

MLADINSKI LIST



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1940

MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE



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Drawn by Dorothy Dermotta,
age 15, Box 101, Avella, Pa.,
Lodge 292.

BELOKRAJINSKA ZA NOVO LETO

Katka Zupančič

Voščimo, voščimo:
leto veselo,
zdravo in lepo
leto debelo;

pa i tobaka,
njive brez slaka,
pašo brez trnja,
v kaščici zrnja,

bele pogačice,
zlate pijačice,
srečice zvrhan koš—
nam pa en groš . . .



JANKO IN METKA

1

Na šolski deski visi zemljevid naše zemlje. Čudovita podoba! Reke so kakor sinje nitke, gore se dvigajo iz papirja in na najvišjih je sneg; med njimi so ledeniki in globoki prepadi; zelene doline leže pod gorami, širne planjave se razprostirajo tu in tam in močvirja. Zgoraj na severu in prav spodaj na jugu sta večni led in sneg, na zahodu so puščave, na vzhodu zelene stepe in jezera gledajo iz vse te naše zemlje kakor radovedna očesa—okoli in okoli pa je morje; ob morju so prelepa mesta in velike ladje jadrajajo iz kraja v kraj.

Janko gleda, gleda in posluša. V zadnji klopi sedi in v dlani je naslonil glavo, ki je vedno težja od te silne učenosti. Njegov pogled bega z učiteljevim prstom, ki razgrinja vedno nove zagonetke. Prst se je ustavil ob robu celine, kjer se reka izliva v morje.

“Glejte, tu je konec reke”, pripoveduje učitelj. “Združila se je z morjem in vse te silne vode se nenehoma s hlapi dvigajo v zrak, z oblaki potujejo po vsem svetu in se spet v kapljicah vračajo nazaj na zemljo. Iz zemlje pa izvira studenec. Majhen, neznamenit izvir ali pa mogočen slap, in voda drvi v dolino, kjer narašča v potok in vse dlje hiti, hiti; manjši potočki se družijo z njim, na, pa je že reka, vedno večja, globlja, širša; manjše reke se izlivajo vanjo, potem pa je veletok, dokler se ne spoji z morjem. In tako dan za dnem, leto za letom, kajti tak je ukaz večnih zakonov narave.”

Ko gre domov, lačen, pa vendar vesel, ker je pomlad in sonce in ker teče mimo cvetočih travnikov venkaj na gmajno, kjer je njegov dom, mu še vedno migota pred očmi zemljevid in učiteljev prst, ki je danes potoval po vsem širnem svetu. Zaleti se po stezi in že stoji na leseni brvi in se zagleda v trop ribic, ki so se v nizki vodi pasle pod jelšini-mi vejami. Letošnji zarod mren je. Lepo v stisnjenih vrstah so se pomikale zdaj k bregu, zdaj v deročino in zviška so bile videti kakor žive, drobne, sive treščice. Iznenada pa je planil iz kotanje klen, pograbil je ubogo mrenico in vse ostale so se bliskovito razkropile in poskrile med vodno mahovje. Tudi klen se je zapodil po strugi navzdol. Voda pa je žuborela dalje in dalje. Kmalu so se

pričele zbirati tudi mrenice in vse je bilo spet kakor poprej; potok, jelša, zarod ribic, žuborenje — kakor da se ni ničesar pripetilo in da je tako že od vekomaj.

“Tega požrešnega klena bom že ukrotil!” je sklenil sam pri sebi in je krenil ob potoku, kjer je rasla kalina. Natrgal si je zelenih jagod in jih metal v zrak.

Poleg hrasta je obstal. Oh, tu v glogovem grmu je gnezdo penic. Obraz se mu je razjasnil, počenil je v visoko travo, in glej, pravkar so izletele. Pet jih je. Nerodno se kobalijo po vejah, utripljejo s peruti, stara dva pa čivkata in jih vzpodbujata. Nobenemu tovarišu ni izdal tega gnezda. Vsak dan se je plazil okoli grma in oprezal. Rad je imel ptice, te nedolžne, prelepe stvarce . . . In spet se je kakor grda misel spustila izpod neba grabežljivka, skobec, in še preden se je doobra zavedel, je že letela roparica s penico v krempljih kdo ve kam. Mladiči in stara dva so se razbežali.

Janko je strmel za skobcem, pa ga ni bilo nikjer videti. Zaman je potegnil izza srajce fračo, zaman je stisnil zobe. Le kje so penice? O, ta hip se je vrnila stara. Čivka, frfo-ta in kmalu so spet vsi ostali mladiči zbrani in že se po ptičje igrajo: odpirajo kljunčke, poskušajo loviti mušice, letajo od veje do veje.

Janko je bil danes poslednjikrat v šoli. Dobil je odpustnico. Velik je in resen. Hlače so mu malce prekratke, zdaj na pomlad je bos in tudi maja je na rokavih pretrgana. No, vroče je, to ni huda stvar in do doma se že spotoma naje; tu najde mastno kislico, ki jo žveči, da je ves zelen okoli ust, celo nekaj rdečih jagod iztakne ob smrekovem nasadu, ne daleč od doma pa previdno dvigne rušo, ki jo je že prejšnji dan izpodrezal. Spretno izmakne čmrljem nekaj polnih lončkov medu in z vejo se otepa hudih živalic. In tako jih je nekaj pobil do smrti. Ko se že vidi njegova bajta, sede ob potok in premišljuje:

“Klen je pograbil mreno, skobec penico, jaz sem čmrlje pobil, morje je reko požrlo. Klen je večji in močnejši od mre-ne, skobec je velikan proti penici, človek gora za čmrlja, morje je nenasitno. Vse se preganja in ubija. Velika riba golta majhno ribo, velika pti-

ca majhno ptico, velika voda majhno vodo, človek pa . . .”

Strah ga je bilo reči, da človek ubija, toda priznati si je le moral in nikakor ni mogel zatajiti te resnice. Kajpada, to je huda beseda, toda zdaj je zares lačen, vsi tovariši so že doma, pozneje bo razmislil to stvar. Toda to je najhuje, da ga prav nič ne miče njegov dom. Vendar ni žalosten. Njegov obraz je mehak, četudi je od sonca zelo ožgan, saj ne nosi nikdar nobenega pokrivala, v očeh mu čepi neka mirna odločnost. Kar sami stopimo pogledat v njegovo kolibo, da se ne bomo pozneje čudili njegovim mislim in sklepom.

Dom njegov je lesena baraka. V njej ni prav nič prijetnega. Revščina kakor vsepovsod, kjer so očetje brez dela, kjer matere nimajo ničesar, da bi stresle v lonec, kjer ni poštene omare ne slik ne stolov ne pogrnjene mize. V barakah je poleti vroče in soparno, pozimi je mraz, burja se zaganja v deske, če pa je kaj suhih vej, da z njimi zakuriš, potisne sapa dim nazaj, da človek kašlja in kreha. Ne daleč od tod je mesto. Če stopiš pred barako, vidiš vitke zvonike cerkva in visoke dimnike tovarn. In iz teh dimnikov se nič več ne kadi. Stroji so hladni, kolesa se ne vrte in zato so kriza, revščina in barake. Delavci ne delajo, zato ne zaslužijo in ne morejo plačevati stanovanj v mestu. Tu na gmajni pa niso nobenemu na poti, tu so prostorni, močvirni travniki in na koncu barja je venec zelenih gora. Na gmajni rasejo hrasti, jelše, vrbe in breze. Semkaj ne prihajajo mestni ljudje, le opoldne in zvečer done iz mesta zvonovi cerkva. Sicer pa so vsi ti barakarji čudni ljudje. Slabo so oblečeni, bolj so lačni kakor siti, od jutra do večera pohajkujejo, dela si iščejo ves ljubi dan, ali pa so že obupali in žalostno strmijo v prihodnje dni. Otroci se pode po širni gmajni kakor ptice, ki so jim pokončali gnezda, matere se pehajo kdo ve kje za košček kruha.

Janko sedi na bregu in gleda barake. Trideset jih je ali pa več. Nekatero so lesene, druge ometane z ilovico, vse pa so nizke in pošvedrane, zakaj barak niso gradili stavbeniki ne zidarji, ampak so jih kar sami postavili, kakor so vedeli in znali. Jankova baraka je ob cesti pod visokim hrastom. V baraki je najbrže oče in nikogar drugega in čim bolj premišljuje, zakaj da je oče vedno tako slabe volje, bolj rase v njem sklep: Po svetu pojdem!

Janko se ne srdi na očeta. Malokdaj je doma, nikjer mu nočejo dati dela, zadnje čase pa se družijo z nekimi ljudmi, ki diše po špiritu in so vedno pijani. Janko pa vendar ve, da je špirit strup in da je nesreča za človeka, če se navadi nanj. Oče prihaja pozno ponoči domov, včasih pridejo z njim opiti pajdaši in potem spe kar po tleh in ko se zbude, preklinjajo. Doma ni ne kruha ne moke, ne zabele.

Ko vstane, vidi, da se zbirajo na cesti ljudje in da hite k njegovi baraki. Kaj li imajo? Mar se je oče spet napil in se s sosedom prepira? Pohiti čez travnik in že zagleda nekaj stražnikov, ki ženejo one može, s katerimi se je oče pajdašil. Zla slutnja ga prešine in ko priteče do doma, so pravkar privedli njegovega očeta iz kolibe in ga uklenili z drugimi vred.

Oče je obupan, strt, v tla gleda in ves drhti. Janko skoči k njemu, pograbi ga za roko in zaječi od bolečine. Srce mu hoče zastati, ko vidi, kaj se godi z očetom. Oče ima solzne oči, sklonil se k sinu in zašepeče:

“Janko, kaj bo s teboj . . .?”

“Le kaj bo s teboj, oče?” zastoče Janko in grabi po hladnem železu, s katerim so spele očetove roke.

Stražniki so jih odvedli. Množica se je razšla, Janko pa je sedel na prag barake in v daljavi se dviga prah, skozi katerega stopa njegov oče v ječo. Kaj pa se zgodilo? Oh, saj sliši od vsepovsod, prav nič mu ni treba spraševati. Ponoči so bili vdrlji v tovarno, nevarno so ranili nočnega čuvaja, ki jih je hotel prepoditi, potem pa so odnesli nekaj ustrojnih kož. Že dopoldne so jih izsledili in zdaj jih ženejo pred sodnika.

“Lačni in strgani so bili kakor vsi, ki ne delamo,” je slišal govoriti soseda. “Lakota jih je zapeljala.”

Njegovi tovariši so se mu približali. Zdaj se jim zdi Janko silno ugleden, saj so mu očeta odgnali in to je za dečke velika stvar. Janko pa se jim je skrtil v kolibo. Zapahnil je vrata in skozi vso to žalost in vso to nesrečo vidi zdaj še bolj revščino, ki je edino njegovo bogastvo: polomljeno mizo, na kateri je prazna lončena skleda, razdrapano ognjišče, s krajniki sestavljeno posteljo in majhen zabojček, ki mu je nekdo pokrov nasilno odtrgal. Spomnil se je, da je bil poprej vedno zaklenjen.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

Birthdays of the Great Men

By LOUIS BENIGER

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edgar Allan Poe, considered one of the greatest men of letters in America, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 19, 1809, and within two years was an orphan. His parents were actors known as the "Virginia Comedians." Edgar was adopted by a Virginia merchant who became his foster-father. The boy had the best educational advantages, first in a school in England from the age of six to eleven, then in Richmond, Va., and later in the University of Virginia.

Poe was a brilliant but irregular student. He was fond of athletics, but he developed a passion for gambling and drink, and his foster-father refused to pay his debts. He enlisted and served for two years in the army, but his West Point experience, which came next, ended so disastrously that his foster-father at his death left his adopted son nothing.

The remainder of Poe's life was a hard struggle to adjust himself to the ways of the world. He published his first volume of poetry at the age of eighteen and his second four years later. In 1833 he won a prize for the best story and his success gave him an introduction to editors and publishers, who were attracted by his striking personal appearance and his fine manners, and were also touched by his manifest poverty. From then on until his death he was employed on different magazines in Richmond, New York and Philadelphia.

Edgar Allan Poe is best known for his most famous poem, "The Raven," for his mystery stories and his criticism. His criticism, though often ill-natured, as when he attacked Longfellow for plagiarism, was sharp and biting but keen. While he was the literary editor of various magazines in which the majority of his poems and stories appeared, his income from them never removed him from the verge of poverty. Whitman's ideal was democracy; he was the poet of democracy. Poe kept his head too much in solitude and lost sight of the world. They belonged to no group and represented no social movements. Both of them were victims

of a certain degree of unbalance as measured by the standards of the time.

In Europe Edgar Allan Poe and Walt Whitman are considered by most critics to be the foremost American writers of the 19th century. Both of these men in a measure defy the conventional life and both are steadily gaining in popularity. But they are unlike in their ideals.

In life and letters Poe was a meteoric character. His stories are thrilling. He catches and holds the reader's attention, dealing with hatred and love, revenge and physical fear, and varying degrees of emotions. In his own age he was miserably unrewarded, but today we see his fantastic and often horrible stories as work of art which, of their kind, are hardly to be surpassed.

Two of Poe's essays, "The Philosophy of Composition" and "The Poetic Principle" stand out as his best works. The larger part of his work is in the form of short stories. He succeeded in introducing mystery into detective stories on a high literary level. "The Fall of the House of Usher" is representative. Other stories by Poe are "The Gold Bug," "The Black Cat," "The Cask of Amontillado," "The Pit and the Pendulum."

Edgar Allan Poe, who never tried to reform but merely tried to uphold the ideal of inspiration, died in poverty and disillusion in Baltimore in 1849, at the age of 40.

RAIN

By STEVEN KERRO

Like busy drummers,
Rain beats out its melody
On black, sleek, roof tops.

LAMENTED

His master dead, gone,
The dog, quivering with head
Drooped low, straggles on.
The whole world is lost to him,
Though spring's beauty breathes new life.

NOTE—The cover page drawing of this issue of the Mladinski List, which will be used throughout the year, is by Leo Vider, son of our Supreme Secretary, who is now an art student.—Ed.

Zakaj je rž tako visoka?

Belokrajinska
Lajze Zupanc

Na prostem polju pod Kučarjem sta rastla sirk in debelača¹. Nekega dne sta se spričkala:

"Ti smrdelika², le kdo te je klical v mojo soseščino!" je prepirljiva debelača zaklicala sirku.

"Kaj neki fatljaš³, se je sirk ujedljivo obregnil. "Ti me kar lepo v miru pusti, saj si sama prava zmena⁴, ki te kmet ne more porabiti za kaj drugega kakor za oblodo⁵."

To je dejal sirk in se veličavo⁶ ozrl naokoli, češ: Dobro sem ji povedal, furli⁷ sprenevedasti⁸ . . .

"Kaj, ti boš meni očital oblodo? Ti, ki sam nisi nikomur drugemu v korist kakor nadležnim vrabcem in vrabuljam, ko pa te le-oni omanejo, te kmetič poveže v škopnjak⁹, da z njim zamaši skvožnjo¹⁰ na razdrti strehi svoje kočure. Jaz pa dečarijo¹¹ hranim, da ne pomrje od gladu!"

Zdaj je bilo pa tudi sirku zadosti. Popadel ga je pravcati jad¹² in vrgel se je na debelačo. In nastala je tepencija¹³, da nikoli takšne! In takšno vpitje je odmevalo izza kučarske loze, kakor da bi se kregal sam kučarski velikan . . .

Vse rastline na sodnih njivah so opazovale ta pretep, najbolj sničava¹⁴ je bila rž. Više in više se je stegovala, da bi bolje videla.

Ko sta se sirk in debelača že dobro zdelala, je prišla ondi mimo sama vila iz Kolpe. Za malo se ji je zdelo, da se rastlini tepeta, pa je zaklicala: "Dosti!"

In pri tem je ostalo: sirk, opraskan od debelače, je krvavel iz tisočernih ran, da ima še dandanes po listih vse polno krvavordečih pik. Rž pa je ostala med vsemi žiti najvišja, kakor je — radovednica — bila takrat!

¹ kuruza, ² smrdljiva rastlina, ³ jezikaš, ⁴ spaka, izrodek, ⁵ to, kar se meša med otrobe, ⁶ bahato, ⁷ klepetulja, ⁸ spakljivec, ⁹ snop slame, ¹⁰ luknja, ¹¹ otroci, deca, ¹² jeza, ¹³ tepež, ¹⁴ radovedna.

Znal si je pomagati

Nekega dne je dala mati svojemu sinku velik kos potice in mu velela:

"Tukaj ti dam kos potice. Razdeli ga s svojo sestrico, kakor se dobremu bratcu spodobi?"

"Kako se pa dobremu bratcu spodobi?" je vpašal deček.

"Sestrici daj večjo polovico!"

Deček je trenutek pomislil, potem je stopil k sestri, ji dal ves kos potice in rekel:

"Tu ti dam kos potice, draga sestrica. Deli ga z menoj tako, kakor se dobri sestrici spodobi!"

Mala Nežica še ni videla kostanja, obdanega z bodečo lupino. Nekoč gre s svojo mamico k teti. Pot ji vodi skozi gozd, kjer leži na tleh okrog nekoga drevesa vse polno neoluščenega kostanja.

"Jej, mama," zakliče Nežica, "poglej, poglej, tu je jež zlegel jajčka!"

Majda telovadi

Naša Majda pridno telovadi, po dvorišču gori, doli hodi in koraka strumno kakor četa, in za sabo svoje punčke vodi.

"Zdaj na desno," poveljuje strogo, toda Micka malce je nerodna in na desno vam zavije, "Bože, saj bi človek skočil kar iz kože!"

"Četa stoj," povelje novo pade, oh, in zopet Urška ga polomi, mesto da ukaz poslušaj Majde, kar na lepem mimo čete zajde.

Komaj ta nesreča se popravi, zdaj na vrsti, jojme, je Polonca, "deca moja, slušajte me vendar! kdaj bo neposlušnosti teh konec!"

Kmalu mlada četa spet je zbrana, po dvorišču sem in tja koraka — a sinjine boža lička sonce Majde, Urške, Metke in Polonce.

Golar Manko.

Ivan Vuk

Ob zaključku januarske številke Mladinskega lista je prišla vest iz stare domovine, da je tamkaj 12. novembra umrl Ivan Vuk, zvesti in stalni sotrudnik naše edine slovenske mladinske revije v Ameriki. Ivan Vuk je že dolgo let stalno objavljaval v našem listu mladinske socialne črtice, pripovedke in tudi pesmi v slovenskem jeziku. Našim slovenskim čitateljem so Vukova dela dobro znana in deloma so znana tudi naši mladini, odkar slovenskim pripovednim spisom v Mladinskem listu dodajamo "English synopsis." Vuk je bil star 57 let in rojen je bil v Prlekiji na Štajerskem. Naj bo temu marljivemu socialno-literarnemu delavcu med nami ohranjen najlepši spomin!

"KING FOR A DAY"

By Mary Jugg

Herman had convinced his parents that he could take complete charge of the house and little farm for one day. Goodness! He wasn't a baby any longer; he could do the few chores necessary about the house. And there wasn't any trick to feeding a few animals.

So Herman's father and mother drove away on Saturday morning for that long-postponed trip to Hamelton, where both had belated appointments with the dentist, a round of shopping to do, and a visit to pay to Herman's grandmother, who had invited their special friends in for the afternoon.

Herman stood on the front porch of the house, waving his good-bye and wondering if they would never get started. Father walked about the car, thumping the tires, finding an old rag from somewhere and wiping off the windshield, looking up at the sky to see if rain was imminent, and generally consuming precious minutes. Mother kept shouting instructions to Herman's deaf ear, as he swung around the posts and balanced himself on the edge of the steps. Finally, after what seemed hours, Herman was relieved to see the car really disappearing down the road, its form becoming smaller and smaller.

Then Herman dashed across the porch on the way to the chicken yard, but not until he had stopped to look at the big, black spider at the base of the porch. It had woven a tunnel-like home and always appeared there when Herman paid it a visit.

Herman opened the gate of the chickenyard and stood there with a large pan of corn in his hands. "Chicky! Chicky!" he called so shrilly that they must have heard him if they were a mile away. Then trouble set in. The chickens came running, but so did the big shepherd dog and the two cats. They ran right through the gate he had forgotten to close behind him, and dispersed the entire flock. A mad chase ensued. Herman was after the cats with his "Git! Git!" But the big shepherd dog thought it was the signal for a round of fun and caught Herman by the sleeve and whirled him about so forcefully that the pan of corn

fell from his hands and spilled in a lump at his feet.

Thereafter it was a din of "Bow wow!" and "Scat!" and "Cockadock-a-dock-dock!" so deafening that Herman retreated backwards through the gate with one torn sleeve and disheveled trousers.

"I'll have to use tricks," he said, sitting on a log stump, whittling a piece of wood, and at the same time behaving in a very uncompromising fashion toward the shepherd dog, who still did not understand why the fun fest had come to such an abrupt end. Now and then he glanced at the chickens which were pecking up the stray kernels from the pile where it was "every chicken for itself" and where only the strongest had been successful in gobbling up the entire allotment.

"Next trip I won't do any calling. I won't even open the gate. I'll just balance the pan right on top of the gate and scatter it around from there," he decided to himself, as he went from tree to tree, swinging on the branches and feeling so free because no one was keeping watch on him while he was testing their strength. Of course, he wanted to taste his freedom to the fullest, but he wanted to show his parents that he could get along without them, too.

And so, in his second trip to the chicken yard for a fresh start at feeding the fowls, he proceeded carefully, intently. But out of nowhere bounced the big shepherd dog, and, taking the pan of corn as a symbol of a new kind of play, jumped at Herman's arm and this time brought down the entire contents just outside the gate.

What Herman thought of the dog at that moment he did not say aloud, but without much consideration decided to open the gate and let the chickens come outside to pick up the kernels. The commotion that ensued upon attempting to shoo the chickens back into their fenced area with the dog joining in the run-around was an experience that left a deep impression on Herman's mind. He was ready to abandon forever the old adage, too, that "a dog is a man's best friend."

Herman next decided to be useful in the

garden. As he opened the gate, he thought the garden never looked bigger and more formidable. There were so many patches of vegetables. But he must be brave! He would start on the biggest one—the potato patch—and build the little hills around the plants neater than his father had ever done. Then he, too, could stand up straight and important-like and say, "Did you see the size of the patch I weeded today?"

But no sooner had he started laboring with the hoe that was much too big for him than he heard a commotion. It was from the direction of the grapevines. It was a bird. A bird was perched atop the vines, scolding Fluff, the big white cat, that was winding its steps between the patches very delicately lest it sink its paws into loose dirt. Fluff had followed Herman, and, quite unmindful of the bird's protests decided to stay there.

"It must have a nest somewhere close around," said Herman, listening to the shrill cries. And sure enough! Beneath some leaves atop the grapevines he uncovered it. Two little birds there were in it, too. Then he tried to shoo Fluff away and trampled on some turnip plants. For a moment he stood there undecided; then he thought the best way to make up for it was to resume the work on the potato patch and make the damage unnoticeable by the outstanding work at another place. But when he returned to it, he decided that making potato hills was not so urgent after all and that he would leave it for the time being.

By that time Herman was beginning to feel hungry. It wasn't such an ordeal to find the food that his mother had prepared, but it was the looks of the kitchen after the meal that depressed the young lad. He decided to leave that, too, and return to put it in order later.

How the afternoon managed to pass so quickly Herman never knew. Somehow he had managed to feed the chickens successfully, and the cats, and the dog. But the biggest test of the day was to come. He was going to milk the cow. His father had warned him against it, but he must prove that he was really grown up.

Nella, the cow, had ideas of her own. Mother said she could even understand almost every word that was said to her. But all Herman knew was that Nella was very handy

at opening garden gates and finding open spaces in the fence to make a get-away and being able to predict rains and storms by sniffing the air.

She was also quick to obey Herman to start eating the hay he set before her, after he had made careful—very careful preparations for milking her in the manner he saw his father proceed. But Nella must have sensed what was in the air. No sooner had Herman adjusted the little milking stool his father used and got the milk pail in readiness than—swish! Nella swept his face with her tail.

Herman looked at her, but she was peacefully pulling away at the hay. He prepared himself once more. But swish! This time the tail came harder upon his face.

"Now, look here, Nella," said Herman, standing up. "There are no flies on this side of you. Why don't you fan yourself on the other side for a change?"

And that settled it. But not for Nella. Once more her tail brushed Herman's face, this time even before he was fully settled.

"I do believe," said Herman, "you're doing this on purpose!"

But Nella kept on chewing.

"Wait," decided Herman. "I'll teach you a lesson."

So into the house he disappeared to come back quickly. Nella was not particularly interested but if she had been, she would have seen Herman return with a white rag in his hands.

"We'll braid this tail of yours," Herman said, and proceeded to do it. Nella did not exactly appreciate this, but there was still a bit of hay left and that was more important to her at the moment than raising a commotion about a slight inconvenience.

When he had completed the braiding process, he took the piece of rag and wound it over and over again. Then he tied it.

"There," he said, satisfied with the job. "Your swishing tail is gone, Nella. How do you like your new 'coiffure'?"

And just when he was ready to seat himself once more—CLUMP! Something hit him over the head!

"You—you!" Herman blubbered, as he picked up the milking stool and the pail and

(Continued on page 8.)

PERO ČASA

KATKA ZUPANČIČ

Kaj, pero, to leto boš pisalo
na list še bel in nov in svež?
Nemara boš nadaljevalo
o bojnih grozah, gostih mrež
bodečih žic, o smrtnih bombah,
o mestih, trgih, razdejanih,
pa o ljudeh v katakombah
v obupu zakovanih . . .



Dokler trpimo zlo
in laž na pedestalu —
dotlej pero
pisalo zgodbe boš strahu in bede . . .
O, da našli bi rešitev kmalu,
izhod iz strašne, strašne zmede!

ŠALE ZA MALE

Dvorni norec

Pred mnogimi leti je živel kralj, ki je imel zelo pametnega dvornega norca. Nekoč je kralj zvedel, da si je norec sestavil polo, na katero je zapisal imena tistih, ki jih je imel za najbolj neumne. Kralj je poklical dvornega norca in mu velel, naj mu pokaže polo. Lahko si mislite, kako se je kralj razjezil, ko je videl sebe prvega napisanega na poli. Ves ogorčen je vprašal norca:

“Zakaj si napisal mene na prvo mesto?”

“Veličanstvo, dali ste tujcu denar, da vam kupi konja. Niste ga vprašali, kako mu je ime, in nihče izmed nas ga ni poznal, a vi ste mu zaupali tolikšno vsoto denarja. Gotovo je, da se tujec ne bo več vrnil, in vi ne boste videli ne konja ne svojega denarja!”

“A kaj če se tujec vendarle vrne?” je vprašal kralj.

“Tedad bom zapisal njegovo ime na vaše mesto!”

MI, MLADINA

KATKA ZUPANČIČ

Mi — mladina —
dobro vemo,
da so gozdu leta šteta,
če drevesc v njem mladih ni;
da se rodu grob obeta,
če v zibel kaj djati ni . . .

Mi — mladina —
tudi vemo,
kaj jednoti bi pretilo
v doglednem času že,
če bi nas — mladih sil — ne bilo,
da spolnimo izredčene vrste.

Tega trdno se zavedamo,
ponosni si prisegamo:
Jednoti bomo v krepko rast —
njej in vam in sebi v čast!



“KING FOR A DAY”

(Continued from page 6.)

set out for the house, chagrined at his defeat.

Nella turned her head once and then looked straight ahead again. Herman stumbled on to the sweet, green grass in the lawn in front of the house and sprawled down upon it.

*

It was not long after that that his parents returned.

“My, my,” said his mother. “Look at Herman—fast asleep. Poor boy! He must be all tired out. And without a blanket underneath him, too. He’ll catch his death of cold!”

“Well, I must hurry to change my clothes,” said father. “There’s work to do. There’s the cow to be milked the first thing,” he said, unknowing of the surprises that were in store for him that evening. And for the mother, too.

A TRIP TO FAIRYLAND

Little Johnny Cook had often heard of a little elf that took all good children to a trip through Fairyland. It is said that Fairyland is the most beautiful place on this earth. Day after day he longed and waited for the elf to come, but he never did. "I am a good little boy," he thought, "why can't I go to Fairyland?"

He waited and waited, until he could bear it no longer. One beautiful summer day he told his mother he would wait in the huge arm chair. He would wait for fairy to take him to Fairyland.

It was twelve o'clock when the old bell in the steeple rang out. Oh! how sleepy Johnnie was, but he kept his eyes open wide. Just as he was about to close his weary eyes to go to sleep, he heard a "tap-tap" on the window. Johnnie jumped out of the arm-chair and ran to the window. As he opened it, he could hardly believe it was true, but there before him stood a tiny, jolly, little elf.

"Have you come to take me to Fairyland?" Johnnie cried, for his heart was banging very hard inside of him. The little elf replied, "I have often heard you long with all your heart to go to Fairyland, now I have been sent by the fairies to bring you there. Come, we must hurry, for we have only until morning."

"But how am I to get there?" Johnnie asked almost disappointed, for he thought his dreams of Fairyland might be all broken up. The elf looked at Johnnie's downcast eyes and replied, "Step out of this window and on to this soft cloud."

Johnnie was very frightened, as you might imagine, but the elf looked kind and friendly, so Johnnie did what he was told. "Surely," he thought, "I shall fall to the ground," but when he opened his eyes, you see, he could not get to Fairyland or even on the cloud without shutting his eyes and clapping his hands three times. He felt himself floating on a soft fleecy cloud. As he was about to thank the elf for not making him fall, he looked around him, but the elf had disappeared.

"Oh! what shall I do?" he cried. "What if I fall down and hurt myself?" for already he could see his house getting smaller for he was going higher and higher. A few seconds later, but it seemed like hours to Johnnie, the cloud at last started to go down. Lower and lower it went until at last he spied tiny cottages, which really were big but they looked small to Johnnie for he was so high up in the air.

As he started at the cottage something terrible happened. His foot slipped off the end of the cloud and he fell down to the ground faster and faster. He thought he would surely be killed, but instead of falling on the hard ground, he landed on a huge haystack. Johnny was very frightened and dazed for he was only a little boy five years old and had never left his backyard without his mother, yet he was in a strange place and far away from home. He fell on his face and sobbed and sobbed. Just

as he was about to run away, he heard beautiful music coming from a distance. It filled the atmosphere.

Johnnie felt as though he was picked up to his feet. The music was soft and seemed to draw him to it. As he walked along the way, the flowers seemed to smile and sing to him. The very grass sung and swung to and fro as though to welcome him. Johnnie was very happy to be in such a beautiful place. He forgot his fears, he forgot he was far from home. He did not feel alone, for the flowers were his companions.

The music seemed to become clearer and louder as he approached a clump of trees. Peeping through them he saw the most beautiful sight he had ever seen. There in an opening he saw many fairies dancing, singing and making wreaths of flowers. When they saw him everyone of them laid down what they were doing and ran to him. They covered his neck with wreaths of flowers. They took him by the hand and led him to where they were playing. Soon more fairies came, hundreds upon hundreds of them.

This was Fairyland! He played with them for many hours, which seemed like minutes to him. "I never had so much fun in all my life," he said, "but I am so hungry, for I have not eaten since I came here," he complained. "Come to our home," said the happy fairies, "we have plenty of fruit to eat."

Johnnie ate all the fruit he could and was having a wonderful time when before him appeared the same little elf that had brought him. Johnnie knew it was time to go for he had stayed very long and told the fairies all about the earth he lived on. "Come," said the elf, "for it is time to go home, you are late already. Here comes the cloud to take you home again."

Johnnie again was floating through the air on the cloud when he was interrupted: "Come! Come! You will be late for school!" said a voice. There before him stood his own dear mother. Johnnie had fallen asleep on the old arm chair and has slept there.

"Well," said his mother, "have you gone to Fairyland?" "Oh! yes, yes," replied Johnnie, "I have gone there." His mother looked at him and said smiling:

"No, my dear child, you were only dreaming."

But deep down in Johnnie's tiny heart he knew that he had his wonderful trip to Fairyland.

SYLVIA ZUPANCIC, age 14, lodge 118,
4745 Modac Way,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Magician: "I'm a magician and if you'll give me a job I'll certainly make things vanish."

Producer: "Yeah, the audience."

JUST FOR FUN

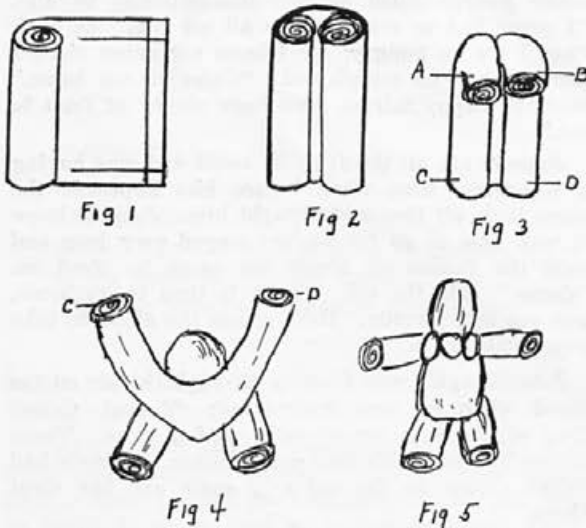
By Ernestine Jugg



Making Handkerchief Dolls

Here are some things you can do with your handkerchief which prove to be an interesting pastime. You can have a lot of fun making different dolls with different colored handkerchiefs, and it only takes a few twists with your hankie.

Take a large sized handkerchief and roll both sides as shown in the first figure, until they meet at the center as in figure 2. Then bend the top over towards you as in the 3rd figure. Separate the two ends, A and B, which are to form the legs and pull the ends C and D, which are the arms, up between them to make Figure 4. Then cross the ends C and D and tie them together behind the doll's back.



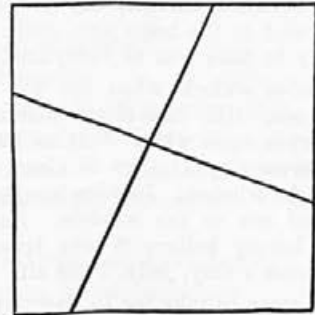
(Cut Figure a, for handkerchief dolls)

You might not succeed with your doll at first, but with a little practice, you will be able to make quite perfect ones.

Paper Puzzle

This looks like a simple puzzle, but just try making it and see how difficult it will be. Take a piece of white cardboard or paper and divide it as shown in the figure below. Cut on designated lines and then try putting it together again.

If you have too much difficulty in putting the pieces together, you might number each section and then you will be able to fit them easily.



(Cut Figure b, paper square puzzle)

Paper Bag Masks

You can have fun almost the whole year round and not only on Halloween, by making paper bag masks for yourself and your friends, and you can give your fancy free rein by drawing pictures on them of your own liking. Here are some suggestions:



(Cut Figure c, paper bag masks)

RIDDLES

- Q. There is a room full of people, but not a single person in it. Can this be possible?
A. Yes, all the persons were married.
- Q. How do you get down from an elephant?
A. You don't get down from an elephant, you get down from a duck.
- Q. Which represents the smallest quantity? 5½ gallons, 21 quarts, 43 pints.
A. 21 quarts.
- Q. Let us say that ordinarily it takes 30 minutes to fill a tub. Suppose that a hole permits ¼ of the water being poured in to run out. How long will it take to fill the tub?
A. 40 minutes.
- Q. New York City is located on an island, peninsula, bluff, isthmus?
A. Island.
- Q. A tendril may be found in a blacksmith shop, vineyard, restaurant, railway station.
A. Vineyard.

WHEN WE PLAY

Compiled by Ann K. Medvesek



Let us remember that without interest there is no learning and since the child's interest is all in play, it is necessary, whatever the matter in hand that the method be a play method.—BANCROFT.

FATHER TIME

A big cardboard cut-out of Father Time is tacked to the wall. Have as many sets of whiskers on hand as there are players. Each guest is blindfolded in turn and let him pin the whiskers on Father Time.

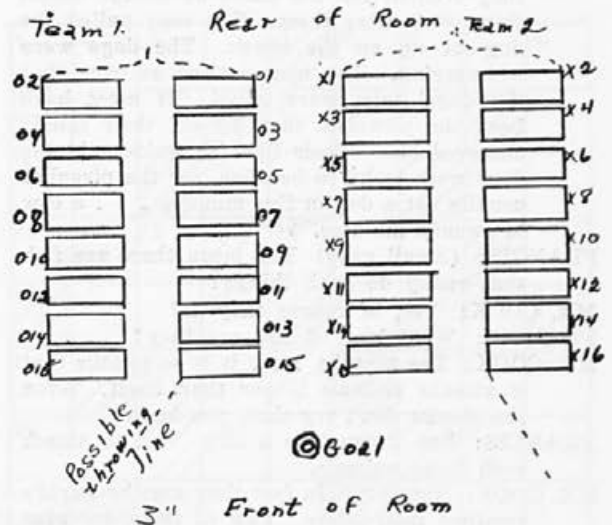
PREDICTIONS

The players are asked to sit in a circle, whereupon they are given paper and pencil and asked to write predictions of what they think their neighbors to the right will be doing in 20 years. The predictions are collected, and read aloud. The players then try to guess about whom they are written.

CRISS-CROSS GOAL

The players are divided into two teams. Each team is divided into two lines, which stand facing each other. A waste basket is placed some distance away. Each team has one bean-bag. Player No. 1 holds the beanbag in each team. At a given signal No. 1 throws the bean-bag to No. 2, No. 2 to No. 3, and etc., in a zig-zag line till it reaches the last player. When the last player receives the ball he tries to throw it into the basket. If he misses he runs and picks up the bag and tries again. He throws until he or his opponent makes a basket, which is the end of the first inning. The team in which the last player receives the bag first scores three, and the team that makes a basket first scores one; therefore one team can score four or three and the other side one point. The team which has the highest score at the end of the playing period is the winner.

In order to pass around the privilege of throwing goal, the goal thrower in one game passes to the foot of the line, and the line moves up. When all in one line have thrown, the privilege falls to the next line.



THE "MIMIC" CLUB

This is a game which causes much amusement to a company of children, and even grown-ups may join in.

All the players, with the exception of two, leave the room. One of the outside party is then called in, and told that a new club has been formed and his name enrolled, but that he cannot be formally admitted unless he can guess the name of the club from the movements of the two members who have remained in the room.

The candidate for admission is then offered a chair, and everything said and every movement made is mimicked by the other two.

Sometimes the new member guesses at once, but when unable to do this it is very funny to watch the effect that the copying of his every movement has upon him, especially when six or seven have been admitted.

When the name of the club has been guessed another candidate is invited in and the same performance takes place.

"Mandalay, Where the Flying Fishes Play..."

CAST

Mr. Cook, mature and friendly
Francis, interested and interesting

- MR. COOK: Good afternoon, Francis. Last week I left you with the question, "Have you heard that there are fish in South America that bite off the tails of dogs?"
- FRANCIS: And I've been thinking ever since: "Fish biting dogs' tails off!" How can it possibly happen?
- MR. COOK: (Chuckling) Let me relate a little incident . . . It was back in 1913 at the headwaters of the Paraguay River in the Brazilian jungles. An American party was paddling their dug-out up the Sepotuba, the River of Tapirs. The dogs which were with them were enjoying their swim—but all of a sudden they scooted for the shore as though something was after them. The men pulled the dug-out up on the beach. The dogs were whimpering. The men noticed at once that the dogs' tails were gone! "It must have been the piranhas that bit off their tails!" observed one. Their Spanish guide said the dogs were lucky to be alive, for the piranhas usually eat a dog in five minutes . . . a cow in twenty minutes.
- FRANCIS: (Small gasp) You mean there are fish that really do such things?
- MR. COOK: Yes, of course they do!
- FRANCIS: What kind of fish are they?
- MR. COOK: The piranha . . . it is so vicious that it attacks animals larger than itself. Even the sharks don't try that, you know.
- FRANCIS: But it must be a large fish to attack such large animals.
- MR. COOK: Not very. In fact they are the world's smallest man-eaters. Few of them are over eighteen inches long, but they are regular bulldogs in the water. They are short, deep-bodied, have a blunt face and an undershot jaw.
- FRANCIS: Their teeth must be sharp!
- MR. COOK: They are! They can cut off a mouthful of flesh as with a pair of scissors.
- FRANCIS: Still, it's difficult to believe that a little fish only a foot and a half long would have the courage to attack a cow!
- MR. COOK: Well, it isn't an everyday occurrence, of course. Cows crossing a stream usually scare even the piranhas away. But if one of them just happened to nip one of the cow's legs and brought blood, every piranha in the river would swarm to the spot and finish off the cow in short order.
- FRANCIS: (Shudders) How awful!
- MR. COOK: But there is a strange thing about these fish . . . they go mad at the sight and smell of blood, and will devour anything that is wounded, whether it be a man or a dog or a cow. Everything, that is, except a wounded piranha. They won't eat one of their own kind, unless it is cut so small for bait that they don't recognize it.
- FRANCIS: What strange creatures! I hope they are the only one of that kind.
- MR. COOK: They are. But there are other kinds! For instance—the pirahyba.
- FRANCIS: The which?
- MR. COOK: The pirahyba. They swallow animals alive!
- FRANCIS: (Horried) What!
- MR. COOK: They are great grayish-white catfish, down in the Brazilian streams, which grow to be as much as nine feet long, and swallow their prey whole, whether they be mice, monkeys, or other large animals.
- FRANCIS: I think I'll stay away from Brazilian streams!
- MR. COOK: This great catfish has a monstrous head which is all out of proportion to its body, and seizes animals at the edge of the water.
- FRANCIS: Are there many fish as vicious as the Piranha and the Pirahyba?
- MR. COOK: Some pretty tough customers inhabit the waters of the earth, and many of them are just as vicious, but the piranha is the smallest fish capable of completely dispatching victims larger than itself in a few moments' time.
- FRANCIS: If there are many fish like those you have described, I should think that there would never be a dull moment in the life of a fish!
- MR. COOK: There isn't! In fact the daily drama that takes place under water is gripping and fascinating. The fish resort to all sorts of clever schemes and devices, for they seem to understand that in order to survive they must be able to obtain food and escape their enemies!
- FRANCIS: What a life! What can they do—except swim away?
- MR. COOK: (Chuckling) You evidently don't know much about fish!
- FRANCIS: (Laughing) I don't. Except as a table delicacy. But now that you've aroused my curiosity—
- MR. COOK: Surely you've heard of flying fish?
- FRANCIS: Oh, yes. (Hums) "On the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play . . ." That must be the place—Mandalay!—where the flying fishes live and play!
- MR. COOK: That's right. Mandalay is in Burma (Upper Burma), a province of British India. That's where "the flying fishes play." But do you know—how they fly?
- FRANCIS: Well, uh—I—they have wings.
- MR. COOK: But they don't have wings!
- FRANCIS: (Surprised) Then how do they fly?
(Concluded next month)

Premeteni kmet

Belokrajinska

Lojze Zupanc

Kmet iz Drašič je lepega jesenskega dne natrgal v trtju polno brento najlepšega grozdja, si jo oprtil in odšel v Metliko na semenj, da proda grozdje. Na semnju pa je bila gneča, da nikoli takšne! S široko, gugaajočo hojo se je Drašičan prerival med sejmarji. Pa da bi z brento na hrbtu koga ne zadel, je venomer kričal:

"S poti! S poti! Dajte meni in moji brenti mesta!"

Vsi so se mu umaknili, le dve Metličanki, obe košati gospe, sta bili tako zatopljeni v pogovor, da Drašičana nista slišali. Ko pa je le-ta šel mimo njiju, je z brento zadel zdaj prvo, zdaj drugo, da sta obe padli vznak v cestno blato.

Pobrali sta se s tal in od jeze napurjeni sta regljali kakor tiste žabe v grabroški mlaki, ki so jih nekoč vrli Grabrovčani lovili, misleč, da imajo opravka z raki . . .

Užaljeni ženski sta še tisto minuto zdrveli pred metliškega sodnika. Povedali sta mu kako in kaj, sodnik pa je poklical policaja in mu velel, naj pripelje predenj nerodnega Drašičana.

Komaj je Drašičan prodal poslednji grozd in si oprtil prazno brento, da bi odšel nazaj proti domu, je že stal pred njim metliški policaj. Položil mu je debelo roko na trepetajoča ramena in zarjul:

"Neroda ti takšna, kliče te sodnik, takoj z menoj!"

Kmet se je prestrašil policaja in njegovega gromovitega glasu, da mu je beseda obtičala v grlu. Trepetajoč po vsem telesu je odšel s policajem pred strogega metliškega sodnika. Ko ga je potlej sodnik vprašal, naj pove, kaj je počenjal, da je kar dve žlahtni metliški gospe pahnil v cestno blato, Drašičan od strahu še vedno ni mogel spregovoriti.

Sodnik se je ujezil in zakričal:

"Ali si mutast, da ne govoriš!"

Zdajci pa sta se obe hkrati oglasili gospe:

"Prav nič ni mutast, velecenjeni gospod sodnik! Prebrisan je, mutastega se samo dela. Saj na semnju je pa lahko kričal in se drl!"

Zdaj se je sodnik obrnil k njima z vprašanjem: "Kaj pa je kričal?"

"S poti! S poti! Dajte meni in moji brenti mesta! je kričal. Drl se je ko raztrgan Vlah . . ."

"Če je pa tako, potem ste vidve pač sami krivi, da ste zleteli v cestno blato!" je sodnik zaključil pravdo in premetenega Drašičana oprostil.

Lažniva pravljica

Naj vam povem pravljico:

Nekoč sem videl, kako letita dva pečena petelina po zraku. Zelo hitro sta letela ter sta imela trebuh obrnjen v nebo, hrbet pa proti zemlji. Čez Savo pa sta plavalii nakovalno in mlinsko kolo, popolnoma tiho in počasi ju je nesla voda. In o binškoštih je se-

dela žaba na ledu in je goltala cel plug. Dalje je živelo tedaj troje junakov: hodili so po bergljah. Pa so hoteli ujeti zajca. Prvi je bil mutast, drugi je bil slep, tretji je bil gluhi. Pridružil se jim je še četrti, ki je bil ves hrom. Niti prestopiti ni mogel.

In so šli loviti zajca.

Zdaj bi radi vedeli, kako so to napravili?

Slepec je prvi zagledal zajca, kako beži čez polje. Pa je mutasti povedal hromemu, hromec pa je odhitel za zajcem ter ga zagrabil za vrat.

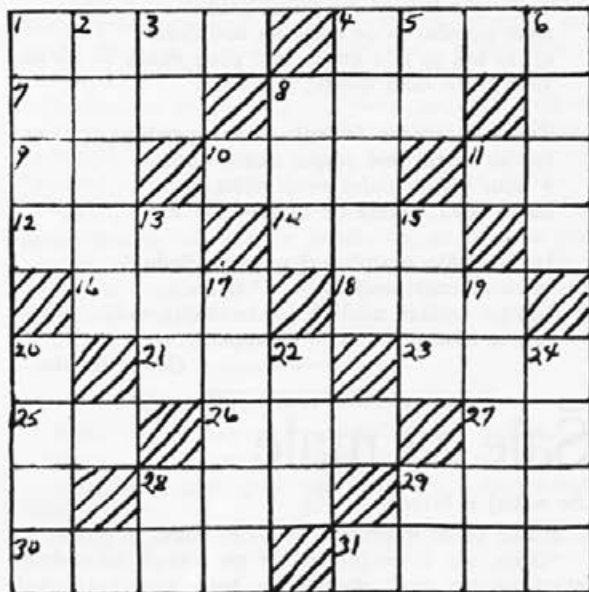
To so bili fantje od fare, kaj?

Bili so iz vasi, kjer sem videl še druge nenavadne stvari: videl sem, kako je rak napodil zajca v beg in kako je na strehi ležala krava, ki je sama splezala nanjo. Na deželi so tako velike muhe kot pri nas v mestu koze.

In zdaj urno vsak okna odpri,
da se razkadijo te grde laži!

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Tony Adlesich, 16, Snowball, Ark., Lodge 433



ACROSS

1—Male ruler. 4—To cultivate the soil. 7—Evening. 8—To become sunburnt. 9—A negative reply. 10—To cause pain. 11—Upon. 12—Metal in its natural state. 14—A favorite. 16—An affirmative reply. 18—Juice of a plant. 21—A moveable cover. 23—Coop. 25—Railroad (abbr.). 26—A falsehood. 27—To perform. 28—Beverage. 29—A human being. 30—A great number. 31—A large bundle.

DOWN

1—A game of chance. 2—Tusks of elephants. 3—Northeast (abbr.). 4—Fables. 5—Preposition. 6—To set on shore. 8—A point of anything. 13—An elongated fish. 15—To strike lightly. 17—Foolish. 19—Foot lever. 20—To stuff. 22—Perish. 24—Not any. 28—One. 29—Mama (abbr.).

(Answers on inside back cover page)

Naša Nela bi še rada dudo

Oh, pomislite, otroci, naša Neli vedno bi še rada dudo vlekla, pa če prav bo štiri že pomladi štela in če tudi že je gospodična cela.

Pa ji pravi mama: "To se ne spodobi, kaj poreče bratec Zdenko, če te vidi z dudo v ustih? Ne, nikar, ni lepo zate in še očka bi, zares, jezil se nate."

Nela pa je pridna punčka, brž je mami obljubila, da odslej bo konec z dudo pa če prav slovo bo težko in da solz bo najmanj za cel zvrhan lonec.

Da jo potolaži mama, ji obljubi novo punčko in če hoče, pa medveda, ej, to brž je bilo konec solz pregrenkih — — — vsak bi se tako tolažil, o seveda.

Toda, ko zvečer je legla Nela spančkat, brž se skrila pod odejo, mesto dude v usta brž je palec svoj vtaknila da se očka, mama ne bi spet jezila.

In je vlekla prstek kakor preje dudo in se mamici smejala. — O ti Nela, kaj pa vendar misliš? Če te mama vidi, joj, to šiba mašo novo bo zapela!

Golar Manko.

Šale za male

Še nekaj o Mihecu

Mihec pride v očetovo delovno sobo.

"Očka, ali ti verjameš, da ne moreš tako dolgo stati na eni nogi, dokler ne pridem trikrat okoli tebe?"

Oče se nasmehne: "Ne, tega ti pa ne verjamem!" "Nu, očka, pa poizkusiva!"

Oče je sinku na ljubo vstal in dvignil levo nogo. Mihec je tekel dvakrat okoli očeta, potem pa sedel na zofo.

"Veš, očka, drugi teden bom tekel tretjič. Ne verjamem, da boš ti do takrat stal na eni nogi!"

Mati: "Ali te ni sram, Majda, da tako dolgo spiš?"

Majda: "Veš, mamica, sanjala sem, da sem izgubila svojo čepico in sem jo morala poiskati!"

Učitelj: "Nu, zdaj sem vam razložil, kako se zemlja vrti. Ali se zemlja vrti, povej, Milan?"

Milan: "Ne vem, gospod učitelj. Mislim, da ne, zakaj jaz stojim vedno na nogah, če bi se zemlja vrtela, bi moral pa časih stati na glavi!"

Za dobro voljo

Pri Ruparjevih pripravljajo ogrodje za novo vrtno utico. Mimo pride sosedov Cenek in vpraša domačega sinka Milčeta:

"Kaj boste pa imeli novega tu?"

"Oslovski hlev," mu odvrne surovo Milče.

"A, tako! Potem pa le glej, da si dobro in mehko postelješ v njem," mu zabrusi Cenek.

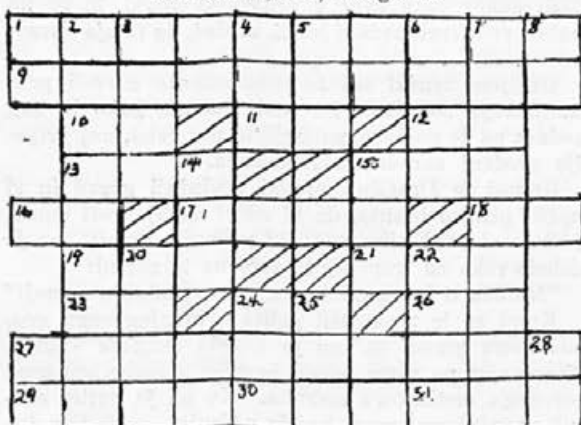
Učitelj razlaga učencem zmanjševalno obliko in našteva primere: Albin—Albinček, hiša—hišica, zajec—zajček, vrč—vrček, vagon—vagonček in podobno.

"Gregec," zakliče doli v tretjo klop, "povej zdaj ti en tak primer!"

"Oven—bacek," se odreže Gregec.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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



ACROSS

1.—Past tense of eat. 4—Bachelor of Arts (abbr.). 6—Dutch liquid measure. 9—Capable of being measured. 10—Railroad (abbr.). 11—Myself. 12—Bushel (abbr.). 13—Regimental Sergeant Major (abbr.). 15—A precious stone. 16—A New England State (abbr.). 17—Unoccupied. 18—On condition. 19—A thick, dark-brown, oily substance obtained from pine or fir trees. 21—2,000 lbs. 23—A correlative of either. 24—Steamship (abbr.). 26—Virgin Islands (abbr.). 27—To join, unite. 29—New York state (abbr.). 30—Prefix meaning inside. 31—Past tense of lead.

DOWN

1—First person singular, indicative of to be. 2—Undeveloped regions, under temporary government. 3—An organ of hearing. 4—A worthless loafer. 5—Square measure containing 100 sq. meters. 6—An ecclesiastic without charge. 7—The hydrous sulphate of aluminum. 8—Objective case of I. 14—Wall (in French). 15—A narrow channel. 20—The study of music, science, etc. 22—Egg-shaped circle. 24—Science (abbr.). 27—Luminous body around which the planets of the solar system revolve. 28—Nickname to Edward, Edwin, etc.

(Answers on inside back cover page)

Pa naj bo!

"Oho, stric s košem! Dolgo vas ni bilo na pregled. Zdaj pa lepo koš odložite, se malo oddahnite in nam eno zasolite!"

"Saj vidim, da vam ne utečem. Cel kup vas je, jaz pa sam. Večina zmaga. Pa naj bo!"

Mislite si lonec. Takole približno trilitrski lonec. Zdaj pa, če ste kaj nasukani, mi povejte, koliko pesti graha gre v takšen prazen lonec?"

"Stric, to je težko ugotoviti. Je pač tako, kakršna je pest."

"Eh, kaj se boš izvijal! Vzemimo na primer, kar vaše otroške pesti. Torej koliko?"

"Deset. Ali bo prav, striček?"

"Ne bo prav!"

"Petnajst!"

"Tudi ne!"

"Dvajset!"

"Ah, ne, ne!"

"Potem pa—"

"Potem pa ne veste, kajneda! Saj sem vedel, da bo tako, bučke trde. Ne bom vas mučil. Torej v prazen trilitrski lonec gre—samo ena pest graha!"

"Nemogoče, stric!"

"Je mogoče, je. Jaz vas namreč vprašam, koliko pesti graha gre v prazen lonec. V prazen lonec gre samo ena, to je prva pest. Seveda gre nato v lonec lahko še mnogo pesti, ali—lonec potem ko ste spustili vanj prvo pest graha, ni več prazen. Torej, otroci, koliko pesti graha lahko vržete v prazen lonec?"

"Eno samo pest, striček, eno samo!"—Manica.

Try This Problem

Put down	10	or your age
Multiply by	2	
	20	
Add	5	
	25	
Multiply by	50	
	1250	
Subtract	365	
	885	
Add any sum of money less than one dollar	30	
	915	
Add	115	
	1030	

The first two figures are your age; the last two the sum of money added.

Smešna zgodba

"Vajenca sprejemem," je bilo napisano na veliki črni deski, ki je visela nad trgovino gospoda Pohlina. Neki deček je šel mimo trgovine; prečital je napis in se oglasil pri trgovcu. Takoj za njim je prišel drugi deček, ki je kar snel desko in šel z njo k trgovcu.

"Kaj hočeš z desko?" ga je vprašal trgovec.

"Z desko?" je odvrnil deček, "zdaj je ne potrebujete več; vzeli me boste v službo in ne bo vam žal."

"To bomo takoj videli," je rekel gospod Pohlin. "Tukaj imam še enega dečka." Položil je pred dečka dva velika, dobro prevezana zavitka. "Tako," je dejal, "vsak naj odpre en zavitek."

Prvi deček je skrbno razvozljaval vrstico in jo zvil v klopčič, papir pa je čedno zložil. Drugi deček — tisti, ki je bil prišel z desko v trgovino — je vrstico kratkoma porezal in papir raztrgal in že je bil gotov.

"Tebe bom lahko porabil, pri onem človek lahko zaspi, preden razveže zavitek. Pri meni mora biti vsako delo po bliskovito opravljeno. Hitro škarje v roke, to je tisto, kar jaz potrebujem!"

Zvečer, ko se je gospod Pohlin peljal v dvigalu navzdol, se je dvigalo nenadoma ustavilo. "Halo," je zavpil vajencu, ki je stal v nadstropju nad njim, "ustavil sem se; hitro poskrbi, da pridem doli!"

"Takoj!" je odgovoril deček, vzel škarje za rezanje žice in ček, ček, že je bila veriga dvigala prerezana. V naslednjem trenutku je gospod Pohlin z dvigalom vred tresčil na tla. Med tem, ko si je drgnil boleče ude, je zamrmral: "Pa bi bilo le boljše, da sem vzel prvega dečka!"

Try These Riddles

What is it that sings and has eight legs.—A quartet.

What is it that goes and never gets anywhere?—A clock.

When is a bill like a gun?—When it is presented and discharged.

When is the worst weather for rats and mice?—When it rains cats and dogs.

What precious stone is like entrance to a field?—A-gate.

Why is the world like music?—Because it is full of sharps and flats.

Why is a washerwoman the greatest traveler in the world?—Because she crosses the line and goes from pole to pole.

When is a sheep like ink?—When you take it up into the pen.

*

Bow Contest

Answers are words containing "bo" or "bow."

A South American bow.—Bolivia.

A sausage bow.—bologna.

A rich-yielding bow.—bonanza.

A bow that's always acceptable.—bonus.

A poorly fed bow.—bony.

A bow that is dangerous.—bowie knife.

OUR SCHOOL

WINNERS FOR THE SECOND SIX MONTHS OF 1939

AWARDS

A total sum of \$100.00 was allotted to the best contributions to the Mladinski List for the second six months of the year 1939.

JUDGING

The judging, as previously, was done from the entire magazine and not only on the section entitled "Our School."

COMMENT

It is not to be taken for granted that the amount of the award indicates the value of the contribution. The award at best can be only recognition of the work submitted. There were many more entries during the second half of the year than during the first six months. This made the distribution of awards difficult indeed. To enable as great a number as possible to be entitled to them, it was necessary to cut down the amounts considerably after the three grand prizes were deducted.

It is also noticed that many of the contributors who are regular and punctual have fallen into the habit of repeating themselves. It does not stand to reason, of course, that bulk is synonymous with quality. Also, contributors have begun to copy each other in the type of material sent, especially in reference to the various types of "Columns." It is partly due to this that this issue carries a

NEW SUGGESTION FOR CONTEST LETTERS

which you are advised to study before submitting your next letter. Of course, this does not mean that you are not at liberty to use your own originality in other types of work, such as drawings, cartoons, etc. It does mean, however, that unless you have a really interesting and worthwhile letter to submit, it is best that you consider the topic suggested.

THREE GRAND PRIZES OF \$10.00 EACH TO:



JOSEPH ZUPANCIC, age 16, 4745 Modac Way, Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge 118, for his two drawings that were selected for the cover page, in addition to four others.

DOROTHY DERMOTTA, age 15, Box 101, Avella, Pa., Lodge 292, for her November cover page drawing in addition to five others of good quality.

MILTON LAURENCIC, age 16, 973 Addison Road, Cleveland, O., Lodge 5, for two cover drawings and five others also of good quality.

SIX PRIZES OF \$5.00 EACH TO:

FRANCIS ZUPON, age 16, 546 Forest Ave., Johnstown, Pa., Lodge 82, for his crossword puzzles and two articles.

FRANK PADAR JR., age 17, 222 Wyckoff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge 580, for his continued good contributions of drawings and articles.

EDITH COFF, age 17, 15915 Parkgrove Ave., Cleveland, O., Lodge 614, for her full-page illustration, "Yugoslavia."

EUGENE SKOFF, age 14, 2841 S. Kilbourne Ave., Chicago, Lodge 559, for three drawings of good quality.

JOHN POKLAR JR., age 17, 927-A W. Scott St., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 16, for his numerous articles.

OLGA KNAPICH, age 17, R.R. 3, Box 714, Girard, Kansas, Lodge 225, also for her numerous articles.

FOUR PRIZES OF \$4.00 EACH TO:

BORIS BRUCE, age 18, 9807 Ave. L., Chicago, Ill., Lodge 610, for two good crossword puzzles.

ALICE SEDEY, age 16, 209 Adams Ave., Eveleth, Minn., Lodge 69, for her drawings.

DOROTHY ZAGER, age 16, Gilbert, Minn., Lodge 61, for her drawings and crossword puzzles.

ANTONIA SPARENBLEK, age 16, 746 N. Haugh St., Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge 575, for her interesting essays, all of which have a quality of freshness about them.

TWO PRIZES OF \$3.00 EACH TO:

HENRY JELOVCHAN, age 16, Box 1526, R.F.D. 3, Girard, Kansas, Lodge 225.

MARY AMBROZIC, age 17, Box 188, R.D. 5, Crafton Branch, Pa., Lodge 88.

TWO PRIZES OF \$2.00 EACH TO:

HELEN MATKO, age 14, R. 1, Box 244, Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge 560.

JOSEPHINE VIDMAR, age 11, 2027 W. Garfield Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 747.

FOURTEEN PRIZES OF \$1.00 EACH TO:

FRANK ULYON, 14, Box 394, Sheffield, Pa., Lodge 378.

NELLIE ULYON, 15, Box 394, Sheffield, Pa., Lodge 378.

SYLVIA ZUPANCIC, 14, 4745 Modac Way, Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge 118.

HELEN BOZANIC, 13, Worcester, N. Y., R.D. 3, Lodge 393.

JENNIE BRADLEY, 14, Sheffield, Pa., Lodge 391.

ROSIE F. MATKO, 13, R. 1, Box 244, Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge 560.

FANNIE GALICICH, 16, R.R. 1, Box 137, Arcadia, Kansas, Lodge 206.

LAWRENCE GARM, 17, Sharon, Pa., Lodge 262.

ELSIE POLONCIC, 15, Uniondale, Pa., R.F.D. 2, Lodge 124.

MARGARET POLONCIC, 12, Uniondale, Pa., R.F.D. 2, Lodge 124.

CHARLES LA SAKER, 15, 309 Fayal Road, Eveleth, Minn., Lodge 69.

LUD NAHTIGAL, 16, 33 Heintzman St., Toronto, Ont., Can., Lodge 648.

VIRGINIA LEE WASHINGTON STONICH, age 11, R.R. 3, Box 135, Pueblo, Colo., Lodge 21.

MILDRED GRAMC, age 14, 1134 High St., Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge 665.

OUR SCHOOL CONTEST

JANUARY, 1940

In writing your contest letter for the next issue of the M. L., use the suggested outline below.

Use this topic for discussion at your Circle meetings.

No letters on this topic will be considered as a contest letter, which will be received after January 31, 1940, for by that time circles may have taken up the discussion and it would be unfair for an individual to write up a report of such and submit it as his original work.

RULES

In writing your letter, do not answer the questions as they are set down in 1-2-3 fashion. Incorporate the questions in your discussions within the paragraphs you set down.

OUR MELTING POT

- I. America is known as "The Melting Pot."
 - a. What does this mean?
 - b. Examine and explain instances of "the melting pot" in your own surroundings or community.
- II. Does "race" mean the same as "nationality"? (Note: Do not attempt to enumerate either the number of races or nationalities.)
 - a. How are these terms used carelessly?
 - b. Are Slovenes a "race" of people? Are Jews? Are English?
- III. Is there any "pure" race? (Advisers are referred to the discussions on this subject by Prof. Franz Boaz, Head of the Department of Anthropology, Columbia University, whose studies may be found in any library; and a recent Town Hall Meeting of the Air, 123 W. 43rd St., New York City, which pamphlet may be obtained for 10 cents.)
- IV. What is the danger in dividing people into races and nationalities?
- V. Is there any such thing as one race being better than another?
- VI. Is there any such thing as one nationality being better than another?
 - a. Then why do certain groups prefer to continue to identify themselves as "Czechoslovaks," "Polish," "Slovene," "Italian," etc.?
 - b. Is this commendable, or should we seek to erase all these group names as useless in our modern America?
 - c. How has this idea brought about continuous

conflict and chaos in Europe by being used as a handy excuse?

- d. Why have we been free from that same type of trouble in America thus far? (Suggested outline by Mary Jugg)

AWARDS FOR THE BEST CONTRIBUTIONS

A sum of not more than \$100 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 June, 1940.

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.

MY PEN PAL IN ESTONIA

To me, writing to pen pals has been one of the most informative hobbies in which I have indulged during the past year. I have been corresponding, this eventful year, with a boy in Estonia, a far off country in Europe. I learned a great deal from him about his native land Estonia. He sent me pictures, newspapers, magazines, coins, stamps, and many other interesting things, not mentioning an endless fun of information.

Estonia stepped into the world "spotlight" when Germany and Russia began their invasion. And here I was with complete and truthful facts on the whole situation. Alfred Kaer had done a good job. I knew all about Estonia's old hatred of Germany and Russia. They fought valiantly to the bitter

end till they reached the goal, freedom, freedom from their despotic rulers. They had patterned their government after ours hoping deeply that they would be able to maintain their hard-fought for freedom as successfully as the United States. But here in 1939 after their pitifully few years of independence, twenty to be exact, came Russia and Germany to again spread the hand of tyranny and dictatorship.

I knew the exact feeling of each Estonian. All this I knew through the writing of my faithful pen pal whose letters came every three weeks spanning that great ocean that separates us in body but not in mind.

I had previously corresponded with boys in the United States, but this did not give me the thrill of writing to a boy in a strange land, a country of which I knew nothing. Alfred had written to me in English, and in surprisingly good English at that. Everyone should have a trial at writing to a boy in a foreign country. It widens your knowledge of happenings outside of the United States and if you know a language it gives you an opportunity to put it into practical use.

How can you get a pen pal? Why, it's simple. Many newspapers devote columns, magazines devote pages to this hobby. Just pick out a name and perhaps "Lady Luck" will be kind enough to you to give you an everlasting friend and pen pal.

VALENTINE PAKIS, age 15, lodge 147,
976 East 77th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

JUST A FEW JOKES

Sister: "If I had been offered a dish with two apples on it, I would have taken the smaller one."

Brother: "Well, you've got it, so what's all the fuss about?"

Mike: "Do you like boxing?"

Jack: "No, it's a lazy man's game."

Mike: "How's that?"

Jack: "Sure, you're lying down so much of the time."

Farmer: "What are you doing up in the tree, young feller?"

Boy: "One of your apples fell down, mister, and I am trying to put it back."

Waiter: "These are the best eggs we have had for years."

Diner: "Well, bring me some you haven't had so long."

First Little Girl: "What's etiquette, Lilly?"

Second Little Girl: "Oh, that's the noise you mustn't swallow your soup with when there's company."

Diner: "Waiter, bring me a ham sandwich."

Waiter: "With pleasure."

Diner: "Nope, with mustard."

JOSEPHINE STRADIOT, age 13, lodge 477,
10209 Reno Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

As many as 4000 termites have been discovered in a single cubic foot of wood.

A new synthetic material is replacing pigs, bristles for toothbrushes.

There were nearly 30,000,000 motor vehicles registered in the U. S. at the end of 1938.

A comet increases in brilliancy as it approaches the sun and fades as it departs.

The president's flag consists of the presidential seal in bronze, upon a blue background, with a white star in each corner.

The average American family faces a major emergency, a serious illness, surgical operation or accident every eleven years.

It is believed that the grape was cultivated in Egypt 3,000 years ago.

The heaviest planet of all is Jupiter which is bigger than all the other planets put together.

Switzerland has the highest per capita consumption of milk of any nation.

Casein, an ingredient of milk, closely resembles wool in chemical composition—and is the source of the new "milk wool" fabrics.

Officials say the average youth gains about 5 pounds a month at an army citizens training camp.

In the first three and one-half months of 1939 more cattle entered the United States at Eagle Pass, Tex., from Mexico than during the whole of 1938.

Oklahoma university coeds complained against not being allowed in men's marching bands, so Bandmaster Herman Ziemer organized an all-girls' band. JOHN POKLAR JR., age 17, lodge 16,
927-A W. Scott Street, Milwaukee, Wis.



THE WINTER SCENE

Drawn by Rosie J. Matko, 13, R. 1, Box 244,
Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge 560.

IT'S A FACT THAT

In 1938 the United States sold Latin America 36 per cent of the latter's imports; Germany was second with 17 per cent.

Amber is the fossilized resin of extinct trees.

Alaska contains a number of known oil fields, under government control.

John Adams, who died at 90, was the longest lived of the Presidents.

Three American Presidents have died at the hands of assassins.

Five-sixths of Estonia's population of 1,126,000 are Lutheran.

France has a coastline of 1,760 miles, 1,300 on the Atlantic and 456 on the Mediterranean.

Tea bushes live more than 100 years.

The Dead Sea has become an important source of chemicals.

FRANK ULYON, age 14, lodge 379,
Box 394, Sheffield, Pa.

QUEER FACTS

Drone bees have 13,000 eyes, while workers have only 6,000! There isn't any justice in this case. Because its sting is barbed, the honeybee can only sting once, losing its sting and its life! But the stings of the hornet, wasp, and bumblebee are smooth like needles, so that they can be used over and over again!

Many birds do courtship dances! Cranes, for example, put on an act of combining steps ranging

from the cakewalk to the shag. Talk about jitter-bugs!

Eels slender enough to pass through eye of a darning needle have been captured in Cuba.

Dried fruit, according to United States law, may contain no more than one insect to nine pieces.

The candlefish of the North Pacific, a relative of the smelt, is so oily that when it is dried and a wick is put into its body, it serves as a candle.

When the first English-speaking lodge was organized by the SNPJ, it was the first of any Yugoslav fraternal organizations.

Gasoline tanks on the new super clipper flying boats hold enough fuel to run an automobile more than twice around the world.

Automobiles running on wood gas are being widely built in Russia.

Jefferson Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, is composed almost entirely of pure salt.

Hens that lay 200 eggs a year require only ten per cent more food than hens that lay 100 eggs a year.

Walt Disney's animated moving picture, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," would have required 250 years to complete if one artist had made all the drawings.

HENRY WM. JELOVCHAN, age 16, lodge 225,
R.F.D. 3, Box 1526, Girard, Kansas.

WAR WITH ITS HUNGRY MOUTH

War is the main subject of discussion in all the world today. Ever since history can remember it has been one of the cruelest things because it kills people, ruins homes, causes sickness and grief, and does a lot of damage.

First we might consider war as a great big giant with a grown-out beard, long hair, dirty and with ragged clothes, and a very dirty and ugly face. There he sits by a table with a plate on and a fork in his large veiny hands. His plate is empty! That means trouble. He is very hungry and has to get something to eat in a hurry. Out he goes, but not that he is going to work for his eats; he will make the people work and suffer. He will just sit and watch them suffer.

Well, he is outside now looking around where to start. He soon finds a place. (There's no danger in that.) So he takes two countries and forms a quarrel between them. Then all the people in those and other countries are afraid of the term—war. So of course they prepare for it. First an army and ammunition is prepared. The army consists usually of young men up to the middle ages. In some countries even very young children and women also have to be of service in it.

Those who serve in the army and then all the others who have to fight and protect their country, are called to the battlefields to do their duty. Then the fighting goes on. What a sight! One person after the other is carried off the field by ambulances, either dead or else hurt. Think of the suffering! Doctors and nurses are here to help the sick and injured. The roaring and thundering of machine guns and bombs. People dying and risking their



JANUARY

J. Zupancic - 1939-40

Drawn by Joseph Zupancic, 16, 4745 Modac Way,
Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge 118.

lives. There is much sorrow and weeping. The beloved relatives and friends are heart-broken . . .

What an outrage war is to all. What for? Why must so many young lives be sacrificed for the simple reason that some ambitious persons wish to rule and conquer? Let's hope that this giant War will not reach our country!

NELLIE ULYON, age 16, lodge 378,
Box 394, Sheffield, Pa.

THE STORY OF A MOUSE

Tiny Squeak was a mouse who lived with his mother and sisters in the attic of a beautiful house on Grand Avenue. Tiny Squeak got his name from the fact that he was so small and whenever he ate he made a squeaking noise.

Tiny Squeak was naturally curious as most little mice are. He was not satisfied with all he saw in his own home but wished to see more of the big, wide world. Of course, his mother warned him of the many dangers that could befall him once he was in the other world. He was made to promise that he would never disobey his mother by leaving his home. **Many happy days passed.**

One day, Tiny Squeak poked his head out of the little hole that was the entrance to his home. By some queer trick of fate the door was left open and Tiny Squeak thought, "Oh, I'd love to explore this house to see what's behind that door but mother said I was not to go." Then Tiny thought, "I'll just stay for five minutes, and since mother has gone marketing who will know?"

Before you could count two Tiny Squeak was out of the door. Once downstairs, he marveled at the wonderful things he saw. Soon there arose a wonderful odor which filled the air. Tiny followed the trail of the odor. The trail ended at the kitchen. What was it that little mice love? Cheese, of course! Tiny Squeak scampered up the table and began nibbling at a huge chunk of cheese. Soon he heard heavy steps approaching and old Daisy the Cook entered.

Tiny Squeak scampered off the table and ran right over old Daisy's feet! Daisy uttered such a scream that Tiny was nearly frightened out of his wits. It took him less time to get home. If you ever visit in a certain house on Grand Avenue, you'll find one mouse who listens to every word his mother says!

VIOLET MAE MASLEK, age 14, lodge 122,
341 Park Street, Aliquippa, Pa.

WHAT WAS WRONG?

(The following are real occurrences which my father has told me and which I translated from Slovene.—J.F.Z.)

As the hours pass by and air breezes through the keyhole, my father slides down his chair, lights his pipe and prepares to talk. Obviously, the subject of his home town, Bled, in Jugoslavia, becomes the topic. A bit of laughter comes from dad even before attempting his narrative. He said he would tell of a humorous occurrence which has happened near Bled.

If you go from Lake Bled to the south, you ap-

proach a steep path leading to a small village, surrounded by hills and forests, where inhabitants are few and where the people are quite independent and quite ignorant of the outside world.

Early in this century, prosperity came to these people, occupations increased. A new railroad was being built from Jesenice to Trieste, a boom period followed and the inhabitants along the line were busy constructing new homes. Many of them were employed in building the railroad. Almost any person who wanted some kind of work, had no trouble getting it. Naturally, the inhabitants of the near-by villages had an opportunity to sell their produce and livestock. Prosperity came to many a town in that vicinity.

In one of these villages they organized a uni-formed fire department. At a drill, on a Sunday, four were to be at the pump, three on the roof, and the bugle sounded. They started! They were pumping and pumping, but no water gushed forth, yet they wouldn't give up, unaware that something was wrong. They continued to pump and pump, thinking that their efforts would be repaid by succeeding in drawing the water through the hose. But to no avail. At the same time, the creek began to roar like a lion, for water was rushing through it on all sides.

The villagers experienced an unusual disturbance. An alarm was sounded that the areas were being flooded. Finally the creek was emptied. The firemen stopped, wiping their perspired brows. The three men came down from the roof asking the others what was wrong—why didn't the water appear? They argued back and forth and finally left for home.

"What was wrong with the pump?" I asked. "What was wrong? They placed the part which pushed the water, in the reverse order!" my father replied. Even to this very day, don't you ever dare to ask this question in the presence of any of those old-timers, the village firemen.

J. FRANCIS ZUPON, age 16, Lodge 82,
546 Forest Ave., Johnstown, Pa.

COUNTERFEITING

The crime of counterfeiting, which consists of making imitations of coins or paper money, has always been punished by civilized nations, for it strikes at the very foundation of a country's financial credit.

In the early times counterfeiters were put to death. Today, heavy fines, and long terms in prison are the rule.

The laws guarding against counterfeiting are especially severe in the United States. Many innocent things are forbidden because they might suggest counterfeiting to persons with criminal tendencies.

For instance, it is forbidden to make or have in your possession a metal plate engraved with the likeness of any bill or coin, no matter how crude this likeness may be, or to have in your possession any of the special paper upon which U. S. currency is printed. It is also against the law to alter in

any way the face of any coin or piece of paper money.

However, the most important law to know, is the one which forbids anyone to have a counterfeit coin or bill in his possession. If you receive one by mistake and can't remember who gave it to you, don't try to "pass it on," because if you do, there are many severe penalties that one might receive. Rather than passing it on, take it to your nearest Post Office and the United States Secret Service will look after the case.

MARY AMBROZIC, age 17, lodge 88,
R. D. No. 5, Box 424,
Crafton Branch, Pa.

PO COLORADSKIH DOLINAH

Po coloradskih dolinah
že rož'ce cveto,
gor po planinah
že ozračje lepo.

Naši ubogi rudarji
na delo hitijo,
ko solnce posije
že krampe vihtijo.

Za svoje družine
rudarji trpijo,
baronom premoga
žepe polnijo.

FRANCES KOSERNICK, age 14
Box 199, Aguilar, Colo.
Lodge 381.

"EDUCATION TODAY"

Educational opportunities are greater than they have ever been before. In addition to a general education, high schools in modern cities offer preparation for commercial, industrial and clerical work. High schools in small towns and rural communities give instruction in homemaking and manual training.

The person who plans to attend college must have an idea of what he is going to take up. That is why it is necessary that the person studies the required preparatory subjects in high school.

The educational system of the United States is based upon the conception that the proper functioning of government demands free, universal, and compulsory elementary education, as well as free secondary education and higher education for those wishing to obtain it. By elementary education we mean grade and grammar schools, by secondary education we mean high schools, and by higher education we mean colleges and universities.

In the United States particularly, there has been a rapid extension of secondary and higher education to answer larger sections of the population.

Most of the value of public education cannot be measured in dollars and cents. An education adds to the enjoyment of life by increasing the individual's interests and broadening his outlook. The American ideal of equal opportunity (under present

economic order of things an impossibility) demands that every individual has a chance to make the most of his own personal resources and to live the happiest and most useful life of which he is capable better today than ever before because of more advancement.

MARY AMBROZIC, age 17, lodge 88
R. D. 5, Box 424, Crafton Branch, Pa.

DICTATORSHIP: CAUSE OF WAR

As I sit by the radio and listen to the war news, I hear the latest broadcasts about the developments on the war front in Europe. Every day we hear how many ships have been sunk, how many people lost their lives, how the airoplanes bombed the cities killing children, women and old people. Buildings are being destroyed and property ruined. One wonders, hearing all this, if there are really any civilized people among those nations.

Why don't those great nations realize that war is the greatest enemy of civilization and progress? No nation in war has ever won anything, but always lost a great number of human lives and valuable things which could never be replaced. Yet, we know that those nations have a great number of educated people. Germany, France and England, all have contributed a great deal toward progress. Their scientists lead the world in research and in all fields of progress.

These scientists and educators were not asked whether their countries should go to war. Germany, with its dictatorship, is directly responsible for the present war in Europe. And no one can tell how and when the rest of the world may be drawn into the present war.

The real cause of this war is dictatorship of one man. The people of Germany have nothing to say. They must obey and keep quiet. They must obey the wish of one man, right or wrong.

We should be thankful that we live in the United States where democracy rules. It should be, and it is, our duty to preserve the ideals of American democracy in the future.

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



ON THE LOOKOUT

Drawn by Eugene Skoff, 14, 2841 Kilbourne Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., Lodge 559.

CURIOSITY

Are you curious? You are not human if you don't have at least a particle of curiosity in your make-up. But what I want to bring out is the fact that some people go to extremes to satisfy their curiosities.

For instance, have you ever gone through the process of answering a long list of questions about ads to find what those beautiful (?) souvenirs given as a reward might be? Have you ever read a mystery book and having figured who the murderer was, glanced cautiously at the back pages? Then there is the individual who will follow a beautiful figure for any length of time to be rewarded with a frosty stare from a "homely pan."

How many of us have ever believed the sign "Wet Paint"? Are you one of those "testers" who must always make sure?

But the prize taken of all is the babe in arms who will always ask, "Why?" Sometimes it takes more than the combined knowledge of Papa and Mama to answer. The proud Papa is probably not so proud when baby takes him down a peg or two before company.

"Curiosity may have killed the cat," and it may have worn out one's elders up to date with the youngsters, but if one satisfies his normal share,



HAPPY WINTER TIME!

Drawn by Frank Padar Jr., 17, 222 Wyckoff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge 580.

he will always be alive in spirit no matter what his years.

ANTONIA SPARENBLEK, age 16, lodge 575
746 No. Haugh Street
Indianapolis, Indiana.

IT'S A FACT THAT—

The sum of money paid to Christopher Columbus for discovering America was about \$320.

Black horses suffer more from heat than horses of any other color.

Hogs eat snakes; and skunks eat bees.

In Ohio on June 5, 1859, there was a very big freeze. This disaster destroyed the whole crop as well as many other products of soil.

Corn will grow when planted after ten years storage. That is, if it has been properly taken care of.

A large elephant eats from 100 to 125 pounds of hay daily.

Shoe soles, ink, and medicine are made of corn.

ROSIE J. MATKO, age 13, lodge 560
Rte. No. 1, Box 244
Hoquiam, Washington.

IT'S A FACT

That many women of India prefer soap nut, fruit of a tree, to soap for washing woolens and silks.

That bats use their tails as parachutes when stopping suddenly.

That radiotelephone services will be established between Japan, Shanghai, Manchuria and North China.

That the government of South West Africa has purchased 1,700,000 acres and will throw the land open to settlement by farmers.

That a man walking into a grocery store in Auckland, New Zealand, paid a debt of \$5 contracted 48 years ago, of which the firm had lost all record.

That according to a survey, the average life of a modern automobile is 8¾ years.

That Boy Scouts in Great Britain and Ireland numbered 460,234 at the end of last year, an increase of 16,779 in 12 months.

That Guam contains 206 square miles.

That in all, about 15 tons of stones have been removed from the one small spot of Arizona's meteor crater.

That on Sept. 19-20, 1914, the Germans bombarded Rheims and destroyed the cathedral.

JENNIE BRADLEY, age 14, lodge 391
Box 102, Sheffield, Pennsylvania.

Riddle

What has no head or arm or leg
(Now this is really true)
And still, although it is most strange,
It has a tongue and toe? (Shoe)

Customer: "Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

Barber: "It ain't that—sometimes I snip off a bit of a customer's ear."

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



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

A SHORT REVIEW ON ACTIVITIES OF JUVENILE CIRCLES

(By V. CAINKAR, Supreme President and Juvenile Circles Director)

Another year has come to an end and with it we close the books of our activities for 1939. At the end of each year the SNPJ like every good business institution, takes an inventory of its stock and makes a complete review of all the activities and transactions that happened under its jurisdiction during the twelve-month period. Such inventories tell us exactly how we stand financially and otherwise; these reviews reveal successes as well as failures, and from them we learn not only the faults and shortcomings in our past activities but, also, how to be more practical, more useful and efficient and thus more successful in the future. All this is very important for the well-being of any institution and from the standpoint of its future, absolutely necessary.

It is, of course, very essential to our good Society to have as complete an account as is possible of its various branches of activities, including this newest branch—the juvenile circles. These little units are very important to the future of the Society and we surely want to see them grow and prosper.

As we are standing on the threshold of the year of 1940 and wondering what it has in store for us, we like to look back and review important happenings, so that we may prepare ourselves for the future. In the following we are giving a short review on the activities of our juvenile circles in various towns and places of different states, and the fine progress that has been made in this field during the year of 1939.

As most of the readers of the Mladinski List will remember, the juvenile circles are rather a new venture of activity in our Society. The idea got its foothold first in 1937, when our regular convention

approved the organization of such units, but its actual beginning dates back only about eighteen months, when Brother Ed. Tomsic, Vice-president for our Western District, arranged for a gathering of juvenile members belonging to Lodge 299 at Walsenburg, Colorado, and succeeded in the effort to organize the Circle No. 1. Since then he organized three more circles in that state, which is ample proof of the Circles' popularity.

It usually takes a long time before people can fully understand the real benefits of a new idea, and it is difficult to attempt to organize any new lodge or unit before its merit and real worth are well known. So it was with the organization of our juvenile circles. It was a hard job partly also because of unemployment and hard times in general. Yet new circles have sprung up in Cleveland and several other places in Ohio and Pennsylvania making thirteen in all with the one organized in Milwaukee and one in Kansas by the end of 1938. In 1939, thirteen more new circles were added so that by the time this was written we have a total of twenty-six of these little units.

Thus—in spite of hard times and many other obstacles—we have been progressing,—progressing slowly but steadily and attained good results in our efforts in this field. Thanks for this goes mainly to our good and ever-alert members of different local lodges.

The success, however, is not only in the number of circles organized, in so short a time, but also in the good work they have been engaged in and their fine accomplishments, by which not only the members of the respective circles themselves were benefited, but the Society as well. Most of the circles

have amply demonstrated their worthy purpose for the latter.

It would be very interesting and suitable if we could look back upon the activities of our circles and see what all they have been doing during the last twelve months. It is, of course, impossible to give a complete review on all that here, the space does not permit us to relate all such happenings. However, one may glance through the pages of Mladinski List and Prosveta of the year just ended and see from the reports published that most of the circles were active and helpful to the senior lodges in one way or another, and especially helpful in the campaign for new members, anniversary celebrations and other important events.

From the write-ups in our Organs we see that these circles meet regularly each month and quite a few have two regular monthly meetings. Besides this many hold special sessions and the majority of the managers report that their meetings are well attended. At the meetings they have read the Mladinski List and discussed various questions suggested. Their writing of original stories and drawing of sketches was encouraged. Many a young member was inspired thereby to write and has since become a contributor to the Mladinski List. Children were induced to bring their hobbies to the meetings the most interesting to be selected and sent to the Mladinski List. Contests for bringing in new members were sponsored, programs to be presented at their doings or doings of the senior lodges were proposed and prepared; singing, dramatics and sports clubs were formed, lessons in relation and duties of children to their parents were given and a short history of their ancestors presented; the real reason for existence of the SNPJ and its object, ideals and principles were discussed, many other essential and useful things were undertaken.

Aside from the educational phase of these activities there were also many recreational ventures undertaken. These came in the form of parties or visiting neighboring circles and senior lodges, visiting libraries, art museums, zoos and expositions. In summer months the circles had outings, they were playing baseball and engaging in various other outdoor sports and pastimes.

Last but not least our juvenile circles have staged plays and participated in the programs of various affairs given by the senior lodges and federations and have helped the success of such events immensely. They have been very helpful especially by taking part in the 35th Anniversary Celebration of the Society that was sponsored by lodges and federations in various parts of the country this year. The writer of these lines had the privilege to attend quite a few of such celebrations and to personally observe the ecstatic impression and pleasant effect these youngsters made on everyone. It is hardly possible to overestimate the importance of their contributions to our affairs. They are not only creating an especial interest of the public but are adding to the beauty and dignity of the programs immensely, and thus helping to elevate the value of our celebrations and doings.

All this is very gratifying, indeed. However, not everything is perfect; false steps and errors were undoubtedly made and we are in need of improvements in many ways. On the whole, however, we met with a great success. So as we enter the year of 1940 we hope to improve our shortcomings and repair our mistakes. We hope to organize many new juvenile circles in the coming year and double the scope of their activities. Therefore we are calling on all lodges that do not have juvenile circles as yet, for their sincere interest and loyal cooperation in this matter.

Let us hope that by the end of 1940 we will have an SNPJ juvenile circle in every town and place where there is an SNPJ lodge having a sufficient number of juvenile members to organize one! It can be done. Where there is a will, there is a way!

CHICAGO LODGES FORM NEW CIRCLE

CHICAGO, ILL.—We are indeed glad to be able to announce that here, on the West Side of Chicago, on Dec. 2, 1939, a new Juvenile Circle of the SNPJ has been formed. At the first meeting held on that day 22 eager juveniles responded and decided to meet regularly twice a month. We are fortunate in having adequate facilities which are offered to us at the Chicago Boys' Club, and we are certain that our Circle will march on with the rest of the juvenile groups for the well-being of our Society. We may add that our Circle Adviser is Brother Simon Trojar, member of Lodge Slavia, SNPJ No. 1.

REPORTER.

J. K. CIRCLE REVIEW 1939 ACTIVITIES

GIRARD, KANSAS.—The spotlight again turns on the activities of the "Jolly Kansans" Juvenile Circle, the one and only juvenile unit in this great Sunflower State of Kansas.

The New Year is here. Can we have more activities in 1940 than in 1939? The past year can be recalled as a very successful and progressive year as far as our circle was concerned. We have had the happiest and gayest celebrations, very interesting and well attended meetings. Summarizing our 1939 activities, some of which were given in recent issues, we see that:

Our April circle meeting was held at the Franklin SNPJ Hall, with a very fine representation. Plans were completed to send representatives to the Kansas SNPJ Federation affair held July 1st. Our next (May) meeting was held at the same hall. In spite of rain, many members attended and enjoyed themselves playing indoor games. Plans were discussed about a Roundup Jamboree for June 11 at Novak's Grove. On June 4, we again gathered at the Franklin hall in large numbers. Final plans were put in shape for our affair. Frances Zaubi filled the vacancy as Vice President, Mary Nolimal having transferred to the Adult department. Mary was a fine juvenile member and we wish to express our thanks for her work.

On June 11, our Roundup Jamboree was held. We enjoyed a beautiful day, many races, a very big crowd and the beautifully decorated grove. Refreshments were served free to the members.

And on June 25, a special meeting was held at Yale. The Treasurer reported we had \$48.96 in our circle treasury. Plans for our Juvenile Festival were completed; it was held at Lincoln Park on July 23. Rehearsals were also held. Monthly attendance award of fifty cents went to Mary Mohorik.

On July 1st, our circle took part in the huge celebration of the 35th anniversary of the SNPJ. A capacity crowd attended and Supreme Secretary Vider addressed the gathering. The circle staged an interesting program and 33 juveniles spelled out the name of the Society in an impressive tableau. Talks were given by circle officers and adviser.

Our Juvenile Festival took place at Lincoln Park on July 23. We had Mary Jugg as our guest. Pictures were taken of the group and refreshments served. On Aug. 6, we met at Breezy Hill. A motion picture was made. It was decided to hold a Slovene School after the meetings. A spelling game, "Witches," was played. Attendance award was given to Henry Jelovchan. The September meeting was held at Franklin, where "Name the Place" was presented. Since Miss Zaubi was unable to attend meetings, a new Vice President, Dorothy Karlinger, was elected and has ably assisted the President at meetings since.

We observed our First Anniversary on Oct. 29. The affair was held at Yale and it was very successful. Our November meeting was held at Franklin, with a very large attendance. Rose Louise Yartz went home with the attendance award. Plans were laid for our Christmas party Dec. 23 at Frontenac. I wish to add that at every meeting, refreshments were served. With the cooperation of juvenile and adult members we have been able to accomplish much. To each and every member we can say two small words, a big "Thank you!" They may be small but fully express our sincere thoughts.

OLGA MARIE KNAPICH, Sec'y, Circle 11;
R. R. 3, Box 714, Girard, Kansas.

JUVENILE STARS' ACTIVITIES

STRABANE, PA.—I am very glad to report that our "Juvenile Stars" circle is progressing nicely and hope it will continue its activities. I'll try to highlight our past activities in the order as they came.

On Oct. 29, our Circle presented a play in commemoration of the 35th anniversary of the founding of the Slovene National Benefit Society. The play, consisting of songs, speeches and a short dialogue, was very favorably received. The cast did very nicely, and we all want to thank them for their cooperation.

On Tuesday, Oct. 31, our Circle had a Halloween Party at the SNPJ Hall. The hall was decorated beautifully in regular Halloween colors. Prizes were awarded to Patty and Terry Koval for being dressed in the prettiest costumes, and to Josephine Ludvic for being dressed in the funniest costume. Games were played, and later we danced to the music of Jacob Martinsic. Everyone seemed to have a good time. I hope we will continue having good times at all our other social activities and functions.

For Christmas Day, Dec. 25, the Juvenile Stars

were planning to present another program, consisting of songs, speeches, and two plays, one in Slovene and one in English. For this occasion we had invited our neighboring circles to attend. More on this affair in next issue.

I am glad to say that our Circle Emblem Club is getting along nicely. So far, Louis Progar has the largest number of points, and is followed closely by Jacob Martinsic and Mildred Chesnic. I would like to see everyone receive their 1000 points so we can all get an emblem. I will write more next time.

AGNES KOKLICH, Secretary, Circle 19,
Box 163, Strabane, Pennsylvania.

ALL-AROUND CIRCLE IS GROWING

FARRELL, PA.—Here we are again, folks, to give you more news about the "All-Around" Juvenile Circle. We can say right at the outset that our Circle is progressing steadily and is always on the alert for new prospects.

We can boast three more new members since you heard from us last month. They are as follows: Emma Cvelbar, Patricia Okorn, and David Bicek. We are expecting more to join in the near future.

On Oct. 20, our Circle held a successful Halloween Party. Everyone enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and many prizes were given. Among the games we played there was one called, "The Life of the Party," and we had the time of our life watching the members proposing.

I want to say hello to Dorothy Zagar of Minnesota and Mildred Krnich of Ohio. I wish a Happy New Year to everyone.

MARGARET CIMPERMAN, Circle No. 21,
Box 167, Farrell, Pennsylvania.

"JOLLY JUVENILES' " MONTHLY REPORT

NORTH CHICAGO, ILL.—At this writing, Nov. 28, our Juvenile Circle "Jolly Juveniles" is in the midst of preparations for its second appearance in its short existence. The date was set for Saturday, Dec. 16, on the occasion of the 30th anniversary celebration of SNPJ lodge 119. We were preparing to sing several Slovene and English songs.

On Nov. 5, our Circle made its first public appearance. It was a big celebration of the 35th anniversary of SNPJ lodge 14. We presented a play and sang a few songs. This affair was a huge success. We hope that the above-mentioned celebration of Lodge 119 will also be as successful as the first one.

I wish to add that this is my first letter to the Mladinski List. Our Circle held its regular meeting on Nov. 27. The meeting was very interesting. I am 12 years of age, and now I am president of our Circle. RICHARD PEKLAY, President, Circle 24,
1108 McAlister Ave., No. Chicago, Ill.

CIRCLE 11 OBSERVED BIRTHDAY

MULBERRY, KANSAS.—Our Juvenile Circle, "Jolly Kansans," was planning to have its anniversary affair at Novak's Grove on Oct. 29. The place was later changed to Sterle's Farm. Because of the unfavorable weather, however, the affair was held

(Continued on page 31.)

Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljčki pišejo)

IS MEMBER OF MANY CLUBS



Dear Editor:—I enjoy reading the Mladinski List because it has many interesting articles, letters and stories. This is my first letter to this magazine. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. We have many teachers and I like them all. I belong to the SNPJ lodge 111, and to several other organizations: The Junior Chorus, the "Teenie Weenie" band (I am their drum major), and the Girls' Sextet. I am very fond of singing. And now I'll say good-by, but I'll try to write once a month. I would like to have a few pen pals, boys as well as girls, and I promise to answer them promptly.—Danella Lee Luce, Box 5, Aurora, Minn.

OUR INTERESTING M. L.

Dear Editor:—This is my very first but I hope not my last letter to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading the ML and especially the jokes. My friends and I often look over the magazine and find it interesting and helpful in many ways.

I am 15 years old and a sophomore in high school. I like school very much this year because during our study hours we can go home or walking, or anything we want to do.

I wish I could please have some pen pals who like to write and I will gladly answer their letters. I will try to write real often after this and I hope some boys and girls from Eveleth would decide that too. Best regards to all.—Margaret Sostarich, lodge 130, 301 ½ "B" Avenue, Eveleth, Minn.

VICTORIA HAS 7 TEACHERS

Dear Editor:—Hello everybody! It doesn't seem like me writing, does it? Well, it is me. I didn't write before because I was—plain l-a-z-y. I am in seventh grade now and my home-room teacher is Mr. Zeitler. I like him very much. I have six other teachers and I like them all.

There are football games here. There are about twenty or more players at Robinson Twp. There are also going to be many movies which I'll go to see. My sister is in twelfth grade, my brother is in ninth, and my little sister in first. I didn't go anywhere for a vacation last summer, but I had a good time anyway. I went on picnics which were held by SNPJ lodges. Boy, oh boy! are those Slovene schools and Juvenile Circles swell. I wish they had them here.—Victoria Ambrozic, R. F. D. 5, Box 188, Crafton Branch, Pa.

WON IN FIRST AID CONTEST

Dear Editor:—I am a boy 13 years old and a member of the SNPJ lodge 299, of Walsenburg, Colo. I am a member of the Cameron Junior First-

Aid Team. The team, which is composed of Louie Nardin, the captain, Thee Roland Stewart, Carl Proffitt, Frank Nutz, my brother Edward, and myself, had our first-aid experience on May 27, 1939, during which the Black Diamond Jubilee was staged in Walsenburg. Our team had begun practice a few months before. Mr. Tom Bodycomb, our instructor, gave us very good instructing. As this was our first contest, we were a little nervous, but in spite of that we won first contest, we were a little nervous, but in spite of that we won first prize, competing against two other boys' teams. The prize was a hunting knife apiece.

Our second-first-aid contest was on September 4, 1939, on Labor day. We won first prize again, competing against two other boys' teams. The prize was two dollars apiece. For our third first-aid contest we went to Denver. We left for Denver at 3:16 p. m., had a delicious dinner at Palmer Lake and arrived at Denver at 8 o'clock. We stayed at the Tours Hotel. That night we took in a show at the Orpheum Theater which lasted until midnight. The contest was to be staged at 10 o'clock next morning at the Civic Center which is right across from the Capitol Building. After the contest, which we won, we made many acquaintances. Among them was a men's team from the Hayden Coal Co. who were the state champions for 1938 and were also this year's winners. We also met the ladies's team from Bee be Draw who won a cup for first prize.

We walked around Denver and shopped in the afternoon, later we visited Montgomery Ward and Kress stores. We had a very nice time and hope to go again. I am proud to be a member of the Slovene National Benefit Society and I believe the other two besides me in our team are proud to belong to the SNPJ. I hope the lodge will increase its membership from time to time.—William Tom-sic, Box 121, Walsenburg, Farr, Colorado.

MOUNTAIN STATE FOREST FESTIVAL

Dear Editor:—This month I am going to spend my time telling you about the Mountain State Forest Festival which was held in Elkins, W. Va., Oct. 5-7. Queen Sylvia X, the daughter of the president of a steel corporation in Wiltron county, was crowned by Governor Homer A. Holt. I saw the festival and a wonderful parade, bands from many different towns and cities in W. Va. were there, and even a band from Point Marion, Pa. There was a float of the Buckwheat Festival which was held at Kingwood, W. Va.; one of Palace Furniture Co. of Clarksburg, also an ice cream float, etc.

The festival and the parade were wonderful. The CCC boys of Parsons Camp had a float, also. In the parade on trucks they showed how campers should build fires in forests. They had big logs and timber, also wild animals; five different kinds of pheasants, a wild cat, a small deer, a small ground hog and a squirrel.

In W. Va. the hunting season is now open for every animal except deer and rabbits. Squirrels are scarce. You can see many hunters going into the forest trying to catch game and some coming

out with their catch. I'll write more next time. I want to thank the girls who wrote to me and are now my pen pals.—*Sophie Polantz*, Box 2, Pierce, W. Va.

*

NORMA HAS 11 TEACHERS

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this wonderful magazine. I will be 14 years old in March. I am in the 8th grade at Theodore Roosevelt Junior High School. That's a pretty big name for a high school. I have 11 teachers. I am a member of Lodge 311, SNPJ, and my mother and father belong to the same lodge. In our school there are about 50 different sections. I am in Section 81-6.

My hobby is movie star collecting and poem writing. If anyone has any movie star pictures they do not want, I would be very pleased if they would send them to me. Here is a little poem:

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck.
See a pin and let it lay
Bad luck you'll have all day.

Here's a little slogan: Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way. I will write more next time.—*Norma M. Stanich*, age 13, 312 Malone Ave., Peoria, Ill. Lodge 311.

*

LAUDS MLADINSKI LIST

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, and I really think it is a wonderful magazine. I believe you did a great deal of reorganizing in the past year in this magazine, and the results are wonderful. Everybody in our family enjoys reading it.

Our juvenile circle asked for volunteers to write to the ML, and I accepted it.

I am 15 years old and in the 10B of East Technical High School. I am a member of the SNPJ lodge 147, Circle 13. Everybody in our family belongs to the SNPJ and we are very proud of it.

My hobbies are like those of any average American boy. They are coin-collecting, stamp collecting, corresponding with foreign boys, and of course, all the different sports, basketball being my favorite. At present, I correspond with a boy in Estonia, a small country that is not well known here in America, and I receive many stamps and coins from him. He writes very interesting letters, so it is a pleasure to correspond with him. And I am beginning to learn more of the European situation from him.

I am expecting to specialize in machine drawing in the 11th and 12th grades.—*May the Mladinski List* continue doing its fine work.—*Valentine Pakis*, 976 E. 77th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

*

MANY PENNSY PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to the Mladinski List for a long time, that is why I decided to write now. Since school started, most of our time at home is spent in preparing our lessons for the next day. I major in English, mathematics, home economics and science. I had an A in English and I worked hard enough to deserve it.

The weather is always changing; one day it is cold, the next day it is like spring. I hope to see lots of snow soon. We always have glorious times sled riding down the hill on cold wintry nights.

I am glad to see that so many Pennsylvania members are writing to the ML; we'll never need to worry about competition from the other states. At least that's how it seems at present. I'll close now, wishing everyone a Happy New Year. I am a proud member of the SNPJ Lodge 122,—*Violet Mae Maslek*, 341 Park Street, Aliquippa, Pennsylvania.

*

ELECTRICITY CARRIERS

Dear Editor:—I am 12 years of age and am in the sixth grade. I go to William Howard Brett School. Our school publishes a paper, "The Brett Beacon." We sell it for two cents a copy. In this paper I wrote some questions. I will test you out on them:

1. What two metals carry electricity? 2. What metal is the most expensive for this use? 3. What metal carries electricity best? 4. What metal do we use most? Why? 5. What metal do they find the most of? 6. What metal do we have to dig for the deepest and how deep?

Answer: 1. Copper and silver. 2. Silver. 3. Silver. 4. Copper because it's easy to find and not expensive. 5. Copper. 6. Copper, one mile into the earth.—I hope to write more often to this magazine from now on, provided I'll have more time to write. That's all this time, more next time.—*Tony Logar*, 896 Stevenson Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Lodge 147.

*

ČLOVEK IN VESELJE

Dragi urednik!—Iskrena hvala za lepo urejeni dopis! Veseli me, ker se toliko potrudite, da moje dopiske tako lepo popravite. Veseli me tudi to, ker je zunaj tako lepo. Tudi jesen je lepa, tako tudi zima. Včasih pa slišim odrasle, že bolj stare ljudi, ki pravijo, da jih je veselje minilo. To se mi čudno zdi. Saj je tudi zanje dosti veselja. Vsaka letna doba nam nudi obilo veselja. Tudi vsaka doba naše starosti nam da svoje posebnosti. Jesen v naravi je to, kar so pri človeku stara leta. Nekateri grede jelene lovit, drugi delajo kaj drugega. Vsak si lahko poišče svojo zabavo. Kdor je zdrav in če ni v pomanjkanju, se pač lahko veseli življenja. Mi dečki in deklice pa se baš sedaj najbolj veselimo praznikov. Božič nam prinese obilo veselja. Stari Miklavž bo spet nosil, če mu bodo starši kaj dali. To bo veselja med otroci, če jim bo kaj dosti prinesel. Želim obilo zabave in veselja čez praznike vsem skupaj!—*Joe Rott*, 18815 Chickasaw Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

*

OUR HALLOWEEN PARTY

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 10 years of age. I enjoy reading the ML. I wish to thank Mr. Shular and Mrs. Kumer for bringing me to the picnics and circle meetings. We had a Halloween party out in the country. It was nice and sunny in the morning. Then it became windy and it started to rain, and so we had to move into a hall in Yale. We were all masked up like bums and hoboes, and we had a good time. We were playing and dancing around until we were

all tired out. It was great fun, all right. Our next circle meeting was scheduled to be held in Franklin. And now I'll sign off but will write more next time.—**Jimmie Haviland**, Arma, Kans. Lodge 434.

THREE THOUSAND PUPILS!

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to the Mladinski List for a long time. A few years ago I wrote a letter, but I failed to see it in print. This disappointed me very much, and so I did not write after that; but let's stop worrying over that.

School is still going on as usually. That is as it should and must be. In last month's issue I read about a school in Kansas in which they have 164 students. That number is small compared with the number of students in our school. Our school has over 3000 pupils! Of course, in large cities this is not unusual; in the country, however, it is different. I am in the 10th grade. My subjects are quite difficult, but that's the way it goes—everyone has to work to get anywhere. We have various sports in our school.

The Pittsburgh writers must be asleep. I think we need more cooperation from them. This will be enough for this time. I wish all SNPJ members a Happy New Year. Best regards to all.—**Josephine Hrvatin**, 5419 Butler St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Lodge 118.

ONE RABBIT EACH TIME . . .

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I would have written before, but in the summer I went fishing and now I go hunting with my father. I went hunting three times already, and I got one rabbit each time. I also play the piano-accordion and my sister plays the banjo. We play together at concerts and banquets. Our whole family is in the SNPJ. My father is the Secretary of Lodge 118. I wish a Happy New Year to all the members of the SNPJ and to all readers and writers of the ML.—**Gilbert Hrvatin**, age 13; 5419 Butler St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SCHOOL PLAY A SUCCESS

Dear Editor:—I am very sorry because I forgot to write to the Mladinski List last month. I'll try to write each month. In school I have lots of fun. Our class gave a play. The admission was two cents. We made \$10.50. Five hundred and twenty-five (525) children came. We also have lunch in school.

By the time this will appear in the ML Christmas will be gone. But we still have another holiday, New Year's Day. For Christmas I received many nice things: a desk, chair and lamp, also toys. My brother got a desk and a chair. Happy New Year to everybody.—**Dorothy Lipanye**, Lodge 16; 763 E. 185th St., Cleveland, O.

LUCKY TO RECEIVE M. L.

Dear Editor:—This being my first letter to the Mladinski List, I wish to say that I consider myself lucky to be able to receive such an interesting magazine. I enjoy reading it very much.

I am 10 years old and I am in the fifth grade.

I go to East Madison School and my teacher is Miss Knoblock. My favorite subjects are arithmetic and reading. In my class I am the highest in arithmetic. My hobby is collecting pictures of movies stars.

I belong to Juvenile Circle No. 2, Jolly Jesters. We have a sewing circle or club, I have already sewed four pieces. Our circle is also planning a surprise, so I am inviting our members to come to the meetings and find out for themselves what it is going to be. I am going to try to write to the ML every month. Best regards to all the members of the SNPJ and to all Pen Pals. A Happy New Year to all.—**Mary Zalar**, 6723 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, O.

FROM A FORMER CHICAGOAN

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 10 years of age and in 6th grade. I don't like school very much, but I must go to school. If I would not go to school, I would not know how to write this letter to the ML. I live in Lackawanna now, but I used to live in Chicago; in fact, I was born there. My father is working here every day. In Chicago he hardly had any job at all. I wish all the members of the SNPJ a Happy New Year.—**Annemarie Stubler**, Lodge 405; 31 Ridge Road, Lackawanna, New York.

FROM A FUTURE CCC BOY

Dear Editor:—First of all, as so many others, I must tell that this is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am sure I will write more. I am 17 years of age and like all kinds of sports, most of all baseball, boxing and football. I am going to the CCC camp in January. Will some of you Pen Pals please write to me? I promise I will answer every letter. I am going to sign off because I got a good hunch this letter is going in the waste basket. So long. (Your hunch, as you can see, was all wrong, was it not?—Ed.)—**Albert Cvetnick**, 1017 Park Ave., North Chicago, Ill. (Lodge 14.)

ZIMA IN NOVO LETO

Dragi urednik!—Zadnjič se nisem nič oglasil. Se bom pa zdaj. Do konca novembra smo imeli v Minnesoti lepo vreme. Starka zima se še ni prikazala. Navadno pride k nam zgodaj v jeseni. Letos se je kje drugje zamudila. Menda je ostala kje visoko v Canadi. Mi dečki smo tega veseli. Domenili smo se, da si postavimo malo kočico ali kempo. Res, čez nekaj časa smo postavili hišico. V nji se shajamo vsak večer. Čas v tej hišici zelo hitro mine.—Dne 19. nov. je prišla k sosedovim smrt in jim ugrabila gospodarja. Mr. John Vukonich, naš sosed, je tistega dne umrl. Tega moža zelo pogrešamo. Družini naše sožalje!—Staro leto se kmalu poslovi. Nastopilo bo novo leto 1940. Upam, da bo srečno za nas vse. Srečno in veselo novo leto želim uredniku in vsem dečkom in deklicam!—**Louis Perkovich**, 304 East Oak Street, Chisholm, Minnesota.

JUST A FEW RIDDLES

Dear Editor:—My birthday was on Nov. 30 and now I am 13 years old. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am in the 8th grade. Of

course, I am a member of the SNPJ and enjoy reading the Mladinski List. Here are a few riddles:

What did Tennessee? Answer: It saw Idaho. What is the best thing to keep in the winter? Ans.: Keep warm. Spell dry grass with three letters. Ans.: H-a-y. What smells the most in a perfume shop? Ans.: Your nose.—**Frank Shray**, Diamondville, Wyoming.

MAGAZINE FOR "LITTLE PEOPLE"

Dear Editor:—I am enclosing a drawing for the New Year and I wish it could be put on the cover of the M. L. (Note: All drawings should be in India ink.—Ed.) I am 11 years old and in the seventh grade, and I have won prizes for drawings.

The ML is a grand magazine for "little people." I promise in the coming year to write often to you. This is my first letter to the M. L. I have been in the SNPJ lodge for over three years and I wish I was in it much longer. I am also a member of the Juvenile Circle No. 17. A very Happy New Year to all.—**Maurice Thominet**, 1512 N. Frontier Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LOOKING FORWARD . . .

Dear Editor:—I am 9 years old and am in the 5th grade. This is my first letter to the M. L. I collect stamps and have a fine collection of foreign dolls. I belong to the SNPJ lodge 631 and to Circle 17. I am looking forward to Christmas and the New Year with much joy. The ML is very interesting to read and I learn many things from it. The riddles and jokes are good, too. I am trying to get new members for our Circle. I will write to you soon.—**Jacqueline Mary Thominet**, 1512 N. Frontier Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANT OWN LODGE IN 1940



Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I wish you will find space for my letter. I wish all juvenile members of the SNPJ and my pen pals a very Happy New Year. I am enclosing my photograph and wish it could be published in the M. L. I also wish that in 1940 we could have our own lodge in Lackawanna as we belong to the SNPJ lodge in Buffalo. I have some pen pals and I wish I had more. So I'll be waiting for more pen pals. I am 12 years of age and a member of lodge 405.—**Josephine Stubler**, 31 Ridge Road, Lackawanna, New York.

OLGA'S HOBBIES

Dear Editor:—I am fourteen years old and I am a sophomore at L. P. Township High School. My birthday is January 22 and I'll be fifteen. This is my first letter to the M. L. Our whole family, which includes my mother, brother and me, belongs

to the SNPJ. My hobbies are collecting movie stars, colored cellophane, and some dog pictures. I think it is fun to collect these in your spare time. I like to go bicycling, skating, and swimming. I would like to have pen pals from all over the United States and elsewhere. Best regards to all members.—**Olga Erjavsek**, 497 E. Walnut Street, Oglesby, Illinois.

FROM FOREST CITY

Dear Editor:—I'll start out with our weather. It's Nov. 28 and we haven't any snow yet, but the wind is very cold. We never expected such weather. The hunters are wishing for snow so they can go deer hunting. I hope it comes soon.

We didn't have any school from Nov. 22 to Dec. 4 because of Thanksgiving and Teachers Institute Week. We are going to have a play given by the Singing Club of Forest City led by J. Vouder. It was scheduled for Dec. 3 in the Forest City High School. I wish you all a Happy New Year. (Use India ink for drawings and send them in.—Ed.)—**Mary Ostanek**, 124 Vine Street, Forest City, Pa.

OLGA'S HELLO AND FAREWELL

Dear Editor:—Hello, boys and girls of the SNPJ world! Here is your old pen pal back for the last time on the Pen Pals Page. In my recent letter I promised to write the following month, but it was impossible.

I have enjoyed reading the different pen-pal letters. You are all my friends forever. My greatest desire and ambition is that some day I may be fortunate enough in visiting our circles and meeting all the members. To the different circles, I wish to take the opportunity in expressing my sincere thanks for all the fine compliments you have given me; also, to our circle and individual members.

Yes, you've guessed it—this is my farewell to you all on the Pen Pals Page. It'll still have my articles on our circle activities for a few more months. It is strange how one makes friends, only to have to part. Ever since we have an organized unit, I have had the pleasure of serving as an officer.

To all winners in the second half of the Our School contest, I wish to congratulate you, hoping that you will continue the fine work in the future.—And now I must bring my last article as a member to a close, hoping some good fortune shall enable me to return soon. With my last time with you on this page, I'll close with a farewell poem:

Many hours with you I've labored,
Many joys we've shared together;
The years that passed were all too short,
But time for parting has arrived.

So, good-by to all dear brethren,
So, good-by to all SNPJ members;
May your life be long and prosperous,
May your life ever be one sublime.

Wishing all a very Happy New Year.—**Olga Marie Knapich**, R. R. No. 3, Box 714, Girard, Kansas.

RAZSTAVA ROČNIH DEL

Dragi urednik!—Ko pišem te vrstice, se veselo pripravljamo na božične in novoletne praznike. Nestropno pričakujemo starega Miklavža. Vsi upamo, da nam gotovo spet kaj lepega prinese. Posebno mi clevelandski "Škrjančki" ga z radostjo pričakujejo. Saj nam je obljubil, da nas poseti dne 17. dec., namreč na dan naše obletnice. In ko bodo te vrstice priobčene v Mladinskem listu, bodo prazniki že za nami.

V prvi polovici zadnjega novembra (10., 11. in 12.) smo imeli veliko razstavo ročnih del. Priredilo jo je naše društvo Napredne Slovenke št. 137 SNPJ s sodelovanjem našega krožka št. 2 in z več drugimi krožki ter z našim umetnikom Peruškom. Razstavljene so bile krasne stvari. Kar naprej bi rada občudovala, kaj vse more napraviti bister razum in pridna roka. Krasne so bile slike učencev g. Peruška, kateremu lahko rečemo, da je umetnik.

Za danes zaključujem, ker se nič dobro ne počutim. Veselo in srečno novo leto vsem čitateljem M. L. in vsem članom SNPJ! Obilo uspeha v letu 1940! *Violet Vogrin*, 19708 Shawnee Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

VEČ SLOVENSKIH DOPISOV!

Dragi urednik! — Bliža se božič in stari Miklavž je že na poti. Ko bodo te vrstice priobčene v Mladinskem listu, bo vse to že minilo. Božič bo za nami in nastopilo bo novo leto.

Zelim, da bi bilo v letu 1940 malo več slovenskih dopisov v Mladinskem listu. Na noge, slovenski dečki in deklice! Okorajžite se in pišite slovensko! Saj ima vsak svoje starše, ki mu lahko pomagajo. Vsak in vsaka naj malo napiše, pa bo skupaj dosti. Tako se bomo bolj spoznali. Videli bomo, da se res zanimamo za slovenski jezik. Zakaj pa ne, saj smo vendar Slovenci! Pričakujem in upam, da bo v prihodnjih številkah Mladinskega lista več slovenskih dopisov.

Iskreno pozdravljam urednika, ki vselej tako lepo uredi moj dopis. Hvala za trud! Veselo in srečno novo leto želim vsem čitateljkom M. L.! — *Stanko Nuncijs*, Box 493, Coverdale, Pennsylvania.

JOKES

Boogy: "The most foolish persons are those who answer everything with a question."

Woogy: "Do you think so?"

*

Lady (in theater): "Pardon me, sir. Does my hat bother you?"

Gentleman (behind): "No, but it bothers my wife. She wants one like it."

*

Mrs. Smith: "Does your husband walk in his sleep?"

Mrs. Jones: "Not since I put a padlock on the icebox."

*

Critic: "The picture of the horse is good, but where is the wagon?"

Artist: "Oh, the horse will draw that."

*

"Iceland," said the teacher, "is about as large as Siam."

JUVENILE CIRCLES—(Continued from page 26)

at the Hall in Yale. Henry Jelovchan was playing his accordion and a dance followed. Refreshments were served to the members. A very nice time was had by all.

On Nov. 5, we had a meeting at the Franklin SNPJ Hall. There was a very large attendance. Plans were discussed for the Christmas party. After that, we sang the "Beer Barrel Polka" and "Let Me Stay in Kansas." Henry Jelovchan read a few riddles, and then the meeting adjourned. Pop and sandwiches were served to the members.

I haven't written to the ML for a long time. My school teacher is Mr. Bostick. I wish to have some pen pals, and I promise to answer each letter promptly. And what happened to June Pogachar? I wrote to her in August and never received an answer. I am 12 years old and belong to SNPJ lodge 65.

FRANCES KUMER, Circle No. 11,
R. R. No. 1, Mulberry, Kansas.

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WANTED: MORE MEMBERS AT AFFAIRS

AGUILAR, COLO.—Our Juvenile Circle, No. 20, is holding its regular meetings each month. Our meetings are interesting and entertaining. In October, the Circle gave a bake sale and also a dance jointly with the Senior lodge. I like to attend circle meetings and its affairs.

It seems to me that some members of Lodge 381 and Circle 20 do not pay enough attention to our affairs. When a dance or party is sponsored by either, they fail to attend. From this one would conclude that they don't care how these affairs are run and what the outcome is. I wish that in future more members attend our meetings and affairs. Also, I wish that more of the Circle members would write to the M. L. Come on, Aguilar, write a line or two, and let the outside world know that we have a Juvenile Circle here, too.

Personal. At school my Latin and English teacher is Mr. Krasovich. He is a very good teacher and my favorite. Of my subjects I like Latin, Algebra and Home Economics best. I took the professional course, and I am glad I did.—I hope my pen pals would write to me. I will write more next time.

FRANCES KOSERNICK, Secretary, Circle 20,
Box 199, Aguilar, Colorado.

A few riddles:

Do you know why a chicken's feathers are always smooth?

A. Because they carry a comb.

Do you know why a match box without matches is the best?

A. Because it is matchless.

"Iceland," wrote Willie afterwards, "is about as big as teacher."

JENNIE BRADLEY, age 14, lodge 391
Box 102, Sheffield, Pennsylvania.

Introducing Book Friends

Reviewed by Betty Jartz



The Glass Giant of Palomar, a recent book by David O. Woodbury, is an amazing story about the world's greatest telescope which is nearing completion on Palomar Mountain near San Diego, in California. This 200-inch mirror is six or seven hundred thousand times as keen as the human eye and will reach three times as far into space as the world's present largest telescope bringing to light billions of now invisible stars. With this master-mirror the astronomers hope to analyze the chemical and physical nature of the stars which it will help them to discover; and above all, they hope to learn more about the size, shape, and origin of our universe.

A chapter is devoted to an interesting, but brief history of astronomy beginning with the Chinese, Egyptians, Babylonians, and Greeks who for five thousand years before Christ had learned to tell time and to understand the rotation of the seasons through their observations and studies of the stars and planets. Astronomy made decided progress till the advent of the Dark Ages when misinterpreted Christianity squelched free thought and action. The Copernican theory, that the Sun was the center of the Universe and that the Earth with a great many other bodies revolved around it, slipped into obscurity before the onslaught of the purge of scientific ideas by the Holy Inquisition. However, truth refused to be suppressed and the Copernican theory was revived, substantiated, and championed by an old Italian Professor, Galileo Galilei, who scorned retirement to take up the scientific study of the stars. Galileo constructed the first telescope, a comparatively crude instrument, which magnified objects thirty times. Thanks to remarkable and constant improvements of the telescope astronomy has taken tremendous steps forward till it has reached the day of gigantic telescopes which are wresting from our universe more and more of its secrets.

George Ellery Hale, founder of the Mount Wilson Observatory in California, fondly fathered the idea of a 200-inch mirror which he hoped would solve the problems that the 100-inch disk was constantly raising, but could not answer. Hale's enthusiasm over the possibilities of a 200-inch telescope won the financial support of the Rockefeller General Education Board. Plans were painstakingly drawn up and all the scientific and engineering genius that could be mustered was challenged and put to work. The creating of the "Glass Giant" was to be no small task; many known and unknown obstacles had to be overcome. Could a 200 inch disk

be cast? The disk must be thick enough to be rigid, but thick glass expands and contracts unevenly when heated or cooled. Fused quartz was tried, because it could withstand heat and cold and did not expand, but experiments with it proved to be unsuccessful after months of trying. Then, too, a small fortune was consumed by the fruitless experiments and so the idea was abandoned. Pyrex glass was chosen as the only alternative. Its rate of expansion and contraction was one-third of that of plate glass; it was cheaper than fused quartz, and there would be considerably less experimentation involved. The rest of the story of *The Glass Giant of Palomar* is a romantic one telling how scientific foresight made such a gigantic mirror possible by solving numerous unexpected problems as they arose, and how the mammoth disk was rescued from the disastrous effects of a flood.

The concluding chapter recommends a list of books to anyone who wishes to pursue the studies of the planets and the sun.

There are many sketches and illustrations which help considerably to illuminate the progress of the "Glass Giant" as it developed from an idea and a dream into modern astronomy's greatest achievement.

Try These Riddles

Why does a gate-keeper punch a hole in your ticket?—To let you through.

A burglar stole an object that was made of gold and crystal, what did he steal?—An egg.

What does everybody give and few take?—Advice.

What is everything doing at the same time?—Growing older.

When is water like a tiger?—When it makes a spring.

Why is it foolish to educate the Indians?—Because they are naturally well red.

What has an arm, but it doesn't hug you?—A chair.

When is butter like Irish children?—When it is little pats.

Why is a crash of thunder like a jeweler?—Because both make the ear ring (earring).

Why should a man always wear a watch when he travels in the desert?—Because every watch has a spring in it.

Why is a newspaper like an army?—Because it has leaders, columns and reviews.

What might the man who raises and lowers the window in a bank be called?—The draft clerk.

ROSTER OF JUVENILE CIRCLES AND OFFICERS

Circle No. 1—Walsenburg, Colo. (299)—Joseph Strovac, President; Edward Tomsic, Vice-President; Ann Urban, Secretary; Evelyn Strovac, Treasurer; Ed. Tomsic, Manager.

Circle No. 2—Cleveland, O. (137)—Marian Tratnik, President; Frank Chaperlo, Vice-President; Anna Čebulj, Secretary; Alma Zagar, Treasurer; Antoinette Simčić, Manager.—Meets 1st Thursday of each month.

Circle No. 3—Collinwood, O. (53)—Raymond Durn, President; Eugene Terbizan, Vice-President; Josephine Gorjanc, Secretary; Dorothy Ogrinc, Treasurer; Joseph J. Durn, Manager.—Meetings on the Fourth Friday of every month.

Circle No. 4—Milwaukee, Wis. (16, 584) Leon Sagadin, President; Don Jaeger, Vice-President; Elsie Schmalz, Secretary; Anna Tesovnik, Treasurer; Leo Schweiger, Manager.

Circle No. 5—Luzerne, Pa. (204)—John Baloh, President; Carl Hodra, Vice-President; Joseph Slapar, Secretary; Mary Vozel, Recording Secretary; Frank Zupancic, Treasurer.

Circle No. 6—Cleveland, O. (312,142)—Sophie Znidarsic, President; Dorothy Fier, Vice-President; John Spiller, Secretary; Sophie Kapel, Recording Secretary; John Kapel, Treasurer.—Meetings first Wed. of every month at 7:30 P. M.

Circle No. 7—Girard, O. (643)—Bernice Luke, President; Louis Račić, Vice-President; Louise Račić, Treasurer; Dorothy Selak, Secretary; Fanny Milavec, Manager.—Meetings on the first Friday of every month.

Circle No. 8—Euclid, O. (158, 450)—Lillian Koller, President; John Knific, Vice-President; Margaret Bucar, Secretary; Louis Janecic, Treasurer; Joseph Mekind, Recording Secretary; Mary Dodic and Frances Tegel, Managers. Meetings on third Tuesday of every month.

Circle No. 9—Crested Butte, Colo. (397)—Anna Slobodnik, President; Anna Schaeffer, Vice-President; Robert Slobodnik, Secretary; Joe Yudnich, Treasurer; Martin Težak, Manager.

Circle No. 10—Salem, O. (476)—Ava Krizay, President; Martha Omots, Vice-President; Helen Mihevc, Secretary; Joe Kovich, Recording Secretary; Frances Mihevc, Manager; John Dermota, Assistant Manager.—Meetings on first Sunday of each month.

Circle No. 11—Girard, Kans.—Henry Jelovchan, President; Valarya Humar, Vice-President; Dorothy Karlinger, Secretary; Jennie Lampe, Treasurer; Olga Marie Knapich, Adviser.—Meets 1st Sun. of each month.

Circle No. 12—Cleveland, O. (126)—Jean Yarshan, President; Sophie Jermon, Vice-President; Irma Juretic, Secretary; Josephine Cokync, Treasurer.—Meetings every 2nd Friday of the month at 7 P. M.

Circle No. 13—Cleveland, O. (5)—Milton Laurencic, President; Valentine Pakis, Vice-President; Daniela Slabe, Secretary & Treasurer; Elsie Vidmar, Recording Secretary; Ann K. Medvesek, Manager.—Meetings every first Friday of the month in room 3 of the Slovene Auditorium at 7 P. M.

Circle No. 14—Braddock, Pa. (300)—Antoinette Chesnick, President; John Rednak, Vice-President; Peter Sedmak, Secretary; Louis Karish, Treasurer; Frances Martakus, Manager.

Circle No. 15—Verona, Pa. (216, 680)—Ernest Krulac, President; Tony Doles, Vice-President; Matilda Doles, Secretary; Margaret Ziberg, Treasurer; Catherine Zolet, Manager.—Meetings every fourth Friday of each month.

Circle No. 16—Thomas W. Va.—Ernest Selak, President; Frances Komac, Vice-President; Helen Vidmar, Secretary; Frances Bozič, Recording Secretary; Jennie Vidmar, Treasurer; George Belinc, Manager.

Circle No. 17—Chicago, Ill.—Wilfred Wilke, President; Anthony Kopac, Vice-President; Helen Wilke, Secretary; Dorothy Gabriel, Recording Secretary; Elinor Platt, Treasurer; George Seberg, Sergeant-at-Arms; Agnes Mejash, Manager.

Circle No. 18—Milwaukee, Wis. (747)—Stefania Clarine, President; Julius Ambrozich, Vice-President; Elizabeth Stumpf, Secretary; Anna Clarine, Treasurer; Helen Ambrozich, Manager.

Circle No. 19—Strabane, Pa. (138)—Carl Podboy, President; Vincent Batista, Vice-President; Agnes Koklich, Secretary; Henry Mavrich, Recording Secretary; Frank Delost, Treasurer; August Podboy, Manager.

Circle No. 20—Aguilar, Colo. (381)—Geo Chalon, President; Rose Pavlovich, Vice-President; Frances Kosernek, Secretary; Fred Chalon, Treasurer. Joe Kolenc, Manager. Meetings in City Hall every second Sunday of every month at 10 A. M.

Circle No. 21—Sharon, Pa. (31, 262, 755)—Marie Stambal, President; Evelyn Trobentar, Vice-President; Frances Novak, Manager.

Circle No. 22—Midway, Pa. (89-231)—Wilma Kosem, President; Steve Turkley, Vice-President; Margaret Petach, Secretary; Julia Pavlicic, Recording Secretary; Violet Machek, Treasurer; Irene Lukan, Manager.—Meetings on the last Friday of each month.

Circle No. 23—Universal, Pa. (141-715)—Richard Berg, President; Tillie Pushkarich, Secretary; Howard Charrie, Treasurer; Louis V. Kumer, Manager.

Circle No. 24—Waukegan, Ill. (14, 119, 568)—Richard Peklay, President; Richard Pierce, Vice President; Anna Mozek, Secretary; Rosemary Stritar, Recording Secretary; Elsie Spaccapan, Treasurer; Anthony Kerzich, Manager.

Circle No. 25—Ludlow, Colo. (201)—Mary Hrvatin, President; Rudy Marinsek, Vice-President; Pauline Fatur, Secretary; John Klobas, Manager.

IMPORTANT!—Omission of the names of any officers in the above Roster, especially the names of the Circle Manager (Adviser or Administrator), many of which are missing, means that the names were not reported. Please report the name of the Manager (Adviser or Administrator) of the Circle where it is missing. It is very important to have the Manager's name in this Roster. Report any correction to Vincent Cainkar, General Director of Juvenile Circles, 2657 So. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

of Tony Adlesich

ACROSS

1—King. 4—Till. 7—Eve. 8—Tan. 9—No. 10—Ail. 11—On. 12—Ore. 14—Pet. 16—Yes. 18—Sap. 21—Lid. 23—Pen. 25—RR. 26—Lie. 27—Do. 28—Ale. 29—Man. 30—Many. 31—Bale.

DOWN

1—Keno. 2—Ivory. 3—N. E. 4—Tales. 5—In. 6—Land. 8—Tip. 13—Eel. 15—Tap. 17—Silly. 19—Pedal. 20—Cram. 22—Die. 24—None. 28—An. 29—Ma.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

of Francis Zupou

ACROSS

1—Ate. 4—B. A. 6—Aam. 9—Measurable. 10—RR. 11—Me. 12—Bu. 13—RSM. 15—Gem. 16—R. I. 17—Idle. 18—If. 19—Tar. 21—Ton. 23—Or. 24—S. S. 26—V. I. 27—Articulate. 29—N. Y. S. 30—In. 31—Led.

DOWN

1—Am. 2—Territory. 3—Ears. 4—Bum. 5—Are. 6—Abbe. 7—Aluminite. 8—Me. 14—Mir. 15—Get. 20—Arts. 22—Oval. 24—Sci. 27—An. 28—Ed.

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?**