

Mladinski List



A Magazi

2 N. Clevelonia cx
6417 St Clair
Cleveland Ohio

AUGUST

1943

MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

IVAN MOLEK - - - - - Editor

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

MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

LETO XXII—ŠT. 8

CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1943

VOL. XXII—No. 8

NADA

Katka Zupančič

Užigale so zvezde se večerne
in luna je rdela izza streh.
Korake čuti bilo je prešerne,
še bolj prešerno je odmeval smeh.

Obcestne luči so se razžarele
in razmaknile so širino cest;
stoječ v razsežnih kolobarjih so molele
gostečemu se mraku svetlo pest.

Prav naglo so se bližali koraki
in z njimi smeh—ko vrelec živ in mlad.
Nosili v rokah so diplome s traki
in v prsih polno sanj in mladih nad . . .

* * *

Tam daleč onostran Atlantika,
tam tudi čas izpitov je, diplom.
A kogar bije bič fanatika,
ima v očeh le srda blisk in v prsih grom.

Počasi bliža se rešitev domovini,
a bliža se—sovražnike je strah!
Počasi meljejo pravice mlini—
a zmleta bo jeklena peta v prah!

METKINO "PETJE"

Katka Zupančič

Metka prepeva	Ne briga se vejica,
kar sredi noči,	komu šušti!
le da se pri petju	Ne briga se vodica,
na kisko drži.	komu šumi!
Zaman jo svariyo:	Mar ptiček vprašuje,
"Oh, Metka, nikar!	če čuje ga kdo?
Ušesom sosedov	Zakaj naj bi z Metko
si strašno na kvar."	drugače bilo . . . ?!

Na srečo bombaža
še toliko je,
da z njim si sosedje
ušesa maše.

LUKEC IN NJEGOV ŠKOREC

Povest za mladino

France Bevk

(Nadaljevanje)

Naočnike je hranil v podolgovatem mošnjičku, ki ga je polagal poleg sebe na klop. Ta mošnjiček je bil posebno živo pisan. Nemogoče, da bi ga škorec ne bil opazil.

Gospod je bil zamaknjen v branje. Škorec je stal pred njim. Opazoval ga je zdaj z enim, zdaj z drugim očesom. Poskočil je na klop. Pogledal je mošnjiček, nato gospoda. Ta se ni ozrl. Klepec je v hipu popadel s kljunom mošnjiček in zbežal.

To pot se ni nameril proti Lukcu. Bržkone se mu je za malo zdelo, da mu je vsako reč vzela. Z enim očesom ga je premeril po strani. Z naglimi koraki jo je odkuril v skrajni kot krova, da bi nemoten užival svoj pisani plen.

Lukec je stopil za njim.

"Klepec, kaj imaš tam? Daj sem!"

Škorec je za trenutek postal in se ozrl. Nato je pomignil z repom in se poizkusil skriti.

"Boš dal sem!" mu je žugal Lukec.

Nak, škorec ne bo dal. To pa bo njegovo. Ni se več ozrl ne se ustavil. Le podvival se je, ko je zaslišal Lukčeve korake za seboj. Skočil je po stonpicah v notranjost parnika. Ni zavil ne v spalnico ne v jedilnico. Krenil je mimo kuhinje v prepovedan prostor. Že se je znašel v temnem hodniku, na katerega je bil zašel Lukec v Marseju.

Naprej ni mogel. Vsa vrata so bila zaprta. Ozrl se je in zagledal Lukca na pragu. Stisnil se je k steni, vrgel plen na tla in stopil z nogo nanj.

"Boš dal sem!" mu je žugal Lukec.

"Bedak!" je odprl škorec svoj kljun.

Z enim očesom je gledal, kako se je Lukec prestopil in hotel do njega. Bil je trmast. Popadel je mošnjiček, hotel se je skriti za kupe rešilnih pasov, platna in vrvi.

Nenadoma je odskočil in planil k steni. Ni se več zmenil za pisani mošnjiček niti za Lukca. Obrnil je glavo v temni kot in začel vpiti iz polnega grla. Lukec ga še nikoli ni videl takšnega. Kričal je z glasovi vseh živali, kakor da se je odprl zverinjak.

Lukec je odrevenel. "Kaj mu je?" Tedaj

je Klepec planil h kupu platna in rešilnih pasov, udaril s kljunom. Znova je odskočil in se stisnil k steni.

Zgodilo se je nekaj nepričakovanega. Iz mraka se je divgnila dolga, bela roka. Skrčeni prsti so iskali, kot bi hoteli zgrabiti škorca.

"Potep! Bedak!"

Lukec nikoli v življenju ni občutil take groze. Zakričal je iz polnega grla, nato je onemel. Strah mu je vzel sapo.

Strašna bela roka je izginila. Pod kupom se je nekaj zganilo. Prikazala se je glava, nato človek do pasu. Bil je bled, ves razkuštran. Grda kletev mu je prišla iz ust.

Krik so slišali v kuhinji. Prišel je častnik, za njim sta stala dva mornarja. Častnik se je ozrl v kot. Izpod kupa se je izkopal neznanec, gledal je srdito, si gladil sivo obleko.

Lukec ga je spoznal. Ta človek je bil po vrvi splezal na ladjo. Spomnil se je na dolgina. Popadla ga je neznana bojazen. Zgrabil je škorca in zbežal mimo mornarjev na krov.

17.

Kaj se je bilo zgodilo?

Lukec je gledal ves plašen okrog sebe. Dolgin je bil nekam izginil. Ljudje so postali nemirni. Sprva so šepetali, nato so govorili glasno. Pogledovali so na Lukca in na škorca.

Prišla sta dva častnika. Poiskala sta Lukca. Poklicali so Slokarja, da jima je tolmačil.

"Jezus Marija," je Marjeta sklenila roke, "kaj si pa zopet naredil?"

Saj Lukec ni vedel, kaj je storil. Srce mu je tolklo, skoraj ni našel besede. Le polagoma mu je postajalo jasno.

Škorec je odkril potnika, ki je bil naskrivaj prišel na ladjo brez voznega in potnega lista. Po vsakem pristanišču so se morali postaviti izseljenci v vrsto. Častniki so preiskali parnik, če se kdo ni skrnil. Sivec se je bil skrnil za platnom in rešilnimi pasovi, da ga niso našli. Tako je prebil dan, morda dva. Zdaj so ga zaprli. V Lisaboni ga bodo izročili orožnikom.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD

By R. McMillan

(Continued.)

I expect that the first living things developed in the sea were simple seaweeds and protoplasmic jellies. That only happened when and where the water cooled sufficiently to allow of such combinations, because no life can occur in boiling water, and at first all the water was boiling. But time was on the side of change, and the water cooled, and life began, and long ages of rock tearing and wearing took place, and equally long ages of re-formations, of sinkings and upheavals, of strife and stress, ensued, and we had several different ages of rocks deposited, not on top of each other certainly, but in a definite order for all that. We call that deposit the "earliest" in which the simplest forms of life appeared. And when you come to read the Stone Books for yourself, as I hope you will, you will soon find that there has been a gradual development of life from then—from the dawn of life in the sea—up to the present day. It is so wonderful, so true, so simple.

Now I want you to imagine that we have seen the origin of the world up to that time which the geologists call the Carboniferous Age. I want to pause at that, because I think it is the most clearly marked of all the geological epochs.

Before we go any further, let me make this clear. There are no geological epochs at all in nature. The process of world-building has gone on from the first fire mist till now, without a pause, without a break, without an intermission of any kind. When I speak about the "Carboniferous Age" I only mean the time when the coal was laid down, and the air began to clear, and life on the land for air-breathing animals became possible. But always remember what the Latin poet said: *Natura non facit saltum*—Nature never jumps. That was one of the first things I learned in geology.

Now I feel that, with all this explanation, I may do what I have wanted to do, and that is to give you a long quotation from Edward Clodd about coal and the Carboniferous Age. He is a much more learned man than I am, and that must be my excuse for the quotation:—

"Coal is formed of compressed and chemically-altered plants, and occurs in all water-laid rocks, although in very different states and kinds. Sachs remarks that every experiment on nutrition with green-leaved plants confirms the theory that their carbon is derived solely from the atmosphere, and we get some idea how enormously large that derivation has been on 'reflecting that the deposits of coal, lignite, and turf spread over the whole earth, and the bituminous substances, as great or even greater in quantity, which permeate mountain formations, besides asphalt, petroleum, etc., are products of the decomposition of earlier vegetations, which, in the course of millions of years, have taken from the atmosphere the carbon contained in these substances, and transformed it into organic substance.'

"The climate and soil, during long eras of the Carboniferous system, specially favored the growth of plants most fitted for coal formation. A large part of Europe (and the like conditions apply wherever the true coal measures abound) was then covered with shallow waters, both salt and fresh, divided by low ridges, the bases of future mountain chains, and dotted with islands; while numerous rivers traversed the land, and silted up lagoons and lakes with the debris worn from older rocks. Vegetation flourished apace on these river banks and marshy flats, and, with intermittent subsidence of the soil occurring again and again, was buried under sand and mud, becoming changed into coal of varying seams of thickness. Hence the abundance of this mineral in the Carboniferous strata, which, as a whole, yield more of value and variety for the service of man than all the other systems put together. Sandstones for building, marbles for decoration, metals for machines, coals wherewith to drive them, purest oil from muddy shale, jet for the lapidary's art, loveliest colors, exquisite perfumes, and curative drugs from gas-tar, even sugar therefrom, three hundred times sweeter than that from the cane—these are the rich gifts of the deep rocks, which, struck by a more magic rod than Moses wielded, have given up their treasures

for man's need and delight.

"Of the plants forming the coal measures, the larger number are obliterated; but they all belong to the lower orders, as do the club-mosses, treeferns, and other forms which, in the warm moist atmosphere of those times, reached a gigantic size, and had a world-wide range far into north polar regions, where coal seams have been found. Of the animal life that dwelt among them we know very little, nor do the extant fragments represent a tithe of the forms then flourishing. In the later deposits the lower sub-kingdoms are represented by spiders and large scorpions; by land-snails, beetles, cockroaches (of which above eighty species occur), walking-stick insects a foot long, huge May-flies, and other insects; the honey-seeking, pollen-carrying species being still absent from the sombre forests. The first-known land vertebrates appear in the salamander-like and long-extinct amphibians called labyrinthodonts, from the labyrinthine structure of their teeth. The marine remains are still dominant. The lower types persist; the trilobites are on the verge of extinction, but higher forms of the same group, allied more nearly to the lobster and the shrimp, succeed. The first-known oysters appear, and, to the joy of the epicure, have survived all changes until now, spreading themselves over the whole northern hemisphere. Forerunners of the beautiful ammonites are found; and the fish, while still of the armored species, have a more reptilian character than their Devonian ancestors."

CHAPTER XVII

The Beasts of the Carboniferous

What a world of romance that quotation from Edward Clodd opens up! What a lot of things I want to tell you about. He mentions the despised cockroach as being abundant; and I laugh when I remember that, if long descent counts for anything, the cockroach is among the very oldest families in the world. I remember, too, that I once bred cockroaches. My mate and I used to get bottles full of them for selection; and one promising family of young cockroaches was roasted to death on a winter's morning through my mother's forgetfulness. My poor mother nearly broke her heart about it; but when she saw my account of it in the paper,

headed "Dreadful Tragedy in High Life," she was able to laugh at it.

I remember, also, my first meeting with the footprints of the labyrinthodont at Storeton Quarry, and my wild excitement over it; and I feel as if I ought to tell you about it. You see, I had heard all this story I am telling you now—as far as men had made it out then—and it was all new to me. I had only heard it in sections, as it were—a bit from the astronomer, a bit from the geologist, and a bit from the biologist, and so on; but I had not begun to fit all the pieces together for myself. Besides that, also, it seemed a bit incredible, and I thought it was a good deal of a fairy story. I do not remember being what you would call incredulous, but when I read the story for myself on the stone books as I had heard it in class I was amazed; which shows that I had not expected to find such clear proofs for myself. But I found them!

I had been told that "once upon a time," in the old long ago, after the carbonic acid gas had been cleaned out of the air, living things began to creep out of the water and breathe the dense air on the land. They were a long time in learning to live on the land entirely, but they had all the time they needed for development. These amphibians, as they were called, lived part of the time on land and part in the water, as the frogs and the crocodiles do today. They grew to be very large. Great frog-like animals, nearly as big as bullocks, came up out of the water, and walked on the banks of the lagoons. Their footprints hardened in the sun, and when the tide rose again the marks were filled with clay and covered up with sand. By and by the loose earth was converted into solid rock by heat and pressure. Ages and ages passed away, and all the frog-like labyrinthodonts also; and men were born and developed, and the old sandbank was lifted high in a hill; and men made a quarry in it, to get sandstone to build their houses. One day, when a block of stone was being lifted by the crane, they found a thin, very thin, layer of clay, and the print of two big hands, with five fingers on each, or rather four fingers and a thumb. It was not really a thumb, but simply a big swollen finger.

(To be continued)

"VOJSKA"

Katka Zupančič

Ena dve, ena dve . . .
Dol po cesti vojska gre:
spredaj trobentača
pihata na palice,
zvite kakor kača.
Tik za njima general
viha nos visoko,
sablja, dolga skoz do tal,
maha mu pod roko.

Ena dve, ena dve . . .
Dol po cesti vojska gre
prožnega koraka.
General spotakne se—
pade in zaplaka . . .
"Ta poveljnik ni za nas,
se preveč šopiri,
če si pa skrivi le las—
se, ko dete, cmeri."

Ena dve, ena dve . . .
Dol po cesti vojska gre
z novim generalom;
prejšnji pa pretaka še
solze za vogalom . . .

Important Don't's

Read Them Twice, Thrice

DON'T address your mail intended for publication in the ML to the Main Office of the SNPJ, to Slovene National Benefit Society, or to some person. The mail so addressed may be delayed and will be late for the intended issue. Address all such mail to Mladinski List, 2657-59 So. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DON'T write with pencil; use pen or, still better, typewriter.

DON'T write on both sides of the sheet. Paper is cheap.

DON'T draw your picture with ordinary ink. We cannot use such drawings. Draw only with the India ink.

DON'T draw in colors! It's a waste of time because we cannot use it.

DON'T fold your drawings! Send them between two card-boards in a large envelope.

DON'T omit your name, address, age, and lodge No., together with the parent's signature on the back of every piece of drawing or beneath any writing.

And most important of all: **DON'T** copy any rhymes or pictures! Be honest with yourself and us! You can't get away with it very long! We are checking on that.

That's Where He Is

Mother: "Why are you trying to feed the cat bird seed? I told you to feed the canary."

Johnny: "Well, that's where the canary is."



GOING ON A PICNIC

Birthdays of the Great Men

By Louis Beniger

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Oliver Wendell Holmes, liberal writer of prose and poetry, was born on August 29, 1809, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. His father was a Calvinist clergyman and his mother was the daughter of a distinguished New York family. From his mother Oliver derived his cheerfulness and vivacity, his sympathetic humor and wit, which were later shown in his literary works. He obtained his early education in his home town and graduated from Andover Academy at 16.

Holmes completed his studies at Harvard University when he was 24. After graduation he studied law for a year and then turned to literature. His first success came when he wrote "Old Ironsides," which was a spirited lyric called forth by the order to destroy the old frigate Constitution. These verses were sung all over the land, and induced the Navy Department to revoke its order and save the old ship.

Young Oliver next turned to medicine. After some study of medicine in Paris and a short period of medical practice in Boston, he was appointed professor of anatomy and physiology in the Medical School of Harvard University, a position which he held for forty years. In the meantime he wrote several essays. His stirring essay, "Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever," caused a fierce controversy, and it was at this time that his love for writing turned his interest from medicine to literature.

Oliver Wendell Holmes published his first volume of "Poems" in 1836. Among others was the poem "The Last Leaf," which is considered one of the most delicate combinations of pathos and humor in literature. His light satires in verse include such pieces as "Ballad of the Oysterman," "Lines to His Aunt," and others. His collected poems fill three volumes. However, if it were only for his poems, the place of Holmes in literature would be but a slight one.

At the age of 48 Holmes entered his new field of prose essays, which he continued to use successfully for over 30 years, or the remainder of his life. In 1857, when the At-

lantic Monthly was founded, he became its regular contributor and mentor. Through the columns of the magazine there followed as a result Holmes' well-known essays. The first of these was "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," then followed "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," and finally, his genial talks in "Over the Tea Cups." These four books are often compared with "The Spectator," with Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," with Johnson's "Rambler," and with Irving's "Salmagundi Papers."

Holmes had still another ambition—to write novels. Thus in 1861 his first novel, "Elsie Venner," was published. It was severely condemned by the religious world, and he was assailed as a freethinker. Then followed his second novel, "The Guardian Angel," which is a picture of the society of the New England country-town of his day. His third novel was "A Mortal Antipathy."

Although Holmes generally held himself aloof from politics, the Civil War aroused him and found him a staunch Unionist and an ardent advocate of emancipation. His interest was enhanced by the career of his older son and his namesake, Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was three times severely wounded, and finally rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel in the Northern Army. The father wrote some ringing war poems, and in 1863 delivered the Fourth of July oration in Boston.

In 1887, when Holmes visited England, Cambridge University made him Doctor of Letters, Edinburgh University made him Doctor of Laws, and Oxford University made him Doctor of Civil Law. Harvard University had made him Doctor of Laws in 1880.

Oliver Wendell Holmes died on October 7, 1894, at Boston, at the age of 85.

* * *

His son Oliver Wendell Holmes, born March 8, 1841, became a famous jurist. In 1902 he was made an Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, retiring 30 years later, in 1932. The best known of his works dealing with law is his book "The Common Law," also published "Speeches" and "Collected Legal Papers." He died in 1935.

BUDDY GETS A HAIRCUT

E. S. Rees

Buddy had never had his hair cut. It was beautiful hair, curly and yellow like the shavings that Mr. Allen, the carpenter, shaved off the boards in his shop and gave to his little friend.

Buddy was getting to be a big boy now, and Mother said he must have his hair cut. He would soon be going to school, and little boys who go to school don't wear long curls.

"But it will hurt," howled Buddy when he heard about the barber. "The barber man'll cut my ears. I know he will."

"Barbers never cut little boys' ears," laughed Mother; "they cut only hair, and put sweet smelling water on it. You know how nice Paul's hair looks after he has been to the barbers." Yes, Buddy knew, because he had often smelled it and liked it.

"But Paul's my big brother and barber men don't cut **big** brother's ears, only **little** ones," and frightened at the thought of it Buddy ran out of the room crying loudly, and up stairs to his own little room, where he threw himself on the bed and cried himself to sleep.

When Buddy woke up he saw the oddest little fellow sitting on his windowsill. He was humming a merry tune, keeping time with the green shoes on his feet. He wore a red jacket, blue breeches bunched at the knees with silver buttons down the sides and a yellow cap with a bright green feather.

"Hello!" said the queer visitor, grinning from ear to ear.

"Who are you?" asked Buddy, rubbing his sleepy eyes as he tried to decide whether he was awake or dreaming.

"Me? O I'm Jack Pixy, cousin of Little Jack Horner, Jack be Nimble and Jack be Quick and Jack and the Beanstalk. You know them, of course." Yes, of course, they were old nursery friends of Buddy. "I heard you howling as I was passing by and thought I'd stop in and see if I could do anything to help. It's about getting your hair cut, isn't it? Just imagine—crying about **that!**" and Jack laughed merrily. "Why don't you be a man, not a baby?"

"I ain't a baby," cried Buddy angrily. "I ain't!"

"You like birds, don't you, Buddy?" asked Jack looking down in the garden where two robins were splashing in a bird bath.

"What a funny question to ask," thought Buddy. Of course, he **loved** them. Didn't he have a free lunch counter for them spread with breadcrumbs and suet in the winter time, and didn't a lovely red cardinal eat there and thank him for the food with a wonderful song?

After Buddy had told Jack about the birds he said, "Now, Buddy, I heard some birds today say they wanted a lot of yellow hair, to help build their nests, wondering where they could find it. If I had curly yellow hair I'd give it to them quick enough. Then, do you know, Buddy, if you go to school with long curls little girls that sit behind you will always be pulling them? How would you like that?"

"But the barber man will cut my ears," wailed Buddy.

"O no, he won't," said the funny Pixy grinning, "and I'll tell you what. I'll go to him and tell him you're coming to have a haircut, and that you want to save the hair for bird nests. I'll make him promise to give you the very nicest haircut a little boy ever had. How about it, Buddy?"

Buddy sat on the edge of the bed and thought how mad it made him when the children next door sang out:

"Buddy, Buddy, likes the girls.
Buddy, where'd you get them curls?"

It made him hopping mad, too, even to think of little girls in the seat behind him at school pulling his curls. Maybe, after all it **would** be a good thing to get his hair cut; then he wouldn't have to get mad at anyone. He guessed Mother and Jack Pixy were right and barber men **wouldn't** cut little boys' ears.

Right then and there Buddy made up his mind.

And so it happened that next day a happy little boy went home from the barber shop with sweet smelling hair and a box of yellow curls for the red cardinal and the rest of the birds, from their friend Buddy.

GRAJSKI VRABEC

Dolga pesem o njegovih prigodah

Davorin Ravljen

(Nadaljevanje.)

Ustavi se na strehi mestne hiše,
da si počije, frfotač nerodni.
Ozre se Mica, kaj za njo ga ni še,
ozmerja ga: "Fej, srakoper negodni!
Za mano—zdaj!—čez strehe in nad žico,—
če treščiš kam, razbiješ si betico!"

Za njima srečno bili so prepadi,
ljubljskih ulic hrušč in trušč in šum . . .
Že širijo zeleni se nasadi,
zdaj Mihi naglo zrasel je pogum.
Pristala sta v zavetju gostih vej,
je rekla Mica: "Tu se zdaj razglej!

Veš, to je park, prekrasen mestni vrt,
po vrtu razpeljane so stezice,
ponoči in podnevi je odprt.
Že vonjaš? Kakor med dehte cvetice!
L1 tisto drevje . . ." — "To je Tičistan!"
"Da, Miha, le po tem imenu znan.

Poslušaj nauk, nevedni bratec sivi!
Dekleta, fantje, starci in otroci
so ptičem tod prečudno dobrotljivi —
vsakdo tišči, ponuja zrnje v roci.
Spodobi se, da zoblješ le po tleh!" —
"Bom, hvala! Ravno prazen je moj meh!"

"Premnoge umne boš spoznal Slovence,
ne boš se jim približal, to verjamem.
A zbogom zdaj, saj zame niso sence . . ."
"O, ljuba Mica, strah me bo na samem." — —
V poletu naglem že je odbrzela —
zdaj, Miha, se bo nova pesem pela.

* * *

Vesoljno ptičje ljudstvo Tičistana
žgolelo je in žvižgalo in pelo.
Vsak zase. Vendar bratovščina zbrana
živela je svobodno in veselo.
Tu ni gladu, morilk, zalezovanja,
sem redko kdaj pokuka mačka, kuna, kanja.

Počasi jih je Miha razpoznaval
in oni njega—bil je vendar siv.
Je kakor postopač med njimi taval,
ponižen, toda hud in ujedljiv.
Ob drugih rad je ostri kljunek brusil,
zato pa večkrat sladke je okusil.

Najbolj so ščebetale pač sinice,
na žvižg in pisk so koj ljudem med prsti,
sek!—s trdim kljunom v zrno in v koščice,
tako nazobljejo se vse po vrsti.
V siničke Miha ni nikoli drezal,
ko za odpadki je po tleh oprezal.

Imel je najbolj brgleze na piki—
za ljubjem mnogo zrnja skrivajo,
so ščinkovci pohrustarji veliki,
vso drobno družčino odrivajo.
O, Miha jih je zmerjal: "Čiv, svojat!
Požrešnež je še grši kakor tat."

Skakljal med smrečjem je na vejo z veje—
namah, ko da zašel je v strašno past:
kdo se od blizu mu pregrozno smeje,
zobe mu ostre kaže ta pošast?
"Oh, oprostite!"—zmeden ves se stresa
in zdajle—misli—bomo šli v nebesa . . .

Pošast čepi na zadnjih dveh nožicah
pa pravi vrabcu: "Ti si mi od muh!
Kaj iščeš tod pri mojih pridnih pticah!
Odkod in kam, neznani potepuh?"
—"Ne vem . . . Zares . . . povedal bi vam rad
vročina je, hotel sem malo v hlad . . ."

"Glej, glej, kako ti je naenkrat vroče!
No, zdaj boš, potepin, ostal pri nas.
Imamo radi ptičice pojoče —
kaj žvrgoliš? Sopran? Tenorček? Bas?" —
—"Mm moj Bbbog . . . porečete, da se baham,
a peti res prav nič in nič ne znam!"

"Ne ptiček, mene zlepa ne ukaneš,
opraviš že z drugačnimi sem čuki.
Za hlapca poskakača mi ostaneš —
jaz sem glavar in pevovodja Muki!
Če mi pobegneš, makar v daljne kraje,
razpošljem krvoločne policaje!"

"Lepo ponižno prosim: le zkaj
naj zapustim vaš mili, ljubi gaj?
Gospod, takole rečem: oj, Ljubljana —
le kaj bi bila ti brez Tičistana!"
"Tako je, fant,—to nam zapoj nocoj,
ko kresoval bo ves moj ptičji roj!"

Pod brezami, pod brezami, pod brezami,
kako se rahlo svet ugreza mi!
Drevesa v cvetju, gnezda v njih zavetju,
v grmovju kosi, pevci žoltonosi,
vabljivo se je njihov spev razlegal,
ko mrak za mrakom čez goro je segal.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

HUNGDI

By Emerine S. Rees



He was a very dirty looking little dog as he trotted up the garden walk one Monday morning. His brown, white-tipped tail wiggled "good morning" to Benjie, sitting on the kitchen steps eating a sandwich. Benjie

gave him a bite, then looking closely at him exclaimed:

"Hungdi, where did you get all that mud on your coat? I'll give you a good bath as soon as Nora is through washing."

Hungdi did not like to get in a tub of water any more than some little boys do, even if the water was covered with nice, foamy white bubbles. He growled to himself:

"I had a bath last Monday, and that's enough for me."

Benjie's mother had told him the day he found the little dog wandering on the street and begged so hard to keep him:

"If no one claims the dog, Benjie, and you will give him a bath every Monday during the summer, when Nora is through with her washing, you may keep him."

"I'll do it, mother," promised Benjie joyfully. "I'll go down right away to Mr. Green's grocery and buy a cake of pink soap and scrub brush. I'll call him Hungdi, and you see if I don't keep him clean."

Benjie brushed Hungdi's coat as well as he could, patted his head and grinned:

"Come on, Hungdi, we'll see if the butcher man'll give you a nice, fat bone for breakfast," and away went the little dog trotting at his master's heels.

Hungdi liked his new home, but after several tubbings he drew a line at pink soap, scrub brush and tub of water. Though Benjie grinned, "Come in, old fellow, the water's fine," as he lifted him in the tub, Hungdi vried, wriggled and shook water all over his master, growling to himself:

"I love my little master, and I love the butcher's nice bones, but no more baths for me; I've had enough."

Next Monday morning there was no Hungdi to be found when the tub was ready for

him, but in the afternoon he came trotting up the walk just as though nothing had happened. Monday after Monday came and went; each morning Hungdi disappeared, then came home in the afternoon.

One day Benjie and his friend Bob West started out to find where Hungdi went. They looked in the woodshed, garage, summerhouse, up and down the streets, then rode on their bicycles in the country. Stopping at farmhouses they asked if anyone had seen a little brown dog with white tip on his tail and a brass plate on his collar marked Hungdi, but no one had seen him.

"You'll have to get you another dog, Benjie," said Bob when the two tired boys stopped to rest under an oak tree. "Hungdi wasn't much of a dog, anyway."

To be sure, Hungdi was just a stray, with rusty brown coat and snubby white nose on which Benjie put bits of candy for him to catch, but he was Benjie's very own and he loved the little fellow.

Reaching home after his vain search for Hungdi, Benjie sat on the front steps looking very blue and downcast, until his mother called:

"Benjie, will you please run down to Mr. Green's store and get some tea? You can buy a box of those sweet crackers, too, that you like so much."

When the grocery man handed Benjie his package he asked:

"Lost a dog lately, Benjie? Mighty friendly little fellow, tan brown with white on the tip end of his tail. Comes here every Monday morning, lays himself down behind that potato barrel over there, and goes to sleep. Then up he gets in the afternoon and trots himself away. The boys were saying he looks like your dog. Maybe he's there now; better look and see."

Benjie took a look, and there, sure enough, curled up behind Mr. Green's potato barrel, was the little dog Hungdi who ran away from his bath.

Riddles

What kind of hair do you get when you fall down?—Bangs.

What is broken before it can be used?—An egg.

What is both a fruit and a time?—A date.

What grows less tired the more it works?—Automobile wheel.

What ship is always ahead?—Leadership.

JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg

SOLDIER BOY

The soldier is the bravest man,
Working and fighting hard as he can;
In cold or in heat, in storm and in rain
Never stopping to rest, never time to complain.

He has no choice of where to sleep,
In very good order his clothes he must keep;
He gets up early, goes to bed late
And if he's hungry—his meals must wait.

In face of danger, he's calm and cool,
His duties are performed by discipline and rule;
There's a war under way, and much to be done;
And he's ready to fight till victory's won.

* * * * *

PRESIDENTIAL KWIZZERS

Whew! August is really a hot month. It's the time to take your favorite book, find a shady spot and relax. We've picked out some easy puzzles for you, so you should be able to get all right answers. Try and see.

1. All of the following presidents died while in office. Can you pick out the three that were assassinated? a) Lincoln; b) Harrison; c) Taylor; d) Garfield; e) Harding; f) McKinley.
2. The Louisiana Purchase was made during the administration of: a) Adams; b) Taylor; c) Jefferson.
3. The "Spoils System" which removed office holders of the opposing party was first greatly practiced by: a) Roosevelt; b) Jackson; c) Polk.
4. The great Civil War raged during the term of: a) Grant; b) Lincoln; c) Arthur.
5. The first president to serve three terms was: a) Wilson; b) Hoover; c) Roosevelt.

* * * * *

To work in the garden is really great fun;
It's a grand way to help get this war won.

* * * * *

Riddle-Me-Ree

Q. Do you know what the mama bee said to baby bee?

A. How's stings.

Q. What has four eyes and can't see?

A. Mississippi River.

* * * * *

GOOFIES

Real easy questions are these—

1. What was Zachary Taylor's first name?
2. Who wrote Willkie's "One World"?
3. Easter fell on what day this year?
4. Springfield, Ill., is in what state?
5. Washington monument is dedicated to what great man?

Car Trouble

Mr. Poodledorfer had an old car, and typical of old cars, his always needed repair. Mrs. Poodledorfer thought this was a waste of good money, and so she told him: "_____to understand why you spend so much money—a_____like this." Now you see four words are left out of the sentence. If you place in the correct four words, you'll complete the sentence and then if you arrange them properly, they will spell out the name of a Western state.

* * * * *

Nursery Rhymes

Can you complete the following?

1. Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any_____?
2. He put in his thumb and pulled out a_____.
3. For want of a nail the_____was lost.
4. Won't you come into my parlor? said the _____to the fly.
5. Wee Willie Winkie went to_____.

* * * * *

HAPPENINGS IN AUGUST

August 11, 1807—Robt. Fulton's new steamboat sailed up the Hudson River.

August 18, 1587—Virginia Dare—1st white child born in No. Carolina.

August 24, 1814—British captured Washington and burned the principal buildings, including the Capitol and White House.

August 28, 1749—Birthdate of Johann Wolfgang Goethe, Poet.

* * * * *

ONWARD TO VICTORY

Eat right, play right, get plenty of rest;

For to help win this war you must feel your best.

* * * * *

MATH MUDDLE

If you rearrange the numbers in each of the three lines below correctly, each line will add up to the same sum. You'll find it's harder than it looks, but it's fun.

$$532 + 5$$

$$608 + 1$$

$$99 + 24$$

* * * * *

THINGS YOU NEVER SEE

A barn dance, a monkey shine, round table talk, flying tiger.

* * * * *

(Answers are on back inside cover page.)

He who has health, has hope; and he who has hope, has everything.

ZGODBE O BOMBAŽU

Oskar Hudaes

(Nadaljevanje.)

Iz taborišča pod griči se vije dim. So Indijanci? Kdo pa drugi? Še nikdar ni trave v preriji teptala druga noga ko indijanska. V taborišču rezgetajo konji. Toda Indijanci nimajo konj. Kdo so možje, ki posedajo ob ognjih in pečejo meso? Čudno so opravljeni in oboroženi. Vsi so brkati. Indijanci ne nosijo brk.

Molče povzijejo večerjo. V slast jim gre. Na obrazih se jim pozna, da so utrujeni. Zleknejo se ob ognjih.

"Noči so hladne," reče eden izmed njih. "Kmalu bo zopet zima in še vedno nismo na cilju."

Dolgo mu nihče ne odgovori. Možje predejo svoje misli. Kaj bi tudi govorili? Želje vseh so se strnile okrog enega samega vprašanja. Kdaj bomo na cilju?

Čez čas se nemirno zgane velik mož. Njegov obraz je trd. Iz oči mu sije ogenj močne volje. Toda njegov glas je mehak, ko odvrne govorniku:

"Ne bodi malodušen, Juan! Z malodušnostjo ne bomo mnogo dosegli. Zavedaj se, da nas na cilju čaka bogato plačilo."

"Nisem malodušen, Hernando de Soto," odvrne Juan skoraj užaljeno. "Poznaš me. Ne bojim se ničesar. Tudi smrti ne. To sem že večkrat dokazal. Muči me le eno: ali se izplača ves ta napor, vse te žrtve? Drugo leto že teče, odkar smo se odpravili iz Španije. In ves ta čas tavamo po teh neskončnih ravninah, rijemo skozi gozdove, bredemo čez reke, umiramo radi mrzlice, pobijamo Indijance in oni nas. Skoraj polovico ljudi smo že izgubili. Njih kosti trohne v tej strašni zemlji, ki ji ni ne konca, ne kraja. Ali se vse to izplača?"

"Da, izplača se," odvrne Hernando odločno, njegov glas je še vedno mehak. "Pred sedem in tridesetimi leti je umrl Krištof Kolumb. Ta veliki mož ni vedel, da je odkril nov del sveta. In naša dolžnost je, da izpolnimo njegovo dedščino! Da ves ta svet osvojimo za našo domovino, za Španijo, ki Kolumbu ni izkazala niti najmanjše usluge. To sramoto moramo oprati z novimi odkritji. Na zapad gre naša pot. Na oni zapad, ki je bogat zlata. To zlato moramo najti za Španijo—in za nas."

Hernando je utihnil. Tudi možje molče. Hernando ve, kako čudežno moč ima beseda zlato. Vse jih priklepa nase. Vse je uklenila v svoje nezlomljive okove. Zlato pomeni bogastvo, pomeni brezskrbno življenje, pomeni srečo. Na kupce je zlata tam nekje na zapadu.

Znočilo se je. Možje so postavili straže in poglegli spat. Jutri jih čaka nov dan naporov in trpljenja.

Sredi noči zasliši stražar na zgornjem koncu tabora rahlo šumotanje v jesenski travi. Ali je veter ali žival? Napeto gleda v temo. Za trenutek je zopet vse tiho. Šum se začuje znova.

"Kdo je?" Stražarjev glas udari v tišino noči. Namah zraste iz teme devet temnih senc. Preden se stražar zave, pade s smrtnim krikom na tla. Preluknjale so ga indijanske puščice.

V hipu je ves tabor na nogah. Možje grabijo za orožje in hite na mesto napada. Kje so Indijanci? Na tleh leži mrtvi stražar. O napadalcih ni sledu. Kakor bi se pogreznil v zemljo.

"Zopet eden," vzdihne Hernando de Soto in se skloni k mrtvecu. "Ogleduhi so ga ubili. Pripraviti se moramo na večji napad."

Možje ne gredo več spat. Bedijo in prisluškujejo v noč.

"Kdo bo naslednji?" se sprašujejo v mislih.

Jutranje sonce prežene nočni hlad. Prežene tudi mračne misli. Možje poderejo tabor, osedlajo konje in krenejo dalje. Proti zapadu, vedno proti zapadu jih vodi pot. Na zapadu je dežela zlata.

Opoldan je sonce toplo. Skoraj vroče. Potniki snemajo čelade in brišejo potna čela. Žarki poigravajo na mečih in oklepih. Mimo karavane zdrirja tolpa prerijskih volkov. Še ne zmenijo se za jezdece. Z iztegnjenimi repi se pode preko prerije.

Kmalu z volkovi zbeži mimo karavane čreda antilop. Kaj se je svet postavil na glavo? Od kdaj love antilope volkove? Možje se čudijo, kajti za antilopami se prikaže manjša čreda bivolov. Tudi bivoli hite, kolikor se da.

Možje obstanejo in okrenejo konje. Kaj se je zgodilo, da so živali tako zbegane? Še konjev se loteva nemir. Rezgetajo in kopljejo z nogami. Dvigujejo glave in love vzhodni veter v široke odprte gozdovi.

"Po dimu smrdi," ugotovi Juan. "Nekaj se žge."

Možje napeto gledajo v daljavo.

"Glejte!" vzklikne Hernando de Soto z rahlo drhtečim glasom in iztegne roko. "Ali vidite oblak na vzhodu?"

Po vsej dolžini vzhodnega obzorja raste iz prerije temen oblak in se izgublja v nebesni modrini.

"Bratje! Indijanci so nam namenili smrt in ne vem, če ji bomo ušli," reče Hernando in v hipu okrene konja. "Prerijo so zažgali. Samo beg nas lahko reši."

Jesensko sonce gleda čudno sliko.

Neskončna prerija, griči, uvela trava. Po preriji se podi četa jezdecev. Možje so tihi. Njih pogledi so uprti v daljavo. Konji hropejo, se spotikajo, a nobeden noče zaostati. Nizko sklonjeni sede možje v sedlih. Zdaj pa zdaj se kateri okrene in nehote spodbode konja. Kajti za jezdecami gori suha prerijska trava.

Milijoni ognjenih jezikov ližejo uvele bilke. Narasčajo in upadajo. Veselo poskakujejo po pošastni prerijski razsežnosti. Njih migetanje je podobno plesu razposajenih škratov. Gričev se ne strašijo. Veselo zaplešejo po pobočju navzgor, se zavrtje na vrhu in zdrče na drugi strani griča navzdol v ravno prerijo. Za njimi ostajajo samo kupi pepela. Narasčajoči vzhodnik ga vrtinči v razžarjeni zrak. Tam se meša z oblaki gostega dima. Dim se trudi, da bi zakril radovedno jesensko sonce.

(Dalje prihodnjič)

Who Lit The Lamp?

E. S. Rees



"O you beautiful little cat!" cried Ada.



"Here's another one just like it," said her brother

Teddy, her twin, taking an armful of what looked like a bundle of gold fur, as the sun shone through the dining room windows and rested on it.

This was their birthday, but they were so delighted with the Persian kittens that they did not see their other gifts on the table.

"What a lovely tail!" exclaimed Ada, "it looks like an ostrich plume," and she took one of the little kittens in her arms while Teddy smoothed the yellow fur of the other Persian, "what funny white whiskers this one has, they nearly meet and make a ring."

Each fat, fluffy kitten had a card tied around its neck, almost hidden by long golden fur, and on each card the children read "Happy birthday to Ada," and "Happy birthday to Teddy."

The kittens were given the names of Flip and Flap and followed the children everywhere, and were always playing when they were not sleeping or eating. When Ada tried to study her lessons in the evening Flip would jump up on her lap and sit on her book. Flap was fond of playing with a string that Teddy tied on the back of his chair near the floor lamp.

As Flip and Flap were twins and looked exactly alike Teddy painted Flap's nose red. "Now," he told Ada, "we'll know them apart."

One evening Ada put down the book that she was reading and turned off the light from the floor lamp when she answered the telephone call to talk to a friend. When she went back the lamp was burning brightly and Flip and Flap were asleep in the armchair.

"I wonder now," said Ada to herself, "who turned on the light when nobody was using it. It's wasting." Just then Teddy came into the room whistling. "Why did you leave on the light, Teddy, when nobody was using it?" his sister asked. "You used it after I did."

"I didn't," answered Teddy, "I just came home from the store."

"Why, Ted Fuller, you certainly did because there was no one else here while I was talking to Lucy, and you know it's wasting light."

"I tell you I didn't," insisted Teddy, growing angry, "You left it on yourself."

"I never," declared Ada, "I turned it off when I left the room," and gathering up her books she went into the library to be by herself.

Teddy sat thinking how queer it was for the light to be turned on when neither he nor Ada were in the room; probably they'd find out who did it, and anyway it was very foolish to get angry with each other. While he sat thinking Flip woke up, jumped from his bed on the armchair, and after looking at the floor lamp thought it would be fun to pull the cords down. After playing with them a while he found that he could do it. So he climbed up the stand, took one of the cords in his mouth, and with the help of his sharp claws gave it a good pull. Suddenly the room was lighted up, and Flip jumped to the floor a very much surprised kitten.

Teddy had been quietly watching Flip, and laughed and laughed as he called to his sister in the next room: "Here's your lamp-lighter, sis, come and see for yourself. Sit down here a minute and watch Flip perform. Keep right still."

Sitting in the corner of the room Ada waited and watched to see what would happen, and to know what had made Teddy laugh so.

Whether or not Flip wanted to prove that Teddy had not turned on the light, he climbed up the lamp post once more, pulled the other cord and turned on more light, while Ada and Teddy looked on in surprise and amusement.

"I'm sorry, Ted," confessed Ada, after laughing heartily at Flip's new trick, "that I said what I did to you, and I hope you'll forgive me for being so ugly, won't you?" and she took the fat little Persian in her arms and told him never, **never** to light the lamp again when he was alone in the room.

"We're both sorry we were so ugly," said Teddy, "and so we'll both forgive each other."

That government is the strongest of which every man feels himself a part.

—Thomas Jefferson

LET'S PLAY GAMES

Submitted by **Marge Jeric**

What could be more fun than to swing along a wooded lane or border trail singing happily all the way? Let's start this month's picnic in a gay and patriotic way with a hike. Careful preparations must be made beforehand by a committee. Have the hikers gather at a designated spot in the city and proceed by car or bus to the end of the line where they will be met by the leader. Destination unknown to all! The hikers tramp merrily on following directions nailed on trees, stuck on bushes, and placed under rocks. The directions may be written in verse or code. For instance:

When you get to the forks of the road,
Look for the tree where you'll find our code.

When discovered, the directions here may be written in "pig-latin"—ogay otay ethay eftlay—which every good "pig-latin scholar" knows is "Go to the left." Directions may instruct the group to sing a song, shake hands all around, or change partners before proceeding. When the hikers arrive at their destination, they will be a little tired and thirsty, so refreshments in the way of iced drinks will be welcome. After a short rest, the picnic is on! Let the members find their own fun. The only planned entertainment should be games.

A Nature Scavenger Hunt

This will be a much more interesting scavenger hunt than the usual one. Players may be paired off. Each couple receives a list and must be back within a certain time. The list may include a maple leaf, a bird feather, a grasshopper, a pine cone, a fern, a devil's walking stick, a frog, a wild flower, etc. The first couple to return with a complete list within the time set may win a prize.

Spoke Relay

Ten or more players to a team. Players lie flat on their backs, feet pointing to the center of a circle fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. Player Number One starts, leaping over each teammate in turn. When he has completed the circle, he drops flat in his original position. This is necessary for as soon as he passes teammate Number Two that player gets up and follows him. Thus each runner must flop immediately after he has finished in order to allow the other players to jump over him. The first team with all players to complete the circle and assume the original prostrate position wins.

Hurdle Race

Ten players to a team. Players Number One and Two on each team hold a broomstick or rope between them at a height of at least six inches from the ground. They run down the line with their teammates between them jumping the hurdle as it moves to the end of the line. As soon as they reach the end, Number Two returns to the head of the line and starts down with Number Three in the same manner. Then Number Three runs

with Number Four and so on until Number One is back at the head of the line.

Squirrel in a Tree

Players form in groups of three. Two of them take hold of hands and form a tree. The other one of the three gets inside between the two so that their arms enclose him. Three "squirrels" are left without a tree. When the leader's whistle blows, every "squirrel" must get out of its tree and into another one. The treeless squirrels must try to find themselves a tree. This is a lively game and a good mixer. After playing it a while, have the squirrels change places with the persons forming trees thus giving every player a chance to run.

Spoke Tag

Groups of five to six players stand single file facing center. One player is "It." That player walks around the outside of the spoke and tags the outside player of some one spoke. That player taps the player in front of him on the back. And so it is passed to the last player in the spoke. As soon as he is tagged, he yells "Hike." All players, "It" included, run swiftly around the outside of the spoke until they have completed the circuit. They line up single file in whatever order they return. The last player back is "It."

Still Pond

One player is blindfolded. The others scatter about a marked off area. The blindfolded player is placed in the center and spun around three times in order to confuse his sense of direction. He then says "Still pond. No more moving." All players must now stand still, being allowed to take three steps only. The blindfolded player begins to grope around. When he catches some one, he must guess by touching the hair, dress, arm, etc., whom he has caught. If he guesses correctly, the player caught must take his place. If he guesses incorrectly, he must continue his search. Players may stoop, dodge, or use any reasonable means to escape being caught, provided they do not move more than three steps. When caught a player may try to disguise himself.

Maze Tag

Put the crowd through a grand march that brings them down finally in lines of eight. Halt the march at this point and have each line space off so that all Number Ones, Twos, and so forth, are in straight line after they have moved so that their hands may touch the player on either side of them as they stand with arms stretched straight out from the shoulder, facing the leader. Now have them space off similarly with the player immediately behind them. Players stand facing front with arms stretched out so as to touch the hands on either side of them. This makes a series
(Continued on bottom of next page)

WHAT'S YOUR HOBBY?

By Michael Vrhovnik

SCRAPBOOKS

Good scrapbooks are fun to make and to look at once they are ready for display. A collection of outstanding pictures, poems, stories or jokes can provide pleasant entertainment for the young and old.

If yours is to be a picture scrapbook, be on the lookout for good pictures. Make your selection interesting for many children by collecting a wide variety of them. The scrapbooks that are filled with one kind of pictures—flowers, birds, horses, boats, automobiles, etc.—are attractive for those interested in one special field like that, but if the book is meant for many children, it would better be a mixed collection. If you make more than one scrapbook then a collection of one kind of picture is fine.

Trim your pictures neatly. Don't paste them in until you lay them out on each page the way they appeal to you best. Change them around until you have the right combination. Don't crowd them too much. Try to keep the pictures on each page related to one another. If you have a picture of a boat don't paste a horse slap up against it. If your picture shows an important public

building artistically constructed, don't paste one of a fish or fruit market next to it.

A good scrapbook is like any other book. It has order in thought, arrangement and appeal. Don't cut any book, magazine or paper that can be used by anybody else. That would be destruction and destruction is to be avoided at all times.

Be neat about pasting and don't smear it over the pages, your hands, your clothes and the furniture. Keep a wet washrag handy and keep your hands and the place where you work as clean as possible.

There is another kind of scrapbook for you to make. Take a good-sized notebook and write in it the poems you enjoy. Or you might try writing short stories about everyday things—things everybody knows about—the house dog, the paper boy, the milkman's horse, the baby, the town park.

Always add a picture to the story, and if you draw it yourself it will be all the better. The one you draw will tell your story better than the one you cut from somebody else's story. You will find scrapbooks of this type very useful and a welcome addition to entertainment at meetings and other gatherings.



BOYS CAMPING

Temperatures

Although you probably know that the normal body temperature for human beings is 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, do you know that many animals have temperatures comparatively higher? Here are a few average temperatures for some animals:

Cat—101.5; Cow—101; Dog—101.5; Pig—102.5; Horse—100; Sheep—102.3; Fowl—107.1.

Brave Indeed

Farmer: "You must be a brave man to attempt a parachute landing in this gale."

Stranger: "I didn't come down in a parachute. I went up in a tent."

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

LET'S PLAY GAMES

(Continued from page 13)

of aisles or streets. When the leader blows his whistle all players, keeping their arms outstretched, make a quarter turn to the right. That makes new aisles. There is a runner and a chaser. Neither may break through a column, nor duck under. Each time the leader blows the whistle there is a quarter turn to the right. A leader who uses his whistle wisely will make this a very interesting game. When a player is tagged, another couple is chosen to run.

Skin the Snake Race

Two or more teams of from five to ten players each stand in single file. Each player stoops over, putting his right hand between his legs and grasping the left hand of the player behind him. At the signal to go, the last man in the line lies down on his back, putting his feet between the legs of the man in front of him. The line walks backward, straddling the prone bodies of their teammates, each player lying down in turn. As soon as all are flat on their backs the last man gets up and starts back pulling up the next man after him, and so on until all the players are in their original position. Players must not let go of hands.

OUR SCHOOL

KEEPING THE WORLD ON TIME

The nation's time is being broadcast to all parts of the world. Millions of people turn on their radios and set their watches by the nation's clocks at Washington, D. C. Ships at sea hear the time signals by wireless. Some of these ships are sailing through the Indian Ocean or are anchored in a harbor of New Zealand.

The building from which the time signals are sent out is the Naval Observatory. It is in the center of a large park. Public highways are not allowed to come closer than a thousand feet to the Observatory. That is because any jar might disturb the clock's very delicate works.

The clocks are kept in a vault in the building. To see them you go down dark stairway into the vault. You pace through three heavy doors into the clock room. The only sound in that room is the ticking of the clocks perched on stone standards and covered with glass. As they tick, an electric pen moves across a long sheet of paper. It marks on the paper the seconds as they are ticked away. The radio operator looks at the paper. Five minutes before the time is broadcast to the world, he puts little plugs into the switchboard. These connect the observatory with radio stations in all parts of the country. Exactly at noon, at 10 in the evening and at 3 in the morning, the time signals are given.

The clocks are set by the stars. Even though we may plan, to a great extent, our working day by the sun, our clocks are set by the stars, not by the sun. In the observatory there are telescopes.

Every clear night men study the stars. They watch so-called "fixed" stars. Those are the ones which appear in certain positions in the sky at a definite time each night.

The observatory was founded in 1831 and in 1904, the first time signal was sent out by wireless from the Boston Navy Yard. Today time signals are sent from one observatory at Washington.

(Source: "World Book")

WILMA JEAN LAIDIG, 10, lodge 82,
480 Ohio St., Johnstown, Pa.

BREAD—THE STAFF OF LIFE

Bread is the most widely used food. For many years it has been known as the staff of life.

What is bread? Bread is made of flour and comes to us in loaves. They can be white, brown, heavy, light, small or big, but they are still bread. The chief things in bread are many different kinds of flour and water.

In most countries wheat is the most common grain used in making bread because it makes lighter and better tasting foods and is very easily digested. In some countries people live on black bread which is made from rye, while others make their bread from oats. The people of the United States, Great Britain and other countries think that wheat is the world's most important cereal. However, statistics show that more people are fed rice than any other grain, and throughout the East it is not only boiled whole but ground up into flour and made into bread.

In the United States the people of the south use much corn meal in making bread. Wheat bread is going under the name of white bread. Many countries have different kinds of bread which are used in addition to the regular wheat bread. Scotland has its oat cakes and its bannocks of barley meal. The Central American countries have their tortillas which are cakes made of crushed and parboiled corn, and United States and Canada have hot cakes and biscuits.

Many different conditions call for many different kinds of bread. Ships which make long voyages must have bread which will keep indefinitely, so to meet this demand ship's biscuits or polills bread is made in large quantities. It is simply flour mixed with water and baked very slowly. When it is done it is so hard that a person must have excellent teeth to chew on it.

All children who have read "The Swiss Family Robinson" remember the fascinating account of making bread from manioc roots.

(Source: "World Book")

HAROLD SHOMO, 13, lodge 82,
R.D. 3, Box 120A, Johnstown, Pa.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER

The Mississippi River is the greatest of the North American rivers. It rises in Minnesota near Canada and enters the Gulf of Mexico on the southern side of the country, at New Orleans, which is on the delta of the Mississippi. It is navigable for 350 of its 1,200 miles.



SUMMER SUN

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

The Mississippi River has many tributaries and has very large cities along its banks. The largest tributaries are the Missouri, the Arkansas, the Ohio and the Illinois rivers. Along the banks there are many large levees to stop the dangers of floods, because much of the land near its mouth is below sea level.

The river runs along western Wisconsin and Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi, and along eastern Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana which it cuts at its southernmost tip before it empties into the Gulf of Mexico.

Hernando De Soto, the Spanish explorer, discovered the Mississippi River in 1539. After that time this river was used to ship materials to different places. But that was many years after the discovery. Products were placed on flatboats and shipped down the river.

The real source of the Mississippi is at Lake Itasca in northern Minnesota. It is a very long river and is very deep. There were many floods in the states bordering the Mississippi River. Such floods occur in the spring when the river is normally highest. Spring thaws and heavy rains swell the tributaries and they overflow the banks.

The total length of the river proper from the source near Lake Itasca to its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico is 2,553 miles; but the true source is considered to be at the fountain-head of the Missouri, in the Rocky Mountains, on the southwestern border of Montana, and from this point to the Gulf which is 4,221 miles long—the longest river in the world. The Nile in Africa is the next longest, with 4,000 miles. The Amazon in South America is 3,900 miles long.

Mississippi in Indian means "father of waters."

CHRISTINE KOLAR, 13, lodge 684,
421 Ohio St., Johnstown, Pa.

BLACK MARKETS

We all know that black markets hurt the consumer. A few weeks ago, a meat inspector was making his rounds. In one small butcher store, he found the carcasses of eight small calves that had just arrived. They were stamped with the Board of Health stamp No. 22. It looked as if the meat was inspected and looked legal.

The inspector knew that stamp No. 22 had been stolen. He found out from whom the butcher bought his meat and the man was arrested. This man was selling "black market meat."

In Los Angeles, there was a house that had many visitors during the night. Word went around that if you wanted tires you could get four handed to you through the kitchen window. The price for four tires was \$150. The following day the police searched the house. They found a lot of new tires behind a secret passage of packing boxes.

There are many black markets on all sorts of goods. Some of these are sugar, coffee, and gasoline. Gas ration books were also stolen frequently.

Rationing is needed because of a scarcity of cer-

tain goods. These goods are needed greatly by our armed forces. We don't want the Army and Navy to go without these goods so they are rationed. Black markets are a good way of losing the war. These markets defeat rationing.

Black markets could not exist if the people wouldn't buy from them. The buyers who buy on the black market are hurting themselves in five ways: 1, it endangers their health, 2, the prices are much too high, 3, the quality of goods may not be up to par, 4, the supply of these rationed articles are dwindling, and 5, the penalty for such buyers can be a year or more in jail and a \$10,000 fine.

Our fighting boys need lots of food. So remember not to patronize black markets. (Source: "Every Week")

MARION CERVENKA, age (?), lodge 559,
5126 W. 25th Pl., Cicero, Illinois.

BOULDER DAM

Boulder Dam is the principal engineering feature of the Boulder Canyon Reclamation project. It was authorized Dec 31, 1928. It is the highest dam in the world. It is located in Black Canyon of the Colorado River where the stream forms the Arizona-Nevada boundary about 25 miles southeast of Las Vegas, Nevada. The dam was completed March 1, 1936, four years and 354 days after the work was begun.

This dam rises 726.4 feet above bedrock, and is



REAL AMERICAN

By Bill Baltezar, Lodge 249, Butte, Mont.

capable of rising the water level of the Colorado river. Its length along the top part is 45 feet. The width of the bottom is 660 feet; a total of 4,400,000 cubic yards of concrete was used in constructing this dam and other work required 5,000,000 barrels of cement.

The reservoir formed by Boulder Dam is called Lake Mead, named for Dr. Mead, who died Jan. 26, 1936, during the construction period. Lake Mead is the largest artificial lake.

Boulder Dam controls flood waters of the Colorado, which is used for irrigation, improvement of navigation and in generating hydroelectric energy. The Imperial Valley is dependent upon this dam for protection from overflow, and also water shortage.

The Boulder Dam power house has an installed capacity of 1,835,000 horsepower. The first unit was put in operation on Sept. 11, 1936. The power house is equipped with 15 generating units, a battery of eight of the generators, largest manufacturing to date, and one of the smallest generators are in operation.

Present power contracts will return the entire investment in the dam, with interest at 4 per cent and will create a surplus in fifty years. The Bureau of Reclamation operates the dam and Boulder City. The U.S. Government holds the title to the dam, power house and equipment, Boulder City and the lake.

(Source: World Book)

MAXALINE WALYLKO, 13, lodge 82,
349 Sam St., Johnstown, Pa.

CLEAN-UP LUNCHEON

On June 4, my father took me down to the Morrison hotel. We were to meet Miss Phelan, our school principal; Miss Dillon, the clean-up chairman; Mrs. Poplar from the Parent-Teacher Association; Jerry Dvorak, school major, and Clifford Brose.

The reason we had to meet there and not come all together was because I had to come earlier to practice the speech I was to deliver at the hotel. When I arrived at the hotel I went to the Terrace Room. For a while before the luncheon began, Ruth Eggert, who was one of the speakers, and I were walking around repeating our speeches to each other. A little later all of the speakers went up to the Zephyr Room and were put in the order we were to come down to the speakers' table.

After we were seated, we ate our luncheon which consisted of an appetizer, fish or steak, macaroni, peas, carrots, a bun, butter, milk and ice cream. The waiter had set the table for coffee, but we all wanted milk and so he good-naturedly removed the coffee cups and saucers.

The program began with the presentation of colors. Our chairman, John Gothard, was introduced and he, in turn, introduced us. The speeches went on and soon it was my turn to give my speech on "V for Victory." My voice quivered while I was saying my first line, but I soon calmed down and then everything went along fine.

I was representing the 21st school in district five at the luncheon. The elementary school representatives had all delivered their speeches and the high school boys and girls began to deliver their reports.

The retiring of colors finished the program. The best clean-up songs which were composed by the school children were sung during the program. On the way home I reviewed the luncheon in my mind and I thought I had a very enjoyable time.

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

WHAT IS DONE IN THE AIR CORPS

Before a man can become a pilot for Uncle Sam, he must pass rigid balance and vision tests. In the balance test he is tilted and then must "level off." The vision test is for the purpose of sighting enemy planes and for landing purposes.

If he passes this examination he then goes in for his basic training. Learning the controls is the first step. The next step is practicing with the parachute, which is compulsory, in both the Army and the Navy.

After a student is a qualified pilot, his next step is cross-country and formation flying. A part of his advanced training is blind flying for the purpose of high altitude flying. A military pilot for Uncle Sam, must know his guns and must take apart and put together several machine guns—without any parts to spare!

High altitude pilot must be in perfect health. Before going up he must breathe pure oxygen an hour and a half while riding a bicycle of stationary type. When he goes up he is connected to an oxygen tank.

After he receives this training he receives his wings.

DONNA NAGODE, 14, lodge 231,
R.F.D. No. 4, McDonald, Pa.

KWIZ KORNER

What is the longest river in South America?—The Amazon.

Who was the "Iron Duke"?—The Duke of Wellington.

Which of Napoleon's cavalry marshals earned the title "The Bravest of the Brave"?—Marshal Ney.

Who was Nancy Hanks?—The mother of Abraham Lincoln.

Who was "The Great Emancipator"?—Abraham Lincoln.

What President was known as "Old Rough and Ready"?—Zachary Taylor.

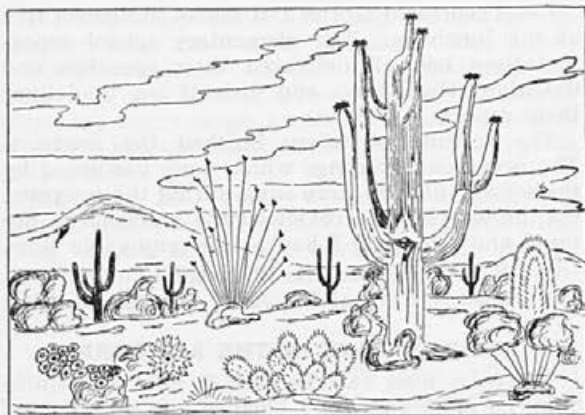
Who discovered Florida?—Ponce de Leon.
Over what nation did the several Ptolomies rule?—Egypt.

What is the Kodak City?—Rochester, N. Y.

When was gold discovered in California?—In 1848.

For what do the initials G.A.R. stand?—Grand Army of the Republic.

What Spanish explorer conquered Mexico?—Hernando Cortez.



SUNSET ON THE DESERT

Drawn by Zora Gostovich, age 15, Raton, New Mexico, Lodge 297.

In what city was Christopher Columbus born?—Genoa, Italy.

What Revolutionary General was called "Mad Anthony"?—Major General Anthony Wayne.

What was the color of the shirts worn by the American Infantry during the Spanish-American War?—Blue.

Who was the first great sea hero of America?—John Paul Jones.

What relation was Napoleon I to Napoleon III?—Uncle.

Which state is known as "The Mother of Presidents"?—Virginia.

Which President was a soldier in the Blackhawk War?—Abraham Lincoln.

In what year was the battleship Main sunk?—In 1898.

What Spanish explorer discovered the Mississippi River?—Hernando De Soto.

Which President of the United States served the shortest term?—William H. Harrison served only two months.

Is Newfoundland part of the Dominion of Canada?—No; it's a separate British possession.

RAY ARK, 11, lodge 14,
North Chicago, Illinois.

DIAMONDS—CARBON

It is said that the most precious stone that man has ever known is the diamond. Large diamonds cost thousands of dollars. Yet, they are made of cheap material. It is called carbon. Coal is carbon, too.

A diamond is the very hardest thing known. Nothing can make a scratch on a diamond except another diamond. Diamonds will not burn in any ordinary fire. Within the last sixty years, great beads of diamonds have been found in South Africa. They were first found by children playing near a river. The children picked up what they thought were pretty stones. They played with them and took them home. It was several days before their mother noticed the pretty stones. She showed them to a neighbor and they decided

to send them to a stone expert. Later they found that the stones were worth several thousand dollars.

Nearly all our diamonds come from South Africa. The Kimberley mine there is part of an old volcano that was once active. The soft rock at the mine is called "blue ground." That is the ground in which the diamonds are found. The ground is blasted just as coal. Then the "blue ground" is run through crushers which move very slowly. After it is run through the crusher it is washed in pans. All the loose dirt is washed away and only rock is left. In these pans large diamonds are found.

There is still another process. After they go through the same process again, the stones are placed on tables covered with grease. That traps the diamonds and the rest of the stones are thrown away. The grease is then scraped from the tables into iron pots, melted and poured off. The diamonds are then carefully sorted and shipped to the diamond cutting centers of the world.

There are many famous diamonds in the world, most of them the possession of some rich individuals, kings and queens, and by some governments. The weight of diamonds is expressed in metric carats.

(Source: Exploring Today)

PATSY KOCH, 10, lodge 82,
R.D. 3, Box 176, Johnstown, Pa.

MAKE THE ENEMY SHOUT

Soldiers in the U.S. Service,
Let's help them out
By buying war bonds and stamps,
And make the enemy shout.

Buy war bonds and stamps
Every week and day,
Make the Axis partners shout
And kick them outa our way.

DOLORES MOLNAR, 10, lodge 198,
Willard, Wisconsin.

DIVING FOR PEARL OYSTERS

Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands was once a great pearl fishing center. That's how the harbor got its name.

The hunters sent divers down into the sea to gather the pearl oysters. Within the closed shells were hidden pearls for which the jewelers of the world sometimes paid many thousands of dollars.

Not long ago, men were hunting for those famous pearl oysters in Pearl Harbor. Not a single one was found. They did not know where they had gone. The Hawaiian Government wanted back the old pearl fisheries again in Pearl Harbor. A man was sent by the United States Bureau of Fisheries to Hawaii. He started out in an old ship to collect oysters for Pearl Harbor. He traveled about a thousand miles through the long chain of islands around Hawaii. At every end of the chain he found a bed of oysters. When the oysters were gathered, they were put into tanks.

Then the oysters were taken back to Pearl Harbor and dropped into the sea. A map was made of the harbor to show the places where the oysters were dropped. The Government of Hawaii will take good care of these shellfish and will see that they are protected from thoughtless fishermen.

The diver dives into the sea, walks along the bottom and fills his basket with oysters; the weight of a heavy stone fastened to a rope helps keep him down. Another man is standing in the boat and holds the other end of the rope. At the signal of the diver, he pulls the diver with his basket of oysters up to the boat.

Not all pearls are valuable. The ones that you find in cooked oysters at home are usually not worth very much. Those have probably been made from sand. A small grain of sand gets under the shell of an oyster. The sand hurts the soft body of the fish. To protect itself, the oyster puts a smooth material between its body and the sand. That shining material makes the pearl.

(Source: "Exploring Today")

AUDRY BLACK, 11, lodge 82,
484 Ohio St., Johnstown, Pa.

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THERE IS THE NATIONAL FLAG

"There is the national flag!" writes Charles Sumner. He goes on to say that "He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds rippling in the breeze without pride of his country.

"If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a State merely? Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation?

"It has been called a 'floating piece of poetry', and yet I know not if it has an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air, but it speaks sublimely, and every past has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of the Thirteen States, to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that Union of States constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state.

"The two together signify Union, past and present.

"The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers.

"White is for purity.

"Red is for valor.

"Blue for justice.

"And all together—bunting, stripes, stars and colors blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country—

"To be cherished by all our hearts, and

"To be upheld by all our hands."

Yes, there IS the National Flag—the Flag of the United States!

HELEN PETROVIC, 12, lodge 166,
R.D. 5, Box 362, Crafton, Pa.



THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

Drawn by Jimmie Spendal, age 15, Clinton, Ind.,
Lodge 50.

THE GOOD LITTLE WEED

"Oh dear," said the little weed. "Here I am among all these big weeds in this deserted garden and I'm so small. I wish I knew if the people like me as they like the pretty flowers in the big garden next-door. I think I'll go and find out."

The little weed waited until it was dark to sneak out so the big weeds wouldn't see him. Of course, this little weed had legs and he got right underneath the fence without any trouble. He found a lovely lilac bush to sleep under until this morning.

"Look," said the little girl, "the pretty flowers are all in bloom."

This was the first thing the little weed heard when he woke up that bright and sunny morning.

It was a little girl who was saying this. She, her mother and some lady friend had come to admire the flowers.

Then they saw the weed. The little girl pulled it up crossly, and carelessly threw it back on the ground. Then the little weed knew that people don't like him. He was a good boy and he didn't know why they didn't like him.

Later that morning he was all alone when a beautiful dew fairy danced up to him and said:

"You are a very good weed and as a reward I will turn you into a rose."

The fairy disappeared and the good little weed was happy, very happy.

Because when people came into the garden they would say:

"Look at the beautiful rose!"

MYRA BENIGER, 11, lodge 559,
3602 W. 26th St., Chicago 23, Ill.

*

SALT—CLASSED AS FOOD

All people and animals need a certain amount of salt in their diet and for that reason salt is sometimes classed as a food.

Common salt is used in every home in our country, also in many of the industries. Therefore the amount of salt used is very great. Salt is, of course, used in practically all the countries of the world.

There is much salt found in Great Salt Lake,

Utah. Near the lake are places where the water is pumped into fields surrounded by banks or dikes. As the water evaporates the salt is left behind, forming a crust of white crystals. The salt is then plowed up and sent to refineries. In this way large quantities of salt are "harvested" near Great Salt Lake every few weeks.

Some of our salt comes from sea water. At places about the margin of San Francisco Bay there are ponds covering thousands of acres where sea water is allowed to come in at high tides. The gates are then closed and then the water evaporates, leaving salt. In some places sea water leads into buildings where artificial heat evaporates it.

Much of our salt comes from great layers of salt deep in the ground. These layers, now so far below the surface, were formed on the surface long ago, when the water of inland seas like Great Salt Lake evaporated. The layers of salt were then buried under layers of rock material. Some of this buried salt is mined, but much is obtained by forcing hot water down into it. The hot water dissolves the salt and the brine or salt water is then pumped to the surface and evaporated.

Much more of our salt comes from beneath the ground than from the evaporation of sea-water and salt-lake waters. Much of our salt is found in the states of Michigan, New York and Ohio.

Common salt, or simply salt, is the name given to the native and industrial forms of sodium chloride. In ancient times salt was practically unknown as a food, but it was used for religious purposes.

(Source: U.S. Geography Book)

BETTY JANE DYBA, 13, lodge 82,
R.D. 3, Box 293, Johnstown, Pa.

THE UNITED STATES IN THE PACIFIC

Between Asia and North and South America there lie many groups of small islands scattered over the largest ocean in the world—the Pacific. Of course, when we speak of Asia, we must also mention Africa.

Midway across the Pacific lie the beautiful Hawaiian islands, famous for their mild climate and their fertile soil. Americans had been much interested in them since about 1820. Many Americans went there and helped the natives along. In 1875, the Hawaiian king made a bargain with the United States. Hawaiian fruit and sugar were

to come to the United States without paying a duty.

A few years later, in 1887, the United States leased Pearl Harbor, near Honolulu, as a naval station. The king died in 1893 and the new ruler was a queen who began to rule as her ancestors had. The more liberal Hawaiians broke out in a revolution, the white men helped them, and the two forces set up a republic. The leaders of the republic wanted to be annexed to the United States. A treaty was made and thus Hawaii became a territory of the United States on June 4, 1900.

Of course, there are many other islands in the Pacific that belong to the United States and are known as "minor United States possessions."

For instance, Wake Island, Guam, American Samoa, etc. Some of these are at present under Japanese occupation.

And we must not forget the Philippine Islands, a dependency of our government since 1916. The islands were granted complete independence a few years ago which will come into effect in 1946. Let us hope that the Japanese will soon be driven from the islands and the Filipinos given the right to rule themselves as a democratic nation.

In addition to the above U.S. possessions and territories, we must not overlook the Panama Canal Zone and the American West Indies—but above all we must not forget Alaska, which is a territory of the U.S. since 1912, and bought from Russia in 1867. While Alaska itself is not an island, the Aleutian Islands are and right now are playing an important part in the war.

(Source: U.S. History)

HELEN PINELLI, 13, lodge 82,
R.D. 3, Box 241, Johnstown, Pa.

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

The largest suspension bridge in the world is the George Washington Bridge which is between Manhattan, N. Y. and Fort Lee, N. J. It was finished in October 1932.

It took four and one-half years to build the George Washington Bridge, which is also known as the Hudson Bridge. First the two solid blocks of masonry for anchoring the cables had to be built, one on the New York side and the other on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River. The one on the New York side weighs two-hundred and sixty thousand tons. Forty thousand tons of steel were used to make the two giant towers, which are higher than the Washington Monument in Washington, D. C.

The cables were then spun from anchor to anchor over the tops of the towers, a mile apart, and fastened in the solid block of masonry. Then the suspender ropes of steel to support the sagging span which took months to complete.

On the opening day, six thousand pairs of feet tramped over the bridge. All afternoon and evening the march continued.

At five o'clock the next morning the bridge was opened for the first time to automobile traffic.

By five o'clock that same evening forty-five



THE MINNESOTA
FLOWER

Drawn by Florence
Alich, age 16, Aurora,
Minn., Lodge 111.



HAYSTACK SLIDE

thousand eight hundred automobiles had driven across the new suspension bridge.

In one single hour, seven thousand cars had crossed the bridge.

One hundred traffic policemen were busy keeping the stream moving.

Since that opening day many millions of motorists have journeyed over this bridge to and from New York and New Jersey.

The total cost (including cost of approaches) was \$35,000,000.

The length of the bridge is 4,760 feet.

The Golden Gate Bridge in California, built in 1937, is considered to be even longer than the one mentioned above.

(Source: "New Path to Reading")

FRANCES STROZAR, 13, lodge 82,
R.D. 3, Box 245, Johnstown, Pa.

PETROLEUM

Petroleum was first discovered August 27, 1859, just about two years before the start of the Civil War.

Scientists are not fully agreed as to the origin of petroleum. It is generally believed, however, that during the process of rock making vast quantities of plant and animal materials were deeply buried among the rocks of the earth's crust.

Through long ages these have been chemically and physically changed so as to produce petroleum—or oil—and natural gas.

These substances have accumulated in porous rocks and sands which are covered with a roof of rock of a compact nature. This covering has usually prevented the escape of the oil and gas to the surface.

When a well is driven through the rocks above and finally through the roof rock, a way of escape to the surface is provided.

Previous to 1860 there was no petroleum industry in the United States, or any other country.

Today, oil and its products are among our most important commercial and industrial commodities. Our air force depends for its fuel on oil, or rather, on its products; so does our motor travel.

As an export petroleum with its products is surpassed only by raw cotton and machinery.

The first successful attempt to reach oil by drilling a well was made at Titusville, Pennsylvania. Today, petroleum plays a very, very important part in our life.

Yet, petroleum was collected for use in the most remote ages of which we have any records. The word "petroleum" comes from Latin "petra," meaning rock, and "oleum," meaning oil. Thus we see that petroleum was known centuries ago, but the first commercial exploitation of oil began less than a century ago.

(Source: Library Book)

ANNIE CRETNIK, 16, lodge 24,
R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.

MY ROBIN

I had a little robin,
His name was Jimmy Jobin;
He never ran away,
'Cause I taught him to stay.

DOLORES KOKALY, 10, lodge 69,
715 N. Court, Eveleth, Minn.

OLD GLORY

A bright gleam of color,
It's known as our flag;
The stars are the labors,
The stripes are the dreams
For one perfect Union,
Fulfilling our hopes:
It's the Old Glory!

FRANK TOMAZIN, 12, lodge 321,
2285 Burton St. S. E., Warren, O.

OUR GREAT FORESTS

How could we get along without forests? About us everywhere are things which come from trees! Think of all the homes and furniture made of wood! Think of all the wooden bridges, railroad ties, and telephone and telegraph poles! Think of all the wood made into paper! These are only a few uses of the wood from our trees.

Forests help us in other ways besides furnishing wood. Think of the pleasure they give us! Who does not like to go into the cool shade of the woods on a summer day for a picnic? Forests give moisture to the air, for trees breathe out moisture. This moisture causes rain which helps crops grow. In some barren places people have to depend on irrigation to bring moisture to their crops. Forests help to hold the snow until summer when it is needed for irrigation, they help to keep the soil from washing away. Some rich soil has become barren waste when trees have been cut down. Forests make homes for birds and animals.

All evergreen trees with long leaves like needles, such as spruce, pine, and hemlock, are called softwoods. All broad-leaved trees, such as maple, birch, and walnuts have grown in the valley of the Ohio and other rivers. The region around the Great Lakes has had large evergreen forests. One of the greatest wooded regions of the United States today is the West. The western slopes of

the mountains along the Pacific Coast are covered with giant trees. One of the reasons that these trees have grown so large is that the winds blow in from the sea and bring much moisture.

The oldest and largest trees in the world grow in California. They are called Sequoias. Some of them are hundreds of years old. Some of their bark is two or three feet thick. They are so large that in some places a road is built through a tree instead of around it.

Other vast woodlands of this country are in the South. Canada, too, has large forests. In Central Africa and South America grow different kinds of trees: rubber, ebony, mahogany, etc. Trees are indeed very valuable to us.

(Source: Magazine article)

EDWARD BENVIN, age 17, lodge 347,
Vermont & Congress Sts., McKeesport, Pa.

JACK AND JOE

Here is a little story about two little boys, Jack and Joe, which I read in a magazine and thought appropriate for our magazine. Here it is:

One day when Jack and Joe were walking along a country road, they saw a gold watch lying in the sand.

"What a beautiful watch!" cried Jack as he picked it up.

"We certainly are lucky," said Joe. "I never saw a finer watch. We can sell this watch for 50 dollars. Each of us will have twenty-five dollars. How lucky we are!"

"We!" exclaimed Jack. "What right have you to say we? This is my watch. It was I who picked it up from the road."

"But I saw the watch just as soon as you did," answered Joe in an angry voice. "The watch is half mine."

They did not notice some men who came near. "There is the thief!" shouted one of the men as he pointed to Jack, who was holding the watch in his hand.

"That's the same watch that was stolen from my room this morning."

"You are mistaken," said Jack. "I did not steal it. Joe and I found it here in the road. We can prove that we found it."

"No, indeed," said Joe. "Jack will have to prove it. He told me that the watch was his," and Joe turned his back on Jack and left.

The moral of this story is that we must not be selfish, that we must stick together, that we must be honest. When we find something, the proper way is to report to the authorities and not claim the thing as our own. In other words, we must not count the chickens before they are hatched.

TOM GORNICK, 11, lodge 629,
331 Third St., Trafford, Pa.

U.S. NAVAL CONSTRUCTION BATTALIONS

Since my brother is a Seabee in the United States Navy, I thought I'd write something about the Seabees. I read everything I can about this particular naval service.

Only volunteers are accepted in the Seabees.



VEGETABLES FOR DINNER

Most of the men that volunteer are already skilled in some kind of building or mechanical trade. They are all taught how to handle weapons and the Navy's ways of doing things.

Wherever the United States Navy wants air and naval bases, repair shops, living quarters, etc., there go its Construction Battalions—the strong and skilled Seabees.

Seabees not only build, but they also fight, that is, they build and defend what they build. They do all this when necessary, although they are not expected to fight aboard ship, but rather on land.

The Seabees are a necessary part of the U.S. Navy. A good saying or motto for the Seabees is—"We build and fight with all our might."

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

WARM DAYS

The days are getting very warm,
I do everything from early morn.
I go in the shade, to cool a bit,
And there I could, just sit and sit.

Swimming is so much healthful fun,
That's the coolest spot under the sun.
A nice cool drink, a soda pop,
That's just the thing to hit the spot.

MARGARET POLONCIC, 16, lodge 24,
R.R. No. 2, Union Dale, Pa.

U.S. MARITIME COMMISSION CADET CORPS

No definite date can be given for the founding of the Merchant Marine of the United States. Officers of the Merchant Marine of the United States are proud of those who preceded them in the service of the country and its ocean commerce. Such men as John Paul Jones, John Barry, and other nation's heroes received their training from the Merchant Marines.

Vessels under the flag of the United States may be divided into three classes:

The U.S. Navy which consists of those vessels try and victory over the enemy, whose prime mission is the defense of the coun-

The Merchant Marine of the United States which consists of vessels engaged in the transportation of cargo, passengers, and troops in the foreign and domestic trade.

The Government Marine which consists of vessels, other than those of the U.S. Navy, utilized by the several departments of the Government in the conduct of their affairs.

The principal requirements and naval science courses of study prescribed for cadets are designed for the purpose of preparing them for active duty when called by the Navy.

Merchant vessels during employment call at ports throughout the world for the purpose of loading or disloading cargo and passengers, taking bunkers, or making repairs.

The pay of licensed officers varies with the type, the world trade routes, tonnage, and power of the vessel.

The Cadet Corps of the Maritime Commission was established in 1938 for the purpose of training young men for positions as deck officers and engineer officers in the Merchant Marine of the U.S. It is the combination of academic or scholastic preparation ashore and "training and industry" or apprentice officer training aboard ship.

It is the mission of the Cadet Corps of the U.S. to graduate only those men who will prove worthy of the tradition of American merchant officers in the service of their country and its water-borne service.

(Source: Information Booklet)

HELEN MRKONICH, 15, lodge 125,
Box 386, Carson Lake, Minn.

IN AUGUST

All the long August afternoon,
The little drowsy stream
Whispers melancholy tune,
As if it dreamed of June,
And whispered in its dream.

There's no wind to stir the leaves,
The harsh leaves overhead,
Only the lonely cricket grieves,
And shrilling locust leaves
A song of summer dead.

Submitted by ALICE DAFOFF, 14, circle 43,
1428 Nordyke Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

MY DOLLY

I had a little dolly,
She lives with Rolly;
Dolly got ill,
So they moved to the hill.

MARGARET KOKALY, 8, lodge 69,
715 N. Court, Eveleth, Minn.

Swell and Lousy

Mother: "Betty, there are two words I forbid you to use. One is swell and the other is lousy."

Betty: "All right, what are they, mother?"

WHAT IS YOUR HOBBY?

What is the purpose of hobbies and how should they be chosen? Hobbies should not be chosen for the effort put into them. Choose your hobby to suit your allowance and your ability—and, above all, be positive it is something you like very much.

You must be interested in the hobby you choose. A hobby should grow out of an interest. For instance, if you are very much interested in room furnishings and decorations you could make a very attractive scrapbook of rooms and the furnishings you would choose for them. This hobby has been and can be worked into a vocation.

There are many instances of this kind. Fred Waring, the popular orchestra leader and radio star, has a very novel hobby. He collects toy orchestras, having started his hobby when he was in Paris in 1928. And just to prove that all aspects of hobbies are not expensive, the toy orchestra which he prizes most highly he found in a ten-cent store—all pieces are made of pipe cleaners!

Of course, collecting is a very popular hobby and the most popular of the collecting hobbies is stamp collecting. This is also so with many of our own juvenile members of the SNPJ, as can be seen from their many letters in the Pen-Pal Section of the Mladinski List. You will be surprised to know that in the United States alone, there are over nine million stamp collectors, according to the Post Office Department. Our President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, is a stamp collector. He started his collection when he was 8 years old and to date has over twenty-five thousand stamps.

There is another collecting hobby which seems to be very popular among the SNPJ juveniles, and that is collecting pictures and autographs of persons well-known to the public. Still another kind of hobby is that of catching butterflies, mounting them, and then identifying them. Sometimes hobbyists gather into clubs to do more with their hobbies.

In addition, there are some people who do cartooning for a hobby and a few of these achieve professional success as cartoonists.

It can be said that practically everybody has the potentialities for some kind of a hobby, few take advantage of their potentialities and develop a hobby. If you have the ability to draw, take it seriously and don't waste this ability. But you must try to be original, don't copy or trace, then send your drawing to the Mladinski List. If acceptable, it will be published; if not, it will be rejected. And remember—you must use India ink and standard drawing paper, not just any sheet of paper.

Maybe you can do a lot of things of which you have never thought. Try a variety of things, and it won't take you long to hit upon something you can do and like to do it.

Ambition is a balloon which carries no parachute.

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.

Organize and Encourage SNPJ Youth to Carry On

Michael Vrhovnik, Juvenile Director

Down through the years, children have been trying to learn to do the things that adults are doing. It can be said that this is true of almost every field of endeavor, and our fraternal organizations without exception. It is no wonder then that we find many of our Juvenile members, who are organized into Circles, taking an ever-increasing interest in fraternal affairs and activities of all kinds.

Here in the Juvenile Circle they first learn to conduct meetings under certain rules of order. They learn to speak from the floor, to debate, to carry through a motion, to elect officers, to vote, etc. In short, the Circle is a kind of school where the fundamentals of fraternalism and democracy are taught and practiced.

Members, who have a talent for oratory, recitation, music, dancing, singing, dramatics, and so on, find an opportunity for new development in the Juvenile Circles. They also provide channels for recreational activities—indoor and outdoor—such as socials, parties, outings, games and contests of many kinds.

A group of young people, who meet at regular intervals and work on programs and projects,

who participate in sports and other activities, gradually develop a spirit of unity that binds them together, dependent upon one another for many enjoyments and necessities of life. A Circle that develops that kind of spirit is bound to thrive and in time show real progress.

Almost any group of juveniles can accomplish good things, if they are enthusiastic about attending meetings and glad of the chance to work and play together. Especially is this true once the members become imbued with the idea that their Circle is one of the very best in the Society, and when there is keen but friendly competition among the members to outdo one another. A Circle with that kind of foundation and spirit is usually very hard to beat.

Our juvenile members are the seed of the future SNPJ. The quality and quantity of the harvest later will depend on how carefully we prepare the ground and sow the seed, and how well we nourish and cultivate it. Seed that is good and well tended through the formative years can result in but one kind of crop, and that rich in things that will give the Society a new lease on life and a fresh spirit to continue its good work.

Every active SNPJ lodge should have a Juvenile

Circle. There are upwards of one hundred lodges in the Society who could easily organize and support one. Seven juvenile members, if they are interested enough, and an adult leader are all that is necessary for a beginning. Organize a Circle in your community. Let's keep right on working and growing with our juveniles so, when the war is over and our boys return home, they will find the fraternal fires of the SNPJ warmly welcome and cheerful, burning with an ever stronger desire to protect our members, to provide them with pleasant hours of entertainment and enjoyment, and to perpetuate the principles and ideals of real democracy and fraternalism.

Democracy Begins at Home

We hear a great deal about **democracy** these days and there is much loose talk that shows there is small understanding of the real meaning of the term. If a democratic system of life means anything it means the harmonious cooperation of the people, and the nearer to true cooperation we come the nearer that perfection approaches.

Real democracy, even here in America, is still in its infancy. Like all other good ideas, democracy must begin at home where father, mother and children dwell, in the community where neighbor meets neighbor, in lodge meeting rooms, in public and private schools, in all businesses—in fact, everywhere where people exchange services for the good of all. We have far to go before we reach that stage. We are all strong about our rights, but when it comes to paying the price—performing the duties that earn the rights—that's the point where too many of us balk.

To cite a simple example. A flat-dweller in a crowded section of the city turned his radio on so that it was heard through the whole building and prevented the neighbors from sleeping. When they complained to him, his excuse was that he wanted to hear the European news reports and since the radio was located in the living room and he wanted to rest in bed, it had to be turned on loud. Their complaints went unheeded.

When finally the owner of the radio was haled before the judge on a charge of disturbing the peace, he said in defense, "This is a free country, or isn't it? Have I a right to use my radio, or haven't I?" That was his idea of democracy. What he wanted and what he got was all that mattered. The other fellow didn't count. Lots of people seem to think the same way, but that kind of democracy is much too one-sided and will not work harmoniously anywhere.

A story in a somewhat similar vein could be told about a juvenile member who felt that, because he was an officer of his Circle, the rules did not apply to him the same as to other members. It didn't take long to awaken him to the fact that this wasn't so and that any organization, whether big or small, functions best when no partiality is shown because of one's official position and where none is expected.

Then there is the one about the girl who rebelled when informed that she was not to have the lead in the Circle play and refused to participate on

that account. Slowly but surely she was made to understand that she was not best qualified for the leading role, but that her cooperation in accepting the part assigned to her would assure the success of the play. She accepted and gave a brilliant performance to earn a more important role in a following play.

These and other examples prove that harmonious cooperation is absolutely necessary if we want democracy to work and the best place for its beginning is right in the home and community environment.

Another Way to Advertise Your Circle

Something that adds much to the spirit of the Circle and, at the same time, helps to make it better known in the community is by having the members wear attractive jackets, sweaters, jerseys or blouses, displaying the name of the Circle and the initials of the Society (S.N.P.J.) where they can be seen by everyone.

All apparel of this kind can be alike in color and design, or at least the boys can have their own style and the girls theirs, so that no matter where the group goes, it will be easily and quickly recognized. These should be worn only on occasions when the group can be together, for example, at meetings, outings, sports events, parades and other special affairs and festivities of the Circle or parent lodge.

The members should discuss at their meetings what style of jacket or sweater, or whatever is decided upon, they would like. Also, the type of letters and numerals (if any) and the combination of colors to be used. The measurements must be taken and written down. It is customary in most cases to appoint a committee headed by the Circle Manager, whose instructions are to find out where the purchase can be made, under what terms, etc., and then report back to the members once more for final approval before completing the transaction.

You may, if you wish, try to design something original to wear, perhaps something that might be adopted by other Circles or even the Society. This, you are reminded, is how nearly everything else of importance got its start in the S.N.P.J. True, it's hard to invent something new, but when you succeed, the feeling of satisfaction that comes as a reward is long remembered.

JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 11

GIRARD, KANS.—On May, the Sunday following our May Day festival given by the Federation, our Circle No. 11 regular monthly meeting was held at the Casa Vecchia Hall. Due to the nice, warm weather, a large attendance was present.

President Carl Ulepich called the meeting to order at 2 p. m. The minutes of the previous meeting were read by Secretary Jennie Lampe, who was recently transferred to the adult class and is now our manager. Our new secretary is Frances Slansek.

At this meeting it was decided that we have a pie supper. The date and place was left to be decided upon at the next meeting. The attend-

ance awards were won by Betty Ales and Jennie Lampe. Following this the meeting was brought to a close and refreshments were served. Then the members enjoyed themselves by dancing to the music of the nickelodeon.

P. S.: By the time this article is published I will be in Louisville, Kentucky. I'll write from there when time permits.

DOROTHY YOGER, Circle No. 11,
R.R. 3, Box 1612, Girard, Kans.

CIRCLE NO. 16 HAS NEW OFFICERS

THOMAS, W. VA.—Our Juvenile Circle No. 16 of the SNPJ elected new officers on May 19 at the monthly meeting. The officers are as follows:

Martin Chick Jr., president; Elmer Schoolcraft, vice president; Pauline Losh, secretary; Doreen Johnston, recording secretary; Mary Sedmock, treasurer; Lovie Panther, manager, and Lenhart Veroinck, assistant manager.

Our Circle holds its regular monthly meeting each second Sunday of the month at the usual meeting place. Our next meeting will be on Sunday, August 8. All members are asked to attend.

MARTIN CHICK, President,
Box 124, Thomas, W. Va.

ACTIVITIES OF CIRCLE NO. 27

STRABANE, PA.—The Pioneer Juniors, Juvenile Circle No. 27, are really progressing very nicely. The officers of our Circle are: Marcella Krulce, president; Chester Kavinsky, vice president; Lucy Delost, secretary; James Podboy, treasurer.

The first affair that our Circle held was in the form of a banquet to honor our mothers. The banquet was held in May. The color scheme for the banquet was red and white, and a handkerchief corsage was presented to each mother. The program was presided over by our former president, Dorothy Helay, and speeches were given by the officers of SNPJ lodge 589. Miss Justine Sedmak, adviser for Circle 19, also said a few words. Recitations were given by Mary Ann Ravelvek and Joseph Germovsek. The highlight of the banquet was the presentation of the Circle's charter by William Tomsic, president of Lodge 589. The affair was planned and carried out by members of the Circle and our able advisers, Albina Yarkosky and Mary Chesnic.

In June we held a wiener roast which was a huge success. We also saw several new members at our June meeting. We hope that they will attend meetings regularly. Getting back to the wiener roast, we can say that no ration stamps were wasted for every wiener was gone and the marshmallows weren't even around long enough to be seen! The games that we played must have worked up everybody's appetite. Our Circle hopes to have many more enjoyable affairs. So attend the meetings and see what good times are in store for you.

I wish to mention that this is my second letter to the ML, my first letter appeared in the May issue. Due to the encouragement our Circle gives to writing to this magazine, I decided to write

again. Now that school is out I will try to write more often. I have graduated from the eighth grade of the Alexander School and hope to attend high school in the fall. I am planning to take the academic course.

Well, so long until the next time I write.

JAMES PODBOY, Treasurer,
7 Latimer Ave., Strabane, Pa.

YOUTH OF AMERICA CIRCLE NO. 47

JOHNSTOWN, PA.—On June 17, the Youth of America Circle took a hike to a place called White Top. We started from our meeting place and went in the woods where we followed a path. We all were afraid we were going to get poison ivy or the cow itch, but we didn't.

We kept climbing the hill until we came to a place where a tree was knocked down in our path. We walked along the tree but it was very difficult for bushes and ferns were in our way. When we got about half way to our destination one of my girl friends thought she had poison ivy but she only had the cow itch.

We finally reached the top of the hill White Top tired and a little scratched. We found a nice spot under some trees where we ate our lunch. Then we played games, took walks and got sun tans. We went to a nearby farmhouse for some water and had to pump it out of a pump which seemed very old to us.

We started back down and got some ice-cream at a store farther down the hill. When we all got home we were tired but planned to go sometime again. And even though we were tired when we got home we all thought we had a nice time and lots of fun.

We planned to go on a swimming party on June 23, and so we did. Of course, we all had a grand time swimming and playing.

HELEN PINELLI, Circle No. 47,
R.D. 3, Box 241, Johnstown, Pa.

CIRCLE 43 URGES MEETING ATTENDANCE

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—This is Juvenile Circle No. 43 reporting on our activities, if any, and such. The members of our Circle have been neglecting their duties as members to come to the regular monthly meetings.

Our manager and the officers, who are attending the meetings, have decided to have a party on the second Sunday of August, August 8, for all members who want to attend. This party will take place at the Slovene National Home at three in the afternoon. We are anticipating a big crowd and expect to have a wonderful time, playing games, dancing, and doing various other things which are common at every party.

So far there are only members of one street attending meetings. Holmes Avenue is that street. Besides that, there are only **two boys** who attend meetings regularly. Even some of the officers, who should set the example, are not attending. The only officers that do come are the president, treasurer and sometimes the recording secretary.

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

WAS PLEASANTLY SURPRISED

Dear Editor:—Today when the mailman came I was very glad because I saw that I received the June issue of the Mladinski List. It was the Juvenile Circles' Anniversary issue. And I was even more pleasantly surprised when I noticed that the ML contained 64 full pages of the contributions sent in by the juveniles.

I ran through the yard, across the porch and settled myself comfortably on our glider. As I read and looked through the pages I noticed that there were quite a few pictures in it and that about 80 persons had written to the Pen Pal Section of the M. L. I want to thank the editorial staff for preparing such a wonderful and interesting number of the magazine about all the Circles and other material. I'm sure everyone else feels the same way.

On May 27, the day school was out, my girl friends and I decided to go on a picnic. We romped through the woods a while and soon we were tired from climbing the hills. We looked around for a suitable place to eat and we finally saw a nice shaded spot under a tree. From this spot we could see nearly the whole town of Johnstown. Then we walked across the hills and came to a creek. We took off our shoes and socks and waded through the water and enjoyed ourselves very much. We decided to go on a picnic or hike every Thursday.—*Frances Strozar* (13), R. D. 3, Box 245, Johnstown, Pa. (Circle 47)

IS LONESOME FOR SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—Here I am writing my second letter to this fine magazine. I am enclosing a snapshot of myself, and I am hoping it will be published soon. I would like very much to have pen pals, either girls or boys "from everywhere." I will answer all letters promptly.

School is out and I will be starting the tenth grade in the fall. I enjoyed being in the ninth grade (freshman) very much and I am looking forward in enjoying the tenth grade.

I would like to know what is the matter with the boys and girls from Yukon, Greensburg, and West Newton? Come on, get a pen and paper and start writing to this wonderful magazine. At



first I didn't have the nerve to write, but once you get started you'll never want to stop. It's really fun and you get a lot of pen pals this way. So in the next issue I hope I will at least see one letter from around here. Best regards to all.—*Anna Godek* (15), 708 N. Grant St., Scottsdale, Pa.

OUR SUMMER FUN

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this wonderful magazine, and I know it is not my last.

Well, school is out and all the boys and girls are hustling and bustling to be ready to go on their summer vacations, and I'm no exception. Yes, sir, my friend and I are in for a lot of fun this summer. We are going to visit my sister and her husband at Willow Grove in Huron, Ohio. They are living in a cozy cottage on Lake Erie. We are planning to spend a month or a few weeks there in relaxation. And can she cook!

This will be our second but not last visit there. I expect to receive a wonderful tan. Yes, sir, that water is certainly wonderful. My sister complains, we are in the water more than anywhere else but it is great fun, diving, swimming, yachting, etc. We certainly look forward to this summer.

I want to say hello to everyone who reads this fine magazine and to remind everyone to buy more war stamps and bonds till Victory.—*Greta Paulich* (15), 5238 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

IS COLLECTING POST CARDS

Dear Editor:—I read this fine magazine every month and surely enjoy it. I will try to write every month. This is my second letter. I would like to have pen pals between the ages of 10 and 12. I received a card from Delma Tomsic of Black Diamond, Wash. I would like to have many other pen pals.

In my last letter I forgot to tell my height, weight, etc. I am 4 ft. 6½ inches tall and weigh 72 lbs. I am 10 years of age, have blue eyes and light brown hair. I go to the Willard State Graded School and am in the sixth grade. My favorite hobbies are collecting postcards from different states, also collecting different kinds of match booklets. My favorite sports are bicycle riding, playing croquet, swimming, and playing tag.

Well, goodbye until next month. I remain a proud member.—*Dolores Molnar* (10), Willard, Wis. (Lodge 198)

BROTHER IN THE NAVY

Dear Editor:—Although I have been reading the ML for a long time, this is my first letter to this fine magazine. I am a member of SNPJ lodge 299. I am 13 years old, 5 ft. 1 in. tall and have brown hair and eyes. I will be a freshman in high school this September. My hobby is collecting pictures of movie stars. My favorite actor is James Cagney and actress is Dorothy Lamour. I have three brothers and four sisters. My brother Charles is in the Navy. One of my sisters writes to the M. L. I would like to have pen pals "from all over." My best regards to all.—*Lillian Palcher* (13), Butte Valley, Colo.

PEN PALS WANTED

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this fine magazine the Mladinski List. I surely enjoy it, too. My sports are riding bicycle and planting flowers and other things. I would like to have some pen pals. Best regards to all.—*Rose Annabell Vodisek* (13), Box 174, Jenny Lind, Ark.

NO BOY PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—Well, I am finally writing to the ML again. The first day of summer will be well over when this letter is published. As for pen pals, I wish more would write to me. I don't have any boy pen pals. That's all I have to say, but I hope my jokes I sent in will be published. Best regards to all.—*Louis Briselli* (14), Box 27, Lawrence Pa.

LIKES TO PLAY BALL

Dear Editor:—Here I am writing to this fine magazine. My sister likes to read it and I decided to write to it. We play ball until it gets dark. My favorite sports are playing ball and dancing. I would like to say hello to Agnes Kavcic and to all of the ML writers. I would like to have more pen pals "from all over the states." Best regards to all.—*Anna Palcher*, Butte Valley, Colo.

\$6 IN WAR STAMPS

Dear Editor:—I received the prize money from the ML, and was very proud of it. I wish to thank the SNPJ for it. I now have \$6 in war stamps. I am going to try to write to this fine magazine every month. My best regards to all ML readers and writers.—*Amelia Cretnik* (10), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

MEMORIZING POETRY

Dear Editor:—I am sending in two drawings which I hope to see published. By the time this letter is published school will be out. Our vacation starts May 28. With exams coming up soon, I will have a lot of studying to do. In English we have 100 lines of poetry to memorize and 50 have to be from Julius Caesar.

Bond drives are always in progress. I hope everyone is doing his best. Our Red Cross drive closed April 15. We are all busy in the war effort one way or another, and we are going to continue to be busy until Victory is ours.

I would really appreciate it if more pen pals would write to me. At present I have only three pen pals. What's the matter with the boys? Why don't you write? In closing I want to say "hi" to my pen pals.—*Rosemary Panyan* (16), 413 Woodbridge Ave., Buhl, Minn. (Lodge 314)

SUMMER VACATION

Dear Editor:—Here I am writing for the July issue. Also, I am sending in an article I wish to see printed in the M. L. By the time this letter is published school will be out; ours was out the latter part of May. We had a tournament—all girls, about 250 of them. We marched, exercised, did calisthenics, formed an E. H. S. on the field,

etc. I'll close remaining a proud SNPJ member—*Helen Mance* (15), 14 Grant St., Cokeburg, Pa. (Lodge 386)

WAKE UP, MINNESOTANS!

Dear Editor:—It has been a long time since I last wrote to the M. L. I am a sophomore at Lincoln Junior High at Hibbing, Minn. I have blonde hair, brown eyes, am 5 ft. 5 in. tall, and weigh 120 pounds. I am the Red Cross representative of our class, member of the Lincoln patrol, and air raid warden at school.

Only one thing in the ML disappoints me—our Minnesotans are not doing so well. What say, we buckle down to business?

We were very busy during the second war bond drive. By the time these lines appear in print school will be out and summer vacation will begin. If at all possible I will visit Washington, D. C., where one of my sisters works, and also Baltimore, Md., where the other works. I hope to continue writing to this magazine and contributing articles. I would also like to hear from pen pals from all parts of the U. S. and Canada. Incidentally, my favorite sports are swimming, basketball, baseball, dancing and hiking. Until next time, best regards to all.—*Helen Mrkonich*, Box 386, Carson Lake, Minn. (Lodge 125)

THEY MISS SNPJ CALENDAR

Dear Editor:—I was very glad to receive the M. L. Our school had a May Day dance, and we ate our lunch out under the trees. On my report card I got better grades than I expected—5 A's, 4 B's and 3 C's.—We surely miss the small SNPJ wall calendar this year. Back in New Mexico we had one each year. I will close with best wishes to all.—*Ruth Chagenovich* (11), 984 Santa Cruz Ave., San Pedro, Calif. (Lodge 416)

WE ARE NOT SLACKERS

Dear Editor:—I am one of those people that always do things the last minute. I've been busy lately with my orchestra and city band practices. The orchestra presented a concert May 7 and the band made a trip to Duluth May 9 for the ship launchings, for which Lucy Monroe sang. The Dionne quintets came from Canada and each christened a ship. And were we excited about their coming!

I've seen that more and more pen pals from Minnesota are writing to the M. L. No one can say that the "kids" from the Gopher State are slackers.

I would like to ask a favor of all the "kids" who write to this magazine as well as its readers. How about a little correspondence from you? You know, pen pal letters? Thank you and the best of luck to one and all.—*Mary Nenadich* (13), 214 First St., W. Chisholm, Minn. (Lodge 322)

MARIJANE HELPS, TOO

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to this fine magazine. First I want to say hello to my 10 pen pals. Second, I am glad to say that I am

buying war stamps regularly. I hope that all SNPJ juveniles are doing the same thing. It is a wonderful thing for us to help beat the Axis. I want my two uncles to come home soon—that's why I am trying to buy as many stamps as I can. My mother works in a war plant; she runs an overhead crane. Best regards to all.—*Marijane Bisich*, 1010 Nimic Ave., Monaca, Pa.

FREE FROM WORRY

Dear Editor:—The long awaited vacation has arrived! How strange it seems to be free from worry about schoolwork. Anyway, I sincerely think that we need a vacation after having been busily occupied with different lesson for nine long months.

Even though school is out, there are various tasks with which I help at home. Besides helping at home, I will soon accept a job which I have been offered. However, I hope to have enough time to contribute to the Mladinski List each month.

My brothers are also very busy. They are helping a vegetable man plant a large victory garden which covers an area of twelve acres. If successful, it will help provide our city with fresh vegetables during the summer.

Now I want to say hello to all my pen pals and am asking them not to be angry with me for not answering all their letters. I would also like to ask Zita Bozanic why in the May issue of the Mladinski List she asked me to write to her soon. This has puzzled me since I have never received a letter from her although I did send her a postcard of New Mexico long ago.

A proud SNPJ member—*Zora Gostovich* (15), Box 531, Raton, New Mexico. (Lodge 297)

THREE BROTHERS IN SERVICE

Dear Editor:—This is the first time that I am writing to this fine magazine. I am 15 years of age and I have three brothers in the service. Two of my brothers are in the Navy and one in the Army, and two of them are expected to come home next month. When I grow up I'm going to enlist in the Coast Guards. I know I will like it.

This summer I am going to work on a farm, so that my brothers and all the rest of our soldier-boys will have enough to eat. My father is dead. My fourth brother, Eddie, is soon going in the army. My other brothers are Andy, Joe, and Tony.

This will be all for this time but I will write more next time. Best regards to all.—*Ernest Arhar* (15), Box 6, Davis, W. Va. (Lodge 217)

IN SEVENTH GRADE NOW

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the M. L. I enjoy this magazine a lot. I want to say hello to Dorothy Urbas, Margaret Truly, Helen Urbas and Dorothy Martincic.

Our school let out May 26. I was promoted to the seventh grade. My teacher last year was Mrs. Barnette; she was a nice teacher. I'll have two more years in the grade school.

I also want to say hello to Francis Kovska of

Jefferson, N. Y. I would like to have more pen pals, boys as well as girls. Best regards to one and all.—*Donnie Francis Urbas*, Camden-on-Gauley, W. Va.

FOUR LITTLE KITTENS

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. Our school was out June 7. I was promoted to sixth grade. At home, we have four little kittens. We named one of them "Monkey" because it looks like one; another one we named "Squeaky" because it always mews, and the other two are "Susie" and "Tiger," which we call "Tige" for short. I often watch them when they are sleeping. They lay in such funny positions. The other day I watched the mother cat carry her kittens to another place. Very interesting.—I would like to have some pen pals. I'll write more next time.—*Frances Kordan* (10), R. D. 2, Depot R. D., Salem, Ohio. (Circle 10)

HAS TWO BROTHERS IN THE NAVY

Dear Editor:—Summer vacation is well on its way for most of the children. Our school let out June 11. While most of the public schools were closed on Memorial Day, the Euclid schools were open. The reason was because we must have 190 days in a school year, otherwise it would not be considered as such.

I found many interesting articles in the June issue of the M. L. I was happy, too, to find myself on the honor roll in school. All my grades were either B, B—, or B+. B denotes good work or progress.

My brother Victor joined the Navy on his 18th birthday on May 7, and my older brother, Louis, left exactly one week later. Both of them are now stationed at Great Lakes, where they are having their "boot training." My father has acquired the railroad permit to visit them soon. I write to my brothers every day. Both miss Ma's cooking and baking; they especially went for potica and strudel. I miss both of them very much—there was such a close sister-brother relationship.

To occupy some of my lonely hours, I intend to become a Junior Nurse's Aid. In this way I'll be helping the war effort and will get a new experience. I was 16 years old last month. Keep on publishing such a swell magazine. It's enjoyed by everyone who reads it.—*Rosemary Junezic* (16), 977 E. 239th St., Euclid 17, Ohio. (Lodge 450)

AGNES IS A "FRESHIE"

Dear Editor:—I am very sorry that I didn't write to this wonderful magazine sooner. I will make up for it though, by writing more frequently if possible. This is only my second letter. It surely is good that school is out. I graduated into 1st year high school at Burgettstown. I'm a "freshie" now, or will be. Our Juvenile Circle was planning to present a play at Sygan for the SNPJ Day which, however, was postponed. I would like to have some pen pals from Texas, New Mexico and other places. Best regards to

all.—*Agnes Kavcic* (14), Box 205, Midway, Pa. (Circle 22)

WAKE UP, MINNESOTA

Dear Editor:—So far several of my letters have been published in the M. L. I wish I could see more letters in the ML from Minnesota. Come on, Minnesota, let's show them we enjoy the ML too!

I am enclosing two drawings which I hope to see published. So far I have contributed twelve drawings to the ML and only one has been printed. (Ed. note: Try, try and try again. Others are doing the same thing and only their best drawings are considered.)

School was out May 28, and were we glad! Next year I'll be a junior. I'll write more next time, and I would like to earn a Victory pin. Regards to all.—*Rosemary Panyan* (16), 413 Woodbridge Ave., Buhl, Minn. (Lodge 314)

ANNA SAW "CHETNIKS"

Dear Editor:—School was out May 28, and I passed to the eighth grade. I will be 13 years old July 31. This is my second letter to the M. L. Recently I saw the movie called "Chetniks," which is about the Yugoslav fighters. My father was born in Yugoslavia. I have many girl friends that have nicknames. I would like to have pen pals my age. I want to say hello to Evelyn Koklich. I remain a proud SNPJer—*Anna Sittinger*, Box 15, Merrittstown, Pa. (Lodge 744)

MARGARET WAS VERY GLAD

Dear Editor:—I was very happy to see my letter published in the June issue of the M. L. This is my third letter. Our school was out in June and we had a party. My brother Frank is 13 and he is going to high school. My other brother, William, who is 12, is going to junior high. I am going to the 5-A. I am glad that school is out. Now I can go swimming and do many other things. I want to say hello to my new pen pal, Marion Widgay. I'll write more next time.—*Margaret Verbic*, 18905 Arrowhead Ave., Cleveland 19, Ohio. (Lodge 126)

MY AIR SERVICE BANNER

Dear Editor:—I am again writing to this swell magazine. A short time ago I received my Air Warning Service banner. I surely am proud of it. Our high school is going to discontinue for the duration because of the shortage of teachers. We are going to go to a high school eight miles from here.

I played my accordion for the grade school graduation, and I turned out to be a success. I'll close for this time but will write more next time. Best regards to all.—*Delma Tomsic* (14), Box 143, Black Diamond, Wash. (Lodge 57)

MY REPORT CARD

Dear Editor:—Here I am again writing to this fine magazine for the month of August. Summer vacation is well under way and all the "kids" are having lots of fun everywhere. On my re-

port card I got 61 A's and 10 B's. I will write more next month. Best regards to one and all.—*Amelia Cretnik* (10), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.

IN THE SEVENTH GRADE

Dear Editor:—School is out and all school children are having lots of fun. In May I was picking strawberries and made \$5 for my war stamps. In school I made 57 A's and 16 B's on my report card. I passed to the seventh grade. Best regards to all SNPJ juveniles.—*Mildred Cretnik* (11), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.

OUR GRADUATION DAY

Dear Editor:—I am still gaining more pen pals and I am very proud of them all. My collection of postcards is growing rapidly. If anyone would send me a postcard I in turn will send one of Greensburg. Postcard collecting is a very interesting hobby.



On May 28, Harrold Junior High School, which I attended, held its annual promotion exercises. Eighty-one students graduated, of which I was one. There were 20 from the academic, 13 from commercial, 33

general, five vocational agriculture and 10 vocational home economic students. The class colors were blue and white and the flower was a red rose bud. "Not for ourselves, but for all" was the class motto. "The Ringmaster" was the title of the class book.

The girls wore pastel shade dresses with matching playshoes. The boys were suits. Two pageants were presented. One was "The Tide of Freedom" which traced the course of tyranny through the ages. The other was "Democracy at Harrold." It showed scenes of students participating in extra-curricular activities. All in all the program was very interesting. Of course we had our "Class Song of Harrold Junior High School" consisting of three stanzas with refrain: "Hail to thee, our class, class of '43," etc.

Our former principal, Mr. F. E. Kauffman, is now a second lieutenant in the Army Air Forces. The former supervising principal, Mr. E. S. Gard, is a lieutenant in the Navy Reserve. Both left in April.

I will close now with best regards to all.—*Francess R. M. Zitko* (15), P. O. Box 562, Greensburg, Pa. (Lodge 223)

CHARLES' "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—This is my very first letter to the M. L. I am a new member of Circle No. 28. I like the Circle very much. I like the parties too. We have a team called the Black Cats. The sports we play mostly are football and baseball. I am a guard in footbabb and catcher in baseball.—*Charles Maris* (11), Box 124, Roundup, Mont. (Lodge 700)

TWO BROTHERS IN SERVICE

Dear Editor:—I am very happy because I just got through putting the two-dollar stamps in my book. That makes ten dollars that I have won this year from the SNPJ by contributing to the M. L. I am trying to keep on writing to this fine magazine. I want to thank the SNPJ for the prize. Many of my friends are proud that I have won the defense stamps.

I have two brothers in the service. My brother Leo is in Berkeley, Calif., and my other brother, John, who is 18, was inducted into the Army on June 26. He is very proud to be in the army. All the boys around here will soon be in the armed forces. We will surely miss them, but we know that they are all willing to do their part.

It's vacation time now, but the work around home keeps me busy, as it does many other girls and boys.—*Annie Cretnik* (16), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

FRANK'S IN 7TH GRADE NOW

Dear Editor:—Here I am with my second letter to the M. L. I was very glad to see my first letter published. Our school was out the latter part of May, and I passed to the seventh grade. My favorite sports are swimming and baseball. My uncle, Anthony F. Tanzely, is with the U. S. Navy in New York. I'll close for this time. Best regards to all.—*Frank Bavdek*, R. D. 2, Krayn, Windber, Pa.

AUTUMN NOT FAR AWAY

Dear Editor:—Here it is the month of August and the warm weather is still here, of course. Two more months or less and autumn will be here. In September we'll go back to school.

I like to read the ML, and I especially liked the June issue. It was very interesting, with all the pictures and letters about each Circle. I would like to thank my pen pals Lorraine Golob and Gloria Iskra for writing to me. I was surprised to receive so many pen-pal letters. I wish La Verne Alt would answer my letter.

Our manager, Miss Chuchek, went to Pittsburgh, and now Miss Bricely is our new manager. If Miss Chuchek should read this letter I want her to know that the Circle misses her very much. Best of luck to her as well as to all juvenile members of the SNPJ.—*Christine Kolar* (13), 421 Ohio St., Johnstown, Pa. (Circle 47)

IS PROUD OF HER PIN

Dear Editor:—I want to thank the SNPJ for the lovely Victory pin I received for my contributions to the M. L. I treasure my pin as I do all of my costly belongings, and it makes me proud to wear it where everyone can see it.

Well, I did get a pen pal, Nancy Yocklovich from Cornwall, Pa. I wish I would get some more pen pals, girls or boys. I have two brothers in the service. Slavko is at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. and Joe is at Buckley Field, Colo. Both are in the Air Corps ground crew. My third brother, Bobby, is too young to go into the service; he's only 16 years old and so he mines ore

that will make bullets and other materials that Slavko and Joe will need to fight with.—*Mary Nenadich* (13), 214 First St. S. W., Chisholm, Minnesota. (Lodge 322)

MY BEAUTIFUL PIN

Dear Editor:—I wish to thank the SNPJ for the nice Victory pin and the one-dollar in war stamps. I was really surprised to receive the beautiful pin. I wish to say hello to my pen pals Helen and Albert Lopi, Irene Kindya, Dolores Orehek, and Mary Skoda. I would like to have some pen pals from the West. Best regards to all.—*Elizabeth Zeaken* (15), 2255 Burton St., Warren, Ohio. (Circle 31)

IS PROUD OF HIS FATHER

Dear Editor:—First of all, I want to thank the SNPJ for the beautiful Junior Victory pin and the one-dollar war stamp. I was not home when it came for I went to see my Dad who is a Merchant Marine. When I came home and found a letter from the SNPJ, I was certainly glad! I will always wear the pin everywhere I go, for I am very, very proud of it. I am also proud of my Dad. He was in Ashland, and it was great to see him.

I have received a new pen pal since the last time I wrote. The name is Lois Cagney. I did not write to the ML for July for I was busy with my Victory Garden. But I promise to write every month from now on. I want to say hello to all of my pen pals and hope to get more. I remain a proud SNPJ member.—*George Gerovac* (12), Box 83, Marenisco, Mich. (Lodge 323)

VICTORY AND CHICKS

Dear Editor:—I am very sorry for not writing to the ML for the July issue, but I promise to write every month. Since my last letter I've received a card from a new pen pal, Carole Nogus from Diamond, Wash. If there is anyone that would like to exchange postcards, I will be one of them.

My Victory garden and chicks are getting along just fine. And it surely was a surprise for my brother to get the Victory pin and the war stamps. My sister and I will try our best from now on. I want to say hello to all pen pals.—*Joseph Gerovac* (10), Box 83, Marenisco, Mich. (Lodge 323)

SCHOOL TIME APPROACHING—

Dear Editor:—I want to thank the SNPJ for the dollar war stamp which I received for writing to the M. L. I really didn't expect it, but I certainly was glad to receive it. You see, I was slacking in my contributions to the ML lately, but I'll try to make up for it in the future.

By the time this letter is published it will be August. It won't be long before school starts again. The subjects I'll be having are English, history, stenography, public speaking, and machine shop. By the way, I noticed a few more letters from Minnesota in the M. L. Keep it up and write more often.

I must not forget to mention how much I en-

joyed the Juvenile Circles' Fifth Anniversary issue of the Mladinski List for June. I wish there were 64 (sixty-four) pages in the ML every month. I remain—*Florence Alich* (16), Box 607, Aurora, Minnesota. (Lodge 111)

APPENDECTOMY PATIENT

Dear Editor:—First of all, I want to thank the SNPJ very much for the beautiful Victory pin that was sent to me yesterday. I think very much of it and am showing it to everyone that comes up to visit me. Everyone stops and admires it. When I go to the hospital this week I'm going to take it with me. You see, I'm waiting to get a bed in the Rochester Hospital; as soon as a bed is empty I will go. I am going to have an appendectomy (operation on my appendix). That will be very soon. Maybe the next letter you receive from me will come from the hospital. Best regards to one and all. I remain always a proud member of the SNPJ—*Mary Ann Rudich*, 163 Baker St., Aliquippa, Pa. (Lodge 122)

WE BOUGHT TWO JEEPS

Dear Editor:—I want to tell you about our bond drive. On May 17, Worcester school students had another bond drive. Our previous bond drive went a bit over the \$1000 mark. This time we were more successful and reached the mark of \$1500. With this money we purchased a jeep costing \$1200 and all the gadgets that go with it.

The second jeep that we bought, which is going to be marked "Worcester," was brought to Worcester that day and the school students each had a ride. It surely was thrilling! Such events help a great deal in speeding the war effort.

Major De Vore of the U. S. Army was our guest speaker and he commended our school in what we are doing. We were all very glad to have him with us on this occasion.—*Zita Bozanic* (16), R.D. 3, Worcester, N. Y. (Lodge 393)

COLLECTING POSTCARDS

Dear Editor:—I want to thank the SNPJ for the prize I received for contributing to the M. L. I was very grateful to receive the prize.

On June 17, a 2-men Jap suicide sub was in Greensburg. I was planning to see it, but a terrible rain storm came up and ruined my plans, just as it did for many other people.

I was very glad to see that the Mladinski List for June was enlarged to 64 pages in commemoration of the fifth anniversary of Juvenile Circles. I hope the October issue, which will be dedicated to the 30th anniversary of the Juvenile Department, will be just as large and as interesting.

My collection of postcards is coming along fine. I have postcards from Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Colorado, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Arkansas, Virginia, Michigan, New York, Washington, D. C., and Europe. I would like to get at least one card from every state. So if any of you other juveniles are interested, I would be glad to hear from you. I will send a postcard of Greensburg in return.—*Frances R. M. Zitko* (15), P. O. Box 562, Greensburg, Pa. (Lodge 223)

"I'LL STAY HOME"

Dear Editor:—First of all I want to thank the SNPJ for the one-dollar in war stamps that I received a few weeks ago. I appreciated it very much. Thank you again.

The heat here is terrific this year. But I don't think I'll spend my vacation anywhere. I'll just stay home. The only thing that I do is go to the show or for a long walk. They haven't opened the swimming pool this summer so far. If they would open it, I would go swimming even if I don't know how. Best regards to all.—*Josephine Kosernik*, Box 199, Aguilar, Colo. (Lodge 381)

DEDICATION OF SERVICE FLAG

Dear Editor:—Gary School here in Chicago, which I attend, has 308 of its graduates in the armed forces and four who died in action. Before school was out, we had a dedication program at which Gary's Service Flag was dedicated. It was a thrilling event. On the program there were the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Women's Auxiliary and the Sons of Veterans.

Also, we had our ever-faithful Boy Scout Troop No. 269 and the Girl Scout Troop No. 427. Miss Phelan introduced Commander J. Vavra and Mr. J. Klicka carried on the program by delivering a speech. The dedication, pledge and our national anthem each followed in turn. Our patrol guards then read the names of our service men. Gerald Vasek said a poem entitled "The Honor Roll." Mrs. Chmelik, president of the P.-T. A., expressed the appreciation of the association to all who helped make the dedication a success. The school chorus then sang a few songs.

Our guest speaker, Mr. Jaroslav J. Zmrhal, delivered his encouraging speech. The program ended with the retiring of colors. The dedication was truly a great success. I am sure that every patriotic American in the audience enjoyed it thoroughly, not only for the enjoyment which was brought before them, but the meaning of every word that was spoken and every song that was sung.—*Sylvia Trojar* (12), 2803 S. Central Park Ave., Chicago 23, Ill. (Lodge 1)

BOBBY'S "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—This is my very first letter to the Mladinski List. I am eight years of age and will be in the third grade in September. I go swimming almost every day. I am learning to dive. I am a member of Circle No. 28 of the SNPJ. In our Circle we have 20 members. I like the Circle very much. Regards to all.—*Bobby Bedey* (8), Roundup, Montana. (Circle 28)

WANTS TO BE A NURSE

Dear Editor:—Here I am again writing to this wonderful magazine. I want to tell you that I enjoy reading this magazine. I like especially the letters, jokes and riddles. My birthday is on July 16 and I am going to have a birthday party.

After my four years of high school are up I want to be a nurse. I have to take Latin at least two years. I am going to Huerfano County High

School. This will be my first year in high school and I will be a freshman.

Well, I guess I'll close for now because I ran out of words. I will write more next time if I have more to say.—**Willie Zorman**, Box 472, Walsenburg, Colo. (Circle 1)

STILL "AT EASE"

Dear Editor:—Here I am writing to this fine magazine of ours, the Mladinski List. Seeing my last letter printed in the ML has encouraged me to write again.

Well, we are still "at ease" and don't have to go to school for three whole months. This makes everyone feel good, but it won't be long now and school will start again. Next term at school, my oldest sister will be a senior in Huerfano County High School. My youngest sister will be a freshman in high school and I will be a sophomore in Huerfano High School.

I wish more pen pals would write to me. I promise to answer all letters. Best regards to all.—**David Zorman**, Box 472, Walsenburg, Colo. (Lodge 299)

FAREWELL

Dear Editor:—Since I am being transferred to the adult class, I thought I'd drop you a farewell line. I have enjoyed reading this magazine very much and have found it very interesting.

My sister has joined the Waves and she likes it very much. She expects to go to Storekeepers School in Boston.

I would like to say hello to Mary Hevalo, Dorothy Orehovec, Eleanore Krasovic, Mildred Derzich, Eleanore Mrkalj, and Ann Lipovac.

I hope you will all find this magazine as interesting as I have. So keep up the good work. Farewell.—**Helen Sroka** (17), 318 Belvedere Ave. S. E., Warren, Ohio. (Lodge 321)

WORD SQUARE

Can you fill in all of the spaces? All of these words across will be the same as those going down, in the corresponding numbers:

1	2	3	4
2			
3			
4			

- To get out quickly.
- The center of a fruit.
- Human appendages.
- An examination.

ANSWERS:

- Scat
- Core
- Arms
- Test

OUR OWN JUVENILE CIRCLES

(Continued from page 26.)

We haven't seen our vice president and secretary since they were elected.

We have about one hundred children in our Circle and about 7 per cent of these are regular members.

It's a shame, since we are the only Circle of Indianapolis, that there is no interest in the Circle among our juvenile members. We expect to have at least fifty members at the next meeting at which time we will have a party. We'll see you there, we hope. See you at the next meeting. Don't forget. We'll be watching for you. At all meetings refreshments are served and an attendance prize given. So—please come! Everyone.

For the convenience of those who may not know when and where our monthly meetings are held, we wish to repeat the date, time and place. Here it is:

Circle No. 47 meets each second Sunday of the month at the Slovene National Home at one o'clock in the afternoon. Attend!

CLARA CANALAS, President Circle 43,
717 N. Holmes Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
DOROTHY POWELL, Treasurer Circle 43,
710 N. Holmes Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

PIONEER JUNIORS MARK PROGRESS

STRABANE, PA.—I am happy to report that our Juvenile Circle No. 27, Pioneer Juniors, is getting along fine. We are getting new members each month, and the Circle is improving steadily.

We owe this great improvement to our advisers, Mary Chesnick and Albina Yarkosky, who have helped us become a better organized Circle. We are given a treat after each meeting. At our last meeting we had a wiennie roast. We ate as many wieners as we wanted, and we also had marshmallows. Everybody was present and had a good time.

Our Circle meets each first Thursday of the month at the SNPJ hall at 7 p. m. All members are urged to attend the next meeting on August 5.

LUCY DELOST, Secretary,
Box 86, Strabane, Pa.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON JUST FOR FUN PAGE:

Presidential Kwizzers: 1—a) Lincoln; d) Garfield; f) McKinley. 2—c) Jefferson. 3—b) Jackson. 4—b) Lincoln. 5—c) Roosevelt.

Car Trouble: 1 fail on car—California.

Nursery Rhymes: 1) wool; 2) plum; 3) shoe; 4) spider; 5) town.

Math Muddle

$$55 + 23 = 78$$

$$18 + 60 = 78$$

$$29 + 49 = 78$$

Pay Attention

Nit: "Why did the Scotchman take his children out of school?"

Wit: "Because he heard they had to pay attention."

1943 IS SNPJ JUVENILE YEAR

- This year marks the 30th Anniversary of the Juvenile Department and the 5th of the organization of Juvenile Circles of the SNPJ.
- Commemorate these important anniversaries by staging elaborate cultural and entertainment celebrations.
- Invite talented juvenile members of nearby SNPJ Lodges to participate in your programs.
- Utilize the profits and success of these celebrations for further expansion of juvenile activities in the respective communities.
- Encourage the members to cultivate an appreciation of the finer things of life through the social, cultural and educational mediums offered by the SNPJ.
- Urge your friends to join the SNPJ for greater security, protection and happiness. Pledge that this year you will bring in at least one new member.
- Insure the future progress of the Society by organizing a Juvenile Circle in every SNPJ stronghold in America.
- Promote sports events, games, contests and exercises for the development of a stronger and healthier Society.
- Educate juvenile members to a better understanding of the value and meaning of cooperative protection and mutual benefits.
- Develop in them a more sincere desire to practice thrift by saving a part of their earnings or allowance for payment of assessments.
- Induce the members to attend meetings and affairs of the SNPJ more often, to read the Mladinski List and Prosveta, and to contribute interesting and accurate accounts of the outstanding celebrations of the year for the enjoyment and inspiration of the readers.
- Here you have the roads to victory for SNPJ in 1943. Carry out this program and you will build new leaders and a greater SNPJ for the morrow.

MICHAEL VRHOVNIK,
Juvenile Director.