

Mladinski List



SEPTEMBER

A Magazine for SNPJ Juveniles

1943

MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE



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CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER

Vsebina septembrske številke

POEMS, STORIES, ETC.	Page
Billie Salutes	9
Cottontail Dances, Mr.....	2
Grajski vrabec (nadaljevanje pesnitve).....	7
Komar (pesem)	1
Lukec in njegov škorec (nadaljevanje).....	4
Nevihta (pesem)	1
FEATURES	
Birthdays of the Great Men.....	6
Just For Fun.....	8
Let's Play Games.....	12
Origin of the World, The.....	10
Our Own Juvenile Circles of the SNPJ.....	19
Our Pen Pals Write.....	24
Our School	13
Stamp Collecting	30
Zgodbe o bombažu (nadaljevanje).....	31

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MLADINSKI LIST

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NEVIHTA

Katka Zupančič

Oblaki narastli so v sama nebesa,
zemlja pa žejna in žejna drevesa.
Vprezite, vprezite
sivce srdite—
ter jih, pohlevne že,
k nam pripeljite!

Ptički si iščejo strehe zelene,
kljunčki odprti so—pesmi nobene . . .
Čakajte, čakajte,
vrli pevači—
rosica hladna vas
kmalu ojači.

Grivastim sivcem se podkve iskrijo,
biči pa pokajo, sivce krotijo.
Vozite, vozite

svežo pijačo—
pilo jo polje bo,
dalo pogačo.

Ulice gladke so kakor zrcala,
malim plesalkam so krilca zvihrala.
Plešite, plešite,
drobne plesalke—
v žlebih vam godejo
skrite piščalke.

Trate zelene so čisto oprane,
drevje prešteva dragulje nabrane.
Padajte, padajte,
kaplje srebrne—
ker Tončkove roke
so zmerom še črne . . .

KOMAR

Katka Zupančič

Ko dan se umika,
komar si polika
nožice in krilca—
ej ej!

Si rilček nabrusi,
leteti poskusi,
od stradanja suh je—
joj joj!

In kroži in toži
in bliža se koži
prav milo pevaje—
moj moj!

Ko v temi ponoči
si sodček natoči,
odnese ga s kratkim—
fej fej!

Spod grma zavije
in išče gostije
pri tebi, pri meni—
hej hej!

Če naglo ne izgine,
ga roka prekine—
je rdeče podpisan
račun . . .



Mr. Cottontail Dances

Emerine S. Rees

"We'll have a fine lot of peas for market," said Grandfather Brown to Grandmother, as they looked at the long rows in the lot near the barn. Grandfather was proud of his big garden of peas. His were always first in market—nice, plump and tender.

"Grandfather, you'll make a lot of money selling them," said his little grandson Jacob. "Maybe . . . maybe . . . you could buy me a little pig; just a **small** little pig with a curly tail. Will you, Grandfather? Just a small one, all my own?"

"We'll see about it, sonny, if you do a good job weeding," and Grandfather laughed as he patted Jacob's curly head.

Jacob was a pudgy little boy, mostly jolly; when he grinned he grinned all over, showing a lot of gleaming white teeth. There were things, though, that he liked much better than weeding the garden, such as riding lazy old Polly, running races with Ponto, chasing rabbits on the hill, and best of all Grandmother's hot doughnuts. Sometimes when he was weeding in the garden and looked through the window and saw Grandmother lifting delicious doughnuts out of the frying kettle, while he had to work, it really seemed more than he could stand.

One morning Jacob rushed in the kitchen shouting:

"Grandfather, Grandfather, come see the peas awful quick!" Then away he ran, Grandfather following after.

"Just look!" cried Jacob, "something's eaten a whole lot of your nice peas and spoiled the vines. What you think it was, Grandfather?"

"Couldn't been old Polly, there's no footprints, and Ponto he don't eat peas. Must be rabbits; they're plenty fond of peas. We'll set a trap and find out if it's Mr. Cottontail."

Next morning before breakfast Jacob ran to the trap, and saw that something was in it. He was glad that whatever it was it couldn't get out and bite him. It might be a baby grizzly bear, a weasel, a wildcat, or some other fierce animal.

When Grandfather saw it he knew what it

was—a gray and white furry creature, with stand-up ears, whiskers that moved up and down when it wrinkled its nose, and funny little bobtail.

"Oho!" he exclaimed, "Just what I thought. Mr. Cottontail stole the peas. Here, sonny, put the old fellow in this bag, while I get a bundle of switches of the old thief. I guess he won't steal any more."

So Jacob was left guarding the prisoner. For a while all was quiet; then a muffled voice called: "Please, little boy, let the tip of my nose out so I can breathe." Jacob couldn't believe his own ears.

"Please, little boy, let the tip of my nose out, I'm 'most dead."

"Can't," answered Jacob. "You stole Grandfather's nice peas."

"Just the **end** of the tip," sobbed Mr. Cottontail. Please."

Jacob felt sorry for Mr. Cottontail shut up in the bag. What harm could there be, he thought, in letting the tip end of his nose out for a breath of fresh air, so he untied the string around the bag just a teeny bit and out popped a nose.

"Won't you please let my ears out," begged the rabbit, so I can hear you better, little boy, you have such a sweet voice, I love to hear it."

"Well, just your ears, then," agreed kind-hearted Jacob, and two gray ears wiggled out of the bag, followed by a pair of eyes and whiskers. It made Jacob laugh to see such a funny sight. Then a squeaky little voice begged:

"Dear little boy, won't you please let my front feet out, so I can scratch my nose; it tickles so," sobbed Mr. Cottontail.

His voice was so sad and sobby, Jacob was very sorry for him, so he opened the bag a wee bit more, saying: "Promise you won't run away? Cross your heart and die?"

"Cross my heart and die," repeated Mr. Cottontail solemnly, sobbing louder. When he thought he had sobbed enough he said:

"Dearest little boy, if you'll just let me out a teeny bit more, I'll sing you a beautiful song."

"You can't sing," said Jacob.

"O yes, I can, just listen," and Mr. Cottontail rattled off a lively bit of tune in a thin, creaky voice:

"Pullem peas, tonta, lonta,
Happy as a king.
Pullem peas, tonta, lonta,
While I dance and sing."

It was the funniest song Jacob had ever heard. Rolling on the ground, he laughed and laughed till he heard Mr. Cottontail say:

"Dear, kindest little boy, if you'll only let my hind feet out I'll dance for you."

"You can't dance," cried the astonished Jacob.

"O yes, I can, just watch me."

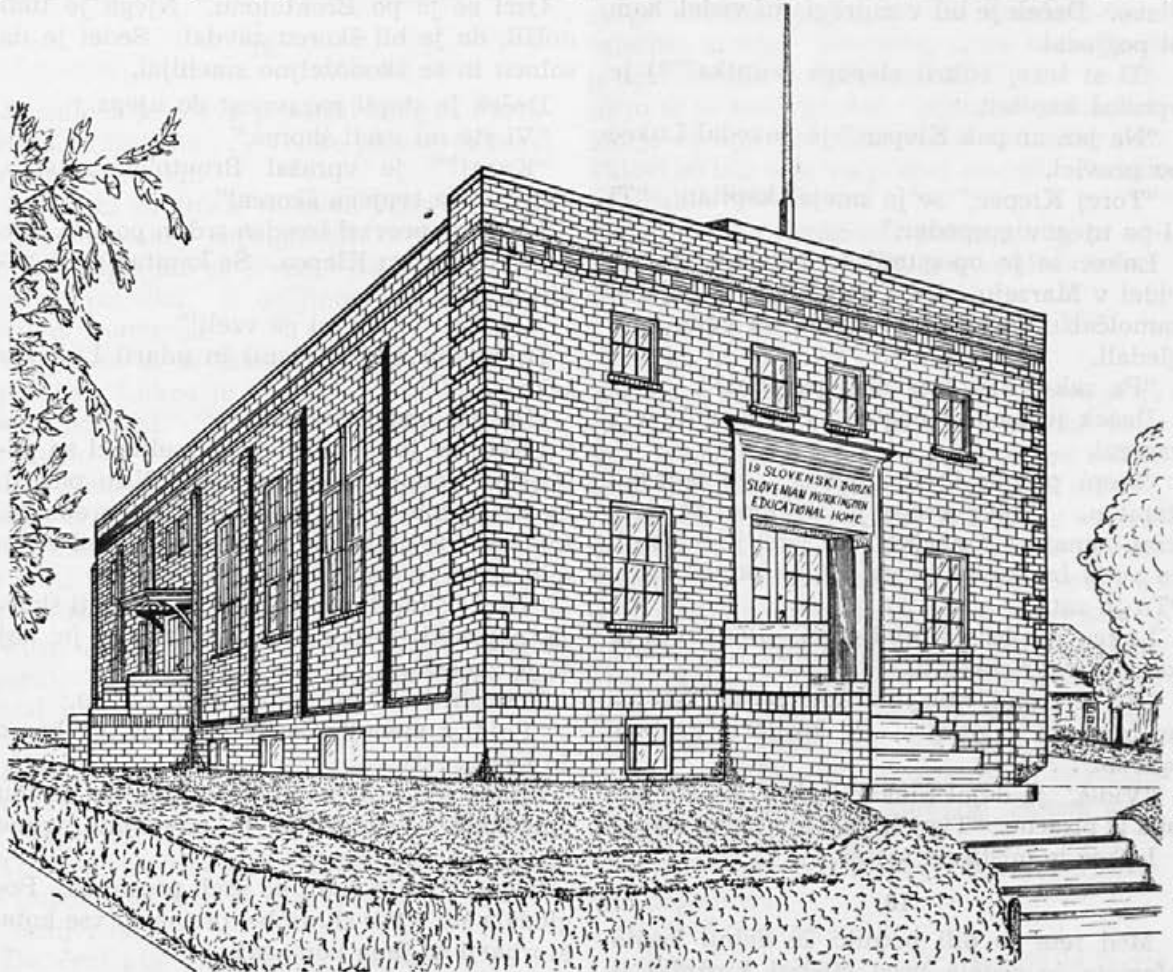
"Promise you'll not run away if I let your hind feet out?"

"Cross my heart and die," promised Mr. Cottontail, and the kindest little boy loosened the string a bit more, when out of the bag jumped the rabbit and began to dance on his hind feet.

It was the funniest thing Jacob had ever seen—Mr. Cottontail, with ears standing up straight, tail like a little white rosette, bobbing up and down, bowing politely to Jacob as he began to dance and sing. As his hind feet skipped nimbly over the ground, Jacob laughed till he cried; it was all so funny. All the time Mr. Cottontail was getting nearer the gate as he sang:

"Pullem peas, tonta, lonta,
Happy as a king . . ."

Jacob rolled over, kicked up his heels and cried with delight. When he looked up, ready to catch Mr. Cottontail and put him in the bag again, there was no cottontail in sight. He was running as fast as his front and hind feet could carry him to his burrow on the hillside. There he laughed till his sides fairly ached.



THE SLOVENE HOME, SHARON, PA.

Drawn by Edward O'Korn, age 17, Sharon, Pa., Lodge 262.

LUKEC IN NJEGOV ŠKOREC

Povest za mladino

France Bevk

(Nadaljevanje)

Lukcu je bilo lahko pri srcu. Skrivnost, ki jo je nosil v sebi več dni, se je sama od sebe razodela. Ozrl se je. Zagledal je dolgina, ki ga je prebadal z ostrimi očmi. Ali naj pove tudi o njem? Bal se je.

Pristopil je mornar in ga povabil s seboj: "Kapitan te čaka v pisarni."

Kapitan? Lukec se je ozrl po škorcju, nato po materi.

"Boš videl, da nekaj ne bo prav," je vzdihnila Marjeta.

Lukca je spremljal Slokar. Kapitan ju je prijazno sprejel. Lukca je meril od nog do glave. Deček je bil v zadregi; ni vedel, kam bi pogledal.

"Ti si torej odkril slepega potnika?*" je vprašal kapitan.

"Ne jaz, ampak Klepec," je povedal Lukec po pravici.

"Torej Klepec," se je smejal kapitan. "Ti si pa njegov gospodar."

Lukec se je opogumil in povedal, kaj je videl v Marseju. Le o dolginu je iz bojazni zamolčal. Poslušali so ga in se čude spogledali.

"Pa zakaj nisi tega prej povedal?"

Deček je povesil pogled. Skomizgnil je z rameni.

"Slepi potnik je Portugalec," je pojasnil kapitan. "Poleg vsega je zločinec, že dvakrat izgnan iz Amerike . . ." Vzel je iz listnice velik bankovec in ga položil pred Lukca. "To je zate."

Lukcu je plesalo pred očmi. Bankovca se kar ni upal dotakniti.

"No, le vzemi," mu je silil kapitan. "Škorca ne moremo nagraditi. Po kosilu si ga bom ogledal . . ."

"Vidiš," je dejal Slokar Lukcu, ko sta stopila iz pisarne. "Tvoj škorec je vreden zlata."

Lukec je mislil na mater.

18.

Med tem so bili potniki že dobili kosilo. Marjeta je sedela pred štirimi krožniki in

* Slepoga potnika imenujejo potnika, ki se vtihotapi na parnik.

preplašena pogledala Lukca, ki se je vrnil.

Ta je sijočega obraza položil bankovec pred njo in dejal: "To je zaslužil Klepec."

Mati je strmela. Ne, tedaj pa res ni več našla besede graje za škorca.

Po kosilu je hotel Lukec pokazati bankovec tudi škorcju. "Da ti ga ne raztrže," mu je dejala mati.

Škorca ni bilo nikjer. Lukec je obhodil ves krov: "Klepec! Klepec!" Nič. Šel je tudi v spalnico. O škorcju ni bilo ne duha ne sluha. Vpraševal je potnike, če so ga videli. Vsakdo je povedal, kdaj ga je videl zadnjič. Pred kosilom, a po kosilu nič več.

Lukec je bil ko izgubljen. Navdala ga je grenka misel: "Vzeli so mi ga." Kdo?

Ozrl se je po Brontolonu. Njega je tudi dolžil, da je bil škorcju zaval. Sedel je na solncu in se škodoželjno smehljajal.

Deček je stopil naravnost do njega.

"Vi ste mi vzeli škorca."

"Kaaaj?" je vprašal Brontolon zateglo. "Maram za tvojega škorca!"

Lukca je prevzel izreden srd in pogum. Šlo je za njegovega Klepca. Še kapitan se je zanimal zanj.

"Da, da! Vi ste mi ga vzeli!"

Brontolon se je dvignil in udaril Lukca s šako.

"Da boš vedel govoriti."

Lukec se je opotekel . . . Izseljenci so poskočili. Imeli so Lukca radi. Niso pustili, da bi ga kdo tepel. Nastalo je prerekanje. Lukec se je grabil za rdeča lica, branil se je solz. Vse je šumelo okrog njega . . .

Prišel je kapitan. Hotel si je ogledati škorca, napraviti dečku veselje. Izvedel je, kaj se je zgodilo.

Pomislil je. Nato je pomignil Lukcu.

"Pojdi z menoj! Če le ni mrtev, ga bomo že našli . . ."

Lukec je sledil kapitanu. Noge so se mu opotekale. Vendar ga je navdajalo trdno upanje.

Kapitan ga je vodil po vseh prostorih. Pogledala sta v vse shrambe, preiskala vse kote. Mornarji so jima pomagali.

"Klepec! Klepec!"

Vse zaman. Že sta se hotela vrniti, ko sta zaslišala izza nekkih vrat:

"Potep! Potep!"

Lukcu je zaigralo srce. Od radosti je vzkriknil. Kapitan je odprl vrata. Iz teme je poskočil škorec. Spoznal je Lukca.

"Dobro jutro!" Sedel mu je na ramo. Iz razposajenega veselja ga je vlekel za uho in za lase. "Luka! Luka!"

"To je torej tvoj škorec?" se je kapitan dobrovoljno smehljajal. "Kdo ti ga je le skrtil? Še dobro, da mu ni zavil vratu . . ."

Lukec je prišel na krov. Stopil je mimo dolgina. Škorec se je nenadoma vznemiril in se zagnal s kljunom proti tujcu.

"Potep! Bedak!"

Deček je postal. Dolgo in ostro je pogledal dolgina v oči. Zdaj je vedel, kdo mu je skrtil škorca. Za čudo, da mu ga ni zadavil. Ali ga je hotel obdržati on? Brontolona je bil obdolžil po krivem . . .

19.

Parnik se je znova približal bregu. Portugalska. Lisabona . . . Velike palače, palmovi gaji in drevoredi.

Lukca ni zanimalo mesto. Videl je, kako je stopilo nekaj portugalskih orožnikov na krov. Odpeljali so sivca. Na bregu se je ozrl po parniku. Z dolginom sta si dajala skrivna znamenja.

Želja, da bi se izkrcal tudi dolgin, se ni izpolnila. Lukcu je bilo žal, da ni kapitanu vsega povedal. Ta človek je ležal ko teža na njem.

Prihajali so novi izseljenci. Bili so zagoreli, s črnimi brki in lasmi . . . Vstopila je tudi neka Španjolka. Vse je bilo črno na nji, še polt. Nosila je velike uhane, a čez ramo ruto z rdečimi rožami.

Eden izmed novih potnikov jo je menda poznal. Bil je to debeluh z rdečimi lici. Zaklical je:

"Senjorita!" (Gospodična.)

Španjolka se je obrnila do znanca, tedaj je zaslišala za seboj:

"Senjorita!"

Ozrla se je. Ob ograji sta slonela Marjeta in Lukec. Na tleh je stal škorec.

"Senjorita!"

Da, črni ptič jo je klical. Senjorita se je zasmejala. Spregovorila je v tujem jeziku. Počenila je in hotela pobožati škorca. Ta se je umikal, slednjič jo je piknil v roko.

"Aj!" je vzkliknila in si ogledovala dlan. Klepec ji je bil odnesel nekaj kože. Lukec je pobral škorca, ki je kričal od objesti.

"Kakšna zverina pa je to?" je vprašala senjorita španski.

"Ne razumem," je dejal Lukec italijanski. Španjolka je lomila za silo tudi laško.

"Italijan si?"

"Ne. Slovenec," je rekel Lukec ponosno.

"A?" se je zavzela senjorita. Oklenila se je k debeluhu: "Slovan je."

Lukca je z zanimanjem opazovala. Morda ni videla še nobenega Slovana tako od blizu.

Marjeta je otožno gledala na breg Evrope, ki se je oddaljeval bolj in bolj. Ali ga bo še kdaj videla?

20.

Odkar se je bil parnik poslovil od evropskega obrežja, je postalo na krovu nekam žalostno in tiho. Vseokrog sama voda, ki se je spreminjala v vseh barvah. Daleč na obzorju se je kadil parnik. Izginil je v meglici. Morje ni bilo več tako mirno kot prve dni. Valovi so bili zdaj večji zdaj manjši. Parnik je zibalo.

Mati je bila nenadoma pobledela in se odstranila. Ko se je vrnila, je bila bleda kakor stena.

"Kaj vam je?" se je prestrašil Lukec.

"Slabo mi je bilo," je odgovorila.

Nebo se je prepreglo z oblaki. Znova se je zjasnilo. Solnce je pripekalo vsak dan bolj. Bilo je zadušno. Nekateri potniki so molče sedeli in gledali predse. Bili so sredi oceana, bližali so se novi zemlji. Ali jih je mučilo domotožje? Ali jih je skrbelo bodočnost? Nekateri so spali v senci platna. Drugi so govorili. Španjolka se je šalila in smejala.

Nastopil je dan, ko je bilo morje neizmerno tiho. Nebo je bilo jasno. Vročina je pritisкала. Ljudje so postali tihi. Čudno poparjeni so se vlačili okrog. Še škorec je bil nemiren. Nekaj časa se je jezil, pikal je Lukca v roko. Nato je postal klavern. Stisnil se je v senco in odpiral kljun.

Mati je pogledala Lukca s čudnim, zmešanim pogledom.

"Vode!" je vzdihnila.

Lukec ji je prinesel vode. Popila jo je tri požirke. Bilo ji je bolje, nasmehnila se je. Dečka je čudna skrb stisnila za srce.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

Birthdays of the Great Men

By Louis Beniger

Samuel Johnson

Samuel Johnson, English writer and lexicographer, was born on September 18, 1709, at Lichfield, England, the son of a bookseller. Although sickly from infancy, young Samuel was recognized as a brilliant student in all the schools which he attended. He studied Greek and Latin and at the age of fourteen was sent to Oxford for a time, but his father's failure in business obliged him to leave the university. After vainly trying to win his bread as a teacher, he tramped to London.

The social conditions in Johnson's time were such that writers were obliged to rely entirely upon the public, and the reading public was of slow growth. For it was at this time that literature in England ceased to be used as a political weapon in party strife. Thus Johnson and his contemporaries were compelled to live in a squalid Bohemia and to put forth a mass of bad poetry, criticism, and journalism merely for bread. The name of the street where many of them lived, Grub Street, became a synonym for hack writing and poverty.

In London young Johnson lived in a state of wretchedness which is reflected in his "Life of Savage," portraying a poet who was his companion in Grub Street misery. Often the friends walked the streets from dusk to dawn for want of shelter. One resource, however, was open to them: a periodical of miscellaneous literature, for which Johnson wrote reports of the debates in Parliament. His first poem called "London," gave him some reputation, which was increased by "The Vanity of Human Wishes."

Johnson also wrote essays, but his pre-eminent position came to him after the publication of his "Dictionary of the English Language," which took him seven years to complete.

The "Dictionary" made Johnson's fame and position secure. In 1764 he formed with other of his contemporaries, the famous Literary Club, in which he held the unquestioned leadership of contemporary lit-

erature in England. Still, Johnson was poor, and to the end of his life he was forced to work to support himself and the various persons who fell dependent upon him. When his mother died, he wrote his oriental discourse, "Rasselas," in a week to pay for the funeral. He also edited Shakespeare, and undertook the preparation of a series of "Lives of the English Poets," which was completed in 1781.

Johnson's style of writing was varied. In his poetry he used the heroic couplet; his essays show those peculiarities which have made his style a by-word for heaviness. He used a large proportion of Latin words, but his elaborate manner is not always out of place. Moreover, he could be simple and colloquial when he chose.

Samuel Johnson had in him a force of character far greater than he succeeded in bringing to bear on any of his literary undertakings. This force of character strongly impressed his contemporaries through his powers of conversation. This has been transmitted to later times by the extraordinary zeal and ability of the greatest of all biographers—James Boswell, whose "Life of Johnson" is one of the classics of the eighteenth century.

From his first meeting with Johnson, in 1763, Boswell followed the great man's doings and sayings with unwearied attention. For twenty years he worked with his eye constantly upon his subject, and was then prepared to write the biography which still keeps Johnson in his place as the most striking figure of his time.

Johnson suffered grievously in life. What with poverty, ill-health, and the necessity of toil, which to his spirit meant torture, it is no wonder that he came to believe that the world is almost barren of joy. Yet he faced life with energy and courage. His refusal to yield ground anywhere to the evils without or the foes within, and his determination to learn from his own mistakes, in all this Johnson deserves his fame.

Samuel Johnson died on December 13, at the age of 76, and was buried at Westminster Abbey in London.

GRAJSKI VRABEC

Dolga pesem o njegovih prigodah

Davorin Ravljen

(Nadaljevanje.)

Bila je jasna, krasna kresna noč . . .
Na nebu zvezde svetle ko svetinje,
nekje je utihnil ženski glas pojoč,
po stezah so zamirale stopinje . . .
En sam je bil, ki ni se v noč zasanjal,
da, Mukec v breze je svoj zbor naganjal.

Od Barja sem, izza Gradašnice,
od Rožnika, iz mesta (kjer je Zvezda),
siničke, ščinklje, kosi, taščice,
so drli vkup, praznila so se gnezda.
Vesoljni zbor je bil naposled zbran,
to noč se je razgibal Tičistan! . . .

Še zajček brž iz gozda, tam na jasi
pogledal je in že kozolček stal.
Ko živi grozdi, kakor polni klasi
so veje se vpogibale do tal.
Medice polni korci so cvetice,
in lampijončkov živi ples kresnice . . .

Vsi zbrani? Vsi! Na vejo mora Miha.
"Čiv-čiv", o jojme, to je fanta sram!
"Čiv-čiv", začinja, piha, čivka, kiha.
"Čiv-čiv" zapoje Miha čisto sam.
V zadregah Tičistanu čivka hvalo—
o, to se mu sijajno je podalo.

Umolkne.—Mukec palčico je dvignil:
"Preteta jata! Zdaj posluš in mir!"
Namah je pestri ptičji zbor utihnil,
ubrana pesem plala je v večer:
"Ljubljana—ljuba—luna—nina—nana,
le kaj bi bila ti brez Tičistana!"

Med bele breze je pogledal mesec,
po rosi se zablskal je odsev,
ob trepetanju listov in peresec
prekra no se glasil je zborni spev.
Še žabec v grapi, stari Urh bahati,
pomagal z basom vrlo je regljati.

Le kaj bi pravil, bilo je veselo,
da še na svatbah ni povsod tako;
je ptičje kresovanje v noč šumelo,
je zarja blizu, daleč še slovo.
Namah—grozoten krik in strah,
zavladal je poplah, krvav poplah. . .

Je mar iz lovske puške prasnili strel?
Je mar pod jasnim nebom švignil blisk?
Ne. Tudi Miho je poplah pogrel,
a vedel ni, zakaj nemir in vrisk
in divji beg po parku, po aleji.
Ostal je sam na tanki, tanki veji.

Se ziblje Miha,—ni se prav zavedal,
ni vedel kam. Ostal je kar tako.
Naenkrat tam ob deblu je zagledal
neznano zver, prežečo kaj svetlo. . .
O, te oči, kako so vanj zijale!
Da mu je vid jemalo, so sijale.

Mežika vrabček, vzdihne čustvujoče:
"Joj, joj! Svetujem: le nikar do mene!
Bogve, na trda tla lahko zropoče,
kdor lahkomiselnost se sem zažene!"
Pošast pa hrče, prede: "Br, brrrrjav!"
Potem zagode: "Vravec! Ravno prav!"

Požene se v grozoten divji skok—
ko da je zlodej, švigne sinji plamen.
Začul se je šelest in glasen pok,
ojoj, telebnil maček je na kamen. . .
ujel se na noge, mijavkal milo. . .
kaj takega se mu še ni zgodilo.

A Miha? Kje je Miha? Ih, odskočil
je s tanke veje na drevo sosedno.
Od smeha je porednež solze točil,
grdo je zmerjal muca in poredno:
"Čiv-čiv, zdaj ti je prav—razbojnik črni,
če moreš, brž se na drevo mi vrni!"

Pri tem pa le priznajmo: tudi vrabcu
od groze drobni srček je utripal.
Med veje skrit, podoben tihotapcu,
previdno je med listjem dalje tupal.
Skrlatni žar je nad gorami vzhajal,
noč je gubila moč, že dan je vstajal.

Nič ne pomaga, treba je odtod,
za vse ni svet povsod enako ustvarjen;
kjer ti si hlapec, drugi je gospod,
drugod bo tebi sreče kos podarjen. . .
Dejal je Miha: "Tu ostal bi rad,
a vendar rajši vrnem se na Grad."

Razpel je drobne, sive perotnice.
"Hladno je zjutraj, to me bo ogrelo!"
Zdaj brez vodnice lastovice Mice
zajadral nad Ljubljano je veselo.
Bodril se je: "O, to so mi uspehi!"
Pristal je spet na ljubi grajski strehi.
(Dalje prihodnjič.)

JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg

SUSIE GOES TO SCHOOL

Such excitement in the house today
Why, Susie slept hardly at all;
For she must get ready to go to school
And put away her toys and ball.

Susie is wearing her bright new dress
Her hair ribbons are placed just so.
As hurriedly down the stairs she trips
How excited she is, how eager to go.

This is her very first day of school
A day she will long remember—
The excitement, the sunshine, the ribbons and dress
The World left behind that day in September.

MATH DILLY

You will have to guess Mrs. Jones' age before you will be able to find out how old her five children are. Here's the clue:

Last year she was 7 times as old as Mary and 5 times as old as Sue. This year she is 4 times as old as David, 3 times as old as Marion, and 9 times as old as Joe.

SOME SNPJ RIDDLES

- Here is a scrambled word. If you unscramble it, the name of an organization for Junior members you will find.
Ileenjuv lesirce
- The Slovene National Benefit Society is an organization for Men, Women and Children. (True or False)
- The name of the official organ is "Prosveta" meaning "Voice of the Members". (True or False)
- S.N.P.J. is made up only of Slovene lodges. (True or False)
- It's fun belonging to a Juvenile Circle because you meet other SNPJs and participate in picnics, programs and sports. (True or False)

KWIZZER

As Maria dressed for school one morning, she put on her underclothes, her skirt and blouse, her hat and coat and socks. She forgot an important item—what was it?

SERVICE QUIZ

- A Yeoman in the Navy is a: 1) Mechanic; 2) Clerk; 3) Radio Operator; 4) Cook.
- The American Red Cross flag is the reverse of which country's flag: 1) Belgium; 2) England; 3) Swiss; 4) Greece.
- What is the Navy's equivalent for the Army's M. P. (Military Police)

- The letters WAC stand for what important woman's organization?
- Why is there no Company "J" in the U.S. Army?

SCHOOL DAZE

You will immediately know if these are True or False:

- Simple Simon met a fireman.
- Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet.
- The Queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey.
- The cat ran up the clock.
- Baa, baa, purple sheep, have you any mittens?

OUR COUNTRY

Blue skies above, sunlight streaming through
Waves dashed white on a rocky shore;
Tall trees reaching high, freedom's light shining bright
This wonderful country of ours, we're fighting for.

BRAIN TEASERS

- Place 3 different letters, one at a time, before the letters "orow" to spell three words.
- What president is responsible for our Bill of Rights?
- Melbourne, Australia, is at the head of what port?
- The animal noted for its cunning is a) bear; b) tiger; c) fox.
- If you were admiring a trillium, you'd most likely be in: a) restaurant; b) movie; c) beach; d) woods.

ANOTHER SUCH PUZZLE

If you place the proper letter in each line of the following the first letters of every word will spell a school month.

ing imple ongs
at very atable
at its eanuts
ime oils irelessly
nter very levator
other ade uffins
etty ecame ashful
dna dited verything
emember ules egularly

VICTORY RHYMES

Upon each other we depend
For services we all must lend.

The farmer works from morn till nite
Doing his share to win this fight.

(Answers to Puzzles on inside back cover page.)

BILLIE SALUTES

Emerine S. Rees

Standing in the front row in Miss Allen's room, Billie Brown, chubby and freckled, chorused with the rest of the pupils:

"I pledge 'legiance to the flag . . ." his shrill voice soaring above the others,

"Of the United States of Amurica, and to the public for which it stands."

"REpublic," corrected Freddy Trim, behind him, giving Billie a thump in the back. REpublic, dummy."

Taking no notice, Billie went merrily on: "One nashun divisible," at the top of his voice.

"Shucks, dumbhead, it's INdivisible," corrected Freddy once more, but with an ear-to-ear grin on his face, Billie kept on, sometimes lagging behind the others, sometimes forging on ahead, to the end of the pledge.

After thirty young voices had loudly pledged allegiance to the flag, Miss Allen said, "That was very good, children. Always remember to salute your flag and mine. It's a glorious heritage that belongs to every American girl and boy. Now, Billie Brown, as you are the first in your row you may pass these little flags I have for you all. I'll pin one on your sweater so the children can see where to wear them."

When the flags were distributed Miss Allen took one from her desk; holding it up she asked, "What are these colors?"

"Red, white and blue," the children cried.

"And whose flag is it?"

"Yours and mine," they shouted.

"Any one else?" and Miss Allen nodded her head to Annie Lowinski in the back seat, wildly wriggling her hand.

"All peoples what loves Amurica," beamed Annie.

That evening when Billie went home after watching the Norbrook Football Team, the Tigers, come home from Salesville, where they had won the game, he was greatly excited. Supper was ready, and as he took his seat at the table, he cried, "Daddy, we licked Salesville good and plenty. There's going to be a process all over town tonight, with drums and things, and . . . we beat forty to leven."

"That was fine, William," said his father. "Quite certain about the score?"

"Not edzactly," hesitated Billie, "but most like it."

"Never mind the score, son," said Mrs. Brown. "Eat your supper—fried chicken, potatoes and gravy, just what you like."

"Please, I want the drumstick . . . and Dicky Trigg's going to carry the flag at the top of the process."

"All right, William; you eat your supper," advised Mr. Brown, as the happy but tired little boy began on the drumstick. Soon his eyelids began to droop, till at last, though trying bravely to keep awake, his curly head fell on his plate.

"William, you'd better trot off to bed now," said his father, "you're getting mixed up with your potatoes and gravy and they ain't set well on your curly head. You're all tired out."

Slowly Billie lifted his head from his plate and murmured:

"I ain't a bit sleepy . . . I pledge 'legiance . . ." then it dropped again, and Mr. Brown said to his wife: "Claire, you better wake that boy and get him to bed before he mops up his plate."

"Are you too sleepy, Billie boy, to wash yourself?" asked his mother, when she had taken him to his room, helped him into his pajamas, and at his request, pinned the little flag Miss Allen had given him on his breast. Then he leaned on his mother's knee, and murmured:

"Now . . . I . . . lay . . . me . . .," the curly head dropped, "legi-a-n-c-e t-o . . ." and he was fast asleep.

Soon after Mrs. Brown had gone back to the supper table the sound of booming drums and shrilling fifes were heard coming up the street playing The Star Spangled Banner. As they reached the Brown's house Billie awakened with a start. Jumping out of bed, he cried, "That's my Flag song!, My Flag Song!" Rushing to the window, he overturned two chairs as he went.

There before Billie's sleepy eyes was a sight to behold—the winning Tigers who had beaten the Salesville Bearcats, strongest team in the country. Heading the procession was Dicky Briggs, proudly holding aloft red, white and blue Old Glory. Then Billie re-

(Continued on page 30)

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD

By R. McMillan

(Continued.)

The men were ignorant, and said they were the footprints of the devil, and they were sore afraid. Nobody had ever seen such footprints, but the scientific men were greatly interested in them. All scientific men of the world were aflame with excitement, and the quarry was haunted by clever men who wanted to see if there were any more footprints. And there were! They found the big ones, larger than human hands, and they found the little ones, which were the front paws of the beast, and then they found the mark of the tail in the sandstone rock on the same level. As near as I remember now, it was an English biologist who named it a cheirotherium—from two Greek words signifying a beast with a hand. Afterwards they found a tooth in a German quarry, and the biologist who examined the tooth explained what sort of a beast the tooth belonged to. He said it was an animal like a frog, but nearly the size of a cow, and he called it, from the labyrinthine marking of a tooth, a labyrinthodont.

When I found the footprints of that ancient beast I was delighted, and had the big stone blocks mounted in oak frames, and they were finally presented to a great museum, where they abide even unto this day. I tell you this so that you may understand that I am not dealing entirely with things that I have read out of a book. I have seen many things with my own eyes, and have spent whole days and weeks digging and delving in the stone books among the unfailing records of the early life of our dear old earth.

During the Carboniferous Ages these immense animals, born in the water, took to creeping out on the land, and gradually developed lungs, so as to be able to live on land entirely. So arose a form of land life. But you see that life developed first in the water, and that accounts for human beings containing such a large amount of water in their make-up. It will also account for their salt tears, and the large proportion of salt in their composition, for life began in salt water. How wonderful it all seems, does it not?

Through the long ages there developed in

the low-lying swamps a vast amount of vegetable life, chiefly ferns. They flourished so amazingly in the steamy, hot, choking atmosphere that all the world seems to have been covered with mighty ferns. They are now diamond and graphite (lead pencil) and coal and oil, and many other wonderful things we use today. Carbon and oxygen are the chief components of the earth, and in the Carboniferous Age they were stored up to form—along with the ferns—what we call "coal" today. The curious thing about it is the number of coal seams existing today, which show the enormous number of epochs or eras, or times of deposition. Let me quote Samuel Laing in his **Modern Science and Modern Thought**:—

"The best idea of the enormous intervals of time required for geological changes, will be derived from the coal measures. These consist of part only of one geological formation known as the Carboniferous. They are made up of sheets, or seams, of condensed vegetable matter, varying in thickness from less than an inch to as much as thirty feet, and lying one above another, separated by beds of rock of various composition. As a rule, every seam of coal rests upon a bed of clay, known as the 'under-clay,' and is covered by a bed of sandstone or shale. These alternations of clay, coal, and rock are often repeated a great many times, and in some sections in South Wales and Nova Scotia there are as many as eighty or one hundred seams of coal, each with its own under-clay below, and sandstone or shale above. Some of the coal seams are as much as thirty feet thick, and the total thickness of the coal measures is, in some cases, as much as 14,000 feet."

That means that every "under-clay" was once a surface soil, and every foot of coal represents at least fifty generations of ferns—sigillaria—and that means that these seams of coal each represent a long period of time:—

"Starting on the foregoing assumption that one foot of coal represents fifty generations of coal plants, and that each generation of coal plants took ten years to come to maturity, an assumption which is certainly very

moderate; and taking the actually measured thickness of the coal measures in some localities at 12,000 feet, Professor Huxley calculates that the time represented by the coal formation alone would be six millions of years. Such a figure is, of course, only a rough approximation, but it is sufficient to show that, when we come to deal with the geological time, the standard by which we must measure is one of which the unit is a million of years."

You see, then, great scientific people all assume that the law never alters; that birth, growth, and decay were always the same; that cause and effect were always bound together, and that the uniformity of law is beyond all question. I believe that, and you may also, if your mind allows you; but I can only give you the facts on which to base your judgment.

Let me show you one of the beautiful forms which began in the Carboniferous Age and developed into wondrously ornamental forms and tremendous sizes in later ages. I mean the ammonite. I have seen tiny ones, as small as waistcoat buttons, and I have seen giant ones as big as a cart wheel; but they have all disappeared from off the face of the earth as living forms. We find only their fossils in the stone books today!

CHAPTER XVIII

Birds and Beasts

Do you know why cats with blue eyes are always deaf? I do not, and I never met anybody who did; but I suppose there is a reason for it! Do you know why there are no tortoise-shell tom-cats? All tortoise-shell cats are females. I wonder why that is?

When you gain knowledge of the facts of life, you can ask more difficult questions than even a child can. The more you learn, the more you find you do not know, so that there is no fear of ever getting puffed up by the amount of your knowledge. Geology is the most wonderful of all the sciences for the revelations it brings to ignorant people. I was very, very ignorant of the facts of existence when I began to study it, and each day seemed to bring a new revelation; and the revelation of a rain-drop was one of the most marvellous to me.

The first time I saw a slab of stone with a lot of little round pits on it I could not understand it, till the professor told me they were "ancient rain-drops." You could tell which way the wind was blowing, in relation to the block of stone, by the mark of the rain-drops! And yet the block of stone came from the depths of a quarry, and had been buried for millions and millions of years. The soft surface which the heavy rain-drops had dented had been covered up for ages, and had turned to solid rock; but now it had been exposed, as one of the pages of the great stone books, to bear witness to the fact that the laws were the same millions of years ago as they are today.

One of the startling rain-pitted blocks I first saw came from the Connecticut Valley in the United States. It bore the imprints of the feet of great birds, with the marks of rain-drops beside them.

It would be very difficult for me to explain to you the effect the sight of this block of stone had on my mind. It seemed to prove that all the geological stories I had heard were true. This block was not made by men to bear witness to their truthfulness, or to confirm their astonishing stories; but it was a record made millions of years ago and only recently uncovered, and never meant in any way to confirm any statement. It was a page from the stone book!

Then I saw, upon a sidewalk, a flagstone that was rippled, just as I had seen the sand rippled by the wind or waves. I wondered how the flagstone became rippled, and when my teacher told me that it was simply a "ripple mark" from an ancient sea-beach, made by the wind and the tide millions of years ago, I was amazed. How strange that a mark of that sort should have endured through all the ages, when all the mighty works of early man were obliterated. The temples and tombs and palaces and mighty works of great races had been obliterated by the gnawing teeth of time; but here were these simple ripple marks, and the footprints of birds and the pitting of rain-drops, left to bear witness to the uniformity of law. It was wonderful, wonderful beyond all telling to poor ignorant me, and I walked as one in a dream.

(To be continued next issue)

LET'S PLAY GAMES

Submitted by Marge Jeric

Panjandrum

A small space is marked off at one end of the ground as a "home" or "goal." One player is chosen to be "Panjandrum," an important person who needs a bodyguard. Two other players are chosen to be guards. The game starts with these three players in the "home" ground and the balance of the players at large. The three go forth with the two players, who act as guards, clasping each other by the hand and preceding the "Panjandrum." The object of the game is for the player at large to touch the "Panjandrum" without being tagged by the guards. Whenever a guard succeeds in tagging a player, the "Panjandrum" and his guards return at once to the "home." Thereupon the player tagged changes places with the "Panjandrum" and the game continues as before.

Apple Race

Four contestants form each group. Draw two lines ten feet apart. Half the players from each group line up on opposite sides making four parallel lines with teammates facing each other. Give all contestants a toothpick and place an apple before the first runner of each team. The toothpick must be held in the mouth and the apple pushed to the teammate on the opposite side who returns it to the other side, Number Two having stepped up to the front of the line. Number Two returns it to original position. If the toothpick breaks the runner must start over. The winners may receive a box of marshmallows.

Feather Volley Ball

Two downy feathers and a piece of heavy cord are necessary. The cord is stretched between two trees. The crowd is divided into two sides. Each side is given possession of a feather. At the signal to start, each side tries to blow its feather over the cord into its opponent's territory. Play is fast and furious with two feathers in the air and each side trying to prevent a feather from dropping in its territory. No player must touch the feather with any part of his person, else it is counted down. When a feather falls to the ground or touches a person or object, it is down and a point is scored by the opposition. A player must stay on his own side of the net. Players may relay the feather from one to the other as often as they desire, even on the serve. The idea is to keep it up in the air. Twenty-one points win the game.

Clap In—Clap Out

Opposing teams line up at two ends of a playing space, being from thirty to fifty feet apart. One team sends a runner to the opposing side. The players on this side stand with both feet back of their line with one hand outstretched, palm up. The runner walks along this line. He taps each hand, in turn, until he decides which player he wants to chase him. He slaps this person's hand hard. Immediately he runs for his own line. If he gets there before the chaser can tag him, he's safe. If not, he joins the other side. A runner

may feign at hitting a hand hard, and then hit it gently to throw his opponents off guard.

Straddle Ball

Players stand in a circle, feet in straddle position and touching the feet of the players on either side. "It" stands in the center with a basketball or volleyball. He tries to roll the ball out of the circle between the legs of some player. The player tries to stop the ball with his hands. If successful, he rolls the ball back to the center player. If "It" does roll the ball through some player's legs, that player takes his place. "It" may feint (feign) at throwing in one direction and throw in another. Much depends upon his speed and his surprise moves.

Wibbly-Wobbly

Each player stands in a circle with the toe of his right foot against a softball on the ground. The leader starts the game by calling, "Wibbly-Wobbly—Joe! Pop!" The player named Joe gets possession of the ball. All of the other players scatter in different directions. As soon as the player whose name was called gets the ball, he calls "Stop!" The players all stop wherever they happen to be. Joe, or whoever is "It" then tries to hit some player with the ball, throwing from home base. A player may move his body to avoid the ball, provided he does not move his feet. When "It" succeeds in hitting some player, they all return to home base. The game starts again with the player who was "It" acting as the caller this time. If he misses he is charged with one "punk." Three "punks" put a player out, and he has to crawl through the "greasy barrel." The other players stand single file with feet spread far apart. The loser must crawl through their straddled legs while they paddle him with their hands. It would be well to limit the playing area.

Loose Caboose

Groups of three to six players. Each player in a group lines up behind one player who is the "engine," holding one another around the waist or arms. One or more extra players are left out of formation. These are the "loose cabooses." They try to catch on to the end of various "trains." When a "caboose" is successful, the "engine" of that group becomes the "loose caboose."

Clothespin Race

Have each side line up, single file. Give the first person in each line a double handful of clothespins. These are to be passed overhead, one at a time, till they reach the last person in line. This player then runs to the head of the line and starts the pins backward again. This continues until the original head player is back at that position. The side which completes the round first is declared the winner. Variation: Clothespins may be passed over the head of one player and through the legs of the next player and so on down the line.

OUR SCHOOL

JANE ADDAMS

Jane Addams, the great American sociologist and humanitarian, was born on September 6, 1860, at Cedarville, Illinois. After graduating at Rockford (Illinois) Women Seminary (now Rockford College) in 1881, she spent several years in the study of economic and sociological questions in Europe and America.

In 1889, with Ellen Gates Starr, Jane Addams established in Chicago the social settlement known as Hull House, of which she became the headworker. The success of this settlement, which became a great factor for good in the city, was principally due to Jane Addams' rare executive skill and practical common-sense methods. Her personal participation in the life of the community was exemplified in her acceptance of the office of inspector of streets and alleys under the municipal government.

Jane Addams became widely known as a lecturer and writer on social problems and published "Democracy and Social Ethics" in 1902, "Newer Ideals of Peace" in 1907, and "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets" in 1909.

In 1915, Jane Addams was chairman of the International Congress of Women held at The Hague.

A permanent organization was then established, called the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, of which Jane Addams became president.

Her later books include "Twenty Years at Hull House," published in 1910; "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil," published in 1912; "The Long Road of Women's Memory," published in 1916; and "Peace and Bread in Time of War," published in 1922.

From the first Jane Addams was possessed with huge desire to do something for humanity—something to help and uplift mankind. With this purpose she started Hull House in Chicago, a place for earnest girls to go and help the poor. In a few years, Hull House developed into a large institution of four buildings, including reading rooms, art rooms, showers, social rooms and every other rooms she thought necessary.

Jane Addams' work gradually impressed America. She was elected to the school board of Chicago; she was made president of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, the first woman president of that body. Not only this, but Yale University, one of the most conservative of our colleges, has broken all its precedents to confer upon her the degree of Master of Arts.

All this was accomplished by a woman who used her womanliness to win the people of Chicago over to an intelligent and radical reform.

Today Jane Addams' name stands out as one of the best known names in our history.

Jane Addams died on May 21, 1935, in Chicago.

ZITA BOZANIC, 16, lodge 393,
R.F.D. 3, Worcester, N. Y.

DANIEL BOONE

Daniel Boone, American backwoodsman and pioneer, was born near the present city of Reading, Pennsylvania, on November 2, 1734. As a boy he loved the woods. Daniel worked on his father's farm, and spent much of his time hunting and trapping.

When Boone was 19, he served as wagoner and blacksmith in Braddock's disastrous expedition against the Indians. At 20 he visited Florida and two years later he first visited the Kentucky region. In 1775 he led to Kentucky the party of settlers who founded Boonesborough, long an important settlement.

In 1760, while he was crossing the mountains in Tennessee on a hunting expedition, he killed a bear, and on the tree he wrote: "Daniel Boone killed a bear here in 1760."

In 1778 he and his party were captured by a band of Shawnee Indians and he was adopted into their tribe, was taken to Detroit, and on the return from Detroit he escaped and returned to Boonesborough, just in time to give warning of a formidable attack by his captors. In repelling this attack he bore a conspicuous part. He also took part in the Battle of Blue Licks as well as in many others.

For a time Daniel Boone represented the settlers in the Virginia legislature (Kentucky then being a part of Virginia), and he also served as deputy surveyor, sheriff and county lieutenant of Fayette county, one of the three counties into which Kentucky was then divided. Having lost all his land through his carelessness in regard to titles, he moved in 1788 to Point Pleasant, Virginia, now West Virginia, and in 1799 he moved to a place in what is now Missouri, about 45 miles west of St. Louis, in territory then owned by Spain. He received a grant of 800 acres of land. After the



Drawn by Violet Machek, age 16, MacDonald, Pa.,
Lodge 231.



Drawn by Zita Bozanic, age 16, Worcester, N. Y.

United States gained possession of Louisiana territory in 1803, Boone's title to his land was found to be defective, and he was again dispossessed.

Daniel Boone died on Sept. 22, 1820, and in 1845 his remains were moved to Frankfort, Kentucky, where a monument has been erected to his memory. Boone was a typical American pioneer.

(Source: Encyclopedia)

GEORGIA MOCIVNIK, 12, lodge 24,
Rt. 1, Scarboro, West Virginia.

FELT AS A SUBSTITUTE

Felt is the oldest and perhaps least known of the textile family. It is cushioning the shock of war for hundreds of material-scarce industries. Possessing many characteristics common to no other material it can be soft and downy, hard and wood-like, tough or tender.

Felt is often the ideal substitute for such scarce products as rubber, cork, leather, metal, plastics, and fabrics.

Once it is cut, pressed and skived, felt parts are ready for instant use for warmth, vibration, absorption, wear resistance, liquid resistance, filtration, etc.

Wool felt plays an essential role in mechanisms, from the tiniest precision instruments, such as the hypodermic needle to enormous machines as Flying Fortresses and 80-ton tanks. It can be used as a cushion for gun turret mounts and insulation against vibration in planes, and tanks. It is an important ingredient in gas mask gaskets, aviators' helmets, canteens, ammunition cases, parachute landing pads and insoles for shoes.

Many costly industrial machines are put in protective felt when packed for shipment. Used in dust respirators, fine wool felt provides a filter for prevention of lead poisoning.

It is good for polishing plate glass, lenses, and prisms in microscopes.

Felt is playing a vital part in the field of medicine. It is found in splint pads, head halters and is used in blood transfusion outfits.

Actually, felt is just coming into its own.

Though hundreds of new applications are being discovered daily, no one knows exactly how many new uses there are for it.

In general, there are two distinct classes of felts: woven or threadstructure felts, and fibre or true felts. Wools, hairs, furs, etc., are used in the making of felts.

(Source: Magazine Article)

JOSEPHINE SLANSEK, 16, lodge 559,
4933 W. 24th St., Cicero, Ill.

WHAT THE INFANTRY DOES

Uncle Sam's Army gets up early in the morning. At a quarter to six is reveille. (I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up in the morning.)

The soldiers get up, put on their uniforms, and line up outside. After roll call, they rush into mess hall for a good breakfast. The American soldier is said to be the best fed in the world.

At eight o'clock comes "Fall in for Drill." In drilling the soldiers learn how to get from one place to another quickly and easily at command. After a few days of simple drilling (marching, turning, saluting) without a gun a new soldier receives a rifle.

Uncle Sam's soldiers are good shooters. They are also taught to use hand grenades, anti-tank guns, field guns, mortars, and revolvers. Bayonets are very seldom used because the soldiers depend on gunfire to beat the enemy. But at times hand to hand fighting is necessary.

The infantry trains its men to be Parachute Troops (paratroops). They are taught first by leaping from platforms without parachutes (chutes), then from towers with wire controlled chutes. Later, using their chutes they jump from high towers to get a taste of the wind.

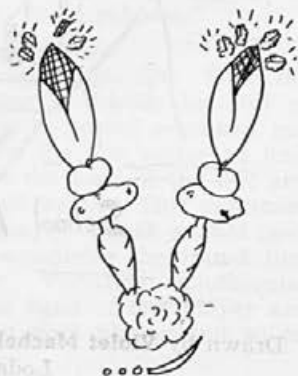
In order to train men and officers for warfare "maneuvers" are frequently held. Soldiers sleep in tents in the fields and kitchens are set up for use.

The word infantry is the collective name of soldiers who march and fight on foot and are armed with hand-weapons. The word is derived from Latin "infans," infant, but it is not clear how the word came to be used to mean soldiers. To us it means foot-soldiers.

It may be said that the original fighting man

VEGETABLES FOR VICTORY

Drawn by Albena Finco, age 12, Roundup, Mont., Circle 28.



was a foot-soldier. Later came cavalry, artillery—and more recently we have highly mechanized armies: jeeps and tanks, trucks and other motor vehicles, ships and planes. But infantry is still a very important part of any army.

(Source: American Army)

DONNA NAGODE, 14, lodge 231,
McDonald, Pennsylvania.

SCHOOL DAYS

Happy school days are here again,
I am very, very glad I did begin;
I am anxious to learn much more,
Especially reading which I do adore.

Learnin' from morn 'til late at nite,
After school there's somethin' to write,
The future's grand if you can learn,
Then you'll get ahead in this world.

MARGARET POLONCIC, 16, lodge 124,
Pleasant Mt., Pennsylvania.

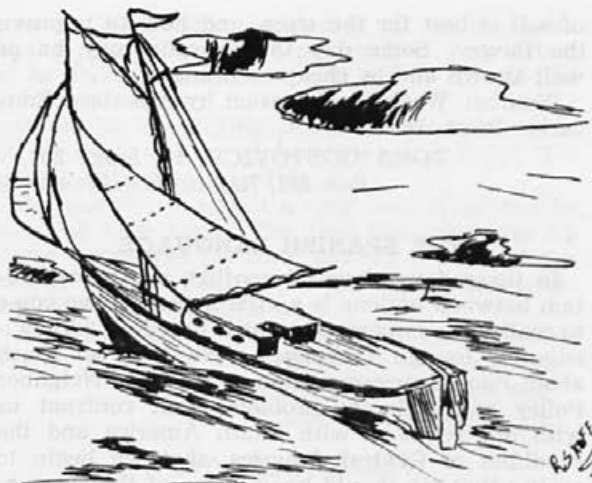
THE MYSTERIES OF THE AVOCADO

At one time or another perhaps you have been to market and have seen crates of shiny green fruit. Possibly you were very much in doubt whether it was fruit even after you saw the sign read "Avocados." If you have wondered about this fruit as I have, perhaps you will find it interesting to read what I have learned.

Avocados, or alligator pears, as they are often called, are one of the few fruits native to the Western Hemisphere. The Indians in Mexico and Central America raised the avocado for food hundreds of years before Columbus came to America.

The tree was first planted in Florida about 1833 and in California about 1856. Although there are more than 30,000 varieties of avocados, only about two dozen kinds are grown for market. Today, there are thousands of acres of avocado growers in California and Florida. Millions of avocados are gathered each season and sent by refrigerator cars to big cities all over the United States.

Avocados have some very unusual habits, and it is only within the last thirty years that fruit-growers have had much success in solving those mysteries. Even today less is known about the growing of avocados than about any other American crop.



Drawn by **Raymond Skoff**, age (?), Cicero, Ill.,
Lodge 559.

Unlike other fruit, the avocado hangs on the tree longer than a year. For instance, if the blossoms appear in April, the fruit will not be ripe until July of the following year. Then only laboratory tests show when the fruit is ripe enough to pick. You cannot tell when an avocado is ripe by its color as you can with most fruits. A sample from each grove is taken to the laboratory where it is tested to see how much oil it has. When the sample fruit yields twelve per cent of oil, the grower knows that the fruit in that grove may be picked.

If you have eaten avocados, you know they are "buttery" both in flavor and texture. They must be handled as carefully as eggs, for they are easily bruised. Pickers cut the stems with special clippers, taking care not to break the skin.

After the fruit is picked, it is taken in boxes to the packing house. There it is cleaned with brushes and cloths and is inspected under bright lights for uniform shapes and freedom from scars. The fruit which passes this test drops into rubber pockets and moves along on an endless chain while the fruit is marked with a brand name.

Next, the fruit is sorted for size. Only one variety of fruit is run through the grading table at a time so that when the fruit reaches the packers, only one kind of fruit is put into a crate.

The crates are well-packed with straw to protect the fruit. After the lids are put on by machinery, the crates are put into an air-conditioned cooler where the temperature is kept at 42 degrees Fahrenheit. Here they stay for a full day before being taken to refrigerator trucks and railroad cars.

Three grades of avocados are packed for our use to be eaten as fruit, in salads, in soups, as a garnish for hot dishes, or even as a sandwich spread. Since they are so rich in oil and protein, a large fruit will serve an entire family.

Fruitgrowers are seeking the answers to the mysteries of the avocado. They want to know why it takes the fruit so long to ripen, what kind



PICKING FLOWERS
Drawn by **Rosemary Panyan**, age 16, Buhl,
Minn., Lodge 314.

of soil is best for the trees, and how to improve the flavor. Some day the avocado may be as well-known and as cheap as oranges.

(Source: Weekly publication by American Education Press, Inc.)

ZORA GOSTOVICH, 15, lodge 297,
Box 531, Raton, New Mexico.

THE SPANISH LANGUAGE

In these days of world conflict, when cooperation between nations is a vital necessity, we come to realize the importance that is based on a knowledge of foreign languages. We hear so much about Pan-Americanism and of the Good Neighbor Policy and different problems that confront us with our relations with South America and the republics of Central America, that we begin to realize that we should know more of these neighbors of ours than we do know.

A thorough knowledge of these countries' histories and their struggles for freedom under the leadership of Simon Bolivar, "the George Washington of South America," and San Martin, and especially a little knowledge of their customs and their language is undoubtedly the best way to promote friendly relations between ourselves and our southern neighbors.

During the last school term I had the opportunity to study Spanish. Our class of 13 members was the first Spanish class of Girard High School. We had a wonderful teacher and under his guid-

ance we organized a Spanish club (El Club Sin Nombre) and we spent much time studying the history, geography, and customs of almost every Latin American republic. We saw many beautiful moving pictures of these countries.

I enjoyed studying Spanish immensely and found that in some respects it is harder than French and in others easier. It is a beautiful language, one full of soft sounds and musical syllables. If one has had a few years of Latin he will find Spanish quite easy.

Some of the Spanish words are easily translated to English, even by a beginner, because they closely resemble the English words. Some examples of those would be aroma (aroma or odor), rosa (rose), desear (to desire), grupo (group), hierba (herb or grass), injusto (unjust), claro (clear), coche (coach), boton (button), etc. This list is innumerable. Some of the words are called "coined words" and have come into the language recently: automobile, telegrama, telefono, etc.

Spanish grammar is not very difficult. Verbs are probably the hardest, as there are so many different tenses.

The translations for first year Spanish are easy. Our book was entitled "Quinto en Espana" and told the adventures of this boy Quinto, his brother Pepe, and his pet dog and donkey, as they traveled through Spain. The hardest part of translating is to have the idioms translated into correct English. Some of them are queer, and few of them can be translated into correct English. That is true of most languages. For instance, the idioms for "to be hungry" and "to be thirsty" are peculiar. The Spanish for "to be thirsty" is "tener sed," which means to have thirst.

I am eagerly awaiting my senior year in which I hope I shall take Spanish II. I shall probably be able to converse quite well after two years of the language. Our class has really learned to appreciate the Spanish language, literature and its contribution to civilization.

I hope that may have encouraged some of you to take Spanish. I'm certain you shall enjoy studying it, and I am also certain that a knowledge of this language will be a benefit to you in the postwar world.

IRENE ROVAN, age (?), Circle 7,
62 Smithsonian St., Girard, Ohio.

VACATION

Just what does vacation mean to you? Does it mean being away from school lessons or does it mean the time for you to enjoy yourself?

To some people, it means, going away to the country to visit relatives and friends, grandparents and aunts and uncles. To others it means work especially this year when everyone is called upon to help in our country's war effort. This year many children spent their vacation on the farms helping with the crops. The thrilling days spent on the farm are something to be remembered to the last day of your life.

Many war workers stayed right on their jobs this summer. Those that were able to take their



Drawn by Violet Machek, age 16, MacDonald, Pa.,
Lodge 231.

A PORTRAIT

Drawn by **Rosemary Panyan**, age 16, Buhl, Minn., Lodge 314.



vacation didn't go far because of transportation difficulties. And so most of them spent their vacation in nearby resorts or at home by visiting various city spots of interest.

To many of us vacation this year meant helping mother with the housework and helping in the Victory garden and canning the harvest. Others were taking care of some of the neighboring children in their spare time, because many mothers and fathers went to work in war industries.

Of course, there are numerous other ways to spend your vacation, swimming, camping in the woods—the smell of beans and bacon frying—most delicious food in the world to some people, sunbathing, chatting with friends, writing letters to the boys in service, etc., etc.

Vacation to me means many things. To me it is the time to relax a bit from the drudge of school lessons, time to enjoy nature, camp a week or two, if possible, visit my friends and relatives, and to spend a few afternoons under the old shady oak tree swinging and chatting with my friends.

School days will soon be back and by the time this is printed school will be in full swing again in most places. But vacation will be back next year again and by then the war'll probably be over. Let's hope so—until then we must all help to defeat our enemies.

HELEN URBAS, 16, lodge 243,
R.F.D. 1, Frostburg, Maryland.

*
WAR BONDS

Buy a war bond today,
To keep Hitler away,
Another day will come,
When Hitler and his men
Will definitely be done.
Then the world will be free
From its long miseries.

DOROTHY POWELL, 12, lodge 575,
710 N. Holmes Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

*
COOKIES

"Cookies, cookies!" called the cookie vendor on the street one bright morning.

A little boy dressed in blue ran up to the vendor and said:

"One cookie, please."

The vendor took the penny out of Bobbie's chubby little hand and Bobbie ran down the path into the park.

Bobbie skipped along the river's edge and as he skipped pieces of cookies kept falling to the

ground. So Bobbie decided to sit on the bank of the river. He didn't get cookies very often, so he thought that he would eat it slowly and have it last longer.

While he was sitting there, he felt a mosquito on his back and as he swung around to hit it—he fell right into the river.

Fortunately, it wasn't a very deep river and he came up very soon. The first thing to come up above water was his hand holding a piece of the soaked cookie. That he ate quickly so that nothing else would happen to it.

Bobbie learned his lesson to never eat his cookie so slow if he wanted much of a cookie to eat.

MYRA BENIGER, 12, lodge 559,
3602 W. 26th St., Chicago 23, Ill.

*
A BIT ABOUT SICILY

Sicily, the scene of recent Allied invasion, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea belonging to Italy. It is separated from the mainland by the Straits of Messina, which at their narrowest part are about two miles in width.

The north coast of Sicily is steep and cliff-bound and is provided with good harbors. The other coast parts are mostly flat. The surface of Sicily lies for the most part more than 500 ft. above sea level.

The climate of Sicily resembles that of the other lands in the extreme south of Europe. Frost occurs in the islands even on the low grounds, though never for more than a few hours. On the coast snow is seldom seen, but it does fall occasionally. Climate conditions prevent cattle raising in Sicily from being as prosperous an undertaking as in central Italy. Sheep and goats are more numerous.

The absence of forests, which cover hardly 3 per cent of the island, constitutes a serious obstacle to the prosperity of pastoral and agrarian undertakings in Sicily.

The most important Sicilian mineral is sulphur. Another Sicilian mineral industry is the production of common salt and rock-salt. The center of the asphalt mining industry is the province of Syracuse.

Sicily obviously takes its name from the Sicels. They are the people who occupy a great part of the island, chiefly east of the river Gela. The Greeks were not the first colonizing people who were drawn to the island. As in Cyprus and the islands of the Aegan, the Phoenicians were before them.

Drawn by **Elaine Yaklevich**, age 13, Girard, O., Lodge (?)



Sicily has been the prize sought for by many great conquerors and military leaders. Some wars that Sicily has been a part of are the Punic, Peloponnesian, and the war today. In the present war it took the Allies a little more than a month to conquer the island, which, by the way, is slightly smaller than the state of Maryland, and has a total population of about four million.

FLORENCE ALICH, 16, lodge 111,
Box 607, Aurora, Minnesota.

MY VACATION AT MILL LAKE

My aunt invited my sister and me to go with them on a vacation to Mill Lake near Gobles, Michigan. The trip was started on July 17. We arrived at our destination at 8:30 p. m. The cottage where we were to stay was in a forest.

The cottage had a screened in porch, a kitchen, living room and bedroom. There was a glider and a small bed on the porch. The cottage was neat and comfortable. We had running water and electricity, which is pretty good for a cottage

in the woods. The cottage was on a hill surrounded by hundreds of trees.

The next day (Sunday) we went down to the lake, through a path in the woods. The lake was very warm and calm. In the evening Harry (a cousin) and I went to a farm to get some milk. We were driving the car on a narrow wet road, and soon we got stuck in the mud. With the help of the occupants in another car we managed to back out.

One morning my sister Doris and I and a little dog named Judy went out for a little walk down the road, when all of a sudden we saw a snake. Doris was so frightened that she dropped the stick of peppermint she had in her mouth. The snake was grayish-black in color and over a yard long. Did we get scared!

The next morning a storm came up. It was raining, lightning and thundering. Judy came up to my bed and then crawled under the bed—she was frightened. I tried to coax her out but I couldn't. She just wouldn't come out and that was all there was to it.

One day we were watching the birds and animals. There were two squirrels chasing each other all over the trees. They were very cunning. The birds were very beautiful, the cardinals so red, the bluebirds so blue and the cute little wrens. I even heard the woodpeckers and owls. The butterflies were colorful and there were hundreds of frogs and turtles.

The reason Mill Lake was called as it is—is because there used to be a mill on the lake. We left for home on Aug. 1st. All in all we had a very nice time.

SYLVIA TROJAR, 12,
lodge 1, 2803 S. Central Pk., Chicago 23, Ill.



THE PRECIOUS LETTER

Drawn by Bill Baltezar,
Butte, Mont.

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



Send all your questions and requests for your Juvenile Circles to Bro. Michael Vrhovnik, Director of the SNPJ Juvenile Dept., 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. He has been elected the Director of Juvenile Circles and your Advisers should keep in touch with him.

Mladinski List Important Force Among Juveniles

By Michael Vrhovnik, Juvenile Director

The Mladinski List has developed into an attractive medium of expression. It has been the "Voice of and for Youth" for many years, offering every juvenile member of the SNPJ an opportunity to expand his knowledge and develop his mind on a higher and broader plane of education.

The ML, as it is known in its abbreviated form, affords every ambitious boy and girl a chance to lead out their innermost thoughts and talents by having them presented in written form and published where others are free to read and comment on them. I'm sure all of us want to see the ML continue its progress and become an even greater force of education among them. One way to attain this goal is for more and more of our juveniles to become regular readers and contributors.

It is no secret that some of our young contributors are in the habit of copying material from other writers. Let's break away from this habit before it becomes too serious. Produce your own work in your own words as nearly as possible. Remember that you can't develop your mind through copy work, for when the day of reckoning comes, especially when you take the test for that particular job you're after, you'll find that copy-

ing and depending on others to help you through were your worst enemies. If you have to copy, as I know you do sometimes, be sure to divulge the source of the material. Don't take credit for that which someone else originated.

What our juveniles have achieved in the literary field is exemplified by the numerous stories, drawings, essays, poems, and columns and columns of news items that have graced the pages of the ML since its beginning. The SNPJ is extremely proud of their accomplishments. We say to our boys and girls, Keep it up. The Mladinski List is yours. Use it and benefit by it. It will be a lasting tribute to you and those before you.

October ML to Honor 30th Anniversary of Juvenile Dep't

Our records show that back in 1912, the fifth regular convention of the SNPJ decided that we should have a separate department for juvenile members. Our Society was among the very first to establish a branch for juveniles. It was not until the following year, however, that children were officially admitted into the SNPJ. The October issue of the ML will commemorate the 30th Anniversary of the Juvenile Department and, particularly for that reason, members are re-

quested to give special attention to the preparation of contributions intended for it. Set a high standard and strive your best to achieve it.

In Unity Is Strength

It has been many years since I read some of Easop's Fables, but the other day I came across a story of his which I thought might help you to better understand the value of unity in fraternalism.

It is amazing how easily old Easop could take the most weighty proposition and resolve it into a simple story that even a child could understand. This one is equally applicable to the family, your Juvenile Circle, the local lodge, a labor union, or any other group organized for the purpose of improving conditions of life. Do read it and try to absorb the moral of the story. It will do you a great deal of good. It goes like this . . .

A man who had a quarrelsome family, after having tried in vain to reconcile them by words, thought he might more readily prevail by an example. So he recalled his sons and bade them lay a bundle of sticks before him. Then having tied them securely into a fagot, he told the boys, one after another, to take it up and break it. They all tried, but tried in vain. Then, untying the fagot, he gave them the sticks to break one by one. This they did with the greatest of ease. Then said the father: "Thus, my sons, as long as you remain united, you are a match for your enemies; but differ and separate, and you are undone."

A Dog's Life

Another story that comes to mind is one I wrote many years ago, the title of which is "A Dog's Life." It is an attempt at comparison with the endless struggle of the masses against the rich few, who go on living in luxury and plenty, more or less unmindful of the struggle for existence going on below—a comparison we should not forget even in the best of times; in fact, that is when we should be on our guard more than ever, so that our rights and privileges are not taken away from us.

As the story goes, it tells of a wealthy, well-dressed man walking along with a basket of food on his arm and a hungry dog following him not far back. The dog comes closer and closer upon the heels of the man and begins to growl and snap. Just as the dog gets ready to bite a piece out of the man's leg, he reaches into the basket and throws the canine a big bone with very little meat on it.

Now, the smart thing for the dog to do, in a case like this, would be to stop just long enough to eat the meat and bury the bone, and then hurry after the man before he disappears from sight. But no, his foresight usually does not reach far enough into the future. Only the present matters. The dog continues to chew and gnaw and lick the bone, over and over again, until it loses all its appeal, and then buries it.

Satisfied for the time being, the dog lies down

to sleep and when he awakens, hungry and cold begins a futile search for the man with the basket, and ends up by digging the old bone out of its hiding place for a more thorough licking. After that he commences another search for the well-dressed man and finally picks up his trail, and once more comes within biting distance. Being a little smarter than the dog, the man senses his danger at the psychological moment and throws him a bigger bone than he did the first time. The dog stopped as usual, completely ignoring the past, while the man goes on his way well-fed and secure.

This story applies to the generations of the past. Will it apply to the future also? That, of course, remains to be seen. The war that is being fought now might change the people enough that they will not easily and for long be fooled. We should always bear in mind that there is plenty in the world for everyone. No one should need feel insecure for want of work, food and care, if the common people and their true leaders unite under a single banner and march forward to the real victory—After the war must come the real victory.

REVIEW OF CIRCLE NO. 22 ACTIVITIES

MIDWAY, PA.—Since there have been very few letters in the Mladinski List concerning Circle No. 22, I shall make a brief report of our activities for the first half of this year.

The first meeting of the year was held on Jan. 29 with the new officers in charge. It was decided to change the attendance awards from 25c to three 10c war stamps. These awards are given at each meeting to one boy and one girl. After the meeting a party was held in honor of Mrs. Janeshek who had resigned as Circle manager. The new managers are Wilma Kosem and Margaret Petach.

The February meeting was held on the 26th. Plans were made for a bingo party which was held on March 13.

At the March meeting tickets for the drawing of a \$25 war bond were distributed to the members.

On April 30, the date of our next meeting, the president announced that the Circle could not hold its annual Mother's Day program. This was a disappointment to all the members because we have been looking forward to the occasion for some time. However, we immediately began making plans for Arbor Day, another annual event of our Circle. Perhaps you don't know what an arbor day is. Well, that is a day our Circle sets aside for "cleaning up" and planting flowers around the SNPJ Hall.

On May 22, a dance was held for all Circle members. Music was furnished by records and everyone had a very nice time.

That brings us up to the month of June in which the members were busy thinking of some way to celebrate our fourth anniversary.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the SNPJ for the war stamps that I have received.

I can assure you that they have been greatly appreciated.

VIOLET MACHEK, Recording Sec'y,
R.D. No. 4, McDonald, Pa.

JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 28

ROUNDUP, MONT.—The Junior Harmonizers, Juvenile Circle No. 28, held their regular monthly meeting on Sunday, June 13, which was the second Sunday of the month. In the absence of President Albina Finco, who was ill, Eddie Hilderman acted as vice president and William Mezna-rich as sergeant-at-arms.

The minutes of the May meeting were approved as read. We have \$24.82 in our treasury. Our scrapbook is being filled out very nicely.

At this meeting it was decided to hold a picnic on July 18, weather permitting. It was held at Klien Springs and started at noon. The food committee consisted of Richard Lekse, Natallie Glotch and Joan Finco, and the game committee of Frank Lekse, Rose Marie Loucas and Charles Maris.

Two members, namely, Marie Mastrovich and Kathleen Hilderman, were appointed to write to the Mladinski List. To Charles Maris went the credit for perfect meeting attendance. It was decided to hold the July meeting at the picnic on the 18th. Kathleen Hilderman was appointed to report at the next adult meeting.

Our regular monthly meetings are still held on the second Sunday of each month. All members are urged to attend the next meeting on September 12.

FRANK LEKSE, Secretary,
Box 465, Roundup, Mont.

WALSENBURG CIRCLE NO. 1

WALSENBURG, COLO.—Our Circle No. 1 has, at present, three former members in the armed forces. They are Joe Strovas, stationed at Ft. Logan, Colo.; John Zorman, stationed in California, and Robert Brgoch, stationed in New Guinea. This is not counting those who are waiting for calls and for physical examinations.

School was out on May 28 for most students, but I am attending summer school. It started on June 14 and will finish on August 6. I go to school three hours a day and will receive one credit for my work. I am going to graduate from high school on August 6, when commencement exercises will be held. By the time this letter is published it'll be all over.

In spare time I am working at a shoe shop owned by Mr. Stiglich, an active lodge member and secretary of our adult lodge.

The adult lodge had a picnic in celebration of the fifth anniversary of the Juvenile Circles in July at Hujatolla Park. The victory gardens are coming along very nicely.

I want to thank the SNPJ for the \$2 in war stamps. This should encourage everyone to write more to the ML because it is the magazine for us juveniles.

WILLIAM TOMSIC, Vice President,
823 W. 7th St., Walsenburg, Colo.

REPORT OF JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 1

WALSENBURG, COLO.—Circle 1 is progressing very nicely. We hold our regular monthly meetings as per schedule and the attendance is fairly good.

Our Circle is very glad to see Mr. Edward Tomsic walking around, and attending the meetings. May 20 was the first time he has attended the meeting since he was hurt in the mine.

Since school let out I have been working at the Table Queen Bakery, which is one of our local stores. The proprietor of the bakery is Mr. Norman Joseph. I like to work and the job is interesting to me. This bakery is a very busy place.

I want to thank the SNPJ for receiving \$2 in war stamps for writing to the M. L. It surely helps me fill my stamp album and also helps me to receive my \$25 war bond that much sooner. This is my fifth war bond that I am filling now, and I am going to try and continue to have more war bonds in the future.

In my spare time in the evening I sit on the porch. I either crochet or embroider or practice on my accordion, which I like to do very much. Best regards to all.

VERNA MAE DUZENACK, President,
709 W. 6th St., Walsenburg, Colo.

CIRCLE NO. 1 IS PROGRESSING

WALSENBURG, COLO.—The members of Circle No. 1 are becoming more interested in the meetings. It seems as though every time we hold our meeting we have some new members attending, which makes the meetings more interesting.

On June 20, we held our regular monthly meeting. Then we held our jackpot drawing and Tommy Duzenack won the 10c war stamp. When we hold our drawing one name is drawn out of the box. If that person is absent for the 50c award, we draw until someone wins the 10c war stamp. Every meeting we have some kind of a game to play. On June 20 we played star, and the winners were Arlene and Johnny Dernovshek.

By the time this letter is published vacations will be almost over and school will be starting. I spent part of my vacation at my Uncle's farm in La Veta. They have a nice farm and home, and two children, a boy and a girl. They also have many cows, horses, sheep, pigs and chickens.

ELIZABETH DUZENACK, Secretary,
709 W. 6th St., Walsenburg, Colo.

OUR CIRCLE SHOWS PROGRESS

WALSENBURG, COLO.—Our Circle meetings continue to be the same: interesting and educational. And we have more members attending the meetings, which also shows progress.

The June issue of the Mladinski List was very interesting, with so many pictures and letters, stories and poems, articles and jokes. I want to thank the SNPJ for the \$1 war stamp. It certainly helps my stamp book and it certainly makes me feel like writing more. I have almost finished my fourth bond. And in school I was promoted to the seventh grade.

I sell papers every evening and on Sundays. I have a Denver Post route. During the day I work in my garden and sometimes I go fishing.

ALBERT DUZENACK, Circle No. 1,
709 W. 6th St., Walsenburg, Colo.

CIRCLE 28 PICNIC WAS SUCCESSFUL

ROUNDUP, MONT.—Circle No. 28 had a picnic on July 18 in Fletcher's Coulee. We had a large attendance, or 16 out of the 20 members of our Circle were present. From this you can readily see that the affair was a success.

For our picnic lunch we had buns, roasted wieners, dilled pickles, and potato salad. While we were eating, a cow came to visit us and after while some more cows came. Later we had ice-cream and pop. We played a game called "lemonade." The boys and some of the girls played softball.

Our Circle continues to meet at the usual time and place, on the second Sunday of each month, at 4 p. m. at the Moose Hall. All members are urged to attend the next meeting on Sept. 12.

GLORIA WOOTEN, Circle No. 28,
115 6th Ave. E., Roundup, Mont.

CIRCLE 31 HAS A POINT CONTEST

WARREN, OHIO.—Our Juvenile Circle No. 31 held its regular meeting on July 5, at the home of Manager Josephine Smuke. We had with us two guests, Hermina Perechlin and her brother Ernest of Girard, Ohio, Circle No. 7.

Our Circle had a drawing for two pair of pillow cases. One pair was won by Hermina Perechlin and the other by Anna Beach of Girard, Ohio.

We decided at our meeting to have a point contest. In it are included points for obtaining new members, sales tax stamps, writing to the ML and the Prosveta, and cooperation with the members. Every time a member does one of the five things, he or she will be given so many points. At the end of the year the points will be added and the one that has the most points will receive a prize.

We would like to have more of our members attend our meetings. For the benefit of those that don't know the date I will repeat it. Meetings are held the first Monday of each month at seven o'clock at various homes. I hope to see more members at our next meeting.

DOROTHY TOMAZIN, President,
2285 Burton St. S. E., Warren, O.

ACTIVITIES OF CIRCLE NO. 15

VERONA, PA.—This is Juvenile Circle No. 15 broadcasting its latest news. We meet each third Thursday of the month at the same place and time, and our meetings continue to be interesting.

On August 8, our Circle held a dance at the Veronian Club, and Jack Derling's orchestra furnished the music. Every juvenile cooperated as did also the adult members of the Veronian lodge. A drawing was held for a case of liquid refreshments. For refreshments we had pop and candy and hot dogs.

The following juvenile members helped to put

the dance over the top: Margie Tremba, Sophie Budich, Mary Budich, Eleanor Zibreg, Margie Lipsey, Helen Krulc, Stanley Doles, Dolly Youk, Matt Kern, Sam Budich, Mary Tomazich, Tony Bosic, and our manager, Chubby.

Guess Who: This month's guess who quiz is to be scrambled out of its mess. This person is very shy in a crowd, but talks a lot when away from a crowd. When you have this "mess" unscrambled you should have the first and last name of this month's quiz:—Bosy Tonic.

This is Circle 15 signing off until next month.

MATILDA DOLES, Circle 15,
213 Penn St., Verona, Pa.

FROM A NEW MEMBER OF CIRCLE 28

ROUNDUP, MONT.—I am a new member of SNPJ lodge 700 and Circle No. 28. I like our Circle very much and I wish I'd joined before. We are having lots of fun at our meetings and at the same time we learn many worthwhile things.

Roundup is a small coal mining town. Recently, they have started drilling oil also. But even though the town is small, it is nice and the people are very friendly and congenial.

I am 11 years old and am five feet and some inches tall. I have brown hair, hazel eyes, and fair complexion. This is my first letter to the M. L. I would like to have some pen pals.

MARIE MASTOROVICH, Circle 28,
Roundup, Montana.

YOUTH OF AMERICA JUVENILE CIRCLE

JOHNSTOWN, PA.—The Youth of America Juvenile Circle No. 47 is continuing its steady progress. Thus far we have had several interesting activities and we are planning to sponsor many others in the future.

We celebrated the 5th anniversary of the Juvenile Circles by sponsoring a program. The affair was very successful. We had many songs, recitations, dramatizations, etc., and the highlight of the evening was the playlet "Rose of the Rileys," which kept the audience in an uproar and in a tense mood. Our guest speakers were Mr. Joseph Culkar and Mr. Andrew Vidrich, our organizers. Mr. Thomas Bricely, our athletic director and organizer, was not present because of war work. It was a very successful evening; we were repaid for our efforts during the two and a half hour program. We wish to thank everyone who helped make this a success.

Our Circle boasts of an unusual record of having 47 non-absent members at meetings for the first half of 1943. Incidentally, this corresponds to our Circle number which is 47. A party was given in honor of these members on June 30, at which time games and dancing were the features of the evening. Refreshments were served by the committee which consisted of Dorothy Rubrecht, James Less, Mary Jane Plachy, Betty Jane Dyba, William Kuzma, Frances Strozar and Marjorie Fretzel. A \$25 war bond was won by Mrs. Jos. Culkar.

On June 18, a pinochle card party was held

which was also very successful. After one of our meetings we divided the group into five large teams and conducted a scavenger hunt. This was really lots of fun, all right, especially for the spectators. Each of the members on the winning team received two ten-cent war stamps and the second team received one ten-cent war stamp for their efforts.

In addition, weekly swimming parties or picnics have been held since school has been out. It is a 12-mile journey to the swimming pool, and the children acquired a stray dog, a Scotch terrier, as their mascot. After each meeting we have various outdoor sports. After this last meeting we journeyed to the Lorain Borough ball park where the boys played mushball and the girls played dodge and volleyball; later on we played such games as farmer in the dell.

We have been fortunate in obtaining Miss Blanche Ober to teach us First Aid which is one way of helping our country.

Finally, we wish to say that we sincerely miss our former manager, Miss Olivia Chuchek, and wish her the best of luck in her new job in Pittsburgh.

ANNE BRICELY, Manager,
DOROTHY RUBRECHT, Sec'y.

REPORT OF JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 27

STRABANE, PA.—At a meeting of Circle No. 27 that was held June 10, Marcella Krulce took over the duties of president and Chester Kamin—
(Continued on page 30)

Juvenile Circle No. 1 Section

By Members of Circle No. 1, Walsenburg, Colo.
Mrs. Edw. Tomsic, Manager

On July 18, Circle No. 1 held its regular monthly meeting which was attended by many of its members. After the adjournment of the meeting the members played lotto and other games.

My topic for this month is our Victory garden. Our Victory garden is doing very well. We have a well in our back yard and we can sprinkle whenever the garden is dry on top. The people that use city water have a hard time to get the gardens and lawns watered because the pressure is very low.

In our Victory garden we have a little of everything such as onions, carrots, beets, turnips, lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes, cabbage, sweet corn and also pop-corn. Everything grows very nicely this year. We also have Concord grapes growing and we have quite a few grapes on the vines this year. For the past eight years our grape vines have been yielding some grapes each year.

I am still working at the Table Queen Bakery and in the near future I will be going to school again.

On July 18, Circle No. 1 gave two prizes to two of the members who wrote the best letters for the month of June to the M. L. William Tomsic got first prize and I got second prize. I will write more next time.

VERNA MAE DUZENACK, President.

Our Juvenile Circle No. 1 is still carrying on. We hope we can have some activities this summer. We are still holding our meetings and still pushing for the SNPJ. We have some new members attending our meetings and taking an active part in the discussions. Roy Patrick is our newest member.

On Aug. 4, the summer class of HCHS (Huerfano County High School) held commencement exercises. I was among those who received their diplomas. Two of the members have already left for the Navy, and eight more left for the Army soon after graduation. Perhaps the war will soon be over and our boys will come home again.

Others of the class are doing their part by entering war work, and still others are going to college. I am going to go to the Colorado School of Mines in October where I am going to take up metallurgy engineering. Until next month—

WILLIAM TOMSIC, Vice President.

In order not to repeat here what other members of our Circle will tell of its activities, I will write in this article about my work.

I am staying on my uncle's farm in La Vista, but I still come down to attend Circle meetings. On the farm I am doing my share in the labor shortage. My cousins and I go in the field with my uncle who is mowing his alfalfa. We also help his stock in which I lead the stacker house and my cousins rake the alfalfa.

My uncle has many cows, sheep, horses, pigs, and chickens, also many cats and three dogs. In the evenings when our work is done we get the horses and go horseback riding. We have a very good time together and we come to town once a week to see my parents and do some shopping. The farm on which I stay is 18 miles from home.

I also help my aunt can fruit and vegetables. On July 11 we motored to Pueblo to pick cherries. We picked 40 lbs. in about one hour, and the next day we canned the cherries. She has a very large Victory garden this year and she takes care of the garden very well. She has many different kind of vegetables that she cans such as beans, peas, carrots, beets, etc. I will write more next time.

ELIZABETH DUZENACK, Secretary.

Circle No. 1 is still progressing and I am attending our regular monthly meetings each third Sunday of the month. At the meetings we discuss many different topics. After the meetings are adjourned we play games: lotto, cards, marbles, etc. Everyone enjoys these games. Prizes are given to the two winners of the game.

On July 30, the manager of the Fox Theater gave a free movie for the boys and girls. The admission to the free movie was on condition that each one had to bring some copper or two old records. These records will be melted and made over for the boys in the service.

I will close now and will write more next time. Best regards to all members of the SNPJ Juvenile Circles everywhere, and also to all ML readers.

ALBERT DUZENACK, Circle No. 1.

Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

TOO MANY "PA-ILL" CARDS

Dear Editor:—I am writing this letter mainly to thank the SNPJ for the beautiful Victory pin and the War Stamps I received recently for my contributions to the M. L. It surely was a great surprise to me. I am very proud of my attractive Victory pin.

My friends all tell me how lucky I am to belong to such a wonderful organization. It was through this fine magazine that I got in contact with my cousins. They are both in the Navy and are now serving overseas. Boy, I surely am proud of them!

I want to say hello to all of my pen pals, and I want to thank them for the beautiful cards. I want to say that I didn't want any more pen pals from Pennsylvania and Illinois, because I have too many cards now from these two states. But I would like to have pen pals from other states, and I will send picture post cards in return.

At this writing, we are still waiting patiently to start harvesting. The crops are late this year. We are also having plenty of rain here. I again want to say thanks for the beautiful pin and war stamps. It will give me more courage to write and to finish my third war bond. Until Victory is ours—**Delma Tomsic**, Box 143, Black Diamond, Washington. (Lodge 57)

THEY BOUGHT THREE JEEPS

Dear Editor:—I was very glad to see my first letter published in the M. L. Our school was out early in June and I will go to the seventh grade in September. By the time this letter is published vacations will be almost over and school will soon start again.

We had a war bond rally in school to buy a jeep for the Army. With only 32 children and one teacher's we succeeded in raising enough money for three jeeps and three hundred dollars left. We worked hard and are proud of it.

I want to say hello to my pen pals Carole Rogers and Delma Tomsic in Black Diamond, Washington, and Tony Spraitz Jr. in St. Paul, Minnesota. I would like to have more pen pals. I will answer all letters promptly, and will try to write every month to the M. L.—**John Reichel Jr.** (11), Rte. 1, Box 136, Samsula, New Smyrna Beach, Fla.

FULL-FLEDGED FRESHMAN

Dear Editor:—First of all I want to thank the SNPJ for the prize of two dollars I received for contributing to the M. L. I certainly appreciated it. I know now that if I try I can succeed, and I will keep on trying even harder.

Well, on June 11, I passed into the ninth grade with an all-A report card. I am now a full-fledged freshman. Our school picnic was held on the 16th of June at Bob-Lo Island. I surely had a grand time.

In July our entire family went to Cedar Point in Ohio, and we all had a good time. But by the time this letter is published, summer will be almost over and it will be time to go back to school. Best of luck to all.—**Caroline Tavzelj** (13), 1425 McKinstry, Detroit, Mich. (Lodge 518)

VACATIONS ALMOST OVER

Dear Editor:—Now that vacation time is here—it'll soon be over—I have more time to read the Mladinski List and to write in every month. By the time this letter is printed summer will be almost over and school will be ready to open again.

I want to say hello to Rose Hervet, Helen Volk, Christine Kolar, Doris Ujcich, Tilly Kocevar and to the pen pals who haven't answered my letters yet. I still would like to have more pen pals, especially from California and Washington as well as from the rest of the western states. I will answer all letters promptly.

I saw a few shows lately. But I haven't been spending as much money lately as I used to, because I am trying to fill my stamp book instead. I have three uncles in the service now, and soon one more of my uncles will go. Pen Pals, please write to me. Regards to all.—**Louise Briselli** (14), Box 27, Lawrence, Pa. (Lodge 245.) (Ed. note: Pictures are returned only when accompanied by addressed and stamped envelopes.)

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

Dear Editor:—I am again writing to the Mladinski List, this time from West Virginia. Summer vacation is in full swing, but it won't be long now before school starts again. The "kids" around here group together to go in swimming every afternoon. Occasionally we play softball in the evening.

I wish to say hello to Grandma and Grandpa Grilc, also Justina, Frank and Louis. My uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cirar, went to Arkansas for their vacation. I must say that West Virginia is a nice place, but I miss my home in Arkansas from which I have recently moved.

I have two goldfish and they are really cute. They play in the rocks at the bottom of the fish bowl and come to the top for their food. This will be all for now. So long.—**Georgia Mocivnik** (12), Rte. 1, Scarbro, W. Va. (Lodge 24)

MY NEW PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this fine magazine. I want to thank you very much for publishing my first letter. I didn't write for the July issue but I do hope this letter will appear either in the August or September issue. I will try to write every month.

I have now three new pen pals added to my list. They are Frances Suljic, Walter Wells, and Olga Vidmar. I received another new pen pal quite some time ago and she is very good at answering letters. I would like to say hello to Nellie Zorman of Walsenburg, Colo. and to all the rest of my pen pals whose names I have not mentioned.

My brother George was surely lucky. He won a very nice SNPJ Victory pin and a one-dollar war stamp. No matter how hard I try to win I never will. Just luck, I guess. I really enjoyed reading the June issue of the M. L. It surely was very interesting. It always is interesting, but I guess it really did beat all the other issues.

By the time this letter is published vacation time will be almost over and all the boys and girls will be saying goodbye to summer pleasures. Once we'll all be getting ready for school. If there is anyone who would like to exchange picture postcards, I would gladly send a few to you, especially from California and Florida. I remain a proud member of the SNPJ—**Catherine Gerovac**, Box 83, Marenisco, Mich.

"SWEET SIXTEEN"

Dear Editor:—I finally decided to write to the M. L. I guess I was just lazy. The weather is so hot out here that it makes one feel drowsy and lazy. I am sorry that I didn't write for the July issue but I do hope this will be in the August issue; if not, then it will be in the September issue. Anyway, by the time this letter is printed school won't be far off. I was "sweet sixteen" on August 16.

The weather out here is ideal for swimming. We go swimming often and have loads of fun. The last time we went swimming we all got sunburns, and boy, they really do burn! If you don't think they do, try and get one and see for yourself.

I wish to say hello to all of my pen pals and I hope they would write soon. The only thing I really do is write letters.

Well, school is starting soon and I will be in the eleventh grade. I can hardly wait for I will get my class ring sometime in September. I would like to have more pen pals. Regards to all.—**Helen Mance** (16), 14 Grant Street, Cokeburg, Pa. (Lodge 386)

"I RODE IN AN AUSTIN"

Dear Editor:—Here is a brief account of my latest experience in transportation. It was so unusual that I thought it would be interesting to the readers of the Mladinski List if I passed it on. Here goes.

I have ridden in many things of which I have enjoyed very much. But recently I rode in something that I thought I would never ride in. A friend of mine got a contraption from his brother and the sight of it would make you laugh. This contraption, as I call it, was an Austin. Imagine my surprise when they drove into our yard and almost on the porch. You would think that an adult could not get in it. But two people can sit in it comfortably.

I was anxious to ride in it and the next day I did. That evening my friend and I went to a small town nearby to see a movie. Going down the street a couple of boys came out and held the Austin back. Most of the boys had never ridden in an Austin, so they took turns riding in

it with my friend driving. Going home we avoided all the hills we could because this Austin was not very powerful. We arrived home safe and sound, all right.

And now that summer is already on the wane and school is not far off, my friend and I are still having a time with the Austin. Regards to all.—**Carl Ulepich** (15), R. 1, Mulberry, Kansas. (Lodge 65)

TIME GOES FAST

Dear Editor:—Here it is August already and September is not far behind. A few more weeks and vacation time will be over. Then school will start again and we'll all be busy with our school and homework. Time really passes quickly along, that's why we must work and study so that we will acquire knowledge.

Well, school will be starting soon, next month, and it will keep me busy with my homework. We had nine months of school and three months of vacation. I didn't have many articles for the ML this time so I will try harder next month. I am sending a poem entitled "Swimming Is a Great Sport" and an article.

Boy! was my sister proud when she received the two dollars in war stamps. My best regards to one and all.—**Mildred Cretnik** (11), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

PEN PALS WANTED

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the M. L. I enjoy writing to this wonderful magazine. I would like to have some pen pals. I will answer their letters promptly.

In June the roses were surely beautiful in Walsenburg. I like flowers very much. We eat vegetables out of our garden. This is our Victory garden. I suppose everyone who raised a Victory garden has fresh vegetables to eat.

I have been having a nice time since school is out. I stayed two weeks with some friends in La Junta. I had a very nice time while I was down there. I will write more next time. Regards to all.—**Donna Lozinsky**, Walsenburg, Colo. (Circle No. 1.)

GRADUATION AT WORCESTER

Dear Editor:—Graduation exercises at Worcester are over. The boys wore dark gray caps and gowns and the girls wore white caps and gowns with red peony corsages. My sister Helen graduated from Worcester. The chorus provided music because there isn't any band or orchestra here. I am a soprano in the chorus. I also ushered because I am a junior. It was all so impressive.

Congratulations to June Ribic, a swell pen pal of mine who graduated this year. I wish you success in your future.

Next year—this September—I'll be a senior because I passed all my regents this year. The math regents this year were really tough, but I got through. Regents I hate anyhow. Best regards to one and all.—**Zita Bozanic** (16), R.F.D. 3, Worcester, N. Y. (Ed. note: Your contributions

to the Our School section are as welcome as those of any Circle members.)

IN THE MARINES

Dear Editor:—First of all I would like to thank the SNPJ very much for the lovely Victory pin and one-dollar's worth of war stamps.

My brother graduated from Robinson Township High School. He was 18 Feb. 22 and on June 17 he joined the Marines. My mother, two sisters and I went to the station with him; my father had to go to work. After my brother left my mother went home but my sister Mary and I stayed in Pittsburgh doing a little shopping. My brother is at Parris Island, S. C.

Again thanks for the pin and stamps. Best regards to all.—**Frances Ambrozic**, R.F.D. 5, Box 424, Crafton, Pa. (Lodge 88)

ZORA'S A BUSY GIRL

Dear Editor:—Once again I take great pride in thanking you for the \$3 war stamps which I received. The receipt of the stamps has encouraged me to try to do more for my country, as well as for the M. L.

By the time this letter is published school will be almost here again. I work from eight to ten hours each day, and I am usually so tired when I get home that I just can't concentrate. I really intended to do more in the way of contributing to the M. L., but as much as I hate to, I must admit that I have been contributing less during the school year. Besides working and making an attempt to write an article or two for the ML, I am having a rather difficult time trying to keep up with letter writing. In addition to writing to my relatives in the army and to those still on the home front, I am constantly receiving cards from pen pals asking me to send them a postcard of New Mexico. However, I truly admit that I enjoy exchanging postcards with boys and girls from other states. This is, I think, an interesting and beneficial project as it adds to our knowledge of other states besides our own.

Confidence overcame me when I read Mr. Edward Tomsic's letter in the Prosveta several weeks ago; happiness will prevail when he recovers and comes to Raton. I know that we will all be thrilled if he comes to Raton and attempts to organize a Juvenile Circle. As organizer of Circle No. 1, I am sure that whatever steps he takes will mean a future Circle in Raton.

Thanking the SNPJ once more for the war stamps, I remain a very proud member of a wonderful organization—the SNPJ.—**Zora Gostovich** (15), Box 531, Raton, New Mexico.

MY 42 PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—Last January there was printed in the ML a letter, written by me, which I thought was to be my last. The Editor kindly informed me that it was permissible for all juvenile members to continue to write to the ML until the age of eighteen and since my 18th birthday won't arrive until next June, I am taking the time to

write a few lines for the benefit of all the ML readers. I am hoping that this letter will prove interesting to all who read it.

After having my letter printed last January, I was deluged with letters and cards from boys and girls all over the country wanting to correspond with me as a pen pal. After counting all the different people who were kind enough to drop me a line, I found that I had 42 newly won friends! I did my best to answer all the letters and cards, but there is a limit to a person's endurance. It was entirely impossible for me to correspond with them all. So, if you were one of the "unfortunate" ones who were left out, I'm sure there is someone who would like to read all your interesting letters—so why don't you write a letter to the ML asking for pen pals and I'm sure you will be rewarded for your effort.

Since corresponding with my remaining pen-pals, I've found that while all of them enjoy receiving letters, they would rather write them to individuals, who had energy enough to drop the ML a line, rather than write to the ML instead. I can't seem to understand that part because I've looked upon writing to the ML as a pleasure and luxury rather than a labor. I'm sure if more of our younger members up to 18 years of age would stop to think about this they would heartily agree with me. Am I right, members? I am sure there are thousands of boys and girls in the United States and Canada who would strike at the chance of gaining a new friend through the courtesy of the Mladinski List and the U.S. Postal Service. So, come on all you members who want pen pals, why don't you drop the ML a letter today?

I've been reading the ML for the past ten-odd years and I can truthfully say that I've enjoyed every copy that was printed up to the issue of November 1942. That was the last issue I received and I suppose the reason was my changing over to the adult group. But, I really would enjoy receiving the ML every month and if the Editor will kindly inform me in what manner this can be arranged, I would appreciate it a great deal. I've really missed those copies. (Ed. note: You are entitled to receive the ML in exchange for your weekly Prosveta if you will so inform the Manager of the SNPJ Publications.)

Now that summer is in full swing, I don't suppose there are very many of you readers who are thinking of school. That thought hasn't left my mind for after getting out of our regular term on May 25, I started to prepare for the summer term of school which began on June 14 in the building of Fairmont State College. There are quite a few studious pupils taking advantage of these extra credits. Our summer term is scheduled to end on Aug. 13 with the regular term starting the early part of September. So, you see, I haven't any time to think about a vacation this year.

I want to take a few lines of type to say hello to all my pen pals whom I have not met, and to the one whom I have met. I really enjoyed my stay with her and I hope that she might repay my visit some day soon.

In closing I want to ask all our members to drop the ML a line as soon as possible and I'm sure it will be appreciated by the Editor and especially by the readers themselves. I also want to point out the splendid work which the Juvenile Circles are doing in encouraging its members to write to the M. L. Nice work, keep it up. I want to wish the best of luck to the Editor and all you readers. I remain a proud member of SNPJ lodge 431—**Johnny Prelec Jr.** (17), 521 Penna Ave., Fairmont, West Virginia.

HELLO TO PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading this fine magazine very much. I want to say hello to my four pen pals Helen Sacks, Polly Prince, Gerald Woodward and John Miller and to thank them for answering my request.

My favorite sports are swimming, dancing and skating. I remain a proud member—**Lois Jane Rively** (13), R.D. 3, Box 161, Johnstown, Pa. (Circle 47)

LILLIAN'S "SECOND"

Dear Editor:—I think it is about time to write again to this interesting magazine the M. L. This is my second letter but I'm going to write many more. I am in the fifth grade and I will be very glad when school starts. My favorite sport is roller skating. Best regards to all.—**Lillian Alexoff** (10), 1438 Nordyke Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana. (Circle 43)

SCHOOL BELLS

Dear Editor:—By the time this letter is printed, school will be ready to open again. I'm sure everyone is glad to go back to school. Recently I received a letter from Dot Powell. My brother Frankie Joe is beginning to talk and we enjoy listening to him. Here's hoping everyone starts the school year off right.—**Georgie Mocivnik** (12), Scarbro, W. Va. (Lodge 24)

POSTCARD COLLECTING

Dear Editor:—Once again I am writing to this fine magazine. As usual, I am sending some of my drawings. So far I have had only one published, but I guess it's this American spirit that keeps me contributing. Lately I have been receiving quite a few letters and I am a little late in answering. I want to say hello to Anne Sladich, Annie Cretnik, Frances Zitko, Ethel Swietko, and Amelia Znidarsic.

One of my hobbies is postcard collecting. It really is coming along quite nicely, but I'll appreciate cards from other pen pals also. I'll gladly send one to any members if that is their hobby also.

Lately I have noticed more letters coming in from Minnesota. It really is encouraging to see so many letters from your own state. Best regards to everyone.—**Rosemary Panyan** (16), 413 Woodbridge Ave., Buhl, Minn. (Lodge 34)

POSTCARD EXCHANGERS

Dear Editor:—I am ashamed for not having written to this fine magazine the last few months. But I will be more faithful in the future. I wish to say hello to Sophie Hrast, Theresa Turley, Dorothy Martincic, Helen Sroka and Gloria Marchi.

Recently the Mattheissen Park, which is near Starved Rock State Park, was donated to the State of Illinois. It was formerly known as Deer Park.

I would like very much to hear from some more postcard exchangers, especially those from the Eastern States, or anywhere, who would like to receive some cards from Illinois. I'll write more next time. My best regards to all.—**Mildred Derzich** (15), 242 Seventh st., La Salle, Ill. (Lodge 337)

NO FIREWORKS

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years of age and 4 ft. ½ in. tall. This year there were no firecrackers for the Fourth of July celebration. This was because of the war. But there were some good shows at Thomas. Some of these were "Commandoes Strike at Dawn," "Blondie," "Air Force" and "In Which We Serve." I will write more next time. My best regards to all.—**Elmer Schoolcraft**, Box 498, Thomas, W. Va. (Circle 16)

PEN PALS WANTED

Dear Editor:—I just received my copy of the ML today and it reminded me to write to this fine magazine again. My hobby is writing letters. I would like to have some pen pals, and I will answer all letters promptly. I would like to have them from every state, also from Canada and Mexico. So pick up your pens and write to me now!

I want to say hello to my pen pals Albena Finco, Helen Pakovich, Helen Volk, Christine Kolar, Tilly Kocevar and Doris Ujcich, and please, Rose Hewet, answer my letter.

My favorite radio programs are Radio Theater, Eddie Cantor, Inner Sanctum, and many others. My Victory garden is coming along fine. I have tomatoes, lettuce, beets, carrots, cabbage, etc. I wish to add that I have four uncles in the service. I wish that more juveniles from Lawrence, Pa., would write to the M. L.—**Louise Briselli** (14), Box 27, Lawrence, Pa. (Lodge 245)

FROM A "NEGLIGENT" WRITER

Dear Editor:—Embarrassing, is it not? To state that this is but my first letter to such a grand and interesting magazine. I've been a faithful reader for a long time but I certainly have been negligent as a writer.

Photography is my hobby and I think it both interesting and enjoyable. Mr. Vrhovnik's article on Photography for Beginners gave many wise suggestions for amateurs.

I will be a sophomore this coming fall and am eager to get back to school. Our school was built this year and under difficult conditions due to the war. We are making the most of it, though, and are coming along nicely.

I think it is a pleasure to write to this magazine and I will continue to do so every month. I would be glad to exchange cards and letters with anyone who wishes to do so. Hoping to hear from some of you pen pals soon, I remain sincerely yours—**Olga Stock** (15), Box 102, Russellton, Pa. (Lodge No. 365)

TOO MANY PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—Here I am again writing to this beloved magazine of ours. I hope each and everyone is enjoying his (her) vacation. It won't be long when school will start again.

Many of my pen pals have been writing to me asking me to answer their letters. I'm sorry I can't answer so many letters and cards. Since I started working I don't have much time for letter writing. So, pen pals, please don't be disappointed if you don't hear from me.



In the July issue I asked for pen pals to send me some souvenir postcard folders. I would like to repeat this request. My other two hobbies are collecting postal cards and snapshots from pen pals. I now have a collection of 200 postcards. Thanks to you, pen pals.

Enclosed is a snapshot of my brother John (left) and myself. My brother is in the army now and is stationed at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

I want to say hello to all of my pen pals, also to Louise Lekse, Zora Gostovich and Edward Ben-
vin from McKeesport, Pa. I would like to have some pen pals from Kentucky and West Virginia. Hoping to see many more letters in the next issue of the ML, I want to say "So long" to all you pen pals.—**Edward William Kroper** (17), Box 384, Yukon, Pa.

"SOLO FIRST CHAIR"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 15 years old, and 5 ft. 3 in. tall. I have black hair and blue eyes. I am in my third year of high school. I play the trumpet on which I have been taking lessons for three years. I play solo "first chair" in the Feitshams Sigh School Band.

Next year, in September, when I start back to high school, I will be taking English, American History, Music Theory, and Advance Band. My favorite sport is baseball. Last year I played ball on a girls' softball team.

I write to three boys who are in the service. One of them will be getting a furlough soon. All three are in the Army.

This will be all until next time. Best regards to all.—**Ruth Ann Aidich** (15), 1832 S. Renfro St., Springfield, Ill. (Lodge 47)

"UNCENSORED REASON"

Dear Editor:—I have always been tempted to write to this wonderful magazine, but for some "uncensored" reason, I have not done so (much to my regret). I am fourteen years of age and a sophomore in the Penn High School. I have blonde hair, blue eyes, and I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. I play the piano and the saxophone. I enjoy it very much, especially playing in bands. At the present I am in two bands and an orchestra.

I have no pen pals as yet, but I would like very much to have some. So come on, girls and boys, please write.

My best regards to all ML readers and writers.—**Ruth Romish** (14), Universal Road, Universal, Pa. (Lodge 715)

DOESN'T LIKE SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—I am writing again to the M. L. I have one pen pal already, and her name is Rose Vivic. I like the fine drawings in the M. L. I would like to have some pictures from pen pals.

By the time this letter is published school will start again. The trouble is that I don't like school I would like to work.—My favorite movie stars are Tim Hold, Carry Grant, Gary Cooper, Janet Blair, Maureen O'Hara, Hedy Lamarr, Dorothy Lamour. I will write more next time.—**Ralph Taucher**, Box 661, Imperial, Pa.

HE HATES SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I am having a fine vacation. I am very glad school is out because I hate it, and now it's almost time to go back to school!

My home is located on a pretty big hill with a great big tree in front of it. Down below it flows

a sulphur creek. I have a "teddy bear" hair cut to keep me cool for the summer. I have a bike with no fenders on, and when it rains the back wheel throws mud on my back.

I have a job working on a dairy farm, and besides I am still working on my Victory garden. I would like to have some pen pals, also their pictures so that I'll know how they look. I am 11 years old. Regards to all.—**Lloyd McClouchic** (11), Box 749, Imperial, Pa.

A FAMILY OF SNPJers

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years of age and am in the seventh grade. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ lodge 138. My brother and I belong to the Juvenile Circle 19. Our president is Jennie Kosmach. We had our last meeting on June 27. Refreshments were served after the meeting by our adviser and president. We also had our pictures taken by Justine Sedmack, our adviser. Twenty children attended the meeting. We also received pins from John Zigmán Sr., our manager.

Our meetings are interesting. At every meeting we draw a name and the person whose name is drawn receives a quarter. The member who writes the best letter will receive fifty cents, and the two members who write the next two best letters will receive twenty-five cents each. I hope this will make our members more eager to write.

My best regards to one and all.—**Mildred Posega** (11), Box 117, Strabane, Pa. (Lodge 138)

FESTIVAL OF FREEDOM

Dear Editor:—I wish to give a brief account of this year's Independence Day as it was observed here in Cleveland on July 4 at the Cleveland Stadium.

Now that our nation is at war, Independence Day had a special significance. The pioneers fought for our independence years ago just as we are today fighting to preserve it. The annual Festival of Freedom has become a tradition in the



City of Cleveland, each year adding something new to the spectacular show. Logically, the military trend prevailed throughout this year's festival.

Preceding the show, there was a huge parade of soldiers, sailors, marines, etc., Wacs, Waves, Spars, and Women Marines, accompanied by the army bands from Camp Perry. This group marched through our downtown section ending up in the Stadium. Men were sworn into six branches of our armed services in a special induction ceremony on this occasion.

The soldiers brought out the jeeps, tanks and various military equipment and thrilled the audience with their skillful maneuvering. The women's military units received the greatest applause when they marched and drilled on the field. They really deserve recognition for the magnificent work they are doing in replacing the men for active service.

During the program rockets burst in the air which produced parachutes from which floated the Stars and Stripes. A breathtaking spectacle was when seven Flying Fortresses swept over the Stadium. A beautiful sight was when the lights were blacked-out and everyone lit matches.

A serious side to the program was the memorial scene when everyone was requested to be silent for a few moments in tribute to those who had died in this war, while the orchestra played an appropriate piece.

Another feature of this program was the parade of 25 nationality groups, all dressed in their native costumes. They made a stunning picture with their many colors as they marched through four huge pillars signifying the Four Freedoms.

The Cleveland orchestra rendered some beautiful selections of both military and classical music. Various singing groups rendered some numbers to make this an enjoyable evening. There was also community singing by all. The people all said the pledge to the Flag and sang the Star-Spangled Banner.

More than 80,000 people jammed our Municipal Stadium to witness the program and the spectacular fireworks display, portraying the current events of the time. The closing of the fireworks display and the festival was the showing of Old Glory in sparkling fireworks.

I hope that the readers of the ML will enjoy reading this brief description of the celebration of Independence Day. Best regards to all.—**Nada Zagar**, 1111 E. 66th St., Cleveland, Ohio. (Vice President of Circle No. 2)

STAMP COLLECTING

FIRST AMERICAN STAMP 100 YEARS OLD

One hundred years ago last month the postage stamp as an instrument to carry the mails from city to city came to the Americas. The birth of the postage stamp had come some three years earlier in England. A year before, 1842, stamps for local delivery were issued in New York and Zurich, Switzerland. One hundred years ago Brazil issued the first stamps of a group that since have proved to be one of the most interesting for philatelic students, certainly one of the most striking designs ever concocted for postal duty. Some four years later, in 1847, the United States issued its first stamps.

These Brazil stamps are not found too often in general collections. They do not necessarily rank with the rarest stamps, but fine copies are rare indeed. Chicago, among its other claims to fame, can also lay title to the fact that possibly the world's finest collection of these stamps reposes in the hands of a native son, Saul Newbury.

On Nov. 29, 1842, the people of Brazil were notified that letters would have to be prepaid, and that three postage stamps were to be issued to handle the prepayment: 30 reis, 60 reis and 90 reis. Early the next year the question of design was settled when the comptroller of the mint wrote to the president of the treasury condemning the idea of using a portrait of the Portuguese emperor, Dom Pedro, on the stamp, as had been done with Queen Victoria on the first stamps of Great Britain. He wrote: "... it is the custom here to treat the effigy of the monarch with respect and use it only on permanent objects or objects worthy of respect and not on things, which by their character, invariably become waste ..."

As a result of this decision, and the fact that a machine capable of engraving on metal was available, the first stamps of Brazil are today known as "Bulls Eyes." Six plates, according to "Bulls Eye" students, were used to print the stamps, two were composite, printing all three stamps at one time, each in "blocks" of 18 (6x3) the 30r being at the top, then the 60r and the 90r at the bottom, 54 stamps to each plate. Two other plates were used for the 30r stamp, one of 54 entries, the other of 60 entries, and two plates for the 60r stamp. The 90r stamps came only from the composite plates.

The Newbury collection is housed in Frank Godden albums, each page with an engraved heading, and each page limited to seven stamps, sometimes eight when a pair of strip is included, it is a collection of gems to behold. Mr. Newbury is a perfectionist. And his collection, numbering hundreds of these stamps, including many on cover, is something to behold.

Not only are the stamps perfect specimens, but Mr. Newbury has been a keen student of cancellations. These cancellations, like those on the early U.S. stamps, provide the specialist with a most

interesting field for study. Mr. Newbury assisted the renowned specialist, Lt. Col. G. F. Napier, in his work on the Bulls Eyes and their cancellations.

—David Lidman in the Chicago Sun.

OUR OWN JUVENILE CIRCLES

(Continued from page 23)

sky was elected the new vice-president. After the meeting we had a very enjoyable wiener roast. Although we had a very good attendance, we would like to see more of the juveniles at the meetings.

All of the juveniles are looking forward to the hayride party that we are having this week, although by the time this letter is published we will have probably enjoyed it.

Our two advisers, Mary Chesnic and Albina Yarkosky, have helped us a great deal in planning our good times and we hope they keep up the good work.

We are also grateful to the adult SNPJ lodge 589 for their financial contributions. The adult lodge also has a baseball team. Although they have had a losing streak it doesn't mean that we should stop cheering for them, for if we do, they will lose confidence in themselves. Also, we have one of our juveniles as their mascot and he looks very nice in his uniform.

MARCELLA KRULCE, President,
Box 145, Strabane, Penna.

BILLIE SALUTES

(Continued from page 9)

membered that his teacher had said, "Always salute your flag." Drowsy as he was, he raised his right hand to salute and said, "I pledge legiance . . . to . . . the flag . . ."

In the Brown's dining room Mrs. Brown asked her husband anxiously, "What is that dreadful noise upstairs?"

"Sounds very much as though William had tumbled out of bed," he answered. "I'll go and see."

He found the little figure in pajamas standing before the window, his right hand upraised, and a bright light from the street falling on the tiny flag pinned on his breast.

"I pledge . . ." whispered a sleepy voice.

"That's all right, my son," said his father, taking the boy in his arms and carrying him to his bed, where he leaned over and kissed him. "You've done your duty today. Sleep well and dream about Old Glory. See you in the morning. Good night."

A Chess Player

Landlord: "Are you a chess player?"

Prospective Tenant: "Yes. Why do you ask?"

Landlord: "I prefer to rent to them. They seldom move."

ZGODBE O BOMBAŽU

Oskar Hudales

(Nadaljevanje.)

Pred ognjem beže jezdec. Vedno bliže za petami je. Nizko sklonjeni sede v sedlih. Molče udrihajo po omahujočih konjih. Kajti može je strah. Niso se bali mrzlice, ne volkov, ne viharne voznje iz Španije preko Atlantika v Novi svet. Nikdar niso bežali. Zdaj beže. Pozabljena je misel na zlato deželo, ki jo iščejo. V teh trenutkih mislijo samo na smrt. Na strašno smrt v plamenih goreče prerije.

Konji omagujejo. Konji se penijo in hrope. Jezdec obupujejo, se solze in pokašljujejo. Na desni se zgrudi konj. Jezdec se s težavo izmota izpod živinčeta. Peš se obupno požene za ostalimi. Zaman. Pade še on. Veselo poskakujejo plameni preko njegovega trupla.

Hernando de Soto jezdi še vedno prvi.

Začuti, da se konju narahlo udirajo kopita v zemljo.

"Rešeni!" izhrope Hernando tovarišem. "Na desni je reka."

Še nekaj trenutkov, dolgih ko večnost in konji začofotajo po vodi. Počasi bredejo po plitvi strugi na nasprotno stran. Ohranili so si življenja. Požar ne more čez reko.

Na drugem bregu popadajo jezdec s konj. Molče. Konji hropejo in se tresejo. Požar divja vzdolž reke in se izgublja v daljavi. Tudi dim utone v neskončni modrini neba . . .

Nevarnost je minila. Toda pozneje je prišla še mrzlica, prišla je strupena zima, prišli so zopet Indijanci.

Hernando de Soto in njegovi niso našli zlate dežele.

Premagala jih je prerija.

II. de j a n j e. Leto 1763. Maj. Preko prerije pihljajo tople pomladanske sapice. Med travo se pripogiba cvetje. V Oranu v Alžiru je tisti čas drugače. Tam žge sonce. Vroče afriško sonce. Njegovi žarki prebadajo ljudi in zidovje. Nobena sapica ne pihlja. Morje je mirno ko raztopljen svinec. Pesek žari. Mestno zidovje je vroče ko krušna peč. Palme povešajo liste. Kapljica hladne vode je dragocenejša ko zlato.

Kljub temu je v Oranu živahno ko malokdaj. Po ozkih ulicah se prerivajo prodajalci pijače in sadja. Natovorjeni osli se drenjajo med ljudmi. Na oglu razkazuje umazan čarovnik svoje umetnije. Kriči, da bi privabil ljudi, ki hite svoja pota. Najrazličnejši prodajalci ponujajo svojo robo. Med množico počasi nihajo zagrnjene ženske z visokimi glinastimi vrči na glavah. V snežnobebe burnose oblečeni Arabci dostojanstveno korakajo po razbeljenem tlaku. Med peketanje iskrih arabskih konj se mešajo glasovi kameljih zvoncev. Težko obložene z različnim blagom se zibljejo živali proti sredini mesta.

Danes je v Oranu sejem. Vse hiti na mestni trg. Med vikom in krikom ponuja črna Afrika svoja bogastva. Datelje, kokosove orehe, banane,

tkanine, čudovite vezenine, dišave, slonovo kost, kože in—ljudi.

Ljudi? Da, da, ljudi! Črne, stasite, kodrolase, belozobe ljudi. Črnice iz Senegala, Sudana, Nigerije, od Čadskega jezera, iz Kameruna . . . Ženske in moške in mladino.

V dolgih vrstah stoje sredi trga. Rožljajo z verigami, ki jim oklepajo noge. Preplašeno strme v množico. Žejni so. Sonce jim pije zadnje kapljice vlage iz teles. Za vsak nedovoljen gib padajo udarci na njih bičana pleča. Hudobno se reže arabski gonjači. Saj zamorec ni človek. Zamorec je samo črna, delovna živina.

Še pred tedni ali meseci je bil zamorec človek. Živel je v slamnati koči sredi stepe. Gojil je banane, obiral datelje, preganjal opice, ki so mu delale škodo, in hodil na lov. V mesečnih nočeh je plesal krog ognja in daroval svojim bogovom. Toda nekega dne je pridirjala četa Arabcev. V hipu so vzplamtele zamorske kočice na vseh koncih vasi. V nastali zmedi so Arabci pobili starce in otroke ter povezali vse delazmožne. Od tedaj zamorec ni bil več človek. Bil je samo črna, delovna živina.

Arabci so ujetnikom sneli spone. Potem je karavana krenila proti severu. Spredaj jezdec, nato uklenjeni sužji, za njimi jezdec. Gorje siromaku, ki je stopil iz vrste! Gorje onemu, ki je sedel v vroči puščavski pesek, da se za trenutek odpočije. Takoj je bil pri njem Arabec. Z enim zamahom korobača mu je presekala kožo na hrbtu, na glavi, na stegnu . . .

Železni obroči na nogah so zajedli v gležnje globoke rane. Puščavski prah je grizel v živo meso. Iz dneva v dan so se stopnjevale muke. Potem je padel prvi v puščavski pesek. Ni se ganil več. Arabci so mu sneli okove. Naslednjo noč so ga požrle hijene . . .

Potem je padel drugi, peti, deseti . . . Beli okostnjaki so ležali na sledi karavane. Oni, ki jih ni požrla puščava, stoje sedaj v Oranu na sejmu. To niso več ljudje. So le črna, delovna živina.

Beli, po evropsko oblečeni možje hodijo mimo vrst sužnjev. Strokovnjaško otipujejo sužnjem mišice, gledajo zobe, merijo prsni obseg. Pogajajo se z arabskimi trgovci za ceno in odbirajo kupljene sužnje. Kaj jim mar, če ločijo ženo od moža, sina od matere. Suženj ni človek, suženj je žival.

V arabskem pristanišču stoji zasidrana velika jadrnica. Last je angleške trgovske družbe. Družba trguje s sužnji. Sam angleški kralj je dal dovoljenje za ta dobičkanosni posel.

Brkati angleški mornarji gonijo kupljene sužnje na krov in v podpalubje. Vedno nove vrste črncev izginjajo v ladjin trebuh. Z začudenjem gledajo zamorci bele, brkate obraze. Kam jih vodijo? Kako usodo so jim namenili?

Črnici ne vedo, da je pred sto leti (1663) podaril angleški kralj Karl II. osmim plemenitašem obsežne pokrajine v Novem svetu južno od 36° severne širine. Ti plemenitaši niso bili zaneženjaki kakor Hernando de Soto. Niso šli iskat zlata. Če-

mu tudi? Prerijska zemlja sama je zlato. Le izrabiti jo je treba.

Sužnji niso vedeli, da je Anglija že dolgo gospodarica svetovnega morja, da gre vsa trgovina skozi njene roke, da na Angleškem raste blagostanje. Z blagostanjem raste poželjenje po razkošju. K razkošju spada lepa obleka iz tanke bombažaste tkanine.

Nihče ni črnecem povedal, da v angleških manufakturah (delavnicah) tkejo noč in dan. Ni jim znano, da vsa Anglija kriči:

"Bombaža! Še bombaža! Več bombaža!"

Zato so angleški plemiči v osvojeni Ameriki nasadili bombaž. Mnogo bombaža. Potreba pa je rastla iz dneva v dan. Še bombaža! Mnogo bombaža! Kje dobite delavce? Zaslužnjeni Indijanci umirajo in trumah zaradi naporenega dela. Kdo ve pot iz te zagate?

"Kje je bombaž?" vpije Anglija.

"Hej!" se spomni Las Kazas. "Pomagajmo ubogim Indijancem! Ne zmorejo! Črnci so odpornejši, močnejši. Črnce v Ameriko! Črnce na bombažne plantaže (bombažna polja)!"

In tako se sedaj gnetejo zamorci po vseh prostorih angleške ladje. Jutri se bodo gnetli na francoski, pojutrišnjem na španski in portugalski. Vedno znova prihajajo kupci v Maroko, Alžir in Tunis po črno robo.

Anglija hoče bombaž, bombažne plantaže hočejo delavcev. Mnogo delavcev, cenjenih delavcev. Takih, ki delajo samo za pasjo hrano. Da bo dobiček farmarjev (posestnikov plantaž) čim večji.

"Dovolj bo, gospod kapitan," se oglasi prvi krmilar. "Ladja je že polna ko sod s slaniki."

"Nobena vreča ni tako polna, da bi še nekaj ne šlo v njo," se nasmehne kapitan. "Moramo jih še spraviti nekaj pod krov. Računati moramo z izgubo. Približno deset odstotkov jih med potjo pogine. Toliko jih mora biti več, da bomo v redu zadostili naročilu."

Preplašeno gledajo novodošli črnci. Tja dol naj gredo v to gnečo? Nemogoče! Ladja je prenapolnjena s črnci. In vendar je mogoče. Stiska se še poveča. Nikjer ni več praznega prostorčka.

Kapitan da povelje za odhod. Verige zorožljajo. Mornarji dvignejo sidro. Ladja se počasi okrepe proti Gibraltarskemu prelivu.

Tedni dolge vožnje. Tedni nepopisnega trpljenja. V prenapoljenih prostorih primanjkuje zraka. Ves je nasičen z izparinami črnih teles. Primanjkuje vode. Z razpokanimi, od žeje izsušenimi ustnicami, omršavljeni do kosti gledajo črnci drug drugega. Rjaveli bi ko živali, a glasovi obtiče v vročih, suhih grlih.

Neka črnka v kotu zblazni. Besno maha s pestmi in grize one, ki so v bližini. Prihitita dva mornarja. Udrihata po njej do onemoglosti. Pretepanje ne pomaga, ker je ženska neobčutljiva za udarce. Šele zvečer se pomiri in tiho stoka. Zjutraj čepi v kotu s široko odprtimi očmi. Mrtva. Mornarji jo primejo in vržejo čez krov. Vsak dan spuste kakega mrtveca v morje. Enemu je odpovedalo srce, drugi je bruhal kri, tretji je izdihnil zaradi zastrupljenja . . .

Tedni dolge vožnje. Mimo Madeire in Azorov, mimo Bermudskega otočja. Končno je ladja na cilju.

Pazniki bogatih farmarjev prevzamejo sužnje. Ladja se izprazni. Čez nekaj tednov se vrne v Evropo natovorjena z bombažem. Veselo se smehlja gospod kapitan. V njegovi kajuti stoji težko okovana skrinjica. V skrinjici je zlato. Dobro kupčijo je opravil gospod kapitan. Čez nekaj mesecev se vrne in pripelje novih sužnje. Kdo bi se branil takega lahkega zaslužka?

Tri sto let je Evropa pošiljala zamorske sužnje v Ameriko. Trideset milijonov so jih prepeljale angleške, francoske, španske in portugalske ladje v tej dobi čez Atlantski ocean. Drugih trideset milijonov je žalostno poginilo, ko so jih lovili, ko so jih vodili preko Sahare v severnoafriška pristanišča, ko so jih prepeljavali čez ocean.

Tri sto let so zamorski sužnji obdelovali ameriška bombažna polja. Od zore do mraka so se ubijali po nasadih, trpeli lakoto in žejo, spali na gnili slami, sprejemali udarce surovih paznikov, umirali od onemoglosti. Iz dneva v dan. Iz leta v leto. Iz stoletja v stoletje.

Tri sto let se je vsake kapljice ameriškega bombaža držala kri afriških zamorcev . . .

Leto 1861. V Združenih državah severnoameriških divja vojna. Jug se bori proti severu. Za suženjstvo in proti suženjstvu. 1. januarja 1863 postanejo sužnji svobodni. Odslej črnci na bombažnih poljih niso več delovna živina. Zopet so ljudje kakor pred tri sto leti v Afriki.

Do 1864 leta je trajala osvobodilna vojna. Terjala je pet sto tisoč življenj in tri milijarde dolarjev.

III. d e j a n j e. Leto 1933. Kje je prerija? Kam je izginila? Kje so bivoli in antilope? Kje so indijanski šotori? Kje je Mississippi? O, pač! Mississippi je še tu. Prav tak je kakor včasih. Le na bregovih so mu ljudje nasipali zemlje, da ne more iz struge ob vsakem večjem dežju. Povsem ga seveda še niso ukrotili. Kadar je prav jezen, podere nasip in se bridko maščuje za tlako, ki so mu jo naložili. Po Mississippiju plovejo namreč veliki parniki, težko natovorjeni z ljudmi in blagom. Indijanskih čolničkov, s katerimi se je včasih igral, ni več. Tudi ni več bivolov in antilop.

Prav tako izginja divja, lepa indijanska prerija. Po čez in po dolgem je prerezana z železnicami in cestami. Od severa na jug, od zapada na vzhod. Lahke indijanske šotore so zamenjale trdno zidane hiše, velika mesta z asfaltnimi ulicami in visokimi tovarniškimi dimniki. Nad prerijo ne krožijo več ponosni orli. Pod jasnim, sončnim nebom brne težka kovinska letala. Tam, kjer so se nekdaj pasli bivoli, se raztezajo razsežna polja. Na njih raste žito, pa tudi bombaž.

Bombaž—belo zlato Amerike.

62% vsega svetovnega pridelka bombaža je leta 1931 zrastle na teh poljih.

Lep dan je. Sonce boža obširne planjave. Lahen vetrič se poigrava z bombaževimi cvetovi, kakor se je nekoč igral z divjim in svobodnim prerijskim cvetjem.

Bombaž cveti. Farmarjem rastejo skrbi. Bombaž nima nobene cene več. Pravijo, da ga je preveč. Čudno! Na svetu pa je na milijone ljudi, ki hodijo na pol nagi, raztrgani okrog.

(Dalje prihodnjič)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON JUST FOR FUN
PAGE

Math Dilly: Mrs. Jones is 36 years old.

SNPJ Riddles: 1—Juvenile Circles; 2—True; 3—False; 4—False; 5—True.

Kwizzer: Shoes.

Service Quiz: 1—Clerk; 2—Swiss; 3—S.P. (Shore Patrol); 4—Woman's Army Corp; 5—There is similarity between the letters I and J, so the letter J was dropped.

School Daze: 1—F; 2—T; 3—T; 4—F; 5—F.

Brain Teasers: 1—Borrow-Sorrow-Morrow; 2—James Madison, our 4th Pres.; 3—Port Phillip; 4—Fox; 5—Woods.

Another Such Puzzle: SEPTEMBER.

"Scandal"

Seat the players in a long line or in a circle. The first player whispers some gossipy sentence to the second, the second whispers it to the third, and so on. The last player then repeats the sentence out loud. Then the first player says her own original remark, which is usually quite different than the final sentence.

A sentence of medium length is the best type to choose, as it is rather difficult to remember the exact wording and amusing mistakes are often made.

A Game for Boys

This game is called Indoor Crew Practice and can be used at a boys' party. Two "crews" of the same number of players are chosen. They sit on the floor, one behind another, legs outstretched, the back of one player touching the chest of another. At the starting signal, each crew must start "rowing." This must be done by all the players at once by hitching along the floor in their sitting rowing position. The crew which first arrives at the goal by this method wins.

This game should be played on a smooth floor because a rough floor would be too hard on the clothing of the players.

Pose Tag

Before the game starts, "It" takes some funny position. He might put his hands over his eyes, do some bending exercises, stand at attention, or some such posture. When all have seen this position, "It" starts chasing the others. The only way a player can avoid being tagged is by striking the same position that "It" did in the beginning. This may be very difficult to do if some one has a very funny position and everyone else is laughing. When one is tagged, he becomes "It" and strikes a new pose, and the game continues.

Same Complaint

Passenger: "Did you shine my shoes last night? One is black and one is brown."

Train Porter: "What a coincidence!"

Passenger: "What do you mean—a coincidence?"

Porter: "A man who got off at Cleveland complained of the same thing."

Our Flag



Our glorious flag forever,
With stripes and stars to stay,
That holds a nation's honor
At home and far away;
The flag of freedom's glory
That waves o'er land and sea,
The stars and stripes forever
That shelters you and me.

The Canary

Probably the strangest thing about canaries is that they do not know how to sing their pretty songs by instinct. Canaries are imitative birds and are put with others to learn their songs. Because they might learn wrong notes, they are put with good singers for training. Canaries are chosen for their perfection of songs.

Canaries are still found wild in the Canary Islands and the Azores and were first domesticated in Europe during the sixteenth century. They are usually yellow or yellow and green, although sometimes they are orange, mottled or pure white.

War Dogs

Dogs trained by the coast guard or army will be, and are proving to be, very valuable. A dog can give warning to men at night when a man can not hear or see danger. The dogs are trained to stay close to the guard when everything is all right and should the guard or sentry be injured in some way or other, this trained animal will return to the station for help. They will give an alarm should the occasion arise and will attack when so directed. Many dogs are being trained for battle right now while others are already proving their worth. This is just one more example of how man can place his trust in a dog.

He Crawled Under

First Farmer: "What became of the hired hand you got from the city?"

Second Farmer: "He used to be chauffeur, and he crawled under a mule to see why it didn't go."

No Overhead

Tony: "This gas rationing has hit my uncle hard. Before it started he owned ten gas stations and not one of them had a roof."

Frank: "No roof? What was the idea?"

Tony: "No overhead."

Meat Shortage

Mrs. Smith: "How do you explain the shortage of meat?"

Mrs. Smooth: "I don't know, but you certainly can't blame the boys who make the drugstore sandwiches."

SNPJ JUVENILE 30th ANNIVERSARY CAMPAIGN

● The Juvenile Department of the SNPJ is in its thirtieth year of successful progress. The Society honors this important anniversary with a special three months juvenile membership campaign, beginning September 1 and ending November 30, 1943.

● This campaign is open to any adult or juvenile member in good standing. To qualify as a contestant, one must first enroll a new juvenile member.

● In order that competition between contestants will be more equal, all lodges are grouped into four classes designated by the letters A, B, C and D, and each lodge is assigned a quota based on the official adult membership as of last June 30.

● Attractive cash awards are offered:—There will be two special prizes in each class, one for \$50 and another for \$25 and, over these, four All-Classes combined prizes, one each for \$75, \$50, \$35 and \$25.

● As an inducement for promising juvenile members to participate as contestants, four EXTRA All-Classes combined prizes are offered to the four highest juveniles finishing out of the special prizes described above, these as follows:—\$25, \$20, \$15 and \$10. Each, however, must secure at least five new members.

● In addition to the special prizes, the Society shall also pay the following:—\$1 for each juvenile insured under Plan 1 or 2, and \$2 for each one insured under Plan 3.

● All new juvenile members shall be considered for awards on condition that they have paid at least six monthly assessments.

● No medical examination is required unless insurability is doubtful or questioned. In all such cases, the Society shall pay up to 50 cents for each juvenile examined.

● An attractive CERTIFICATE OF MERIT, signifying that one has done his part in the SNPJ Juvenile 30th Anniversary Membership Campaign, will be awarded to every contestant who enrolls the required quota of new members.

● During the Victory Campaign our lodges and members responded wonderfully. Many of them obtained excellent results. Won't you do the same in this campaign?

● A golden opportunity to build a stronger foundation for the future is here. Let our goal be an UNLIMITED VICTORY, and our slogan: REJUVENATE THE SNPJ WITH JUVENILES!

VINCENT CAINKAR,
Campaign Chairman

MICHAEL VRHOVNIK,
Campaign Director