

# MLADINSKI

# LIST



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**DECEMBER**

**1940**

# MLADINSKI LIST

## JUVENILE

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JUVENILE

LETO XIX—Št. 12

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, DECEMBER, 1940

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## FROM THE PAGES OF HISTORY

By Mary Jugg

### THE PRINTING PARTY

Time: 1940.

Occasion: Five Hundredth Anniversary of Printing.

Scene: The living room of the Stritar home. Betty and Eugene have invited their friends to a party to celebrate the 500th anniversary of printing. Their invitations concluded: "And be sure to bring something with you that will remind us of some incident pertaining to the invention of printing. Use your own imagination!" As the curtain rises, there is a sound of happy voices—guests who have arrived for the

party. It is difficult to know just who speaks first—there is such a hubbub—but we shall try to catch some of the conversation:

MRS. STRITAR (entering the room): Well, now, we're all prepared to celebrate the big anniversary except for Samuel. He hasn't arrived yet.

JOYCE (who is standing near the doorway exclaims): What a strange-looking figure is coming up the walk! O-o-o-h, look!

(Everyone jumps up and crowds the doorway. A figure with a long, flowing beard, wearing a sheepskin cap bordered by a band of fur, and a flowing tunic with a side fastening, comes upon the porch. After a moment there are shouts of, "Why, that's Samuel! It's Samuel!")

SAMUEL: It's Gutenberg. Johann Gutenberg—that's who it is!

BETTY: The inventor of printing himself!

SAMUEL (bowing): Yep. Gutenberg. Five hundred years ago.

ALBERT: What made you think he looked like that?

SAMUEL (coming into the room and followed by the others): I saw an engraving of him printed in Paris in 1584 drawn from imagination.

MRS. STRITAR: Yes, very little is known about the life of Gutenberg.

ROSE: And he invented printing?

SAMUEL: Yes, I invented printing, so they say. But I couldn't take out any patents to protect my rights, so we printers didn't say much about what we were doing. We just let the people think it was all written by hand.

LOUISE: Yes. Look. (She produces a piece of paper with old English letters



(Courtesy of The Chicago Times)

John Gutenberg, inventor of printing.

on it.) This is something what it looked like except that the words were in Latin. People called scribes did this kind of copy work, and sometimes it took years and years to complete a book.

MRS. STRITAR: Well, from the looks of things you two have got off on a flying start. Maybe it won't take long now to learn why there are so many other strange costumes and all types of queer objects in this room.

JOHNNY: You told each to bring something that had some bearing on the invention of printing.

EUGENE: Right you are. And to look at all of you, you made good use of your imagination.

LETITIA: If Samuel's John Gutenberg, then I belong beside him. I was thought to have been Gutenberg's wife.

SAMUEL (extending his arms, jovially): Ennel! So you're here, too.

(The group register amazement when they discover what person Letitia intended to represent. She had been very secretive about her costume.)

BARBARA: You're jumping at conclusions. What proof have you that you're his wife?

LETITIA: Well, I once had a breach of promise of marriage suit against him!

(There is laughter in the room.)

BARBARA: That still doesn't mean you were his wife.

LETITIA: And you may be surprised to know that among the very few records they have of Gutenberg's life is the one from 1442 when I paid his taxes for him.

SAMUEL: Hear! Hear! She paid my taxes!

MRS. STRITAR: They're beginning to sound like man and wife.

BARBARA: Well, we'll accept her as Gutenberg's wife for want of better proof, but there is nothing positive about it.

SAMUEL: Yes, Letitia—I mean, Ennel. Yours wasn't the only lawsuit I had in my life. It seems I just passed from one into another. Never did I seem to have any money—especially to carry on the experiments I longed for.

BETTY: And to symbolize your lawsuits, we'll place this gavel here on the table. (She does so.)

GEORGE (wearing a rich, velvet cloak stands up): But you were not born of poor parents. This beautiful cloak I wear stands for the nobility. Your father and mother were of the nobility.

(There are shouts of: "Tell us about that, Johann!")

SAMUEL: Yes. I was born in Mainz—some say in 1399. My father's name was Friele Gensfleisch—any my mother's name was Else Gutenberg—both of noble families. You see, I took my mother's name, because it was the custom at that time when the mother was the last surviving member of the family that her eldest son took her name. This was so that the name would not be lost.

JOYCE: Then how did you become poor?

SAMUEL: There were always bitter fights going on between the noblemen and the burghers. The burghers were in greater numbers, so we fled. We went to Strassburg.

JOSEPHINE: You were an exile?

SAMUEL: Yes.

LETITIA (speaking up): It was here in Strassburg that I had my breach of promise suit against him.

SAMUEL: You're good at remembering your part in my Strassburg stay. Most of the other records are vague enough.

GEORGE: They know about you every time you had a lawsuit!

SAMUEL (sighs): Ah! My lawsuits, yes. There was the one with the 2 brothers in Strassburg. I was to teach them what I had learned about printing. One of them died and then the other insisted he become my partner or give him back the money the other one had invested. After a long time the court dismissed that suit.

LETITIA: Yes, but don't forget you borrowed money again when you returned to Mainz.

SAMUEL: Eh—money! Money! Yes, I borrowed again in Mainz from Johann Faust—to finish a work I was doing.

HENRY (jumping up): We know! We know! You were printing. And here it is! Here it is! (He holds up a piece of paper—creased—with irregular lines.)

ALL: What is it? What is it?

HENRY (proudly): A copy—and a very good one if I do say so—a copy of the "World Judgment." This is the first piece of European printing from moveable type that they have been able to discover. It is dated 1445.

NORA: The lines are irregular!

MYRA: What made it creased like that?

HENRY: Well, they found it in an old book binding.

MRS. STRITAR: And now we're getting down to facts, if I may interrupt. If this is the first example of moveable type printing, does that mean that there was no printing before this?

LUCILLE (steps forward): That's where I come in. Look! (She holds aloft a carved wooden block.)

ALL: What's that?

LUCILLE: This is a block. This was the way they printed in Europe before Gutenberg made his way practical.

ROSE: It looks something like our present-day woodcuts.

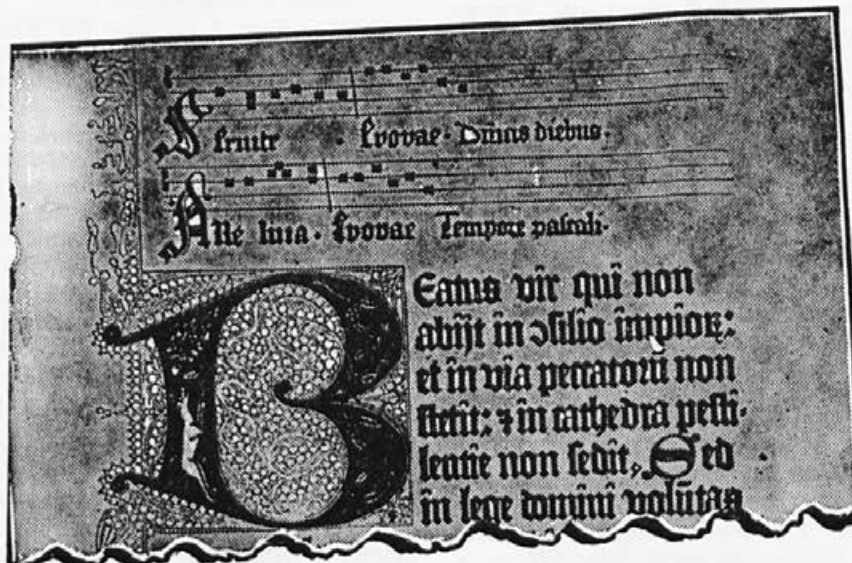
SAMUEL: Yes. A block like that was inked and then the paper or vellum was spread upon it. That left an impression. Then the block of wood was discarded. I thought to myself how wasteful this process was—and how slow!

CARVER: And how did you chance upon the idea of moveable type?

- SAMUEL: Eh!—it wasn't chance exactly. It was work and experimenting and a lot of it.
- ROBERT: Wait! Let me help you with the story. See this! (He holds in his fingers a small object.)
- ALL: It's a single letter—or something.
- ROBERT: Yes. It's the letter G.
- ALL: G?
- ROBERT: Yes. Some say that is the way Gutenberg hit on the idea of moveable type. Can you guess what G could stand for?
- CARVER: G—for Gutenberg.
- ROBERT: Right. They say Gutenberg was carving out his name on a block of wood when he cut his finger, and the first letter—G—fell on the floor. It became red with the blood, and as he picked it up he noticed that it left an impression on the floor. Then he began to carve out the other letters and making impressions with them. And pretty soon he saw that out of the same letters—by shifting them around—he could make other words. And so no letters need be thrown away after being used once. All of them could be used over and over again.
- MARIA: And now look at this!
- ALL: A diploma!
- MARIA: Yes. A diploma is called a sheepskin, isn't it? Well, that's the material they used to put their printing on. Prepared sheepskin. And they called it vellum.
- ROSE: Then there were rags.
- MABEL: We can all guess what they stand for.
- CARVER: Sure. Rags—for the making of paper.
- ROSE: Yes. And paper made from rags had been in use much earlier than these times we are speaking of now. It was in England already in 1309. And a paper mill was established in Italy in 1340, and then one in Germany in 1391.
- SAMUEL: I wonder when a paper mill became established in the United States.
- MRS. STRITAR: Ah! That's where I can help you out. It was in 1690 in Germantown, Pa., by a native of Holland—William Rittenhouse. We're celebrating the 250th anniversary of it right this year.
- ALL: Another anniversary?
- MRS. STRITAR: Yes, and in the very same year the very first newspaper in the British North American colonies was published. It was a small 4-page sheet and it had a long, long name for a newspaper—"Publick Occurrences Both Foreign and Domestick, Boston, Thursday, September 25, 1690."
- ROBERT: Gee! Where could we see a copy of it?
- MRS. STRITAR: The only copy in the world is at the Public Record Office in London, and most highly treasured. And there was only one issue of it. The British suppressed it after the first issue.—But we've gone off on a tangent. Let's get back to our history of printing.
- SINCLAIR: Here I've made a model of a wine press. (Everyone crowds about him with exclamations of "How clever!" "How wonderful!" "How cunning!") It was after the wine press that the first printing press was copied.
- GERTRUDE: Here's a bottle of something that's used in printing.
- GRETA: It looks like oil.
- GERTRUDE: That's exactly right. Gutenberg found that linseed oil was important for mixing with ink—to make the impressions. So it has remained to the present day—an important ingredient in printer's ink.
- RICHARD: Here's something you may think looks queer. (The group now turns to him.) It's an inkball.
- LETITIA: What's it made of?
- RICHARD: A piece of untamed sheepskin, filled with wool. That's what they used for putting the ink on the type.
- MRS. STRITAR: I think at this time we might turn to Marion here. She's been standing around in her witches' costume for so long that we have accepted her as a member of our party without remembering to question her.
- ALL: Yes. Yes. The witch.
- MARION: I am a witch, because when printing was first begun everyone said that it was the work of witches or the devil.
- SAMUEL: Yes. No one could understand how writing could be done so quickly. In fact, at first, you could hardly tell the printed page from the handwritten. They wanted to make it so. And all the decorations were still put on by hand.
- PAUL: Yes. Here's a wrapper from a piece of chewing gum. I call it gilt-edge. That's something like the color they used to decorate the early pages of printing. They called it illumination.
- WANDA: Then I fit into the picture now, too. Here's a bottle of red ink. That was also used for decorating the letters. They called it rubrication.
- TIMMY: It's about time I stepped up. I'm a Turk.
- BETTY: Now it's Timmy the Turk.
- TIMMY: Yes, the Turk. I stand for the Turks who captured Constantinople—in 1453.
- GEORGE: But what's that got to do with printing?
- TIMMY (boastfully): Oh, it hasn't, eh? Well, when we Turks captured Constantinople, it put a big fear into the hearts of the Christians. So the Pope decided that there had better be some money to fight the Turks with.
- CHARLES: Now I must cut in. This piece of paper. That's what brought the money in.
- ALL: What is it?
- CHARLES: An indulgence, that's what!
- ALL: A what?
- TIMMY: He's right. The Pope decided to raise money with these indulgences. If you paid a certain sum of money, you got one of these

- papers. That meant that a certain number of years would be taken off the time you had to serve for your sins.
- GERTRUDE: Gee! You could buy off your sins?
- TIMMY (continues): And that's the way a sum of money was collected by the Church to fight the Turks.
- GERTRUDE: But I still don't see what that had to do with printing.
- CHARLES: Don't you see? Indulgences were written out. Now the more the Church could get, the more it could sell, and the more money it could get.
- GERTRUDE: I see. And printing made it possible to have so many more finished in quick time than handwriting.
- CHARLES: Exactly.
- MARION: Then it wasn't called the work of the devil any more when they found it could be used for a purpose?
- MRS. STRITAR: Well, anyway, let's be glad that it finally did serve the world a real purpose. Look. I have here a copy of last month's Mladinski List. It has a picture of the Gutenberg Bible. It is considered the world's most famous book.
- ROBERT: I saw that last month and wondered why it was so important.
- MRS. STRITAR: Because this is considered Europe's first printed book. Can you realize what that means in the history of printing? There is no date nor place nor name of the printer on it, but it is generally agreed that it is the work of Gutenberg during those years he was being helped by Faust—and that it is the masterpiece of his career.
- RICHARD: And is there only one copy of it?
- MRS. STRITAR: No. There are said to be about 40 complete copies of it. And 10 of them are in the United States.
- BETTY: And, oh! Eugene and I saw the one owned by the Library of Congress, in Washington, D. C. It is a beautiful, complete copy—in 3 volumes—on vellum.
- EUGENE: Gee, yes! I hope all of you have a chance to see it some time like we did during our vacation. It makes you see how the printers of that day took pride in their work—to make it look beautiful—and not only to get something printed.
- WARREN: And I've brought a little globe of the world to make us remember that printing—maybe more than anything else—has had the greatest influence on the civilization of the entire world. It made learning available to everyone.
- DOROTHY: This beautiful Chinese vase is my part in this Printing Party—lest we forget that all printing—even 'way, 'way back—before the European—began in China.
- BETTY: This has been a most wonderful party! Let's all gather around the fireplace and sing songs. (There are exclamations of approval as the guests gather about the large, living-room fireplace.)
- MRS. STRITAR: The fireplace! Fire! There are sad thoughts that come to me. While we're being happy and celebrating one of the greatest inventions of the world, singing around a crackling fire, we know that in some countries fires were built to destroy books. Books—the records and the recipes for our lives and our civilization!
- GEORGE: Well, then, let's sing to the future. To the future—when books, the riches of the world—will once more be truly treasured in all the countries of the world—and printing comes into its rightful own again.

(CURTAIN)



(Courtesy of The Chicago Times)

Portion of a page from the Gutenberg Bible.

# JANKO IN METKA

Tone Seliškar

(Nadaljevanje.)

Njegov smeh pa ni zvenel iz srca. Če bi bilo za spoznanje bolj svetlo v skednju, bi Janko lahko opazil, kako zelo se mu je obraz spremenil. Možakar je še bolj povesel glavo, potem pa je iznenada planil kvišku in zašepetal nemarno, kakor da se ga vse to prav nič ne tiče:

"Tvoj oče ga je! In če me ne boš ubogal, grem pri priči tjakaj ter povem. Kakor ti meni, tako jaz tebi!"

Njegov oče je morilec . . .? Janku se je stemnilo pred očmi, vse težave tega sveta so se prevalile nanj in bil je tako strašno prese-nečen, da mu nobena pametna misel ni padla v glavo. Prividi vseh posledic so ga naskočili, njegovo prestrašeno srce ni moglo do-umeti tega groznega pojma. V prvem nava-lu te silne groze ga je predvsem obvladala misel: očeta rešiti pred vislicami za vsako ceno! Vse drugo je bilo daleč proč od vsega tega in čeprav niti zatrdno ni verjel Pikapolonici, ga je njegova groznja le tako zmedla, da se je odločil.

"Saj bom pomagal," je zaječal tiho. V srce pa se mu je prikradel sklep, da se bo na vso moč trudil to stvar na kak drug način izvoziti. Način in prilika se bosta že našla!

Pikapolonica mu je še isti mah prerezal vezi. Lopnil ga je po rami in zakričal:

"Fant od fare si! Marsikaj pametnega te bom naučil, ne bo ti žal. Zdaj jej, medtem pa ti bom povedal kako in kaj."

Janko, kajpada, si je odrezal kos gnjati, saj je bil lačen in tudi strah ga je minil, kajti slutil je, da je Pikapolonica vsega zmožen, tudi najhujše hudobije. Zato mora biti oprezen, saj se nič ne ve, kaj vse tiči za temi njegovimi besedami. Če se je prav spominjal, se ni oče nikdar družil s Pikapolonico, kako naj zdaj ta nepridiprav ve za to očetovo dejanje? Že je pričel dvomiti, povsem miren pa le ni mogel postati in se je zato potulil, kakor da se je povsem vdal Pikapolonici. Po-časi je žvečil sočno meso in pazljivo poslušal starega prevejanca, ki ga je pričel uvajati v svojo stroko.

"Prav za prav boš danes pomagal le od daleč in ne boš delal na svojo pest. Ali znaš veslati in plavati?"

"Znam."

Saj sem vedel, da si pravi tiček!" je veselo brundal Pikapolonica.

"Ali poznaš leseno vilo, ki so jo poleti zgra-dili ob reki?"

"Seveda jo. Dobro uro rabiš od pristana do tja, če krepko veslaš. Od te strani pa je dlje, ker moraš hoditi po ovinkih, da se izog-neš širokim jarkom."

"Da, prav to čedno hišico bomo danes zve-čer vzeli na piko! Je to letoviščna vila bogatega trgovca in zelo razkošno je opremljena. Tudi z jedačo je obilno založena. Zvedel sem, da je lastnik odpotoval s svojo družino v ino-zemstvo in edina živa duša, ki ta čas prebiva v nji, je star, naglušen hišnik, ki nam ne bo dela preglavic. Le dva strašno huda, velika psa sta tam. Dve pravecati krvoločni mrcini."

"Ali nameravaš hišnika umoriti?" je vpra-šal Janko in lasje so se mu naježili od groze, če je pomislil, da bo sodeloval pri takšnem podvigu.

"Pojdi no, le oba psa! Na, tule imaš dve zastrupljeni klobasi. Nekako sredi poti med pristanom in vilo, boš našel pod vrbbami star ribiški čoln. Sedel boš v barčico in veslal po reki navzgor, le tako, kakor da ribariš in da te hišica prav nič ne briga. Midva s Tonačem pa bova v temi naskočila hišo od barjanske strani. Ko boš veslal mimo vile, bosta psa planila proti vodi, ti pa jima boš vrgel zastrupljeni klobasi. V nekaj trenut-kih bosta poginila. Potem boš pri vrbbah ča-kal na naju! Zdaj pojdem v mesto po oprav-kih, vidva s Tonačem pa se ta čas zabavajta, kakor vesta in znata. Iz skednja se mi nimaš geniti! Tonač bo pazil nate!"

Pikapolonica je odkolovratil in Tonač se je vrnil v skedenj. Nekaj časa je mrko gle-dal v fanta, tu in tam nagnil steklenico, po-tem pa se je zleknil po slami in zastokal. Janko ga bi hudo rad vprašal po tem in onem. Na beg si ni upal misliti. Zdaj še ne, morda se bo do večera našla prilika . . .?

"Ali se ti kaj hlače tresejo?" ga je izne-nada vprašal Tonač.

"Prav nič. Pa tebi, stric?"

"Meni še manj!"

"Ampak zares imeniten posel tole!" je me-nil Janko nedolžno.

"Ali me hočeš dražiti?" je zarenčal Tonač.

"Ne. Navdušen sem. Ali se bomo vsak dan tako gostili?"

"Cepec! Kaj pa, če nas izvohajo . . ."

"Je že tako, enkrat nas bodo prav gotovo in potem bomo bingljali kakor ta steklenica tule. Zdaj sem pomagač poglavarja Pikapolonice. Le žal, da nima bolj imenitnega imena. Če bi bil vsaj Krvava kost ali pa Konjska čeljust? Kakšno šaržo imaš pa ti, Tonač?"

"Fantek, ne draži me! Pikapolonica te ima zdaj na vrvi kakor psička in bolje bi bilo zate, če preišljuješ, kako bi se ga odkrižal!"

"No, Tonač, potem jo pa oba hkrati popihajva!" je menil Janko.

"Ne morem," je dejal žalostno Tonač. "Preveč ve, falot! Pri priči bi me izdal, sam pa se bi že kako izmazal."

Oh, Pikapolonica preveč ve. Pikapolonica je vsega zmožen . . .

"Ko bi vedel, fantek, kako sem že naveličan tega!" je zastokal Tonač. "Skrivati se moram kakor gobavec, med poštene ljudi se ne smem prikazati. Tako sem zavozil, da mi je tole še edina tolažba." Poželjivo je pograbil zelenko in napravil dolg požirek.

Kdo ve, kaj vse bi se še razgovorila, če se ne bi vrnil Pikapolonica, ki se je prikazal pri luknji prav takrat, ko je Tonač spet nagnil steklenico. Tonač je kar odrevenel, tako se ga je bil prestrašil, poglavar pa je že pograbil steklenico in jo treščil po podu, da se je razletela na tisoč drobcev in da je na mah po vsem skednju zadišalo po slivovki kakor v žganjarni.

"Toliko dela nas čaka, ti pa trombaš kar naprej! Poberi se spat, da se boš streznil do večera!"

Tonač se je zavalil na seno, ne da bi črhnil besedico. Janko pa se je potulil, kakor da ne zna do pet šteti, kajti v glavo mu je šinil nekak načrt, ki se mu je pričel kazati v medlih obrisih. Le mirno kri! Pikapolonica je skobec, midva s Tonačem sva plahi penici, ampak zgodi se lahko, da se bo skobec v past ujel!

"Midva pa na delo, Janko!" je dejal Pikapolonica vzpodbudno. "Danes je dan tvoje preizkušnje in če se boš izkazal, ti nagrada ne odleti. Imaš zastrupljeni klobasi? Prav. Tudi sekirico vzemi s seboj. Ko se bo znočilo, bova s Tonačem pri vrbah."

Janko je skočil venkaj na gmajno. Kako je bilo tu vse drugače, ko v zatohlem, mračnem skednju. Zdaj po dežju je bilo vse bolj

veselo zeleno, zrak čist in lahak, na pokošeni senožeti so skakale kobilice, slepič je zbežal izpod njegovih nog, pod nebom so mlele postovke in nikjer ni bilo čutiti človeške duše. Vse okoli njega je bilo eno samo veliko, radostno življenje. Janko pa je bil zamišljen, sredi te prelepe pokrajine je bil tako neznamen in ubog kakor ptičica, ki je švignila nad njegovo glavo. Tisoč misli hkrati mu je brnelo za čelom, najbolj pa ga je pestila misel na to roparsko pustolovščino in na vse posledice, ki bi iz te nastale. Če pobegne, bo Pikapolonica izvršil svojo nemarno grožnjo, če se vda, bo enostavno krščen za roparja in tolovaja.

Mlad divji zajček je švignil izza grma. Janko se je pognal za njim kar tako brez vsakega namena. Le da teče, da se raztrese in iznebi teh morečih misli. In sta jo bliskovito ubirala zdaj na levo zdaj na desno, dokler ni pokazal zajčku fige in se ustavil. Bil je upehan, pot mu je lil s čela in smejal se je nad samim seboj, kajti kdaj pa je že kdo ujel divjega zajca? Seveda, tako je v življenju: tečeš, tečeš za nečem, končno pa, ko uvidiš, da tega ne boš mogel nikdar doseči, se ustaviš, ozreš in zdirjaš v drugo smer. Morda bo tu sreča, ki sem jo do zdaj zaman lovil?

Dospel je do skupine starih vrb. Tiho je bilo le-tu, skoraj skrivnostno. Temnozeleno površina reke se je komaj vidno pretakala po strugi, košato grmovje črnega trna in jelše je raslo na obeh bregovih, lokvanji in podvodna preslica so se zibali na vodi, veliki smaragdni kačji pastirji so se lovili nad strugo. Daleč, precej daleč pred njim je ležalo mesto. Le strehe najvišjih stavb in zvoniki cerkva so se bleščali v soncu in še dlje zadaj se je dvigal venec zelenih hribov in sinjih planin. Le-tu pa je bila ena sama neskončna samota. Nekje v daljavi je lajal pes na kmetiji. Mali črni ponirki so priplavali k bregu in se spet bliskovito potopili. Pod vrbami se je zibal na vodi star ribiški čoln, ki je bil z verigo priklenjen na drevo. Janko se je zrinil v gosto grmovje, kjer je našel skrito kratko veslo. Za vse te stvari je vedel kako in kaj, vsa ta gmajna daleč naokrog je bila vendar njegova domačija in prav natančno je vedel, kako je s tisto vilo, ki stoji višje zgoraj ob reki, kakor kak zapuščen gradič. Človek bi si mislil, da je to dom Trnjulčice, kajti prav do strehe je bila obraščena z rdečimi rožami.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)



# OD KMETA DO UMETNIKA

Ivan Jontez

Pred nekaj leti je Mladinski list prinesel kratek opis Jugoslovanske šole moderne umetnosti v Clevelandu in več reprodukcij del njenih učencev. V opisu je bilo povedano, da je šola ustanovilo vodstvo Slovenskega narodnega doma, a poučeval in vodil jo je Harvey Gregory Prusheck (Perušek), edini slovenski slikar v Ameriki, ki so ga bili ameriški umetniški krogi sprejeli medse kot domačega, ameriškega umetnika, priznavajoč mu izredne umetniške zmožnosti. Obenem je opis povedal in z reproduciranimi slikami učencev dokazal, da je šola lepo uspevala in obetala nadaljnje in še lepše uspehe.

Pričakovanje je bilo pozneje izpolnjeno, o čemur so se lahko prepričali vsi oni, ki so obiskovali razstave Jugoslovanske šole moderne umetnosti. Slike in risbe, ki smo jih občudovali na teh razstavah, so zgovorno pričale o umetniški nadarjenosti učencev in njihovi ljubezni do umetniškega izražanja ter obenem potrjevale, da je imela šola v Perušku večšega učitelja. Zato smo od te šole še marsikaj pričakovali.

Teh pričakovanj pa je bilo nenadoma konec, ko je dne 7. junija letošnjega leta zastrmela iz naših časopisov nepričakovana vest, da je umetnik Perušek nenadoma preminul, star šele 52 let. Z njim je leglo v grob tudi upanje, da se bo Jugoslovanska šola moderne umetnosti dalje razvijala in naposled poslala v svet dozorele umetniške talente, kajti Perušek je bil duša te šole—in on je umrl. Tako smo istočasno izgubili umetnika, na katerega smo bili po pravici ponosni in umetniško šolo, od katere smo veliko pričakovali.

S tem seveda ni rečeno, da je bil skoro desetletni obstoj te šole brez haska, da so se vse morebitne koristi z njegovo smrtjo razblinile v nič: čas bo šele pokazal, kako globoko so pognale korenine talentov, ki jih je bila gojila in jim pomagala rasti Peruškova večša, ljubeča roka. Toda roža potrebuje vrtnarja; in mlad talent prav tako potrebuje razumevajočega, večšega učitelja, ki mu ljubeče pomaga pri njegovih prvih, negotovih korakih proti cilju mladostnih sanj. Jugoslovanska šola moderne umetnosti je svojega učitelja izgubila in ker ni drugega, da bi izpolnil nastalo vrzel, je bila z njegovo smrtjo zaključena tudi njena pot: kar je na njenih gredah vzklilo in pognalo korenine, bo lahko uspevalo dalje in morda nekoč rodilo lepe sadove; toda nova semena ne bodo več vzklila na njih, ker ni več vrtnarja. . .

Kadar človek umrje, s tem seveda ne pade v grob vse, kar se je bilo rodilo z njim: kar človek ustvari dobrega, ostane. Tako so za Peruškom ostale njegove umetnine; in tako nam je vrh tega zapustil še svetel vzgled, važen zlasti za naše mlade talente, kako se človek z zmožnostjo in voljo lahko prebije iz najskromnejših razmer na svetlo in uveljavi svoje zmožnosti in postavi nogo na vrhunec, ki jih je bil uzel v mladostnih sanjah. Kajti Harvey G. Perušek je bil samouk in njegova pot je bila pot od kmeta od umetnika. Ta pot pa ni lahka in ustvarjena za slabiče, temveč naporna in polna ovir, katere pre-

magajo le možje in žene, ki poznajo svoj cilj in se zavedajo, da je tako lep, da je vreden vseh osebnih žrtev, katere zahteva.

Perušek se je rodil leta 1888 v Sodražici pri Ribnici. Bil je sin kmečkih staršev. Šolal se je v domačem kraju, toda ne dolgo, kajti trinajst let starega ga že vidimo v Ameriki, kjer mora najprej spoznati, da je človek vreden za kapitalista le toliko, kolikor lahko izpreša iz njega zase. Težko delo v tovarni ga je tiste dni malone skrivilo. Ko je okreval, se je prebijal skozi življenje na različne načine, dokler se ni seznanil z nekim kiparjem, s katerim sta si v gozdovih Apalaškega pogorja v West Virginiji zgradila leseno kolibo in tam preživela več kot eno leto. To srečanje je bilo za Peruška odločilnega pomena, kajti prijatelj kipar je vzbudil v njem veselje do umetniškega izražanja in postal njegov prvi učitelj. Ko se je vrnil iz apalaških gozdov, se je Perušek nazadnje ustabil v Chicagu, kjer je naposled opozoril nase nekatere umetniške poznavalce, ki so se zavzeli zanj in mu pomagali naprej. Ob koncu leta 1926 je imel v Chicagu svojo prvo razstavo, s katero je zelo navdušil tamošnje umetniške kritike. "The Art World" na primer je tedaj zapisal o njem: "Po našem prepričanju Perušek kot modernistični slikar nima v Chicagu in morda tudi v vsej Ameriki nobenega sovrstnika." To je bila laskava pohvala. Tej pohvali so se pridružili drugi kritiki, ki tudi niso štedili z laskavimi besedami.

Harvey G. Perušek je bil zdaj priznan umetnik. Pot je bila dolga, naporna in često upanje ubijajoča, ali kakor drugi pred njim, tako je tudi on spoznal ob uri uspeha, da je bil cilj vreden vsega truda in žrtev.

Naslednje leto je imel veliko razstavo v Slovenskem narodnem domu v Clevelandu. Moralno in gmotno je bila to morda najbolj uspešna izmed vseh njegovih razstav. Obiskalo jo je na tisoče naših ljudi in prodanih je bilo izredno veliko slik. Na naše ljudi je s to razstavo napravil tako močen vtis, da so ga poslej cenili in spoštovali kakor morda nikogar drugega med nami, kajti čutili so—mnogo bolj čutili kot vedeli, ker preprost delavec pač nima časa ali priložnosti, seznaniti se natančno s takimi stvarmi—da je bil Perušek eden izmed njih in da je bila njegova umetnost v njihovi službi—in službi ljudstva in njegovega hrepenenja po svetlobi in lepoti. Večjega priznanja kot je to priznanje od strani preprostega ljudstva si noben umetnik ne more želeti, ker ga tudi ni. Perušek ga je dosegel.

Medtem se je s svojimi deli udeleževal umetniških razstav križem po Ameriki in žel nadaljnja priznanja. Tudi v stari domovini so ga spoznali in priznali. Kmečki fant iz Sodražice je postal priznan umetnik, cilj je bil dosežen in zdaj je bilo treba seveda nadaljevati z delom. In Perušek je delal in ustvarjal. Do svoje prezgodnje smrti je naslikal nad tisoč slik, od katerih je bila enaka pred leti poslana Narodni galeriji v Ljubljani, eno so poklonili nje-

govi učenci clevelandskemu Art Museumu, na tucate jih je v naših narodnih domovih in dvorinah in na stotine v privatnih domovih naših ljudi po Ameriki, dočim jih še mnogo čaka pri njegovi vdovi kupcev.

Vendar pa ta uspeh za Peruška še ni pomenil brezskrbnega življenja. Pot njegovega življenja je ostala grampava. Kmalu potem, ko se je naselil v Clevelandu, kjer je prevzel vodstvo v Jugoslovanski šoli moderne umetnosti, je udarila Ameriko gospodarska kriza, ki je domala uničila trg za umetniške produkte. Ker umetnik ne more živeti od barv in platna, temveč le od tega, kar dobi za svoje slike, kipe ali kar že producira, je pomanjkanje kupcev seveda pomenilo slabe čase za umetnika in njegovo družinico. Toda Perušek se vzlic slabim časom in čestemu pomanjkanju ni pritoževal, temveč pridno delal in z ljubeznijo poučeval, kajti njegova umetnost je bila njegova največja ljubezen, ker je trdno verjel, da nam bo umetnost naposled pomagala pokazati pot v svetlejšo bodočnost, ki bo odpravila današnjo grdo neskladnost in hreščeca nesoglasja. Svoje učence je ljubil, kakor ljubi vrtnar svoje žlahtne rože, kajti vedel je, da je mladina vedno tista sila, ki nadaljuje delo in prizadevanje odhajajočih generacij.

O umetnosti je Perušek verjel, da je njena glavna naloga, vzbuditi v ljudeh čut za skladnost in soglasje, ker dokler tega ni, tako dolgo se človek ne more zavesti neskladnosti in nesoglasij, sredi katerih živi in trpi. Ta poteza preveča vsa njegova dela. Ta poteza v njegovem umetniškem značaju pa mu tudi daje njegovo največjo vrednost in njegova izguba je zato toliko večja in občutljivejša.

Naši preprosti ljudje so ga imenovali "naš Perušek." Imeli so prav. Perušek je bil naš—umetnik iz ljudstva in v službi ljudstva, čeprav ni tega niti enkrat omenil z eno samcato besedico. Da je bil njegov čopič v službi onih, ki mislijo, da je svet nastal samo zaradi peščice parazitov, bi bila njegova življenska pot mnogo udobnejša in trpljenje in pomanjkanje bi mu ne bilo zrahljalo zdravja in mu odprlo prezgodnji grob. Ampak on ni nikdar niti mislil na kaj takega, kajti njegovo prepričanje je bilo, da umetnik preneha biti umetnik, čim neha poslušati svojo vest in začne delati po navodilih zlatega teleta. In on je hotel živeti in umreti umetnik.

Ali more dati človek mladini lepši vzgled kot je to?

## Kokoš je našla tri zrna

FRAN ROŠ

Kokoš je našla nekoč tri pšenična zrna. Hotela je zrna vsejati v zemljo. Poklicala je mačko, gos in prašička. Vprašala jih je:

"Kdo mi bo pomagal zrna vsejati?"

"Jaz že ne!" so rekli mačka, gos in prašiček.

"Bom pa sama opravila," je rekla kokoš in je zrna vsejala.

Iz zrn je zrastle pšenica. In kokoš je vprašala:

"Kdo mi bo pomagal pšenico požeti?"

## Zdaj smo ko v New Yorku

VLADKO KOS

O, zdaj smo ko v New Yorku,  
visoko nad zemljo,  
zdaj bliže nam je sonce  
in z zvezdami nebo.  
"Zakaj, kako?" boš vprašal.

Pustili smo pač luknjo,  
(naj ščurki v njej živijo)  
v sedanjih časih živci  
spremembe si žele:  
kar v tretje, veš, nadstropje!

Saj dosti ni razlike!  
Tu zvezde mrtve so,  
v New Yorku pa so žive  
in, hm, še stanejo.  
Saj veš, mi nismo lordi.

Na vrhu tam so bari  
in jazzov muzika:  
pri nas na strehi mačkov  
in mačk koncert igra.  
Vso noč, celo brezplačno.

O, zdaj smo ko v New Yorku,  
visoko nad zemljo,  
a včasih le zbojim se,  
da pljunem na glavo  
nekomu dol na cesto.

Tedaj zdrvel bi, revež:  
"Joj, bombe že letijo . . ."  
nadeval plinsko masko,  
se zgrabil za srce.  
Saj veš, zdaj vojna je.

"Jaz že ne!" so rekli mačka, gos in prašiček.

"Bom pa kar sama opravila," je dejala kokoš in je pšenico požela. Potem je vprašala: "Kdo mi bo pomagal klasje omlatiti?"

"Jaz že ne!" so rekli mačka, gos in prašiček.

"Bom pa kar sama opravila," je dejala kokoš in je pšenico omlatila. Potem je vprašala: "Kdo mi bo pomagal zrna zmleti?"

"Jaz že ne!" so rekli mačka, gos in prašiček.

"Bom pa kar sama opravila," je dejala kokoš in je pšenico zmlela. Potem je vprašala: "Kdo mi bo pomagal speči kolač?"

"Jaz že ne!" so rekli mačka, gos in prašiček.

"Bom pa kar sama opravila," je dejala kokoš in je spekla kolač. Potem je vprašala: "Kdo mi bo pomagal kolač pojedeti?"

"Jaz, jaz, jaz!" so zavpili mačka, gos in prašiček.

Kokoš pa jim je odgovorila: "Sem morala sama sejati, žeti, mlatiti, mleti in peči. Bom še kolač sama pojedla!"

—Naš rod.

*Božična*

Katka Zupančič

*V kot nad mizo jaslice,  
čredo in pastirja—  
košček lepe pravljice  
s pomočjo papirja.*

*In smo peli  
in verjeli,  
da je mir povsod  
po svetu naokrog . . .*

*Beli božič, mir na zemlji  
zmirom ista pesem stara,  
da ustreza naši želji,  
da nas v pravljico začara . . .*

*Ameriška uspavanka*

VLADKO KOS

*Sladko spančkaj, dete moje!  
Mamica gre zdaj na ples,  
očka gledat film "Cowboje",  
ti pa zlezi v spalni dres!  
Kupimo ti avione,  
Chamberlainov še dežnik,  
tvrške "Ford in drug" kanone,  
cukerčke "Franzovov umik".  
Če pa se boš vendar drl,  
zgrabijo te gangsterji,  
in od krogle boš umrl  
browninga številka tri.  
Sladko spančkaj, dete moje,  
na poljubček, in — gud najt!*

*Sanje*

Katka Zupančič

Jakec spi in sanja —  
sanja, da bogat je;  
z novci si pozvanja —  
novec vsak pa zlat je.

Zlatnikov je več in več,  
kar na lepem se množijo;  
v žepu ni prostora več —  
dalje v vreči se plodijo.

Ko je polna, jo zašije.  
Zdajci Jakca zaskrbi:  
kam naj vrečo skrije,  
da jo kdo ne izsledi.

Blaga misel mu veleva:  
Kaj bi skrival, bednim daj!  
Jakec tega ne vpoštevaj,  
češ, skrbi vsak zase naj!

Tu ti nekaj strašno počí —  
vreča prenatrpana seveda . . .  
Jakec splašen kvišku skoči —  
razočaran v temo gleda . . .

*Better Than That*

"Do you guarantee this hair-restorer?"  
"Better than that. We give a comb with every  
bottle."

\*  
Barber: "Your hair needs cutting badly, sir."  
Customer: "No, it doesn't. It needs cutting nicely.  
You cut it badly the last time."

\*  
Mother: "How careless you are, Dicky; you've  
lost your manners."

Dicky: "Then, mother, you might offer a reward  
for their return."



Drawn by Eugene  
Skoff, age 15, 3603  
So. 50th Ave., Cicero,  
Ill. Lodge 559.

## LITTLE LESSONS IN ART

By Mary Jugg



IVAN MESTROVIČ: MATI

Readers of the M. L. are already familiar with this print of "My Mother", the marble sculpture owned by the Chicago Art Institute. But it may be interesting to review once more some of the interesting facts about the life of this Yugoslav artist, the greatest of all modern day sculptors.

Ivan Mestrovich, as you may have been told, was in Chicago in 1928, when he came to confer about the "Indians" that he was to erect for Chicago's Grant Park. His models had been selected from all those submitted and at that time many of Chicago's Slovenes and Croats had an opportunity to meet the "artist who looks like an artist."

Ivan Mestrovich, as all the descriptions about him say, is of medium height, olive-skinned, and wears a bushy, Van-Dyke beard. But in spite of the appearance of his beard, he is a shy person, whom it is difficult to engage in conversation about his own work. If he finds that a person is boring, he will leave the room; but if he finds him interesting, then he will ask him all manner of questions about

places and customs instead of answering questions about his own work. He speaks French but not a word of English.

Visitors to his home say that everything in his home shows that he is an artist: the walls are decorated and sketched; the stairway posts are carved; and his table is always filled with objects on which he works. Everyone notices that he has the magnificent hands that most sculptors possess. He wears a large, black hat.

Mestrovich sets no hours for working. He may work ten, twelve, or fourteen hours a day. But after he has completed a work, he sets it aside and does not even keep a good record of where it goes or what has happened to it. He admits that he does not know where all of the immense amount of work that he has completed has gone.

Ivan Mestrovich was born in 1883 of Croatian peasant stock. His skill was first observed in the experimental wood carving that he worked at. He was sent to Vienna to study, and when he went to Paris a few years later, Rodin recognized his promise. Since that time he has earned the title of the world's greatest living sculptor. But in spite of the fact that he was successful in Rome, Vienna, and Paris, he is still a Yugoslav at heart and has remained a nationalist all through these years.

He works in terra cotta, wood, clay, marble, and bronze. It seems every material he touches becomes molded into a work of art.

This sculpture, "My Mother", was formerly the property of the Yugoslav government. It has been described as an example of his art "expressed simply without straining for effect. It shows the patient, toil-worn woman, with lined face and quiet hands."

"The Indians", which you have also seen reproduced on a cover of the M. L., were designed, modeled, and cast in his home in Zagreb. John Gunther visited him here in 1930 or '31, and wrote a lengthy article of the interview in the "Midweek" magazine for Feb. 4, 1931.

*Use Your Nose*

Divide players into teams. Line up in columns, each player behind the other, facing in the same direction. Place two small matchbox covers on the noses of the first one in each team. At the starting signal the first player turns to the second one in his line and wiggles the cover off his nose unto his teammate's without using his hands. The second player turns to the third, and so on down the line till the last player has the matchbox perched on his nose. He then rushes to the top of the line and sends it down the line again. The one who started the race must eventually get back into his original position at the head of the line.

The line finishing first are the winners, for whom a small prize may be given. If the cover falls to the floor, it may be picked up—but only by the nose!

# Birthdays of the Great Men

By LOUIS BENIGER

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

*John Greenleaf Whittier, America's poet of freedom and rustic life, was born on Dec. 17, 1807, on a farm near Haverville, Mass. His parents were poor and were not able to give their son a higher education. But he was ambitious and eager to gain knowledge. Hence, in addition to his farm work, he learned to make shoes, and with his extra earnings gathered together a sum sufficient to carry him through two semesters at Haverville Academy. The money for further education he earned by teaching in a district school.*

*Whittier drifted into journalism at an early age by writing for several papers, and actually doing editorial work on the Hartford Review. By knocking about among people in town and country, and acquainting himself with men of all sorts of professions and prejudices, he prepared himself for a life of intellectual activity. He early showed a talent for verse and published his first poem at the age of eighteen in an anti-slavery paper edited by William Lloyd Garrison, and largely through his influence became more and more closely connected with the Abolition Movement.*

*During his active part in the antislavery movement, Whittier wrote many pamphlets and articles, the most noted of which was his "Justice and Expediency." He also was a delegate to the antislavery convention in Philadelphia. At this time he published a volume of verse, "Voices of Freedom." He contributed to a number of antislavery magazines and edited the "Pennsylvania Freeman."*

*The young poet was convinced that the way to achieve reform was through legislation—the democratic way—and that political pressure could best be exerted through swaying public opinion. He was persistent in his conviction. Through all the long years which preceded the Civil War, and until its conclusion in 1865, he wrote from time to time spirited verses and pamphlets which carried thousands of readers with*

*them. Some of these were "Expostulations," "Ichabod," "Barbara Frietchie" and others.*

*At the same time that Whittier was writing in this vein, he was using his political powers even more ably in terms of many poems about New England life, for he was primarily a New England poet. He loved to look back to the lives and achievements of his ancestors, as evidenced in his poems "Abraham Davenport," "Cassandra Southwick," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," etc. These are short, clear stories couched in simple language and in more or less conventional verse and capped with a moral.*

*Whittier's greatest poem, "Snow-Bound," deals with New England of his time. It could stand alone out of all his poems as earning for the poet a permanent place in letters. It deals with and upholds the simple life of the farm folk. It ranks with such poems as Gray's "Elegy," Golsmith's "Deserted Village," and Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night." His other well known poems are "The Barefooted Boy," "In School Days," "My School-mate," and "Telling the Bees."*

*At this point it is interesting to know that parts of Whittier's "Snow-Bound" appeared in the Mladinski List of March 1936. There are several comments between the verses.*

*Whittier ranks as one of the foremost American poets—a writer of simplicity, sincerity, directness, fervor. And no American has better depicted the scenes of rural life, with finer eye for truth of detail or more impressive delicacy of sentiment, than has Whittier in such scenes as those of "Snow-Bound." His collected poems include seven volumes.*

*The poet began as a liberator, his heart was with the common people, and he loved a worker. His "Songs of Labor" convey the zest of the artisan and pioneer. He was an active writer for over sixty years. From 1832 to 1863 no occasion escaped him for inspiring the assailants of slavery. No cause ever had a truer champion than the author of "The Virginia Slave Mother."*

*Whittier died at Amesbury, Massachusetts, on September 7, 1892, at the age of 85.*

## DO YOU KNOW YOUR VITAMINS?



Did you have a bowl of cereal this morning, or a glass of milk? Was there a label on the outside of the box which said—"Contains Vitamins A, B, C or G"? A lot of the foods sold have such labels but

how much of the vitamin is really in the box is hard to determine.

It all goes to show, however, that more and more importance and value is being attributed to vitamins. A few years ago scientists knew very little about them, but today, through research, they have definitely established the causes of various diseases because of lack of some vitamin. Proper food is essential to growth, good health and good looks, and that is the reason it is so vital that children be given the proper nourishment. A well-balanced diet makes strong healthy bodies with energy to think and play and fight disease.

The best known vitamins to date are:

*A*—Helps fight off colds and infections.

*B*—Increases appetite.

*B1*—Converts food into energy; for healthy nerves.

*C*—Good teeth, resistance to infection, prevents scurvy.

*D*—Prevents rickets, makes strong bones.

*E*—Necessary for nerves, skin, vigor.

*G*—Essential for normal growth.

In order to be assured of getting all your vitamins, you should eat plenty of:

Potatoes, Tomatoes, Oranges, Grapefruit

Leafy green Vegetables

Dried Peas, Beans, Nuts, Fruits

Other Vegetables, Fruit

Lean Meat, Poultry, Fish

Bread, Cereal, some Sweets

Eggs, Butter, Milk.

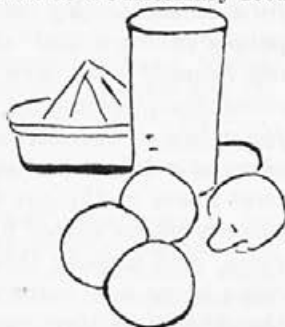
The "protective foods" are—milk, fruit, vegetables and eggs. They are rich in vitamins and minerals.

The importance of *Vitamin B* cannot be over-emphasized. It helps prevent such diseases as rheumatism and arthritis. Lack of this Vitamin may result in loss of weight, appetite, pains in muscles, poor digestion. The foods that contain this Vitamin in abundance are bacon, ham, beef liver, malted milk, green vegetables, buttermilk and yeast.

Many children are deprived of the necessary food to insure healthy and strong bodies, when they grow older. Their road in life will be harder to climb because of improper foods and diet when they were young. For a happy and long life—

"Eat Your Way to Health."

—Ernestine Jugg.



## A Talk With Two Refugees

The other day I had a most interesting talk with two Jewish refugees, a boy about twelve and his sister who was about eight.

I came upon them on a busy corner in the Jewish district of Cleveland when this boy asked me if I had a pass to sell. (It is a custom with many young boys to buy the expiring weekly street-car pass for a nickel and sell it for a dime.) He spoke English fluently, but with an accent. So, with my curiosity aroused, after I had told him I had just bought a pass, I asked him if he was a refugee.

"No," he replied. "We are immigrants."

"When did you come to America?" I asked.

"We arrived here fourteen months ago."

Only fourteen months! and he spoke beautifully and correctly. It was astounding compared to the many who have resided here for years without even knowing the simplest words, even many among those who were born and raised here.

But it seems that those, the young, and even the old who have never studied English before learn

more quickly than those who have some knowledge of it; for they have a fresh start, their minds are clear on that predominant course, and they learn smoothly with the aid of the every-day life.

But now back to my course!

"Did you study any English in Germany?"

"No. We were only taught German and some French."

"French?" I asked. "Say something in French to me."

"Ask me something and I will answer you."

I apologized and told him I did not know French. But in that delicate, soft language, he proved that he could speak it.

"How do you like America?" I further questioned.

"We love it very much." He was also speaking for his sister who was standing near me folding a paper cut-out doll.

"How do you like Germany?"

"We like Germany, too, but just the country! Yes, just the country!"

"Just the country?" I asked. "Why?"

(Continued on page 22.)

# JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg



This month we have an entirely new batch of catchy puzzles for you. See how many you can solve:

The first group of puzzles for you test your ability to replace the missing letter in order to complete the word. Your clue is the sentence alongside of the word because it describes what the word should be.

## PUZZLE I

1. M-a-i-s-i -i-t.—A fine juvenile magazine.
2. W-s-i-g-o-.-Where the head of our government is located.
3. -h-i-t-a-.-A favorite holiday in December.
4. S-n-a- C-a-s.—A man who makes his appearance around Xmas.
5. W-n-e-.-A season of the year.
6. -o-d-e-s.—They fight in the war.

## PUZZLE II

The following words are names of fruit, but somehow both the first and last letter of the word got lost. Can you supply these letters and figure out what fruit is named?

- |             |              |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. -eac-    | 6. -alnu-    |
| 2. -herr-   | 7. -anan-    |
| 3. -ppl-    | 8. -ea-      |
| 4. -rap-    | 9. -ulberry- |
| 5. -ranber- | 10. -rang-   |

## PUZZLE III

Here are words that have become mismatched. Can you find the correct last word to match with the first one?

- |              |            |
|--------------|------------|
| 1. sun       | 1. beam    |
| 2. side      | 2. trunk   |
| 3. moon      | 3. pop     |
| 4. work      | 4. cake    |
| 5. tree      | 5. shine   |
| 6. fruit     | 6. tree    |
| 7. Christmas | 7. time    |
| 8. story     | 8. walk    |
| 9. summer    | 9. book    |
| 10. lolly    | 10. bench. |

## PUZZLE IV

Mary went to a restaurant to eat, but found that her menu was a puzzle. After she substituted

letters for all the numbers, she found it was a very good menu so she ordered the meal. Can you figure out what she ate? Example A-1, B-2, C-3.

1. 19 — 8 — 18 — 9 — 13 — 16 3 — 15 — 3 — 11 — 20 — 1 — 9 — 12.
2. 16 — 15 — 18 — 20 — 5 — 18 — 8 — 15 — 21 — 19 — 5 19 — 20 — 5 — 1 — 11.
3. 16 — 15 — 20 — 15 — 5 — 19.
4. 19 — 1 — 12 — 1 — 4.
5. 4 — 5 — 19 — 19 — 5 — 18 — 20.
6. 3 — 15 — 6 — 6 — 5 — 5.

## PUZZLE V

These well-known proverbs got just a little mixed up. Can you unscramble them?

1. a ollingr tones athgers on ossm.
2. a karbing odg oeds ton iteb.
3. tills aterw unsr eepd.

(Answers on back inside cover page)



WINTER SCENE

Drawn by Milton Laurencic, age 16, 973 Addison Rd., Cleveland, O. Lodge 5.

# Pipek in Papek

GUSTAV STRNIŠA

Drobna in majhna kakor dve zlati kepici sta piščanca Pipek in Papek. Kadar le kaj zaropoe, ali samo zašumi, že pobegneta pod varno okrilje matere koklje, debeloglave Čopke, ki ju takoj ljubeznivo sprejme in jima zadovoljno zapoje svoj. "Ko, ko, ko ko!"

Pa se pripeti nekega dne, da je dvoriščna lesa odprta. Le nekaj korakov je oddaljena od ceste. Pipek, ki je pogumnejši, zagleda prvi svoboden izhod v svet in že zavabi tudi Papka:

"Čiv, čiv, čiv! Pojdiva v svet pogledat!"

"Čiv, čav, čav! Pa pojdiva!" odvrne Papek in že sta na poti.

"Koliko peska" se razveseli Pipek in jame brskati po njem. Papek pa niti toliko časa nima, da bi kaj odvrnil, temveč hiti ključvati na vso moč in grebsti med drobnimi kamenčki.

"Ko, ko, ko! Če vaju povozi kdo, kaj pa bo, kaj pa bo to, ko, ko, ko?" se oglasi z dvorišča skrbna mati Čopka.

Piščanca je niti ne slišita, ker sta se preveč zagledala v svoje opravilo.

"Tu, tu, tu!" se oglasi v daljavi tromba avtomobila, da mladička od strahu skoraj padeta na tla, a potem jo ucvreta zbegana čez cesto, namesto k materi, ki ju kliče in dviga svoje varne kreljuti.

Prepozno!

Avto pridrvi. Koklja se skoraj zaleti vanj, a vozilo hiti dalje. Na nasprotni strani ceste pa trepetata oba piščanca in čivkata.

"Saj sem vama rekla, da pazita in doma ostanita, ko, ko!" se jezi mati.

Piščanca plašno zletita k nji, ki se spet počasi odziblje na dvorišče. Pred dvoriščnimi vrati pa še enkrat počaka, saj je tako lepo na cesti in tiste pošasti menda ne bo več nazaj.

"Samo malo še pobrskava tu ob kraju, čiv, čiv, hitita oba in si res ne upata več na sredo ceste.

"Jej, jej, kaj sem našel? Kaj takega še nisem videl, kar sem živ!" začivka Papek. Pipek pogleda in vidi, blestečo kot jagodo debelo koralo, ki jo Papek drži s svojim nežnim kljunčkom:

"Čiv, čiv, čiv! Mamici jo moraš izročiti, ki jo ponese gospodinji, da nam vesela bo dala kar prgišče zrnja!"

"Čiv, čiv, čiv! Mar si pamet izgubil? Svetlo zrno bom pogoltnil. V njem pač mora biti čudna moč!" ga zavrne Papek.

"Mama nam je ukazala, da ji vse prineseva, kar koli najdeva. Tako naj tudi bo! Kaj ve tvoja glava mala, ki razloči komaj še proso!" je ugovarjal Pipek.

Papek je kamenček že pogoltnil. Pa je bil zanj prevelik in kar sapa mu je zastala, stresel je z glavico, padel na tla in obležal negiben.

Ko je Pipek poklical mater, je Čopka žalostno zakokodajsala:

"Ko, ko, ko! Kaj si storil? Z neposlušnostjo si se umoril! Ko, ko, ko!"

Mali Pipek pa je žalosten s kljunčkom poljubil brata v slovo in milo začivkal:

"Čiv, čiv, čiv! Res si sam kriv, a ne bom te pozabil dokler bom živ! Čiv, čiv, čiv!"

—Mlado Jutro.

## ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By J. Francis Zupon, 17, Johnstown, Pa., Lodge 82



### ACROSS

1—Limit or boundary (pl.) 5—Courteous address to a lady. 10—Superior in position. 11—A relay of men or horses for carrying mails. 14—Plural of datum. 15—First person plural of I. 16—Dried plum. 18—And (Latin or French). 19—Thin, sweet, watery part of milk. 21—A young hawk. 24—To demonstrate. 25—Possessing skill and ability. 27—Purpose, object. 29—Lyric poem, a short song. 30—To divide with violence. 32—Young swine. 34—An eagle. 35—Clean, neat. 37—All right. 39—Touch; peculiar feature or characteristic. 41—Laugh expression. 42—Inventor of telephone. 45—To strike or hit lightly. 46—To draw out or twist into threads. 48—Same as No. 39. 49—Force.

### DOWN

1—Place of habitation. 2—Evening. 3—Prefix meaning back. 4—Mister (abbr.) 6—In the year of our Lord. 7—District Attorney (abbr.) 8—Past tense of eat. 9—Companion or associate. 11—Free from moisture or wetness. 12—Gold (Latin abbr.) 13—To toll at a death or funeral. 16—An enclosed seat in a church. 17—A baglike part of an animal or plant. 19—Space of time. 20—A blind poet. 22—Keep away, shun. 24—Organ of vision. 26—Action at law. 28—To turn aside or away. 31—Small social insect. 32—Shaft of a mine. 33—Robert. 35—Point or top of anything small. 36—A narrow path. 38—Ghost; disembodied soul (Greek religion). 40—Athletic Association (abbr.) 41—An utterance made by hiccups. 43—State of the middle Southwest. 44—Long Island (abbr.) 46—In like manner. 47—Pair.



# WHEN WE PLAY

Compiled by Ann K. Medvesek



December, the twelfth and last month of the year, did not always hold that position in the calendar. Its name comes from the Latin word "decem," which means 10, and in the old Roman days, December was the 10th month, March, the first. Later, the calendar was reformed, and two months added.

The holly is the special flower of December, and the turquoise is the gem of the month.

And with the month of December come the Christmas holidays, which is a good time to give a party.

The following is a suggestion for favors for your party: Pick out a nice red apple which would make a nice roly-polly body, for the head take a marsh-mellow which has been fringed. For the eyes and nose

use cloves. The arms and legs are cranberries stuck on a toothpick. For the hat use some red crepe paper, while for the belt and the buttons use cotton or white paper, the result, a nice **APPLE SANTA**.



The following are a few games for your party.

## CRANBERRY TOSS

Draw a line on the floor and place an empty jar six feet from the line. Each player is given 10 cranberries and in his turn toes the mark and tries to toss his cranberries into the jar. The player who corrals the most cranberries is the winner.

## CATCHING THE CHRISTMAS TREE

A green bean bag shaped like a Christmas tree is used. One of the players is chosen as the Santa Claus. He stands in the center while the other players sit in a circle around him. Santa Claus throws the Christmas tree to one of the players, who promptly throws it to another player in the circle. The Christmas tree is tossed back and forth, with Santa trying to catch it. When he does so, he changes places with the player who tossed it. This player now becomes Santa Claus.

## JINGLE BELLS

The players are divided into pairs. One is the "Jingle," the other the "Bell." All "Jingles" stand on one side of the room, where they are each given a piece of string one yard long. The "Bells" are each given six tiny Christmas bells. At a given signal each "Bell" rushes to his partner "Jingle" and the team hurries to tie the Christmas bells on to the string, separately. The first pair to finish wins.

## EGG SHELL TREE TRIMMINGS

Egg shell may be made into very amusing Christmas tree ornaments.

Since some of us may not know how to "blow" an egg, here are the directions:

With a sharp darning needle puncture a small hole in each end of the egg.

Insert the needle and break the yolk inside the egg. Hold the egg firmly with both hands over a tumbler and blow into the flat end of it.

The eggs should be scrubbed well to remove the natural oils in the shell. Colored papers may be

cut to make hats, crowns, beards and features. When the paste is dry, the eggs should be strung for hanging. Beads and buttons or a bit of cardboard may be used to keep the eggs from slipping off the bottom of the string.



The following will give you some idea of what can be made from egg shells.

### No Admittance

Football Fan: "What does 'not transferable' on this ticket mean?"

Freshman: "It means that no person will be admitted to any game, unless he comes himself."

# 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.

**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.

\*

### TRADITIONS—OR NOT?

*For your next contest letter, think for a while on the question of Traditions.*

*What do you understand by the word "tradition"?*

*What are some common traditions that we observe?*

*When we observe some of these traditions, do we generally think how they originated, whether they fit into our present-day world, or from purely sentimental reasons?*

*Now come the questions for you to think about: Is it always safe or wise to govern our actions simply by traditions? Why or why not?*

*Can you think of any instances in which making decisions because tradition so established it would prove dangerous to us? In what light do you really think we should hold tradition and how much of a role should we allow it to play?*

*Should we distinguish between following traditions for the "fun" of remembering "old times" and that of using them as a rule for governing our important decisions of the day?*

*Can you think of ways in which we are constantly breaking with traditions and which make for common-sense living?*

*When you have made up your mind about some of the questions (or most of them) write your letter to the Editor of the Mladinski List.*

*Remember such letters must be in his hands not later than DECEMBER 30, 1940.*

## LOOKING GLUM?

Now that autumn leaves are falling,  
All school bells are calling.  
Are we returning with gladness,  
Or do our sentiments express sadness?

When we think of school and books,  
Our faces reveal weary looks.  
But let's try not to look so sad,  
School really isn't so bad.

ALDRANE TURK (16),  
30 Harker Street.  
S. N. P. J. 238,  
Mansfield, Ohio.

\*

## A PEEK OF CHINESE LIFE

China was a land of mystery because of its seclusion. It has barred itself from the western world, and has thus become aloof of progress. But now, as a result of the Chinese-Japanese war, we have learned a little of the Chinese civilization.

The Chinese people are very pleasant-natured. They hate quarrels and war, but at present they can not help their circumstances. The Chinese also believe in higher education, but their standard of living is so very much lower than the Americans, that they are not acquainted with very many institutions of higher learning.

The Chinese tailor is very amusing. For instance, we want him to make us a suit. Not being able to speak Chinese, we show him a picture of one. If the picture has a small spot on it from developing, you will certainly find a spot of some kind on your finished suit.

When young Chinese girls marry, they live with the groom's parents. (I imagine they understand the American's disapproval of In-laws!) These girls



## STILL ANOTHER

Drawn by Joseph Zupancic, age 17, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Lodge 118.

must do everything her mother or father in-law asks her to. She is treated, more or less, as a slave. But after they die, the girl and her husband have complete control of the house.

Most of the Chinese have a certain degree of education, but some of them are still illiterate.

Many of the beautiful cities will be destroyed during this war, but we hope after it is over, that the Chinese will come from their former oblivion.

ALDRANE TURK (16),  
30 Harker St.,  
S. N. P. J. 238,  
Mansfield, Ohio.

\*

#### AUTUMN

Gypsy maid so free from care,  
Scarlet gown and tangled hair.

It has not been very long  
Since we heard your merry song.

In the meadows as you pass,  
Every leaf and blade of grass,

All things growing in the land  
Glow with beauty from your hand.

It is very hard to guess—  
That some magic you possess.

Gypsy maid in crimson gown  
How you've changed our little town!

ZORA GOSTOVICH, 12, lodge 416,  
Box 769, Van Houton, New Mexico.

\*

#### HAPPY MEMBERSHIP

A magazine that's very gay  
Entered our house the other day.  
I looked at it through and through  
And then I wondered what I should do.  
I saw the name "Mladinski List"  
And knew it was something I had missed.  
So I became a member and I am gay  
That I now belong to the SNPJ.

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



HOQUIAM (WASH.) HIGH SCHOOL

Drawn by Rosie J. Matko, age 14, Rte. 1, Box 244,  
Hoquiam, Wash. Lodge 560.

#### TIMELY DINNER RIDDLES

My tail's a splendid feather-fan;  
I strut around and boast  
But folks declare they like me best  
When made into a roast.  
Who am I? (Turkey)

I'm a roly-polly, round and gold;  
And then folks cook and spice me.  
Though now I'm flat and in a crust,  
I taste best when they slice me.  
Who am I? (Pumpkin-pie)

We're little and bouncy and red,  
We pop in the pan when we cook.  
And when we are cold, in a beautiful mold,  
We taste just as we look.  
Who are we? (Cranberries)

We're small and round and brown;  
We live up in the trees.  
But when you break our overcoats  
Our meat is sure to please.  
Who are we? (Nuts)

We grow in far-off countries;  
We're oval, green, and small.  
Sometimes we have red centers,  
Sometimes no red at all.  
Who are we? (Stuffed green olives)

ZORA GOSTOVICH, 12, lodge 416,  
Box 769, Van Houton, New Mexico.

\*

#### LAUGH AND LAUGH

Mother: "Johnny, you were a very tidy boy not to throw orange peelings on the floor of the bus. Where did you put them?"

Johnny: "In the pocket of a man who was sitting in front of me."

\*

"Congratulations," said Jones to Smith.

"What for?" asked Smith.

"Why, I just heard your son won the football game.

"Well, it's a bit plural. You see, it wasn't my son alone, it was the team as a whole. And they didn't win anyway—they lost."

FRANK PERKOVICH,  
104 E. 6th St.  
Chisholm, Minn.

\*

#### THE PANAMA CANAL

The Panama Canal is very important to the United States because it protects us in time of war and helps us during time of peace. If ships need help in the Pacific Ocean west of California, ships coming from the Atlantic Coast would have to go around South America by way of Cape Horn. But now ships may cut off some eight thousand miles by going by way of the Panama Canal.

The Canal was first attempted to be built by France in 1881 under engineer Ferdinand de Lesseps. But much money being spent the French quit the work because of bankruptcy, and even more so because of malaria, a deadly disease which killed thousands of people. It was through medical science

that malaria was conquered by American physicians.

This caused the United States to try to build the Canal after France gave up. In 1904 the United States paid \$40,000,000 to the French Canal Company. Work was begun under the direction of George Goethals. The Canal was completed in 1913 and the first steamer passed through in August, 1914.

The Panama Canal is 50 miles long. It has 12 pairs of locks 1,000 feet in length. At this point it is interesting to note that the first suggestion of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama was made in 1530 by a Spanish engineer and, from 1825 to 1890, unsuccessful attempts were made to complete the project.

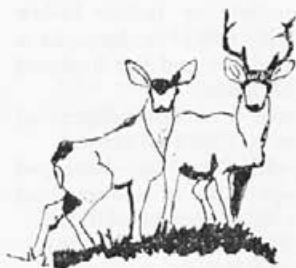
The Panama Canal Zone is a United States possession. It cuts the Central American republic of Panama in half. Panama is bounded north by the Caribbean Sea, east by the republic of Colombia, of which it was formerly a part, south by the Gulf of Panama, and west by Costa Rica.

JUUSTINE MARTINCIC, 14, lodge 138,  
Box 684, Canonsburg, Pa.

#### "THE ROARING TWENTIES"

"The Roaring Twenties" is a stirring movie portraying the fast moving prohibition era of the early twenties after the world war. The picture depicted the entry of the United States into the world war.

James Cagney plays the part of a young American who saw service as a soldier in the war. When he came back from the war he found no jobs await-



ON THE LOOKOUT  
Drawn by Dan Gostovich,  
age 9, Box 761, Van  
Houten, New Mexico.  
Lodge 416.

ing him. After searching fruitlessly for a job, he finally found himself in an illegal business. He started by mixing whisky in his bathtub. Then he bought a small place with some trucks and cabs. He used these machines as a front for his bootlegging business. He came into contact with all kinds of people. Those who opposed him, he removed. Some he trusted and made his friends.

This picture follows the pattern that the easy life is the dishonest life. Dodging the laws and evading the forces of law and order proved a profitable means of income but when the criminal is killed, everything is over.

Jeffrey Lynn is the young lawyer just out of college. He works in Cagney's corporation and makes much money, but he falls in love with Cagney's girl, Priscilla Lane. This complicates matters and Cagney finally finds out. He tells them to go. The long suffering girl friend to whom he comes for comfort is Gladys George. In the end he becomes poor. His organization is taken over by a rival, Humphrey Bogart, who kicks him out. In the meantime, Jeffrey Lynn becomes district attorney. It's his duty to prosecute this mob of bootleggers.

When he uncovers important evidence, his life is threatened by the gang led by Bogart. His wife finds Jimmy Cagney who is in a waterfront saloon, drunk. She appeals to his last spark of decency to save her husband. He kills the gang leader, then runs out in the street. There the gang leader's mob shoots him. He dies on a church step in the arms of his faithful sweetheart, Gladys George.

The picture leaves one with a sense of unreality. A better plot would be to change the theme of the picture. The young district attorney could be shown in a better role, that of the hard working crusader for right against wrong. One is left with a sense of reality at the easy money and easy life everyone had. The easy life is the life where money flows fast and free.

This picture was very popular with my friends. I liked it, too. But when I got down to analyzing the play, I found that there were some ideas that could be changed. They were too hedgy, that is, they evaded the real issue. The movie seemed to be ably portrayed by James Cagney, Jeffrey Lynn, Priscilla Lane, and Humphrey Bogart. On the whole, it was a good movie since it sets one to thinking. Everyone should see it.

JOHN POKLAR JR., 17, lodge 16  
927A West Scott Street  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Drawn by Louise Lekse, age 14, Roundup, Mont.  
Lodge 700, Juv. Circle 28.

## "SANTA"

Drawn by Mary Volk,  
age 16, 702 E. 160 St.,  
Cleveland, O. Lodge 312.



## "NORTHWEST PASSAGE"

My subject for the Our School contest for the month of October is the film, "Northwest Passage," a movie that I liked the best.

In the time when the Indians were still strong in this country, and many times ambushed the white settlers, they often attacked villages. Spencer Tracy is commander of the large woodsmen army which wanted to stop the Indians ambushing the white men's villages.

One day he decided to lead his army against the Indians to destroy them. But his army was very small comparing to the Indians and their friends the French. He made a plan to bring his army there at night when everybody was asleep and destroy them by surprise. But the plan was very hard to meet because he had to travel days and nights through the woods and swamps to keep hid from the watchful Indians. The food supply went short and the soldiers one by one falling down hungry, tired and sick from walking by day and sleeping in the trees.

Spencer Tracy as the real hero of this expedition didn't lose his head and brought most of his army to the village of the sleeping Indians and destroyed them.

I think that this story fits pattern 5 in the ML. Because the story shows the Indians as a nation with certain characteristics which mark them as being different than the native white Americans. This is not an ideal way of showing the poor Indians who, after all, thought that they were defending their land, which they did. We know that the white people were the first who took away their land. Nevertheless, there was plenty of land for all and no war necessary, if both the Indians and the white people alike would have come to an agreement peaceably.

Moreover, I think that showing the whole army sleeping on trees above water, walking by day in swamps without much to eat, gives us false impression about realities of those days. There is no doubt that in those days the white people of North America were brave and strong. Conditions made them so. In many cases the white settlers were forced to fight if they wanted to survive. And in some cases the white people, or their leaders, were just as much to blame for bloodshed as the Indians.

JOSEPHINE VIDMAR, 12, lodge 747  
2546 North 37th Street  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

## WHEN WINTER COMES

Winter comes without a sound,  
The snow softly falls on the ground;  
The trees are white with snow,  
And everywhere I turn to go  
The ground is white with snow.

The birds don't mind, they sing with glee,  
They fly from the ground into the tree.  
This winter I will have some fun  
When Santa comes with skates for me;  
So let's all be happy—you and me.

MARGARET POLONCIC, 13, lodge 124  
R. D. 2, Union Dale, Pa.

## "A JOYOUS DAY"

Both New Year's Day and Christmas are legal holidays in the United States. The custom of making and receiving calls is not as prevalent as it used to be in former years.

Christmas is a delightful day. People all over, even those who do not recognize its religious interpretation—the custom dates thousands of years back and originated in the East—unite in gift-giving. It's a habit, a tradition.

Long ago in the Puritan colonies, all exhibitions of gaiety and happiness were considered sinful and Christmas was observed in a strict religious way. In fact, the stern old Pilgrim Fathers made a law, forbidding anyone to celebrate Christmas on pain



## A DANCING GIRL

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



**SMILEY BURNETTE**  
 Drawn by Pauline Rant,  
 age 17, Traunik, Mich.  
 Lodge 387.

of arrest and punishment. Nowadays, however, Christmas is celebrated in New England just as it is everywhere else. But most people do not celebrate this holiday in a religious way any more; it has become a tradition for most of them, and a mighty good business enterprise for all the merchants and manufacturers. Christmas is now highly commercialized.

The Hawaiian children, knowing only heat and summer, and the Alaskan babies in their warm fur coats, celebrate this holiday in their own way. In the Phillipine Islands, the natives also observe this event and exchange gifts, as do so many other people in various parts of the world. In Europe this year, there will be very little gift-giving, and there won't be any "peace on earth," unless the war will end before Christmas.

It is good to help those who are sick and needy. It will make us feel happy that we did it. But we can do this any day of the year as well as on Christmas day. After all, Christmas was "created" by the people long, long ago; its meaning is the meaning put into it by the people, nothing more. All other beautiful interpretations are based on imagination, pure and simple.

ZITA BOZANIC, 13, lodge 393  
 R. D. 3, Worcester, N. Y.

#### BROWN COUNTY STATE PARK

Get a car, a map, select a park—let's go! All the food was packed, ready for the trip. Our destination was Brown County State Park, the largest park in Indiana.

Indiana is known for its scenery, but you seldom see colors blended so beautifully as when you get into the hilly section. Along the road are overlooks from which, for a long distance, could be seen the small towns nestling at the foot of the hills.

Before arriving at the park, we came to Nashville, a quaint town also at the foot of a hill. Perhaps some of you have read the articles written by Ernie Pyle concerning Nashville. When we came there, we looked up all the places he mentioned. In the town, on every side, could be seen beautiful handiwork for sale, and tourists who come in flocks to Nashville.

Leaving Nashville, we arrived at the park and made a bee line for the animals. We fed the tame deer and some of his relatives, and then we came to some animals I thought I recognized. But to

make sure, I wanted to know what those huge, shaggy animals were—only to be asked if I had a nickel with a buffalo on it.

With appetites aided by the tangy air, we "fell to" with a will; we read the paper, talked, and ate again. The more energetic of us went walking over a "gentle trail." When the three-mile walk uphill was at an end, I was only too glad to sit and eat again.

We didn't do much "prowling" around because the park is too large, but we did see part of it.

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

#### RIDDLES FOR FUN

What is most like a horse's left hind shoe?—His other shoe.

Why doesn't it matter if a beggar wears a very short coat?—Because it will be long enough before he gets another.

What is the difference between the earth and the sea?—One is dirty and the other is tidy.

Why is coal a tricky thing to buy?—Because when it is bought, it generally goes to the cellar.

Why are tall people more lazy than short ones?—Because they are always longer in bed.

What is the difference between a bottle of medicine and a hearth rug?—One is shaken up and taken, and the other is taken up and shaken.

Why is a policeman like a rainbow?—Because he appears after the storm is over.

On which side of a jug is the handle?—On the outside.

STEVE GOSTOVICH, 10, lodge 416.  
 Box 769, Van Houten, New Mexico.

#### FUNNY STUFF

Jane: "What key do you like best on the piano?"  
 Sue: "The key that locks it up."

Jake (playing a violin): "This melody often haunts me."

Carl (bass drummer): "It ought to, you've murdered it often enough."

Diner: "Do you serve crabs here?"

Waitress: "We serve anyone, sit down!"



AND STILL ANOTHER  
 Drawn by Donald R.  
 Stith, age 14, 218 N. 12  
 St., Clinton, Ind.  
 Lodge 50.

The Vocalist: "I'm going away to study singing."  
Friend: "Good! How far away?"

\* \* \*

Food-crank: "Did you ever try sleeping on a heavy meal?"

Optimist: "No, I always use a bed."

\* \* \*

Frederick the Great was fond of his military men and always asked the new recruit three questions: How old are you? How long have you been here? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?

One day he saw a new French recruit who learned the three questions, in their usual order, in French. But at this occasion Frederick asked them in different order.

"How long have you been here?" the king asked. "Twenty-one years," replied the Frenchman. "Twenty-one years!" exclaimed the king. "You must be much older than you look. How old are you?" asked the king. "One year," answered the soldier. "Upon my word," cried Frederick, "one or the other of us must be mad."

"Both," said the Frenchman, who had been taught that this was the proper answer to give to the king's question. The king, of course, flew into a great rage. The poor French recruit then explained the whole matter in French, a language the king could also understand. Frederick laughed heartily and advised him to speak only a language he knew.

\* \* \*

A man who was "under the weather" thought he should better scurry home. As a shortcut he went through a cemetery. Unfortunately, a hole had been dug for a man's body, and the man "under the weather" stumbled and fell in the hole and slept there until daylight. The next morning he regained his right mind and jumped out of the hole. Then he exclaimed, "Well, well, I guess I'm the first man out on Resurrection day!"

HELEN BOZANIC, 14, lodge 393  
Worcester, New York.

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#### JUST A FEW JOKES

The grandeur of the thunder storm swept horror into the breast of an elderly gentleman. Turning to his little nephew, who was also strangely moved by the storm, he asked:



ANOTHER "SANTA"  
Drawn by Elsie Poloncic,  
age 16, Uniondale, Pa.  
Lodge 124.



#### A SKETCH

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

"Junior, what is the difference between lightning and electricity?"

"You don't have to pay for lightning."

\* \* \*

Johnny: "Pop!"

Daddy: "Yes, my son."

Johnny: "Do you think coffee does any harm?"

Daddy: "Certainly not, my boy."

Johnny: "I'm glad of that, Dad, for I just spilled a lot on the tablecloth."

\* \* \*

"Willie," called his mother, "is our sidewalk slippery?"

"Just swell, mother. I saw six men fall down already."

DAN GOSTOVICH, 9, lodge 416  
Box 769, Van Houten, New Mexico.

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#### CHRISTMAS DAY—SOLSTICE

Christmas Day is celebrated in many countries. In Holland they celebrate it by putting clean white cloths on the floor, waiting for Santa's arrival. In Holland the people say if you were bad during the year, you would get a rod or nothing at all in the shoe or stocking. This, of course, applies to children.

Christmas Day has been celebrated for centuries even before Christ was born. Later, however, the early Christians adopted this holiday as their own. Originally this day was celebrated as the time of the sun's passing the solstice, that is, furthest or highest point north from the equator and is known as the winter solstice, occurring on or about that date.

In the United States we celebrate it by decorating evergreen trees with silver paper, colored balls, small images of people and animals, also small toys. Many people have a small set of railroad trains running around their trees. On the whole, Christmas in the United States has been highly commercialized and there is little or no religious importance left to it.

At my home, we have small houses and animals to put on the ground and under the tree. A small mirror takes the place of a small lake, cotton serves as snow on the ground. Many people make tiny lanterns to hang on the tree. In my home we buy each other presents and put them under the tree till



OUT IN THE COLD

Drawn by Virginia Campbell, age 12, Midway, Pa.  
Lodge 89.

Christmas Eve, when we all march in the parlor and my father gives out the presents. We thank each other for the presents and are very happy indeed. Later we sing yuletide songs just out of habit or custom. Many children hang up their stockings and the next morning look at their presents, if any.

MILDRED PADAR, 11, lodge 580,  
222 Wyckoff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

#### JOLLY CHRISTMAS

Christmas bells and Christmas trees  
Yuletide wreaths of holly,  
Red poinsettias in a vase  
Mistletoe—for folly.

Fire flaming on the hearth,  
Snow upon the ground,  
Greetings passing between friends  
As they busily shop around

Snow and friends and candlelight,  
Mistletoe and Yule holly,  
Gifts and trees and scarlet flowers—  
Isn't Yuletide jolly?

ZORA GOSTOVICH, 12, lodge 416,  
Box 769—Van Houten, New York.

#### A TALK WITH TWO REFUGEES

(Continued from page 12.)

"Because life for the Jewish people in Germany was terrible. It is true. I've even seen them kill!"

"Sure," broke in his little sister for the first time, "I've seen the Nazis (she pronounced it Nots-ees) break windows when I was going to school."

"You saw that?" I asked.

"Yes, we did," they both answered simultaneously.

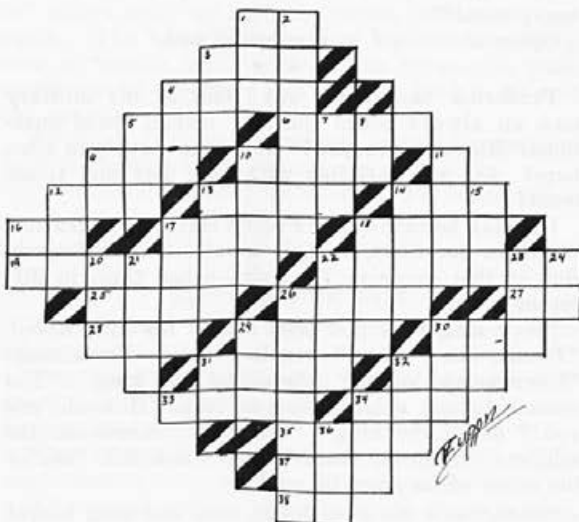
"Isn't it terrible?" asked the boy solemnly.

"Yes, it is," I said, picturing the unfortunate under the cruel, unflinching hand of the "Nots-ees."

STEVEN KERRO.

#### ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By J. Francis Zupon, 17,  
546 Forest Ave., Johnstown, Pa., Lodge 82



#### ACROSS

1—Central America (abbr.). 3—A beverage. 4—12 o'clock. 5—Any person, animal, or fowl that is fondled. 6—Boundary mountains in Russia. 9—Author of the Star Spangled Banner. 10—Appeal, entreaty. 12—Male descendant. 13—Careful attention, caution. 14—Basso (abbr.). 16—Philippine Islands (abbr.). 17—To cast off, as hair or feathers. 18—A renowned Greek athlete about 520 B. C. 19—One's own person. 22—Second president of the U.S.A. 25—A chaise. 26—Infrequent occurrence; unique. 27—Like. 28—A child; infant. 29—Ceil. 30—Domestic pet animal 31—To enroll as voters, or place to vote. 32—Covering for the head. 33—Inventor of the sewing machine. 34—Minute (abbr.) 35—Offering; charity; gift. 37—Visualize. 38—And (in French).

#### DOWN

1—A labor party organization (abbr.). 2—A small projecting molding. 3—Past tense of get. 4—French marshal under Napoleon, Michael. 5—Instrument of writing. 7—A primary color. 8—American Aviation (abbr.). 9—Slang and reverse of O. K. 10—Money, wealth. 11—Sacred language of the Buddhists of eastern India. 12—Disregard of what are considered by some divine law of rights and duties. 13—Opposite of unholy. 14—To tolerate, endure. 15—Distress signal.

#### Tails, of Course

The teacher was testing the power of observation of a class. Slapping a half-dollar on the desk, she said sharply: "What is this?"

Instantly a voice from the back row called: "Tails!"



# 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.*

## CIRCLE JUNIOR ALL STARS EVER ACTIVE



MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The Junior All Stars Circle 4 are ever active. With singing practice each Wednesday, basketball each Tuesday and our regular monthly meetings, our activities are many and varied.

On Sunday, Oct. 6, our singing chorus held a banquet for all our

members and their friends. A large crowd of members was on hand. The girls prepared the food and from the looks on the boys' faces, everyone was well satisfied. The singing chorus meets regularly each Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock at Sostarich's hall.

The chorus sang at SNPJ lodge Venera's big affair on Oct. 13 at the SST hall. In the morning on that date, our Circle and the north side Circle had their pictures taken by President Cainkar of the SNPJ, with his colored moving picture camera. At Venera's affair, moving pictures were shown in the afternoon with dancing at night.

One of our members, Frank Udovich Jr., is now at Camp Beauregard, Louisiana, for one year of intensive training with the National Guards. Frank left early in the morning so we couldn't see him off, but we went to see other divisions of the guard off on their journey. It was a sad farewell. The railroad station was packed so tight that we found it hard to say anything. We got to the train and said goodbye to our many friends in the guard. We hope they all get back soon.

The singing club held a card party at Sosta-

rich's hall on Sunday, Oct. 27. Many prizes were donated by our friends, the grocers and various other business establishments. We have many more activities scheduled for the future months, so I'll see you soon.

JOHN POKLAR JR., Circle 4  
927A West Scott Street  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

## JUVENILE CIRCLE 24 TO GIVE OPERETTA

WAUKEGAN, ILL.—Our Waukegan Juvenile Circle is called "The Jolly Juveniles" and is listed as No. 24. The Circle meets regularly each fourth Friday of the month at the Slovene National Home.

It was decided at the September meeting to give an operetta. The proceeds of this affair will go to Little Fort Lodge 568 for the sweaters they bought us. The operetta will be presented on Christmas Day, December 25, at the Slovene National Home in the afternoon. Rehearsals are being held regularly. We hope that a large crowd of people will attend. We cordially invite all SNPJ members and friends to be present.

Our membership is about fifty members. Our officers are: Dick Pekley, pres.; Dick Pierce, vice-pres.; Ann Mozek, sec'y; Antonette Podboy, rec. sec'y; Phyllis Paizer, treasurer. Trustees: Dorothy Gabrosek, Robert Ludviger, Frank Stritar. Directors: Mrs. Christine Stritar, Mrs. Angela Sustersic, Mr. Anton Kerzic.

During the summer months we had several hikes and we played ball. And during the 1939-40 winter, we took park in several programs at the Slovene National Home. This winter our Circle will, no doubt, be as active as last winter, or even more active.

This will be all for this month. Next time I will write more. I wish boys and girls from other Cir-

cles would write to me, and I will gladly answer each letter promptly.

PHYLLIS PAISER, Treasurer,  
811 McAlister Avenue, Waukegan, Illinois.

\*

#### "JOLLY JUVENILES" MONTHLY LETTER

WAUKEGAN, ILL.—Circle Jolly Juveniles 24 meets monthly each first Friday of the month at Slovene National Home. Our meetings are fairly well attended and interesting. The meetings are especially interesting during the fall and winter months.

Our Circle is planning to stage an operetta at the Slovene National Home on December 25. Rehearsals are held each week. We sing songs such as "Mister Skylark," "I Am an American" and others. We have many good singers—Anna Mozek, Dick Pekley, Frank Stritar, Phyllis Paiser, Rose and Mary Znidarsic (twins) and many others. Our whole circle likes to sing.

Early in October we received our sweaters and SNPJ emblems. The sweaters are dark blue. Last summer and early fall we were playing baseball on Sundays at 9 a. m. The girls didn't play baseball but just watched. We really have a good team.

On Oct. 19, the Little Fort lodge held a harvest dance at SNH. The juveniles were selling tickets for this dance and prizes were given to the boys and girls who sold the most tickets. Also, a Halloween party was planned by the circle late in October.

In January we are going to elect new officers. And that's not far away—it's next month. More about our circle activities next time.

RICHARD PIERCE, Circle 24,  
843 McAlister Avenue, Waukegan, Illinois.

#### ACTIVITIES OF "JUNIOR ALL STARS"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Circle "Junior All Stars" continues to hold the spotlight among our people here in Milwaukee. There is always something interesting going on. Our SNPJ lodges are always active and so is our Circle.

Frank Udovich, known perhaps better by his pen name as "Yehudovich," is no longer with us. He is in the army now. But we'll say he is on an extended vacation. He was the originator of the "All Star Coffee Klutch" column. And now his proteges will substitute for him. We hope we will do as well as he did.

Our Circle misses Bob Gradisher. Since he moved to Michigan, things haven't been the same. Bro. Remitz likes to dance jitterbug and other dances. Our members are active in many different fields, trying to improve themselves physicaly and mentally. And our Circle certainly is a great help in both.

Basketball season is here again. It is expected that our Circle will again have a fine squad this year, with most of the veterans returning, including such players as Pourous, Ambrosh, Juvan and others. We are looking forward to a great year.

Our Circle holds its regular meetings each first Saturday of the month. The meetings are usually well attended, especially during the fall and winter

season. On Oct. 4, a banquet was held in honor of the Junior All Star Singing Chorus.

Circle 4 is proud to be one of the first, if not the first, clubs to have a circle newspaper. If any other circle wishes to have a copy, send your name and address and circle affiliation to Robert Glavan, 730 W. Walker St., Milwaukee, Wis., and you will receive your copy.

ROBERT GLAVAN, Circle 4,  
730 W. Walker Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

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#### CIRCLES 12 AND 13 HELD PARTY

CLEVELAND, O.—Circles 12 and 13 went on a skating party here in Cleveland on October 20. There were 19 members of both circles present. We left the Slovene Home on St. Clair Ave. at 2:20 p. m. and arrived at 3 o'clock. Circle 2 has also been invited (by Circle 12) but none were present.

At the skating rink, we had a jolly good time with the very good comedians of Circle 12. Leo Bruder and Frankie Suhadolnik (the assistant) were the life of the party, the former falling twice and the latter once. All in all we did fine (without an adviser). After this I hope all who are invited to attend will be present as we can have more fun. You know, the more, the merrier. Let's have more of such parties.

I arrived home safely at 6 o'clock sharp and falling on my bed fell asleep. Now, don't wonder why; if you had been in my shoes you would too. And so I believe (do you?) I'll close now, with best regards to the editor and readers; and hello to all my pen pals.

ELSIE F. VIDMAR, Sec'y Circle 13  
6223 Glass Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

\*

#### WILL FORM NEW CIRCLE IN DETROIT

DETROIT, MICH.—I am happy to announce that here, in Detroit, we have succeeded in formulating plans for a new Juvenile Circle. The Detroit Federation of SNPJ lodges at its regular meeting on Oct. 25 went on record supporting this worthy idea and at this writing (Oct. 28) work is going on to form a circle for all the juvenile members of all SNPJ lodges in Detroit.

The Federation appropriated \$25 towards the formation of a circle and have given me full charge to proceed with the plans. The circle will function under the auspices of the Federation, and with the necessary cooperation of all our lodges in this city, nothing should stand in our way to have a big and strong cricle in the near future.

With the united support and help of the Federation our new circle will be a success right from the start. Of course, we realize that the beginning of anything is hard. However, through persistent work and determination much can and will be accomplished. And once we get started—watch us grow! I may add that I have already contacted several active members, namely, Ray Travnik, Beachy Bruce, Bro. Korsic and others who will help to form a circle.

OLGA MARIE KNAPICH, Organizer  
22265 Garrison Street  
Dearborn, Michigan.

**CIRCLE 13 IS MAKING SNPJ MAP**

CLEVELAND, O.—One of the present activities of Circle 13 is: Making the map of the United States upon which all the SNPJ lodges throughout the United States and their number of members are shown in their respective places on the map. It's very interesting.

This is being done by using different colors for English speaking lodges, Senior lodges and Juvenile circle divisions. Of course, it will take time to complete this enormous task, since there are so many SNPJ lodges in all parts of the United States.

Because of this we did not have our regular monthly meeting, which is usually held on the last Friday of each month, the last meeting being on Oct. 25. In the future we hope to do more in boosting the name of SNPJ by getting new members and friends.

MILTON LAURENCIC, Pres. Circle 13  
973 Addison Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

**COLLINWOOD CIRCLE MEETS REGULARLY**

CLEVELAND, O.—On October 6, Juvenile Circle 3 staged a dance at the Slovene Workers' Home on Waterloo Road. The dance was a great success. And on October 25 we held our regular monthly meeting. We discussed plans to go to the SNPJ farm sometime in November. We were planning to have put-luck dinner and supper.

The other day, just as I was enjoying reading the wonderful Mladinski List, it occurred to me that I should write a letter and send it in. This is the result. It is my very first letter, but I sincerely hope it is not my last one.

Circle 3 meets regularly on the fourth Friday of each month at the Slovene Workers' Home on Waterloo Road. Mr. Joseph Durn is our adviser. In December we will elect new officers. Regards to all.

ROBERT SLEJKO, 11, Circle 3,  
19665 Mohawk Ave., Cleveland, O.

**SALEM CIRCLE PLANS NEW YEAR'S PARTY**

SALEM, O.—Circle 10 meets regularly each second Sunday of the month at the Slovak Clubhouse at 9 a. m. Our meetings take place just before the meeting of SNPJ lodge 476.

The Circle is having a private New Year's party on Dec. 29 at Mrs. Katara's place. To make our party more enjoyable, each member will bring a basket of food. Then we will put them together and eat.

At the Oct. 13 meeting, our Circle had its pictures taken. At the meeting we talked about the 1941 Ohio SNPJ Day to be held at Girard, Ohio, July 4. We can hardly wait because we are going to present a program. But now the time will soon come when we'll elect our circle officers.

This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 13 years old and a freshman in high school. I like school very much because I am a majorette of the High School band of Goshen in Damascus, Ohio. My aunt, Helen Mihevic, who is 15 years old and a sophomore in high school, was also in the band playing a saxophone. But now she goes to Salem High School.

My sister Tillie, Helen and I sing Slovene and English songs together in harmony. We have sung on the Slovene program on the radio WGAR in Cleveland and WJU in Akron. We also sang at several other affairs and at the Slovene picnic in Struthers.

AVA KRIZAY, 13, Circle 10,  
R.D. 1, Salem, Ohio.

## Pred knjižnico

Edgar Lupša

Ko sem se ozrl na električno uro na Glavnem trgu, sem videl, da sem še zgoden. Počasi sem stopal proti Narodnemu domu. Obstal sem na pločniku in videl, da sta bili zagrnjeni le sprednji dve okni, a za vsemi je stala tema.

Obšel me je neprijeten občutek. Za trenutek sem okleval: Ali naj počakam? Toda takoj sem se odločil. Tiho sem pričel stopati po zamrzlih tleh. Bilo je mrzlo, toda ne tako, kakor zadnje dni. Rahlo me je zeblo v roke. Vtaknil sem jih v žepe in sključen stopal s knjigami pod pazduho.

Na Glavnem trgu so luči svetlo žarele, tu pa je bil njihov soj nekam bolj medel. Avtomobili so hupali na križišču in v svetlobi njihovih žarometov je bila cesta čudno razrita. Vozovi so ropotali ali težko in ostro škripali. Dva kleparska vajenca sta samotež vlekla voz; pločevina na njem je ropotala. Ženske, zavite in oblečene, ter domov hiteči moški so me prehitevali.

Postajal sem nestrpen. Ob tem času je navadno že odprto, zdaj pa, kakorkoli sem se oziral, je vedno še stala tema za okni. Udarjal sem krepkeje z nogami, ki so mi nekam odrevenevale, po tlaku. Že v drugič sem se ozrl v trgovino, ko sem stopal mimo nje. Med starim železjem je luč čudno svetila. Trudila se je, da bi pregnala težko temo, pa je jasneje zasijala le na koščku stene, če ga je kje dosegla.

Tiho mi je zaključala bolečina v zobu, kakor bi se bala nenadoma pritisniti z vso silo. Z jezo sem začutil roso v očeh. Te zadnje noči sem vse prebedel v bolečinah, ko mi je pod zobom oprezno tipalo in mi je rasla otekline, v kateri se mi je nabiral gnoj. Zdaj se bojim, ker bo najbrže potrebna operacija.

Za vruga, saj je minilo že četrta ure. Kaj so se tako zakasnili danes? Če bi vedel, bi šel domov.

Na drugi strani v pritličju in nadstropjih so gorele luči. O, poznam jih, take luči. Svetijo samo v lepih in toplih sobah za prozornimi zavesami. Meni sveti petrolejka v mrak mrzle sobe in mi preganja temo za zamrzlimi okni.

Gledal sem te tople luči in nisem mogel odvrniti pogleda. S ceste sem strmel v pritličje. Morda se je zdelo komu moje početje neolikano? Preveč mi je bilo lepo, da bi se zmenil za to. Po svetlih stenah je plesala senca, sklanjala se je in vzravnavala. Luči so toplo svetile in še meni se je zdalo zdelo topleje.

"Vendar!"

Postal sem še nekaj sekund in skušal zatreti bolečino pod zobom. Potem sem stopil po pločniku navzgor in pritegnil z vso silo vrata k sebi . . .

# Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

## OUR HALLOWEEN PARTY



Dear Editor:—Halloween and Thanksgiving have come to an end. Everyone will now be thinking of Christmas and New Year. Both of these two holidays are looked forward to with much pleasure.

In October we had very much fun. My sister and I had a Halloween party. Many of our friends came. The basement was decorated with orange and black crepe paper, Halloween pictures and colored leaves. It started at 7 o'clock in the evening and ended at 1:30 after midnight. Games were also played. Those who wanted to could dance. Willie Simenc and Emil Kotar played their piano accordions. They really did a grand job of playing and we really appreciate it.

Everyone who attended was dressed in a costume, so no one could recognize who the person was. The best dressed was a little neighbor boy of ours who dressed just like a girl. Many could not believe he was a boy. His hair was curled and he had a nice hat on. He wore a long pink satin party dress and a coat. His shoes were high heeled and he had on silk stockings. Many others were dressed very well. Everyone had a good time and plenty of fun.

About two months ago I heard professor Krueger giving a very interesting speech in La Salle, Ill. My mother, sister and I went to visit in Chicago. My sister and I appeared on the WLS radio station. We had a good time. We saw many interesting things such as the Municipal Airport. In the evening we went to see the National Barn Dance. We have seen many things in two days and wished we could stay longer. We are planning to go there sometime again and would like to visit the place where they print the Mladinski List and Prosveta. If we do come, I wish I could meet the editor and other officers at the Main Office of the SNPJ. Wishing everyone lots of happiness over the coming holidays.—*Mildred Mary Hotko*, 226 Main Street, Oglesby, Illinois. (Lodge 95).

## FROM AURORA, MINNESOTA

Dear Editor:—I really forgot to write a letter for last month's issue of the Mladinski List. I received two letters from two new pen pals. They are from Montana. That adds two more to my pen pal list. Now I have 13 faithful pen pals. Sometimes I don't even know if I answered all the letters. If I didn't answer any of them, it was all by accident. From now on I will have to keep a record of each letter that I answered.

I like to watch football games very much. I would say Aurora has a fair team. They won three out of five games. I would also say Min-

nesota has a good team. Minnesota won all the games they played so far, and that is three games. They beat Washington, Nebraska, and Ohio State. The game with Ohio was very tough. I hope Minnesota would win all its games, but I think I had better not premeditate. I think the games that are broadcast over the radio are very interesting when you listen to them. Of course, it is much nicer to be at a stadium.

On October 20, Aurora had a donkey basketball game. All the men teachers participated in this game. Each teacher had a donkey. The donkeys had rubber shoes so they wouldn't mark the gymnasium floor. It was very interesting. I have run out of words now and I'll close, always remaining yours truly—*Florence Alich* (age 13), Box 607, Aurora, Minnesota.

## "MAGPI" IS A REAL PAL

Dear Editor:—Since school and everything else seems to be running smoothly, it is time that I write to the Mladinski List again. All the girls and boys are back to school and as happy as they were last year at this time. But for me I guess the summer vacation was too much. School seems to be extra hard for me this year. But maybe as time rolls on I'll get along better. It is different with my brothers and sisters; they seem to be getting along swell.

The time of year has come again when we can expect cold weather any day now. The weather here in Great Falls is swell so far (Oct. 26). For some children it is the best part of the year but for me it isn't. I just as soon have nice weather. But good old Santa will be coming around soon. All the children are beginning to be good again so Santa will be good to them. It's no use for me to be good because I don't want anything for Christmas this year. You probably think, "What a funny person." But it's true I don't want anything for Christmas because what I want I know I won't get, so I don't even talk about it.

Football season is over and now comes basketball. I didn't see any of the football games this year, but I guess I didn't miss much. I don't really care for them. Our school has a good team this year even though they lost a few games. If I have a chance I'll try and see some of the basketball games because basketball interests me more. Some people like to read stories of dogs, others like cat stories, and everybody likes his or her own certain kind of story. I hope that everybody likes birds because I am going to tell all the ML readers about our "Magpi."

This summer, one day, when my brothers went to cut some people's lawn, a lady asked them if they wanted a magpie. Of course, like most boys, my brothers said yes. This lady said that she wanted to give it to someone who could really take care of a small bird. My brothers said they could and so they got it. For a long time we fed it through an eye dropper. As it grew older it started to eat by itself. Today she is a full grown magpie. She is loose all over the neighborhood and she seems

to be the pet of everybody. The Lowell School is only a block away from our house and she goes to school and takes all the children's pencils and other articles. She is an awful pest but still is well like by everyone. Her name is "Magpi" and when we call her she'll come right home. One day she followed my sister and me to school. We live about two miles from the High School and we didn't think she'd ever come back. But there she was, the next morning! We think that in the near future she will learn to talk because she can say some things now.

Besides having a magpie and a canary, we also have a small kitten. We call her "Playmate." She sure has a lot of fun with our Magpi but I don't think she will ever try to catch it even though they do have a fight now and then.

I'd better close now but I'll try and write again sometime. I wish all my pen pals would excuse me for not writing, but I haven't the time. I'll answer your letters as soon as I possibly can. Best regards to all the ML readers, I remain a proud reader—*Dorothy Hovevar* (16), 415 33rd St. N., Great Falls, Mont. (Lodge 202).

#### A LETTER FROM MILWAUKEE

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I'm sixteen years old and a junior in high school. My father and I are members of SNPJ lodge Sloga 16, Milwaukee, Wis. I'm a member of Junior All Stars circle chorus. At the chorus we enjoy singing Slovene songs.

On October 13, President Cainkar of the SNPJ was in Milwaukee and took pictures of the circle, chorus, and boys' sports activities. Later he showed pictures of Yugoslavia and SNPJ activities. Also, on Oct. 27 the Junior All Star circle sponsored a card party, and we wish sincerely to thank all who helped in making it a success.

It seems as if everything comes at once. First the president of our circle, Bob Bradisher, moved to Muskegon, Mich., then another active member, Frank Udovich, a National Guard, has been transferred to Baugard, La. They were both very active members and will be missed by all.

Let's hope now that fall has arrived that we'll have a larger attendance at our monthly meetings. I haven't seen many letters from Milwaukee, except from Mary Poklar and Johnny Poklar, who have written many interesting articles and letters for the Mladinski List. Come on, Milwaukee! Let's show the other cities that we can write too. What do you say? Best regards.—*Sylvia Policnik* (age 16), 1129 So. 11th Street, Milwaukee, Wis. (Lodge 16).

#### INTRAMURAL SPORTS

Dear Editor:—I read each number of the Mladinski List and find it very interesting. This is my very first letter to the M. L.

My Dad is secretary of SNPJ lodge 49 and I belong to Circle 7. The circle had a Halloween party and there were quite a few boys and girls from Sharon, Pa.

I am 16 years old and in the eleventh grade at Girard High School. I take a great interest in sports and I take part in all the intramural games: soccer, baseball, basketball, and volleyball. I also go roller skating a great deal.

I would like to have many of you as pen pals, so won't you write to me? Best regards to everyone.—*Edythe Tancek*, R. D. 1, Avon Park, Girard, Ohio.

#### DAN IS A BUSY BOY

Dear Editor:—I am rather late with my letter this time. I have so many lessons that I don't have enough time to write you and my pen pals a few lines. In other words, I am a very busy little man. But I like my studies and so it's okay. More than two months of school have gone by. I, alone, am in the fifth grade. I like school very much.

One bad news is that the company shot down the camps and many men are out of work, and my father is one of them.

On Oct. 23, my teacher went to Teachers' Convention in Santa Fe. Now I have a little time to draw a few pictures to send to the M. L., even if they aren't going to be published. I like to practice drawing pictures. I think this letter will be printed in the December number of the M. L. That will be soon after Thanksgiving. At that time we will be getting ready for Christmas. Wishing much happiness and good health to all SNPJ members. Merry Christmas to all.—*Dan Gostovich* (9), Box 769, Van Houten, New Mexico. (Lodge 416).

#### OUR HALLOWEEN PARTY

Dear Editor:—Both Halloween and Thanksgiving will be over by the time this letter appears in the M. L. On Oct. 25, I went to a Halloween party that was held at my girl friend's house. We were masked. There were about 28 boys and girls at the party. We had lots of fun. We played games and danced. And on Oct. 6, at the Slovenski Dom in La Salle, we heard Maynard Krueger addressing a big crowd of people. And at the High School Auditorium in La Salle we heard Norman Thomas who spoke to a large audience. My best regards to all.—*Dolores Udovich* (11), Route 1, Box 90, La Salle, Illinois.

#### MALO SLOVENSKIH DOPISOV

Dragi urednik!—Nihče se ne oglasi iz Minnesote v našem priljubljenem Mladinskem listu. Le tu in tam kdo napiše angleški dopis, ne pa slovenskega. Zato sem jaz napisal ta dopis po slovensko.

Do 29. oktobra, ko to pišem, je še vedno lepo vreme. Starka zima se še ni oglasila. Gotovo se bo prikazala kmalu. Mi dečki pa smo itak vedno zaposleni. Učenje nam da dosti dela. Jaz sem v devetem razredu. Vsak dan po šoli igramo nogomet (football). Dne 12. oktobra smo se sprijeli z evelethsko skupino. V Eveleth smo se peljali z busom. Med potjo smo peli in se veselili. Peli smo tudi slovenske pesmi. Voznik je rekel, da se bi s tako veselo družbo vozil kar noč in dan. Mi smo se odlo-

čili, da moramo zmagati. Res—zmagali smo! To je bilo veselja med našo skupino!

V Mladinskem listu sem čital mnogo dopisov iz raznih krajev. Povsod so bolj aktivni kot mi. Upam, da se bo več dopisnikov oglasilo v našem mesečniku vsaj čez zimo. Pozimi imamo več časa, ker smo večinoma doma. Mnogo pozdravov vsem čitateljem M. L.—**Louis Perkovich**, 104 6th St. S. E., Chisholm, Minn.

#### IS INTERESTED IN MUSIC

Dear Editor:—I am a girl of fourteen and very much interested in music. At the age of seven my piano lessons started and I am still taking them. I play the piano for the Choral Club in school.

On the eve of Christmas 1939 my parents surprised me with a clarinet. Last May I was sent to represent Euclid Central High School in the clarinet competition for juniors at the North Canton District contest. I was given a first place (superior minus rating).

Twirling a baton is a lot of fun when you get more experienced. I take drum-major lessons and belong to a group of eight twirlers at school. At this point I would like to express my admiration to our wonderful magazine the Mladinski List. In it we find articles of great value to young and old.



I will be very proud to have my picture in this magazine. In this outfit I appeared as a majorette on Napredne Slovenke anniversary program, Oct. 27, 1940. At that time I also played a solo on my

clarinet. It was a big day for all the members of our Circle 2. Everybody complimented us on the wonderful program we had.—**Mildred Bercic** (14), 20750 Nauman Ave., Euclid, Ohio.

#### DISAPPOINTED

Dear Editor:—I was disappointed when I didn't see my letter in the M. L. On Oct. 27 we received a telegram from Duluth saying that my godfather died. He was employed at the Northern Pacific railroad for 18 years. He fell from a ladder while he was picking apples. We attended his funeral. I feel sorry because I liked him very much. Next time I will write more. Best regards to all ML readers.—**Frank Perkovich**, 704 E. Oak St., Chisholm, Minn.

#### "HERE COMES CHARLIE"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 16 years of age and in the third year of high school. I find it very interesting reading the poems and letters in the ML from other states. I belong to SNPJ lodge 89 and Juvenile Circle 22. We have our meetings each last Friday of the month. Late in October we presented a play, titled "Here Comes Charlie." I'll close for this time and will write some more next month. Best regards to one and all.—**Helen Prebeg**, Box 206, Bulger, Pa.

#### WANTED: PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—I am a member of SNJ lodge No. 54, of Glencoe, O. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. I enjoy school very much. I have a four-year old sister. My Mother and I are the only ones in our family who are members of the SN-PJ. My cousin, Dorothy Ujcich, wrote to the ML also, and I enjoyed reading her letter. I would like to have pen pals. I promise to answer promptly. News are scarce in small towns. Best regards to all.—**Rose Marie Roebuck**, Box 111, Glencoe, O. (Lodge 54).

#### FROM CHISHOLM, MINN.

Dear Editor:—I received the M. L. today and was inspired by the many contributions to write my first letter to this magazine. I will be 15 years old in December and am a sophomore in high school. I major in French, history, geometry and English and minor in speech. We have gym and swimming. I have dark brown hair and dark brown eyes, am 5 feet 1¾ inch high and weigh 115 lbs. This will suffice as an introduction.

We have a very good football team in Chisholm (pronounced chis-zum), coached by Stan Kostka, a former All-American football player from the University of Minnesota. The team won several games. I love football games and I am in my glory when I'm sitting in the rooting section, cheering the team onto victory. That's why I think the picture of the football player by Eugene Skoff in the ML for October is so good; I think I'll frame it. In the Minnesota-Washington game George Dranch made a sensational 99-yard touchdown; and a member of our

own team made a 60-yard touchdown. Thrilling, indeed.

Chisholm has a population of about 8,000 people. It is situated in the heart of the iron mining district, about 90 miles from Duluth and about 100 miles from the Canadian border. The "Great Divide" is located about one mile north of here. Iron mining is the chief occupation. We have an excellent school system and library facilities, a new theater, a new bowling center, a spacious recreational building, new post office, and numerous other things—and many, many lakes.

In addition, we have a new park in which are located the football, baseball and track field, the new field house, band concert shell and school gardens.—In conclusion I wish to say that I would like to have some pen pals. I do want to thank Dorothy Dermotta for accommodating me here. I should like pen pals from anywhere. I am a member of SNPJ lodge 110. So long.—**Dorothy Marie Koscak**, 206½ W. Lake St. N. W., Chisholm, Minn.

#### "WE SING SONGS . . ."

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to the M. L. for more than a year. I am a member of Juvenile Circle 24. We sing songs and play games, and we are going to have a play on Christmas day. There are 43 juvenile members in our circle. I like poems and riddles very much. Here are a few: When is an apple tree like a pig? When it starts rooting. What has eyes and can't see? A potato. What has legs and can't walk? A table. What has teeth and can't bite? A comb. Best regard to all.—**Helen Svete** (age 15), 1502 Sheridan Rd., No. Chicago, Ill.

#### "IN A QUIANT LITTLE TOWN"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to this wonderful magazine, the Mladinski List. I am sixteen years old and I live in the quaint little town of Santa Fe, in New Mexico. I will write more next time. I would like to have some pen pals to write to me. I promise to answer all letters promptly. My best regards to all.—**Rose Marie Srok**, 124 Galister St., Santa Fe, New Mexico.

#### ELEVEN PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this wonderful magazine. I was very glad to see my first letter published and hope to see this one in too. I have 11 pen pals. I didn't know so many girls wanted to be cowgirls. I would like to have some boys write to me too; I promise to answer all letters. I want to thank everyone who wrote to me. I have one brother, Joseph, who was 16 on Nov. 22, but I have no sisters. My father, mother and I belong to SNPJ lodge 88. I will close now promising to write again. Best regards.—**Anna Mele** (age 14), Box 311, Moon Run, Pa.

#### MY FAMILY

Dear Editor:—Here I am writing again to the M. L. In my last letter I forgot to tell you about myself and my family. I am 13 years of age and am in 8b in John Marshall Junior high school. We all

belong to the SNPJ. My father is secretary of Lodge Delavec No. 257 for five years and before that he was president. Our Lodge is going to celebrate its 25th birthday next year. There are three persons in our family. I hope that other juvenile members of our Lodge would write to this magazine. I belong to a singing club which is directed by Mr. Seme. We are planning to give a play soon. I'll write more next time.—**Mary Knafelc**, 13312 St. James Ave., West Park, Cleveland, O.

#### MY FAVORITE SUBJECTS

Dear Editor:—As I am writing these lines, Oct. 3, our schools are still closed because of a terrible sickness, infantile paralysis. I am very much disgusted because of this. I like school very much. My favorite hobbies (subjects) in school are: spelling, reading and English. I also like to write, which is one of my hobbies, although not a favorite one. We have a juvenile circle here, called Jolly Kansans, but we don't write often to the M. L. Wake up and write, Kansas. I see that Cleveland and Pennsylvania and other states and cities are getting ahead of us.

Our circle meets regularly each first Sunday of the month. After each meeting, refreshments are served and we play games. Our September meeting was very interesting. On Labor day we had a big celebration in Frontenac. I noticed that other writers have already reported on this affair in the M. L. and Prosveta.

My birthday was on Sept. 10. I am now 10 years old, am in the sixth grade and like school. I had a little birthday party. I am planning to select a pen pal and write a letter soon. Pen pals, write to me. Regards to all.—**June Pecar**, R. R. No. 1, Pittsburg, Kansas.

#### WANTED: PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—I think it's about time I write a letter to the Mladinski List. I am 12 years old and a member of Lodge 201. I'll try to attend every circle meeting in the future. I wish some pen pals would write to me. Best regards.—**Rosemary Montero**, Box 364, Delagua, Colorado. (oLdge 201).

#### INTERESTING CONTRIBS

Dear Editor:—School is going on quite smoothly, but there is plenty of homework to do. In the last ML the contributions were very interesting, especially Dora Terbizan's poem and Elsie Vidmar's illustrated letter. I have three pen pals, namely, Elsie Vidmar, Sylvia Vicich, and Gladys Miklich. I also received a card from Delphia Beverly in Kentucky. The ML gives us girls and boys swell opportunities in getting new friends and pen pals. I am thankful for and proud of being an SNPJ member. My best regards to all.—**Mary Volk**, 702 E. 160th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

#### SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Dear Editor:—Since this is my first letter to the Mladinski List, I wish to introduce myself. I am 15 years old and in the 10th grade at Miles Bryan

Senior High School. I am taking the commercial course. Typing is my favorite subject.

This year our football team has been doing very well. We haven't lost any game yet (this letter was written on Oct. 18) and I hope we don't lose any in the future. Our team is called the Rox Rams.

To encourage the pupils at football games we have started a new club in our school. It is the "Pep Club." All the students who belong in this club wear certain emblems to show their membership. It is a pin with a large R (for Rox) and blue and white ribbons attached to it.

My favorite sports are bicycle riding and ice skating. I can hardly wait until it gets cooler (colder) so that the Rox Arena Ice Skating Rink will open. And it won't be long now.—I would like to have some pen pals write to me and I will answer every letter promptly. Best regards to all members and readers.—Dianna Delach, 307 Gardner Street, McKees Rocks, Pa. (Lodge 210).

#### DICK'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—I am 12 years old and I am a member of Circle 24. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. We have dark blue sweaters with SN-PJ emblems in the front. Our circle had a softball team this year. But we didn't have any games because it was too late in the season. We also had a football team. In October we had a swell Halloween party. Best regards to all readers and members.—Dick Peklay, 1108 McAlister St., No. Chicago, Ill. (Lodge 119).

## Stamp Collecting

### A SLOVENE—FATHER OF STAMPS?

Readers of the ML who are interested in this column will be surprised to learn the news that, after all, it was not an Englishman who first conceived the idea of a postage stamp but a Slovene by the name of Lawrence Koshir.

The story is told by the *Filatelista*, a Yugoslav stamp collecting organ published in Zagreb, Croatia, of September 9, 1940, and we pass it on to you.

Says the *Filatelista*: Lawrence Koshir (Lovrene Košir), born in 1804 near Škofja Loka in Upper Carniola and educated in Ljubljana, was a state official in 1835 at the latter city when he first expounded his idea of a postage stamp to an Englishman by the name of Gallway, who was there on a visit. Two years later, Koshir suggested his postage stamp idea to the Austrian ministry of posts but got a cold shoulder; no one in the government took his idea seriously.

Three years later, in 1840, England issued the first postage stamp, the famous penny-black. The authorship of the world's first stamp was credited to Lord Rowland Hill, and so it stands until this day. But Lord Hill—the story continues—undoubtedly picked the stamp idea from Gallway, who five years earlier brought it from Ljubljana, where Koshir had confided to him the practicability of a

piece paper attached to the letter for covering the postage charge and thus displacing the cash payment.

A few years later, in 1848, when Koshir saw the European states adopting the English plan of the postage stamp one after the other, and upon hearing that the English took all the credit for this idea, he appealed to the Austrian government to help him to win recognition as the original inventor of the postage stamp. They investigated his claim and, according to the papers in his case, the result was very satisfactory to Koshir, but in those years of political upheavals and crises his case was set aside and soon forgotten. Koshir died unrecognized.

Now, after a hundred years, when the world-wide celebration of the centennial anniversary of the postage stamp again brought forth the name of Lord Hill, the philatelists of Yugoslavia once more turned to the long forgotten and deeply buried Koshir case. They organized an action with the intent to restore, upon all available evidence, the original authorship of the postage stamp idea to an obscure Slovene state employee, Lawrence Koshir, to whom, they are convinced, it rightly belongs. We hope they succeed!

### "Little Jack Horner"



"Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner,  
Eating his Xmas pie.  
He put in his thumb,  
And pulled out a plum,  
And cried: What a big boy am I!"

Drawn by Dorothy Dermota, age 16, Avella, Pa. Lodge 292.



# Puščanski stražnik in leščerba

GOLAR MANKO

Tisto noč, ko je imela sosedova mačka pet mladih, se je vračal župan iz Pušč domov. Še nekaj korakov bi moral napraviti, pa bi bil doma. Toda kar na lepem se vam je zaletel v mežnarja Urha, kar nikakor ni bilo lepo za gospoda župana. Ali je oča malec preveč pogledal v kozarec, da ni videl pred seboj na pol gluhega mežnarja, ali pa je bila tako temna noč, da je župan kolovratil po cesti kakor slepec, to se ne ve. Vsekakor je prinesel Štefuc, to je bil župan, tisto noč domov na glavi debelo buško in ker je doma tako nerodno opletal z besedami, ko ga je vprašala mati županja, kje je našel na čelu to reč, ga je njegova Urša mahnila še z burkljami po glavi, tako da je hipoma zrastle na njegovem čelu še druga takšna zadeva.

Da se to ne bi nikoli več zgodilo, je oča župan ukazal takoj svojim vaščanom, da morajo vsi nositi ponoči s seboj leščerbo, da bo človek pravočasno spoznal nevarnost, ki mu preti in se ji izognil. Kdor se ne bo temu pokoril, bo moral pet dni pihati ričet, tako je še pisalo na županovem razglasu. Policaj Kozobre pa je moral ponoči paziti, da bodo vsi Puščani izvrševali županove ukaze, kot se spodobi za poštene državljane.

Ponosno je kolovratil policaj po Puščah in prežal na mimoidoče ljudi, če bi se našel kak predrznež in ne nosil s seboj leščerbo . . .

Že dolgo je od takrat, od kar sta se sprla organist Nacek in policaj Kozobre. Oba sta si prizadevala, da bi eden drugemu zagodel kakšno, in mu pokadil pod nos, toda do sedaj se ni posrečilo to niti enemu, niti drugemu. A te dni je bila Naceku sreča mila.

Ko je planila prihodnja noč v Pušče zopet noč, ko se je trda tema plazila med vaškimi hišami in vrtovi, je vzel Nacek v roke leščerbo, toda sveče ni dal vanjo. Kmalu sta se srečala policaj in Nacek.

"Hop, Nacek, zdaj pa te imam, kar v luknjo pojdeš z mano, kje pa imaš leščerbo?" se je razveselil policaj, pri tem pa pogledal neznansko pisano Naceka.

"Hm, tu jo imam, poglej jo, mar to ni leščerba?" mu je ugovarjal Nacek.

"Kje pa imaš svečo, kaj pomaga leščerba brez nje?"

"I, kje pa piše kaj o sveči, nikjer nisem srečal tega ukaza v županovem pisanju," se mu zareži Nacek.

"Ti butec ti, kdaj pa si že videl leščerbo brez sveče? Če te bom srečal še kdaj brez nje, se pripravi."

Po teh besedah sta se razšla, Nacek se je namehnil, policaj pa je škripal z zobmi. Kdo tudi ne bi?

Drugo noč sta se zopet srečala. In Nacek je bil zopet brez luči.

"Aha, zdaj pa mi ne boš več pobrisal. Čemu nimaš leščerbe, mar ti nisem včeraj povedal, da se

ne sme hoditi ponoči brez sveče in leščerbe. Kje jo imaš?"

"E, prijateljček, mar si slep," in Nacek mu zopet pomoli pod nos leščerbo.

"Pa, sveča, kaj pa je z njo, si že pozabil kako sva se včeraj zmenila?"

"Sveča, no, to imam pa tu, kar poglej jo," se namemhne Nacek in potegne iz žepa svečo.

"Čemu je pa nisi prižgal?"

"I, saj nikjer ne piše, da bi jo moral prižgati," se odreže Nacek in pusti sredi ceste osramočenega policaja.

In zopet sta se srečala tretjo noč. "Zdaj pa te imam, piček, kar z menoj, da boš pomnil, kako si potegnil za nos puščanskega policaja," mu je dejal jezno Kozobre.

"Zakaj pa, ljubi policaj, mar sem kaj ukradel," ga je nedolžno vprašal Nacek.

"Glej, ga glej, kako se dela neumnega," se je škodoželjno zarežal Kozobre, "kje pa imaš luč, mar še vedno ne poznaš županovega ukaza? Kar z menoj, iz nas se ne boš delal norca, primejdunaj, da ne!"

"Luč, hm, to imam pa tu, pod suknjo sem jo dal, da mi jo veter ne bi ugasnil." In Nacek potegne izpod suknje luč in jo pomoli policaju pod nos.

Ubogi Kozobre je kar onemel sredi ceste od besa in sramu. Nacek pa jo je mahnil žvižgaje domov.

—*Mlado Jutro.*

## SILLY SPORTS

**Standing High Jump.** Each person is to stand up and sing two notes, the lowest and highest possible, the winner being the one who jumps to the highest note. If there is any doubt, check the notes on the piano.

**Throwing a Weight.** The "weight" is a balloon which is thrown from one hand. The farthest throw wins.

**Drawing the Longbow.** The one telling the "tallest" story wins.

**Broad Grin Contest.** The broadest grin wins; measure the grins with a tape measure and if it is difficult to decide on the winner get the others to give their opinions.

## Number, Please?

A group of players are seated in a circle. They are to be the "telephone operators." The leader stands in the center of the group. The leader announces that he wants to 'phone the fire station as his house is on fire, or the electric company because his lights went out or the police because he has lost his pet turtle. These or any other reasons for 'phoning may be given. After stating his reason for telephoning, he turns to the first player and asks what he should say to the fire chief, or whomever he is 'phoning. The same question is asked all around the circle. The answers will be amusing as each player is permitted to say any nonsense which comes to his mind.

# Introducing Book Friends

Reviewed by Betty Jartz



## AND WE SAW A DEER!

On a Sunday afternoon, in late October, we made one of our many trips to the SNPJ Farm near Chardon, Ohio. The road to the farm dips into graceful valleys and climbs over little hills. Along this road, winding at times, are many trees which, at the time, were still garbed in all their autumnal splendor of vari-colored leaves. At almost every point on this road we could see, in the background, trees whose leaves were tinted in golds, rusts, browns, and greens blended in such a way as to dazzle the eyes, and bring a gasp of delight to the lips of the spectator. These trips to the farm, in the colorful month of October, were truly a pleasure and afforded many a picturesque sight.

On this particular Sunday afternoon we were thrilled by a rare sight. As we reached the crest of the final hill, just before coming to the farm, a gorgeous creature leaped out of the thicket into the path of our car. At first sight, the animal appeared to be a great Dane, but to our immense delight we saw that it really was a buck deer. In a few bounds it had cleared the road and made its way across the field tail held high, exposing the snow-white fur underneath. Soon it disappeared from our view, but not, however, before we noticed that the beautiful graceful creature was proudly bearing on the top of its head the polished points of its budding antlers.

This sight meant even more to me, because a short time ago I had just finished reading Felix Salten's *Bambi* and *Bambi's Children*. The glimpse, fleeting as it were, of this deer brought to my mind the setting of Bambi's home in the forest, and I can't for the life of me think why this deer, naturally timid, should have ventured out of safety of his own home in broad daylight.

This little incident puts me in the mood to comment a bit more on Salten's woodland classics which delight both young and old readers.

\* \* \*

While reading *Bambi*, or *Bambi's Children*, one cannot help but sense the author's deep feeling for nature and his love for animals. And because the author is a keen observer of animal as well as human behavior, we are made to understand the woodland creatures and their various attitudes and reactions toward their struggle for existence; and toward man, who at times is a merciless killer and at other times their benefactor. We are made to understand all this and are drawn very closely to

these forest folk not so much by the fact that the author has endowed them with the ability to speak in the human tongue, but by the magic of his descriptive ability which makes us feel as one with these creatures.

The woodland creatures' daily lives are fraught with danger which varies somewhat with the seasons. In winter, danger follows close upon their heels, for food is scarce and their natural enemies' search for prey is fiercer and more relentless. During the hunting season all the animals and birds must flee for their lives for no one is spared by man's "thunder-stick."

Because we have been introduced to the families, relatives, and friends of the woodland creatures, and because we have been permitted an intimate glimpse of their private lives, their joys and sorrows, their loves and hates, we cannot help but thrill with their many adventures and rejoice with them when they escape dangers with which their lives are closely associated.

If we were to meet Bambi in person, and if we could converse with him, we could honestly say, "I knew you all your life," for the author introduces us to him at the very minute of his birth; and we watch him grow from the little baby deer, who sways uncertainly on his gawky thin legs, into a magnificent and powerful buck.

\* \* \*

The story of *Bambi's Children* is a sequel to *Bambi* and its scenes are laid in the same forest with several new characters added, who participate in many new and exciting adventures.

## A Night at the Opera

Everyone is supposed to take part in this game—no matter how poorly some of your guests may sing.

One person is blindfolded and sits in a corner with his back to the other guests, who stand in a line some distance from him. Then, one at a time, each person in the line sings a song, disguising his or her voice as much as possible.

The blindfolded person is given one guess to determine who the singer is. If he can't guess who the singer is, the next person in line sings, and the blindfolded person guesses again. This keeps up until the identity of one of the singers is correctly guessed. Then the blindfolded one takes his place in the line and the singer who was "discovered" has to put on the blindfold.



## “WIGGLE-WAGGLE”

Wow! Look at Harry Whizzalong! He is certainly in a hurry to get somewhere, isn't he! But so is the fellow hidden in the Wiggle-Waggles. If we take a pencil or a colored crayon we should be able to find him by drawing a line through all the open spaces we can find by starting to draw where the arrow shows and not quitting until we are back at the arrow again. Remember, draw the line only where the road is clear. If a black line stops you, you are on the wrong track. Now! Go ahead and find the speedy fellow.

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

#### PUZZLE I

1. Mladinski List
2. Washington
3. Christmas
4. Santa Claus
5. Winter
6. Soldiers

#### PUZZLE II

1. Peach
2. Cherry
3. Apple
4. Grape
5. Cranberry
6. Walnut
7. Banana
8. Pear
9. Mulberry
10. Orange

#### PUZZLE V

1. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
2. A barking dog does not bite.
3. Still water runs deep.

#### Small Oysters

Mrs. Brown: "These are very small oysters you are selling me."

Mrs. Town: "Yes'm."

Mrs. Brown: "They don't appear to be very fresh either."

Mrs. Town: "Then it's lucky they're small, ain't it?"

#### PUZZLE III

1. sunshine
2. sidewalk
3. moonbeam
4. workbench
5. tree trunk
6. fruit cake
7. Xmas tree
8. storybook
9. summertime
10. lollipop

#### PUZZLE IV

1. Shrimp Cocktail
2. Porterhouse Steak
3. Potatoes
4. Salad
5. Dessert
6. Coffee

### Answers to Crossword Puzzle on Page 14

By J. Francis Zupon

#### ACROSS

- 1—Terms. 5—Madam. 10—Over. 11—Dak. 14—Data. 15—We. 16—Prune. 18—Et. 19—Whey. 21—Eyas. 24—Show. 25—Clever. 27—Aim. 29—Ode. 30—Cleave. 32—Pigs. 34—Erne. 35—Tidy. 37—O. K. 39—Trait. 41—Ha. 42—Bell. 45—Tap. 46—Spin. 48—Trait. 49—Force.

#### DOWN

- 1—Town. 2—Eve. 3—Re. 4—Mr. 6—A. D. 7—D. A. 8—Ate. 9—Mate 11—Dry 12—A u. 13—Knell. 16—Pew. 17—Sac. 19—While. 20—Homer. 22—Avoid. 23—Sedgy. 24—Eye. 26—Res. 28—Avert. 31—Ant. 32—Pit. 33—Robt. 35—Tip. 36—Lane. 38—Ker. 40—A. A. 41—Hic. 43—La. 44—L. I. 46—So. 47—Pr.

### Answers to Puzzle of J. Francis Zupon on Page 22

#### ACROSS

- 1—C. A. 3—Gin. 4—Noon. 5—Pet. 6—Ural. 9—Key. 10—Plea. 12—Son. 13—Heed. 14—Bas. 16—P. I. 17—Molt. 18—Milo. 19—Oneself. 22—Madison. 25—Shay. 26—Rare. 27—As. 28—Tot. 29—Ceil. 30—Cat. 31—Poll. 32—Hat. 33—Howe. 34—Min. 35—Alms. 37—See. 38—Et.

#### DOWN

- 1—C.I.O. 2—Annulet. 3—Got. 4—Ney. 5—Pen. 7—Red. 8—A.A. 9—K.O. 10—Pelf. 11—Pali. 12—Sin. 13—Holy. 14—Bide. 15—S.O.S. 16—Po. 17—Meat. 18—Marl. 20—Est. 21—Show. 22—Mail. 23—Oat. 24—N.S. 26—Release. 29—Cow. 30—Can. 31—P.O. 32—His. 34—Mme. 36—Let.

# 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?**

