

MLADINSKI LIST

A JUVENILE MAGAZINE FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES



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MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

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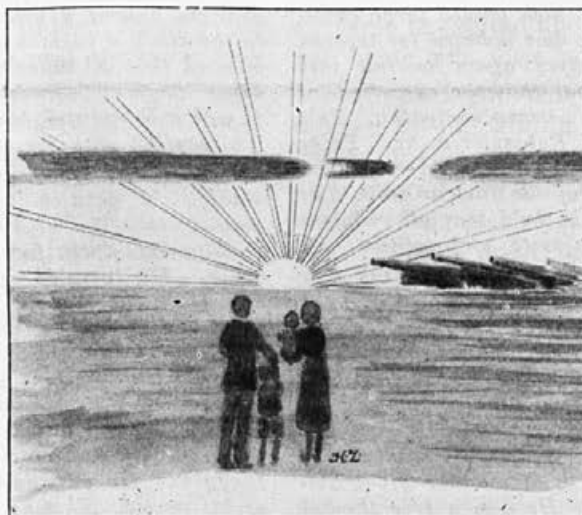
Za novo leto

Katka Zupančič



davnih že časov si srečo želimo,
in leto za letom želje obnovimo:
da naših bi pragov se sila zognila,
da jutra bi dneve nam lepe rodila
in morda bogastvo, denarja na vreče,
kar mnogim pomenja že višek vse sreče.

A v dobi, ko kruto nasilje kazi nam obzorja,
ko peta železna se kaže prek morja
teptaje težko priborjene sadove vseh dob,
stezaje po vsem se, naj zibel bo, grob—
zato si želimo, ko leto se znova obnavlja:
napredka, telesu in uma pa zdravja,
da pravo in krivo bi znali ločiti,
da sili se močni bi znali braniti,
da tlačena ljudstva bi spon se rešila,
mladini po svetu radost se vrnila.



Birthdays of the Great Men

THOMAS PAINE

This month we honor the birth of a great man and a free thinker—Thomas Paine.

He was born at Thetford, England, January 29, 1737, the son of a Quaker staymaker. After several years at sea and after trying to several occupations on land, Paine took up his father's trade in London, where he added to his meager grammar school education by attending science lectures. He took active part in the debates of a local Whig club, and in 1772 he wrote a pamphlet embodying the grievances of workers and supporting their demands for an increase of pay.

It was during this time—in 1744—that he met Benjamin Franklin in London. This was the turning point in his life. In the same year Paine sailed for America with Franklin's letters to many of the leaders in the colonies' resistance to the mother country, which was then at an acute stage. Paine was introduced to several important Americans and he helped to found Pennsylvania Magazine which he edited for eighteen months. It was on January 8 in 1776 that Paine published his famous work *Common Sense*, which was a series of arguments for separation and for the establishment of a republic. The open movement to independence of the American colonies dates from its publication.

Soon thereafter the revolutionary war was declared and Paine served with General Greene as volunteer aide-de-camp. During this time he wrote a series of influential articles called *The Crisis*. Paine's services were recognized by his appointment as secretary to the commission sent by Congress to treat with the Indians. A few months later he was made secretary of the Congressional committee of foreign affairs. The State of New York gave him an estate grant at New Rochelle and from Congress he received a considerable gift of money. In 1789 he returned to England, and in 1790 he wrote his *Rights of Man* which gained large circulation. Two years later he was indicted for treason but escaped to France, where again he ran into trouble when he pointed out that the execution of the king would alienate American sympathy. This incurred the suspicion of Robespierre and Paine was thrown into prison. Before his arrest he had completed the first part of his famous work *The Age of Reason*, in which he held that all religions should be separated from state and politics. He ridiculed religious superstition but he was for pure morality founded in natural sciences.

In 1802 Paine sailed again for America. He died in New York on June 8, 1809, and was buried at New Rochelle, but his body was removed to England ten years later.

ANTON AŠKERC

January marks the birth of another great Slovene poet—Anton Aškerc. He was a free thinker and an exponent of human rights.



Anton Aškerc was born January 9, 1856, in Globoko near Rimske Toplice, Stajersko, Slovenia. Poor circumstances at his home made it necessary that his parents' property be taken over by his aunt Agata who sent the boy to school in Celje. In 1877 he graduated from college and the following year, against his wish, he entered the theological seminary in Maribor. He showed a remarkable ability for study and at the end of his third year he became a priest. He devoted much time to the study of various other religions and soon recognized that all other religions are based on the same dogma: superstition, obedience and fear. It was only natural, therefore, that he should come into conflict with his superiors.

In 1898 Aškerc renounced his priesthood and obtained a position as clerk in the Ljubljana magistrate. The next year he became editor of *Ljubljanski Zvon*, foremost Slovene literary magazine. He traveled extensively and gained wide knowledge of the old culture. Upon his return from one of his travels on the continent, in 1908, his health was undermined and his strength began to fail. He died four years later in Ljubljana.

Aškerc was a prolific writer of verse and prose. His poems were based on fables from ancient history and oriental stories and clothed his modern thoughts. He portrayed local and world injustice of his period. This he did remarkably well, arousing the ire of the clergy. Besides poetry, he wrote

articles and essays. He used his pen with vehemence satirizing his opponents, conditions and religious dogmas. His works appeared chiefly in *Ljubljanski Zvon* and other publications. Some of these are: *Bolnik* (The Patient), *Madonna, Mi Vstajamo* (We Are Awakening), *Poslednje Pismo*, (The Last Letter), *Mutec Osojski, Iz Popotnega Dnevnika* (Diary From Travels), *Stara Pravda* (Old Struggle), which shows the tragedy of the old Slovene peasant uprising, and many others.

His poetic richness is displayed particularly in *Prva Mučenica* (The First Martyress), which shows his life's philosophy and in which he immerses as a complete free thinker. Aškerc was at his best with his Ballads and Romances. This was the turning point (1889) in Aškerc and the final break from the church and priesthood. He answered his critics in ten satirical parables (fables) "Pegaz in Osel" (Pegasus and the Donkey). His "Ahasver" is a well known ballad of the persecuted.

His first collected poems were published in 1896. Others followed in 1904, 1908, 1910.

DRAGOTIN KETTE

Dragotin Kette was a young Slovene poet. He was born January 19 1876, at Prem in Notranjsko (now a part of Italy). His father was a school teacher and it was from him that Kette inherited the poetic vein. His mother, Anna Valenčič, had a wealthy brother in near-by Trnovo, Ivan Valen-

čič, who helped his young nephew through school in Ljubljana.

Kette was a close friend of Ivan Cankar and Aleksander Murn, and also of Oton Župančič. Kette, Cankar and Murn were the originators of the so-called Modern Verse school. It should be noted that Cankar classified Kette's lyric poetry with that of Goethe and Prešeren. Kette began to write poetry at an early age. When he was eight years old, he wrote his first poem dedicating it to his father's birthday.

He was graduated college (gymnasium) in 1898. The following year he was called to the army, but owing to his poor health he was soon released. He died April 26, 1899, in Ljubljana. His body is buried with Cankar's and Murn's in a commemorative grave called Slovene Moderne.

As a student in Ljubljana, Kette was a member of a literary club and of various cultural groups, and also member of Zadruga of which he was secretary.

Kette's early poetry deals chiefly with children and parents. As he grew to maturity, he widened his outlook and wrote on other subjects. His poetry arrested the attention of the best Slovene men of letters. Besides poetry, he also wrote short stories and tales for children.

Kette died at the age of 23, the victim of tuberculosis. His life and work can be compared, to some extent, to that of the English poet John Keats (1795-1821) who also died of the same disease.

Be On the Look-Out for These Things

Dear Ladislav:

We have closed the book for 1938 and are now standing on the threshold of 1939. I know you are thinking, "Wouldn't it be grand if I could see what will happen in 1939 as well as I can look back on what has been?"

But I am no prophet. Indeed, there is no one who can tell you what will happen in the future. But if you are working or building for something, anyone might predict what you can expect to happen.

And that is why I will ask you to look forward not only to 1939, but to 1940. It has to do not only with your or my personal life. It concerns big things that might explain unbelievable things about our Universe.

I am thinking of the huge 200-inch telescope now being built for Mount Palomar, 63 miles southeast of Los Angeles, California.

I presume you know that the largest telescope now in existence is the 100-inch instrument on Mount Wilson.

The 200-inch telescope or "artificial eye"

will make the moon seem to be only 25 miles away. Think of it—25 miles! And, of course, you know that it is actually 240,000 miles away.

Do you wonder that the scientists and, in fact, everyone interested in knowledge of the universe is excited about what the new "eye" will bring into view?

Perhaps I can throw some light on this matter by explaining to you that we must think of this 200-inch mirror not so much as a magnifying glass but as a "light-gatherer." Suppose you have a five-inch lens. Now think of one that is ten-inch. The ten-inch lens will not "gather" in twice as much light as the five-inch; instead it will gather in **four** times as much. It is the same way with this 200-inch telescope. It will "gather in" **four** times as much light as the present 100-inch. This means that there will be ten times as many stars within view as there are at the present time. For if the moon, as

(Continued on Page 7)

Francek v Solzni dolini

I. M.

Francek Znalbirad je bil—kakor ga že ime razodeva—silno vedoželjen. Vse je hotel pretakniti in poizvedeti. Posebno je rad stikal po neznanih mu krajih, koder so prebivali ljudje, ki so verjeli čudne reči.

Nekega dne je Francek Znalbirad zabredel v pokrajino, ki se je imenovala Solzna dolina in prebivalci tamkaj so se smatrali za "grešnike." Takoj je Francek hotel poizvedeti, zakaj se ti ljudje tako imenujejo. Izpraševal je drugega za drugim, zakaj se nazivajo "grešniki", ali nihče mu ni mogel dati odgovora.

— Odgovor na svoje vprašanje boš najprej dobil pri kakšnem dušnem zdravniku, so Francku povedali potrti Solznodolinci.

— Kaj pa je dušni zdravnik? Kakšna je njegova naloga? je hotel vedeti Francek.

— Njegova naloga je, da zdravi grešne ljudi, je bil njihov odgovor.

— Greh je torej bolezen, je zaključil Francek Znalbirad, oni pa so skomignili z rameni ne vedoč, kaj bi mu še povedali.

Francek je kmalu našel hišo, v kateri je bival dušni zdravnik. Peljali so ga v večjo sobo in tam je za pisalno mizo sedel mož v črni halji, debelega in gladko obritega lica ter plešaste glave. Povedali so mu, da je to stric Činčila, silno moder mož, ki ve vse, kar se tiče "bolnih duš" in podobnih reči v Solzni dolini.

— Jaz sem stric Činčila, kdo si pa ti, moj mali? je pričel dušni doktor.

— Pravijo mi Francek Znalbirad.

— Nenavadno ime imaš.

— Priznam.

— In kaj bi rad izvedel?

— Zdaj me najbolj zanima to, čemu se vi ljudje v tej deželi imenujete grešniki. To mi pojasni, stric Činčila.

— Ker vidim, da nič ne veš, ti rad oprostim pregrešno vprašanje in te rad podučim.

— Kaj? Moje vprašanje je pregrešno? Ali sem po tvojem mnenju tudi jaz bolan? se čudi Francek.

— Da, imel bi te bolnega na duši, to se pravi na grehu trpečega.

— Ne razumem te. Ali je pri vas greh vprašati, kaj je greh in zakaj je grešnik?

— Ti si oproščen tega greha, ker ne veš,

kaj govoriš, toda za dečka tvoje starosti v Solzni dolini je to greh, kajti tu mora vsakdo tvojih let vedeti, da je vsakdo grešnik, kdor dela, kar je prepovedano.

— Kaj pa je prepovedano?

— Vse, kar je slabega.

— Kdo je dal to prepoved?

— Dal jo je Veliki duh, ki je ustvaril svet, človeka in vse.

— Kako pa je Veliki duh prišel v stik s tabo? Ali te je obiskal v tejle sobi?

— Ne, njegove zapovedi so bile razodete v knjigi.

— Ali je sam spisal knjigo in jo poslal tebi?

— Ne, knjigo so spisali ljudje—ljudje, ki so slišali od drugih ljudi in ti so obratno slišali od drugih, oni pa spet od drugih ljudi, ki so slišali preroke, ki so rekli, da je Veliki duh govoril z njimi v davni dobi —

— Zdaj vem! Pri nas bi temu rekli okolnostno dokazilo. Mar pravijo preroki v tisti vaši knjigi po svojih številnih zastopnikih, da so oni bili edini, ki so videli Velikega duha?

— Ne. Razodeto je v knjigi, da so ga drugi videli pred njimi. Dalje je razodeto v knjigi, da sta tudi prva dva človeka, Branko in Miranda, videla Velikega duha in govorila z njim v Rajskem gaju. Ta dva, Branko in Miranda, oče in mati človeštva, sta bila prva grešnika na svetu.

— Kaj mi ne poveš, doktor! In kakšen je bil greh te dvojice?

— Pojedla sta prepovedane hruške . . .

— Tega pa ne razumem.

— Veliki duh je izbral posebno hruškovo drevo v Rajskem gaju in ukazal je Brankotu in Mirandi, da si ne smeta utrgati zrelih hrušk s tega drevesa.

— Ali so bile tiste hruške črvive ali strupene?

— Ne, bile so zdrave in sladke hruške.

— Hm, še ne razumem, pa naj bo. Zakaj se nista ona dva držala prepovedi?

— Zato, ker je bila njuna volja slaba in k grehu nagnjena.

— Kje sta pa dobila tisto slabo in k grehu nagnjeno voljo?

— Veliki duh ju je ustvaril čista in per-

fektna, krona njune perfektnosti je pa bila njuna prosta volja.

— Kaj je to? Kaj je prosta volja?

— Prosta volja je, da imaš moralno zavest in da izbiraš med dobrim in slabim.

— Kako naj to razumem? Ali ta prosta volja pomeni slabo voljo, ki je nagnjena k grehu? In kaj je tvoj Veliki duh naredil z Brankom in Mirando, ko sta omahnila pred njuno "perfektno prosto voljo"?

— Zapodil ju je iz Rajskega gaja in ju obsodil v težko delo do smrti, prav tako vse njune potomce . . ."

— Ali prav slišim? Branko in Miranda sta bila kruto kaznovana zaradi tega, ker je bila njuna "perfektna prosta volja" tako slaba, da se ni mogla zoperstaviti izkušnjam sladkih hrušek?

— Da, tako je bilo.

— Neverjetno! Ali je Veliki duh vedel, kaj dela?

— To je impertinentno vprašanje, toda, ker se zavedam, da si strašno neveden, ga bom prezrl. Da, Veliki duh je vedel, kaj dela.

— Ne verjamem, da je vedel. Kako bi potem mogel držati Branka in Mirando odgovorna za svoje lastno dejanje? Sam si rekel, da ona dva nista sama ustvarila svoje slabe volje; dobila sta jo od Velikega duha. Čemu jima ni dal močne volje, da ne bi mogla nikdar grešiti?

— To tvoje vprašanje bom ignoriral, ker je bedasto, nelogično in blasfemično!

— S tem še nisi nič pojasnil. Čemu hodiš naokrog kot maček okoli vrele kaše?

Stric Činčila molči.

— Še nekaj bi rad znal, stric Činčila, je nadaljeval Francek. Ali je Veliki duh hotel imeti samo dobre, negrešne ljudi, predno jih je ustvaril?

— Da.

— Ni maral sveta, ki bi bil poln grešnikov, mar je?

— Ne.

— In je znal prej, predno jih je ustvaril, kako se bodo njegovi stvori obnašali v bodočnosti?

— Da, videl je v bodočnost; on je vseveden in vsemogočen.

— Torej je znal, predno je ustvaril Branka in Mirando, da se ne bosta obnašala tako, kakor je on predpisal njuno obnašanje?

— Pravilno.

— Kljub temu jima je dal ničvredno voljo, o kateri je lahko naprej vedel, da se bo skisala in privedla Branka in Mirando v greh, katerega je jima prepovedal! Tvoj Veliki duh je dal Branku in Mirandi "prosto voljo," katera vodi v greh in vrhutega jima je sam odkazal zaznamovano hruškino drevo, katerega se nista smela dotakniti, dasi je vedel davno prej, da se ne bosta držala njegove prepovedi! Ko se je pa zgodilo baš ono, o čimur je Veliki duh vedel, da se bo zgodilo—kajti on sam je tako hotel in drugače ni moglo biti po njegovem načrtu—tedaj je Branka in Mirando kruto kaznoval za dejanje, za katerega ni bil nihče drugi odgovoren kot on sam! Kakšna logika je to?

— To je blasfemija, na katero jaz ne odgovarjam!

— Toda ti sam si rekel, da Velikih duh je hotel imeti dobre in negrešne ljudi, ustvaril je pa takšne, da so pred vsem grešniki! Pojasni mi to silno protislovje.

— Nič ne bom pojasnil — —

— Tvoj Veliki duh je sama dobrota in sama čistost?

— Da, sama dobrota in sama čednost ga je.

— Kljub temu, kakor ti učiš, je svet poln grešnikov in ena polovica njegovega "stvarstva" neprestano žre drugo polovico! Kako more takšna slabost in takšno zlo priti od takšne neskončne dobrote? Po zdravi logiki mora od dobrega izvirati le dobro. Ali ni tako? Od strupenih kač prihajajo le strupene kače—od žvrgolečih slavčkov pa le žvrgoleči slavčki. Ali si še kdaj slišal, da bi od golobic prihajale strupene kače? — —

Stric Činčila ni rekel nič.

Francek je pa še rekel: — Samo dvoje je mogoče v tem slučaju: tvoja vera je sleparija ali pa mene ni. Toda jaz sem—torej si ti slepar!

Razgovora je bilo konec v tistem hipu. Stric Činčila je pozval svojega privatnega stražnika in mu velel, naj odvede Francka Radbiznala iz Solzne doline, in hitro. Med potjo naj pa straža dobro pazi, da Francek ne bo govoril z nikomur iz Solzne doline in ne bo nikogar pohujšal, dokler ne prekorači meje . . .

(Gornja črtica je bila priobčena v angleščini v Mladinskem listu, januarška številka 1938, torej pred enim letom.)

The Dollies' Lullaby

By MARY JUGG

*Don't cry, my great big pickaninny dolly,
You have such pearly, white teeth,
And such curly, black hair.*

*Are you thinking of the Southland
And the home that you had there? —
Where the raindrops trickled through
And corn pone meals were all you knew,
Where you feared your white man brother
Whose very footsteps made you shudder?*

*Have no fear, dolly dear,
I will make you happy here.*

*Ling, my Chinese baby doll,
Sometimes I like you best of all—
Only sometimes, though; I share
My love for every dolly fair.*

*Some may say your ways are strange—
Like reading backward, upside down—
But when you turn and look at us,
Do our habits make you frown?*

*Bye, bye, go to sleep,
Go to sleep, my baby dolls.*

*Isaac, I will sing a song for you;
Your bright eyes say you are a Jew,
And you will sleep with all the others—*

*We all are brothers—
We all are brothers.*

*We all are brothers, Isaac, Ling—
Oh, would that all of you could sing!
Oh, would your hearts could gladly sing!
Oh, Isaac, Ling! Oh, Isaac, Ling!*

*And Sonja, little Russian doll,
Jose, my Spanish costume doll,
You brought me hours and hours of joy;
You were not "just another toy."*

*Come, smile for me; I love you so—
I love my little dollies so—
Then come from east or south or west,
I can never love but one the best.
And you came from Bohemia land;
You seem to say, "I understand—
I understand my peoples' woe;
Oh, where is there for me to go?"*

*You, too, will be a happy maid,
Though all your peasant costumes fade;
For I will take good care of you!
For I will take good care of you!*

*Sleep, sleep, dollies all—
Lightly may your slumbers fall;
And when a new day dawns tomorrow,
May it roll away all sorrow.*

*May it roll away all sorrow,
And make you feel like brothers all—
And make you feel like brothers all.*

Be on the Look-Out for These Things

(Continued from Page 3)

we have said, will be brought so near to our view, everything else will also be as near, proportionately.

You might like to know another thing about these big telescopes and that is: that they are really big cameras that follow the distant bodies across the sky. They photograph what they see.

And so, no one can tell what this great, big artificial eye will show. We can only hope and expect it to answer some of our questions better than they have ever been answered up to the present time.

Don't you agree with me that this is an exciting thing to be on the "look-out" for?

Your humble friend,
MARY JUGG.

Who is wise? He that learns from everyone. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content.—Franklin.

Interesting Game

The children sit in a circle or in a straight line. Two players go out and select a certain time of the day—for instance: half past, quarter of, or on a certain hour, or any number of minutes before or after the hour. If they choose 10 minutes after 2, they come in and say, "It is 10 minutes after," and the others guess the hour chosen. When one of the seated players guesses the hour correctly, the first two players leave the room again and select two objects of the same kind, such as toys, fruits, or articles of clothing. For example, one chooses to be an apple, and the other an orange. Then they return to the player who guesses correctly the time and ask, "Which do you want—an apple or an orange?" The player he chooses goes out with him to select another time of day, and the others join the circle.

TEAMWORK

The world is full of problems,
There's much to cause distress;
We all are bowed beneath the cares
That daily round us press;
There's only one solution,
'Tis simply stated, thus:
"A little less of you or me,
A little more of us." —W.F.C.

Revolucija v Čebelarki

I. M.

V davnih časih je čebelji rod živel v drugačnih razmerah kot živi dandanes. V čebelnih panjih je takrat vladal tiran Čebeluh, ki je bil diktator. Čebeluh ni maral slišati nobenih pritožb in nobenih nasvetov; domišljjal si je, da on vse ve in kar on stori, vse prav naredi.

Čebeluh je odredil, da v Čebelarki morajo delati samo Čebeline. To se pravi, da morajo samo Čebeline nabirati med po cvetovih in ga nositi v satovje v panjih, on pa je s svojimi Čebelani vred neprestano čepel v panju in srkal pripravljen med. Čebeline so se udale in delale. Dan za dnevom so letale na pašo in se zvečer vračale obložene z medom—toda same so dobile le toliko medu, komaj drobtinico, da so mogle drugi dan poleteti spet na delo.

Čebelani so kajpada bili jako zadovoljni s Čebeluhovo vlado in z življenjem v Čebelarki sploh. Delali niso nič, le med so srkali iz satovja in redili so se, da so bili debeli kot prašički. Najbolj se je pa redil Čebeluh, ki si je jemal največji delež medu. Čebeluhu in njegovim Čebelanom je silno ugajalo to življenje.

Nasprotno pa so Čebeline veliko trpele. Pridno so delale in pridno nosile med v satovje in potrpežljivo so prenašale krivico, katero jim je naložil Čebeluh. Kadar je bila slaba paša, ko je zmanjkalo cvetnega prahu, so morale delavke Čebeline stradati samo zato, da je bilo dovolj za Čebeluha in Čebelane. Včasih je stradanje tako oslabilo Čebeline, da niso mogle poleteti na delo—in tedaj so jih Čebelani na Čebeluhov ukaz neusmiljeno zbadali z želi in jih gonili na pašo.

Tako pa ni ostali vedno. Pojavila se je pametna Čebelina, ki je na paši neprestano brenčala čebelam na ušesa:

— Premišluj, sestra, premišluj! Čemu nabiraš med za požeruha Čebeluha in za njegove požrešne Čebelane, sama se ga pa nikdar ne nasrkaš do sitega? Ali je to prav? Premišluj, sestra, premišluj o tem!—

Tako je brenčala pametna Čebelina in druge čebele so prisluhale. Kmalu so tudi druge začele brenčati te besede. Zašumelo je med njimi, kakor da je potegnil nov veter.

Razburjenost med Čebeliniami je naraščala, pametna Čebelina je pa izkoristila ta položaj in pridobila je čebele za shod, na katerem se bodo korenito pogovorile, kaj jim je storiti, da dobe svojo pravico. Čebelani niso pazili na delavke in to je bila sreča za Čebeline!

— Čujte, sestre, jim je rekla pametna Čebelina, ko so se sešle v umetnem roju v prostornem logu—ali veste, da naš tiran Čebeluh s svojimi Čebelani vred ne more živeti brez nas?

Čebeline so zazijale, ko so slišale to veliko resnico. Ostrmele so in se spogledale, kakor da bi druga drugi očitale: Zakaj smo bile tako neumne, da nismo prej tega spoznale?

— Da, drage moje! Čebeluh in Čebelani poginejo gladi v kratkem času, če me prenehamo z donašanjem medu v panje. To spoznanje je nekaj vredno za nas, ali ni?

— Je, je! so brenčale vse v zboru.

— In še nekaj. Ali je že katera med vami pomislila, zakaj imamo žela? Mar je ostrakonica na našem zadku le tako za nakit?

Spet so čebele zazijale nad razodetjem nove resnice—ko jim je bilo odkrito, da njihova žela prav tako lahko zbodejo in prizadja jo bolečino Čebelanu kakor njihova njim.

Tedaj jim je pametna Čebelina razkrila svoj načrt, kako je treba postopati, da bo konec Čebeluhovega tiranstva in izkoriščanja njihovega dela. Vse zbrane Čebeline so pritrdile temu načrtu in ga osvojile soglasno. Saj so imele na svoji strani dve veliki resnici: One so tiste, ki žive Čebeluha in Čebelane—in one tudi imajo žela!

Tistega dne niso Čebeline—odkar pomni zgodovina čebeljega rodu—nič delale. Vrnile so se domov v roju in brez medu.

Čebelani, ki so se oddihavali na pragu panjev, so ostrmeli, ko so zagledali trumo čebel, ki je obstala na grmičku pred panji v bojevitnem razpoloženju. Izbrana deputacija treh Čebelin je šla naprej in obvestila Čebelane, naj takoj pokličejo Čebeluha, da bo izvedel nekaj. Čebeluh naj pride ven iz svojega kota!

Čebelani, nenavajeni tega, so bili tako

Andrew's Travel Talk

In the July number of the M. L. I promised that I would "see you from the ocean" soon. And now my diary will be "just a travel talk," because I was too busy and tired to continue it at that time.

I liked the ocean and the boat very much. We boarded the Normandie on May 4 at 10 o'clock in the morning. We took a look at our cabin and liked it. My sister Valerie liked the upper berth, and I liked the one by the porthole. After straightening our things in the cabin, we went up on the deck. Just then the ship began to move slowly out of the harbor and I experienced a strange feeling. When we came on the ship, we didn't see any water at all. The gangplanks were so arranged you couldn't see the water, to sort of make you feel "at home." But now we saw the water, plenty of it, and said good-by to the shores of the U. S. A.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon we passed the Statue of Liberty. Soon the shoreline disappeared altogether and we saw nothing but water, and more water. This made me rather homesick at first, but not for long. There were so many interesting things to see on the ship that I forgot the dry land.

My father, Valerie and I decided to visit other parts of the ship. We went to the tourist and cabin classes. It was very interesting. This part of the big ship was much nicer. There was the swimming pool and a real garden, and the rooms were as shiney as those in some big hotels in Chicago. And they have a real theater up there, while we in the third class had our movies right in the dining room. But I didn't mind that as long as I saw the movies. It's all the same to me. All the meals are cooked in the same kitchen, for all the classes.

We returned to our quarters. My sister and I decided that here we can have more freedom. And we had more playmates here, too. It didn't take us long to get acquainted with the other children who traveled with us. We had all sorts of games. We saw two interesting movies, *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Adventures of Robin Hood*. In the evening the grown-ups were dancing, but Valerie and I had to go to bed. Besides Mr. Jereb of Waukegan, who traveled with us, there were three other Slovenes on the liner. The older people seemd to enjoy themselves because they were laughing a great deal. A lady fell off the chair and two men were trying to pick her up. In a moment, all three were on the floor. It was funny, and they didn't seem to mind it as they were all laughing.

Our boat was very big. In the bottom of it there is the machinery and the cargo. Above that are the sleeping quarters. Everything is nice and clean. I didn't see everything, of course, but my father and I were trying our best to see as much as we could. The walls are very nice and the decorations too. At meal times the radio was playing for our enjoyment. The meals were very good. Valerie and I were allowed to select our own meals from the manu. That was fun. And we had ice cream and

all the fruit we desired, at every meal. The grown-ups had plenty of wine. But the last night on the boat was really something to remember. The waiters gave us a party. There were paper caps and other things, also noise-makers and souvenirs. And good things to eat. Each got a fancy menu for remembrance.

I liked the sailors on the ship, too. They were always willing to play with us, but not the officers. I liked their uniforms. My sister and I had sailor suits on, too, so we felt at home with the sailors. The steward of the dining room was a Slovene. We had some nice chats with him. There was no stormy weather during our voyage, but the waves were rather high in the middle of the ocean.

The five days on the ocean went by very fast. We were in the best of health all the time. Our first stop in Europe was at Southampton, England. That was on May 9 at 7 o'clock in the morning. We had our first glance of Europe. About one fourth of the people disembarked here. Then we went on and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon we reached the port of Havre, France. Down the gangplank we went. Then we waited for our automobile to be unloaded. My father bought some gas, got the international license plates—and off we went. At 5 o'clock that afternoon we were well on our way to Paris.

The next time I will tell you about our trip from Havre to Paris and about our short stay there.

Andrew W. Furlan.

TONGUE TWISTERS

If you think you have a smooth-running tongue, try these twisters, and if you succeed in making no mistakes, you can be sure you will not be in any danger of stammering:

She sells sea-shells on the seashore.

The shells she sells are sea-shells, I'm sure.

So if she sells sea-shells on the shore,

Then I am sure she sells seashore shells.

Here is another one that should prove an excellent test of a smooth-running tongue:

Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's kettle.

Did Kimbo Kemble kick his kinsman's kettle?

If Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's kettle,

Where's the kinsman's kettle that Kimbo Kemble kicked?

So He Used Both

From a schoolboy essay: "A semicolon is a period sitting on top of a comma. Some people think that the first time a semicolon was used was when some man did not know whether to use a comma or a period, so he used both of them together."

A man's expression of sentiment, if in all sincere, means nothing more than giving words to good thoughts.

Ghoul-like Animals Haunting A Death Trap 50,000 Years Ago



Courtesy Chicago Field Museum of Natural History

The above photograph shows one of the recent additions to the series of large mural paintings by Charles R. Knight, depicting prehistoric life, presented to the Museum by Ernest R. Graham. This painting represents a scene at the famous Rancho La Brea asphaltum pits near Los Angeles, which until only a few years ago continued to be a death trap for unwary animals. To the right of the center, saber-tooth tigers are seen devouring the tar-trapped carcasses of victims of the pit, while one of them is driving away huge vultures which also seek to feed on the carrion. At the left are seen wolves of an extinct species, and in the background at the right are a number of prehistoric horses. These animals were all of the last geological period, becoming extinct about 50,000 years ago. They were closely related to similar modern animals. This painting is one of the twenty-one now to be seen in Ernest R. Graham Hall of Historical Geology (Hall 38). When complete, the series will consist of twenty-eight paintings, and will cover most of the wall space. As far as possible the paintings are placed adjacent to fossils of animals which they represent.

Ko fantek vstane

"Frkolinček, mirno stoj in očke zapri!" se milo zapeni.

"Joj, fantek, potrpi, takoj ti pene izmijem!" zašumi voda.

"Roke in vrat in eno uho je že suho, še drugo posušim!" zaplapola brisača.

"Zdaj pa k meni in usta odpri!" zarentači zobna krtača.

"Le kje si se tako razkuštral?" se repenči glavnik.

"Le dvigni noge, zaspane!" se napihujejo nogavice.

"Šele, ko mene obleče, bo fant od fare!" se baha obleka.

"Kako bo fant od fare, če pa mu svečka iz nosa visi?" se smeje žepni robec.

"Kam pa naj gre brez nas?" vprašajo čevlji.

"No, zdaj pa je že vse prav, zdaj!" zakličejo vsi.

"Ne, še ni!" reče dobra mamica. "Na ličku je že solzica. Prav majcena in drobcena. Nihče je drugi ne vidi kot jaz. Pa jo bom poljubila, s poljubom posušila. Tako, moj fant, zdaj pojdiva—bova očku dobro jutro voščila!"—Naš rod.

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



CLEVELAND HAS MANY CIRCLES

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—I am proud to say that our Circle, Lodge 53, was the third to be formed. Since there are many juvenile circles of the SNPJ in our city, we have decided to communicate with them so that we may know our fellow members better.

On Oct. 28 we invited the Jolly Jesters and Lodge 5 to come to our meeting. After the meeting, we had a Halloween party. And before our visitors left, they invited us to come to one of their meetings.

Our Circle, Lodge 53, and the Jolly Jesters decided to hold a Christmas party together. This was done because we were the only ones able to get a hall, and because we are one of the largest juvenile groups. We have selected two committees, the entertainment committee and the food committee, the first consisting of four members and the second of six members. We have chosen Dec. 23 for our joint Christmas party. That was the date of our regular meeting. And since we had to choose new officers at that meeting, the 23rd was a very busy evening.

ANN BRENCIC, Circle of Lodge 53,
17724 Delavan rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

JOLLY KANSANS CIRCLE

GIRARD, KANSAS.—Hello, circle members everywhere! This is Circle Jolly Kansans speaking.

I am so glad I could sing Hallelujah, because of the nice progress made so far by our circle. Some of the senior members were at first doubtful whether we would succeed in organizing such a large circle, but now they are convinced. It takes only a few meetings to see what could be done. And we have really found out that we are made of the stuff that brings results. Everyone likes to attend our meetings. Yes, we do have that old Kansas spirit with us again! We are an active group, and the other circles should be on the lookout for Kansas.

At our last meeting we selected a new name for

our circle—Jolly Kansans. Here is a poem dedicated to our circle and sung to the tune of "Shipmates Stand Together":

Jolly Kansans, stand together,
Don't give up your circle!
Be it fair or stormy weather,
We won't give up our circle!

If you have to take a licking,
Don't give up your circle,
Carry on and quit your kicking;
We won't give up our circle!

All of our juvenile members are doing their level best in making this one of the largest circles. And believe me—it can be done.

Our "hobo and wiener" party, held at Novak's farm Oct. 30, was a big success. All of the members were present. We had lots of fun. About 85 members were at the party, enjoying themselves to the utmost. I know that the older folks enjoyed seeing the younger generation so happy, convinced that they take so much interest in the work of our organization—the SNPJ. Plenty of "bums" were present, and say, they were plenty tough, too. And could they eat!

The girls played softball; we had two teams. The boys had a very interesting game of football, but soon they came to play softball. Part of our fun, however, was spoiled by the "hoboes." Then the crowning of the king and queen hobo for 1938 took place. Bro. Anton Shular announced their names: "Joe Kumer and Olga Knapich, the king and queen of the hoboes." Gifts were presented to them in orderly fashion and everyone was happy. Pictures were taken of the entire group, and then came the wieners and other good things to eat. The boys made a large fire while the girls prepared refreshments. After the feast was over, we said good-by to our friends, reminding one another of our next meeting at Franklin.

Due to very bad weather on our meeting date, many members were not present. Several interesting topics were discussed at this meeting, and

the talk of our Adviser, Miss Mary Shular, was very interesting and educational to every member. By the smile on her face you could see that she will be the one that will see that we learn something about our organization and true fraternal cooperation.

The Kansas Federation Lodges are sponsoring a Christmas program in our honor. This is the first time in the history of Kansas lodges that a party will be given for the younger generation. A very interesting program is being prepared and plenty of treats for the children. Of course, old Santa Claus was scheduled to be with us. This Yuletide party was announced for Dec. 18 at Frontenac in the afternoon. We will tell more about this party in next month's M. L.

Onward, Jolly Kansans, to victory!

OLGA KNAPICH, Secretary,
Jolly Kansans Circle,
R.R. 3, Box 714, Girard, Kansas.

FROM CIRCLE NO. 1

WALSENBURG, COLO.—We are reporting from our Juvenile Circle No. 1, which has been organized last year.

There are only a few members attending the circle meetings. We want each and every member to attend the meetings which are being held every third Sunday of the month. Our December meeting was called for Sunday, Dec. 18. This was the annual meeting at which new officers were to be elected. As this is written before the meeting was held, the names of the new officers will be announced in the next number of the M. L.

The senior members were busy preparing plans for our Christmas Juvenile Party. The party was scheduled to take place on Dec. 25 in the afternoon and only members were invited to attend.

Each member is urged to bring one new member to the next meeting. Although the campaign of the Juvenile Department is over, our lodge campaign for new members is never ended.

Members, Brothers and Sisters! Let's stay together, work together and have fun together!

ANN URBAN, Secretary,
Box 31, Walsenburg, Colo.

KANSANS WILL MARCH FORWARD!

GIRARD, KANSAS.—It gives me great pleasure to write once again to the M. L. Now that we have a well organized Juvenile Circle in our state, I am sure that many more letters will be written by our members for the M. L.

This is my second letter and I promise to write every month. My best friend is the M. L. I enjoy the stories and letters written by the different juvenile members of our Society. My only hope is that Kansas will climb to the top and beat all the other states in the number of letters submitted to the M. L. I am sure that it can be done since we have organized such a successful circle here in Kansas. Many of our members at our last meeting promised our Adviser to write to this wonderful magazine.

I am proud to be a member of the Jolly Kansans

and I like the progress made so far by our circle. We have some very active members and I am beginning to take more interest in this organization. I knew that a good time was in store for all members on Dec. 18, at Frontenac, at the Christmas party. It was great. I shall try to contribute some original work to this magazine in the future and boost our organization.

Two of my best friends have joined our circle who are more than glad to become members. They have also promised to write to this magazine. In the evenings, when we have no homework, we get the M. L. and start to read the letters, stories, poems and articles. They are all very good.

I want to see Kansas on top. We have the old Kansas spirit again. And now, members, I want to see a lot of letters from our new juvenile circle in the M. L.

JOHN ZIBERT JR.,
R.R. 3, Box 1512, Girard, Kans.

OUR LARGE, ACTIVE CIRCLE

GIRARD, KANS.—Well, Kansas has finally organized a Juvenile Circle—"The Jolly Kansans." It consists of all the SNPJ lodges that are members of the Kansas Federation. There is a large membership, exceeding 80 juveniles. We had so far two meetings and a large attendance at each. That means that the juvenile members are taking much interest in their circle. We make some very interesting programs from the Mladinski List.

Our circle held a wiener roast and hobo party at Novak's Grove Oct. 30. We played games, gave prizes, and refreshments were served.

In the November issue of the M. L., there was a large decrease in letters. I hope to see more in the next issues of the M. L.

Another thing I would like to say, is that the Juvenile Circles are a good method of securing new members. I notice this in our own neighborhood. Our Lodge 225 brought in eight new members in a short time.

HENRY JELOVCHAN,
President of Jolly Kansans,
R.F.D. No. 3, Girard, Kansas.

WHAT ABOUT CHICAGO CIRCLES?

Dear Editor:—Do you remember me? I don't think so, because it was such a long time since I wrote to our wonderful M. L.

I want to congratulate my cousin Henry Jelovchan for being the president of the newly-formed circle in Kansas. Congratulations to the other officers also. Here's plenty of good luck for success to the circle which Kansas is proud of, I am sure. I kind of wish I were still there. I was born in Girard, Kansas, 15 years ago, but came to Chicago when I was five, and am I sorry!

Our Lodge No. 86, nor any other lodge in Chicago, didn't start a circle as yet. Last week, however, I read that the Integrity lodge started one. Come on, Chicagoans! Let's start a Juvenile Circle!

I want to thank the M. L. for the prizes I won in Our School contest. I am glad there is going to be another contest again this year. I know all the

members who didn't win in last year, will try and win this time.

I would like to know what became of the Pen Pals who were writing to me before. I enjoyed their letters very much and would like to hear from them again.

Before I close I want to say that I hope more members will write to this wonderful magazine this year. A very Happy New Year.—**Dorothy Dobrauz**, 2314 Sheffield ave., Chicago, Ill.

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ROSTER

of

JUVENILE CIRCLES AND OFFICERS

- Circle No. 1—**Walsenburg, Colo.** (299)
Joseph Strovac, President
Victor Tomsic, Vice-President
Ann Urban, Secretary
John Zorman, Treasurer
- Circle No. 2—**Cleveland, O.** (137)
Marian Travnik, President
Sophie Kobal, Vice-President
Anna Čebulj, Secretary
Frank Chaperlo, Treasurer
Antoinette Simičič, Adviser
- Circle No. 3—**Collinwood, O.** (53)
Raymon Durn, President
Billy Zure, Vice-President
Florence Durn, Secretary
Olga Zaubi, Treasurer
Meetings on the fourth Friday of every month.
- Circle No. 4—**Milwaukee, Wis.** (16, 584)
Frank Primozich, President
Leon Sagadin, Vice-President
Mary Poklar, Secretary
Sylvia Poličnik, Treasurer
Meetings every other Saturday at 2:00 P. M.
- Circle No. 5—**Luzerne, Pa.** (204)
Mary Bizjak, Manager
- Circle No. 6—**Cleveland, O.** (312, 142)
Sophie Znidarsic, President
Dorothy Fier, Vice-President
John Spiller, Secretary
Sophie Kapel, Recording Secretary
John Kapel, Treasurer
Meetings first Wed. of every month at 7:30 P. M.
- Circle No. 7—**Girard, O.** (643)
Bernice Lutz, President
Elaene Yaklevich, Vice-President
Dorothy Selak, Secretary
Junior Yaklevich, Treasurer
Fannie Milavec, Manager
Meetings on the first Friday of every month.
- Circle No. 8—**Euclid, O.** (158, 450)
Lillian Koller, President
John Knific, Vice-President
Margaret Bucar, Secretary
Louis Janezic, Treasurer
Joseph Mekind, Recording Secretary
Meetings on third Tuesday of every month.

- Circle No. 9—**Crested Butte, Colo.** (397)
Anna Slobodnik, President
Anna Scheaffer, Vice-President
Robert Slobodnik, Secretary
Joe Yudnich, Treasurer

- Circle No. 10—**Salem, O.** (476)
Ava Krizay, President
Martin Omejic, Vice-President
Helen Mihevc, Secretary
Joe Kovich, Recording Secretary
Meetings on first Sunday of each month.

- Circle No. 11—**Girard, Kans.**
Henry Jelovcan, President
Mary Nolimial, Vice-President
Olga Knapich, Secretary
Mary Shular, Adviser
Meetings on first Sunday of each month.

- Circle No. 12—**Cleveland, O.** (126)
Frank Peternel, President
Josephine Jersin, Vice-President
Irma Juretic, Secretary
Josephine Cukojne, Treasurer
Meetings every 2nd Friday of the month at 7 p. m.

- Circle No. 13—**Cleveland, O.** (5)
Frank Kranjcevic, President
Alice Popotnik, Vice-President
Angeline Bratovich, Secretary
Daniela Slabe, Recording Secretary
Joseph Krancevic, Treasurer
Ann Medvesek, Manager
Meetings every second Saturday in the month at 2:00 P. M., in Room 3 of the Slovene Auditorium.



Part of the members belonging to the Juvenile Circle of the Kansas SNPJ federation. Many of the members are not present on the picture. It was taken at the Hobo Party and Wiener Roast, Oct. 30, 1938.

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

Strah

Belokrajinska

Lojze Zupanc

Živel je v Malinah pod Gorjanci reven bajtar, ki se je sosedom zmerom hvalil takole:

“Ničesar nimam, ne zemlje ne trtja, ampak poguma pa toliko, da ga ni v vasi možaka, ki bi se lahko meril z menoj.”

Nagajivi sosedje so ga dražili: “Hej, Jipeč, ti, ki praviš, da si pogumen, tebe ni strah, idi o polnoči v zidanico pa nam prinesi vina.”

Dali so mu ključ od zidanice, odšel je v trtje, napolnil barilček in še sebi grlo omočil z vinom ter se ukajoč povrnil v vas.

Tako so že vsi mislili, da je Jipeč junak, ki mu ga v vsej Beli Krajini ni para, ker strahu pač ne pozna . . .

Pa se je zgodilo, da je Jipeču zbolela žena. In preden je umrla, je še dejala svojemu možu:

“Jipeč, če mi bo na onem svetu dolgčas, pridem k tebi v vas . . .”

Ničesar ji ni odgovoril, mislil je, da se ženki blede. Ko pa je žena umrla, ji je naročil zvonjenje ter jo zagrebel.

Poslej si je moral sam kuhati. Pa da bi ne imel s kuho le preveč opravka, je najraje skuhal fižola za ves teden. Tako je neki večer spet nametal surovega fižola v lonec in nalil nanj vode, da bi se fižol zmehčal in da bi ga drugi dan hitreje skuhal. Postavil je lonec s fižolom na peč in legel spat.

Sredi noči pa ga je prebudilo nekakšno roštljanje: cep, cep, cep . . .

Dvignil se je v postelji, da je napol sedel in prisluhnil. Okoli peči pa je kar naprej roštljalo: cep, cep, cep . . .

Jipeča je pograbil strah, da je s komaj slišnim glasom pričel šepetati: “Ljuba ženka, če si ti, pojdi nazaj, od koder si prišla. Anti veš, da zdaj, ko si že na onem svetu, z menoj ne moreš govoriti.”

Toda nihče mu ni odgovoril. Roštljanje pa je bilo zmerom glasneje in zmerom pogosteje so se oglašali v gluho tihoto strahotni glasovi: cep, cep, cep . . .

Jipeč je ves prestrašen planil iz postelje in zdirjal na vas ter se pričel na vsa usta

dreti. Prileteli so sosedje iz bajt, in kmalu ga ni bilo človeka v vsej vasi, ki bi ne bdel in strahoma prisluškoval Jipečevemu pripovedovanju.

“Pa si zmerom dejal, da ne poznaš strahu,” ga je nekdo podražil.

“Nak, zdaj ni čas za šale,” je drugi brž primaknil. “Pojdite za menoj, da preženemo strahu iz Jipečeve bajte.”

In so šli. Možje so pograbili vile, kose, cepce, kopače in batine, ženske pa so se obožile z blagoslovljeno vodo in odšle proti Jipečevi bajti, da bi pomagale preganjati iz nje strahu. Prav zadaj so se po prstih plazili za vso to dolgo vrsto Malencev otroci v umazanih robačah ter zadrževali sapo, da bi z glasnim dihanjem že preje ne prepodili strahu . . .

Ampak kakšno je bilo začudenje vseh, ko so z lučjo vstopili v Jipečevo bajto! Na peči je stal velik lonec, v katerem se je namočeni fižol dvignil do roba. Ker pa je fižol le kar naprej naraščal, je—fižolček za fižolčkom—padal na peč in roštljal: cep, cep, cep, cep . . .

Od takrat pravijo Malenci tistemu, ki se ustraši vsake prazne fige—fižolovec!

“What, Tommy! You don't know what arithmetic is?”

“No, father.”

“But that's absolute nonsense. Do you know what nonsense is?”

“Yes, father; an elephant hanging over a cliff with its tail tied to a daisy.”

Spellbound

Johnny: I had to stay after school because of perseverance, Dad.

Father: What, how did that happen?

Johnny: I couldn't spell it.

The easiest way is not always the best way, and our efforts in the wrong direction do not accomplish much. However, it should only be necessary to appeal to the intellect of intelligence in order to prove the worth of right.—N.A.U.

It is great to be great, but it is greater to be human.—Will Rogers.

OUR SCHOOL

The Educational Plan for 1939

The system of monthly awards for the best solutions of various problems as presented under the above title during the year of 1938 will not be continued in 1939, as announced in the December issue of the M. L.

Instead, the SNPJ has given us the right to launch another and less expensive plan which is to replace last year's system of Our School. This plan, as approved, is as follows:

A sum of not more than \$200.00 is available for the SNPJ juvenile members who will in the next twelve months contribute to the Mladinski List—

1) The best letters, according to quality as judged by the Editor, on the subjects of our Society (including Juvenile Circles), freethought, labor unions, and social justice; hobbies;

2) The best letters, according to quality as judged by the Editor, dealing with the most unusual experience of the writer;

3) The best original drawings on any subject deemed acceptable by the Mladinski List (such as cross-word puzzles, cartoons, games, etc.)

Every month, beginning with the February issue, the best letter of those deserving awards in each division and one drawing will be published on this page. (Others will be published elsewhere.)

The awards—based on the quality of material received—will be distributed twice a year—at the end of each six months.

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

RULES: 1) Every contributor must be a member of the SNPJ Juvenile Department.

2) State your age and lodge number of the SNPJ lodge to which you belong.

3) Every contribution must be signed by either parent.

4) Every contribution must be in the hands of the Editor by the first of the month if intended for the issue of the following month.





The Solution and Winners of Eleventh Contest Lesson

(Mladinski List for November, 1938)

ENTRIES

A total of 44 contest letters was received for the November contest. These were distributed into 24 entries by the boys and 20 by the girls. PENNSYLVANIA is far in the lead, with 14 entries. Here is the tabulation by states: Colorado, 4; Indiana, 3; Illinois, 1; Kansas, 1; Michigan, 1; Missouri, 1; Montana, 3; New Mexico, 2; New York, 1; Ohio, 5; PENNSYLVANIA, 14; West Virginia, 2; Wisconsin, 6.

PRIZES

All the entries, with the exception of three, were awarded prizes. Of the three not awarded a prize two were in the higher age-group, and one in the lower-age group. One was disqualified because he wrote a letter for the wrong age-group.

Since there were a number of good letters in each group, there were 7 who were awarded prizes of \$2.00. All the others will receive \$1.00.

COMMENTS

The subject of "Democracy" seemed to present the greatest difficulty. No one really made a very good explanation of what he understood democracy in the economic field should mean. Perhaps this is rather advanced for you at this stage, but we suggest that you keep alert to future issues of the M. L. for clues on this problem.

A REMINDER

Be sure to read the plan for prizes for the year 1939. It will be different from that of this year.

WINNERS

Ages up to and including 12 years:

Topic: *Most Common Accidents that Occur to School Children and the Best Way to Prevent Them*

4 prizes of \$2.00 each:

MARY VIDMAR, age 11, Box 55, Coketon, W. Va., Lodge 29.

RUDY SLAVEC, age 12, Louisville, Colo., Lodge 412.

ANNA LESKOSHEK, age 12, Box 157, Irwin, Pa., Lodge 63.

VICTORIA AMBROZIC, age 11, R. F. D. #5, Box 188, Crafton Branch, Pa., Lodge 88.

Prizes of \$1.00 each:

MARY ANN BAN, age 12, 5149 Butler St., Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge 665.

BETTY MARTINCHAK, age 10, Box 93, Muse, Pa., Lodge 517.

JOSEPHINE STRADIOT, age 12, 10209 Reno Ave., Cleveland, O., Lodge 477.

ROSE CHAGENOVICH, age 10, Van Houten, N. Mexico, Lodge 416.

JOHNNIE CHESNICK, age 11, Box 69, Brown-ton, W. Va., Lodge 363.

EDMUND TERSINA, age 11, 327 E. Broadway, Excelsior, Mo., Lodge 235.

JUSTIN MARTINCIC, age 12, 712 Highland Ave., Canonsburg, Pa., Lodge 138.

ALBINA BUTKOVEC, age 11, 5609 Celadine St., Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge 118.

ELSIE MAE MIHELICH, age 11, 602 S. 26th St., Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge 94.

STANLEY ZUPAN, age 12, 417 Woodlawn Ave., Johnstown, Pa., Lodge 82.

JULIUS MESTEK, age 11, 638 N. Ninth St., Clinton, Ind., Lodge 50.

VIRGINIA LEE WASHINGTON STONICH, age 10, R. R. 3, Box 135, Pueblo, Colo., Lodge 21.

ROSE PRIMOZICH, age 8, 1424 W. Mineral St., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 16.

STANLEY VIDMAR, age 10, 1129 S. 15th Pl., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 16.

ESTHER LAURENCIC, age 9, 973 Addison Road, Cleveland, O., Lodge 5.

FRANCES DRAGER, age 12, 528 Fairfield Ave., Johnstown, Pa., Lodge 3.

Ages from 13 to 16, inclusive

Topic: *What is the Meaning of Democracy in All its Phases?*

3 Awards of \$2.00 each

ANTON ZUPAN, age 15, 417 Woodland Ave., Johnstown, Pa., Lodge 82.

KARL KOSIANCICH, age 16, Box 102, Klein, Mont., Lodge 132.

FRANK PADAR, JR., age 16, 222 Wyckoff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge 580.

Prizes of \$1.00 each:

ANTONIA SPARENBLEK, age 15, 746 N. Haugh St., Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge 575.

JOHN DRAGER, age 14, 528 Fairfield Ave., Johnstown, Pa., Lodge 3.

JOHN POKLAR, JR., age 16, 613 W. Virginia St., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 16.

ANGELINE RESNER, age 15, 309 Front St., Grand Haven, Mich., Lodge 550.

EDWARD SHAFFER, age 15, Crivitz, Wis., Lodge 537.
 ELEANOR SHAFFER, age 13, Crivitz, Wis., Lodge 537.
 ALEX CHAGENOVICH, age 16, Van Houten, N. Mex., Lodge 416.
 TONY SLAVEC, JR., age 14, Louisville, Colo., Lodge 412.
 JOHN LIPOVSEK, age 14, Box 43, Library, Pa., Lodge 386.
 GEORGE CULKAR, age 16, Wiltshire Road, Brecksville, O., Lodge 264.
 HENRY WM. JELOVCHAN, age 15, R. F. D. # 3, Box 1526, Girard, Kans., Lodge 225.
 CHARLES JENIKER, age 14, 2303 Cottonwood St., Butte, Mont., Lodge 207.
 STANLEY JANKOVICH, age 16, 14306 Sylvia Ave., Cleveland, O., Lodge 147.
 LILLIAN KOSIANCICH, age 13, Box 102, Klein, Mont., Lodge 132.
 MILAN PUGELY, age 15, 1409 S. 56th St., West Allis, Wis., Lodge 104.
 ANNA MESTEK, age 15, 638 N. 9th St., Clinton, Ind., Lodge 50.
 MILOTIN LAURENCIC, age 14, 973 Addison Road, Cleveland, O., Lodge 5.
 MARY AMBROZIC, age 16, 188, R. D. #5, Crafton Branch, Pa., Lodge 88.

PRIZE-WINNING LETTERS

THE MEANING OF DEMOCRACY

Two-Dollar Prize Letter

By ANTON ZUPAN, age 15

Political democracy means that the people rule. It is government by, for, and of the people. In a democracy, the people are fundamental; they elect administrative and legislative officers. In Fascist countries, the people have no voice in the government. They do not dare express themselves without fear as in a democracy. Of course, we find political bosses in a democracy, also, as for instance, Mayor Hague, of Jersey City.

Economic democracy means that people may own and use their property as they think best. Although our country is a democracy (largely in the political sense) capital and labor do not get along very well. We have too many wealthy capitalists who control labor. There is an unfair distribution of wealth. The laborers earn scarcely enough for their living, while the bulk of the money goes to the capitalists. In an economic democracy, this should not exist.

In the field of culture, freedom of thought is necessary. People must be allowed to express themselves in any manner anywhere. They cannot be held down by dictators. In a democracy, people do not have to worry about their neighbors "squealing" on them, as in Italy and Germany. Freedom of thought and speech are our rights. We can and will make use of them in a democracy. The press, home, and public meetings should stimulate this kind of freedom. In those sections of our country where such rights are hampered, the voters should get rid of such men.

To be socially democratic means to be conscious of the rights of the other fellow. Instead of working for selfish reasons, the welfare of others should be your concern. There should be friendly rivalry in a democracy. The school and the home can most easily teach us that the ideals of a group and the individual should be upheld. We should strive to make this a pleasant, happy place to live in.

Another Prize-Winning Letter

By FRANK PADAR, JR., age 16

Democracy in political life means a government which is run by the people themselves; progressive administration with progressive legislation and equality before the law.

Democracy in economic life means a living wage to all in all industries.

In cultural life, a democratic government means a complete system of free elementary and secondary school education, in addition to a free college education for those financially unable but mentally capable. It also means complete freedom of speech and press to encourage scientists, writers, and educators to come here and keep those here from leaving.

In social life, a democratic government means decent living conditions through laws regulating sanitation and safety, slum clearance and government-built modern, low rental housing projects. It means also the provision of the necessities of life for the needy, government jobs for the unemployed, workmen's insurance for those temporarily out of work, and pensions for those too old to work (social security). It means the extinction of all class distinction.

Lower-Age Group

THE MOST COMMON ACCIDENTS AND HOW TO PREVENT THEM

By MARY VIDMAR, age 11

Sometimes when children go into the woods, they climb trees. When they are once up in the trees, they get hold of one of the limbs and swing downward. This is very dangerous, because the limbs may break, or the child might let go of the limb and fall. This accident could be prevented if an older person goes out into the woods with the children.

Sometimes when a child is leaning out of a school window, someone comes behind him and frightens him. This is a dangerous thing to do, because the person who is leaning out may fall. To prevent this danger, rid yourself of this habit, and place wire screening on the windows.

Some careless boys and girls light firecrackers and hold them in their hand until they go off. The person can easily get burned this way. Prevent this danger by not allowing younger children to have firecrackers, and always throwing firecrackers away before they go off.

During the winter when children go sled-riding, they may go on a hill below which there is a road or a railroad. This is dangerous because the boy or girl may not be able to stop the sled and just keep on going until they get to the bottom of the hill. If there is a road below the hill, the child may be killed.

Prevent this by placing signs on all hills with roads below them.

MORE WAYS TO PREVENT ACCIDENTS

By RUDY SLAVEC, age 12

Carelessness is the cause of nearly every accident. One common accident is that of death by getting hit by automobiles. Obedience to traffic laws is very important. Let traffic go by and wait before you cross the street and railroad tracks, for many are killed and hurt in this way. Many children play in the streets and are not aware of a car approaching. It may be that the car is traveling fast and cannot stop suddenly. Cities should provide enough playgrounds for all children.

Many parents do not take care to place guns out of the way of children. This is an extremely dan-

gerous practice. No child should handle a gun.

Many serious accidents are caused by playing with matches. Matches should be placed outside of the reach of all children.

"The firecracker must have gone out. I'll light it again" causes the loss of many a finger. Get rid of the firecracker as soon as it is lit.

Many times poison is taken by children because bottles are not labeled. All poisonous substances should have corks through which a pin is stuck and then placed on the highest and most out-of-the-way shelves.

Many precautions need to be taken in going swimming. Do not go out too far. Do not go swimming without an older person around. Do not go swimming immediately after you have eaten a heavy meal.

The Pied Piper of Toyland

By Mary Jugg

Philip had many, many friends.

And all of Philip's friends had many toys.

One day Alex said to Philip, "Come with me. I will show you my very newest toy."

Philip went. From his room Alex brought a disorderly heap of colored wood.

"What's that?" asked Philip.

"It's a toy menagerie," answered Alex, and almost at that very instant he pulled a string. Up jumped an elephant! After that there quickly came to life a giraffe, a caribou, a zebra, an antelope, and even a great big clumsy hippopotamus.

"See!" exclaimed Alex.

"Uh huh!" said Philip. Alex thought he did not sound enthusiastic. "What makes them jump up?"

"The string at the bottom," demonstrated Alex. "You see I place one finger here and another one there. When I pull, the figures jump up."

Philip was disappointed. He thought the animals painted in all their bright colors were nice. But after you pulled first one string and then another, there was nothing left to do. And one did get tired just looking at the same animals jumping up in the same way all the time.

Philip next went to see Alvin's new xylophone.

It was a large, wooden Donald Duck. Philip was secretly wishing it would not resemble

Alex's menagerie so much. But there was no string attached to Donald. Oh, no! This time it was Donald Duck who had a string attached to him.

Alvin took hold of a handle and led Donald Duck across the floor. Musical notes tinkled. They came from the xylophone that Donald Duck was holding.

"Listen. Listen to the music," said Alvin, eagerly.

"Ting-a-ring-a-jing! Ting-a-ring-a-jing!" played the xylophone.

"Doesn't the music ever change?" asked Philip.

"Why, no," said Alvin, amazed.

"Your xylophone is—is very nice," said Philip. "But I must go my way."

Philip's next visit was to his cousin Florence's home.

Florence was also amusing herself with a brand new toy.

"It's a carpet sweeper," she said to Philip. "See—a carpet sweeper."

"Does it sweep up the floor?" asked Philip.

"Oh, not really, silly," answered Florence. "I just roll it across the carpet like this. It's lots of fun. I am mother's helper. See. I am mother's helper. I sweep the floor."

"Only you do not sweep the floor," interrupted Philip.

"Well, what's the difference?" retorted Florence. She was annoyed. "It looks like mother's sweeper—just exactly."

"Yes, that's it," said Philip, preparing to leave. "That's just it."

Florence thought she had never seen anyone more queer than Philip. What did he mean by, "That's just it?" Oh, well. She would keep on sweeping—keep on sweeping—Philip couldn't understand girls anyway. . .

On his way home Philip stopped to see Andrew and his sister, Milica.

Andrew was playing with a toy train, while Milica was trying to pour water into tiny aluminum dishes. Andrew had a key to wind a spring, and the train puffed and rattled around a circular track. Once or twice, Philip noticed, Andrew had difficulty in winding it. The train would soon be out of working order! But Philip said nothing. He would not disappoint Andrew now.

Then and there Philip decided to work out his plan. From all he had seen, he knew it would work! Philip wanted to make the children happy. He knew his plan would work!

*

If you had made the same round of visits a few weeks later, you would have seen some disheartening sights.

In Alex's home the toy menagerie was heaped in a corner. The brightly-colored animals would no longer jump and come to life.

The Donald Duck xylophone in Alvin's home tinkled no more. The little metal hammers that made the music had long since been broken, and nothing could make the xylophone play again.

Florence's carpet sweeper lay in the farthest corner of the cleaning closet. Mother's oil mop and dusting rags hid it from view.

Andrew's toy train had stopped chug-chugging along. And Milica's dishes were all bent and discolored.

Alex, Alvin, Florence, Andrew, and Milica would have been the saddest children in the world, if it had not been for Philip.

And that is why Philip was called the "Pied Piper of Toyland."

Outside a shed in the back yard of his home, Philip made his Toyland. Almost any day in the week you could see Philip and his

friends playing there. And what do you think gave them so much fun?

Alex and Alvin and Florence and Andrew and Milica were **making** toys. Of course, they might not have looked like toys to you, but that's what they were: toys!

Philip and his friends had got together every kind of material you could think of. There were pieces of wire, soup strainers, all shapes and varieties of wood, bits of screen material, springs that had long been discarded, cellophane wrapping paper, string, marbles, steel wool, bottles, rope, jar lids, screws, building blocks, broom handles, woolen and cotton materials, brushes, crayons, rubber tires, old pots, and, of course, buttons.

Philip and his friends went to work on these materials. They combined, pasted, tied, colored, and then took them apart again. They built and rebuilt.

No one had ever seen such strange combinations and shapes. Other children in the neighborhood heard about them. The "funny-looking" creatures were general talk. Everyone came to see and ask, "What is this?" And, "What is **this**?"

But the answer was always the same: "I don't know, but I made it." Or, "I like the way those things fit together." Sometimes it was size; sometimes it was color; it could have been anything.

Parents began to wonder why their children were discarding the toys from the toy shops and what strange thing had lured them away. Philip's playmates increased by dozens.

But above the shed where such hammering and pasting and tying and screwing was in progress, this simple sign was the only explanation for all the glee and excitement:

"Philip and his Toyland."

Wet Liquid

The teacher had asked the class to write a short essay on water.

One boy, after chewing his penhandle for a long time, wrote:

"Water is a colorless wet liquid that turns dark when you wash in it."

Zgodbe muhe Brnke

Ivan Vuk

Muhi Brnki je začelo postajati v sobi, kjer se je rodila in brenčala okrog, dolgočasno. Zunaj je sijalo sonce in kukalo skozi okno, da je muho Brnko kar mikalo. Gledala je skozi okno, sedeča na steklu. Umivala si je z nogicami glavico in mislila:

“Lepo mora biti tam zunaj, zelo lepo! Kaj če bi pogledala?”

Priletela je k muhi Brnki druga muha, precej starejša in sedla zraven nje.

“Kaj gledaš skozi okno?” je vprašala. “Nič dobrega ni tam zunaj. Ljubo doma kdor ga ima. Brnka, ne vdajaj se zapeljivi lepoti, ker je lažnjiva.”

“Zakaj tam zunaj ni dobro?” je vprašala Brnka in nikakor ni mogla verjeti.

“Že tu v sobi pazi na nas človek, da nas pobije. In več sama kako oprezna moraš biti pred njim in pred njegovimi vabami. Ali tam zunaj šele, draga Brnka, tam zunaj šele so nevarnosti. Sama ne veš, kdaj se vloviš, kdo te zasleduje ali kdaj te kljune ta ali ona ptica.”

“Si že bila tam zunaj?” je vprašala Brnka.

“Že večkrat,” je rekla stara muha, “ali vedno le, ker sem morala zbežati iz sobe. Ne želim si tega več.”

Naglo je zabrnela, odletela in kričala:

“Zletí, brž zletí, človek te hoče!”

In samo nespretnost človekove roke je bila rešitev mladi muhi. Zadelala jo je sicer roka človekova, vendar se mu je izmuznila izpod prstov ter odletela na strop in se tam v kotu skrila.

“Hujše tudi zunaj ne more biti,” je oddihala muha in božala glavico. “In če je teta bila že večkrat tam zunaj, pa še živi, zakaj bi se ravno meni moralo kaj pripetiti.”

Hudo je mikalo muho Brnko in jo vabilo zleteti ven. Nekega dne, ko je bilo okno odprto, je zletela.

“Oh, kako prostrano je vsenaokrog,” se je čudila in obsedela na vrtnici na vrtu. “Inj toliko lepote vsenaokrog!”

In muha Brnka je letala od cveta do cveta, s trave na travo, ogledavala si vsemogoče novosti in jih tipala z nožicami. Prijeten vonj

ji je dražil tipalnice in neprestano se je božala po glavici in perutih.

Odrbnela je preko ograje. Glej, tam so se pasle krave. Velike nekakšne pošati. In močan, košat rep je mahal okrog njih, da se je čutila sapa. Kakor zelena miza se je muhi zdel tisti obširni prostor, na katerem so se pasle te pošasti. Brnela je okrog te, okrog one krave, sedela na rogove, na kožo . . . Zdajci jo je oplazil kravji rep. Kar zavrtelo se ji v glavici in vsa omamljena je padla v travo. Ko se je zbrihala, je pomislila:

“Hudobne zveri so, ker tako srdito mahajo s tistimi repovi, čeravno jim nisem nič storila. Kaj nas tudi krave ne marajo, enako kakor človek?”

Ali nesreča, da jo je oplazil rep, je ni počula. Videč, kako druge njene tovarišice, še večje in močnejše, sedajo kravam na pleča, na hrbet, na trebuh, kamorkoli, jo je zapeljalo, da je zopet sedla na glavo. Ali morala je brž odleteti. Zakaj velika ušesa krave so se zamajala in bile kakor strašna gora, ki jo prete zdrobiti.

Naenkrat je tam na cesti nekaj zarjulo: Trrr, tu, tu!

“Kaj je to?”

Muha Brnka je sedla kravi na rog k tovarišici, ki je tudi tam sedela in vprašala:

“Kaj je to?”

“To je voz, ki ne potrebuje konja,” je rekla druga muha. “Izumil ga je človek in mu pravi avtomobil. Seveda, v našo škodo!”

“Zakaj v našo škodo?” je vprašala muha Brnka.

“Zakaj?—Prej so vozove vozili konji. Veš, to so bile visoke, lepe živali. Njih kri je kaj okusna. Sedla si tako na vrat konju tam pod omotom in pila, pila . . . Ni te mogel odgnati, omot mu je branil. A zdaj? . . . Avtomobil nima konja in moramo si iskati hrano na bolj nevarnih krajih.”

“Ali se v avtomobilu ne da nič prigrizti?” je vprašala Brnka.

“O, najde se. Ali bolj redko. Pojdíva, poskusíva, morda bo kaj,” je rekla tovarišica.

Zleteli sta na avtomobil. Najprej sta zbrneli okrog njega in si ga vsega ogledali. Okna so bila napol odprta.

“Zletiva v avto,” je rekla Brnka.

“Nevarno je,” se je branila tovarišica.

“Kaj nama kdo more. Ujeti se ne pusti-va,” je prigovarjala Brnka in zleteli sta v avto. Preleteli sta slehern kotiček v avtu. Tu in tam je bil kakšen prigrizek. Mehko je bilo vseokrog. Zrcalo je bilo tam. Sedli sta na gladko steklo in čudno se jima je zdelo, da ju tudi nekdo drugi z druge strani, enak kakor sta muhi, gleda in z nogami brska. Tako sta bili v ta čudež zatopljeni, da nista zapazili, da so stopili v avto ljudje. Sedli so na sedeže in zaprli vrata. Avto je zagodrnjal in oddirjal po cesti z veliko hitrostjo.

Brnka se je vsa prestrašila. Klicala je tovarišico. Ta ji je prigovarjala:

“Rekla sem, da je nevarno. Ti si pa le silila. Poznam to. Mirno zdaj sedi!”

Ali Brnka je bila preveč preplašena. Nemirno je brnela sem in tja. Nikjer izhoda. Vedno je zadevala ob steno. Celó v glavo v avtomobilu sedečemu se je zaletela. Mahnil je z roko. Ni je zadel.

Tako letajoč se je upehala. Tovarišica ji je neprestano klicala, naj miruje, naj sede in se skrije in Brnka je naposled poslušala. Sedla je v kot in tako obsedela. Strašno jo je stiskalo pri srcu, polaščal se je je obup. Kaj bo, kaj bo? Nikdar več ne bo prišla domov. Gledala je iz svojega kota skozi okno. Videla je, kako so hiše, drevesa in vse tam zunaj drvele neprestano nekam. Tu in tam je zbežal mimo drug tak voz.

Naposled se je voz ustavil. Ljudje so izstopili. Vrata so zaprli in naenkrat je postalo vse okrog muhe temno. Dolgo je tako presedela. Njena tovarišica je sedela blizu nje in tudi molčala.

Naenkrat se ji je zazdelo, da nekaj tiho polze blizu nje. Že je hotela vzklikniti, kar je zakričala njena tovarišica:

“Oj, joj!”

Brnka je napela oči. Groza. Kaj je to? Nekaka dolgonoga žival prede nekakšne zelo tanke nitke . . . In prede jih okrog njene tovarišice. Dela zanke. Tako blizu nje. Kaj bo, kaj se godi. Ne upa si kričati, brneti, a njena tovarišica je kakor mrtva. Nič se več ne zgane. Tista dolgonoga žival sedi na nji in zdi se, kakor da pije njeno kri. Groza . . .

In Brnka se je spomnila, da ji je mati, ko

se je narodila, pripovedovala o strašnem zmaju, ki omrežuje muhe in jim pije kri. Pajki se imenujejo ti zmaji. Tiste mreže pa pajčevine. Gorje, če se muha zavije v tiste mreže, ali če jo pajek-zmaj zaprede v nje. Zveže jo čisto, da se še ganiti ne more in potem sede k nji in ji izpije kri.

Brnko je vse stresalo. Kako zbežati? Uboga tovarišica. In vzbudil se ji je kes, ko se je spomnila, da jo je ona nagovorila, da sedeta v avto. Kamorkoli se je obrnila, povsod je zadela na mreže. Toliko, da se ni zapletla. Pajk-zmaj, tako se ji je zdelo, jo je že zapazil. Zdelo se ji je, da plete mreže še bolje vneto.

Kdo ve, kaj bi se zgodilo z Brnko, da se niso odprla vrata avtomobila. Zasvetilo se je. Ljudje so vstopili. Neka roka je nehote pretrgala zmajevo mrežo tam v kotu. Brnki je bilo, kakor da se ji vrača življenje.

Tiho, peš, se je plazila ob steni. Avto je drdral. Videla je tam okno. Na pol odprto. Previdno se je plazila k njemu. Že je videla kako lete mimo drevesa, hiše, travniki . . .

Kaj je to? Kaj vidi? Tam je travnik. Krave se pasejo na njem.

Avto se ustavi. Ljudje izstopajo. Muha Brnka napne vse sile, spleza, zleti po steklu okna in kriči s svojim jezikom:

“Počakajte, počakajte . . .”

Ljudje, kakor da so jo razumeli, so za trenutek pustili avtomobil na cesti—niso ga potegnili kam v temo . . . in muha Brnka je zletela.

“Glejte, glejte, Brnka je priletela,” so brnele muhe na travniku, sedale na rogove krav, na hrbte, na meča . . .”

“Hvala Bogu,” je rekla Brnka in sedla na kravji rog. “Dovolj sem izkusila. Nikamor več nočem. Doma bom ostala. Stokrat je lepše doma, pa če še v tako neznatnem, kakor pa kjerkoli v izobilju, a v neprestani nevarnosti.”

In zletela je k hiši, skozi okno v sobo, v kateri se je rodila. Sedla je na strop in si globoko oddahnila.

A SHORT ENGLISH VERSION. Once upon a time there lived a young fly by the name of Brnka. She was a very lonesome fly living in a closed room. One day she decided that at the first chance she would fly outside. Her experienced Aunt warned her against the many dangers, but to no avail. Brnka flew into the garden and then into the green

pasture. There she sat comfortably on a cow's back but soon she experienced a terrible shock. The cow's tail knocked her into a daze.

Brnka and one of her new friends decided to fly into a near-by auto. Soon people entered, closing the doors and windows of the auto and drove away. Brnka became frightened. She was flying around bumping her head against windows and even against the driver's head. Naturally, he didn't like this and he nearly killed her with his hand. The auto finally stopped and the people went out closing the doors behind them. What now? Brnka had noticed that there was a strange dragon-like creature crawling around weaving fine threads. In another moment her friend was lying helpless before the attack of the long-legged creature. It was a big

spider which had caught Brnka's friend in his cobweb. Brnka trembled. How could she escape the same fate?

Just then the door opened and the people stepped into the auto. As they did so they tore the cobweb—and Brnka sighed with relief. The auto started to go. Slowly she crawled into the corner. She noticed that the window was half open. She could see the green pasture and the cows. The auto stopped and Brnka flew out safely. She parked herself right on a cow's horn thanking her lucky stars that she had escaped. She was now convinced that there was no place like home and flew back to the house and through the window into the room in which she was born. She sat on the ceiling and rested.

Bits About Stamps

How Many Americans Collect Stamps?

How many boys, girls and grown-ups in these United States collect postage stamps at the present time? According to a philatelic publication, no less than three million!—Small wonder then that good stamps are getting more and more scarce, and that the stamp dealers are doing nicely, thank you!

Did You Know?

Postage stamps made their first appearance in England in 1839. At first, the stamps were printed imperforate in large sheets. It was customary to cut the stamps apart carefully with scissors. Because the seller of the stamps was responsible for any injury to them, he usually did the cutting himself, and sometimes even affixed the stamp to the letter to assure himself that it was properly done.

One day a hunter who wished to stamp a letter found that there was no knife or scissors at hand and decided to try to cut the stamps apart by using the rowel of his spur. (The rowel is the small sharp-pointed wheel of the spur.) He ran this little wheel along the line between the stamps, and found that he could easily detach them by tearing through the tiny holes made by the rowel.

After that time, the practice of manufacturing sheets of stamps provided with perforation came into general use.

* * *

The fifteen billion stamps issued yearly by the United States would, if laid end to end, make 2,600 miles.

China issued no blue stamp until 1905.

Adventures in Philately

Daily papers and suburban weeklies from time to time announce finds of rare stamps or tell you how to go about finding them. Generally the advice is impossible to follow, as in the case of a recent philatelic magazine where collectors were advised "to get acquainted with some of the old families who have letters of long ago." Even noncollectors

hear rumors of the value of old stamps, and have a good hunt for them. There probably are very few hidden treasure hunters nowadays.

But you never know. As recently as 1925 the most sensational of stamp finds occurred. The story starts in 1863, when a collector struck the idea of sending remittances to various colonial postmasters asking for supplies of then current stamps to the value sent. (Usually 5 pounds, as this is an English tale.) The collector set out on a military career and forgot all about his stamps. So did everybody else until sixty years later a relative discovered them in a Mayfair (England) attic. Five pounds goes a long way when it is spent on a low-value stamps. The result was that complete sheets of some of the very early, and now very rare, stamps came to light.

Blocks of many of them were considered great rarities, and sheets were absolutely unknown, and the value was therefore more than that of the same number of single stamps. The entire find cost the original owner 30 pounds—approximately \$150—and when sold at auction a total of \$26,795 was realized.

Experience is a jewel, and it had need be so, for it is often purchased at an infinite rate.—**Shakespeare.**

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Dad: "Well, son, how are your marks?"

Son: "They are under water."

Dad: "What do you mean, under water?"

Son: "Below 'C' level."

*

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

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

*

Speech is free. That means all speech, foolish and wise.—**Chandler.**

Our Pen Pals Write

PETE'S HOBBY: PICTURES AND STAMPS

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 15 years old and in the 10th grade at Scott High School. We have organized a Juvenile Circle to which I belong. I am secretary of the circle. We meet twice a month.

The senior lodge had a dance on Nov. 26 in honor of the 25th anniversary of the Juvenile Department of the Slovene National Benefit Society. The celebration was very successful and interesting.

My favorite hobby is developing and printing pictures. I also collect stamps. In my collection I have about 2,500 stamps from different countries.

Our football team this year has lost three games out of four. But we have had the W.P.I.A.I. championship for two years straight. We hope to have a better football team next year.—Pete Sedmak, 1709 Ridge ave., North Braddock, Pa.

INTERESTED IN HOBBIES

Dear Editor:—I am 11 years old and in grade 6A. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading this magazine. I am a member of our juvenile circle. We have had two meetings. At the first meeting we elected officers, and 27 members were present at this meeting. We haven't selected a name for our circle yet, but we hope we'll get one.

My hobbies are playing my violin and playing different games. There was a dance held on Nov. 26 and a group of about 15 children sang two Slovene songs, and I played a piece on my violin.—Josephine Baraga, 1709 Ridge ave., North Braddock, Pa.

VALARYA WILL WRITE AGAIN

Dear Editor:—I wish to say that this is my first letter to the wonderful M. L., although I have been reading its interesting pages for several years. I am 13 years old and a freshman in Arma high school. There are 5 in our family, all belonging to the SNPJ Lodge No. 225. This lodge, combined with other lodges, has recently formed a juvenile circle which holds a meeting every month. We are now planning on having a Christmas party at Frontenac. And now I close hoping to see more letters from Kansas in M. L.—Valarya Humar, R.R. 3, Box 3494, Girard, Kansas.

LARGE CIRCLE MEMBERSHIP

Dear Editor:—I am a member of Lodge 434, and this is my first letter to the M. L. I hope I will write every month from now on. I think there will be several letters from Kansas in M. L. this month. We organized a Juvenile Circle and named it "Jolly Kansans."

We had a wiener roast and hobo party Oct. 30. Our first meeting was held Oct. 29 at which time we elected officers and had a program. The second meeting was held Nov. 6. We discussed many things. We have 150 members in our circle. Miss Mary Shular is helping us out with the circle. We

had pictures taken of the entire group and a picture of the officers. We had wieners, marshmallows, bread and apples. And we were planning to have a Christmas party. I wish Charles La Saker would write a letter in the M. L.—Jennie Lampe, R.R. 3, Box 863, Girard, Kansas.

FRANCES FEELS OLDER, TALLER

Dear Editor:—I intended to write every month after my first letter appeared in the M. L., but I didn't succeed. And so, this is my second letter to this wonderful magazine. I enjoy reading the names of winners in the contest which have been printed several times.

Now I am in grade 8B in the Assembly Room, and of course, that makes me feel older and taller. I really enjoy being there for one reason: because I will graduate in June, or at least I am expecting to graduate. But I do wish someone from here would write to the M. L., or at least someone I know.

Here is a joke:

Dinah: "Ah is looking foh a pair of shoes foh mah little boy."

Shoe salesman: "Black kit?"

Dinah: "'Course he's a black kid, but dat's none of youh business!"—Frances Kotar, R.F.D. No. 3, Box 39, La Salle, Ill.

SENIORS AID CIRCLE

Dear Editor:—My name is "Toni" Chesnick, I am 14 years of age and a freshman at St. Thomas school in Braddock, Pa. This is my first letter to the M. L. and I hope everyone will enjoy reading it.

On Sunday, Oct. 9, the Juvenile members of the SNPJ had their first meeting and organized a circle. Elections were held and I was elected president. John Rednak was elected vice president; Pete Sedmak, secretary; Louis Karish, treasurer. I am sure we shall have many interesting meetings and gatherings, and that each individual officer and member will do his best to make our sessions a success.

I do not want my first letter to be too long, but do want to thank our Senior members for the new and interesting idea of a Juvenile Circle which should teach younger members the true value of the Lodge and SNPJ.—Antoinette Chesnick, 428 Prazier st., Braddock, Pa.

THERESA HAS SEVEN PETS

Dear Editor:—I am very sorry that I haven't been writing to the M. L. But from now on I will write to this magazine as often as I can. I am in the 6th grade in the Frontier school and my teachers are Miss Meyers and Mr. Wright. Miss Meyers has been very sick for two weeks.

I have seven pets now: three dogs, Curley, Prince, and Spot; one cat, Tobe; three cows, Minnie, Rosey and Drom. We also have four pigs: Funny, Dopey, Big Pig and Small Pig. I am very glad to have them all. When I come home from school. Prince

jumps all over me and makes me angree. Curley is much nicer because he obeys and dances for me. Spot is also nice.

We had snow here on Oct. 8. And now I am very glad because I can go ice skating. The other morning, when I got up, the snow was all gone.—Theresa Turley, Kemmerer, Wyo.

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"SNAKE RELIGION" IN KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

Dear Editor:—I am 13 years old and am in the 8th grade in school. I go to the Hardburly school and have four good teachers. I have been reading the M. L. for quite some time and like it very much. I am sending you some pictures of the "snake religion" of the Kentucky Mountains. These pictures were taken during the regular services of a strange religion in a bare, unpainted school at Bear Creek in the colorful hills of the Cumberlands. These services are fantastic and unbelievable—crazy is the word! (Thank you for the very interesting pictures, —Ed.)

I would like to hear from some Pen Pals. So please write to me and I will answer every letter. Our family belongs to SNPJ Lodge No. 433.—Mary Podnar, Box 144, Hardburly, Kentucky.

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WILL POWER AND BRIGHT AWAKENING

Dear Editor:—At last my will power has finally permitted me to write to this wonderful magazine. But it is not altogether my will power but also the bright awakening of our Kansas Juvenile Circle. Watch the Kansas go, now!

My last letter was in Slovene some time ago. (I should be ashamed to admit that.) But this time I want every juvenile member to be able to read it, as I realize most of us might be able to talk Slovene but cannot read it.

I am a junior in high school and I would like 'most any of you high-school students to write to me about your circle or state, and I will gladly answer anything I know and which might be of interest to you. Especially I would like to hear from Jennie Uster in Pennsylvania. Here's hoping she reads this letter. At the same time I want to express my deepest wish that in the next issue of the M. L. every state turns out 100%. Let's see if we can show the elders that we can do that!! To those of you who do not write, do, at least, read this wonderful magazine of ours.—Mary Molimal, Box 181, Franklin, Kans.

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MANY THINGS TO WRITE ABOUT

Dear Editor:—Now that school is in full swing, we still have a lot of time to read the M. L. And that should tell us all to write. Come, all of you, and write, for 1939 is here!

We had a very nice time on Halloween. My brother was dressed as a girl and no one could guess who he was—so he won the first prize. A lot of mischief was done on Halloween.

My favorite sports are the following: basketball, tap dancing, roller skating, tennis, and bicycle riding. My brother Andy has a rifle which I like to

handle. He can shoot a rifle very well. He let me try it once, but I was not so good.

Our Juvenile Circle is doing very nicely. I wish all the circles the best of luck. Stanley Jankovich of Cleveland, O., said that their circle had no name. I hope they get one soon. I congratulate all the circles for their wonderful work. If they would all write to the M. L. and give their suggestions we would have a better magazine.

Now that winter is here many of us will have fun outdoors, making snow man, ice skating, etc. We have a nice hill to sleigh-ride. But let us be careful when we are snow-balling. It's all right to do it in fun, but not having a stone in it. And here are some things that you boys and girls might write about: hobbies, sports, clubs, and things that happen around your place. What kind of music you like and the reason, the places you have been and think it interesting. Some of you can give the name of movies that you think are good. Do you like history and geography pictures?

I have been writing to a girl over a year who belongs to the SNPJ and reads the M. L. But my letters came back. I hope someone will be able to help me locate her. Her address at that time was: Margaret Keglovich, R. D. 9, South Hills Branch, Pittsburgh, Pa.—I wish all of you a happy New Year.—Justina Lovsin, Bentleyville, Pa.

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COOPERATION, UNITY AND SUCCESS

Dear Editor:—First of all I want to thank the Editor for the two dollars and the compliments he has bestowed upon me, for the letters that I have written to the M. L. And now the answer to so many queries as to why I don't write to the M. L. any more.

In October of 1938 I was transferred from the Juvenile to the Adult Dept. and you see that this will be my final letter for the good and faithful M. L. In years to come, no doubt, most of you will also transfer into the adult department of the SNPJ, and then you can look back through the years and see what wonderful work was carried on by the juveniles of your happy M. L. reading days. So let's see every young boy and girl, from every lodge of our great organization, write to the Mladinski List, and keep it full of news and happenings of your lodge's activities all the time. Encourage your brothers and sisters to write, and soon the Editor will have to print a bigger M. L. And then other boys and girls will see what a great help the M. L. can be, and they will join the Society and expand our great SNPJ lodges.

It is you young boys and girls that will make the SNPJ live on for years, and the more younger boys and girls take interest in our doings, the better it will be for our social affairs. Then we can give credit to those who are willing to lead the younger groups. Such credit, as deserved for their faithful work, goes out to Olga Knapich, Floreine Lipoglow, and Henry Jelovchan of Girard, Kansas, for their loyal and faithful cooperation in forming, from the Kansas Federation, one of the best juvenile circles of our organization. "Where there is cooperation,

there is Unity, and where there is Unity, there is Success." This is a good motto for any Juvenile Circle.

Stick right in there, Kansas, and you are sure to be a success! I am "pulling" for you from the bottom of my heart.

Cleveland circles are also coming along strong. I wish them the best of luck for the coming year. Keep on with the good work and then you are sure to reach your goal.

Pennsylvania, it seems, is lacking the spirit, although I hate to say this. Of course, one or two can't do it all, but let's see if we can't all get together and encourage one another, and say "If Kansas and Ohio can do it, so can we of Pennsylvania!" Don't say that "It can't be done," because such person is the one that depends upon others. And when it comes to having a good time or receiving a prize, this person always wants his hand to reach first. I know Pennsylvania can do it, and will do it, because this is a new year which brings new hopes and ideas to start something. Let's each and everyone of us organize and stick together, and enjoy the fun together, and even boost the letters S-N-P-J to the top. Then we can say that those letters have a meaning of United Slovenes in every Slovene community in the United States and Canada.

I also wish to give credit to Joe Rott of Cleveland, to Mildred Ann Panyan of Minnesota, to Olga Knapič and Henry Jelovčan of Kansas, and to Anna Cebul of Cleveland for their wonderful letters and compliments. So keep up the good work, and I hope to keep hearing from you all. I wish you much success and happiness during the entire year 1939.—**John Louis Ujčich** (17), Lodge 118, 5410 Carnegie st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MAKE RESOLUTION TO WRITE!

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to the M. L. for several months. Now I want to thank the editor and the SNPJ for the \$2 award which I received. I am glad that the Our School contest will continue. I entered a few times but didn't win, yet I am not discouraged. I will enter again if I win or not. I read Stric Joško every month and hope his series will continue throughout 1939.

January 1st is a day to make resolutions for the new year. Every juvenile member of the SNPJ should make and keep the resolution to write and tell how they enjoy the Mladinski List.—On Nov. 27, 1938, it was a year since my father died.—I will try to write soon again.—**Mary Ban**, 5149 Butler st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A LETTER FROM MOON RUN

Dear Editor:—Bro. Frank Zaitz, supreme board member of the SNPJ and editor of Proletarec, spoke here in Moon Run, Pa., at the Slovene hall on Nov. 23. He spoke about his trip in Europe. His speech was interesting to the young and old. A dance followed the speech. There were not as many people present as expected.

On Thanksgiving day it sure snowed hard here,

for the first time this season. I like winter a lot because we can have lots of fun outdoors. I really do have much more fun in winter than in summer. Wishing all a very happy New Year.—**Victoria Ambrozic**, R.F.D. 5, Box 188, Crafton Branch, Moon Run, Pa.

VIOLET LIKES FARM LIFE

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I was 6 years old on Sept. 17, 1938, and I am in the second grade. My teacher is Miss Blazic and I like her very much. There are 5 in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. I am a member of the juvenile circle. We live on a farm and I have lots of fun with my pet dogs and cats. I will try to write again soon, and I am asking for some Pen Pals.—**Violet Jean Humar**, R.R. 3, Box 3494, Girard, Kansas.

CHICAGOANS SHOULD PERK UP

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. which I enjoy reading very much. There are five members in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 39. I am 12 years old, in the seventh grade at McCormick school. The subjects I like best are singing and mathematics, and my favorite sports are swimming, baseball and ice skating. I am 'alderman' in my class and treasurer for the community fund in our school. My favorite movie stars are Jane Withers, Sonja Henie and Eleanor Powell. Up to Dec. 1 we have had very little snow here.

I wish some of the girls and boys who read the M. L. would read my letter and write to me as soon as they can, for I would like to find a M. L. friend. I read each number of the M. L. as soon as it arrives, and have found that there are very few letters from Chicago. I think it is time that we Chicagoans perk up. A proud member of the SNPJ.—**Frances Senica**, 2715 So. Kedzie ave., Chicago, Ill.

MILDRED'S LUCKY MONTH

Dear Editor:—I was very glad when I received one dollar from the Society for my letters. It seems as if it was my lucky month, because I won thirty dollars at the parish fair. The gymnasium is nearly finished; it had to be done by Dec. 15. The weather out here isn't bad, although it could be better. I had a nice Thanksgiving. This month I almost forgot to write, because I was very busy, and my grandmother is sick again. I wish everyone a Happy New Year.—**Mildred Ann Panyan**, Box 339, Woodbridge ave., Buhl, Minn.

LIKES CIRCLE BETTER THAN SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—I am still hoping that more of our members will notice my request printed in the M. L. recently. I must admit that school is really getting the best of me, but from now on I will write every month. For the past month we have been practicing on our junior play at school, and the name of it was "Which Cousin Mary." I had the leading part, and many members of our juvenile circle were in it.—**Frances Zovbi**, Frank Zupancic and Louis Lipoglow

had parts. The play was given Nov. 21 at the Cockerill Auditorium. We had a very large crowd, and I am more than glad it is over with.

We have already started to play volley ball and many of our juveniles have made up the first team. If the Jolly Kansans ever organize a volley ball team, the color will be purple and white. I must admit that I am more interested in our circle than in school work.

By the time this letter appears in the M. L., the Silver Jubilee Campaign will be concluded. I wish to thank all my Pen Pals for their letters. There is nothing like having a few Pen Pals in different states. I wish that some of them would drop me a line again, because I have misplaced their addresses. I am also asking for more pen pals.

The Jolly Kansans had a Christmas party on Dec. 18, and "a good time was had by all." The work of tomorrow falls on the new members, but the work of today falls on us. So let's advertise our Juvenile Circle and get more new members.—**Olga Knapich**, R.R. 3, Box 714, Girard, Kansas.

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ZNAN GLAS IZ MINNESOTE

Dragi urednik!—Spet se oglašam v našem priljubljenem Mladinskem listu. Star pregovor pravi, da vse mine, kar pride. Tako gre tudi staro leto h kraju in leto 1939 je na pragu. Ali nam prinese kaj dobrega? S starim letom se ne moremo dosti pohvaliti. Zasluzek je bil slab pri nas. Zdaj, ko to pišem, je še veliko ljudi brez dela in zasluzka.—Zadnjič sem pisal, da imamo lepo vreme kakor v solnčni Kaliforniji, toda danes je že drugače. Starka zima, ki na nas v Minnesoti nikdar ne pozabi, je že primahala in zdaj nas opleta z burjo in snegom. Pa kaj moremo pričakovati? Malo zime mora biti ob božiču, da se mali lahko drsamo po šoli. Zame pa ne bo dosti drsanja, ker se moram učiti in svoji mami pomagati doma. Drugo opišem prihodnjič. Želim, da bi se še kdo oglasil iz naše naselbine v Mladinskem listu, da ne bom vedno sam. Mislim, da pri številu 322 SNPJ nas je 85 v mladinskem oddelku—želim pa, da bi jih bilo 185 v novem letu. To bi bilo lepo število. Dragi čitatelji, dečki in deklice, želim vam mnogo lepih božičnih daril in obilo veselja v novem letu!—**Louis Everett Perkovich**, 304 East Oak St., Chisholm, Minn.

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Dragi urednik!—Zelo sem bila vesela, ko sem videla moja dva dopisa v Mladinskem listu. Že sem mislila, da sta možko odkorakala naravnost v uredniški koš. Želim vam povedati, da sem bila dva tedna bolna in sem morala izostati iz šole. Morala sem iti v bolnišnico. Sedaj sem pa zopet popolnoma zdrava.

Dne 25. nov. smo šli v Slovensko dvorano in smo čakali, da pride Frank Zaitz iz Chicaga, da bo tam govoril, pa ga ni bilo. Zbranih je bilo lepo število ljudi, ki so želeli slišati njegov govor o starem kraju. Vsem je bilo žal, ker ga ni bilo. Gotovo se je kje zamudil in ni mogel priti, morda pa ni mogel priti vsled slabih poti, ker je bilo takrat precej snega.

Prišli so božični prazniki in z njimi tudi stari Miklavž. Tega se posebno veselijo vsi otroci, ker jim vselej kaj prinese. Well, prihodnjič bom še kaj več napisala. Srečno novo leto vsem!—**Anna Grobin**, Box 17, Broughton, Pa.

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AT LONG LAST—M. L. OF HIS OWN!

Dear Editor:—I am a new member of the SNPJ and now I can receive my own Mlad. List. I read many stories, poems and letters in this wonderful magazine. I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade at Polk school. My smaller brother is also a member of this Society. I like to attend the circle meetings. I have a lot of homework, but I will try to write to the M. L. every month. Boy, it really is a lot of fun to belong to the circle! All the members are very nice to me and my brother, and I am sorry I didn't become a member sooner. I would like to see many letters from our Kansas members in the M. L., that is from our members of the Jolly Kansans Circle.—**Robert Busse**, R.R. 3, Box 1508, Girard, Kansas.

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Dear Editor and Readers:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. I attend the Robinson Township School.

I belong to lodge No. 88. I have always read the letters of the members, and I always think them very interesting. I will try to write every month now.—**Theresa Rose Macek**, Moon Run, Pa.

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Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I am a member of SNPJ lodge 300. My father has been a member for 25 years, and my mother for fifteen years.—I hope many more boys and girls will join the juvenile department to make it still bigger and better.—**Irene Yuricich**, 1323 Hilda St., East McKeesport, Pa. (Your Thanksgiving poem would be much too late for the January issue. Perhaps we can make use of it next year. Ed.)

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Dear Editor:—I thank you for the check I received in the contest. I am in the Christmas play that our Circle is giving for the program.—When I was small, I asked Santa Claus for a toy gun, but instead of that I received a pencil and books. Now I understand why that was: my mother did not want me to have a gun, because it is dangerous. Best regards to everyone.—**Stanley Vidmar**, 1129 S. 15th Pl., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Dear Editor:—This is my second letter in the M. L. We started school Oct. 10. The Children like our new school and they like to ride in the busses. I am in the sixth grade. Next year, if I pass, I will be in the new high school. For a few days we had good sleigh-riding, then the warm weather came back and melted all the snow.—Let somebody else write in the M. L. from Tire Hill, too. How about my friend Frankie Shemrov from Ohio, write in

the M. L.? Wake up, Frankie!—On Nov. 27 we went to the Slovene hall in Moxham to hear Frank Zaitz, Supreme board member of the SNPJ, speak. We all enjoyed his speech.—**Jackie Strell**, Box 31, Tire Hill, Pa.

STAR SOTRUDNIK PIŠE



JOS. ROTT.

vztrajen dopisnik M. L.

Dragi urednik!—Najprej lepa hvala za ček, kate-rega mi je poslala naša jednota ali Mladinski list, ker stalno dopisujem vanj. Želim veliko uspeha naši jednoti. Imam veselje do pisanja in rad čitam Mladinski list, odslej bom pa še raje pisal dopise. Srce mi je zaigralo, ko sem prejel ček, s katerim bom kupil atetu in mami božično darilce. Srečno novo leto vsem, posebno pa urednikom in sotrudnikom Mladinskega lista! Tu je kratka pesmica:

Pesmica gladka,
kapljica sladka,
slovensko pecivo,
postrežljive roke,
to je za moje srce!

Joseph Rott, 18815 Chickasaw Ave., Cleveland, O.

Will Continue Stamp Articles

Dear Editor:—I want to thank the SNPJ for the check that I received recently. At this time I want to say that I will continue writing articles on stamp collecting very shortly. Now I am specializing in collecting unused American stamps; so far I have two dollars (\$2) worth of unused stamps. About once a month I go to the neighborhood post office to find out if any new stamps have been issued.

I want to thank Emil Mikolich for his continuous correspondence with me, and I would like to have him write more often.

I am a sophomore in school and I am taking a commercial course which includes the following subjects: shorthand, typing, business, biology, and English. During the lunch periods, of which there

are three, they show motion pictures. Admission is 2c per day. One whole full-length picture and a cartoon are shown every week. During the fourth period I collect tickets. Shore High School, which I attend, has just won the Northeastern Ohio Conference Football title. Our team played 6 games and had a perfect card of 6 victories. During the entire season it had only 6 points scored against it by its opponents.—*Louis Janezic*, 977 E. 239th st., Euclid, Cleveland, O.

From a Third-Grader

Dear Editor:—This is my very first letter to the M. L. I am writing it with my sister. I am 8 years of age and a member of the SNPJ, Lodge No. 24. I have one sister and one brother. There are five people in our family, all members of SNPJ. I go to Jenny Lind school and I am in the third grade. My brother is in the fourth grade and my sister is in the sixth grade. I would appreciate if some of the Pen Pals would write to me.—*Georgie Marie Mociwnik*, Box 86, Jenny Lind, Arkansas.

New Resolutions

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the M. L. I hope that my letter will appear in the January number of the M. L. because I want to start the new year right by writing letters to each issue of this magazine.

Since I have been writing letters to the M. L., I gained two Pen Pals, Elsie Mae Mihelich of Colorado and Margie Burtul of Michigan. I noticed that Elsie has won several contests in the M. L. So much for this.

I wish they would make the M. L. more interesting every month. I also would like to see the winners' pictures in the magazine, then we would get acquainted better. Right now, as I am writing this letter, January is fast approaching. This means that everyone ought to make a resolution to write to the M. L. every month. Then, perhaps, it would make the magazine a lot bigger. I have been keeping every issue of the M. L.

In November, I was in a Thanksgiving play. I had to say the story about "The Lonesome Pumpkin," written by Ernestine Jugg. My hobby is collecting snapshots. I already have some from my Pen Pals, and I won't forget, when I have some taken, to give them mine. I am including a poem which is appropriate for the January issue of the M. L.:

The New Year's here,
Can't you all hear!
Wake up and make a resolution
To write to the M. L. more often.

I wish everyone a very happy New Year—loads of happiness throughout the year 1939.—*Ernestine Mociwnik*, Box 86, Jenny Lind, Arkansas.

Tree Rings Tell Age and Weather

CAST

Mr. Johnson, young, energetic, congenial
Johnny, bright and very interested

- MR. JOHNSON: Good morning, Johnny. Last Tuesday I left you with the question, "Have you heard that we can tell by trees in California what kind of weather there was two thousand years ago?"
- JOHNNY: Yes, but I can't see any possible connection between trees growing now and the weather two thousand years ago.
- MR. JOHNSON: Yet we find that there are trees that provide an accurate record of the rainfall in California at that time.
- JOHNNY: Maybe so—but that was two thousand years ago. . .
- MR. JOHNSON: That's true, but the trees to which I refer were living then.
- JOHNNY: And are still alive today, you mean?
- MR. JOHNSON: That's right! They are the oldest living things on earth today! And what's more, some of them are nearly four thousand years old!
- JOHNNY: Just imagine! Trees two and even four thousand years old—and still living! What kind are they?
- MR. JOHNSON: They are the big evergreen trees called the Sequoias. They were named in honor of the noted Cherokee, Sequoyah, who invented the first alphabet ever used by the Indians. There are two kinds of Sequoia trees: the Sequoia Washingtoniana or the "big trees," and Sequoia Sempervirenes, meaning "living forever."
- JOHNNY: Do these trees live only in California, or do they grow also in other parts of the world?
- MR. JOHNSON:— They are native there, and they were once abundant over the whole of the northern hemisphere, in Europe, Siberia, Alaska, and also in Canada, but there are no Sequoia trees in America east of California except a few cultivated ones. One of them grows by the roadside in a field in Delaware county, Pennsylvania, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, but although it is a true Sequoia Washingtoniana it is a mere infant—being only ninety years old.
- JOHNNY: (Laughing) That sounds pretty old to me! (Seriously) But tell me—how can you tell how many years old a tree is?
- MR. JOHNSON: We can tell this by counting its rings.
- JOHNNY: Have I ever seen growth rings?
- MR. JOHNSON: Of course you have, if you ever looked at the stump of a tree. Remember the circles, starting in the center and getting bigger and bigger till they reach the edge?
- JOHNNY: Yes, I remember them.
- MR. JOHNSON: Each increasing ring represents a year's growth. And that is how they can tell that some of the trees are 4,000 years old—and still growing!
- JOHNNY: I don't quite understand. For instance, when you cut a tree down to count the rings—it can't go on growing!
- MR. JOHNSON: Well, but it isn't necessary to cut down a tree to count its rings. They can bore into the center and cut a plug out of a tree—the same way you plug a watermelon to see if it's ripe.
- JOHNNY: (Laughing understandingly).
- MR. JOHNSON: By these means they can tell not only a tree's age, but even the state of the weather during each of those years.
- JOHNNY: Oh, for goodness sake—how?
- MR. JOHNSON: These rings are caused primarily by changes in temperature and moisture. For instance, if successive years were exactly alike in temperature and rainfall, the rings would all be of the same size, but as you know, these rings do vary in width.
- JOHNNY: Yes, they do vary.
- MR. JOHNSON: They vary because they grow wider in warm and wet weather. Scientists have measured and compared the growth rings of these aged trees, and the variations they have found in them are so uniform that the same rings can be identified in nearly every tree and the dates of their formation established with practical certainty.
- JOHNNY: So that's how they can tell what kind of weather there was two thousand years ago.
- MR. JOHNSON: Yes, Johnny, they can tell what kind of weather there was at that time in the regions where these great trees grow. In California, for instance, there was very rainy weather throughout the period that Caesar was living! And besides providing us with information about the weather, trees have helped scientists to determine the approximate age of certain prehistoric ruins.
- JOHNNY: Such as what?
- MR. JOHNSON: For instance, take the prehistoric Indian villages near Aztec, New Mexico. By studying the rings of the pine logs which the Hopi Indians used in the construction of their houses, scientists have learned the approximate dates when the various ruins were built, and in this way information valuable both from the standpoint of archeology and human interest has been obtained.

(To be continued)

WHEN WE PLAY

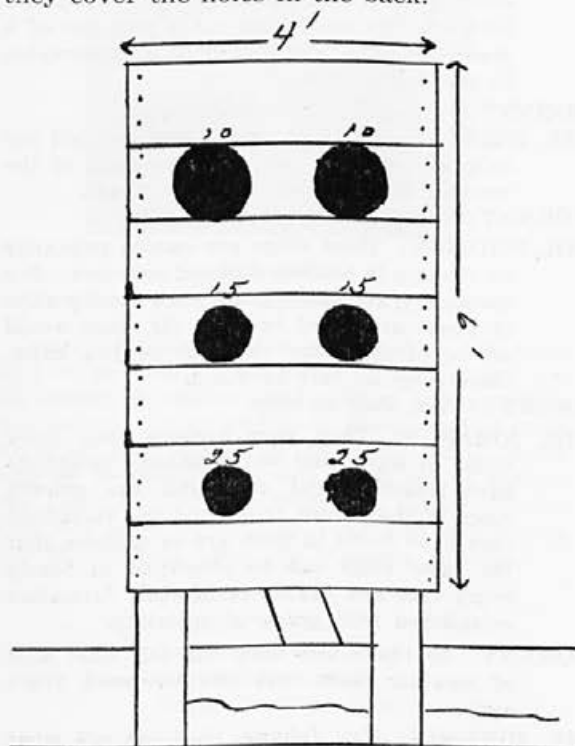
Compiled by Ann K. Medvesek

Play increases the ability to cooperate and work together for a common purpose.—Burke.

Snowball Target Game

For this game you will need enough boards to make a piece about 4 feet wide and 6 feet high. Six holes each 6 to 10 inches across should be cut. (See diagram).

The round pieces, should be cut out, saved and painted a solid color, preferably black. These are hung by hinges at the top, so that they cover the holes in the back.



Fifty feet is about the right distance to throw at the target, and if a hit is made the colored circle will swing back and the snowball will go through.

In order to vary the game, there may be two 8-inch, two 10-inch, and two 6-inch holes. You may allow 25 points if the snowball goes through the 6-inch hole, 15 points if it goes through the 8-inch hole, and 10 points if it goes through the 10-inch holes.

Of course, the size of the snowball does not matter, but it would be much better if the snowball would correspond to the weight of a standard baseball, which is a little more than nine ounces.

The number of shots to a turn may be decided upon by the players. If there are a number of players, they may be divided into teams. Two captains may be appointed, who in turn choose their respective sides.

I Spy

For this game almost any small object may be used such as, thimble, pen-knife, small box, top, bottle or book. All the players but one leave the room. This one person hides the object in a place which is in view, yet not too conspicuous.

The other players are then permitted to come in, and hunt for the object; the first one to sight the object merely says "I spy," and sits down to wait until all the others have found it.

The first one to spy the object takes his turn to hide it.

Hop-Over

Children derive much fun when this game is played. The children form a circle, but should not stand too close together. One player stands in the center of the circle, holding a rope, which has a weight of some kind attached to the end of it.

When the one in the center calls "ready" he whirls the rope very fast close to the floor. In order to prevent having their feet touched the players must hop over it as it (the object at the end of the rope) approaches them.

Before long everyone is hopping. The one whose feet were touched takes his place in the center and tries to hit some other player's feet.

Ring On a String

The players stand in a circle. A ring is slipped on a long string which has been knotted together. The string passes through the closed hands of the players, who make the motion of passing something.

The ring goes from one to another, while the player in the center tries to find it. As soon as the ring is found, the player in whose hand it was found, takes the place in the center, and the game continues.

JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg



"Just for Fun" is the name of our new corner for 1939. You will remember our 1938 M. L. had the "Nutcracker Page" with a friendly squirrel nibbling nuts at the top of the page. Mr. Squirrel has said "goodbye" and went away with the old year. With the coming of the new year, these merry little sprites have walked right onto the top of your page and promised to stay there in order to keep it merry and jolly for 1939.

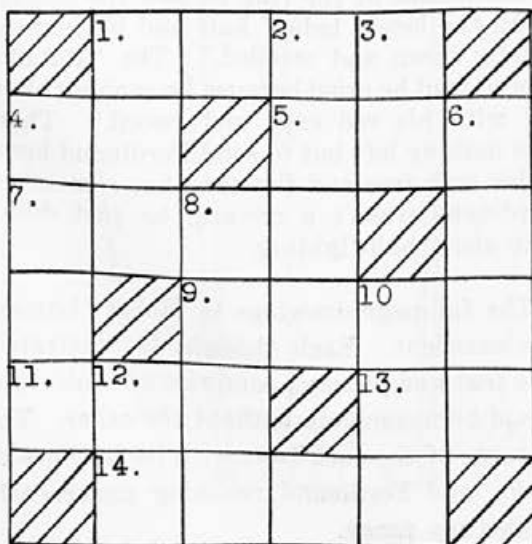
Can You Find the Three Hidden Words?

My first is in **hope** but never in **fear**
 My second is in **art** but also in **clear**
 My third is in **pear** and also in **peach**
 My fourth hides in **apple** but never in **screech**
 My fifth is first in the word **young**
 My sixth you will find in **neither** and **tongue**
 My seventh is in **year** but never in **your**
 My eighth stands in **windmill**—you'll find it
 we're sure
 My ninth is the same as the fifth up above

My tenth appears twice in **eye**—once in **love**
 My eleventh is found in **tame** not **time**
 And the twelfth you must guess to complete
 our rhyme
 That is the greeting to you Juveniles far
 and near;
 Greetings and Best Wishes throughout the
 year.
 (Answer to puzzle found on inside cover
 page)

AN ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Tony Adlesich, Snowball, Ark.



ACROSS

- ache
- note of scale
- at the present time
- to revise and prepare for publication
- a toy
- to perish
- a masculine nickname
- strong flavor

DOWN

- to stuff
- a preposition
- negative reply
- a metal
- healthy
- opinion
- to move slowly
- a pronoun

Introducing Book Friends

Reviewed by Betty Jartz

For young and old alike is Munro Leaf's story about **Ferdinand the Bull**, for although the young people are fascinated by the narrative and the full-page pictures



of Ferdinand, it is the adults who sense and are absorbed by the suggestive sarcasm; they chuckle delightedly over his exploit in the bull-ring. Yes, Ferdinand is a great bull, and when he dies may his spirit live on!

Although **Ferdinand the Bull** is not a new book (it was first published in 1936) it is just coming into its own, and is gaining popularity as time passes. Ferdinand has been greatly honored: a song has been composed about him; a movie has been produced; even marionette bulls, resembling our hero, have performed in various department stores here in Cleveland; and not to forget the publicity he has been getting. It would seem that all this acclaim would be enough to turn anyone's head, but not Ferdinand—oh no—to "sit quietly and smell the flowers" is his one passion—and he sticks to it.

As you probably know, the favorite sport—or pastime—of the Spaniards is bull-fighting. Now, no higher honor can be obtained by a bull than to be chosen to fight in the bull-ring; there is no greater cause for a bull to die than the entertainment of the people of Spain. Consequently, when all little bulls become old enough to understand their purpose in life, they vie with each other in exhibits of their strength.

According to the story, there lived, once upon a time, a bull of an entirely different temperament. While the little bulls he lived with were snorting and butting their heads together, Ferdinand would go to his favorite spot in the pasture, and there he would sit under his cork-tree and smell the flowers.

His mother began to worry about her strange bullchild. She was afraid he would become lonesome and thought she would try to console him, but then "his mother saw that he was not lonesome, and because she was an understanding mother, even though she was a cow, she let him just sit there and be happy."

One day when Ferdinand had grown big and strong, five men from Madrid in "very funny hats" came to select bulls for the bull-ring. This was the opportunity that the bulls were all waiting for, and they snorted and pranced about in their fiercest manner; for there was nothing that they wanted more than to be sent to the stadium. Only Ferdinand wasn't interested, so he went to sit under his cork-tree. But he didn't look where he was sitting and he sat on a bumble-bee. It stung him. It hurt so much that "he ran around puffing and snorting, butting and pawing the ground as if he were crazy." When the five men saw him they were very pleased for they thought he was the fiercest of them all, so they chose him and took him away for the bull-fight.

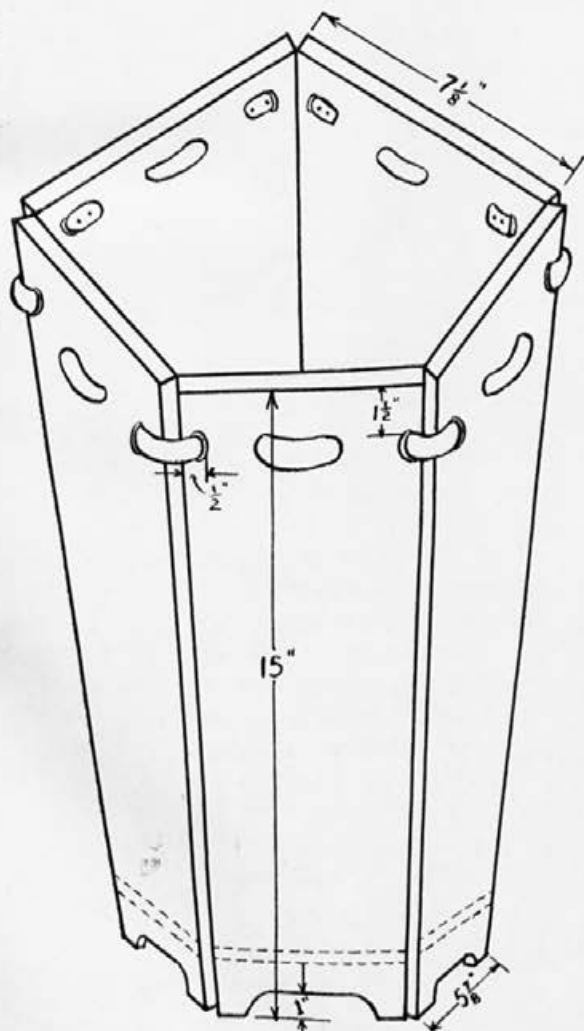
When Ferdinand reached the bull-ring, the pain inflicted by the bee had already subsided, and he was once again his natural self. Of course, when they set him loose in the bull-ring he refused to fight. "When he got to the middle of the ring he saw the flowers in all the lovely ladies' hair and he just sat quietly down and smelled." The "Matador was so mad he cried because he couldn't show off with his red cape and sword." There was nothing left but to send Ferdinand home to his cork-tree and flowers; but remember, Ferdinand wasn't a coward, he just didn't care about bull-fighting.

The full-page drawings by Robert Lawson are excellent. Each thought is illustrated. The text and pictures comprise a whole; one would be incomplete without the other. The pictures of the cork-tree, with its bunches of corks, and Ferdinand reclining underneath, tickled my fancy.

"DIZZIE DOTS"

YOU COMPLETE THE PICTURE

"Um-mm! A very nice paint brush," said Coco, the Monkey. . . . "Let's draw a line from dot to dot and watch Coco get a surprise."



Directions for the Waste-Paper Basket

Use five pieces, $7/16$ by $7\ 1/8$ by 15 inches, for sides. One piece, $7/16$ by $10\ 1/4$ by $10\ 1/4$ inches, for the bottom.

Taper the sides from a width of $7\ 1/8$ inches at one end to $5\ 7/8$ inches at the other. On the piece for the bottom lay out a circle of 5-inch radius, divide this circle into five equal parts, draw lines connecting these divisions, and then saw along these lines. You will then have the pentagon-shaped bottom. Bore two $1/4$ -inch holes $1\ 1/2$ inches down from the wide end of each side piece $1/2$ inch from the edges. Cut out the hand openings. Nail each of the five sides to one of the sides of the bottom piece $1\ 1/2$ inches from the narrow end. Tie the top together with buckskin or rawhide.

Answer to puzzle on "Just for Fun" page—
Happy New Year



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