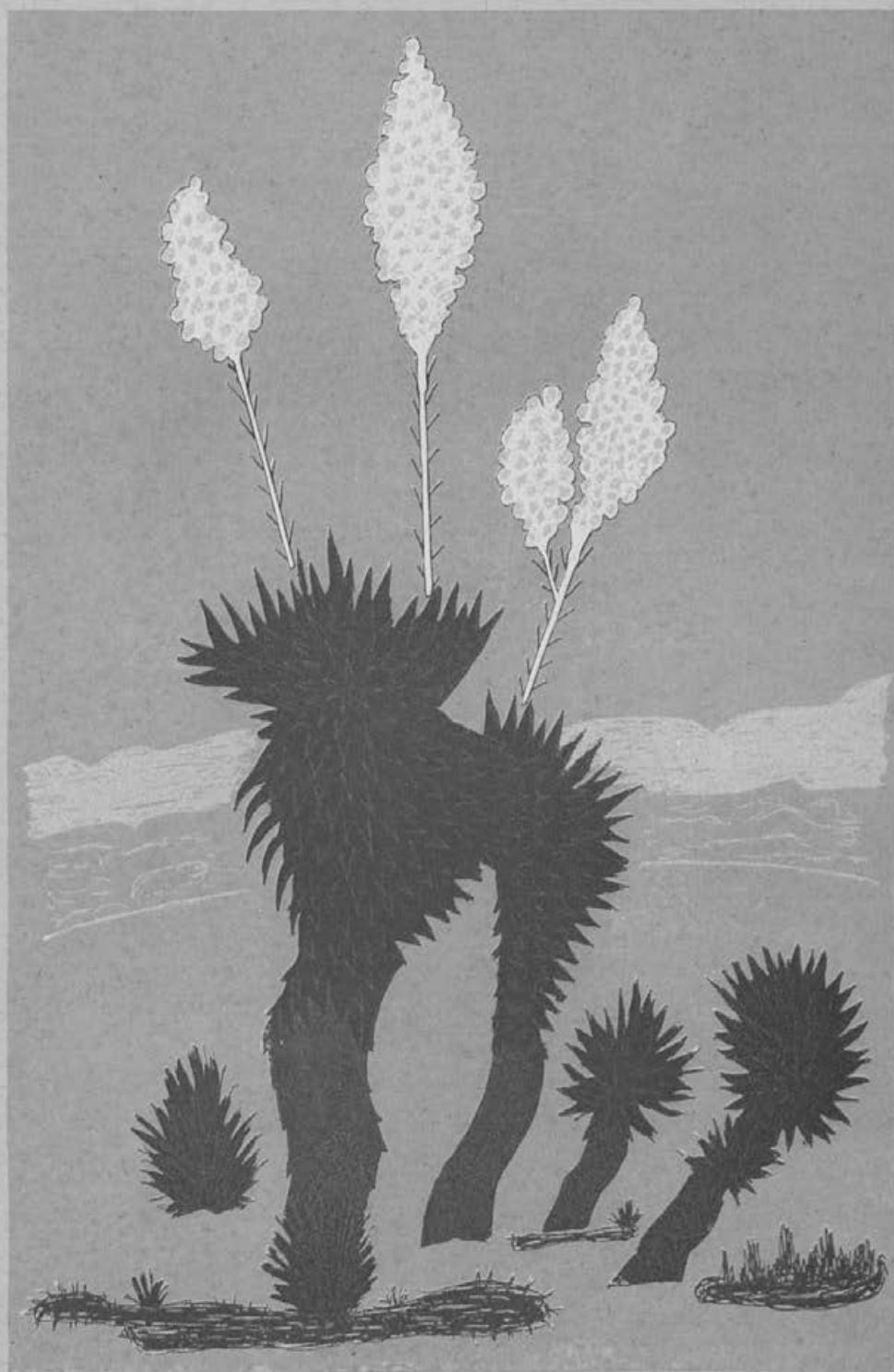


# MLADINSKI LIST



AUGUST

*A Magazine for SNPJ Juveniles*

1942

# MLADINSKI LIST

## JUVENILE



IVAN MOLEK - - - - - Editor

PHILIP GODINA - - - Business Manager

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# MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

LETO XXI—Št. 8

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## ŽELO . . .

Katka Zupančič

Visoko nad nami letalo brni,  
žuželki podobno se kaže v višavi.  
Človeku nevarna žuželka ta ni—  
ustvarila saj se v človeški je glavi.  
Zato pa ta pikapolona i pisati zna,  
zviška oglašča, kaj "dobro" je, "zdravo."

Visoko nad nami letalo brni,  
žuželki podobno se vtaplja v daljavo. . .  
Brez žela nemara žuželka ta ni—  
nje stvarnik plačuje dvomljivo si slavo.  
Iz pikepolone sršena ima,  
ki v živo mu piše krvavo postavo.

# NAŠ "SEMENJ"

Katka Zupančič

Oni dan me je pot zanesla mimo dečkov, ki so na stopnicah sede in z odprtimi albumi na kolenih—prav živahno barantali z znamkami.

Aha! Semenj. . .

Hočeš ali nočeš so moje misli pohitele da-leč nazaj v preteklost. Oživel je neko lepo nedeljsko popoldne, pokazala so se trda in kakor povoščena gladka skedenjska tla, ki so bila pozorišče našega semnja z znamkami.

Med semnjarje me je bil upeljal moj bratec. Zgodilo se je nekako takole:

Neskončno samozavestno je potegnil izpod srajce velik, strašno obrabljen in zapackan pisemski ovitek. Da bi bolj navil mojo radovednost, je prav počasi ovitek razprl, pa strelsel iz njega stare znamke. Hudo so bile oguljene, naškrbane in zamazane. Sploh so bile videti take, kakor da so revice morale peš po snegu in dežju potovati okrog sveta.

"To so 'marke' ali znamke!" je dejal slovesno. Ali ker ni bilo od mene pravega odmeva, se je hudo razočaran ozrl in pomilovalno zmajeval z glavo.

Toda obupal le ni.

Prav nežno je s koncem prsta pobrskal po kupčku. In dvignil je nekakšen rumenkast zamzek, na katerem se ni razločilo drugega, ko kosce pobledelga črnega kroga, pa debele žrke poštnega pečata—CALU. Da je ta znamka ameriška, iz Calumeta, je pojasnil, pa da ga je stala pet 'cesarskih'. (Bili smo takrat še pod 'večno' Avstrijo.)

"Ali jaz sem jo umil," se je pohvalil, "zato je zdaj lepša in bom zahteval zanjo najmanj deset drugih, spod sedem je pa nikakor ne dam. Vidiš, to se pravi tržiti. Semenj imamo zanje. . ."

Semenj, oj! Ta beseda je zmerom našla v meni neko mehko mesto. Toda kaj je semenj brez stojnic in brez kriččih kramarjev? Kaj brez šundra in gneče in vonja po svežem usnju in platnu? Zlasti pa, kaj je semenj brez lecta?

Bratec ni pustil, da bi se mi hipno navdušenje docela razkadilo. Hitel mi je praviti, kako si izmenjavajo znamke, kako jim nabijajo in zbijajo vrednost.

"Kaj misliš, da se kar tako steče toliko bo-

gastvo?!" je dejal ponosno in jel svoje bogastvo razvrščati po mizi. A navzlic vsej ponositosti se mu je prikradla na obraz, pa tudi v glas in kretnje neka rahla prisiljenost. "No, reci kaj!"

"Kaj naj rečem? Veliko jih imaš, res. A vse skupaj niso vredne treh lepih in čistih in celih."

"Saj to je tisto!" mu je v nenadni jezi ušlo. "Zmerom mečkamo ene in iste. Nič novih. . ." je vzdihnil prav iz globočine. Nato pa kakor mimogrede: "Ne bi ti hotela med nas? Zadnjič smo sklenili, da te sprejmemo medse, če te je volja. Najmanj pet znamk je vse, kar ti je treba."

Ni me varala slutnja, da jim je le za pribor, ki si ga po meni obetajo, kajti bratec je nadaljeval:

"Hodiš pisarit Rentljevi teti. Kdo zna, koliko starih pisem ima! Ej, ko bi le en samkrat najela mene; ampak meni ne zaupa. Kakor da bi jaz ne znal pošiljati njenih pozdravov 'čez hribe in doline in čez široko morje'. . .! Hudo našobljen je z naglo in nič kaj nežno kretnjo pometel znamke na kupček.

A kako bi stara teta zaupala bratcu, ko še meni ni. Ne pisati, ne brati ni znala, a je zahtevala, da sem ji morala natančno pokazati, kje je zapisano to ali ono. "S prstom mi pokaži, kje stoji 'sinek moj, rosa moja jutranja!'" Kolikšna je bila njena nezaupljivost, je najbolj razvidno iz dejstva, da mi je čvrsto zatiskala ušesa vsakokrat, ko sem ji prebirala iz Amerike došla pisma. Reva nevedna je bila trdno prepričana, da pisana beseda ne najde druge poti do možganov, kot edino skozi ušesa. . .

Kaj prida si torej od te stare žene nisem mogla obetati. Kljub temu sem se osmelila in še tisti dan stekla k nji. Morali bi videti njene oči! Skoz do peta so me prevrtale. Še v sanjah so me preganjale.

Naposled mi je bratec posodil pet svojih, ko sem mu sveto obljubila, da mu jih vrnem deset. V naši hiši seveda ni bilo več predala, ki bi ga bratec ne bil že stokrat pretaknil. Imela pa sem prijateljice. Zakaj mi ne bi usluge vračale z znamkami?

A ni bilo treba. Zakaj tisti semenj v na-

šem skednju ni bil sicer prvi, bil pa je zadnji.

Nad deset jih je bilo, samih dečkov. Malo so se pomuzali, ko sem prisedla ter razpostavila svojih pet razcefrank. Za mizo nam je služila dolga, z nizkimi krhljički podprta deska. Sedeli smo pa kar po turško na tleh.

Polagoma so se dečki razživel in se razgibali, kakor se za semnjarje spodobi. A prav, ko so vneto podbijali ceno bratovi 'lepo umiti' znamki, se je na pragu pojavil—kdo? Nihče drugi, ko Jankec iz Dola.

Nepriprav prvega reda—tako ga je bil ocenil moj oče, pa ga gledal kakor muho v mleku. Ali odkar je Jankec imel opečene prste, ko je prejšnjega dne zmanjkalo pleče iz lonca na našem ognjišču—ni smel več blizu.

Lahko si torej predstavljate, kako sva se ga z bratcem ustrašila. Pa tudi tovarišem so se mršila čela. Kajti bil je samopašen in nasilen. Takoj je krivil svoje lakti, pa s pretečim kimanjem kazal napete mišice, če se je kateri protivil njegovi samoglavosti.

"Kaj bo, če te naš oče zasačijo! Na živem boš odrt!" sva ga skušala oplašiti.

"Oh, kaj bo. . ." zaničljivo se je obregnil, "razgnal vas bo vseh, a vidva? Če bo kdo odrt, bosta odrta vidva, tako da niti sedeti ne bosta mogla!" Presneti rokomavz je dobro poznal strogost najinega očeta, zato se je škodoželjno nasmihal ter se zvijsal in pačil, češ, kaj mu kdo more. Po moči nas je vseh nadkriljeval, po drznosti mu pa sploh ni bilo para. A sram? Sram ga je bilo toliko, ko volka strah.

"Kaj se štuliš med nas, ko nimaš znamk," so se jezili dečki.

"Če nimam znamk, imam pa denar zanje. Kupil jih bom od vas." Potegnil je iz žepa pest iz rjave lepenke izstriženih krožcev. "To so papirnati vinarji. Vidite številko na njih? Dva taka za vsako znamko! Kdo jih ima na prodaj?"

Dečki so ostrmeli. Novotarija jih je iznenadila in prevzela tako, da so mnogi zazijali, pa pozabili zapreti usta. Toda sprožil jo je Jankec. . . "Ne boš nas! Semenj je naš, zato se ti ne vtikaj vanj!"

A Jankec ni odnehal. "Saj vas bi prešeškal vse po vrsti, pa se mi ne vidi vredno. Premlečni ste zame. Poln skedenj dečice, ki se igrajo semenj. . . Pa ne veste, bedaki, da ni semnja brez denarja?"

"Roba in denar! Vi imate robo, jaz pa polne žepa. . . Kdo da na prodaj? Dam za vsako znamko—namesto dveh—tri take, naj bo. . . Nimam le vinarjev! Pogledjte. . ." in potegnil je iz drugega žepa pest 'denarja' iz sive lepenke: petice, desetice in celo krone—vse lepo s številkami opremljene.

"Znamke za znamke! Kaj bo tvoj papir?!" so se dečki na vse kriplje branili, kajti—Jankec gor ali dol—skušnjava je nevarno hitro rastla. Naposled sta ji dva le podlegla. Kosaje se med sabo, kateri si bo nabral več 'denarja', sta prodala Jankcu vse, kar sta imela.

Ali ker smo vsi drugi—največ iz gole trme seveda—ostali dosledni, je 'lakomnežema' obležal 'denar' na roki. Mencaje v zadregi sta hotela kupiti svoje nazaj. Saj drugega jima ni kazalo, zakaj z znamkami vred je šla tudi pravica. . .

"Vsaj pet, Jankec, vsaj pet znamk. . ."

A Jankec se jima je režal pod nos. Dali sta že videla potok, ki teče nazaj, ju je vprašal.

"Kupimo pod izgubo," sta opeharjenca vsa rdeča v obraz drezala dalje. "Tu imaš štiri 'vinarje' za eno, pet 'vinarjev' . . . šest . . . deset . . ."

"Za petnajst znamk pravi vinar, če ga imaš. Če ne, pa nič." Tak vam je bil Jankec. Pravi kozji rog.

"O, tako se pa ne gremo!" so se zdaj razmahnil tudi ostali dečki in vzklikali vseprek, "znamke nazaj! In poberi svoja kopita!" Nekateri so začeli Jankcu kazati pesti.

Oba potegnjenca pa sta za tega nakuhala dovolj jeze, da sta vzkipela in od tovarišev opogumljena naskočila.

Kot bi trenil je bila deska prevrnjena in Jankec v kotu z veliko brezovo metlo v rokah. Režal se je in oči so se mu svetile ko vražičku. Ali dečkom niso zaman ušesa gorrela. Kljub metli so navalili nanj. Jaz pa sem tedaj že tekla ven, na vogal, na stražo. . .

Nič krika, sploh nobenega glasu ni bilo slišati. Toda ropota, ropota pa toliko, kakor da se skedenj podira. Naših domačih ni bilo doma. Zato smo miške plesale, oziroma semnjarile, ko mačke ni bilo doma.

Toda, če se kdo zdajle vrne, če se vrne oče. . . Strah mi ga je naslikal, kako koraka od hiše sem naravnost proti meni—

Kar še ni, se lahko zgodi! Zato teci jaz na-



zaj, pa—lop lop! po skedenjskih vratih, kričeč "oče!"

Toliko, da me niso pódrli, ko so kakor preplašeni piščanci planili iz skednja in se razbegnili na vse strani.

Mislite, da mi je bil bratec za posrečeno potezo kaj hvaležen? To pa, to! Komaj se je nekoliko izhlipal in pomiril, se je razgledaval po nasmetenih tleh. Znamke, ovitki in Jankcev 'denar'—vse je ležalo tam zmešano, oblateno, zmlinčeno in sčinkljano. . .

Stožilo se mu je. "Poglej, kaj je naredil! Koliko veselja smo imeli. . ." Obrnil se je vstran in toliko, da ni glasno zajokal. Nato pa ves razjarjen: "Mar bi bila tiho, dokler ga ne bi enkrat za zmerom pošteno nabili—"

"In ga ubili, kaj ne?! Naj bi ga kateri prehudo mahnil po senceh, pa bi se nemara stegnili."

"Naj bi se! Kaj zato!"

"In potem bi prišli po nas, pa nas vse uklenjene odpeljali. . ."

Še nikdar nisva videla človeka uklenjenega, toda sebe in vso najino tovarišijo sva natančno videla v velikih, težkih, rožljajočih verigah. Po dva in dva smo korakali majhni in drobni in povešenih glav. Za nami so stopali naši očetje, s klobuki globoko na očeh. Natančno sva slišala njih trde korake, pa tudi kletvice, zakaj sramota jih je strašno grizla. Ob njih so stopale naše tiho ihteče matere, ki bi nam rade pomagale, a niso smele blizu. Zato so jih naše verige žulile in težile, še bolj nego celo nas.

Po dolgi, beli in prašni cesti se je vlekla ta naša čudna, žalostna procesija. Spredaj, zadaj in ob strani pa visoki, mrki žandarji. Cesta je peljala skozi vasi, kjer so se vaščani, stari in mladi, stekali k cesti in kazali na nas: "Poglejte smrkarijo! Naglejte se ubijalcev! Fej in sramota za vso našo dolino, za ves naš rod!"

Prizanašali niso niti našim nesrečnim staršem. "Kako ste jih vzgajali? Mar nimate pri vas šibja v grmovju. . .?"

A mi, mi bi bili za tega že lačni in žejni in trudni. Cmerili bi se, pa bi si ne mogli niti nosa obrisati zaradi pretežkih verig, ki bi se nam zajedale že v živo.

Oh! Že ob sami predstavi naju je pretresala zona.

"In potem? Kaj potem?"

"Potem bi prišli pred sodnike, ki bi nas obsodili. . ."

Bratec se je zdrznil. Pogoltnil je slino, pa zajeceljal na suho: "Na . . . na vislice?"

"Pa da. Na vislice. Vse, razen mene. Jaz se nisem pretepala. Bila sem na straži. Zato bi smela živeti skoz do smrti, čeprav zaprta." (Po naši otroški logiki ni živel skoz do smrti, kdor je bil obešen ali ubit.)

Pa vse to zavoljo Jankca, zavoljo poniglavega, ničvrednega Jankca? O, naj le živi, naj si zasluži in gre na vislice sam. . .!

Tako sva zaključila in se globoko oddahnili. A ko sva pozneje iskala brezovo metlo, da bi z njo skedenj pometla, je nisva našla, Šla je z Jankcem. . . Edino nje sledovi so rdeli na bratovih rokah in obrazu.



AMERICAN RED CROSS NURSE

Drawn by Violet Machek, age 15, McDonald, Pa.

Lodge 231.

# THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD

By R. McMillan

(Continued.)

We see the law forever at work, but there is a curious thing about force. My watch goes by force, and I apply the force every night; but if I die I will have no "force" to put into the watches, and they will stop, unless somebody else puts the force into them. Where did my force come from? From what I ate! And where did the eatables get the force from? From the sun! So, if the sun ceased to shine, all the force in the world would cease to be. But where does the sun get the force from? Ah! Now we have to come to a big question. There is force in the universe beyond all human comprehension, and if you spend your force you lose it, but something else gets it. I put so much of my force into the watch every night, but there is no less force in the world, because the watch spring has the force that I spent.

A man may spend all his force hoisting stones up on to the top of a tall building. If he lets one fall and it strikes a man, it will kill him. That is, the force that was invested in the lifted stone will kill the man; and the stones that are lying so quietly on top of the building are full of the same deadly force: gravitation. But what is gravitation? I do not know; but there it is! The man who hoisted the stone to the top of the building put all his "force" into the stones when he overcame the action of gravitation and raised them to the roof; and that "force" is still in the stones. And the law of gravitation keeps the world in its place, and the sun in its place, and all the planets in their places. When you see a star falling, or a comet rushing, or a baby tumbling down the steps, they are all acting in obedience to the "law," whatever that is. Law is not anything, really, except what always happens. Water always rolls down a hill, and fire always burns, so we say it is "law" that they should do so; but it means only that the same effects follow the same causes all the time. What Newton discovered about the year 1700 was the law that governs this force. Other people had discovered the force of gravitation. Kepler, the great astronomer, talked about it before Newton;

but what Sir Isaac Newton discovered was the "law" of the force, the rate at which all bodies fall. And what was perhaps the greatest discovery any man ever made. No wonder that our poets have dreamed about it, and no wonder that one of them wrote:—

The very law that moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.

Newton was a great mathematician, and he asked himself what kept the moon going round the earth all the time so regularly? If this law of gravitation was correct by which an apple fell from a tree always at the same rate, then the moon ought to fall round the earth at a certain rate and make the journey in a certain time. He tried to work it out, but it came out wrong, and he put the figures away disappointed. But later on a man made a new measurement of the earth by measuring a part of the circle, and that altered the figures that Newton had to work on. He got out the old figures, and began on them again. He saw that his proposed law was coming out right, and he grew so nervous and excited that he broke down, and had to get another mathematician to finish his work. And behold! The moon obeys the law of gravitation and falls round the earth in twenty-eight days; and the earth obeys the law and falls round the sun in 365 days; and the sun obeys the law and falls round somewhere else at the rate of thirteen miles a second. All the universe is filled with law. The earth is so true to the law of its nature that it alters only one second in 168,000 years. If you waited to see it alter an hour, it would take six thousands million years! How slowly the law works. And yet I believe that "once upon a time" the moon was very close to the earth, and we and the moon revolved much faster, and the day was only about three hours long. But that was a very, very long time ago.

What a wonderful world we live in, and what a momentous discovery Sir Isaac Newton made; but how few people, even today, understand the nature of his discovery! The sun, moon, planets, comets, stars—everything, everywhere, everywhen—are under

law; and so are we, as well as the suns and worlds.

Today I noticed the grass beginning to grow in a half-dried waterhole; and the green shoots all over the mud made me think that the grass was full of intelligence, and had only waited for the water to dry up. It was living under law! When there is a cry of "fire" in the theatre the people are filled with panic and rush to death, as unreasonable as beasts. They also are acting up to the law of their natures, poor souls, as unreasoning as the grass. All things in the universe are under law.

## CHAPTER VI

### Force and Energy

A great many years ago, a famous lecturer used the word "imponderable," and I fairly quivered with the joy of finding out what it meant. He talked about the "imponderable things of God," and I wondered what they were. When I found out it was perfectly delightful, for I thought that when you had named a thing you had explained it. The "imponderable things of God" are those which have no weight, no substance—which cannot be weighted, or measured, or even conceived of; and I thought that I knew what the great lecturer meant. But I did not! The "imponderable things of God" are things you cannot understand, or weigh, or compress into your punny human mind. Well, "force" is one of the "imponderables," and the law of gravitation is an expression of something we cannot understand.

Now listen to me carefully, and see if you can understand what I mean. I think I understand what I am going to say; but if I am not able to make it clear to you, it is a sign that it is not really clear to me. If there was only the force of gravitation at work, the moon would fall into the earth, for the pull of the earth would soon pull the moon down. If there was only the force of gravitation at work, the sun would pull the earth towards it, and we should tumble into the mighty flaming sun, and all the world would blaze into nothing in a very short time.

When I say "into nothing" I do not mean that, because nothing is ever destroyed. You cannot reduce "something" to "nothing," no matter what you do. If you burn a ton of coal, you think it has been reduced to "noth-

ing"; but that is quite wrong. In burning the coal you set free the heat that was in it, and change the black shining coal to gas, to heat, to motion, to energy, to many possible things; but the oxygen and the hydrogen, and the carbon and sulphur in the coal, have simply changed their form. They are not destroyed. You can never destroy anything. Force and matter are quite indestructible. They cannot be destroyed; nothing can be destroyed. Everything changes, but nothing ever is or ever can be destroyed. Is that clear to you?

If this world fell into the sun, it would be destroyed as a world, though it would still exist as gas. But it would not have been destroyed. You will need to think that out; but I do not expect you are going to understand, in one lesson, what I am trying to make plain. I only hope to set you to thinking and inquiring further. You must not believe what I tell you just because I have told you. You must prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good.

I said that if there was only the force of gravitation at work, all things would fly together. The earth and the sun would fly together, and the stars would collide and smash up, and the entire universe would come to destruction—to final and hopeless rest. They do not tend that way at all, and what keeps them from ruin is the existence of ENERGY. I do not know what energy is, any more than I know what gravitation is; but I know that it exists. That is, I know what it does.

Like matter and motion, like gravity and time, it is "imponderable." Energy does the exact opposite of gravitation. Or, if you like to give it the name Edward Clodd gives it, then it does the opposite of FORCE. Energy drives things out; force pulls them back. I have seen a burning mountain—a volcano—throw vast clouds of white-hot boiling lava up into the air, for hundreds of feet. What drove it up into the air like that was energy. But it all came back to the earth very soon, for the law of force was at work pulling it back.

For fear you think I am making this up out of my own hear, let me quote Edward Clodd on this subject, for he wrote *The Story of Creation*, and he was a very clever man. His book has gone through about eight edi-



tions, and many thousand copies have been issued by the R. P. A. in their cheap six-penny reprints, so it must be a good book!

Mr. Clodd says: "Motion throughout the universe is produced or destroyed, quickened or retarded, increased or lessened, by two indestructible powers of opposite nature—(a) Force, and (b) Energy. For the present purpose Force it defined as that which produces or quickens motion, binding together two or more particles of ponderable matter, and which retards or resists motions tending to separate such particles. When force acts between visible masses of matter, large or small, distant or near, it is called gravitation; when it acts between the molecules composing masses, it called molecular attraction or cohesion; when it acts between the atoms, uniting them chemically into molecules, it is called chemical attraction, or affinity."

I do not suppose that it is very clear to you, for when I recall the trouble I had to remember the difference between atoms and molecules, between electrons and ions, I know that you will be all in a state of muddle. But do not be discouraged. I am not going to try to explain all those differences here; that would be quite out of the question. What I do want you to understand is that there are two forces at work in the world; one we will call "Force," and the other "Eenergy." But you have also got to remember that names are nothing except signposts. They explain nothnig. They are only to show you the path. Bear this in mind, that there are two opposing forces in the world which keep things moving. One pulls, the other pushes. One draws together, the other separates. Those two forces are what called the world into existence. Those are the giants of my story, but they are such wonderful giants that I want to bow down to them and worship them, for they express, to me, all the miracle of the universe.

There is nothing more wonderful anywhere than the existence of these two giants. They are the cause of all that is—of rain and rivers, of volcanoes and earthquakes, of tital waves and floods, and joy and woe, and life and death. They are so wonderful, so vast, so imponderable, yet so simple. We talk as if they were mysteries, and so they are. But the simplest thing in the world is a mystery. Your pet lamb eats grass and drinks water,

but it changes the grass and water into lamb and wool. How? You eat the dead lamb, and change it into live girl. How? You eat lamb and green peas and potatoes, and you change them into skin and hair, into bones and muscles, into toe-nails and finger-nails and into ideas and conduct and emotion—but how? You are a miracle yourself—an expression of the mystery of everything in the world, even the very simplest. You think that my friends, Force and Energy, are mysterious. Yes, they are; but not more mysterious than you are yourself.

Take glass of water and try to find out what it is, and you will stand face to face with the mystery of the universe. Water is composed of two gases. Do you believe that? It is formed from the gas oxygen, which is a fiery, savage gas, and the light, flighty gas, called hydrogen. If you put some acid in fresh water, and put electric wires into it, you can separate the two gases, and turn the water into invisible gas. Is that wonderful? Is it a miracle? Some man had an idea of separating the sea water into its constituent gases, and driving the ship with the gas instead of steam, and doing away with coal.

Now listen to this: All living things are largely composed of water. Edward Clodd says: "All living matter is largely made up of water, the average proportion ranging from seventy to ninety per cent; but in the jelly-fish it is about four hundred to one."

Let me go a step further, and tell you that all matter—everything—came from gas. But I had better leave you at that for the moment, had I not?

(To be continued)

## I NEED YOUR HELP!



# Borut je hodil v prvi razred

Ana Furlanova

V velikem mestu ob morju je stala v vzvišenem predmestju velika šola. Štiri nadstropja je imela in dva vhoda. Enega za dečke, enega za deklice.

Tisto leto, ko je imel iti naš Borut v prvi razred, so meni določili prvi razred na dekliški strani. Za vsako mater je velik praznik, ko ji gre otrok prvič v šolo. Tudi zame je bil. In nekoliko me je skrbelo. Kakor živo srebro je bil naš prvi sin. Črne oči so se mu bliskale, nikoli ni bil pri miru, jezik pa zelo hiter za vprašanja in odgovore. In sva pričela. Lepo sem mu prigovarjala, kako in kaj, in lepo je poslušal, in zdelo se je, da je vse v redu. Mnogo mi je bilo do tega, da mi ne bo v sramoto. Kot sin učiteljice bi moral biti vendar vzgled vsem drugim. Na voglu sva se ločila vsako jutro.

Komaj sva bila narazen, komaj sem si pripravila stvari na mizo, pa je že bil pri meni:

“Mama, jaz pa nimam svinčnika.”

Drugi dan mi je prišel povedat, da nima robca. Tretji dan mi je prinesel svojo malico, češ da ni prav nič lačen. Bila sem huda in mu skušala dopovedati, naj nikar ne hodi na dekliško stran. Povedal mi je tole:

“Veš, mama, jaz bom pa rajši hodil k tebi v šolo.”

Izkazalo se je, da se je o tem pogajal s svojo učiteljico. Šla sem k njej in Borut je nama obema povedal razlog.

“Veš, mama, jaz bi šel k tebi, ker je tam Ksenija, ki jo poznam. In gospodična se mi ne zdi nič huda. In če si ti zame zadosti dobra mama za doma, zakaj pa bi moral imeti v šoli drugo učiteljico?”

Njegova gospodična ga je peljala po razredih in mu pokazala, da so punčke s punčkami, dečki pa z dečki in zanj velja isto pravilo.

Ostal je seveda v deškem razredu, radi so ga imeli, vedno je bil nasmejan in ljubeznjiv in uslužen, poznali pa so ga po vsej šoli.

Nekega dne je planil v moj razred večji deček in rekel:

“Gospa, hitro pridite v Borutov razred. Borut je tako udaril svojega sošolca po nosu, da je ves krvav.”

Šla sem in našla Boruta sedečega z rokami v žepu. Blizu je bil deček, ki si je izmival svoj nos z vodo. In učiteljica in šolski voditelj. Vse je izgledalo po strogi sodbi in meni ni bilo nič prav. Voditelj, velik, močan mož, je strogo vprašal Boruta:

“Sedaj pa ti povej, kako je prišlo do tega.”

Borut pa se je obrnil k meni:

“Veš, mama, tebi bom povedal. Ti veš, mama, kakšna je Saturnia.”

Saturnia je bila največja motorna ladja, ki so jo štirinajst dni prej spustili v morje.

“Ti veš, da ima Saturnia en sam dimnik. Pogovarjala sva se s tem dečkom in on je trdil, da ima dva. Saj sem vendar videl, da ima samo enega, in to vidim vsak dan, ko grem na sprehod. Skušal sem mu to dopovedati zlepa, pa je trdil, da ima dva, jaz pa enega, on zopet dva, dokler mi ni bilo zadosti in sem mu eno primazal. Kako pa hočeš drugače, če si ne da dopovedati. . .”

Hitro sem stopila tik pred Boruta, da ni videl, kako naglo se je voditelj obrnil in odšel iz razreda, ker se ni mogel vzdržati smeha. Tudi tega ni smel videti, kako se njegova učiteljica zabava. Razložila sem mu, da zaradi različnega mnenja deček ne sme lopniti drugega takoj po nosu tako, da se mu vlije kri. Resno mi je odgovoril:

“Saj ga nisem tako hudo; meni se le zdi, da ima tak nos, ki nič ne zdrži.”

Tri leta sva še hodila z Borutom v isto šolo. Potem pa so jo Italijani zaprli in slovenski otroci nimajo več svoje šole.

Še to vam povem, kako je Borut ob koncu tretjega razreda šel delat izpit na italijansko šolo. Otroci iz slovenske šole, ki so namepravali študirati dalje, so morali ob koncu vsakega leta polagati na italijanski šoli izpit. Pri zadnjem izpitu se je skušal posebno uveljaviti, tako da ga je italijanski učitelj vprašal:

“Ali si ti najpridnejši v svojem razredu?”

Pa se je Borut odrezal:

“O še dolgo ne. V naši šoli so vsi pametni in pridni, še dosti bolj od mene, jaz sem komaj srednjih eden.”

To mi je povedal učitelj sam, ko sem prišla po Borutovo spričevalo.

# Birthdays of the Great Men

By Louis Beniger

## *Alfred Tennyson*

Alfred Tennyson, the great English poet, was born on August 6, 1809, at Somersby, England. His father was a clergyman and Alfred received a good grammar and high school education. Young Tennyson gathered his first impressions of nature in the surrounding country, softly rolling, richly wooded, full of green lanes and quiet streams, on the sea-coast of Lincolnshire. His power of observation, ripening with his years, made him a keen interpreter of nature's moods.

Tennyson had early determined to devote his life to poetry. At the age of twelve he wrote his first poem, at fourteen a drama in blank verse, and at eighteen, in conjunction with his brother, he published his first volume entitled "Poems by Two Brothers."

At the age of nineteen Tennyson entered Trinity College at Cambridge and the following year won a medal for his poem called "Timbuctoo." The following year, in 1829, he published his first independent volume, a group of verse-studies in melody and pictures, including "Claribel," "Mariana" and "Recollections," which revealed a new music, rich, dreamy, and interesting.

In 1830 Tennyson and his friend volunteered in the army of the Spanish revolutionaries in the Pyrenees, with the aim of carrying money to the insurgents. Tennyson found in the scenery of the Pyrenees the inspiration for his poem "Oenone." After he returned from Spain he published a second volume of poems, which included "The Lady of Shalott," "The Lotus Eaters," "The Dream of Fair Women," and others, all of which showed a rapidly developing and already exquisite art. The volume also contained a series of idylls of English life, with which he was destined to gain his widest popularity.

While these early poems won for Tennyson the enthusiastic admiration of a small group of young writers, the critics greeted him with an outburst of ridicule. Tennyson, always intensely sensitive to criticism, determined to be silent until he could overwhelm his opponents by a decisive triumph, and for the next ten long years—published nothing.

These ten years were for Tennyson years of trial and privation. The family property was swept away by an unfortunate investment, and the death of his best friend threw him back upon the problems of human life. But in this struggle his nature grew strong and his work took on a lofty seriousness of tone and new depth of meaning. Thus after ten years of silence, by 1842, he was ready to lay the fruit of his toil before the world.

The two volumes of poems which he published the same year took both the critics and the world by storm. The series of idylls was increased by several new poems. Moreover, in the poems "Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights" and "Love Thou Thy Land," Tennyson made a declaration of his political faith. It was a stern and ardent love of freedom, mingled with a veneration of old institutions and a distrust of violence. However, several of his poems in these volumes, particularly "Break, Break, Break," show a moving and lovely lyric.

Tennyson's greatest poetic works are: "In Memoriam," an epic of the inner life; "The Princess," dealing with the question of higher education for women; "Locksley Hall," "Morte d'Arthur," "Maud," "The Palace of Art" and "Crossing the Bar." He also wrote several plays: "The Falcon," "The Cup," "Becket," "The Promise of May" and "The Foresters" (produced in New York in 1892 with considerable success). In such poems as "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Revenge" and "The Relief of Lucknow," he ministered to national pride and courage.

Tennyson's appearance and personality was very striking, his voice musical, and his love for sports was great. He is considered as the representative of his age in English literature. He shared in social changes and took interest in the movements of his time. As a poet, he belongs to the classical group of Keats and Milton. In 1850 he was named poet laureate and in 1855 he received the honorary degree of D. C. L. at Oxford.

Alfred Tennyson died on October 6, 1892, at Wight, England, and was buried in Westminster Abbey beside Chaucer (first English poet, 1340-1400).



# OSLOVSKO ODLIKOVANJE

Pol metra nastežaj, tri korake navzven in četrte ure pešpoti postrani naredi enainaindesetega aprila in prišel boš — tako mi mojih starih čevljev — prišel boš do čudežnega mesta, ki se mu pravi in reče — o, odkri se dragi bralec, ko izgovoriš njegovo ime — ki se mu torej pravi in reče: Cigu-migu. Stvarno in edinstveno je to ime in če je že ime, je mesto tudi, kajpada.

Cigu-migčani so premožni ljudje. Vsak Cigu-migčan ti ima doma pod vzglavjem pet škrnicljev brez dna, suhega zlata in vsak škrnicelj je zvrhan do samega dna in še čez. In krasno podnebnje ti imajo! V mestu Cigu-migu namreč nikdar ne pada moker dež — vedno suh. Poleg tega ti imajo meščanje — tako mi moje sive brade — centralno kurjavo za vsako sobo in peč posebej. Mimogrede bi še omenil, da zajtrkujejo na tešč in večerjajo zvečer. Za zajtrk imajo polovico zemlje namočene v šnopsu, za večerjo pa ostalo polovico zemlje in drobtine namočene v kuhanem vinu. Obedujejo vedno točno ob poltrinajstih dopoldne od poldesetih, do poldevetih.

In je to čista, neskajljena, gola resnica. Skratka — garantirano čista roba. V krstnih bukvah stoji ali sedi zapisano, naj tistemu, ki bi o tem dvomil, popoka vsak poldrugi las na glavi.

V mestu Cigu-migu je vladal slavni kralj Fuks-faks in njegov prvi minister je bil dr. Bau-bau. Modro je vladal kralj Fuks-faks svoji državi. Pred vsem je mnogo štedil z denarjem, oziroma premoženjem svojega kraljestva. Videl je, koliko se ponoči potroši na razsvetljavi. Dal je prst v usta, oziroma usta natanknil na prst in mislil. Naredil je dva koraka na šest kilometrov dolgem izprehodu, po svoji sobi in po tem sprehodu se mu je lice razjasnilo. "Uh-ha-ho-he-hi!" je dejal ter dal razglasiti, da imajo radi štedenja vse svetiljke po ulicah goreti namesto ponoči podnevi.

In je imel kralj Fuks-faks svojega dvorskega norca — Suho južino. Kadar se je Suha južina srečal, oziroma srečala s kraljem Fuks-faksom, ga je vedno švrknil, oziroma ošvrknila — z besedami seveda. Niti pred vsemi dvorjani se ga ni bal. Kralj je vedel, da mu tedaj ne sme zameriti, ampak mu je zameril. Celu sklenil je, da ga bo enkrat za vsa ta neprestana zafrkavanja pošteno izplačal. Razmišljal je in razmišljal. Možgani so mu radi tega neprestanega razmišljanja začeli kar cmakati. A končno se je le domislil. Navdušeno je skočil v zrak in ostal bi v zraku, ako ne bi padel na tla. Odprl je usta — ko je namreč izgovoril besedico "ali" — in držal odprta vse dotlej, dokler jih ni zopet zaprl.

Na imenitni pojedini, ki se je je udeležilo vse imenitnejše cigu-migčansko občinstvo — s fraki in cilindri vred — je kralj vstal, potrkal z nožem po krožniku in obmolnila je vsa dvorana. In Nj. Vel. Fuks-faks je dejalo: "Eden mojih najboljših dvorjanikov je moj dvorski norec Suha južina. Zato mu bom takoj — pred vsemi svo-

jimi — zvestimi — dvorjaniki in podaniki", (pri teh besedah se je kralj globoko priklonil in se udaril z nosom ob krožnik) "podelil odlikovanje njegovega zaščitnika, svetovalca in slavnega vzornika." Kraljevo lice je zadobilo svečan izraz. Vtaknil je palec desne in mezinec leve roke v usta in zažvižgal svojemu prvemu ministru dr. Rin-tin-tinu. Ta je priskočil in izročil kralju majhen zavitek. Kralj ga je razgrnil po mizi. Na papirju je bila živo naslikana oslovska glava. Osel je imel razširjene nosnice in je pihal skozi nje, ušesa so mu štrlela pokonci, režal se je in kazal zobe, jezik mu je s strani nalahno molel ven. S svečano kretinjo je pripel kralj to odlikovanje na junaška prsa Suhe južine. "Edini si v mojem kraljestvu, ki nosiš tako odlikovanje. Vreden si tolikšne časti!" je dejal kralj in mu čestital. Nato je odšel iz dvorane. Bal se je, da mu norec ne bi povedal kakšne žaltave.

Vsa dvorana je stiskala glave — še celo polknici pri oknu sta krčevito in korenito tresknili druga ob drugo — kajti vedel je vsakdo, da je kralj svojega norca "odlikoval" le zato, ker se mu je hotel osvetiti za njegova neprestana norčevanja.

Suha južina se je globoko priklonil na vse štiri strani. Nato je velel privedi iz hlevov osla. Velel ga je postaviti na tisto mesto, kjer je sedel poprej kralj. Osel je medtem neprestano rignal, strigel z ušesi in počenjal še marsikakšne stvari, ki spadajo med pritikline oslovske slike.

Norec, Suha južina, se je nasproti oslu globoko priklonil. "Vaše Veličanstvo!" je dejal. (Osel je pri teh besedah milostno zarigal). "Razumem, da ste pri izbiri odlikovanja za mojo malenkost prebdeli mnogo noči. Razumem, da ste se končno odločili, da sliko na odlikovanju posnamete po lastni osebi, ker, Veličanstvo, ste prepričani, da je Vaša oseba najimenitnejša v Vašem kraljestvu. To je popolnoma logično. Zato se Vam, Veličanstvo, najodličnejše zahvaljujem. To odlikovanje, za katerega ste bili toliko prijazni, da ste ga posneli po lastni podobi, bom vedno nosil s spoštovanjem. Vsakemu, ki me bo začudeno vprašal za pojasnilo, bom pojasnil to stvar takole: "Kralj me ima rad in mi je izročil tale medaljon za spomin. To je naslikana "namreč njegova lastna oseba."

Nato je dvorski norec prijazno potrepljal osla po glavi in mu dal jesti iz krožnika, iz katerega je poprej jedel kralj . . .

Zgodila se je pa ta stvar v čudežnem mestu Cigu-migu. Je popolnoma izključeno, da bi se zgodila kje drugje. Kajti kralji nimajo več na svojih dvorih ne norcev ne oslov v hlevih. Takšne posebnosti si lahko privoščijo samo kralj v mestu Cigu-migu. Kajti njegovi podaniki so premožni ljudje: vsak ti ima pod zglavjem pet škrnicljev brez dna, suhega zlata in vsak škrnicelj je zvrhan do samega dna in še čez.—Napisal D. R.



# ZAKLADI SVETA

Najboljši les—tikov les

Priredil Pavel Kunaver

Še enkrat vas povabim s seboj v pragozd jugovzhodne Azije—v Zadnjo Indijo—v kraje, kjer je povsod doma gosta džungla s svojimi neštetimi rastlinami in živalmi in kjer si je pridni človek tu in tam napravil prostor za svoja rodovitna riževa in druga polja. Toda tudi oni pragozdovi, polni nevarnosti za človeka, dajejo premnogo koristnega lesa, lesa kakršnega ostali svet ne premore. To je **tikov les**, ki slovi po vsem svetu zaradi svojih izrednih lastnosti in vsestranske uporabnosti. Še mnogo bolj je uporaben kakor naša smreka, trpežen pa neprimerno bolj! Neki znamenit znanstvenik je na vprašanje, kateri les bi on izbral, rekel tole: "Če bi moral zbirati med lesovi vsega sveta za izdelovanje lesenih potrebščin na zemlji, bi izbral samo tikov les." In kakor bomo tudi mi iz naslednjega spoznali, je imel prav.

Oglejmo si še enkrat deželo in njene vremenske posebnosti, ki odločujejo pri rasti tega znamenitega lesa. Dežela leži v vročem pasu naše zemlje in sonce žge dolgo časa navpično na to ozemlje. Toda iz silnega oceana, ki leži na njenem jugu, prinašajo topli vetrovi v deževni dobi toliko vlage v deželo, da pada v gotovih krajih do petkrat toliko dežja na leto kakor pri nas. Vse rastline v tem času bujno uspevajo. Težje pa jim je, ko nastopi suha doba. Tedaj se tudi po gozdovih vnamejo hudi požari in zamore mongo mladik. Tako se godi tudi tikovim sadikam, ki so vzklike iz semena, v kolikor ga nalivi niso odnesli v reke. Tako ostanejo le najmočnejše in najtrdoživejše sadike v pragozdu, kjer se začne zanje trd boj in tekmovanje z drugimi rastlinami, ki vse hrepene navzgor k soncu. Tudi tu zmagajo samo najboljše rastline in med prvimi junaki je tikovo drevo, ki si pribori svobodno pot med tekmece v višavo. Premnogo drugih dreves ostane pod njim in uživa manj svetlobe od njega. S svojo trdoživostjo se je razširil zato po vsem gričevnatem svetu Zadnje Indije od silne Himalaje doli do Indijskega oceana in uspeva od morske gladine do višine tisoč metrov nad morjem.

Oglejmo si sedaj drevo samo, da ga bomo mogli pravilno ceniti. Kljub temu, da stopamo po pragozdu, ki ima nešteto vrst dreves, ga bomo takoj spoznali: pred nami se vzpne drevo, visoko večinoma malone kakor Ljubljanski grad—do petdeset metrov. Toda zaman iščemo niže doli vej! Deblo je ravno in gladko kakor sveča in šele visoko gori, trideset in več metrov nad koreninami, se prične nerazsežna krošnja—a tudi od tod dalje do vrha ostane deblo večinoma krasno ravno. Pa še ena posebnost: recimo, da je deblo pri tleh en meter debelo. Tam gori, kjer se prično veje, znaša debelina še vedno osemdeset centimetrov! Dobe pa se velikani, ki so po tri metre debeli in so temu primerno tudi visoki!

Tikovo drevo je tudi zelo lepo, ko cvete, in zanimivo je, ker ima skoraj en meter dolge liste.

Semena daje mnogo, a silni nalivi ga premnogo uničijo.

Spravljanje in sekanje tikovih dreves pa ni tako enostavno, kakor pri nas podiranje in odvažanje smrekovih hlodov. Pragozd je gostejši in poln podrtih velikanskih dreves. Težko je prodiranje po njem, a vendar morajo gozdarji z delavci križem prehoditi tiste gozdove, kjer uspeva tikovo drevo. Seveda so za tako delo sposobni samo najbolj utrjeni belci in pa domačini. Pa še nekaj je potrebno za to delo—poštenost! Tikov les je tako dragocen in tako zaželen po vsem svetu, da se poslužujejo veletrgovci tudi podkupovanja—da bi gozdarji označili več dreves za seko, kot je predpisano. A oblast zelo strogo nadzira sekanje in tudi prodajanje tika!

Kadar najde gozdar primerno zrelo in veliko tikovo drevo, ga označi in delavci ga "umore." To naredijo tako, da ga spodaj olupijo, da se posuši. Posušiti pa se mora. Tikov les je namreč zelo težak, a večji del pota do žag mora napraviti po reki. Svež bi gotovo kar potonil v globini veletokov; zato pa puste umorjeno drevo tri leta na mestu in ga šele nato požagajo ali posekajo. Po navodilih gozdarjev ga nato tam na mestu razžagajo na hlode take velikosti, kakršne morejo nato spraviti do vode.

To pa je izredno težavno delo. Pragozd je gost in poln zaprek. Poleg tega je tudi pokrajina hribovita in mestoma skalnata. Zato mora včasih tudi dinamit pomagati, da odstranijo velike skale s steza, po katerih nameravajo spravljati tikov les v dolino. Zaman pa bi bilo, če bi hoteli narediti taka pota, kakršna imamo pri nas. V silnem deževju bi se hitro izpremenila v blatno močvirje. Pa tudi naša živina in konji ne bi mogli prav ničesar opraviti tam, ker bi vse poginilo od trpljenja, pomanjkanje krme in pod pretežkimi bremenmi. Silno delo morejo opraviti samo—sloni. To so vam delavci! Ponižni, skromni in silno močni. Dragi pa so tudi, kajti mlada samica bi v našem denarju veljala 60.000 dinarjev, a za dobrega samca je treba odšteti še enkrat toliko. Pa se izplača, kajti slon dolgo živi in dolga je doba, ko dela s polno močjo in za vse to ne zahteva mnogo. Ko so sloni mesece dolgo v džungli pri delu, se kar sami prehranjujejo. Mahavti—njihovi gonjači—jih namreč po vsakodnevem delu kar našenejo v goščavo, kjer najdejo bogato pogrnjeno mizo, saj uspeva tam poleg dreves tudi nešteto drugih sočnih in dobrih zelišč.

Zjutraj, ko je čas, da odidejo na delo, zberejo mahavti svoje krotke živali z lahkoto in jih odženo v kraje, kjer so drvarji že pripravili hlode. Vsak hloed je na koncu prevrtan in skozi luknjo vtaknejo verigo. Od velikosti hloda pa je odvisno, koliko slonov je treba, da spravijo hloed do vode. Za nekatere velikane je treba tudi štiri slone. Odvisno pa je mnogo tudi od steze in pokrajine. Včasih stane res mnogo truda, da privlečejo deblo do kraja, kjer ga odnese voda dalje.

(Dalje na 25. strani)

# STAMP COLLECTING

## "Win the War" Stamp



The Post Office Department issued July 4th a special 3-cent purple "Win the War" stamp. The collectors will like this stamp with its dandy design as a memento of the World War No. 2.

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### Are You Collecting War-Censorship Covers?

Mail-censorship covers are not only being collected by stamp and cover collectors but, because they contain letters from American service men and women, they are receiving a high degree of attention from all who have relatives serving with United States forces in so many parts of the world.

The only mail that bears censorship marks and labels is that which comes from outside the United States proper, whether from a territory or possession of from a foreign country. It is the rule that censored mail, from a foreign country (but not from the armed forces) to a domestic company or individual, bear a printed label used to seal the envelope, at the left end, after the censor has examined the contents.

These labels bear the censor's number, and the prevalent types read, "Examined by 2243" or whatever the censor's number, or read, "Opened by Examiner 2243."

Perhaps the most interesting are the hand-stamped marks, such as are used by the Army and Navy on letters from members of our armed forces. These bear different forms and in addition to the hand stamps the postmarks carry other interesting information.

For example, a letter from Iceland carries an oblong purple stamp, but the postmark reads, "American Base Forces, A. P. O. 810," together with hour, month, day and year. An air-mail letter from Pearl Harbor has a double-line circle in blue and the large postmark with four bars reads "U. S. NAVY" and the date.

### Official Comment

Speaking before the Georgia Chapter of the National Association of Postmasters, First Assistant

Postmaster General Ambrose O'Connell made this comment about mail censorship:

"With our entrance into the war, censorship of foreign mail was instituted as a war measure. The administration of the censorship should be clearly understood by every postmaster and postal employee. The actual censorship of the mail is not a function of the postal service. That responsibility has been delegated to the director of censorship.

"The administrative work of censoring the mail is carried out under his direction. . . . Mail to be censored is delivered by the postmaster upon requisition at these (designated) points to censorship officials, who promptly inspect and review it. . . . The postal service does not employ, transfer, or have any voice in the matter of censorship personnel."  
—Clark Collard.

## Important Don't's

### Read Them Twice, Thrice

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### The Right Answer

Teacher: "Children, can any of you tell me what is the most dangerous part of an automobile?"

Tommy: "Yes, miss. It is the driver."

\*

Browne: "I haven't been feeling at all well, doctor."

Doctor: "But you're looking perfectly splendid."

Browne: "I know. But it takes all my strength to keep up appearances."

# FOUR NEW SNPJ MEMBERS

Original Playlet

By **Zora Gostovich**,

age 14, of Raton, New Mexico. She says "the Prosveta and the Mladinski List have inspired me to write this playlet."

## CHARACTERS:

<b>Barbara</b> , age 14	} Slovene family
<b>Edward</b> , age 12	
<b>Father</b>	
<b>Mother</b>	
<b>Stefie</b> , age 14, also Slovene, and a helpful next door neighbor	

**SCENE:** In the Slovene family's living room. In the room are: a couch, a matching chair, a rocking chair, a lamp, one or two rugs, a few pictures on the wall, one, preferably two doors, scattered newspapers and magazines on couch and two chairs, also a small table with old magazines on it.

As the curtain opens, Barbara enters the room and goes from one piece of furniture to the other looking for something to read. She sits down on the couch rather disgusted.

**BARBARA:** The same old magazines and newspapers over and over again. I wish I had something new to read. I get tired of reading old articles so many times. (Rises and walks around.) This house seems full of "junk" that is as old or even older than Christopher Columbus. (Soon knock is heard, and Barbara rushes to door) Why, hello, Stefie! You're just the person to cheer me when I'm in trouble.

**STEFIE:** (Seriously) Barbara, are you in trouble? What's the matter now? Please tell me.

**BARBARA:** Let's sit down and I'll tell you. (Both sit down) Do you notice all these old magazines and newspapers around here? I'm simply tired of reading old material, but I haven't anything else to do.

**STEFIE:** (Nodding) Yes, I see that you would be. (Brief pause) Do you belong to the SNPJ?

**BARBARA:** (Surprised) Goodness! S.N.P.J. I've never heard of such a thing!

**STEFIE:** (Astonished) You haven't!

**BARBARA:** (Curiously) No. Would you please tell me? Is that a building or a club?

**STEFIE:** (Smiling) Heavens no! It's a very large and beneficial organization—a fraternal organization. A week ago when I learned you were a Slovene, I thought you, your brother, and parents belonged.

**BARBARA:** Tell me more about it. I'm eager to know.

**STEFIE:** If your family joined, you would receive a wonderful monthly magazine, the Mladinski List. Therefore, you and your brother would have interesting articles to read. You would not only read it, but meanwhile you would learn many useful things. Your mother and father would each receive the weekly paper, the Prosveta. This is an excellent paper and is much better than most newspapers, for the Prosveta contains no falsehoods.—The SNPJ helps its members when they are ill. If a child dies, the parents are paid. Oh, yes! I forgot to tell you about one of the most interesting things. You and your brother could belong to the Juvenile Circle in this very town. You can never imagine how much fun we have. (Edward enters a little before Stefie finishes talking)

**EDWARD:** Jabber, jabber. That's all, girls, now. (Looks around) Anything to look at around here?

**BARBARA:** Hush! Stefie was just telling me a way in which we could have interesting and profitable articles to read.

**EDWARD:** (Thrilled) Really! Please tell me, Barbara.

**BARBARA:** It's only a matter of belonging to the S.N.P.J. I'm almost positive Mother and Father would be glad to join. I'll call them now and tell them all about it. (Goes out calling, "Father, Mother." Returns quickly with Mother and Father)

**MOTHER:** (Entering; astonished) What's the matter, Barbara!



BARBARA: Stefie was telling me about a great organization, the S. N. P. J. She said that if we belonged, I would receive the Mladinski List, a monthly juvenile magazine; and you and father would each receive the Prosveta, the official weekly paper published by the S.N.P.J.

STEFIE: Yes, that's right. And by the way, the Prosveta is also a daily paper. You could get the daily also.

FATHER: (Inquisitively) That sounds like a mighty fine organization. Of course, I have heard about the S.N.P.J. before and also about the Prosveta. Stefie, where could I get all the information about it?

STEFIE: I am very sure our Lodge Secretary would be very glad to help you. If you wish, I will ask him to come to your house sometime tomorrow to discuss it with you. (Rises) Wait just a minute while I run to my house to get a few Mladinski Lists and the newest Prosvetas. (Goes out)

EDWARD: It seems too good to be true.

MOTHER: It surely does. Here comes Stefie now!

STEFIE: (Enters) Here are some Mladinski Lists for Barbara and Edward (hands each one a few) and here are two Prosvetas for you (hands one to mother and one to father). Look them over. (They look them over)

EDWARD: Father! These magazines are swell.

BARBARA: (Interrupting) Look, Mother! Don't they look interesting?

FATHER: This surely looks like a good newspaper, doesn't it, Mother?

MOTHER: I should say it does!

STEFIE: (Turning to go) I must be going now.

FATHER: Thanks for the newspapers and magazines. Don't forget to tell your Lodge Secretary to come to our house tomorrow. I am sure we'll join.

STEFIE: I surely will. Good-by.

ALL: Good-by.

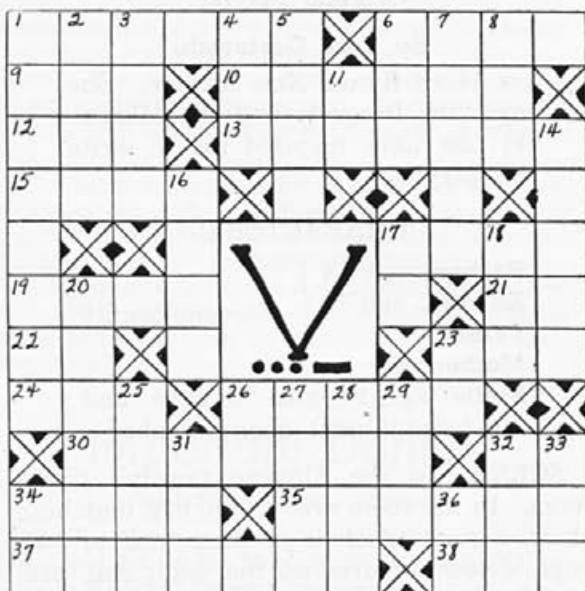
(CURTAIN closes as Stefie goes out)

ZORA GOSTOVICH, 14, lodge 297,  
Box 531, Raton, New Mexico.

### ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Zora Gostovich, Box 531, Raton, New Mexico.

Age 14, Lodge 297.



#### ACROSS

1—That which is remembered. 6—Most common and useful of metals. 9—An aviator destroying five enemy airplanes. 10—Pertaining to the aorta. 12—National Recovery Administration (abbr.). 13—Third day of the week. 15—Not bright or clear to the eye. 17—Verbal. 19—Lateral outgrowth of stem or branch. 21—Papa (abbr.). 22—Preposition meaning amidst. 23—Female of domestic fowl. 24—No. 26—To accord. 29—Infectious disease (fever and small red spots on skin). 31—Neuter pronoun of third person. 33—Apprehension of evil or danger. 34—To tempt by offer of something good. 35—Fully prepared. 36—Small Japanese coin.

#### DOWN

1—Musical instrument of guitar kind. 2—Having appearance of unbleached stuff. 3—Ground grain. 4—Destructive rodent of gray or black color. 5—Belonging to you. 6—Possessive adjective of it. 7—One who rides a horse. 8—South American herb with tuberous root resembling the potato. 14—Chinese flower of magnolia species. 16—Opposite to right. 17—Correlative of either. 18—Tailless monkey. 20—Colored substance used in coating surface of metals. 23—Third person, masculine gender. 25—Period during which earth makes one complete revolution around the sun. 26—Adverb meaning like. 27—Joyous. 28—Trust. 29—English Speaking Lodge (abbr.). 30—A verb in the conjugation of to be. 31—Anger. 32—Twice ten. 33—Sub-dominant of any major key. 35—Objective case plural of pronoun of the first person.

(Answers on inside back cover page.)



# JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg

Make a glass of cool lemonade this hot summer day, and then try to work out the following puzzles. You'll really have to think hard on some of them because they're pretty hard this month. However, don't give up trying for you're sure to arrive at the correct answer sooner or later.

## QUIZZERS

1. Mr. Brown weighed 100 pounds. He had two sons, Jim and John, that weighed 50 pounds apiece. They wanted to cross a river in a boat that would only carry 100 pounds. How did they do it?

2. Billy and Bob are 27 miles apart and set out at the same time. They came together in 9 hours when they walked the same direction. If they walk opposite directions, they come together in 3 hours. What are their walking speeds?

3. The Great Divide runs through the: a—Black Hills; b—Rocky Mountains; c—White Mountains; d—Smoky Mountains.

4. The man who discovered that the blood circulates through the body was: a—Louis Pasteur; b—William Harvey; c—Dr. Mayo.

\* \* \*

## FAMOUS PHRASES

Out of the present conflict various personages have expressed phrases exemplifying the spirit of our fighting nation. You have heard or read them many times, now can you complete them?

1. American aviator—"Saw sub, \_\_\_\_\_ same."
2. McArthur—"I must keep the soldier's \_\_\_\_\_."
3. You help someone you know  
When you give to the \_\_\_\_\_.
4. Churchill—"I can't promise you anything but blood, sweat and \_\_\_\_\_."
5. Save the scrap  
To lick the \_\_\_\_\_.
6. Keep 'em \_\_\_\_\_.

\* \* \*

## WORLD WAR NO. 2

1. The U. S. S. Lexington was sunk. This was an American: a—gunboat; b—aircraft carrier; c—bomber.

2. Sevastopol, a city of strategic importance, is located in: a—China; b—Russia; c—Australia; d—Canada.

3. Tobruk is situated in: a—Asia, b—Africa, c—South America.

4. What is a caisson?

5. What medal was awarded Brig. Gen. James Doolittle?

6. What is the title of a non-commissioned officer who commands a squad?

## BOYS AND GIRLS—ARE YOU HELPING TO WIN THE WAR?

### WAYS IN WHICH TO HELP:

1. Be a salvage \_\_\_\_\_.
2. Keep fit and \_\_\_\_\_ the right food.
3. Buy war \_\_\_\_\_ and bonds.
4. Walk and spare the family \_\_\_\_\_.
5. Rubber goods should be kept in a \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ place.
6. Don't spread \_\_\_\_\_ don't help the \_\_\_\_\_.
7. War stamps may be bought for \_\_\_\_\_ c; \_\_\_\_\_ c; \$ \_\_\_\_\_; \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

\* \* \*

## SHORT POEMS

(See if you can complete the following)

1. To keep 'em flying  
Let's keep war stamp \_\_\_\_\_.
2. A grand old man  
Is Uncle \_\_\_\_\_.
3. August heat  
is hard to \_\_\_\_\_.
4. Victory gardens grow real trim  
If you tend them with vigor and \_\_\_\_\_.
5. With August here  
\_\_\_\_\_ is near.

\* \* \*

## TWISTERS

Here the words in the first and second columns got mixed up, but if you can find the correct word in the second column to match the first, your Twister puzzle will be complete.

- |                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. George Washington  | Baggy pants and shoes |
| 2. Abe Lincoln        | Cloak                 |
| 3. Capt. John Smith   | Delaware River        |
| 4. Charlie Chaplin    | Rail splitter         |
| 5. Sir Walter Raleigh | Pochantas             |

\* \* \*

## TONGUE TWISTERS

Sue sat still till she sewed six silver shiny shoes on several shiny seals.

Fritz fetched fresh fish from Frank's free fishery.

Beulah blew big blue bubbles on her beautiful rubber bubble blower.

(Answers to questions on Just for Fun Page are on inside cover page)

## OUR FRONTISPIECE

The front cover drawing of this issue of the ML, presented in colors, is by Zora Gostovich, age 14, Raton, New Mexico, a member of Lodge No. 297. She calls it "Yucca, New Mexico State Flower."

# OUR SCHOOL

## OUR SCHOOL ACHIEVEMENT CONTEST

To strive for worthwhile goals not for material reward, but for the enjoyment and self-satisfaction one derives from the doing, is an outstanding achievement.

### RULES FOR 1942

1. A sum of \$400 has been appropriated for awards for Juvenile members who will contribute to the OUR SCHOOL ACHIEVEMENT CONTEST during 1942.

2. All contributions shall be grouped into two classes, LITERARY and DRAWINGS. The literary class shall consist of Letters to the Editor, stories, news articles, essays and poems, while Drawings shall include cartoons, games, cross-word puzzles, etc., done up in India ink. Contributions in either Class may be rejected if deemed unacceptable by the Editor.

3. Every contributor must be a member of the Juvenile Department of the SNPJ and may submit as many original contributions as is his desire. Each contribution must be signed by the member, who, also, must state his age and number of the Lodge or Circle.

4. All achievement awards shall be distributed after the conclusion of the contest. Two attractive trophies, each emblematic of the highest individual literary achievement, shall be awarded to the two members, preferably a boy and girl, chosen as the outstanding writers of the year. Similar awards shall be made to the two members who shall contribute the best and most original drawings. All

other prize winners will receive other valuable achievement awards designated by the Juvenile Director and approved by the Supreme Executive Committee.

5. A special feature of the OUR SCHOOL ACHIEVEMENT CONTEST shall be the "Our Page" section for Juvenile Circles. The purpose of this feature is to encourage boys and girls, who are members of active Juvenile Circles, to work together and combine their written ideas, plans, drawings, etc., under a common heading for the benefit of the whole Circle. The same rules shall apply here as to individual contributions; whether submitted individually or collectively they shall lose none of their value when winners are selected and awards distributed.

6. Any Circle can have its own "Our Page" by enclosing a request to the Editor along with the contributions, and provided that two or more members share in its composition.

7. A trophy, emblematic of the highest OUR SCHOOL group achievement, shall be awarded to the Circle, whose members have contributed the best and most original literary contributions and drawings. Trophies shall also be awarded to Circles winning second and third place honors.

8. To qualify for one of the final achievement awards, members are required to contribute to not less than six issues of the Mladinski List during the year. Three contributions in as many different issues in the same period shall entitle one to an attractive SNPJ Junior pin.

9. The publication of contributions in OUR SCHOOL is not an indication that they will be awarded prizes; contributions appearing elsewhere, either in the Mladinski List or the Prosveta, although intended for OUR SCHOOL, will be awarded under the same rules if qualifying.

10. All contributions shall be judged for originality, choice and treatment of subject, and composition. The judges of the contest are the Juvenile Director, Editor and Supreme President.

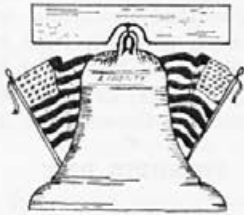
11. Every contribution must be in the hands of the Editor by the first of the month if intended for the issue of the Mladinski List of the following month.



THE SAILBOAT

Drawn by Eugene Skoff, age 17, Cicero, Ill.  
Lodge 559.

# BUY WAR BONDS TO KEEP THE



# RINGING

SELF-EXPLANATORY

Drawn by **Edw. O'Korn**, age 16, Sharon, Pa.  
Lodge 262, Circle 21.

## AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE

For a long time I had dreamed of some day seeing in person, some famous artist in the field of music. There was one singer especially that I had a longing to see. I heard him over the radio several times, and his rich tenor voice filled me with dreams of far away, leaving me floating on white clouds, as it were, entirely unconscious of my material surroundings.

One day I learned that the possessor of that voice was coming to sing in a neighboring city. From that time until I was actually seated in the large theater, where he was to sing, I lived in a world of dreams. My food consisted of nectar and honey. One dress which I particularly hated because it was an ugly faded red turned a beautiful primrose hue. My work was done without my knowing it.

Suddenly sitting in the balcony, I heard a mighty clapping of hands as I saw two people coming across the stage to take their places; one at the piano, and one near it. I looked eagerly at the one, who undoubtedly was the singer. Was he really the man whom I have come to see and hear? Was this stoutish person with the round face and somewhat baldheaded the one to whom I had listened over the radio? There was no such man as the one I had come to see. I had made him up, picturing him from his voice.

When the artist began to sing with his beautiful, familiar voice, it seemed not to belong to him, but

as the music continued, I forgot his appearance as he carried me away to a field of battle, to the side of a babbling brook, or to a country wedding festival.

This was the first time that I had come face to face with the familiar saying, "The great are not necessarily beautiful."

VICTORIA AMBROZIC, 15, lodge 88,  
R. D. 5, Box 424, Crafton, Pa.

## LET'S ALL HELP AMERICA

Everyone living in America should perform some useful service to show his loyalty. Buying war stamps and bonds is one of the best ways a child or grownup can show that they love America and want her to win the war.

Some of the other ways to help America is by saving waste paper and contributing to the various drives. Another good way to help America is to grow Victory Gardens.

We all ought to be glad that we live in a democracy where we can exercise our civil rights. If we were ruled by a dictator, I should think no one can tolerate the abuse you would receive for saying something.

A good American appreciates what his government does for him, is loyal, courageous, fair, and intelligent.

We should practice the Golden Rule, earn an honest living for ourselves and our departments, cooperate, and help our authorities.

Our duties during war are many as our duties are during peace. Let's do our duty and help America win the war!

Also, get more new members for the SNPJ. It also helps America by protecting its citizens.

AGNES SALOUM, 14, lodge 89,  
R. D. No. 1, Bulger, Pa.

## RIDDLES

What is that dogs have and nothing else has?—Puppies.

Take two letters from a five-lettered word and have one left.—Take S and T from stone and have one left.



PLAYING AT SEASHORE

Drawn by **Violet Machek**, age 15, McDonald, Pa.  
Lodge 231.

What lives in winter, dies in summer and grows upside down?—An icicle.

What is the surest way to keep water from coming into your house?—Don't pay your water bill.

On what side of a greenhouse does a cypress tree grow?—The outside.

Why does a blow leave a blue mark when it is over?—The past of blow is blew.

What does a girl look for that she doesn't want to find?—A run in her stocking.

What relation is a doormat to a doorstep?—Step-father.

What kind of hen lays the longest?—A dead one.

Why is ink like a pig? Both belong in a pen.

When is a soldier charitable?—When he presents arms.

What speaks every language?—An echo.

What answer can never be answered "yes"?—Are you sleeping?

LOUIS NOVAK, 13, lodge 490,  
9118 Burley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### MOUNT MCKINLEY PARK

Mount McKinley National Park, situated in south-central Alaska, was created by Act of Congress approved Feb. 26, 1917, and on Jan. 30, 1922, was enlarged to 2645 square miles. On March 19, 1932, Congress approved an extension on the north



ATTACKING

Drawn by John Matekovich, age 15, Gowanda,  
N. Y. Circle 40.

and east sides, enlarging it to its present area of 3,030 square miles.

The principal scenic feature of the park is mighty Mount McKinley, the highest peak on the North American Continent. This majestic mountain rears its snow-covered head high into the clouds, reaching an altitude of 20,300 feet above sea level, and rises 17,000 feet above timber line. On its north and west sides McKinley rises abruptly from a plateau only 2,500 to 3,000 feet high. For two-thirds of the way down from its summit it is enveloped in snow throughout the year.

Near Mt. McKinley are Mount Foraker, 17,000 feet; Mount Hunter, 14,960 feet, and Mount Russell, 11,600 feet above sea level.

Mount McKinley is crowned by two peaks. The south pinnacle is 20,300 feet in altitude, and the north peak is only 300 feet lower. The first attempts to conquer the mountain were made in 1903. In 1913 and again in 1930 two men succeeded in reaching both peaks for the first time.

FRANCES R. M. ZITKO, 14, lodge 223,  
P. O. Box 562, Greensburg, Pa.

### HOBBIES PAY

Many times we sisters may urge our brothers to throw the junk they stuff their trouser pockets with out. Or mother is left to shake out the terrible collection of junk on wash day which to her means more unnecessary work.

I wonder how many of us ever thought that a very good hobby could be started with that pile of junk? Probably out of all that junk there is one thing we might be interested in saving and collecting more of its kind later on.

The urge to collect things is universal. It isn't confined to only one person. Statesmen and presidents as well as small children feel that urge.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt has a fine collection of stamps. Theodore Roosevelt was interested in collecting first editions of books. The strangest hobby of any that I've heard of is that of a man who collected some sinister objects: rocks, guns, bombs, etc.

One does not have to collect things to have a hobby. Many people are interested in gardening. The amateur photographer may be doing his work for his own enjoyment, but his hobby could find him a job.

I myself have been collecting picture postcards for about two years. My collection isn't very large though, and I would appreciate receiving any cards you other fans care to send. In return I shall be very glad to send you some cards of Pennsylvania. So come on, fans!

VIOLET MAE MASLEK, 17, lodge 122,  
341 Park Street, Aliquippa, Pa.

### MARK TIDD

There was a boy who moved to Wicksville. He was very smart. His name was Mark Tidd and he stuttered. He was also very fat. Later he became acquainted with three boys, Rallow, Plunk and Benny.

Together they went to a cave for a little trip.



On their trip they decided to get some butternuts and when they came back there was a print in the sand. They thought it was a wildman. One day they caught him stealing their food. He was very scared and said his name was Sammy. While they were on their trip, Mark's father had invented a turbine. It had been stolen. Mark and his friends found out who stole the turbine. They made plans on how to get the turbine back.

Finally, Sammy got the turbine back and Mr. Tidd sold it. Sammy ran away and Mark and Tallow were great heroes.

GEORGIE MARIE MOCIVNIK, 10, lodge 24,  
P. O. Box 86, Jenny Lind, Ark.

### MATCHES

Men lived for ages without matches. All fires were started by rubbing two pieces of wood together until the kindling temperature was reached, or by producing a spark with flint and steel from which a piece of timber could be set on fire.

In the seventeenth century someone showed that sulphur can be used to help start fires because it starts to burn at a much lower temperature than wood. But it was not until 1823 before the first match was invented.

Today the consumption of matches is 700,000,000 every 24 hours in the United States. Phosphorus is used in making all modern matches.

GEORGIE MARIE MOCIVNIK, 10, lodge 24,  
P. O. Box 86, Jenny Lind, Ark.

### POSTAL SERVICE

Among a progressive people, carrying ideas is just as important as carrying goods. When any system of carrying messages at regular times is in operation, we have a postal system. When Benjamin Franklin was put in charge of mail in the colonies, the history of our post office began.

Today our post office departments employ more people than any other branch of the national government. Its postmasters, their assistants, the clerks, city carriers, rural carriers, and railroad mail clerks count up to 300,000. A large number of these positions is filled only after a civil service examination. No state or private citizen may undertake to do this work in competition with the national government.

Through our membership in the universal Postal Union we are linked up with practically all the nations of the world.

JOHNNIE MOCIVNIK, 13, lodge 24,  
P. O. Box 86, Jenny Lind, Ark.

### THE RAILROAD

The "iron horse on rails," was a vital step in the improvement of transportation. George Stephenson, an English miner, made the first successful locomotive. In 1825 the first steam railroad in England began operation. Four years later America saw its first locomotive.

Soon after 1850 lines had been constructed so that one might travel from Boston to Chicago. After the Civil War the construction of western

railroads went on at an extraordinary rate. Today there is a network of railroad lines reaching into every corner of the country.

Although railroads remain to be the chief transportation means besides the motor vehicles, the airplane is fast coming into practical use.

ERNESTINE MOCIVNIK, 15, lodge 24,  
P. O. Box 86, Jenny Lind, Ark.

### SALUTE THE FLAG

What does the flag mean to you,  
The one that waves overhead;  
That which is red, white and blue  
And a real pleasing red.

Do you take your hat off and salute  
The flag hanging high above;  
And do you shout and root  
For the red, white and blue with love.

Are you always loyal, kind and true  
To the red, white and blue—  
Loyal hearts are beating high  
When the flag is passing by.

ANNIE CRETNIK, 15, lodge 24,  
R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.



RODEO TIME

Drawn by Bill Baltazar, age 17, Butte, Mont.  
Lodge 249.



ONE THAT DIDN'T GET AWAY

Drawn by **Bill Baltezar**, age 17, Butte, Mont.  
Lodge 249.

### STAGES OF ECONOMIC PROGRESS

1—Hunting and Fishing Stage. 2—Pastoral Stage. 3—Agricultural Stage. 4—Handicraft or Small Tool Stage. 5—Industrial Stage or Machine Age.

These stages soon developed gradually. The first stage was when man depended on wild animals for food. The second stage was when man began to tame animals. The third stage was when man planted seeds to make crops to eat.

The fourth stage was when man began to devote his entire attention to making things by hand with the help of small tools.

The fifth stage is the stage in which we now live.

**JOHNNIE MOCIVNIK**, 13, lodge 24,  
P. O. Box 86, Jenny Lind, Ark.

### STRANGER THAN MAN

One of the strange facts about bears (except grizzlies) is that their claws match the normal color of their hair. A black bear always has black claws, a brown one has brown claws, and so on—and they do their own manicuring!

Amazing as it may seem, mountain lions are still to be found in the Everglades of Florida. They are not as big as the Western cats but big and tough enough to put up a good scrap.

Hindus have a trunkful of tricks to recondition second-hand elephants that are for sale. Body scars made by a poorly fitted howdah (elephant

saddle) are covered with dyes; fancy chalk designs hide injuries on his head and face; foot cracks are filled with putty and even missing toes are glued on. In fact, this last is the most important part of the reconditioning. If an elephant does not have the proper number of toes his market value is seriously affected.

The beaver may appear docile but he is a scrapper. When aroused he will readily engage in a fight with his greatest aquatic enemy, the otter—sometimes to the death of both of them. And a beaver can kill a dog, too, if the dog tries to battle him in the water.

**ROSIE MATKO**, 15, lodge 560,  
Rte. 1, Box 244, Hoquiam, Wash.

### AUGUST

What does August remind you of?

Hay rides and hay ride shoves,  
The grasshoppers buzzing all around,  
And you barefoot, walking on the ground.  
People swimming in ponds and lakes,  
Getting sunburned, for goodness sakes!

Others are camping in the shade,  
While many are playing tennis and  
Millions are working in industries  
And thousands are in the armed forces.  
There are many sailors on the sea;  
Next month there's school for you and me.

**HELEN BOZANIC**, 17, lodge 393,  
R. F. D. 3, Worcester, N. Y.

### AN IMMIGRANT SALUTES THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

By **Helen B. Davis**

I am an immigrant—a refugee  
Seeking freedom from oppression;  
Seeking sanctuary under the protection  
Of this Statue. I have plowed  
The arid fields, and borne upon my back  
Great burdens that have cowed  
My spirit. I have seen of little children  
The breathing skeletons  
Dying from starvation, and the lean  
Wild look of hungry men. I have lived  
In dim dark places where the sheen  
Of sunlight never penetrates.

Now, I came to this vast shore,  
To these United States of America,  
A suppliant, begging for freedom—  
Greatful for the welcome of an open door.  
Statue—you mean to me  
Protection, Liberty,  
A chance to work—not like a beast,  
But as a man works. You are the very root  
Of courage and democracy.  
Great Statue of the Free,  
Emblem of Liberty—  
I salute thee!

Submitted by

**MARGIE KUPINA**, age (?), lodge 147  
1383 E. 41st St., Cleveland, O.

**BANANAS**

Bananas are grown in tropical climates where there is a lot of rainfall. The banana trees are large stocks from which the leaves unroll. They start from the center and grow upward reaching a length of 10 to 15 ft. The fruit grows in clusters which contain 9 to 15 small bunches. First a long stem with clusters of colored flowers appear. The young bananas follow the flowers and turn upward. The bananas are picked green so they won't spoil before they get to market.

VIRGINIA BARTON, 14, lodge 231,  
R. D. 4, McDonald, Pa.

**EVENTS AND BIRTHDAYS IN AUGUST**

- Aug. 1, 1790—First National census started.  
 Aug. 3, 1492—Columbus sailed from Spain.  
 Aug. 9, 1642—First commencement Harvard College.  
 Aug. 11, 1807—Fulton's steamboat trial trip.  
 Aug. 15, 1914—Panama Canal opened.  
 Aug. 23, 1818—New U. S. Capitol building started.  
 Aug. 25, 1888—Photographic film invented.  
 Aug. 28, 1859—Peroleum discovered.  
 Aug. 1, 1779—Francis Scott Key, composer, born.  
 Aug. 2, 1854—Marion Crawford, novelist.  
 Aug. 9, 1593—Isaak Walton, the Angler.  
 Aug. 15, 1879—Ethel Barrymore, actress.  
 Aug. 17, 1870—Julia Marlow, actress.  
 Aug. 20, 1833—Benjamin Harrison, president.  
 Aug. 21, 1910—Mark Twain, author, died.  
 Aug. 28, 1749—Johann W. Goethe, poet.  
 Aug. 29, 1809—O. W. Holmes, author.

ANNIE CRETNIK, 15, lodge 24,  
R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.

**IRWING BERLIN**

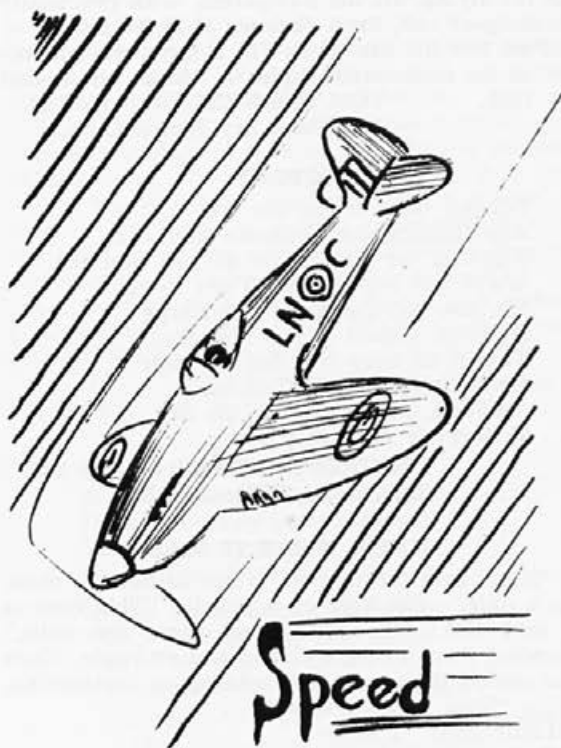
Irwing Berlin has won honor for himself by writing songs which are sung by millions of our people.

He was born in Russia on May 11, 1888. His name was Irwing Baline. He was brought to America at the age of five, in 1893. He received his elementary education in New York City.

His climb to success in music began at the age of 12 when he would sometimes sing for pennies. He also sold newspapers. At 14 he was a singing waiter in a restaurant and later began to compose songs. He became famous at 23 in 1911 when he wrote "Alexander's Ragtime Band." When America entered the World War, Berlin went to Camp Upton, L. I. The camp's necessity was an auditorium so entertainment could be provided for the soldiers. Berlin wrote a musical comedy, went to New York, made the song a hit, and returned to camp with the necessary money to build an auditorium.

He has written more than 750 songs, creating success after success, making it possible for him to start his own firm. Other popular songs that he composed are: "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," "What'll I Do?," "All Alone," "Always," "Russian Lullaby," etc.

In 1938, shortly after his return from a visit in Europe, he made an attempt to write a song

**FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM**

Drawn by **Bill Baltezar**, age 17, Butte, Mont.  
Lodge 249.

thanking for America. He found an old tune he had written in 1917, rewrote some of the words, thus composing "God Bless America," the song that has become the most popular in America.

Since then Irwing Berlin has written "Any Bonds Today" for the Treasury Department, "Angels of Mercy" for the Red Cross, and many more songs patriotic Americans are singing everywhere.

EVELYN TERSELIC, 12, lodge 39,  
2714 S. Homan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**PILOT WILEY POST**

A youngster by the name of Wiley Post, working as a driller in the Oklahoma oil fields, lost an eye in an accident, got \$2,000 in settlement, bought a second-hand airplane and after one hour and forty minutes instruction considered himself a full-fledged pilot. He began to make aviation history when, in 1930, he won the Chicago-Los Angeles Air Derby in 9 hours-9 minutes.

In 1931 his name blazed from headlines when he and Harold Gatty in the "Winnie Mae," a single engine, Wasp-powered Lockheed Vega, flew around the world in 8 days, 15 hours and 51 minutes.

The next year Post electrified the world by circling the globe alone, in the same plane, in the amazing time of 7 days, 18 hours and 49 minutes! This feat, unequalled before or since, is all the more remarkable when we consider that Post did



all the flying, all the navigation, with practically no sleep or rest, for a distance of 15,596 miles.

Post lost his life with Will Rogers, the humorist, in an exploration flight to Alaska on August 10, 1935.

TOM GORNICK, 10, lodge 629,  
331 Third St., Trafford, Pa.

### VICTORY!

All our boys across the sea  
Are fighting the Germans and Japs,  
Fighting for the rights of you and me.  
We've got soldiers, we'll get more.  
We also got the Army Air Corps  
And the United States Marines.  
They'll all keep the flag on high  
By fighting for the U. S. A.  
On land, on sea and in the sky.  
Victory! is what they say.

VIRGINIA BARTON, 14, lodge 231,  
R. D. No. 4, McDonald, Pa.

### KNEW WHAT IT WAS

"This," said the teacher to her arithmetic class, "is a unit." She held up a pencil. "This book is a unit also," she said, "and these are units," showing them a rule, a flower and an apple. Then she peeled the apple and, holding up the peeling, said: "Now, what is this?"

Little Bill: "I know."

Teacher: "Well, William, what is it?"

Bill: "The skin of a unit."

\* \* \*

Sonny: "Father, what's a counter irritant?"

Father: "A counter irritant must be a person who shops all day and doesn't buy anything."

DOLORES UDOVIC, 13, lodge 573,  
R. 1, Box 90, La Salle, Ill.

### NEW AND OLD JOKES

A Frenchman was telling his experience while studying the English language. He said:

"When I first discovered that if I was quick, I was fast; that if I was tied, I was fast; if I spent too freely, I was fast; and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence 'The first one won one one-dollar prize'—I gave up trying."

\* \* \*

Smith: Which travels faster, heat or cold?"

Jones: "Heat."

Smith: "What makes you think so?"

Jones: "Because you can catch cold."

\* \* \*

John: "My brother takes up French, Italian, German, and Portuguese."

Bill: "Gosh, he must be smart."

John: "Oh, he doesn't study them. He runs an elevator."

\* \* \*

Diner: "Waiter, do you have frog's legs?"

Waiter: "No, sir; it's my rheumatism that makes me walk that way."

EVELYN TERSELIC, 12, lodge 39,  
2714 S. Homan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### THAT DAY TO COME

There will come a day, when we shall have won  
The greatest conflict beneath the sun,  
The Second World War is its name,  
And we'll tell you this is not a game.

There will come a day when freedom will ring,  
And songs of peace we all shall sing,  
Soldiers will come from far and near,  
Of their great adventures we all shall hear.

There will come a day when skies shall be lighted,  
And peace in the future will also be brightened,  
So don't be impatient, just wait and wait,  
For that day of peace will be at your gate.

Submitted by

FLORENCE ALICH, 15, lodge 111,  
Box 607, Aurora, Minnesota.

### SUMMERTIME

As I go a-walking  
On a bright and sunny day;  
The crows begin their squawking  
As they fly over the bay.

The birds are sweetly singing  
On the old apple tree;  
While the children are swinging  
With all their joy and glee.

Now let me tell you something else  
That will linger in your mind;  
Any time you hear Christmas Bells,  
Remember the Good Old Summer Time.

Submitted by

ANDREW RUPNICK, 14, lodge 122,  
104 Maple Ave., Aliquippa, Pa.

### OUR INDEPENDENCE

Independence Day, which we celebrated last month as our national holiday, commemorates the birth of the nation. It is the anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. Strange as it may seem, the Fourth of July is not a national legal holiday as no legislation declaring it to be such has ever been enacted by Congress. However, the day is celebrated throughout the Union and in all states except Kansas, Kentucky, Mississippi and South Carolina it has been designated a legal holiday by statute. In these four states it is observed by consent.

For many years it was customary to celebrate this day of national rejoicing by spectacular displays of fireworks and by firing of cannons, pistols, firecrackers and other instruments of noise. This mode of commemoration often caused loss of life and serious injuries and a great national crusade was begun to work a reform in the matter. As a result a "sane" Fourth now prevails in most states.

This year more than ever before the Fourth of July was observed by interesting programs in most communities, and the Stars and Stripes were seen floating on public buildings and homes throughout the land.

FRANCES STAMBAL, 16, lodge 21,  
Sharon, Pennsylvania.



**VICTORY**

The night was dark,  
The sky was bright,  
The clouds were floating,  
They looked so white.

I saw a figure in the air,  
A plane, flying everywhere.  
Something was floating down,  
I heard a roaring sound.

Then came the bright dawn,  
I saw him uttering a moan.  
'Twas a soldier crying loud:  
Victory! Victory! was his sound.

JOANNE LENCEK, age (?), Circle 16,  
Thomas, West Virginia.

**THE NAVY**

Proudly plowing the rough blue sea,  
Never knowing your destiny.  
Your stars and stripes fly bravely,  
As on you pass so gravely.

To all the brave and fearless boys,  
To all the boys in blue,  
May your hearts be filled with courage,  
As you sail to something new.

A thousand miles from gladness,  
A thousand miles from home.  
I wonder of what you're thinking,  
As you glide through the snow-white foam.

And with the flag unfurled.  
Our hearts are with you boys,  
Think of dear America,  
Queen of the flaming world.

FLORENCE LIPAR, 17, lodge 393,  
R. D. 1, Hyndsville, N. Y.

**THE UNITED STATES ARMY**

When George Washington took command of the American forces besieging Boston in July, 1775, it marked the beginning of the United States Army. The militias of the thirteen colonies were now united for the first time in one army under one leader. For the next eight years the developments and the ultimate success of the Continental Army in the field were due to a great extent to Washington's personal efforts.

Every schoolboy knows the story of the American Army's part in the War for Independence. After the Revolution that Army was discharged. Ever since then it was the practice of maintaining a small peacetime Army, capable of rapid expansion in time of emergency.

The Constitution designates the President Commander-in-chief of the Army of the United States, but only Congress can determine its size and appropriate the money to maintain the military establishment.

Besides the Army, which consists of six components, we have a Navy, Coast Guard, and the Air Corps. In war time Army Air corps may cooperate with air units of the Navy.

We have the Field Artillery, the Coast Artillery, the Cavalry, the Infantry, etc. Coast Artillery regiments are of two kinds—harbor defense and anti-aircraft. The Air Corps units are organized into subflights, groups and wings.

At the present our armed forces number well over two million men in all branches of military organizations. By the end of this year it is estimated that the total will reach three million or more. Our Army is rapidly expanding because the need to protect our far-flung fronts is great and because we have a tough foe to beat.

Let us hope that our armed forces will make a good account of themselves wherever they may be, and we know they will.

ZITA BOZANIC, 15, lodge 393,  
R. F. D. 3, Worcester, N. Y.

**DADDY'S MEMORY**

A corn cob pipe, an old straw hat,  
Under the tree my daddy sat,  
Thinking of days long ago,  
Of the time he was a little boy.

In the woods was a swimming pool,  
Where he'd go and skip school.  
But he learned his lesson and  
Never again did he skip school.

CAROLINE TAVZELJ, 12, lodge 518,  
1425 McKinstry, Detroit, Mich.

**AUGUST**

In the month of August,  
There is so much to see;  
All kinds of beautiful flowers,  
And birds flying from tree to tree.

There are berries on the branches,  
The vegetables, fruits are ripening;  
When we put in the cellar full,  
We will all be happily rejoicing.

So in the month of August,  
While there is much to do;  
It is not really only us  
You see—it is Nature, too.

MARGARET POLONCIC, 15, lodge 124,  
R. F. D. 2, Union Dale, Pa.

**UNCLE SAM WILL WIN!**

Our Uncle Sam is marching to war.  
Mobilizing his forces for security.  
We'll help to preserve peace once more,  
By crushing the Nazi-Fascist ferocity.

We'll keep our freedom at any cost,  
Deliver all peoples from Axis might.  
The barbarians know their war is lost,  
When Uncle Sam really began to fight.

All true Americans resolve today:  
We'll help our brave fighters to win.  
We'll do our duty come what may,  
Because we know Uncle Sam will win!

WILLIAM SMOLICH, 17, lodge 613,  
31 Church Street, Herminie, Pa.

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



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

## VIOLET RAYS CIRCLE NO. 18

WEST ALLIS, WIS.—One thing is certain, and that is that Circle No. 18 is not sleeping any more. You can see that this is true by this letter, and by all our contributions that will follow.

It is true, also, that our members have been slumbering a while, but our Manager's—Mrs. Ambrozich's—efforts have waked us from our "deep sleep." And from now on—"Watch our smoke!"

Baseball is to be the prevailing sport for our boys this summer. I will not take it into my hands and state in certain terms whether their scores are to be as high as our hopes are. For we are at the end of a rope when we try to contrive means of "picking big boys for our team" as there are not enough to constitute a team of approximately one age.

The girls will try to play badminton this summer, anyway, the discussion is under way. The members of our Circle are from several sections of Milwaukee, West Allis, and also the Town of Greenfield. However, we will try to put our discussions into effect. There is no harm in trying anyway.

We had a picnic for the SNPJ members on Mother's Day. Everybody had a grand time, we gathered, as several people had thus expressed themselves. We had grand entertainment, and I guess everybody had a pleasant time.

Our members are laying plans for a picnic "just for us." From the discussions so far, they have intimated a good degree of cooperation.

Our Circle has a fair reputation for its intelligence. One person reported the following bit of conversation between the coach and a "promising baseball star."

Coach: "Heavens sakes, N. H.! Why didn't you run the bases on that last hit you made? 'Twould

have been a homer at least! Next time we'll let the subs take your place."

N. H.: "Aw, have a heart. Didn't you hear that man say the bases were loaded? I ain't gonna endanger my life for any home run!"

We intend to make ourselves known soon, and I hope our plans follow through.

Our members will be awarded prizes for attendance at meetings and contributions to the Mladinski List and Prosveta, contributions to programs. Also, we are planning games after meetings to add to our scores.

After the last meeting, we had a phonograph and records out and several members stayed to dance. We also had refreshments. So long until next time.

MARY POTISK, Vice President  
2713 S. 71st St., West Allis, Wis.

## GOWANDA CIRCLE NO. 40

GOWANDA, N. Y.—Our Circle, No. 40, held its regular monthly meeting on Sunday, June 14. We were to go on a hike but it was too cold, so we had a picnic at Mentley's grove. Many people attended this picnic.

At every meeting we have a drawing for war stamps which are given away. It works like this. All the names of the members are put into a box, and someone draws a name. Fifty cents in war stamps is given away to the lucky person.

Now that school is out, almost everyone goes picking berries. It's a lot of fun when there are many kids together. We sing and yell all the way. Well, the berries weren't so good this year. Anyway, that's what I thought.

I wish to add that this is my third letter to this fine magazine, and I will keep on writing to the M. L. I am also enclosing some drawings which I hope will appear in the M. L. At this time I

wish to say hello to all my pen pals. Also, I wish H. Bogaty and J. Glavan would answer my letter. I would like to have more pen pals.

Our Circle meets on the second Sunday of each month at 2 o'clock in the afternoon at the Slovene Hall. The officers are: Phillip Sever, president; Henry Skrabec, vice president; Frances Smrke, recording secretary; Anne Stibil, treasurer. Our Manager is Rose Matekovich.

All members are urged to attend each and every Circle meeting. Our next meeting will be on Sunday, August 9, at 2 p. m.

LOTTIE LIGIECKI, Circle No. 40  
23 Beech St., Gowanda, N. Y.

#### FORM NEW CIRCLE IN EVELETH, MINN.

EVELETH, MINN.—The Juvenile members of the three SNPJ lodges of Eveleth have organized a Juvenile Circle. Mrs. Ursula Ambrozich, the 5th District Supreme Vice President, organized the Circle.

Our first meeting was held at 7 p. m. on June 9. There were THIRTY-FIVE members present at our first meeting. Officers were elected at this meeting and prizes of war stamps were given to four of the members present.

Mrs. Ambrozich gave the members ice-cream, pop, and cookies just before the meeting was adjourned. All of the members enjoyed the thought of beginning of a Circle in our town. Mary Stibel was elected as President of the Circle. I was elected the Manager of our Circle. I would appreciate it very much if other Managers would write and tell me what their Circle is doing. Please, fellow Managers, write to me. I should like to find out what other juvenile groups are doing. Maybe clubs can correspond with clubs (Circles) in other parts of the country and find out from the others just what they have done and accomplished.

I shall write again when we have our next meeting which was scheduled for July 7.

ELEANOR BEUTZ, Manager  
618½ Hayes St., Eveleth, Minn.

#### MIDWAY CIRCLE NO. 22 REPORTING

McDONALD, PA.—Reporting on our Juvenile Circle meeting which was held in the SNPJ Hall on June 26. We are to have a wiener roast in August, but the date has not as yet been set at this writing. Helen and John Prebeg won the quarter awards.

The Juvenile Circle took its hike on June 24 with 25 members present. We left the hall at ten o'clock forenoon and we came home at 4:30 in the afternoon. I'm sure that everyone had a good time. We were very glad that Mrs. Janeshek, our adviser, picked out a nice place for a picnic.

On Sunday, June 28, at Paradise Gardens, better known as Daniel's Farm, the two Western Pennsylvania SNPJ federations, Slovene and English, held their 7th annual SNPJ Day celebration and picnic. There were many speakers on the program and Mr. Vrhovnik was one of them. Juvenile Circles and Singing Societies from Sharon, Library, Pittsburgh and Midway entertained.

We had Martin Machak, our 5-year old singer, sing. Joan Cooper sang "I'll Be Back in a Year, Little Darlin'." Rose and Virginia Barton sang two Slovene songs, and I played an accordion solo. Our Marty Machak also sang a Slovene song. Good work, Marty.

I should like to have some pen pals, and I will answer their letters promptly. I am 13 years of age.

DONNA NAGODE, Rec. Sec'y,  
R. D. 4, McDonald, Pa.

#### ZAKLADI SVETA

(Nadaljevanje z 11. strani)

Teško bi bilo spraviti tikov les do človeških bivališč, če ne bi bilo vode! K sreči je zaradi obilnega dežja v Zadnji Indiji toliko rečic, rek in veletočkov, da za nadaljnjo pot in prevoz tikovih hlobov, kadar so na bregu, ni treba več dosti skrbeti. Sloni se morajo doli v dolini le še toliko truditi, da spravijo hlope zadosti globoko v vodo, kjer jih delavci povežejo v velike splave, in dalje gre vožnja po ogromni deželi navzdol proti morju. Tako hitro pa ne gre, kakor se to zgodi morda pri nas ali gori v Skandinavskih deželah! Včasih traja vlačenje in vožnja od štora do žage tam kje ob izlivu veletokov v oceanu do pet let!

Pa tudi žage niso, kakor naše navadne žage, ampak so podobne že celim tovarnam, ker imajo opraviti z žilavim, trdim in težkim lesom, velikimi hlobi in s silnimi množinami lesa. Tam na žagi pa ga je treba tudi že obdelati v naročne vrste, kajti neizmerno različne reči se dajo narediti iz njega. Tikov les je uporaben zaradi svojih izrednih lastnosti za vse. Te pomembne in zavidanje vredne lastnosti pa so: Tikov les je v vodi najbolj trpežen. Ko drug les že davno strohni, on še vztraja. Zato je najboljši za gradnjo ladij. Pa tudi na železnih veleparnikih uporabljajo danes v glavnem le tikov les. Celo na vojnih ladjah ga uporabljajo za palube, kjer so pokrite z železom. V toplih južnih morjih, kjer noben drug les ne vzdrži, delajo iz njega morske pomole, kjer pristajajo ladje. Pa ne upira se samo vodi, ampak tudi ogenj se ga ne prime rad! Še trohnoba se ga čudno ogiba! V Indiji so našli že do dva tisoč let stare kose tiko-vega lesa, ki so bili še vedno zdravi in trdni. Našli pa so tudi še vedno trdne do tisoč let stare hiše iz tega neuničljivega lesa.

V vročih krajih naše zemlje so žuželke, bele mravlje jim pravijo, ki požro vse, kar ni iz kovine, in uničijo tudi lesene zgradbe—a za čudo, tiko-vevu lesu ne store ničesar. Zato delajo iz njega shrambe, kjer se hranijo dragocene reči in listine; iz njega izdelujejo vrata, tla, stopnice in okenske okvire, ki jih ne uniči niti vlaga, niti trohnoba, niti žuželke. Izdelujejo pa tudi dragoceno krasno pohištvo, ki ima še to prednost pred drugim, izdelanim iz drugačnega lesa, da namreč krasno, prijetno diši! Pri tem pa je tako prožen in obenem trd, da tam, kjer ga vežejo s kovinami, ne popusti in se ne rani, a ga je kljub temu dokaj lahko obdelovati!

Zato ni torej čudno, da čakajo ob pristaniščih Zadnje Indije vedno številni parniki, ki odvažajo po vsem svetu najkoristnejši tikov les.



# Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

## ML's TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY

Dear Editor:—First, I wish to congratulate the Mladinski List on its twentieth birthday. I am sure that every Juvenile contributor will give some thought to this significant birthday.

As I was looking through the oldest issue I have and comparing it with the new one, it has made me wonder how a magazine could improve so much in such a short period of time. I have no idea what the first one was like, but I think it would look queer when compared with the new one. It made me wonder what it will be like six or even ten or twenty years from now! It seems as if it couldn't be better than it is at the present. However, since everything changes and strives for improvement there is no doubt that our magazine will also continue along this line.

Everyone who looks and reads the Mladinski List remarks what a wonderful magazine this is. They agree with me when I say, "Long may it live." I hope that the children that are small now and know nothing about the Mladinski List will enjoy it as much as I do now, and as I always will.

During the month of May, I was very busy with my lessons; as I think almost everyone else was, too. Now that school is out, I will have more time to write to the Mladinski List. Our school was out on May 29. This day proved definitely that I will be a sophomore next year.

I wish everyone a happy vacation, but I also wish they would help in doing work for Victory. I am sure that many boys and girls are doing as I am, raising a Victory Garden. Best regards to all.—**Zora Gostovich** (age 14), Box 31, Raton, New Mexico. (Lodge 297).

## SNAPS OUT OF LAZY SPELL

Dear Editor:—I really am ashamed of myself for not writing to the wonderful Mladinski List any sooner. The reason was that I forgot all about it until I went to the post office this very day and I saw a magazine that resembled the ML in our post office box.

Well, once again we are at ease and don't have to go to school for three whole months. This leaves everyone feeling quite grand especially in this hot weather. We haven't had any rain since 'way before spring came to Aguilar. Next term at school, my oldest sister will be a senior in Aguilar High School. My youngest sister will be in the eighth grade and I will be a junior in Aguilar High.

As I understand there will be another SNPJ Day at Rye, Colorado. All those who can secure a ride to Rye are going; since the tire shortage very few people are taking their cars.

Perhaps, if I snap out of my lazy spell, I will try to send quite a few contributions to the Mladinski List during the future months. Our Circle here is still holding its monthly meetings and we

hope the attendance will be greater. Best regards to all.—**Mitzi Kosernik**, Box 199, Aguilar, Colo. (Lodge 381, Circle 20.)

## COOLING OFF IN SUMMER

Dear Editor:—The hot summer months are here and will stay with us for quite a while. We "kids" often group together and go out for a cool swim in the nearby waters.

Some of my favorite radio programs are "Abbie's Irish Rose," "Grand Old Opera," "Stella Dallas" and "Young Widow Brown." I want to say that I was very glad to see my articles published in the M. L. I hope the rest of them will also be printed.

Before I close I would like to remind all the readers of the Mladinski List to write to this wonderful magazine during the hot summer months. Best regards to all.—**Ernestine Mocivnik** (age 15), Box 86, Jenny Lind, Ark. (Lodge 24.)

## SURROUNDED BY MOUNTAINS

Dear Editor:—I am very sorry to say that I have not kept my promise to write monthly to this magazine. But now that school is out, I will have more time to write. (I hate to think of school starting in September. I will be in the eighth grade.)

Next fall, when school starts, I am going to miss some of my pals who did not pass to the eighth grade. Maybe next year I won't pass and so I will be with them again. My girl friends and I go on a hike often; usually we plan a hike of 6 miles. But when we climb the first hill, we give up and eat our lunch. Then we are always home by 11:20 a. m. ready to eat again. We usually go to one of the girl's home or come to my house and play. It is a lot of fun to climb the mountains. We are surrounded by mountains—so there are many of them to climb.

I wish more pen pals would write to me. I promise to answer all letters. Best regards to all.—**Josephine Kosernik**, Box 199, Aguilar, Colo. (Lodge 381, Circle 20.)

## BRIEF INTRODUCTION

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L., and so, I would like to introduce myself to other members and readers of the magazine.

I am 16 years of age, will be 17 soon. I have chestnut hair and brown eyes. All of our family belong to the SNPJ lodge 128. I will be a senior in high school when it starts again, at the Brewster High.

This will be all for this time. I would like to have some pen pals around the same age as I am. Regards to all.—**Anna Samsa**, Box 261, Brewster, Ohio.

## GEORGIE WAS DISAPPOINTED

Dear Editor:—Here I am writing to this fine magazine again. I wish to ask why my other two articles weren't printed in the June issue? I was very disappointed. (You needn't be as they'll appear in future issues.—Ed.)



We live near Camp Chaffee. There are about 20,000 soldiers at the camp now. Many Army trucks and tanks go up the road close to our house each day. The rodeo that is being held at Fort Smith includes Oklahoma and Arkansas. My! but you should have seen the big crowd there.

My favorite sports are bicycle riding and swimming, although I can't swim very well. The summer sun is so hot that I'm getting tired of writing. So I'll close, with best regards to all.—**Georgie Marie Mocivnik** (age 11), Box 86, Jenny Lind, Ark.

#### PREFERS MOUNTAINS



Dear Editor:—I should be ashamed of myself for not writing to the M. L. for such a long time. Since we have moved I have been quite busy. Denver is such a different city from what I was used to. I still wish that we were living in the mountains.

In the fall I shall go to South High School which will be my senior year. I have one pen pal with whom I correspond regularly. I am enclosing a picture

of myself which I hope to see in the M. L.

I shall always remain a loyal reader of this fine magazine. Best regards to all.—**Betty Jane Svada**, 330 S. Pennsylvania St., Denver, Colo.

#### WAKE UP, KANSAS!

Dear Editor:—This is not my first letter to this fine magazine, and I hope not the last. I haven't seen many letters in the ML from Kansas, so I decided to write. Wake up, Kansas, and write to this fine magazine!

First I want to say hello to my fine pen pal Helen Bozich from Gilbert, Minn. I want to thank her for answering my letters so promptly.

I have one brother, Rudy, 22 years of age, in the U. S. Armed Forces. He was driving trucks in Fort Knox, Kentucky, then he was transferred to Fort Dix, N. J. But at present we do not know where he is. We know he is in some foreign country.

I really enjoy reading the Mladinski List. It is very interesting and educational. Keep up the good work, boys and girls, as it could not be without each and everyone's help.

I belong to SNPJ lodge 19 in West Mineral, Kans. I have been a member of this lodge for the last 15 years. We have our own Slovene Hall. On June 14 we had a big dance. In conclusion, I would like to hear from some pen pals "from all over." I promise to answer all letters promptly. My best regards to all ML readers and writers.—**Kathleen Potocnik**, Box 133, Cherokee, Kans.

#### MOTHER'S GARDEN

Dear Editor:—Our vacation started June 12. The weather is so hot out here; everyone goes swimming now. Mother's garden is very nice. We eat home-grown radishes, lettuce, and carrots.

We had our exams early and I was above my grade in all of them. I would like to know what happened to Tony Cvetan from McKeesport, Pa., and John Moran from Iowa. They were my pen pals. I was very glad to see a couple of my pen pals' letters in the M. L. I hope they keep it up. Best regards to all.—**Caroline Tavzelj** (age 12), 1424 McKinstry St., Detroit, Mich. (Lodge 513).

#### BICYCLE RIDING

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years of age and at the present I am in the 8th grade. Our school term ended on May 29.

My brother John is in the Army at Miami Beach, Fla., and my other brother, Frank, is working in a defense plant at Newark, N. J. Frank was home on May 30-31. He went back on Monday, June 1.

My favorite sport is bicycle riding. My Mother and Dad and brother John bought the bicycle for me. I will close now and I am sure that I will write again. My best regards to all.—**Leonard Gercher**, Box 22, Herminie, Pa.

#### "SENIORS AT SEA"

Dear Editor:—Yes, it's I again writing to the ML from Aurora, Minnesota, and telling a few things I think will interest others.

School is out, definitely out for this year. The 1942-43 school term will open in September. The weather is very nice here at times. We had quite a heavy frost which spoiled our lilacs. I certainly would like to go on some vacation this summer. But if the gas rationing is extended all over the country, we just won't be able to go.

On May 15, the High School Seniors had their class day. They used the idea of "Seniors at Sea" for their program. Their class song went to the tune of "Remember Pearl Harbor." Some of my girl friends and I have been doing a "lot" of bicycling. It is one of my favorite sports. I remain a proud SNPJ member.—**Florence Alich** (age 15), Box 607, Aurora, Minn. (Lodge 111.)

#### WORK FOR DEFENSE

Dear Editor:—I want to say "hi" to all members. On May 27, the Black Diamond Grade School had its annual graduation exercises. The class colors are blue and white, our class flower is the state flower rhododendrum, and song the Stars and Stripes Forever.

We had an accordion band. There were five accordion players including myself. My best girl friend's (Dawn's) father gave us our diplomas. I hope some day to play for the soldiers at Camp Fort Lewis.

All the children from 13 up are registering for farm work for defense. I hope you will all have a nice summer vacation, doing things for defense,

as I hope to do. I will say So long until next time. I remain a proud SNP'er—**Delma Tomsick** (age 13), Box 143, Black Diamond, Wash. (Lodge 57.)

#### VICTOR IS A TALL BOY

Dear Editor:—Although this is my first letter to the ML, I have been reading this fine magazine for a long time. I am 18 years old, have blue eyes and blond hair, and I am 6 ft. tall.

I want to thank Mary Strimlan of Library, Pa., for the article she wrote about the South Park NYA Center in the June issue. I have been a student at the NYA Center for five months. I entered the Center in January and left in June.

I would like to have a few pen pals and I would be glad to answer their letters. Best regards to all.—**Victor Raspet**, Box 203, Meadowlands, Pa. (Lodge 259.)

#### JOANNE'S "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I hope that I will receive many letters from other members who read this magazine. I haven't written to any pen pals, but I am intending to do so.

I have written two poems and am enclosing them in this letter. I hope that they will be accepted for publication in the M. L. I like the things that appear in this magazine—the poems, jokes, stories, and pictures are very good. I cannot read the articles written in Slovene, but would like to learn.

Of course, like so many others, I would like to receive letters from other members of this Society. Best regards to all.—**Joanne Lencek** (age 13), Box 16, Thomas, W. Va.

#### HER THIRD LETTER

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter I've written to the Mladinski List. It has been a very long time since my last letter appeared in this magazine. I think the ML is a wonderful magazine, especially its main features, "Birthdays," "Just for Fun" and "Our Pen Pals" pages.

Our school was out June 10 and I passed to the eighth grade. We were buying defense stamps. I have a bond and I am buying more stamps. I think it is a very good thing for every boy and girl, to buy war stamps and help win this war.

I wish that my three pen pals would write to me. They are Shirley Maron of Colorado, Frances Rogel of Alliance, Ohio, and Margaret Urbas of Frostburg, Maryland. I hope to hear from more pen pals, boys as well as girls. My regards to all.—**Frances Jean Strazisar** (age 12), R. D. 3, Box 245, Johnstown, Pa. (Lodge 82.)

#### IS BUYING WAR STAMPS

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I enjoy writing for this magazine. I want to thank the pen pals who wrote me letters, Ann Paks, Mary J. Medvesek, Sylvia Moenic, Helen Mance and Dorothy Hribar.

I was glad when I saw my letter in the M. L. I wrote to a girl whose letter was in the magazine,

but I never received an answer. I hope she'll answer soon. I would like to have more pen pals.

I enjoy riding a bike. I buy war stamps every week. Next time I will send a picture, or maybe a poem. Best regards to all.—**Bessie Theresa Zajec** (age 14), 1600 S. 1st St., Milwaukee, Wis.

#### NINE YEARS OLD TWINS

Dear Editor:—This is my very first letter to the Mladinski List. I am eight years old now, but I will be nine by the time this letter is published. My birthday is on July 26. And I have a twin sister. She will be nine years old, too. Best regards to all.—**Joy Daudet**, Box 96, Midway, Pa.

#### HER SIXTH LETTER

Dear Editor:—This is my sixth letter to this beloved magazine. I have enjoyed writing to the Mladinski List as well as reading it. I will write a letter to this magazine every month.

I want to say hello to Jennie Mayick, Erna Biston, Mildred Hotko, Mary Zdunich, Marsh Laumen, Ruth Hill, Mildred Gipela, Dorothy Pivac, Doris Munari, Anne Ales, Mike Karpen, Edward Wm. Lipovec, Diane Mahnic and Rose Sinkovich. I also want to say hello to the rest of my pen pals, whose names I didn't mention. Also to Louise Lekse and Eleanor Snidarsich. To those members who never wrote a letter to the ML, let's see your letters in there soon.

My collection of post-cards is increasing rather slowly. I would like to have a large collection of cards. Therefore, I am asking you pen pals from far and near to send me cards. How about it, Pen Pals? I will appreciate it very much. I am thanking you pen pals for sending me cards in advance. I am still waiting to hear from some pen pals from Florida and West Virginia. I am hoping to receive a batch of cards from all of you. Best wishes to each and every pen pal.—**Frances Kroper** (age 17), Box 384, Yukon, Pa.

#### WANTED: PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to this wonderful magazine. I am 13 years old, at this writing, but will be 14 in July, by the time this letter is published. I have brown hair and brown eyes. I will be freshman at the Homer City High School next fall.

I would like to receive letters from pen pals and will answer all letters. I want to say hello to Sylvia Moenic. I would like very much if Bessie Zajec would write to me.

My favorite sports are dancing and bicycle riding. Pen pals, don't forget to write to me. Regards to all.—**Dorothy Zajec**, 112 Oakland Ave., Homer City, Pa.

#### HAS MANY NEW FRIENDS

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the M. L. I am ten years old and passed to the sixth grade. I enjoy reading the poems and stories in this magazine.

Recently, we moved to Blanchard. I thought that I couldn't get any friends in the new community, but I have many. I would like to have

some pen pals. At present, my cousin is staying with us. We sew and play and help my mother.

My best regards to one and all.—**Sylvia Potisek**, R. D. 2, Box 121, Tarentum, Pa.

#### WILL SAVE TIRES AND "GAS"

Dear Editor:—It has been a long time since I wrote to the M. L. Our school was out June 10 and now I am in the tenth grade. We received our report cards through mail. Our school won the basketball championship. We are all hoping that we will have the same luck in football.

On June 10 we also received free baseball tickets to attend the game between Cleveland and Philadelphia June 24. Our band teacher, Mr. Steg, went to the Army; our science teacher also went to the Army. We had a carnival. I went on the roll-o-plane, and I never enjoyed anything so much.

My father is going to get two weeks vacation very soon. But we will not go any place because we have to save tires and gasoline. We could walk to places and still have a good time. I am closing now. Best regards to all.—**Mary Knafelc**, 13312 St. James Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

#### OUR COMMENCEMENT

Dear Editor:—Again I am writing to this fine magazine. I was surprised to see my first letter published. Now that school is out I will have more time to write letters to pen pals and to the M. L.

On the last day of school we had a commencement which was very interesting. All who participated in the program were 8-A, and I was one of them. We read short poems about certain teachers and Carol Ross read "Our Class Will." Following that Jeannce Agnew read "Our Prophecy." Last of all we sang a farewell song which was written by Mrs. Lamb, a teacher. The program was very enjoyable, but leaving the William Penn School was sad.

Before I close I would like to say hello to everyone. Also, I would like to have some more pen pals. Best regards to all.—**Alice Dafoff** (age 13), 1430 Nordyke Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

#### SIX TEACHERS IN THE ARMY

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. My pen pals urged me to write again. I have seven pen pals; three from Gowanda, N. Y., and four from Pennsylvania. They all write interesting letters.

School is out and I was exempt in every subject except mathematics. Now I am in the 7-A grade. Six of the Junior High School teachers are in the armed forces. Mr. Melton was the first one to go. I sure missed him because he was my history teacher, a very good teacher, too. The 7-B history class gave him a gift before he left. The others were as follows: Mr. Emery, superintendent; Mr. Owens, principal; and Mr. Dennard, Mr. Koziliski and Mr. McAlister, teachers. When school starts again I will have many new teachers.

I am a girl scout and I am planning to go to

camp at McGaffey, about 23 miles southeast of Gallup. In my next letter I will tell how it turned out. I want to say hello to all of my pen pals. I hope all of them will keep writing to this fine magazine. Best regards to all my pen pals and readers of the M. L.—**Rosemary Marinsek** (age 11), Box 1042, Gallup, N. Mex. (Lodge 120.)

#### GIRLS' ORCHESTRA

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. My first one was in the June issue of 1940, two years ago. I passed to the ninth grade and I am thirteen years old. I go to Berea High School.

I play in an all-girls' orchestra, called the Croatian Daughters. There are seven girls in it. It is an orchestra made up of different kinds of mandolins.

"Hello" to Doris Kramer of Pennsylvania and Tillie Bartol of Michigan. (Why don't you answer my letters, Tille?) I would like to hear from some boys and girls. Best regards to one and all.—**Zora Peric**, 74 French St., Berea, Ohio. (Lodge 257.)

#### SPRING FLOOD

Dear Editor:—Well, here I am, writing again to this wonderful magazine. Since my last letter to this magazine I have moved and I would like to inform all my pen pals that my new address is: 137 W. Main St., Trinidad, Colo.

We had a terrible flood here a few weeks ago (late in May). It washed out three bridges and flooded our depot. The reason we moved from our last home is because our cellar was flooded to the top. The city pump was constantly being used. When the water had been in the cellar for a few days, the foundation began to weaken, so we moved to our present address.

I would like to say "Hello" to all my pen pals. I want to thank the Editor for publishing my letters and drawings. I hope this letter and the enclosed drawing will be published, too. Best wishes to all ML readers and writers.—**Norma Scavina** (age 13), 137 W. Main St., Trinidad, Colo. (Circle 20.)

#### "WE DID OUR SHARE"

Dear Editor:—Even though we are having a summer vacation, I am not going to forget to write to the Mladinski List.

My mother and I did our share in finding scrap rubber last month. We looked in our basement, barn and all our sheds. We found seventy-five pounds of rubber and with the 75 cents I bought war stamps. In our collection we had tires, an old garden hose, rubbers, an inner tube, soles and heels of shoes, and a hot water bottle. I hope everyone did his share. Aurora certainly got a lot of old tires.

My brother, who is in the Army, was transferred from Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, to a camp near Los Angeles, California. I don't know the name of the camp yet.

By the time this letter is published the Fourth



of July will be over; in fact, the month of July will almost be over, too. Well, anyway, I hope everyone had a nice time. I noticed that in the June issue of the M. L. there was a large number of "first letters" from new boys and girls. I hope there will be an increase of letters in the future. Best of luck and health to all. I remain—**Florence Alich** (15), Box 607, Aurora, Minn. Lodge 111.)

#### LIBRARY BOOKS

Dear Editor:—I was glad to see my letter in the M. L. I read the jokes, poems, puzzles, letters, etc. I think the ML is a nice magazine to read.

School was out June 26. A lady comes to school from the Library and brings books for the children to take home and read. I took five books. I passed to the B-6 grade. Soon I will be going to Junior High School. My sisters Mary and Elizabeth came home for a vacation. Mary went back to work in New Mexico.

I wish to thank Marian Cesen for writing to me. I will answer her soon. Best regards to all.—**Ruth Chagenovich** (age 10), 984 Santa Cruz St., San Pedro, Calif.

#### LIKES TO DRAW PICTURES

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter I have written to the M. L. I wrote two in English and one in Slovene. I haven't written as often as I promised, but I will make a better effort to do so.

I have drawn a picture I am sending in, hoping it will be published. If this picture is published I will draw them more often because I like to draw. I have two pen pals; they are: William Karen and Goldie Shine. I sure do enjoy these colored ML covers.

School was out May 27. I will be a sophomore at Lanphier High School starting in September. I was 15 years old the latter part of June. My best regards to all ML readers and writers.—**Marjorie Strukel**, 1320 Ridgely Ave., Springfield, Ill.

#### COTTONWOOD "SNOW" IN SUMMER

Dear Editor:—Our school was out May 29. I am nine years old and passed to the fifth grade. I am writing this letter because I always see how my brother and sister draw pictures and write to the Mladinski List. I do not know how to draw and send contributions, but I can write a letter of some sort.

I live in a rural section of Raton, New Mexico, where it is very nice. It even "snows" in summer—from the large cottonwood trees in our yard. This is a queer sight to see at this time of the year. We have a garden. My brother planted corn, beans, pumpkins, shile, and a few other things which can grow here. We have plenty of flowers which we small children love most. We also have five large cherry trees in our yard. By the time this letter is published they will be gone.

I have been writing this letter for a week. Every time I write it, my older sister corrects it and says it isn't good. She said I have to keep writing it until it is good enough to send. Now for once she said it is all right. Boy! it seems as

if it takes time and energy to know how to do a thing the right way.

I hope that all of us juvenile members will live long and learn many things, and meanwhile belong to the SNPJ all of our lives.—**Danica Gostovich** (age 9), Box 531, Raton, New Mex. Lodge 297.)

#### INTERESTING HOBBIES

Dear Editor:—I always try to keep up with my ML writings. I can always find something to do with my leisure time. We had rain for about two weeks every day, and it nearly ruined all the crops. Bean and potato picking time is here now (June 20). I have picked beans two days, and boy! is my back tired; can hardly bend over.

I still am getting picture postcards in numerous amounts, and I really like this hobby. I now have quite a few salt and pepper shakers. I have postcard pals from nearly every state. I get some and send some every day, which keeps me pretty busy.

In addition, I have canned quite a few blackberries. Boy, those chiggers sure are bad. For every berry you pick seems like you get a dozen chiggers. Best regards.—**Annie Cretnik** (age 15), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24.)

#### A FAMILY OF SEVEN ENPJers

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. although we get it every month. I am 14 years old. I have brown hair and brown eyes. I am 5 ft. 4 in. tall and weigh 115 lbs. I am going to the tenth grade.

There are seven people in our family and we all belong to the Slovene National Benefit Society. The lodge we belong to is Lodge 175, McKinley, Minnesota.

I am sending a few pictures in to the Our School Achievement Contest. Here's hoping they are published. My best regards to all.—**Donald Purkat**, Box 135, McKinley, Minnesota. (Lodge 175.)

#### WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Dear Editor:—I didn't write to the ML last month, so I'll make up for it by writing a longer letter this month. School was out here in Chicago on June 26, a week later than was expected because we had a whole week off for sugar rationing registration in the spring. I like vacation better than going to school, but I don't consider school a disadvantage.

I would like to say hello to all of my pen pals. I wish the following pen pals would answer my letters: Caroline Tavzelj, Catherine Yelich, and Eleanor Matekovich. Besides working on my hobbies, which are collecting movie star pictures and picture post-cards, I also like to go to the movies in my spare time. I especially like technicolor movies showing points of interest. These are very interesting and enjoyable. Fine examples of this were "Song of the Islands," "Moon Over Miami" and "Weekend in Havana."

My war bonds and stamps collection is coming along swell. So far I have two \$100 bonds and over \$10 worth of stamps. I guess that shows



some patriotism. Investing money in bonds and stamps is the best investment you can make. Besides helping the government you are also saving money for yourself which can be used for a college education or for other things which will be of benefit to you. Buying them is one of the things civilians can do to help win the war.

I would like to have more pen pals. Come on, pen pals, write to me and help me fill my leisure moments during summer vacation in answering letters. My best regards to all.—**Evelyn Terselic** (age 12), 2714 S. Homan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. (Lodge 39.)

#### LILLIAN'S "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—I like to read this wonderful magazine. I am nine years old, and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Fetchman, and she is a very nice teacher.

This is my first letter to the M. L. But now I am going to write more often. In school I like reading the best of all. Our entire family is in the SNPJ. I have a brother who is 7 years old and a sister who is 13 years old.

My favorite sport is roller skating. I would like to have some pen pals. I will answer all the letters promptly. Best regards to all.—**Lillian May Alexoff**, 1428 Nordyke Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

#### WANTS FIVE GIRL PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—I have been reading this magazine for two years but I have never written to it until today. I am thirteen years old, have a twin brother named Jack, and have received nothing but the very highest marks you can get since I started school.

I would like to have five girl pen pals (if possible one of them from Canada) between the ages of 13 and 15. I have some very beautiful post-cards and would like to receive more and trade some. So write and tell me what you do, what are your hobbies and I'll be glad to answer. My address is below.

Well, I close now but remember, girls, write soon if you fit the type of girl I would like to correspond with. Best regards to all.—**Dorothy O'Neill**, 5708 So. Laflin St., Chicago, Illinois. (Lodge 559.)

#### BENJAMIN'S "HONOR LETTER"

Dear Editor:—Well, school is out now, and for me it is the end, as I have graduated from high school. I received an "honor letter" for maintaining an average of 88.6 on the Honor Roll for four years.

I've been neglecting the M. L., because of my studies. I've been trained to be a stenographer. I have taken both shorthand and typing for two years, and I might add, that I have "shown up" quite a few girls. I will enter a private school in September to continue my studies, and so, I will write as much as I can during the summer months.

I have been fairly active in the art field, taking up all divisions of it, but, it is still only my hobby. I enjoy the ML and wish it came out more often.

At the end of the month, when the ML is supposed to come, I greet the mailman to see if he carries the magazine I most desire. Your ardent reader—**Benjamin Volk** (age 17), 17 Second Ave., North Tonawanda, N. Y. (Lodge 405.)

#### FROM A SOPHOMORE

Dear Editor:—It has been quite a while since I wrote to the Pen Pal Section of the ML, but here I am again. Since school is out, I find more time to indulge in my favorite pastimes, especially writing.

On June 24, the Midway Juvenile Circle went on a hike and picnic near Hickory. Everyone enjoyed the hike and picnic immensely. In Midway we have a playground and all the children enjoy themselves playing tennis, volleyball, basketball, and many other games.

I attend Union High School in Burgettstown and will be a sophomore in the fall. I like school very much and I still wish school wasn't out. That's all till next time. Best regards to one and all.—**Agnes Saloum** (age 14), R. D. 1, Bulger, Pa.

#### MY HOBBY AND SPORTS

Dear Editor:—This is the first letter to my favorite magazine. I intended to write so many times, but it seems I'm always busy doing something. Now that I have vacation I'll try to write regularly.

I have been a member of the SNPJ for a long time. The manager of our Juvenile Circle said he was going to reorganize the Circle in fall and everyone is looking forward to it.

I haven't any brothers or sisters. I was 14 on June 4 and I am in the 9-B at Collinwood High School. I have blue eyes, medium brown hair, and I am about 5 feet 1 inch tall. I like to collect pictures of movie stars, also pictures and articles concerning the present war. The sport I enjoy most is roller skating. Others are swimming, bike riding, and baseball. I would like to have some pen pals and I promise to answer all letters promptly. Best regards to all.—**Stana Mrsnik**, 322 E. 161st St., Cleveland, Ohio. (Lodge 53.)

#### FRANKIE'S "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—I enjoy reading the ML very much and read it from cover to cover. This is my first letter that I have written to this magazine. I hope to write more often in the future.

I am 12 years old and am in the sixth grade at Lincoln School in Versailles Twp. I have two teachers: Miss Culbert for English, arithmetic, spelling, reading, and writing; Miss Hartman for history, geography, music, and health.

I am sending a picture that I drew and I hope it will be published. In my spare time I work on my Victory garden. Best regards to all.—**Frank Sabich** (12), Box Vermont St., McKeesport, Pa. (Lodge 347.)

Mary: "I guess that my pen will have to go on itching."

Kate: "Why?"

Mary: "I'm out of scratch paper."

# Introducing Book Friends

By Betty Jartz

## TAMING THE WILD, WILD WEST

It seems to give one a lift to look back into the lives of the brave frontiers-men who inched their way through unknown wildernesses, constantly struggling against unspeakable odds. It was their destiny to open the way through cruel wildernesses for the pioneer civilization which invariably followed in their dogged footsteps. As we look back we know that this grand old freedom which we enjoy and which we have possibly taken too much for granted and which, generations back, we have struggled so desperately to attain will not so easily be wrested from us.

\* \* \*

**Kit Carson, Trailblazer and Scout**, by Shannon Garst.

If you become acquainted with Davy Crockett and liked him, no doubt you will enjoy immensely this introduction to another great scout and Indian fighter, Kit Carson.

On Christmas Eve, in the year 1809, a babe was born, and they named him Christopher Carson, because the father said, "He 'pears to be a mite runty. Reckon we'd best give him a good-sized name to grow up to." However, physically he never grew to fit the name, so the name was shortened to "Kit" to fit the boy. Many a time he was hurt to the very core for he was often called the runt of the litter, and many were the times that he was told that he was just half-a-man. And though he was a runt, with all his nine brothers and his father over six feet in height, it is his name which will always be remembered by young and old America alike.

Old man Carson was of the restless stock that forged ahead and conquered the frontier. When Kit was just a year old, his father began to feel crowded by civilization, so he packed his family and furnishings into a wagon drawn by oxen and once again they turned their faces towards the setting sun.

Finally the family settled in Howard county, Missouri, and there little Kit, burning within from the taunts of runt, began his education in the wilderness which was his backyard and his school. Instead of becoming bitter because of the numerous taunts regarding his half-a-man stature he simply became more and more determined to "show them"; to make himself great in other ways than in physical size. He took pride in his ability to do things better than his big strapping brothers. It helped in a measure to make up for what he lacked in size. At the early age of eight he was able to out-shoot his brothers; and all America knows that even a runt can do great things.

His mother, fearing that her tiny son could not hold his own in the wilderness, apprenticed him to a saddlemaker. Although the knowledge he gained thus came in handy in later years this sort of life was not to his liking. He did not want to

be cooped within four walls from morn till dark when the wilderness which he was so well acquainted with was teeming with life and adventure. They thought he was too small to take care of himself, well—he would "show" them.

Then, one October day a notice regarding a runaway saddlemaker's apprentice appeared in a Missouri newspaper. A grandiose reward of one cent was offered for his return. Little Kit Carson was off to the wide open spaces at the age of sixteen.

The book continues with many exhilarating accounts of his adventures, but what really made Kit such a fine person is that though he was acclaimed as a great hero he never "put on," and remained an ordinary soul till he went to his long last sleep.

To illustrate how unassuming Kit must have appeared, the author tells of an instance when Kit was approached by an excited individual who asked:

"Hola, stranger! They tell me that the famous scout and Injun hunter, Kit Carson, is hereabouts. Can you direct me to whar he is?"

"I reckon so," Kit drawled quietly. "Fact is, I'm Carson."

The man snorted in disgust:

"I asked you a civil question, expecting a civil answer. I don't aim to be made sport of by a smart-alec whippersnapper like you."

Can you just imagine how the man must have felt when he found out that he had actually been talking to the Great Kit Carson.

\* \* \*

**Pecos Bill**, by James Cloyd Bowman.

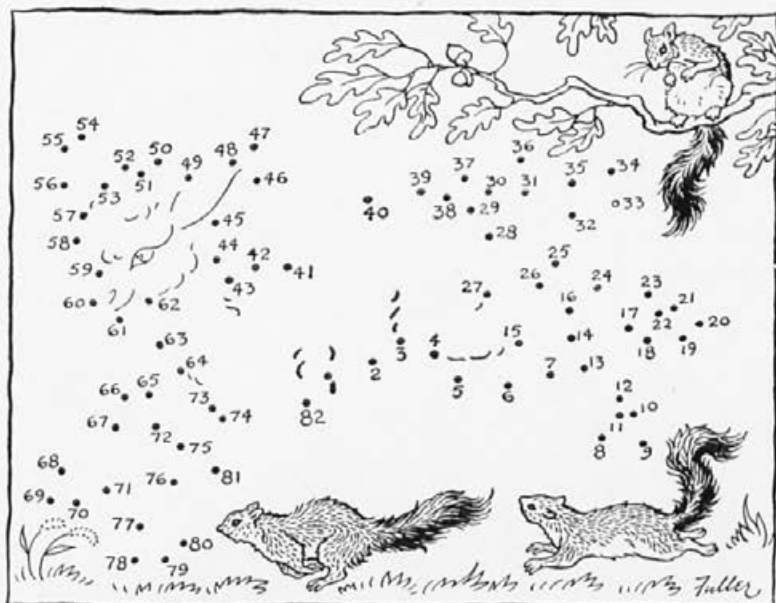
This story of the wild west is derived from the folklore of America when she was very, very young. Do you know what a tall tale is? It is a story in which the facts have been "stretched" sometimes beyond recognition. Well, in this case even the facts are purely fictitious and have been created from a lively imagination.

The story is about a baby boy who fell out of the covered wagon in which his family was migrating when it bumped across the Pecos River. Well, there were eighteen children in the family and they didn't miss little Billy till they stopped to camp for the night. In the meantime a coyote found the youngster and took care of him. He raised and educated him in the tried and approved method of all loyal coyotes. All in all the tale is told by an expert story-teller and will afford you some hours of fascinating reading.

The illustrations, too, are exciting and colorful and will please the eyes of every child.

Jenny: "May I have two pieces of chocolate, mummy?"

Mother: "Certainly, my dear. Just break what you have in two."



## DIZZIE DOT DRAWING PUZZLES

By HARVEY FULLER

What a race! Who could the other party be? Draw a line from dot to dot and you will probably be surprised.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON JUST FOR FUN PAGE

**Quizzers:** 1—Both boys crossed the river and Jim came back. Then the father went over alone, and then John brought the boat back. Then Jim and John again crossed the stream. 2—6 mi. and 3 mi. per hour. 3—Rocky. 4—William Harvey—1621.

**Famous Phrases:** 1—sank; 2—faith; 3—U.S.O.; 4—tears; 5—Jap; 6—flying.

**World War No. 2:** 1—(b). 2—(b). 3—(b). 4—Artillery carriage for hauling ammunition. 5—Congressional Medal of Honor. 6—Corporal.

**Helping to Win the War:** 1—soldier; 2—eat; 3—stamps; 4—car; 5—dry, cool; 6—rumors—enemy; 7—10c; 25c; 50c; \$1.00; \$5.00.

**Short Poems:** 1—buying; 2—Sam; 3—beat; 4—vim; 5—school.

**Twisters:** 1—G. Washington-Delaware. 2—Abe Lincoln-Rail splitter. 3—Capt. Smith-Pochantas. 4—C. Chaplin-Baggy pants. 5—Sir W. Raleigh-Cloak.

### August

Well, boys and girls, if you're not "as brown as a berry" by this time, you had better get busy. Now is the time to soak up as much as possible of Old Sol's healthful rays. Of course, we don't mean you should go out and stay in the sun until you're fairly burnt to a crisp.

The fact is that a bad sunburn will do you much more harm than good, but a nice, even tan will fortify your body against the various colds and ills that always seem to travel along with winter. Be very careful how you get that tan. You have

plenty of time yet, so take it easy at first and gradually darken to a rich, golden tan that will be the envy of all.

Of course, we know that most of you are already "as brown as a berry," but this is written especially for those who would rather read than play. Reading library books is a very fine habit, but don't overdo it to the extent that you undermine your health. You can always pick up a book and read when you haven't anything else to do. So take heed—don't be an old sniffle nose this winter—get out in the sun—NOW! Remember that August is the last month of your vocation. Use it wisely.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLE BY ZORA GOSTOVICH ACROSS

1—Memory. 6—Iron. 9—Ace. 10—Aortic. 12—N. R. A. 13—Tuesday. 15—Dull. 17—Oral. 19—Leaf. 21—Pa. 22—In. 23—Hen. 24—Nay. 25—Agree. 29—Measles. 31—It. 33—Fear. 34—Allure. 35—Already. 36—Sen.

### DOWN

1—Mandolin. 2—Ecu. 3—Meal. 4—Rat. 5—Your. 6—Its. 7—Rider. 8—Oca. 11—Re. 14—Yulan. 16—Left. 17—Or. 18—Ape. 20—Enamel. 23—He. 25—Year. 26—As. 27—Glad. 28—Rely. 29—E.S.L. 30—Are. 31—Ire. 32—Ten. 33—Fa. 35—Us.

### EDITOR'S NOTE

E. J. S., Pueblo, Colo.—Try to create something of your own, and you'll succeed.

M. S., Springfield, Ill.—What is your lodge affiliation?

# Help in the Victory Campaign!

## Slapping the Jap in the Yap with Rubber



Residents of Santa Monica, Cal., can now take a slap at a Jap by tossing their scrap rubber contributions through the tusks of the "Tokyo Kid" into a hidden receptacle. The huge reproduction of the "Tokyo Kid" was erected by artists of the Douglas Aircraft Company. A Santa Monica citizen is shown throwing in the first old tire. (Central Press)

