka pa . . . Da, Metka! Že si je spet predstavljal to ubogo deklico kako prosjači na ulici. Ljudje žive na sto načinov, kajpada . . . Toda le zakaj? Čemu niso vsi ljudje enako dobri, delavni in skrbni? Janko razglablja po svoje, seveda, mnogo tega mu je nerazumljivega. Pa vendar, Janko le ve: da je človek lačen, če nima jesti, da postane človek len, če nima kaj delati, da je človek nag, če nima kaj obleči, da je človek žalosten, če ni vesel, da je človek bolan, če ni zdrav. In ve tudi tole: Človek ne potrebuje mnogo, toda četudi tega ni, da je potem človek berač, potepuh, revček—

ve pa še to, da vsak človek rad živi! Zato si pomaga kakor ve in zna. Če preneha tovarna z delom, je tisoč ljudi brez dela. Živeti pa morajo. Zato se včasih zgodi, da lačen človek ukrade štruco kruha. Tudi beračijo ljudje, če so lačni. Ker je odrasle ljudi sram beračiti, pošiljajo otroke na cesto. Metka je otrok, Metka stori, kar ji doma ukažejo. Njena teta, ali kar ji je že, je grda ženska. Različni ljudje so na svetu. Morda jo celo tepe? Kjer je mnogo revščine, je tudi vsega drugega hudega v izobilju. Oh, ampak Metko bi spet rad videl! To je otrok, to je tako lep otrok in na cesti se ji spakujejo pobalini, ker berači, reže vanjo ljudje, ker jih ustavlja in po vsem mestu se potepa! Spet ga zamamijo sladkootožne sanje: kako bi bilo lepo, če bi zdaj imel svojo mater pri sebi! Najbrže bi stanovali kje v mestu in mati bi bila prav gotovo vesela, če bi Metko pripeljal domov in dejala: Naša bo!

Nenadoma se je močno zablislilo in čez gmajno je že zapihala hladna, vlažna sapa in ko je grom zarohnel čez planjavo, se je podvizal, da bi čimprej dospel v zavetje. Že so pričele padati prve debele kaplje, bliskalo se je bolj in bolj in kar oddahnil se je, ko je zagledal medle lučke barakarske naselbine. Oh, tu je hrast, tu je njegova koliba! Le naglo pod streho in še bolj naglo zaspati, da ne bo utegnil razmišljati o večerji! Zaletel se je v vrata. Takoj za pragom je zadel ob nekaj mehkega in nekdo je kriknil:

"Jezus . . . Na pomoč, roparji!"

Na mah je postalo v baraki vse živo, otroški glasovi so se zadržali, s tal je planil nekdo, zavihtel nekaj svetlega in zarohnel: "Ubijem te!"

Ves zmeden je skočil Janko venkaj na cesto in zdirjal v divjem strahu na gmajno. Ploha dežja ga je oblivala, bliski so švigali kakor ognjeni zmaji po vsem nebu. V tej stiski se je spomnil zapuščenega skednja onkraj travnika. Urno jo je ubral v ono smer. Bliski so mu kazali pot. Tu je! Vrata pa so bila zadelana. Zgrabil je za desko in ker je bila trhla, so žebliji popustili in skozi odprtino je zlezal v skedenj. Premočen je bil do kože. Zaril se je v seno.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

# Birthdays of the Great Men

By LOUIS BENIGER

FRAN ERJAVEC



Fran Erjavec, the great Slovene naturalist, writer and educator, was born on Sept. 4, 1834, in Ljubljana. From his father, a watchmaker and lover of flowers, young Fran inherited his love for natural sciences, and from his mother his likeable personality. His parents died when he was very young and during his formative years his grandmother and his aunt took care of him as best they could. He obtained his elementary and high school education in his native Ljubljana.

Erjavec completed his studies at the Vienna university where we studied natural sciences: biology, chemistry, physics, and geology. At the age of 25 he obtained his degree as professor of natural philosophy and taught first in Vienna, then in Zagreb and finally in Gorica. But he did not limit himself to academic activity only; he was very active in the Vienna Yugoslav Club of which he was president, and was later co-founder of the Slovene Dramatic Association and other educational institutions in Slovenia.

The young professor soon proved himself a great educator both in his classroom and in public life. Everywhere in learned circles his name became well known and respected. In fact, Erjavec attained world-wide fame in his original research work and his name will be recorded as long as biological science itself will last. As recognition for

his work he was made a member of the Belgian Society of Science and of the Yugoslav Academy of Science and Art.

Fran Erjavec also distinguished himself in the literary field. Even as a high school student in Ljubljana he contributed to the student paper two artistic works, "Žaba" (The Frog) and his classical "Mravlje" (The Ants). But he went further and wrote the first Slovene textbooks on natural history, as well as humorous stories dealing with nature. The best known of his books in this field were his "Domače in tuje živali" and "Naše škodljive živali."

Erjavec traveled extensively through Croatia, Bohemia, Austria, Germany, France, Italy and Switzerland, and continued his research. The main subject of his scientific research was the snail. He also wrote several strictly scientific essays on zoology in Croatian and German. His first travelog was "Iz Ljubljane v Šiško", a satire on conditions of the period. However, his best travelog was his "Med Savo in Dravo", portraying cultural, national, social and political life in Croatia. His "Božični večer na Kranjskem" is of national historic character.

As a novelist and short story writer Erjavec was no less known. His humor and sympathy is shown in such works as "Arguštín Ocepek," "Zgubljeni mož" and "Črtice iz življenja." His first novel was "Veliki petek", but his best novel is "Na stričevem domu." He was at his best in portraying idyllic scenes from life on farms, as is shown in his "Huzarji na Polici." He always sought to inject in his works educational thought. In this class his best work is "Ni vse zlato, kar se sveti."

Erjavec's style is vivid, moving swiftly from point to point with ever increasing interest, his expressions being those of the common people. His service to his fellow men was scientific research, literary accomplishments, and educational work, and his is the credit of laying the foundation for the use of the Slovene language for general education in Slovenia.

Fran Erjavec died on January 12, 1887, in Gorica.

# FROM THE PAGES OF HISTORY

## The Third Term—Is It New in American History?

By MARY JUGG

This year you will be hearing much about the "third term." President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who has served two terms as president of the United States, was named by the Democratic Convention, held in Chicago, in July of this year for a third term.

Is this something new to our American history? Has any other president ever sought a third term? Since many people will try to make an issue of the third term and talk about it as something that has never been thought of before, it is well for us to look up our historical facts and scan them in quick review to learn the facts.

Two other presidents aspired for a third term in office—Ulysses S. Grant and Theodore Roosevelt. There was this difference between the third term candidacy of both of these and that of F. D. Roosevelt: Grant and T. Roosevelt, after serving two terms gave way to another president, after which they decided to appear as candidates once more.

Let us look at the review of facts of both of these presidents.

Ulysses S. Grant was nominated in 1868 on the ticket of the National Union Republican Party. He was known as a man who never had strong party affiliations of any kind; nevertheless, he had belonged to the Democratic Party. But because he had quarrels with Johnson (who succeeded Lincoln, you will remember), Grant joined the National Union Republican Party and was elected to the presidency.

In 1872, Grant was reelected for a second term. Roscoe Conkling, an influential party leader, tried, as the elections of 1876 were nearing, to secure a third term for Grant. But this was checked late in 1875 by a vote of the Democratic House of Representatives to which the Republican members also joined.

Grant was then followed by President Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876. There was a bitter dispute in this election, for the Democrats were claiming that their candidate, Tilden, was rightfully elected. The Democrats were gaining ground, at the elections of 1878.

This growing strength of the Democrats alarmed the Republicans as the presidential election of 1880 was approaching, and intent on gaining control, the Republicans, under Roscoe Conkling, decided to present Ex-President Grant as nominee once more.

Immediately the Anti-Grant forces became more vigorous and began their Anti-Third-Term movement and even held a National Anti-Third-Term convention.

When the National Republican Convention took place on June 2, 1880, 306 of the 757 delegates were pledged to Grant. But it took 378 votes to nominate him and Grant never received more than 313 of this

number. Consequently, a "dark horse", James A. Garfield, emerged and he secured the nomination, thereby defeating Grant for a third-term nomination.

Now for a brief look at the career of Theodore Roosevelt in this respect.

In 1896 McKinley was elected president and in 1900 he was renominated at the Republican convention, with Theodore Roosevelt, governor of New York, as vice-president.

McKinley, elected to his second term, did not serve long. On Sept. 6, 1901, he was assassinated in Buffalo while attending a Pan-American Exposition. Thereupon Theodore Roosevelt took office.

In 1904 (June 21), after Roosevelt had completed the term, he was again named by acclamation at the Republican convention in Chicago, and was also elected to presidency.

In 1908, when Roosevelt's second term drew to a close, he threw all his support to William Howard Taft, who, he thought, would follow up the progressive policies he had inaugurated. At the Republican national convention of that year, it was the support of Roosevelt that nominated Taft. After Taft became president, Roosevelt left for an African hunting trip, confident that Taft would carry out his policies. But this did not happen. Taft did not come up to expectations.

Consequently, as the elections of 1912 neared, the Republicans prevailed upon Ex-President Roosevelt to allow his name to be placed in nomination once more in order to prevent Taft's renomination. This Roosevelt did in the early months of 1912. He announced his readiness to contest Taft at the Republican national convention.

But the Republican National Convention in Chicago on June 18, 1912, charged with "steamrollering" threw its votes to Taft and renominated him.

The Theodore Roosevelt supporters decided to carry the fight to the public. They held a meeting and decided to form a new party. The new party bore the name of the Progressive Party. It held its convention also in Chicago on August 5 of that year and named Roosevelt as its candidate for the presidency.

In the meantime, however, the Democrats had named Woodrow Wilson. It was evident that the Republican forces were badly split, and this caused the election of that year, 1912, to go to the Democratic nominee, Woodrow Wilson.

Summing up, then, we have the following table:

Ulysses S. Grant, 1868-1872.

Grant reelected 1872-1876.

Rutherford B. Hayes, 1876-1880.

Grant tries for Republican nomination again, 1880.

Grant fails to secure third-term nomination.

(Continued on page 13.)

# JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg



Here is another "Matching Game." Were you very successful in your test last month? Well, you can try again this month. See how many inventors' names you remember. All you have to do is match the answers in Group II to the statements in Group I.

## GROUP I

1. Guglielmo Marconi is the inventor of
2. Shales was the name of the man who invented
3. Thomas A. Watson assisted in founding of a great invention
4. The phonograph is the invention of
5. Cyrus H. McCormick succeeded in perfecting
6. The sewing machine owes its origin to
7. The telescope is an invention of
8. John Gutenberg made
9. Daguerre invented the
10. James Watt is known because of his

## GROUP II

- A. Telephone
- B. The Reaper
- C. Elias Howe
- D. Galileo
- E. Camera
- F. Thomas A. Edison
- G. Radio
- H. Inventing the 1st Typewriter
- I. Steam Engine
- J. The first Printing Press

\* \* \*

## QUIZZERS

1. A besieged battalion of 300 men had enough food to last 20 days. How long would the food last if there were only 200 men?
2. In the U. S., a government homestead consisted of 40 acres, 80 acres, 160 acres, 320 acres.
3. Horology is 1, the measurement of time; 2, science of rocks; 3, science of plants.
4. Which of the following would most likely wear a livery: 1, butcher; 2, stenographer; 3, chauffeur; 4, plumber.
5. Tom weighs 5 pounds less than Pete. John weighs 10 pounds more than Tom. Compare the weights of Pete and John.

\* \* \*

## THIMBLE TRICK

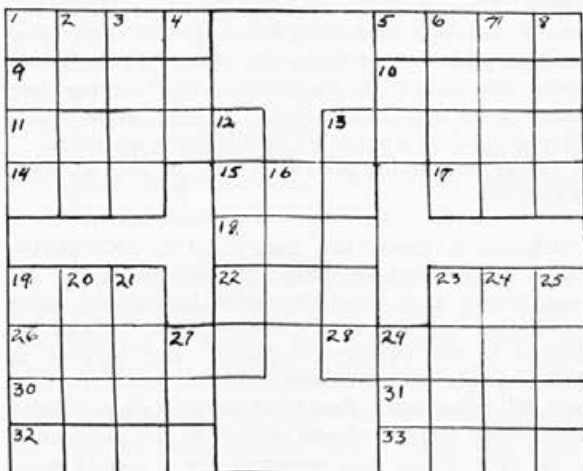
Paint two thimbles black on one side. Then place them on the first fingers of your hand. When you

turn your hand rapidly one side is always dark and the other always light. Fool your friends with the magic thimbles.

(Answers on inside back cover page.)

## ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Francis Zupon, 16, 546 Forest Ave.,  
Johnstown, Pa., Lodge 82



## ACROSS

- 1—Alone, solitary. 5—Egyptian dancing girl. 9—A covert of a wild beast. 10—Of or pertaining to a layman or the laity. 11—Forward. 13—Fish-salting bin (?). 14—A sprout. 15—A suffix used in forming names of compounds. 17—Scotch River. 18—A color. 19—An American editor. 22—Joke. 23—One length of a course which has to be passed over more than once in a race. 26—Similar. 28—Funeral song. 30—Plate of baked clay. 31—Always. 32—Sacred. 33—Ebb and flow of the sea.

## DOWN

- 1—Thick slice. 2—Main island of the Hawaiian Islands. 3—To tell a falsehood (past tense). 4—Period of time, epoch. 5—Malt beverage. 6—Terra firma. 7—Rodents. 8—Pain. 12—A funeral hymn. 13—A light anchor used in warping. 16—Deacon (abbr.) (?). 19—Act of washing. 20—A dish of many ingredients; a hodgepodge. 21—To slaughter; slay. 23—Son of Jacob. 24—Grown old. 25—A funeral pile. 27—Instrument to unlock. 29—Permit.

(Answers on inside back cover page)

# Stamp Collecting

## STAMPS DEPICTING SPORTS

One of the fashions now in vogue among stamp collectors is the assembling of stamps depicting the various sports of the world.

It's a simple but interesting collection, where the sports-minded collector may get as much of a thrill as though he were watching the various games themselves. More and more, sports-minded collectors have turned to collecting stamps depicting various athletics they are interested in, instead of trying to collect the whole world, or the various countries that Hitler has swallowed in the past year.

**BASKETBALL**, one of our national sports, is on the 16 centavos stamp of the Philippines. It's also shown on the 50 centavos of Ecuador, on the 1 centesimo of Panama, and on two stamps of Lithuania. And **BASEBALL**, the national sport of the United States, is portrayed on the recent 3 cent stamp of the United States, on the 2 centavos of the Philippines, on the 18 centavos of Colombia, as well as on two stamps of Panama, and on three stamps of Nicaragua.

**TENNIS**, another favorite sport, is depicted on the 6 centavos of the Philippines, on the 50 centavos of Ecuador, on the 8 centavos of Colombia, and on two stamps of Russia.

**SOCCER** is featured on the stamps of Italy, Italian colonies, Aegian Islands, France, Germany, Hungary, Netherlands, Russia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Colombia and Panama.

**TRACK AND FIELD** events, such as running, jumping hurdling, discus, javelin, pole vaulting, putting the shot (shot put), and weight throwing, are portrayed on one or more stamps of Greece, Italy, Belgium, France, Germany, Netherlands, United States, Russia, Roumania, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Lithuania, Colombia, Ecuador, Costa Rica, Cuba and Dominican Republic.

**BULL FIGHTING** is identified on the 5-lire stamp of Greece. While **BOXING** is pictured on the 1-sucre of Ecuador, on two stamps of Greece, on the 30 cents of Netherlands and two stamps of Panama. **WRESTLERS** are depicted on the 30-lire of Greece, on the 1-sucre of Ecuador and on the 20 cents of Switzerland.

**ROWING** is pictured on the 1½ cents of Netherlands, on the 4-leu of Roumania, on the 3 kopees of Russia, on two stamps of Jugoslavia, as well as on two stamps of Germany. **FENCING** is shown on the 500 krevzers of Hungary, on the 2 cents of Netherlands, on the 6 leva of Bulgaria and on the 15 pfenning of Germany. And **TUG OF WAR** is present on the 20 centimes of France.

Another old-fashioned sport is **ARCHERY** as illustrated on three stamps of Mexico as well as on two stamps of Lithuania. **GYMNASTICS** may be found on a stamp of Bulgaria and one on that of Germany.

Hiking, hunting, hurling, camping and mountain climbing may be seen on the 50 centimes of France,

on the 3 leu of Rumania, on the 3 pence of Iceland, on the 1,000 korona of Hungary and on the 12 groschen of Austria, respectively.

Then there are numerous other stamps which depict athletes on many other countries, in itself a complete collection.

## DO YOU KNOW THESE BIRDS?

Can you identify birds either by sight or by their song? Birds are perhaps the most interesting of animals, and they are either the delight or the despair of the farmer.

A clever bird is the **yellow-breasted chat**. He can bark like a puppy, caw like a crow, mew like a cat, quack like a duck and make any number of sounds and noises. He can throw his voice like a ventriloquist. He generally hides in briars or bushes so that pursuers cannot see him. His upper parts are olive green, and he has a white line running from his bill around his eyes and another around the throat. He does all sorts of stunts like throwing somersaults, dancing and playing that he was shot.

One of the loveliest birds is the **bluebird**. The bluebird is the farmers' friend as he eats up destructive insects. The bluebirds like to make their nest in houses put out by birdlovers. When the baby bird is very young, it is blind and helpless and almost naked. Afterwards he attains a coat of dark feathers, and it is only after they can fly that they get the lovely deep blue shade of feathers and a rusty red at their throats, breast and sides. Because these birds are so helpless when small, Nature has provided them with a protective dress so that they will not fall a prey to any enemy so easily. They are cheerful little birds. When Spring is here you will hear their soft musical tru-al-ly—tru-al-ly, and with Fall their note turns to tur-wee—tur-wee.

A bird easily identified by his sound is the **Bob White**. His whistle tells his name for he chirps, ah Bob White, ah Bob White! There may be from 10 to 18 eggs in the nest and when the baby birds all hatch, they learn what insects and berries are good for them to eat. At bedtime they squat in a circle on the ground, their tails towards the center of the rings, and their heads pointing out to detect any approaching enemy. They are very useful birds to the farmer as they eat insects, pests and weed seeds.

There are only a few of the interesting birds around us. There are many more with which you are, no doubt, very familiar. —Ernestine Jugg.

## CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

1. How many peas are in a pint?
2. What state is round at the ends and high in the middle?
3. Where can you always be sure of finding money?
4. What has four wheels and flies?
5. Do you know why the letter G is like midnight?

## ANSWERS:

1—One P in a pint. 2—O-hi-O. 3—In the dictionary. 4—A garbage wagon. 5—Because it is in the middle of the night.

# WHEN WE PLAY

Compiled by Ann K. Medvesek



## BOTTLES

Tall bottles or Indian clubs can be used for this game.

Four small circles, two for each team, are marked at the far end of the field. One bottle is placed in the first, and another in the third circle.

At the other end of the field, behind a mark on the ground, the two teams stand in readiness. Each player in turn runs the length of the field; moves his bottle from the first to the second circle, or from the third to the fourth, or vice versa, and returns, touching off the next runner.

The bottle must be put in the circle fairly each time, and should it fall over the person who last touched it must return and stand it up again. It often happens that more haste means less speed where the matter of moving the bottle is concerned.

## BALLOON RACE

Each competitor is provided with a balloon and a fan—a magazine or folded paper may be used as a fan.

Each player propels his balloon down the field, keeping it on the ground, without touching it. But the contest is not over when the end of the field is reached; for at the end of the field a basin stands in readiness for each player, and the balloon must be fanned into the bowl.

The referee must see to it that none of the fans touch the balloons, especially in this last part.

## CLOTHES PINS

Three dozen clothes pins are needed. The players are divided into two teams, so arranged that they will be facing each other. A dozen and a half of clothes pins is handed to the two players at the head of their prospective lines. The clothes pins should be held in the grasp of both hands. At a given signal the first player holding the clothes pins passes the bundle to the next player in the line. The object of the game is to pass the bundle of clothes pins from hand to hand to the other end of the line and return. If any of the pins are dropped

the person dropping them must recover them for his bundle before passing them on to the next player. The team who first succeeds in passing the bundle of pins to the end of the line and back again, is the winner.

## LOCK ARM TAG

A circle is formed with the players arranged in pairs. There should be a distance of at least three feet between each pair. Two players are then selected, one to be "It" and to chase the other. The one being chased can link his arm with any player in the circle. This makes three players. The one who has a free arm is then subject to being tagged by "It." The players are permitted to run through or around the circle in either direction. A player upon being tagged can immediately tag back, but as soon as he has linked arms with any one of the players in any pair within the circle, he is not subject to being tagged.

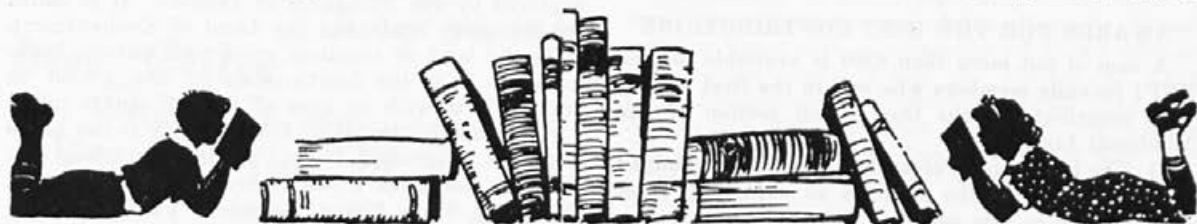


## PEANUT RACE—

An ordinary table knife is given to each contestant; six or eight peanuts and a saucer. The peanuts are put in clusters at one end of the plot designated while the saucers are placed at the opposite end of the field. Each player is permitted to take one peanut at a time on his knife blade and take it to the other end and deposit it in the saucer. If a nut is dropped the player must return and make a new start.

# Introducing Book Friends

Reviewed by Betty Jartz



## WHAT SHOULD WE READ

"Many books require no thought from those who read them, and for a very simple reason; they made no such demand upon those who wrote them. Those works, therefore, are the most valuable, that set our thinking faculties in the fullest operation."

—Colton.

Ours is a world that seems to be filled with books. Printed and pictured stories are run off the press in such abundance that it is impossible to peruse all of them. To top this all, there is an increasing yield and distribution of gaudy cartoon books; cowboy, flying aces, and detective story magazines; and trashy romances with sweet endings. In this paper and ink world we must sort out what is most likely to please and edify us.

What should we read? What is most lasting and beneficial to us? The answers to these questions cannot be found in a cartoon book of Popeye. The desire to know of events, past and present, to understand the things that mystify and allure children and adults can be satisfied by reading only those books which were written by authors who thought deeply on subjects we wish to know about.

Listed here are a few books written by some of the best writers of the present day. They write about many subjects that will not only tease you to learn more—and more, but will reward you well with knowledge acquired.

Stephen C. Foster—Composer and Song-writer

**He Heard America Sing**, by Claire Lee Curdy.

This biography of Stephen Collins Foster has its setting in the days before the Civil War when our nation, still young, was struggling to bring liberty and justice to all.

Foster's career was intertwined with the old plantation days; life on the river boats, and travel on the railroads that were gradually creeping farther and farther into the West. He listened to the melodies and songs of the common people, to the pathetic themes of the colored race and then composed both the words and music of about one hundred and twenty-five songs for all of posterity to enjoy.

The book is gaily illustrated and contains twenty-eight of the best loved songs of America's greatest folk-song writer.

A Visit to the Southwest

**A New Mexican Boy**, by Helen Laughlin Marshali.

This is a picture-story book which is appealing to younger children. This tale carries the reader to

New Mexico where he will meet Pancho, a little boy who has for his pets a burro and a lamb. It also tells of the crafts and industries of this land and of the customs of its people, which date back to the Spaniards who first settled in the new world.

Visits to Foreign Lands

**At Midsummer Time**, by Emma L. Brock.

For younger children is this story of the gay customs of that distant land, Sweden. The fun of riding on the merry-go-round, the gaiety of the Maypole dancing, the beauty of the joyful row across the lake, combine to make the celebration of Midsummer Day the high tide of the Swedish year.

The author illustrated the book with color and feeling that shows her sympathy and understanding with the people of the North.

**My Brother and I**, by Alexander Finta, is the sequel to a previous book entitled **The Herdboy of Hungary**, dealing with Sandor's experiences during his stay on his uncle's ranch.

In the later book, Finta relates the exploits of Sandor and his six brothers. The book is rich with descriptions of bird life and is full of good humor.

## FROM THE PAGES OF HISTORY

(Continued from page 9)

**Theodore Roosevelt**, 1901-1904.

Roosevelt reelected 1904-1908.

William Howard Taft, 1908-1912.

Roosevelt fails to be renominated by Republicans, 1912.

Roosevelt secures third-term nomination on Progressive ticket, 1912.

This should give us a picture of the third-term history of our country. Grant and Theodore Roosevelt both tried for a third term, but neither one was successful in securing the nomination on his own party ticket. And neither one had sought the third-term nomination in succession.

While the idea and the attempts at nomination are not new, then, it is true that Franklin D. Roosevelt is the first president to secure the third-term nomination on his own party ticket and also to succeed himself.

In the light of these facts, however, even the no-third-term tradition becomes weak, for that tradition has been broken by two previous (and fairly recent) attempts at renomination.

# OUR SCHOOL

## AWARDS FOR THE BEST CONTRIBUTIONS

A sum of not more than \$200 is available for the SNPJ juvenile members who will in the first half of 1940 contribute to the Our School section of the Mladinski List:

1) The best letters, according to quality as judged by the Editor, on the subjects as suggested from time to time in this column;

2) The best original drawings in India ink on any subject deemed acceptable by the Editor, such as cartoons, games, cross-word puzzles, etc.

The publication of such letters or drawings on these pages is not indication that they all will be awarded; contributions published elsewhere in the Mladinski List although intended for Our School will be awarded under the same rules if qualifying.

The number and size of awards for this six-month period will depend on the number of qualified letters and drawings contributed.

The next distribution of awards will be made in December, 1940, and the winners will be announced in January, 1941.

(Good news, contestants! The Supreme Board at its last meeting raised the sum of \$100.00 in prizes for each six-month period to \$200.00. Let's see you entering the contest in greater numbers and better contributions.)

**RULES:** 1) Every contributor must be a member of the SNPJ Juvenile Department. 2) State your age and number of the SNPJ lodge to which you belong. 3) Every contribution must be signed also by either parent. 4) Every contribution must be in the hands of the Editor by the first of the month if intended for the issue of the Mladinski List of the following month.

## CONTEST LETTER FOR SEPTEMBER

All the letters for the November issue of the Mladinski List must be in the hands of the editor before or on September 30. No contest letters on the topic suggested below will be considered which are received after SEPTEMBER 30, 1940.

## OUR SCHOOLS

Once more September has come around. And in the mind of every M. L. reader is only one bit of news—school opens!

Did you ever stop to think why you are attending school? Did you ever ask yourself or your parents or your school teachers?

For this month's M. L. contest letter, we shall ask you to do just that very thing.

**DO YOU THINK THAT YOUR SCHOOLS SHOULD TEACH YOU FACTS, OR DO YOU THINK THEY SHOULD TEACH YOU HOW TO THINK?**

That is the question for you to ponder. And when you have arrived at some kind of decision within your own mind, write down your answer and send it to the Contest Letter of the M. L. before the closing date as specified above.

## NEW MEXICO

New Mexico, the forty-seventh state, was first explored by the Spaniards in 1536-37. It is called the Sunshine State and the Land of Enchantment. It is the land of romance, color and historic background. It is the fourth state in the Union in point of size with an area of 122,503 square miles.

North and northeast of Eddy County is the Llano Estacado or Staked Plain. It is interesting for the rock palisades which surrounded the borders. The Great Stake Plains, a treeless, waterless, grassy plateau, which contains 44,000 square miles, is nearly 5,000 feet above the sea level. The rest of the state is tableland which rises in the San Juan and Sangre-de-Cristo Mountains, which is the tail of the Rockies.

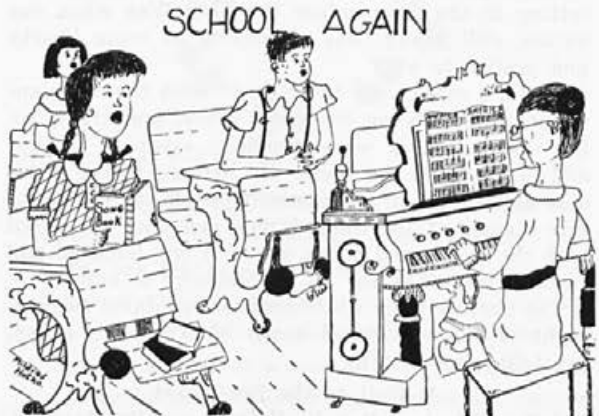
The chief peaks of the Rockies in New Mexico and their heights are: Mt. Truchas, 13,306 ft.; Mt. Toas, 13,145 ft.; Mt. Costilla, 12,634 ft., and Sierra Blanca, 11,848 feet.

The chief river is the Rio Grande. The Canadian and San Juan rivers drain the northeastern and northwestern corners of New Mexico. Storage dams and irrigation ditches water the lands that are dry.

New Mexico's climate is dry and stimulating. There is not enough rain for farming. Annually there is about twelve to sixteen inches of rain.—There are still a number of Indians in our state. About one-third of the population is Spanish-American. Manufacturing is of small importance. Car repairing, wool scouring, lumber, timber and coke are the leading industries.

Most of the sierras are covered with timber. The Pecos, Lincoln and Gila rivers are reserves. The most valuable timber are pine, oak, juniper, cedar, walnut, birch and maple. Pinon is everywhere. Chaparell, a bush, covers the northern half of the state. In the high mountains and valleys is grass, which is used for sheep and cows. There are about 1,189,000 cattle and about 2,490,000 sheep which graze on the lands.

One-third of the area of land is cultivated, and 2,945,000 acres of this is irrigated. Cotton, corn,



Drawn by Mildred Hotko, age 15, 226 Main St., Oglesby, Ill. Lodge 95.



17 Second Ave.  
N. Tonawanda,  
N. Y.  
July 30, 1940

Dear Editor,

This is my second letter to the M. L. but not my last one. I've noticed a scarcity of letters from New York.

I'm sending you one of my pictures.

I have practiced Old English writing for three years. This letter is one of my samples.

Best regards  
Ben Volk

The letter drawn by Ben Volk, age 15, 17 Second Ave., North Gowanda, N. Y. Lodge 405.

wheat, oats, sorghum, sugar cane and fruits are grown on this irrigated land.

It is estimated that New Mexico has 192 billion tons of hard coal, and about 30,000,000 tons of gypsum to be mined. No one knows the amount of gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc remaining. In Eddy, Lea and San Juan counties large deposits of oil were found. Since 1925 important deposits of potash were found in Eddy county.

The chief products of New Mexico are: cotton, corn, alfalfa, wheat, fruits, potatoes and dairy products. The chief livestock are cattle, sheep and horses. The chief minerals are: coal, copper, gold, silver, lead, zinc, oil, potash and building stone. The chief forest product is lumber.

The territory of New Mexico was organized in 1850. During the war between the states it was invaded and occupied for a short time by the Confederates. It was admitted to the Union January 6, 1912. New Mexico's state flower is the Yucca, which was used for soap by the Indians long ago.

There are quite a few educational centers in New Mexico. The University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, the New Mexico Normal University in Las Vegas, the State School of Mines in Socorro, the State College of Agriculture in Mesilla Park, the Mechanical Arts in the same city, and the East-

ern New Mexico College in Portales. Twenty-six Indian schools are being maintained by the Federal Government.

Albuquerque is the largest city in the state of New Mexico. It is one of the Nation's fastest growing cities with a population of 50,000 without metropolitan area. It has the altitude of 5,000 feet. Albuquerque was founded in 1705 when New Mexico was still a province of Spain. The mission church of San Felipe de Neri, which was built soon after the founding of the town, still stands much as originally constructed. The University of New Mexico is in Albuquerque. The buildings were designed in a Spanish-Pueblo style. The university is co-educational, with about 1,400 students.

Santa Fe is the capital of New Mexico and the second oldest town in the United States. It is an old Spanish city with a population of 17,500. It now serves as the Museum of New Mexico, chiefly devoted to early Indian remains. The School of American Research and the Laboratory of Anthropology are also there.

Las Vegas is a large city with the population of 11,000. It is often called the Tourist's Home because of the clear springs, mountains, grass, flowers and various sports.

Near Elephant Butte Lake is the town of Hot Springs, where the water from which it gets its name attracts hundreds seeking relief from rheumatism and kindred ailments. The Carrie Tingley hospital for the treatment of crippled children is located here. This hospital is probably the finest of its kind in the world.

Alamogordo is an interesting city because of its entrance to the White Sands. Hotels and cottages are built for visitors who come there. Roswell is a beautiful and modern city. It is the third largest city in New Mexico. Near Roswell are farms where many things grow. The soil is fertile and



FOOTBALL SEASON

Drawn by Donald Stith, age 15, 218 W. 12th St., Clinton, Ind. Lodge 50.



**SWAN DIVE**  
STEVE FABIAN '40

Drawn by Steve Fabian, age 17, 446 Plymouth Ave., Girard, O. Lodge 675.

water is near and is used for their crops. Near Roswell is Ft. Sumner where stretch the trails and traces of Billy the Kid. The New Mexico Military Institute at Roswell ranks among the first three military schools in the United States.

Carlsbad serves as an entrance to the Carlsbad Caverns. It derives its name from the mineral springs. It furnishes hotels for visitors. Carlsbad has the population of 8,500. It is about twenty-five miles from the Caverns.

Raton, which is about seventeen miles from my home, is a modern town with the population of 7,000. It is beginning to be famous because of the Raton Pass.

There are five SNPJ lodges in New Mexico. Here, in Van Houton, is SNPJ lodge 416, in Raton is Lodge 297, in Gallup is Lodge 120, in Sugarite is Lodge 154, and in Dawson Lodge 188. Gallup is in McKinley county and the other four lodges are in Colfax county, which is on the border of Colorado.

ZORA GOSTOVICH, 12, Lodge 416,  
Box 5, Raton, New Mexico.

**IF I WERE A BIRDIE**

If I were a birdie, I would fly away and roam,  
But since I can't, I must stay at home.  
Still in summer twilight, I can enjoy the glow,  
Free, I can wander wide, where the winds blow.  
In winter, dear birdie, you must fly away,  
While I must abide here and await your coming in  
the Spring.

ZITA BOZANIC, 13, lodge 393  
Worcester, New York.

**A FAIRY TALE ABOUT VELVETBLOOM**

Once upon a time, as all fairy tales begin, there was born to a king and queen a beautiful baby girl. She really wasn't very pretty but the king and queen thought so, and if you didn't think so, too, you would get your head cut off.

They decided to name the little baby girl "Velvetbloom," because she was like a velvety flower—or so her parents thought. As this baby grew

older she became uglier and uglier. But her parents didn't notice.

When Velvetbloom was sixteen she was still very ugly and all the beauty specialists couldn't make her pretty.

One day as she was out in a boat with all her maidens, the boat was tipped over by a sudden puff of wind. When the maidens had gotten into the boat again the princess wasn't there. They hurried to the castle and told the king and queen. They got everybody to hunt for Velvetbloom.

It so happened, as in all fairy tales usually does, that there was a wicked magician called Hoodoo who lived under the lake in an underground castle. He wanted Velvetbloom to marry him. So he made the sudden wind tip over the boat. Then he grabbed Velvetbloom and swam with her to his castle. It was a very lovely castle with beautiful furnishings. One of his servants took her to her room.

The next morning Hoodoo came to her room and told her if she would marry him he would make her beautiful. Velvetbloom wanted very much to be beautiful but she didn't want to marry a wicked man such as Hoodoo. He told her he would be back the next morning for her answer.

Now in the kingdom of Velvetbloom's father, there was a reward offered for anyone who could find the king's daughter. It so happened a young prince, seeking adventure, came to this country. He heard about the reward and determined to find the king's daughter.

One night as he was asleep, a dream came to him. In this dream it showed a small bottle in the mattress of his bed. If he would get this bottle and drink its contents he wouldn't drown in water. Then he was to go to the lake where Velvetbloom disappeared and drop into it. He would sink and come to the underground castle. From then on he was to use his own good judgement to rescue Velvetbloom.

When the prince awoke, he cut open the mattress on his bed and sure enough, there was a bottle. He drank its contents and started for the lake. When got there he dropped into it. Down . . . down he sank. Soon he saw the castle.

At the window he saw a beautiful face. Yes, it was the face of Velvetbloom. For she had promised to marry the wicked magician, Hoodoo, and he



"TIPPLE"

Drawn by Dan Gostovich, age 9, Box 769, Van Houton, New Mexico. Lodge 416.



Drawn by Benjamin Volk, age 15, 17 Second Ave., North Gowanda, N. Y. Lodge 405.

had made her beautiful. Now she was looking for a way of escape. When all of a sudden down came the prince to rescue her from Hoodoo.

He went over to the window and told her to break the window. Instantly, the water began flooding into her room. He seized her and began to rise. Just then the wicked magician, Hoodoo, saw them swimming away. He started to pursue them. He must get them before they reached the surface, for out of water he lost all of his magical powers.

They were all swimming very fast. Hoodoo had almost reached them when they reached the surface. Gilbert, for that was the prince's name, swam quickly to the shore with Velvetbloom clinging to him. They were out of water! Now he couldn't get them.

They went quickly to the palace where there was much rejoicing. The now beautiful Velvetbloom and handsome Gilbert were wed and lived happily ever after, as all fairy tales end.

ELSIE MAE MIHELICH, 13, lodge 94  
Cascade, Colorado.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Where would you send a man to get an appetite?  
Ans.: Hungary.

What musical instrument should we never believe?  
—A lyre.

When is a pie like a poet?—When it's browning (Browning).

If a man shot at two frogs and killed one, what would the other one do?—Croak.

Who are the fastest people on earth?—Rush-ons (Russians).

How do you spell blind pig with two letters — PG—without an I.

Why doesn't the devil skate?—How in hell can he.  
How many peas in a pint?—One P.

If you saw a house on fire, what three celebrated authors would you feel disposed at once to name?—Dickens, Howitt, Burns.

When are roads like corpses?—When they are mended.

If a goat should swallow a hare what would be the result?—A hare in the buster.

What did the chicken say when the hen laid an orange?—See the orange marma-lade.

WILLIAM A. SMOLICH, 15, lodge 613,  
31 Church St., Herminie, Pa.

#### MOVIE STAR SCRAMBLE

1. Who plays in "Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me"?  
—Nbuuro Mto.

2. Who plays in "Seventeen"?—Ejiakc Rceopo and Ybses Dflie.

3. Who plays in "Eternally Yours"?—Altotra Gynou and Ddiav Nneiv.

4. Who plays in "Virginia City"?—Leorr Nfnly and Mmaair Shnoipk.

5. Who plays in "Dark Command"?—Njho Ewnay and Eclar Rtorve.

6. Who plays in "Northwest Passage"?—Rsepceen Ytcar.

7. Who plays in "Rancho Grande"?—Egæe Yarut.  
Answers: 1, Tom Brown. 2, Jackie Cooper and Bessy Field. 3, Loretta Young and David Niven. 4, Errol Flynn and Miriam Hopkins. 5, John Wayne and Claire Trevor. 6, Spencer Tracy. 7, Gene Autry.

GRACE SMOLICH, 13, lodge 613  
31 Church St., Herminie, Pa.

#### NATURE POINTS

I'm glad the sky is a pretty blue,  
I'm glad the earth is green,  
For they make an artist paint  
A beautiful background true.

Mother Nature got blue and green  
From an unknown store to us;  
She also painted the trees green,  
Which can from afar be seen.

Every Spring she paints over again,  
So it will please big and small;  
So we should all thank her  
Before she leaves us again.

ZITA BOZANIC, 13, lodge 393  
Worcester, New York.

#### TWO JOKES

Mother: "Why are your grades so low after Christmas?"

Dick: "Well, you know everything is marked down after the holidays."

The eye of the little girlie was attracted by the sparkle of the dew at early morning.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hotter than I thought it was. Look here, the grass is all covered with perspiration."

DAN GOSTOVICH, 9, lodge 416  
Box 5, Raton, New Mexico.

#### EXPRESSIONS AND JUMBLES

Here are several expressions used to describe things or people: 1. As light as a (feather). 2. As this as a—. 3. As rough as a—. 4. As proud



U. S. NAVY PLANE

Drawn by Eugene Skoff, age 15, 2841 So. Kilbourne Ave., Chicago, Ill. Lodge 559

as a —. 5. As fat as a —. 6. As hard as a —. 7. As wise as an —. 8. As poor as a —. 9. As shy as a —. 10. As quick as an —.

Answers: 1. Feather. 2. Rail. 3. Gale. 4. Peacock. 5. Pig. 6. Rock. 7. Owl. 8. Mouse. 9. Fox. 10. Arrow

Jumbled capitals: 1. Ybnaal. 2. Uuatsg. 3. Oobsnt. 4. Ccoodrn. 5. Gbhsiuarr. Answers: 1. Albany. 2. Augusta. 3. Boston. 4. Concord. 5. Harrisburg.

Jumbled states: 1. Sillnoi. 2. Gmhciain. 3. Daanev. 4. Gnnhwiatos. 5. Awoi. Answers: 1. Illinois. 2. Michigan. 3. Nevada. 4. Washington. 5. Iowa.

ZITA BOZANIC, 13, lodge 393  
Worcester, New York.

### OUR HEROES

The real heroes of the human race are the ones who have done something that has helped better the lives of other people. There are many Americans who could be classed as heroes.

For instance, George Washington. Even as a boy he out run and swam the boys he played with, if that's heroism. He liked to work because he liked free life, thus he became a general and had many hardships to endure. Later he became President of the United States. He worked just as hard trying to make a new nation strong, great and peaceful, as he had done when he led the army in the Revolution. After serving two terms faithfully he gave up his office; he was then called "the father of our country" and was "first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen." When he had died all the world was sorry, for all the world had come to look upon Washington as the greatest man of the time.

Another great true story is that of a poor boy who became President. He lived in a miserable cabin on a stony, weedy hillside—he was Lincoln. He was born with fewer comforts and poorer surroundings; he only went to school one year because he had to work hard. He could play but little and many days he knew what it was to be cold and hungry.

Lincoln's stepmother encouraged him to study; he borrowed all the books he could lay his hands

on. He became the strongest boy in his vicinity. He grew to be a bright, willing, active and fun loving man.

After a number of occupations he started to keep a store but soon gave it up and was chosen to the legislature of Illinois, and here he began to express his disapproval of slavery. He served a few years and then became a lawyer and later the President of the United States. He was President through four years of dreadful war. For the people in the South who owned slaves did not want to live under a different system. Through all this Civil War, Lincoln had one wish: to save the Union and to abolish slavery forever. He was so kind hearted that he never had a deserter in the war shot.

After a victory the Union had won, Lincoln wrote the great Proclamation of Emancipation. When the war had ended, and the Union had won, when peace came to the land again, all men saw what a grand, noble, loving, and strong man the President was. Just when he was ready to rest from labors, a wicked foolish man shot him in the back and he soon died. The South as well as the North mourned for the dead President, the Great Emancipator.

No boy ever rose higher from poor beginning. No man ever lived who did more for the world than Lincoln—the Great American. He said what was right and did it; he knew what was true and said it; he felt what was just and he stuck to it.

We shouldn't forget the writer of our Declaration of Independence—Thomas Jefferson, who was also a President and a great American. Also all those who helped make the Constitution of the United States. There are many, many more who are classified as heroes: scientists and scholars, inventors and discoverers, great statesmen and humanitarians. There is Thomas Edison, Tesla and Steinmetz—and there is our great President D. Roosevelt.

RUDY SLAVEC, age 14, lodge 412.  
Louisville, Colorado.

### VACATION NOTES

Sad to say, vacation is on its "last legs." Nothing of any importance happened, but the summer was well spent.

In checking over July, it seems that Chris, a member of the "gang," had a beautiful case of poison oak on her face, arms, etc. To make the matter worse, the inevitable happened—I, too, came down with a severe case of poisoning which outlasted hers by a long shot. It is annoying, but I get it every year.

Up to the end of July, I managed to squeeze in everything but swimming. How I wanted to go! You guessed it; I had too much poison to suit me.

Besides being as busy as a bee, I've been trying to read "Benjamin Franklin" by Carl Van Doren for nearly a month with some success. Some kind friend comes over to entertain me whenever I pick up the book. I hope I can finish the next 300 pages.

In my spare time, I kept up a lively corres-

pondence with my pal, Frankie, in Wisconsin. It was so lively that I sent him a dog. Frankie on the receiving end was worried until he got the dog. It was a little rubber hot dog in a crate!

I hope everyone had as good a time as I did.

ANTONIA SPARENBLEK, 17, lodge 575,  
746 North Haugh Street,  
Indianapolis, Indiana.

#### MY TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS

I finally found something interesting to write about. It's about one grand and glorious trip spent at Niagara Falls.

To start with, the Falls are five hundred and some feet deep and are very wide. They extend on the American and Canadian sides. It appeals to me that our side of the Falls is bigger and prettier for more water flows over them.

At night the Falls are illuminated and this is the time when the prettiest part is seen. Colored lights are projected on different parts of the Falls and about every ten minutes the color is changed. Postcards are made from this scene, and many people don't believe they are so beautiful. It is beyond imagination until they really see them.

There is an elevator that goes down to the foot of the Falls where they can be seen clearly and plainly and more fully. It is very damp and wet there and many people prefer to wear raincoats.

There are many other different interesting things to see besides the Falls, such as the Cave of the Winds, Three Sisters Islands, the barrels and balloons that went over the falls with people, and a rainbow which is visible whenever the sun is shining below the falls.

There are many souvenirs from Niagara, such as pennants, shells and other odd things.

We also crossed the bridge that goes over the boundary line across to Ontario, Canada. Here almost all of the falls can be seen.

I think I'll never see anything more wonderful and beautiful again and I am glad I got the chance of going up. I always have in mind the great Niagara Falls.

FRANCES KRALLY, Lodge 708, age (?),  
Box 65, Moon Run, Pa.

#### KEEPING UP WITH THE WORLD

Thirty-two states of the United States still are without a civil service system.

Only one make of revolver—a German Mauser—is a true automatic, or a revolver that fires all chambers with one pull of the trigger. All other revolvers and pistols are either self-loaders or which require manual trigger action for each shot.

The ultraviolet rays of the sun, which cause sunburn, are endurable because they have been "filtered" by the earth's atmosphere. But at an altitude of 75,000 feet, these rays would destroy the human skin in two or three minutes.

In the United States the life expectancy of Jews—at every age—is twenty per cent longer than that of Gentiles.

A new kind of paper, possessing much of the



#### SUMMER LIFE

Drawn by Steve Fabian, age 17, 446 Plymouth Ave.,  
Girard, O. Lodge 675.

feel and appearance of cloth, is now being used to make curtains, bedspreads, pillowcases and slip covers. It is expected to increase appreciably both the present 9,000 uses of paper and the average family's consumption of about 1,000 pounds a year.

BETTY VEDIC, age 13, lodge 639  
Box 80, Park City, Utah.

#### LIFE

Life is what you make it,  
It must be either good or bad.  
Try to make it always happy  
And never, never sad.

Life is what you make it,  
Try hard and you will succeed;  
Don't waste your time with failure,  
Or you will never be in the lead.

Life is what you make it,  
In this great big world of ours;  
Either a road of rocks and stones,  
Or a path of fragrant flowers.  
SYLVIA ZUPANCIC, 14, lodge 118,  
4745 Modoc Way  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

#### THE REAL HEROES

From the beginning of the human race, the people always had their heroes. The families from the very beginning have called their head-men heroes, because their duty was to protect their families from the wild beasts and other enemies.

The head-man many times risked his life for the benefit of others. But in modern times we find heroes who lead nations to success. For example, our own beloved country America has one man who will be remembered for ever as the savior of human rights. That great man is Abraham Lincoln who abolished slavery in the United States. He is the greatest man this country ever had. This is one man we all call a hero, for he had the hard task before him—to win the war that was fought between the North and the South to save the Union and to free the slaves.

There are many others who contributed greatly for the betterment of humanity. There is a number of scientists and humanitarians who did much toward the advancement of human progress. There are many men who are playing the same role to benefit the human race by inventing and research laboratories, to find a cure for the sick. These men risk their lives for only one purpose: to save the human race. I think that the scientists are really the greatest heroes in the world. It is through their work that we are able to enjoy life more fully.

In the world of today, there is much false propaganda. But we find several outstanding men who are able to show to the people the real truth, and who are constantly guarding the rights of the people against the enemies of freedom and liberty. They, too, are our heroes.

JOSEPHINE VIDMAR, 11, lodge 747  
2027 W. Garfield Avenue  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

#### OUR CAT

We have a little cat  
Who sits upon a mat,  
He's really very fat;  
He watches mother tat.

Our cat says, "Meow,"  
And likes our cow.  
When with a dog he has a row,  
He meows for help, "Meow! meow!"  
ELSIE MIHELICH, 13, lodge 94,  
Cascade, Colorado.

#### OUR HEROES

There are many heroes in every country, large or small, and each country is honoring its own heroes.

The Pilgrims and Puritans of our country, who



KING OF JUNGLE

Drawn by Bill Baltezar, age 16, 1246 Short St.,  
Butte, Mont. Lodge 207.

were very courageous, helped to build up our nation. Yet, some people do not consider them as real heroes. Nathan Hale, an American spy, was one of our great heroes. Being captured by the British in the Revolutionary War, he spoke some words which should never be forgotten by our Americans. One of our men, Pershing, a hero of this country in the World War, was also a hero of Europe.

Washington, father of our country, hero of the Revolutionary War, should be named one of our greatest heroes for his great help to this nation.

Benjamin Franklin helped to hold the men who were framing the Constitution together. Many a time the members who were to help write the new Constitution, gave up. But Franklin, in his eighties, experienced more than the others, would get up and speak. Simple but truthful were his words that helped to hold the others together.

And there is our Abraham Lincoln, the Great Emancipator, whom we honor as our real American hero!

The Pilgrims and Puritans, Hale, Pershing, Washington and Franklin, and Lincoln, all were enduring much and accomplished great things. They are all our heroes, among many others too numerous to mention.

JUSTIN MARTINCIC JR., 14, lodge 138  
Box 684, Canonsburg, Pa.

#### LABOR DAY

The first Monday in September is generally observed all over the United States and Canada as "Labor's Holiday." Then the great army of workers put aside their tasks for a day of rest and pleasure.

Labor Day was made a holiday in the District of Columbia by Congress in 1894, and today is a holiday in the same sense as Lincoln's birthday which, however, is not universally observed; or the Fourth of July. But so far as the cessation of ordinary business is concerned, Congress has no power to create a holiday in the states.

However, the Congressional Bill makes Labor Day a legal public holiday in the District of Columbia and requires the closing of all federal offices throughout the United States.

Here's a Labor poem:

Some people's hearts are aching,  
People's hearts are sad,  
Some are walking streets today  
Looking for work they had.  
It makes us sad to think of it,  
And not even get a break.  
But we must work unitedly to  
Make Labor strong and great!

ZITA BOZANIC, 13, lodge 393,  
Worcester, New York.

#### HEROES

There are many kinds of heroes. The soldier who comes home in triumph, to the sounds of trumpets and the waving of flags, leaves behind him on the battlefield the hero who has fallen in the fight.

But let us remember always the great heroism of simple lives, the golden deeds of quiet, simple people. Let us also remember the great things done by great men and women.

We have many national heroes. There is George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin, and many others of the early history of our nation. And there stands a magnificent figure towering above all—Abraham Lincoln! He was the Great Emancipator of the slaves.

Then there is a number of scientists and inventors, and educators. There is Thomas Edison, Steinmetz, Pupin and Tesla, scientists and inventors all.

We also have many outstanding men in the industrial field. Andrew Carnegie is one of them. He is remembered as a great benefactor, but at the same time he is also remembered as an industrial royalist who exploited his workers just as Henry Ford is exploiting them today. These men deny the rights of the workers, treat them as wage slaves, while on the other hand want to show to the world with the wealth accumulated by the workers, how good they are. Of course, for whatever good such men do, they will be remembered.

A hero is so recognized for his good deeds toward humanity. A man who on the one hand exploits his fellow men, and on the other hand tries to show his goodness by the labor of others, is not a true hero. Taking advantage of the poor and ignorant people is no heroism. A true hero is the one who tries to educate the masses, in order that all the people will be able to enjoy the fruits of their labor equally.

VERA BOZANIC, 12, lodge 393,  
Worcester, New York.

#### VACATION'S OVER

Oh Gee! vacation is all over for me,  
How I dislike to go back to school  
And always keep—the "golden rule."

How we'll long for summer all this fall  
While we'll study and try to remember all.  
But vacation is gone, school days aren't far,  
We'll have to take things just as they are.

ZITA BOZANIC, 13, lodge 393,  
Worcester, New York.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

How many United States senators are there?—Ninety-six.

What state is called the "Green Mountain State"?—Vermont.

What does "Amen" mean?—Even so, or so be it.

Where was the American Legion organized?—In Paris, France, 1919.

What is the lightest thing known?—Hydrogen gas.

What earthquake destroyed the greatest number of people?—The Japanese earthquake in 1923; 9,933 killed, 43,416 reported missing.

What accident is said to have caused the greatest fire in Chicago.—Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over a lighted lantern.

When did the first English newspaper appear?—In 1619.

Who was Lohengrin?—The hero of Wagner's opera, Lohengrin.

What river is called the "Father of Waters"?—Mississippi River.

VERA BOZANIC, 12, lodge 393,  
Worcester, New York.

#### BACK TO SCHOOL

*I had a swell vacation;  
I was glad there was no school;  
I practiced on crocheting  
And learned to tat and sew.*

*And now when school will start again  
To high school I will go.  
And I am glad that I will be  
A freshman that you know.*

Margaret Polonic, 13,  
R. D. 2, Uniondale, Pa.,  
Lodge 124.



Drawn by J. Francis Zupon, age 16, 546 Forest Ave.,  
Johnstown, Pa. Lodge 82.

## SCHOOL DAYS

*School days, school days,  
Dear old Golden Rule days.  
Readin' an' riten' an'  
'Rithmetic,  
Taught to the tune of a hickory  
Stick.*

*You were my queen in calico,  
I was your bashful bare foot boy,  
When you wrote on my slate,  
"I love you, Joe,"  
When we were a couple of kids.*



Drawn by *Dorothy Dermotta*, age 16, Box 101, Avella, Pa. Lodge 292.

## MORE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Here are a few interesting questions and answers:  
Does the U. S. flag contain more red or white stripes?—One more red than white.

What is Babe Ruth's full name?—George Herman Ruth.

Who wrote "Paradise Lost"?—John Milton.

Who made Charlie McCarthy famous?—Edgar Bergen.

What is the capital of Uruguay?—Montevideo.

Where is the Grand Coulee Dam located?—Washington State.

Who is the Secretary of Interior?—Harold Ickes.

What is the oldest city in the United States?—St. Augustine.

What does AYC stand for?—American Youth Congress.

What form of government does the Irish Free State have?—Republican.

Which is farther north, the Suez Canal or Panama?—Suez.

What animal is sometimes called Sly Reynard?—Fox.

Where are the Catskill Mountains located?—New York State.

FANNY GALICICH, 17, lodge 206,  
R.R. 1, Box 137, Arcadia, Kans.

## HUNTING AND FISHING

Here are a few rules especially for the boys to keep in mind while hunting and fishing:

## Hunting

1. Keep a gun in its case until you start hunting.
2. Keep guns in a locked place.
3. Never pull a gun through a fence.
4. Never lay a loaded gun down in a boat.
5. Never shoot at objects seen indistinctly—they might be human beings.

## Fishing

1. Carry a flask of drinking water. Never drink water of streams or lakes unless boiled.
2. Learn to know how poison ivy and poison oak looks.
3. Let any kind of snake alone.
4. Don't take any chances with boats.
5. When snagged by a fish hook, don't try to draw barb out directly. Go to a doctor.

MILDRED HOTKO, 15, lodge 95,  
226 Main St., Oglesby, Ill.

## LITTLE MISS MUFFET

*Little Miss Muffet,  
She sat on a tuffet.  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a big spider  
Who sat down besides her,  
And frightened Miss Muffet away.*  
—From Mother Goose.



Drawn by *Dorothy Dermotta*, age 16, Box 101, Avella, Pa. Lodge 292.

(Continued on page 31.)



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

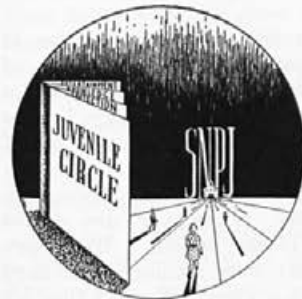


*Send all your questions and requests for your Juvenile Circles to Mr. Vincent Cainkar, president of the SNPJ, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. He has been appointed the Director of Juvenile Circles, and your Advisers should keep in touch with him.*

## MONTANA STARS' MEETING REPORT

ROUNDUP, MONT.—Circle No. 28 met at the home of Brother Jacob Kerzan, Sunday, July 14, at 12:30 p. m. The meeting was called to order by the president. Communications and minutes were read and approved.

The treasurer gave her report which was accepted. A motion was passed to the effect that all members supply their own ink for drawing purposes. The most important topic of the meeting was the selecting of a name for our circle. The name selected was "Montana Stars." A suggestion



was made that we give book reports at our next meeting; a motion was carried to this effect.

It was also decided at this meeting that we have a jackpot, or attendance award, to encourage members to attend the meetings. One name will be drawn at each meeting for the pot. The member must be present, however, to receive the pot.

The date of the next meeting was set for Sunday, Aug. 11, at 12:30 p. m. at Brother Tommy Jancic's home.

A few more members attended the July meeting than did last time, but we are looking forward to seeing each and everyone of the Juvenile members at our next meeting on Sunday, Sept. 8.

VIOLA KERZAN, Sec'y Circle 28  
Roundup, Montana.

## THE OHIO SNPJ DAY IS SUCCESS

CLEVELAND, O.—Due to rain, the proposed open air meeting of our Circle No. 13, scheduled

for June 23, had to be postponed. The regular meeting was held the following day, June 24.

The proceedings were as follows: The President called the meeting to order at 7 p. m. The minutes of the previous meeting were accepted; also the secretary's and treasurer's reports were accepted. Refreshments were served after the meeting was adjourned.

I wish to call the attention of all circles of Ohio that on July 28, in Cleveland, a great manifestation of SNPJ members was held at the SNPJ farm. It was called the Ohio SNPJ Day. The attendance at this affair was so big that it was hard to move about. A swell time was had by all. Some say that there were more than six thousand people present.

ELSIE F. VIDMAR, Sec'y, Circle 13  
6223 Glass Ave. No. 6  
Cleveland, Ohio.

## JR. ALL STARS' ACTIVITIES

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The Junior All Stars Circle summer activities have been varied as well as interesting.

A number of outings have been held with quite a few members in attendance. The meetings in July and August have not been attended so well probably because of the excessive heat in this region. The attendance should pick up in the fall with the advent of cooler weather.

Our circle newspaper is being published each month with those two active members, Bill Ambros and Robert Glavan, as reporters and editors. The boys write up on the activities of our circle and its members. The newspaper has contained many articles about our baseball team. The team has quite an array of sluggers. It was entered in the Twilight league at the View Playground and has done quite well against much older competi-

tion. The average age is 16 years which is the youngest in the league. The boys really look swell in their blue and white suits. Basketball is next on the bill.

Our circle passed the two year mark on July 16. This circle and our North Side neighbors were organized to promote juvenile activities in Milwaukee. After getting all the members together we held our first meeting and elected officers for the coming year. Our first president was Frank Primoziel. Last year, Leon Sagadin was our president. This year, Bob Gradisher, one of our best members, was elected president. All these boys proved able leaders and helped our circle to go ahead.

The circle started many affairs which we now hold annually. Our Christmas party is now an annual affair which has proved enjoyable to the youngsters as well as their parents. We participate in lodge affairs every winter, and also in outside affairs.

Last year in August, a singing club was organized for both circles. We had the help of Singing Society Naprej. A big concert was held in April which proved profitable and enjoyable. We were invited to attend the singing festival in Chicago as guests with a chance for future membership. The members enjoyed themselves and hope to be members in the future. Our activities are too numerous to enumerate in this column, but I'll list them soon.

August seems to be the month of many birthdays in our circle. On Aug. 3rd, Billy Ambrosh and Hilda Bizjak; Aug. 9, Mary Poklar; Aug. 12, Florian Remitz; Aug. 16, Rose Praznik; Aug. 18, Kathleen Geram; Aug. 21, Lillian Stemberger; Aug. 30, Mary Sorsak. Congratulations to all of you and happy birthday.

Many of our members took vacations in July. Frank Udovich, a regular contributor to the Juvenile Circle column in the Prosveta, visited Cleveland for one week. Bobby Glavan visited Minnesota for a few days. Florian Remitz visited Indiana. I had the pleasure of visiting a lake in Northern Wisconsin with Mr. and Mrs. Chuck and their son Kenneth. Thanks for an enjoyable time. See you all next month.

JOHN POKLAR, JR., Circle No. 4,  
927-A W. Scott Street  
Milwaukee, Wis.

#### CIRCLE "DAWN OF YOUTH" HAS CONTEST

GIRARD, OHIO.—Dawn of Youth Circle, No. 7, held its regular monthly meeting on July 26. The meeting date was advanced two days because of the Ohio SNPJ Day which was held in Cleveland on July 28.

Our circle is conducting a contest on the subject, "Why I like to be an SNPJ Juvenile Circle member?" The first articles written on this topic were submitted at the meeting on July 26. Points were given to each contestant.

Mr. Verbic gave us a talk on the beginning and struggles of the SNPJ, which was very interesting. For August, our circle was planning a picnic. Bank awards were won by Bernice Muster and

Clara Mihelich at the previous meeting. Please try to be at the next meeting.

BETTY REZEK, Rec. Sec'y  
167 Trumbull Ave.  
Girard, Ohio.

#### FROM CIRCLE "JOLLY KANSANS"

MULBERRY, KANSAS.—I finally decided to write again. Our last circle meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Shular, in Arma. The meeting was called to order with President Henry Jelovchan in charge.

At this meeting, plans were made to have a picnic on July 21 at Lincoln Park. However, the picnic was later postponed until July 28. The prizes were won by Mary Cizerle and Henry Jelovchan. Plans were also made to hold a Roundup Jamboree in August.

Our next meeting was held on Aug. 4 at Breezy Hill. After each meeting, refreshments are served to all members present.

This is all for this time. Best regards to all SNPJ members.

LUCY KUMER, Circle No. 11  
R. R. No. 1, Box 371  
Mulberry, Kansas.

#### CIRCLE "VIOLET RAYS"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—At this writing, our Juvenile Circle No. 18, "Violet Rays," is planning an outing. We are all looking forward to his affair for a good time and much fun is promised all who attend.

I wish to mention that this is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 11 years old and, of course, am a member of Circle 18. My hobby is singing and playing accordion. Some day I hope to be a barn dance entertainer, but I have a lot of studying to do yet.

At present time I am a guest of Mrs. Ambrozich, our Circle Manager. My playmates are Julius Ambrozich, Josephine Vidmar, whom I like best, and Richard Klopceich, our new member. Richard is a good ball player, and a swell joker. I like my playmates.

I will close now, hoping to see this letter in the M. L. soon. Best regards to all members of SNPJ and to all readers of our wonderful Mladinski List.

HILDA BIZJAK, Circle 18  
2366 So. 10th Street  
Milwaukee, Wis.

#### CIRCLE NO. 20 IS PROGRESSING

AGUILAR, COLORADO.—It is my sincere wish that more members of Circle No. 20 would write to this wonderful magazine. If we all do this, then our people throughout the United States will know that we exist. They would know that we are an active circle, that we are progressing and that we want to keep on progressing.

I also wish that more pen pals would write to me, and will promptly answer every letter. I think that by correspondence we can exchange our views and

(Continued on page 32.)

# Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

## MIDLAND STEEL MILLS



Dear Editor:—Having been satisfied to read the Mladinski List without writing, I have now changed my mind. When we receive the M. L., I always turn first to the Pen Pal column and the crossword puzzles.

I think, however, that the best points about this magazine are that it is educational, entertaining, and the readers can contribute anything they wish, subject, of course, to any necessary

changes by the editor.

Midland, the town I live in, is located 35 miles from Pittsburgh. Therefore, it is not surprising that there are steel mills here also. Midland has a population of about 6,500 people. Most of them are employed in the steel mills and they do different types of work. The steel is made the "open hearth" method which makes the best grade of steel, but this is not the fastest method.

The steel mills are located along the Ohio River which provides much of the transportation. There are also railroads by which steel is exported. The steel mills and the river are located north of the houses, and hills provided with cool, refreshing air are located south of the residential section. Whenever the people get tired of the smoke from the mills, they hike into the hills. We enjoy roller skating down part of a road that leads into one of the hills. There are many flowers and trees covering the hills.

Midland is not located on a hill, but is located in a valley surrounded by hills. Although a rather large river runs near our town, Midland has never been flooded. The townships surrounding Midland have often been flooded. We have three public schools and one private school. There also are two playgrounds and a free library.

Our High School, which is called the Lincoln High School, is surrounded by a park and plenty of trees. There were about 900 pupils going to it this past year. We have very good football, baseball, and basketball teams. We also have a Student Council, clubs, and organizations in our school.

I will be in the eleventh grade next year. Because of the hot summer weather, I like winter better than summer. I like to participate in almost all sports, especially softball, basketball, volley ball, roller skating, and hiking. As for hobbies, I write plays (try to); sew dresses; make rugs; collect colorful rocks, souvenirs, pictures of Sonja Henie, postcards, original poems and drawings by my friends, and collect and press leaves and flowers. I still enjoy playing boys' games, especially rough

games. I might be called a "tomboy." I also like to work out tough algebra problems.

Here's hoping some of you girls, from far and near and all ages, are willing to take time out and write to me. How about it, pen pals? Please.—**Mildred Gipalo** (age 16), 6 Midland Ave., Midland, Pa. (Lodge 464)

## "LAZY BONES"

Dear Editor:—Days are rather hot now, but that doesn't bother me at all. It is because I am small yet and I don't have to work. I just sit and sit in the shade. I am lazy and tired now, but I will write more next time. Best regards to all ML readers and writers.—**Dan Gostovich** (age 9), Box 5, Raton, New Mexico. (Lodge 416)

## OUR FISHING TRIP

Dear Editor:—Here I am writing again to this wonderful Mladinski List. I was glad when I saw my first letter in the M. L.

On Saturday, July 6, we all went on a fishing trip about 30 miles from our home. We stayed there over the week-end. We caught plenty of fish and had a swell time.

On our way there we stopped to see the funeral of a man who was killed celebrating the Fourth by shooting dynamite. He lit the dynamite and it went off too soon, blowing him to pieces. They had the pieces of his body in a casket and nobody was allowed to see him. I hope that the next Fourth of July will be safer and that boys and girls will be careful.

I also wish that the boys and girls who read the Mladinski List—and who doesn't?—would read my letter and write to me. Best regards to all.—**Diana Bradley**, Box 115, Blaine, Ohio.

## THREE IN SNPJ LODGE 629

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. For the future, however, I promise to write more often. I am nine years old, and in the fourth grade at the Trafford school. There are three people in our family who belong to SNPJ lodge 629, namely, my mother, sister Caroline, and I.

On July 19, we went to Detroit to see my Aunt. We had a good time there. And now I'll say good-bye and good luck to all the readers of the Mladinski List.—**Thomas Gornick**, Box 706, Trafford, Pa. (Lodge 629)

## A TRIP TO CLEVELAND

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. On Wednesday, July 3, my mother, father, and I went to Cleveland, Ohio, because my father was a delegate to the JSF convention at the Slovene Workers Home. The convention lasted three days, the fourth, fifth and sixth of July. Friday night, we saw Norman Thomas and also heard him make a speech.

Saturday, July 6, they had a banquet and then there was a dance. Sunday we went to the picnic

sponsored by JSF Club 27 and Zarja at the SNPJ farm. Monday morning we left for home at 4:30 o'clock and returned home at 7:30 that night.

In Cleveland we saw many interesting things. One I liked best was the fireworks Thursday night at Euclid Beach Park. We all enjoyed the trip very much. I would like to have pen pals from all parts of the U. S. I will answer each letter promptly.—**Dolores Udovich** (age 11), Route 1, Box 90, La Salle, Illinois.

#### FUN DAYS AT SNPJ FARM

Dear Editor:—I have taken time out to write to the dear M. L. this warm summer day. We all welcome the good old sunshine since we've had so much rain this month, but when it's too hot nobody likes it because it is not comfortable.

These days are quite busy for our SNPJ friends in Cleveland. Sundays and weekdays are fun days on the SNPJ farm. There are three little cottages there that are quite popular for people wishing vacations away from the city. While on Sundays, countless crowds come out and have a jolly time, either dancing, swimming, playing baseball or ballina. The scenery is lovely with big trees and the farm is very spacious and nice.

Well, I'll drop that subject and now I want to say, that I am very glad to see so many pen pal letters and Juvenile Circle letters from Cleveland. Keep it up and tell other SNPJ members to write. I'll close now and I hope to write soon again. My best regards to all.—**Mary Volk**, 702 E. 160th St., Cleveland, Ohio. (Age 16, Lodge 312)

#### HARVEST TIME

Dear Editor:—I did not write to the M. L. for a long time and I thought it was about time to write. I did not write because we are repairing the house and painting it. All I have to do is paint and varnish the woodwork.

Few more weeks and it will be time to harvest the crops on our ranch. It will keep us very busy for about a month. And the vacation is going like a fly; pretty soon I will have to go to my 10th grade of school. I will have a new teacher in book-keeping this year; Miss Nigro is her name.—This is all I can think of this time.—**George A. Chelon Jr.**, Box 238, Aguilar, Colo.

#### COLORADO SPRINGS

Dear Editor:—I finally decided to write again to the M. L. Pen Pal section. The months just seem to fly by during vacation.

Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak are known throughout the United States as a summer vacationland. Visitors from all over the United States come here to spend their vacations.

Although Colorado Springs is not an industrial city, it boasts the world's largest gold custom plant, the Golden Cycle Mill. In 32 years it has handled \$157,000,000 worth of gold ore.

The city was founded in 1871 by General William J. Palmer. The site was chosen because of its mag-

nificent beauty. Colorado Springs is built on land included in the Louisiana Purchase. Indians were roaming over this land.

On July 9 last, Wendell L. Wilkie, Republican presidential nominee, arrived in Colorado Springs for a three-week stay. Two years ago, accompanied by her parents, Shirley Temple visited the Pike's Peak region for a few days.

Some of the most prominent or well-known beauty spots in this region are Pike's Peak, 14,110 feet high; Cave of the Winds, Garden of the Gods, the Colorado Petrified Forest, in which all the trees have hurned to stone; Will Rogers Shrine of the Sun, and many others.

What about some more letters from Colorado? You're not getting lazy, are you? Best regards to all.—**Elsie Mae Mihelich**, Cascade, Colo. (Age 13, Lodge 94)

#### MY SPORTS AND HOBBIES

Dear Editor:—This is the second time I am writing to this wonderful magazine. My sports are baseball and swimming, and I have many hobbies. I would like to have many more pen pals, boys and girls, and will answer all letters promptly. I and my friend Julia Lawrence have a lot of fun reading each other's letters. I have a pen pal, J. N. of Illinois. My best regards to all.—**Pauline Nada**, 716 Bloom Ave., Nanty Glo, Pa.

#### VACATIONING IN MINNESOTA

Dear Editor:—I wish to thank the SNPJ very much for the check I received for my contributions to the M. L. It's nice to see the list of contributors steadily expanding, for it shows that more members are taking an interest in their magazine and in their own talents.

Being 225 miles from home for the past two months has made it rather inconvenient for me to make any drawings. I am vacationing in the mill city—Minneapolis. Of the eleven lakes in this city, each has its inviting beaches and lake shore drives. At times, the beaches are so crowded that one is unable to locate a place to sit.

One of the most spectacular events held in Minneapolis was the Aquatennial which continued for nine days. It consisted of parades, a rodeo in which Gene Autry appeared, baseball and tennis games, swimming and boating races, dances, and to be sure, magnificent fireworks. It was truly a grand affair, consisting of many interesting features.

In conclusion I wish to extend my heartiest greetings to Margaret Cimperman, Pa.; Frank Padar, N. Y., and Marjorie Zganjar, Minn.—**Dorothy Zager**, Box 312, Gilbert, Minn.

#### 'HOPPERS AND BUGS

Dear Editor:—I am glad to tell you that I am spending the summer taking care of my corn and beans. But I don't think it is of any use because the grasshoppers and bugs started to take care of them and saved me some work. I don't care much because school is going to start soon. I like to

write letters and jokes to the M. L. much more than taking care of bugs and grasshoppers. Best regards to all ML readers and writers. I'll also say hello to my pen pal Sophie Kencec.—Dan Gostovich, Box 769, Van Houten, New Mexico. (Age 9, Lodge 416)

### COMPLIMENTS

Dear Editor:—First of all, I wish to thank the Editor for publishing my previous letters as I received numerous compliments on them from my friends and pen pals.

Several weeks ago I had the pleasure of meeting the ever-popular Mary Volk right here in Cleveland. I hope to see you soon again, Mary. I am saying hello to all my friends and pen pals. Until next time, then, good-by.—Elsie F. Vidmar, 6223 Glass Ave. No. 6, Cleveland, O.

### JUST FOR FUN PAGE

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List and I sincerely hope it is not my last.

I enjoy reading the M. L. for it has such interesting departments. I am always the first in the family to read this magazine when it arrives.

I am 13 years of age and have dark brown curly hair, also brown eyes. I am 5 feet 2 inches tall. I am a member of SNPJ lodge 436. I like to draw. My sports are croquet, tennis, baseball, basketball, swimming, ice and roller skating.

I get much pleasure from the Just for Fun page and wish you would have more of it. I also enjoy reading riddles and I know other readers do, too. So I have scrambled ten movie names and hope the readers will enjoy unscrambling them. These star names are my favorites:

1, Amejs Nagyec. 2, Larc Sandil. 3, Eerggo Renth. 4, Denabr Ceoyj. 5, Honj Nayep. 6, Pumejhry Artgob. 7, Aurenm Arah'o. 8, Borter Gouny. 9, Anej Namwy. 10, Amjes Wartset.

Answers: 1, James Cagney. 2, Carol Landis. 3, George Brent. 4, Brenda Joyce. 5, John Payne. 6, Humphrey Bogart. 7, Maureen O'Hara. 8, Robert Young. 9, Jane Wyman. 10, James Stewart.

They may be hard but I hope you get them. I would like to have pen pals between ages of 13 and 15. I hope I get many.—Marjorie Vuchetich, 235 4th Avenue North, Park Falls, Wis.

### JOKES AND RIDDLES

Dear Editor:—I am a member of SNPJ lodge 436, and this is my first letter to this magazine. I enjoy reading the ML very much.

I am 12 years of age, have light brown hair and dark eyes. I have three sisters and one brother, all belonging to the same lodge.

My favorite sports are tennis, ice and roller skating, skiing, basketball, baseball, and hiking. I enjoy riddles and jokes and so have much enjoyment reading the Just for Fun page. I like to write, and I would like to receive letters from pen pals, boys and girls, my age.

Here are a few jokes: Pat was buying a clock. "This," said the persuasive assistant, "is an eight-

day clock." Pat scratched his head in wonderment and said: "What be an eight-day clock, mister?" Assistant: "One that will go eight days without winding." The Irishman smiled: "Begorra, how long would it go if you wound it?"

Another joke: "I hear your wife is a musician, expert on anything with strings," said Mike. "Well," answered Ike, "she performs on the purse strings with great effect."

Until next time, I remain—Dorothy Perkovich, 263 4th Avenue North, Park Falls, Wisconsin.

### MY TRIP TO KANSAS

Dear Editor:—I will relate here the beginning, in-between and the end of my trip to Kansas.

It was on June 21, while several of our circle members were spending a week on the SNPJ farm in Cleveland. We just completed a few games of balina and were just about to eat when in drove my cousin Julius Pirnat. To my astonishment, the first words he uttered were, "Marian, do you want to go to Kansas tonight?" Of course, I thought he was joking but when he repeated it in a more serious tone of voice, I realized that if I said yes, one of my fondest dreams would come true. For you see, Kansas is really my home state. I was born there and at the ripe old age of three I left. Of course, my parents accompanied me. As I never had gone back I was glad of the opportunity.

"To go or not to go?" that was the question. I said yes, but it was very difficult to leave my cabin mate and friend Anna Cebulj; of course, it was just as hard to leave the others.

As soon as I arrived home I packed and we left Saturday morning at 4:30. By "we" I mean my aunt, Mrs. Julius Pirnat, her son Julius, Mrs. Femec and her daughter, and I. My cousin Marge Pirnat came a week later and accompanied us home.

Going there we went straight through, no stops except for gasoline. Although the prospect of seeing my home town was continually on my mind, I was always thinking of my friends here in Cleveland.

We arrived in Arma, Kansas, at 1:30 in the morning and went to John Hovevar's home. To my surprise I found out that there, everyone keeps his doors open at night, that is, not locked as we do in the city. We walked right in and surprised them. We talked for a while, then went to sleep. We woke up early the next morning and started the rounds of seeing our relatives and friends. That continued throughout the first week.

Friday morning, accompanied by our friends Mr. and Mrs. Prenk of Pittsburg, we left for the Ozark Mountains—the "Little Switzerland" of the U. S.—and stopped at Eureka Springs. It was one of the most beautiful towns I have ever seen.

The first Sunday night we went to a dance at Camp 50, where we were fortunate enough to hear the Harmony Kings, which is one of the best Bohemian bands whose music has reached my ears, and Jimmy certainly can play the accordion (squeeze box).

There in Kansas they dance much differently than we dance here in Cleveland. For a while I was quite amused watching them. Then I attempted to dance that way but gave up after trying hard and returned to the Cleveland style. (My toes were fortunate not to be stepped on very much.) Next Saturday we went to an SNPJ dance at which there was gathered quite a crowd. I enjoyed it immensely.

Enough about the good times and now about the farms. For acres around you could see the wheat gently waving in the air (or at least half of it was, for a part had been cut or harvested before I arrived). I rode once around on the binder and although it was fun, the taste of the sand was not good. (Had it been flavored it would have been a great deal better.)

To the farmer or the experienced one, the complicated process of milking a cow is an easy matter. But to me, a city girl, that is definitely out of place or question trying.

Kansans, did you know that you have a special kind of oranges? My cousin Leo Hocevar had me believing that they were oranges—but finally told me they were hedgeballs. I had never seen anything like that before, so it was easy to deceive me.

I was very fortunate in meeting the adviser of the Jolly Kansans Circle, Olga Knapich, and various circle officers. We talked about our circles and various doings. Olga is doing a great deal in the promotion of their Circle and deserves all credit due her.

Our farewell party was given on the Fourth of July. That was one party at which I enjoyed myself so thoroughly that I doubt if I shall ever forget it. A full house of people came to bid us farewell, young and old, married and single.

We bid our friends good-by and left Saturday morning taking the Secretary of Jolly Kansans circle, Dorothy Karlinger, with us.

It was hard to get used to the city again. Everything seemed queer, even the food tasted different. And with a dream that I shall return next summer, I sign off.—**Marian Tratnik**, 1116 E. 71st St., Cleveland, Ohio. (Circle 2)

#### ENJOYS READING ML

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading this magazine. I am 12 years of age and will be in the seventh grade this fall. I belong to the Juvenile Department of SNPJ lodge 163. I live on a farm about seven miles north of Albia. I will write more next time. Best regards to all.—**Frances Kosmoch**, Route No. 4, Albia, Iowa.

#### AT THE OHIO SNPJ DAY EVENT

Dear Editor:—I am writing this letter on Aug. 1, which is my birthday. I am now 13 years old.

On July 28, my parents, my brother and I went to Cleveland where we attended the great celebration of the first Ohio SNPJ Day affair. That really was something for all of us. We have never seen so many Slovene people together before. And it was interesting to see and hear the four brothers

play and sing. Also, to hear other interesting singers and performers. I wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Vrh and Tony for taking us to the SNPJ farm and for their hospitality.

My brother wants to thank Mr. and Mrs. Vrh and Mr. and Mrs. Bostjancic with whom he spent part of his vacation. I hope Tony Vrh comes next year to spend his vacation with us. Best regards to all members and readers of the M. L.—**Tony Valencic**, 1324 Myrtle Street, Toledo, Ohio. (Lodge 666)

#### WONDERFUL VACATION

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to the Mladinski List for a long time. But I had a wonderful vacation. I went to Gary, Indiana, also to Chicago. My uncle came from Colorado and on his way back he stopped in Kansas. I went with him. We had a nice trip. We went through the Ozarks and crossed the Mississippi bridge. I went to show almost every day, also to picnics and parties. I am very sorry I couldn't write to Helen Urbas because I lost her address on my way to Indiana. I was in Chicago many times because my mother lives there. I got many new things. My aunts and uncles live in Indiana. Best regards to one and all.—**June Pecar**, R. R. 1, Pittsburg, Kansas.

#### ZAKLJUČNI OPIS POTOVANJA

Dragi urednik:—Tudi moje zadnje pismo, ki sem ga poslala Mladinskemu listu, ste lepo uredili. Iskrena hvala! Zadnjič sem omenila, da bom zaključila opis mojega potovanja na zapad z letalom.



V mojem zadnjem pismu sem se nekoliko pomudila v mlekarni Carnation Co. v Cornilliusu, Oregon, katero sva s teto obiskali.

Takrat sva se tudi ustavili v tamkajšnji ljudski šoli. Zelo se mi je dopadlo v tisti šoli. Vse sobe so lepe in čiste. Vse je v lepem redu in vse je snažno. V šoli ni bilo nobenega zamorskega otroka. Tam sem tudi videla veliko sobo, v kateri kuhajo za otroke. V nji jim tudi servirajo hrano. A to je le pozimi, da jim ni treba opoldne domov hoditi. Kdor hoče, si seveda lahko svoj prigrizek ali lunch seboj prinese. Tudi tista velika soba, v kateri kuhajo, je lepa in čista.

Gotovo se še spominjate, da sva šli s teto v Portland z letalom na pogreb mojega strica. Pogreb se je vršil 23. marca. Teden pozneje sva prejeli od doma brzjav, naj se vrneva domov. Takoj sva se pripravili in poslovili od sorodnikov in prijateljev. Dne 27. marca zvečer sva šli na bus v Cornilliusu, s katerim sva se odpeljali proti Portlandu. Tam sva dobili vlak, ki se imenuje Portland Rose. Na tem vlaku je bila zelo prijetna vožnja. Vlak ima lepe vagoncine in pa udobne kupeje.

Vožnja iz Portlanda na vzhod je dokaj dolga. Neko jutro me je sprevodnik ali konduktor poklical, naj pogledam skozi okno. Pogledala sem in pred menoj se je pokazala velika voda—veletok reke Mississippi. Kmalu je seveda izginila. Dne 29. marca

zvečer sva dospeli v Chicago. Tam sva izstopili in šli na drugi vlak.

Od Chicaga naprej proti domu je bila bolj slaba vožnja. Vsa okna so bila zaprta, dim pa je kljub temu uhajal v wagone. Dne 30. marca zvečer sva že prispeli v Pittsburgh. Bili sva dokaj zaprašeni od dima in prahu. Vozili sva se od Portlanda do Pittsburgha ravno tri dni in tri noči. Če primerjam vožnjo z letalom na zapad z vožnjo na vlaku nazaj, je seveda letalo mnogo hitrejše. Ne vem, če bom kmalu spet imela priliko, da se bi vozila z letalom v tako daljavo.

Lahko rečem, da v treh letih, odkar sem tukaj, sem že mnogo videla. V stari domovini sem bila 12 let, pa nisem videla niti polovice tega kot tukaj. S tem zaključujem moje opisovanje potovanja na zapad in nazaj. Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem M. L.—Mary Zupančič, Box 246, Library, Pa.

#### MY GRAMMAR SCHOOL IS OVER

Dear Editor:—I once wrote a letter to the Mladinski List, but that was quite some time ago. So I decided to write again. I've been looking through every issue of the ML in hope of finding someone from Chicago that would write in. I haven't written to the M. L. because I've been rather busy these past few months. You see—I graduated from grammar school and there was quite a lot to do with last-minute exams.

We were very busy before graduation. We had to practice this and that, we were selecting our pins and dresses. Oh, yes, indeed, there's quite a bit to do. But now that I have my diploma, I am glad. I think that eight years of hard work earned it. While I was in grammar school I was the school librarian. At first I was all in a daze. I was left in the library with books to be put on file and to be put back in their places and cards to file, etc. There were a thousand and one things to be done. But I got it all straightened out again. And if I do say so myself, it looks like a library.

Well, that's what kept me so busy. And then you know how it is when summer comes along—you just don't feel like writing after writing in school a whole semester.

While I am feeling ambitious enough I want to tell all the young Slovenes that they should come to our Juvenile Circle at Lawndale and 27th St. And do not send only the five-year-old children—you come too. Come on, Chicago! Let's write in to the M. L. and come on to the Juvenile Circle. Join the crowd and have loads of fun. You will find if you come to the Juvenile Circle that there are many things to do and learn in our circle. If you come I am sure you will be a proud member of Circle No. 26.—Frances Senica (age 14), 2715 So. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

#### "IN COOL COLORADO"

Dear Editor:—In my first letter I promised that I would write again soon, so I am going to keep that promise. I returned from my months' vacation on July 30 and was very happy to find my Mladinski List waiting for me.

I had a wonderful time in the city but it was awfully hot there. I love to live in the mountains because it is always cool. I also hope that some day everyone will get a chance to see the mountains, especially the mountains in cool Colorado.

What seems to be the matter with the boys and girls from Northern Colorado? Come on, don't be afraid to write. It's really lots of fun once you get started. I have a 17-year-old brother who is also a member of the SNPJ, but he never seems to have enough time to write to anyone. I don't have any pen pals yet, but hope to have some real soon. Best wishes to all ML readers.—Betty Jane Suvada (age 14), Box 95, Phippsburg, Colorado.

#### SUMMER IS NEARLY OVER

Dear Editor:—Once again I've decided to write to this wonderful magazine. I think it's an honor to be able and to have the opportunity to write letters to this magazine—the Mladinski List.

Summer will soon be over and we will be going back to school. It seems as though summer has just begun, and it is going to end. I hope all of you M. L. readers are enjoying your vacation.

Here are a few questions and answers: What did one wall say to another wall?—I'll meet you at the corner. What did the wall say to the ceiling?—Hold me up, I'm plastered. What did the big bedbug say to the little bedbug?—I'll meet you in the spring. What goes up and down and never touches the sky or ground?—A pump handle. What goes through the forest and never touches the forest?—A penny in a man's pocket.

Solve this one: Two shepherds were tending to their sheep; one shepherd said to the other: "You give me one of your sheep and I will have as many as you have." And the other shepherd said: "You give me one of your sheep and I will have twice as many as you have." How many sheep did each shepherd have?—One had 5 sheep, the other had 7 sheep.

I'd like to receive letters from pen pals and promise to answer them promptly. Best regards to all ML readers.—Mary Skoda, R.D. 3, Box 31, Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

#### FROM "LAND OF LAKES"

Dear Editor:—On July 21, the Jugoslavs of the Iron Range had a picnic at the Hibbing County Fair grounds. Various entertainers of Slovene and Croatian nationality furnished music for the program. They were dressed in native costumes. It usually rains on the Sunday they decide to have their picnic; however, this Sunday it turned out to be very warm.

It has been very warm up here in Eveleth and the lakes have been crowded with swimmers practically every day. I don't see very many letters from Eveleth in the M. L. I do hope they haven't forgotten the magazine altogether.

I have received letters from many pen pals of mine. I would like to hear again from William

Smolich of Pennsylvania. I wrote to him a few months ago and he has not answered yet. Best regards to all.—Margaret Sostarich (age 15), 301½ "B" Avenue, Eveleth, Minnesota.

\*

#### WANTS TO BE A COWGIRL

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading this magazine very much. I am 14 years old and will be in the eighth grade this fall. I attend the Robinson Township School.

My hobby is collecting movie stars. My favorite movie cowboys are Gene Autry from Hollywood and Big Slim from Wheeling, West Virginia. My chief aim is to be a cowgirl. I like to sing cowboy songs very much. For this reason I would like some pen pals to write to me, especially those who want to be cowgirls or cowboys. And if there is anyone who has a cowboy picture he or she does not want, I would be very much pleased if you would send it to me. I promise to answer each letter promptly. Best regards.—Anna Mele, Box 311, Moon Run, Pa.

\*

#### HER PASTIME—MLADINSKI LIST

Dear Editor:—I promised to write more often to the Mladinski List. I like to read this magazine very much; it certainly is my pastime.

Our school ended May 24 and I passed to the fifth grade. We had our picnic on the school grounds in July we were busy picking strawberries, and they were very nice. I would like to have some pen pals, promising to answer each letter very promptly. I will try and write more next time.—Helen Mikulich, Trenary, Traunik, Michigan. (Lodge 387)

## Bele ceste dom so moj!

*Vladko Kos*

Bele ceste dom so moj . . .  
V noči zlat od mesečine,  
kakor da bi bil s tkanine  
v njem igra se lunin soj.

Bele ceste dom so moj.  
v soncu v dalje neizmerne  
segajo, kot jaz nemirne . . .  
Oj, zaman pokoj  
sem na njih iskal.

Vso mladost so godcu vzele,  
nikdar se smejale, pele,  
večno njihov bom ostal . . .

Bratec, večno v njih zaspal.  
Takrat bodo se končale,  
blizu, blizu zvezde stale,  
ki sem jih iskal.

Jaz pa tokrat bom končal!

## Spet bo čas . . .

*Vladko Kos*

Bratec, zdaj bo spet veselo,  
kakor prejšnje srečne dni;  
zdaj bo spet življenje pelo,  
v gaju mojem bo dehtelo,  
bratec, sladko od cvetic!

Ko bo luna zasijala,  
sanje bodo ti noči,  
v mesečini se smejala  
duša bo in drgetala  
v tajni pesmi nočnih ptic . . .

Blizu bodo zvezde žarke,  
v sanjah bova tja odšla,  
sedla v lahne zlate barke,  
ah, razumeš, v tiste barke,  
ki so sredi zvezd doma.

#### NA ZATOŽNI KLOPI

(Nadaljevanje s 6. strani)

ljanje in krohot, ploskanje in ropot, vse to se je mešalo in butalo na Čukova ušesa. V globoke misli zatopljen ni mogel prikriti svojega razočaranja, dasi je še zmirom upal, da se Lisjak laže.

Ko se je vzburkanost polegla, je začel resnobno in skoro tegobno:

— Če je to res, vse to res. . .

— Res je! Jaz sem bil skrita priča, se hripavo oglašam jež.

— . . . potem, potem ne bomo danes sklepali ničesar. Kajti treba bo prej reforme, temeljite reforme. Zaman lečimo ude, ako trpimo gnilobo v glavi.

Tu se ponižani Volk ni mogel obvladati. Planil je iz svojega kota in se zadere na ves glas: Lisjak je vsega kriv! Kakor mene, tako je tudi načelnika Petelina speljal na led, s tem, da mu je nastavil vado. Na vislice s skušnjavcem, varalico Lisjakom.

— Tako je! je zabobnelo po dvorani. Proč s skušnjavcem! Na vislice z zapeljivcem! Zgledalo je, da so vsi do zadnjega taistega mnenja.

Toda Čukovo bistro oko je le izpazilo nekatere poedince, ki so se, kakor on, razočarani ozirali in v znak nesoglašanja odmajevali z glavo. Brž si je zaznamoval njih imena in čelo se mu je zopet razjasnilo. Vi boste sol naše zemlje! si je pel v mislih.

Za tega se je pa že tudi dvignil modri, zmirom tihi Bober. Skušnjave, je dejal, so zmirom bile in bodo. A naj bo skušnjava ko gora velika—pravi poštenjak se je bo znal ogniti, medtem ko se tako zvani poštenjakoviči spotaknejo ob vsako krtino.

Ploskanje in nekaj treznih, resnih vzklikov: Tako je!

Pozneje obsojenega Lisjaka ni kazen prav nič popboljšala. Lopov je bil in ostal. Ali ker ni in ni mogel novega sodnijskega osebja več dobiti v mrežo svojih lopovščin, je obupal in se nazadnje kar sam obesil. . .



## Lakota in Beda

Jelkin

K Lakoti je prišla Beda in rekla:  
"Pojdiva po svetu, sestra! Pri nas je preveč  
pusto in dolgočasno."

Lakota je bila pripravljena, in odšli sta v širni svet.

Mračilo se je že, ko sta prispeli v vas. Bili sta trudni in lačni, zato sta se odločili, da potrkata na prva vrata. Toda imeli sta smolo: v hiši je bila pojedina in odgnali so ju.

Šli sta naprej in potrkali na naslednja vrata. Odprl jima je droben krojač.

"Ali znata šivati?" ju je vprašal.

Obe sta zanikali.

"Potem vaju ne potrebujem. Zbogom!" je rekel krojač in zaloputnil vrata.

Beda je tedaj poprosila, da bi se smela skomigniti z rameni, in odšli sta dalje.

"Morda so ti ljudje tu bolj usmiljeni, kakor so drugi," je na glas pomislila Lakota.

"Ali naj poizkusiva?" je nezaupljivo vprašala Beda.

Sestra jo je potolažila:

"Hujše, kakor da naju spet vržejo skozi vrata, se nama ne more zgoditi. Kar vstopiva!"

In odprli sta vrata: V majhni, zakajeni in smrdeči izbi so sedeli pivci in kvartaši. Krčmar ju je zaničljivo premeril od vrha do tal:

"Kaj bi pa vidve radi?"

Lakota je poprosila za kos kruha ali vsaj rob strehe preko noči.

"Kaj pa še!" se je zakrohotal debeli krčmar. "Pečeno gos in liter vina bi morda še radi? Nimam časa. Hajde, gremo!"

Beda je tedaj poprosila, da bi se smela vsaj pogreti. Toda krčmar ju je pograbil in vrgel brez odgovora na cesto.

Ko sta se pobirali iz snega, se je prizibal mimo pijanec. Ustavil se je pred njima in dejal:

"Kaj pa vidve? Ali sta se takole malo povaljali po snegu? Toplo, a? Kdo pa sta?"

"Lakota in Beda," sta mu odgovorili.

"Lakota in beda!" je vzkliknil pijanec. "To bo nekaj za mojo staro! Pomagali ji bosta nabirati cunje, zbirati ogrizke in brskati po smeteh, zraven pa stradati in zmrzovati. Ho-ho-ho! Kar k njej pojdita in delajta ji družbo. V zadnji bajti na koncu vasi jo bosta našli. Jaz stopim še tu notri pogledat, če mi bodo dali kaj na kredo."

## Otrok čeblja

Zofija Breitenebner

Mamica, glej, rožice plakajo,  
gotovo so žejne;  
glej, z listov solze jim kapajo,  
rose žele blagodejne.

Ne, dete, rožice niso več žejne,  
saj pile so roso nocoj,  
ko mrak se dotaknil je zemlje,  
ko angel kramljal je s teboj.

### OUR SCHOOL

(Continued from page 22.)

#### HOW NEEDLES ARE MADE

When you pick up a needle, do you ever think of the different processes it has gone through before you use it?

A needle goes through the hands of about 60 workmen and about 20 processes in its manufacture. Coils of wire are cut into long pieces which will make two needles. These pieces are heated until red and rolled on a flat steel plate to be straightened. A grindstone is used to point the wires. They point only one end at a time. The next step consists in stamping the wires in the middle by a machine that forms the flat place for the eyes which are punched by another machine. These pieces of wire are double needles held together by a very thin film. A wire is run through the eyes and the needles are cut apart and the eye is rounded and smoothed.

England is the chief center for the manufacture of needles. They are also made in other European countries, France ranking next in their manufacture.

Thorns and pointed sticks were first used by the ancients. Needles of bone are still used by the uncivilized people.

You can imagine how things that would be sewed with needles made of bone would look.

FANNY GALICICH, 17, lodge 206,  
R.R. 1, Box 137, Arcadia, Kans.

#### OUR MAGAZINE

*I like this magazine a lot;*

*It's named Mladinski List.*

*My father and my mother like the stories, too,*

*But I and my sister read it through and through.*

Margaret Poloncie,  
Uniondale, Pa.

#### Ice Water

Tenant: "Janitor, you could cool our apartment nicely if you would run ice water through the radiators."

Janitor: "Can't be done, madam."

Tenant: "What did you have in them last winter?"

## Dirka med človekom in lisico

Znani ameriški biolog je napravil zanimiv poizkus, kako hitro teče lisica. Rezultat je pokazal, da je lisica mnogo hitrejši tekač kakor človek. Svetovni rekord pri teku, ki ga je dosegel človek, je bil 100 jardov (91.4 metrov) v 9.4. sekunde. Lisica pa je pretekla to hitrost v 7 sekundah.

## Največje ptice preteklosti

Najmanjše ptice na svetu so kolibri, ki žive v vročih krajih Južne Amerike in Afrike. Veliki so komaj tako, kakor naši čmrlji. Pri nas je pa najmanjši kraljiček. Manjše ptice najbrže nikoli niso živele na svetu. Največje sedaj živeče ptice so afriški noji. Predstavimo si kolibrija poleg noja!

Toda tudi afriški noj je pravi pritlikavec nasproti največjim pticam, ki so živele na zemlji še v ne tako davni preteklosti. Te ptice so bile madagaskarski noji. Njihova okostja so izkopali pred leti Francozi na Madagaskarju in jih sestavili za muzej v Tanarivi. Visoke so bile tri metre in včasih še čez, baje celo tudi tri metre in pol. Njihova jajca so bila tako velika, da so držala do 5 litrov vsebine. Kakor okostja, so našli na Madagaskarju tudi mnogo zelo dobro ohranjenih jajc. Domačini so jih poznali že dolgo in jih uporabljali kot sodčke ali vrče.

Iz tega moremo sklepati, da še ni tako dolgo, kar so izumrle. Domačini se po ustnem sporočilu od rodu do rodu še spominjajo časov, ko so tekale po tem velikem otoku v bližini Afrike. Tekale so zato, ker so bile prevelike in pretežke, da bi mogle letati. V pravljicah žive kot živali, katerih so se ljudje bali. Malgaši so pripovedovali, da morda le še žive kje na otoku, toda preiskave so ugotovile, da jih ni. Škoda, kaj ne?

Podobne velikanske ptice so živele na Novem Zelandu pri Avstraliji, vendar so bile manjše in izumrle že dosti, dosti prej.

## VPRAŠANJE

Črtomir Kobanov

Zdaj bojni krik  
pretresa svet  
in v krvi tone  
ljudstva cvet.

Požganih mest  
selišč, vasi  
na tisoče  
v nebo štrli.

Zakaj, čemu?  
sprašujem se,  
razum odgovora  
ne ve.

Zakaj, čemu?  
Za sen utvar?  
Doklej bo človek  
še barbar?

## Kralj kameleonov

Kameleon je kuščar velikosti našega zelenca, je pa sicer pohlevna živalca, ki lovi le muhe na svoj lepilni jezik. Njegova posebna lastnost je, da spreminja barvo kože. Kameleonov je več vrst, kralj vseh pa je na Madagaskarju živeči, do en meter dolgi kameleon.

## OUR OWN JUVENILE CIRCLES

(Continued from page 24.)

increase our interest in the Slovene National Benefit Society and its great work. For there are so many things going on within the organization that are of great interest to everyone.

It is so hot here now (Aug. 5) that the people get the feeling of laziness and don't feel disposed to do anything. That includes me. Nevertheless, I keep on doing things. My hobby is collecting trinkets, dancing, and collecting photographs. All this keeps me well occupied in my spare time.

The mines here work only one day a week. Naturally, this gives the men time to sit on the street corners and talk and jabber.

I wish to thank the SNPJ for the dollar prize which I received in July. And this concludes my letter for this month, but I will write again next month.

FRANCES KOSERNICK, Circle No. 20,  
Box 199, Aguilar, Colorado.

\*

### CIRCLE NO. 1 PLANS NEW ACTIVITIES

WALSENBURG, COLORADO.—The members of Juvenile Circle No. 1 of Walsenburg, Colorado, are holding their regular monthly meetings on the third Sunday of each month. Our meetings are always interesting and entertaining. After the business part of the meeting is over, we usually have some sort of entertainment or social.

For the August meeting, held on Sunday, Aug. 18, we planned a party which was to take place immediately after the meeting. I noticed from the reports appearing in the Prosveta and Mladinski List, that other circles are also quite active.

At our last meeting, plans were made for this fall and winter activities. Fall and winter really offer us an opportunity to hold many parties. I hope to see all of our members at the September meeting. Please attend and voice your opinion on our future activities.

ANN URBAS, Secretary Circle 1,  
Maryposa Ave., Walsenburg, Colo.

### Lion Heart's Bugaboo

Evelyn: "Daddy, when you see a cow ain't you afraid?"

Daddy: "Of course not, Evelyn."

Evelyn: "When you see a great big worm ain't you afraid?"

Daddy: "No, of course not."

Evelyn: "When you see a horrid bumblebee ain't you afraid?"

Daddy: "No, certainly not!"

Evelyn: "Ain't you afraid when it thunders and lightnings?"

Daddy: "No, no, you silly child."

Evelyn: "Daddy, ain't you afraid of nothing in this world 'ceptin' mamma?"



## “WIGGLE-WAGGLE”

“Heigh-ho for Circus Day fun,” shouts Cracker, the Clown, as he prepares to have his favorite performer jump through his hoop. We can soon find out who this performer is if we take a pencil or a colored crayon and start drawing a line through the Wiggle-Waggles where the starting arrow slows. Be extra careful to draw through open spaces only, and never let your pencil cross a black line. The drawings of an elephant and a trained seal will help show you how to do it right.

## O, mati draga...

Zofija Breitenebner

O, mati draga, moja mati,  
kako te ljubim, tvoj otrok;  
ko zdaj od rodnega grem praga,  
sem reven ves in ves ubog.

V tujem mestu, v tujem domu  
brez tebe, mati, ni mi sreče,  
zato naj tvoji blagoslovi  
povsod me spremljajo goreče.

Srce je tvoje pravi žar,  
ljubezni večne je oltar,  
o moja mati draga!

### Answers to Puzzle by Francis Zupon

#### ACROSS

1—Sole. 5—Alma. 9—Lair. 10—Laic. 11—  
Ahead. 13—Kench. 14—Bud. 15—Idle. 17—Dec.  
18—Red. 19—Bok. 22—Gag. 23—Lap. 26—Alike.  
28—Elegy. 30—Tile. 31—Ever. 32—Holy. 33—  
Tide.

#### DOWN

1—Slab. 2—Oahu. 3—Lied. 4—Era. 5—Ale.  
6—Land. 7—Mice. 8—Ache. 12—Dirge. 13—Dea.  
19—Bath. 20—Olio. 21—Kill. 23—Levi. 24—  
Aged. 25—Pyre. 27—Key. 29—Let.

## Hudi časi

Jože Strmecki

Hudi časi, ni pomoči:  
težko srce, glava.  
V moji mali rodni koči  
misel vztrepetava.

Dogorela je svetilka,  
se utrnil plamen;  
glasno joče mlada Milka:  
srce vsako kamen.

Vse je temno: temne noči,  
srce temno, duh teman.  
V moji mali rodni koči  
srce plaka, a zaman.

Tudi dnevi so nam mračni,  
vsa svetloba nam je mrak.  
Če bili bi vsi drugačni —  
nič nam ne bi mogel vrag!

### Answers to Puzzles on Just for Fun Page

1—G; 2—H; 3—A; 4—F; 5—B; 6—C; 7—D; 8—J;  
8—E; 10—I.

#### Quizzers

1—30 days; 2—160 acres; 3—Measurement of  
Time; 4—Chauffeur; 5—Pete weighs 5 lbs less than  
John.

**What About Your Circle? Is It Active?**

## **Am I a Worthy Juvenile of the SNPJ?**

I, a member of the SNPJ Juvenile Department and a recipient and regular reader of the Mladinski List, want to ask myself as follows:

- Do I write letters to the Mladinski List or otherwise contribute something I think I am able to? If not why not?
- Do I care to join an SNPJ Juvenile Circle in my town knowing that one exists? If not, why not?
- Do I care to work for organizing an SNPJ Juvenile Circle in my town knowing that none exists as yet? If not, why not?
- Am I prone to show my Mladinski List, after I am through reading it, to my closest friends with the wish that they, too, may enjoy reading it? If not, why not?
- Do I talk in praiseworthy terms about the SNPJ Juvenile Department to my boy friends and girl friends, not members as yet, in order that they, too, may join and be as happy about it as I am? If not, why not?

## **Yes, Why Not? What Am I Doing to Be a Worthy Juvenile**

of the

## **Slovene National Benefit Society?**