

MLADINSKI LIST



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MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

Editor - - - - - IVAN MOLEK

Business Manager - - - PHILIP GODINA



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MLADINSKI LIST

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JANKO IN METKA

Tone Seliškar

(Nadaljevanje.)

Ko je iskal sreče po mestu, se je naselil v njegovo barako najbrže delavec brez dela s svojo družino.

"Na, pa sem se rešil barake!" si je mislil, preden ga je zmagala zaspanost. Sreča v nesreči!

4

Nevihta je minila. Janko je spal, jutro je bilo že vzšlo, lepo in čisto, ptički na drevju so že prepevali in najbrže bi se vse nekako mirno končalo, če ne bi bil skedenj tako silno zapuščen. Marsikdo, ki ni imel strehe, je že tod prenočil, kdo vse, kakšni ljudje so se že skrivali pod njegovo streho, saj pa tudi stoji tako na samotnem kraju, da pospeši človek pri belem dnevu svoj korak, če že mora iti tod mimo. In verjemite mi, da Janku ni bilo prijetno pri srcu, ko se je zjutraj prebudil. Prebudilo ga je prav za prav silno smrčanje, ki je prihajalo iz nasprotnega kota. Skozi luknjo, ki jo je bil Janko napravil, ko je utrgal desko, je prihajalo v skedenj toliko svetlobe, da se je lahko razgledal. Kdo vendar tako neznansko smrči? Dvignil je glavo. Dva moža sta ležala tamkaj. Pravkar se je krajni prevadil z obrazom proti svetlobi. O, ti smola! Pikapolonica je! Nihče drugi kakor Pikapolonica!

"Bežimo!" si je dopovedoval Janko. Toda ni se upal premakniti. Seno šumi, luknja je le tolikšna, da bi se s težavo preril venkaj. Le kaj storiti?

Svetloba pa je menda poščegetala postopajeve oči, kajti tisti hip, ko se je bil prevadil, je bil že na nogah. Dregnil je tovariša, ki je tudi planil kvišku. In tako sta bila zbegana, kakor da se oba nečesa hudega bojita.

"Nekdo je bil ponoči v skednju!" je dejal Pikapolonica pridušeno.

Njegov tovariš je potegnil izza pasa nož, kakor da bi se pripravil za napad in ko je

dregnil Pikapolonica v oni kup sena, v katerem je ležal Janko, je kajpada zadel obenj.

"Oha, ptiček, kdo pa te je klical semkaj?" je zarohnel nad njim, ko ga je za nogo potegnil iz sena. "Le bliže, le bliže, gospod poštenjakovič!"

Še preden bi utegnil pomisliti, da se lahko brani s sekirico, ki jo je imel za pasom, je že sfrčal po tleh in kakor bi mignil, je že imel zvezane roke in noge. In ko je tako brez moči čepel ob trhli steni skednja, se mu je vsa ta spakedrana dogodivščina zdela tako zagonetna, da niti na strah ni utegnil misliti.

"Ne zamerite, gospod," se je pačil Pikapolonica, "da ste zvezani. Vse pa zavisi od vas, vaše blagorodje, koliko časa boste zvezani. No, o tem se bomo kmalu pogovorili. Če boste pristali na nekatere moje pogoje, vas pri prič razvežem. Pozabil bom tisto o laganju in še prijatelja postaneva. Poprej pa se moram pokrepčati. Mizica pogrnj se! Hej, Tonač!" je viknil pajdašu.

Tonač je bil možakar štiridesetih let in v obraz nič kaj prikupen. Kosmat je bil in brez desne roke, toda z levico je bil spreten na vso moč. Močno je zaudarjal po žganju. Povzpel se je po leseni lestvici navzgor, kjer so bile nekakšne svisli. Janko je mislil, da sanja. Iz odprtine na stropu je zdajci padla predenj velika, mastna, prekajena gnjat. In spet dve lepo zapečeni štruci rženega kruha.

"Še!" je zavpil navzgor Pikapolonica.

O da bi te! Kaj je vse deževalo izpod strehe; lovske klobase, hlebček sira, zavitki čokolade, fino pecivo in na koncu konca je zabingljala na vrvi velika steklenica slivovke. In že je tudi Tonač splezal navzdol in brez nepotrebnih besed sta se lotila pajdaša vse te obilne jedače. Lotila sta se najprej gnjati. Glasno sta cmokala, ko sta zauživala ta preslastni zajtrk in Janku se je spričo vsega tega pričel oglašati želodec, v ustih se mu je nabirala slina in neznansko rad bi tudi sam hotel vgrizniti v to sočno meso, ki je tako nebeško

lepo dišalo. Tonač je nekajkrat zatrobil v steklenico, ki je bingljala izpod stropa kakor čudovita laterna.

"Kaj le nameravata z menoj?" je premišljeval Janko. Takšna gostija pred lačnim človekom je presneto okrutna šala! Nekajkrat je že nameraval pričeti kričati na pomaganje, toda kdo bi ga slišal v tej samoti? Le osmešil bi se.

Tonač se je že najedel. Morda se mu je fant smilil, rad bi mu dal kos mesa, toda Pikapolonica je bil menda njegov poglavar, zakaj nagnal ga je iz skednja.

"Na stražo!" mu je velel.

"Zdaj se bova pa midva razgovarjala!" je dejal Janku, ko sta bila sama. "Ali si lačen?"

"Pa še kako!"

"Prav da si lačen, boš laže poslušal! Ali hočeš postati naš pajdaš? Mlad si, spreten kakor jegulja, uren kakor zajec, no skratka, kakor ustvarjen za naš posel. S čim se pečamo, si najbrže že uganil?"

Spričo vseh teh dobrih jedač pač ni bilo težko uganiti, da sta Tonač in Pikapolonica sraki. Da podkrepi to dejstvo samo, je zdajci dvignil Pikapolonica desko s tal, se vlegel na trebuh in privlekel na dan še bolj čudovite reči: nekaj parov čevljev, ženske torbice, dežnike, galoše, klobuke, plašče. Toda nič ni bilo novo, vse te reči so bile več ali manj že rabljene. Ko je dvignil izpod podzemlja poslednji dežnik, mu je pojasnil:

"Ta marelica je visela v kuhinji tiste usmiljene gospe, ki sem ji drva preložil! To torbico, v kateri je bilo tudi nekaj drobiža, sem snel z roke raztreseni kuharici na trgu, v te le galoše sem stopil v vinotoču na bregu, to gnjat sem si izposodil z mesarske stojnice . . ."

"Kar molči!" je dejal Janko. "Čemu se pa pačiš? Ukradel si! Potem že raje stradaj, če misliš, da ti bom pomagal. Odveži me, da grem svojo pot!"

"Oha, tako se nisva zmenila!" se je zarežal Pikapolonica. "Le počakaj, da ti razložim vso to umetnost, ki se ji pravi 'dobro živeti na lahek način!' Kako pa kaj tvoj očka—?"

Janko je vzkipel, a kaj, ko si ni mogel pomagati! Žalost, jeza, ogorčenje—vse je pokalo v njem od besa, v svoji onemoglosti pa ni mogel ničesar drugega storiti, kakor da se

je obrnil v steno. Le da ne vidi tega zoprnega obličja.

Pikapolonica pa je zabrenkal na druge strune. Bil je prevejanec. Surovo življenje mu je omrtvilo srce in vsa dobra čustva in zato je vse, kar se ni zlagalo v njegov prid, smatral, da je proti njemu in vsemu, kar se mu je protivilo, je napovedal vojno. Sredstev ni izbiral. Posluževal se je laži, hudobije, zvijače in ker ga še nikoli niso zasačili na prepovedanih potih, je postajal bolj in bolj predrzen in prevzet. Tonač ni bil videti tako pretkan. Najbrže ga je popolnoma podjarmil svoji volji in bil je njegova lutka, ki jo je uporabljal za manj nevarna pota. Prodajal mu je pouzmano robo in ker je bil vojni invalid, je znal vsekdar prepričati kupca, da prodaja svoje lastne reči zaradi pomanjkanja in bede.

"Ričet otepa in čas meri na vatle," je dejal Pikapolonica. "Naše branže je bil in naš posel je vedno zvezan s to neprijetno posledico. Ampak, prijateljček, za tvojega očeta bova barantala! Roka roko umije. Potrebujem te! Pomagal mi boš. Kmalu se boš naučil naše spretnosti in vedno se ti bo dobro go-dilo."

"Tudi če me ubiješ, me ne pregovoriš," je dejal Janko.

"Le ne razburjaj se, dokler vsega ne zveš! Zato pa jaz vem in zato tudi kupčujem s teboj. Ali pomniš, kako so letošnjo zimo ubili trgovca Jereba?"

"Vem, še gledat sem šel," je dejal Janko. "Zlikovci so ušli in še do danes jih niso prijeli."

"Da, tako je bilo. Še do danes niso izsledili morilca. Vidiš, jaz pa vem, kdo ga je. In če bi šel to stvar povedat na policijo, bi ubijalca prijeli in obesili. No, zdaj pa ugi-baj, kdo ga je!"

Janko je pogledal Pikapolonico, ki je gledal v tla in kar tako, ne da bi prav premislil, je vzkliknil:

"Ti si ga!"

"Hahaha . . .!" se je zagrohotal Pikapolonica. "Nisi uganil!"

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

Največji kuščarji

Na nekaterih otokih Tihega oceana žive še dandanes do poldrug meter dolgi kuščarji. Po vsej priliki so zadnji potomci nekdanjih velikanskih predpotopnih kuščarjev, o katerih pripovedujejo pravljice kot o zmajih.

Metkin vrtec

KATKA ZUPANČIČ

Daleč na severni strani
pravi Snežec sestri Slani:
— Pojdi, pojdi in poglej,
pa po Burji mi povej:
Jeli gozd že kaj zardel
in je ptiček v njem odpel,
jeli grozd že dozorel,
Metkin vrtec odcvetel . . .



Skrita v noč je Slana potovala
pa za sabo vse požgala.
A ob vrtcu je obstala,
pa od smeha se zjokala.
Metka je previdna bila —
z žepnim robcem vrt pokrila.

Pismo s fronte

Pesem iz starega kraja

VLADKO KOS

Ljuba mati! Tu zdaj noč je.
Zvezde v dalji že gorijo.
Jaz bi hotel jih prešteti,
a čez jarke žarometi
sanjati me ne pustijo.

V mojih rokah mrzlo jeklo
se od žarkov lune sveti.
V dalji tulijo volkovi,
v mrak pogreznjeni so rovi,
mrtve čutim v njih drhteti . . .

Kje je, mati, zdaj ljubezen?
Vso so jo iz src nam ukrali!
Veste, kaj so v nje nam dali?
Led in kri . . .

Nič ne smemo verovati.
Biti moramo živali,
ki na plen le vsaka čaka.
Kaj zato, če kdo zanj plaka,
ko ga bodo v grób dejali . . .

NIČ VEČ . . .

Vladko Kos

Nič več ne bo moj stari očka,
kot vedno, v mestni park hitel,
nič več ne bo na veji ptiček
v pozdrav mu radostno žgolet.

Pomlad na grob mu natrosila
bo zdaj cvetic in drobnih trav,
in čez grobove nosil veter
mu drobnih ptiček bo pozdrav.

Nad njim šume zdaj tihe breze,
o večnih zvezdah pravljice,
tam, kamor ga nekoč je vleklo
mladostnih sanj in nad srce.

Mar nismo vsi, ah, vsi enaki?
Vsi ljubimo le srečo sanj,
in najdemo, ko v večnost tiho
zaspimo, konec vseh vprašanj.

Nič več ne bo moj stari očka,
kot vedno, v mestni park hitel,
nič več ne bo na veji ptiček,
v pozdrav mu radostno žgolet.

Autumn

*Autumn comes in lovely hues
As soon as summer goes
For Mother Nature shopping went
To buy herself new clothes.*

*She picked the sun's deep orange red
Before it sank from sight,
And from the moon its yellow
To trim her dress so bright.*

*The harvest fields lent her the brown
Which blended with the rest;
She matched and patched and mended
Till she was neatly dressed.*

*Then with renewed dash and vigor
Her colors flaunting so,
She's Queen of all the countryside
Bedecked from top to toe.*

—ERNESTINE JUGG.

Broken Dolly

Little Dorothy came running into the house crying
bitterly.

"Mamma," she sobbed, "Teddy broke my dolly."

"How did he do it?" inquired her mother.

"I hit him on the head with it."

MLADINA IN DEMOKRACIJA

Pripovedka iz današnjih dni

Ivan Molek

(Nadaljevanje.)

UREDNIK: Resnično! Boljših vzorov naši ameriško-slovenski mladini ni treba kot so Paine, Jefferson, Lincoln, Ingersoll in Mark Twain. Vsi ti veliki možje so živeli in mislili demokratično in so svobodno misel čudovito lepo sporedili z demokracijo. Sicer so delali za odrasle, vendar vsaj eden med njimi, Mark Twain, je ustvaril trajne bisere tudi za mladino.

DEMOKRACIJA: Vidite! In kdo med vami uredniki, ki ste obenem slovenski učitelji v Ameriki, ne pozna teh mož? Čemu se tudi vi ne učite od njih? Saj vendar ne mislite, da vam ni treba več nobenega učenja!

UREDNIK: Nikakor ne mislimo tega in še vedno se učimo in učimo. Pa dobro. Vzamemo si Marka Twaina za svoj vzor. Mladinski list je že jemal iz njegovega zaklada; objavili smo tudi njegovo biografijo in sliko. Mark Twain je še do danes največji ameriški humorist in satirik; je velik svobodni silec, človekoljub in demokrat — —

DEMOKRACIJA: — in velik popularni pisatelj, ki je pisal za odrasle prav tako poljudno in preprosto kakor za mladino. Zares sem ponosna na tega svojega velikega sina! Toda, če ste že seznanili čitatelje Mladinskega lista z njim, to ne pomeni, da morate nadaljevati s ponatisi iz Twaina, dasi je res, da raje vidim ponatis enega samega njegovega dela v Mladinskem listu kot sto ponatisov tiste šušmarije iz starokrajskih mladinskih magazinčkov.

UREDNIK: Rekli smo, da si lahko vzamemo Marka Twaina za vzor. To pomeni, da nam bo Mark Twain učitelj, kako je treba pisati slovenske zgodbe za mladino. To se pravi, da to pravim jaz — ne vem pa, kako bodo to vzeli moji bratje sotrudniki in sestre sotrudnice, ki prispevajo gradivo za Mladinski list. Saj veste — vsak individij ima svoje muhe . . .

DEMOKRACIJA: To pomeni?

UREDNIK: To pomeni, da je urednik Mladinskega lista odvisen od drugih, katerim ne more narekovati, kakšne tehnike naj se poslužujejo v prid demokratični tendenci

svojih prispevkov. Lahko jim odkloni prispevek in to je vse — ampak potem je tudi lahko prepričan, da je izgubil sotrudnika ali sotrudnico . . . Nikomur ne more reči: Baš to mi napiši — in potem pričakovati z gotovostjo, da bo dobil baš to.

DEMOKRACIJA: Torej to pomeni, da med vami ni sporazuma in kooperacije — dobrega demokratičnega sredstva — pač pa vsakdo napiše kar hoče in urednik vse objavi, da ne bo zamere . . .

UREDNIK (menca v zadregi): E—e—nekako tako bo. Pa pustimo to reč. To ni glavno, o čemur govoriva. Glavno je, kako je treba izboljšati naš Mladinski list, da bo vsebina spisana v demokratičnem smislu. Ali ni tako? Vi prihajate s pritožbo, da so zlasti slovenske pripovedke v Mladinskem listu usmerjene preveč starokopitno — da vodijo v praznoverje, v vero obožavanja posameznikov . . . To nerad priznam, zdaj je pa vprašanje, kako temu odpomoči, kako demokratizirati našo vsebino.

DEMOKRACIJA: Smo še vedno tam! Zdi se mi, da se hočete izmuzniti. Enkrat se izgovarjate na starokrajsko gradivo, ki ga sami izbirate, drugič pa na tukajšnje sotrudnike, ki vam tudi ne ustrezajo, kakor vidim — kljub temu pravite, da to ni glavno. Meni se vidi, da je to važno — in prav nič se mi ne dopade vaše kolebanje. Prijatelji demokracije ne smejo kolebat, kadar gre za načela! — —

UREDNIK (ne reče nič, samo zija in kislo se drži).

DEMOKRACIJA: No, kaj pravite na to?

UREDNIK: Rečem samo to, če kolebamo, kolebamo proti svoji volji — ker si ne moremo pomagati v razmerah, kakršne so. — (Konec prihodnji mesec.)

DON'T SNUB

DON'T snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Thomas Edison, the great inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of thin yellow breeches, although it was in the middle of winter.

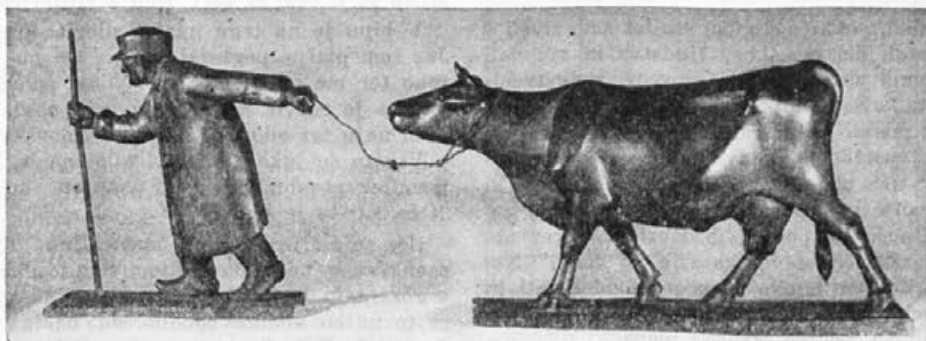
Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and humble. Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator, first lived in a log cabin.

Don't snub anyone; not alone because some day they may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind nor right.

Little Lessons In Art

The reproduction of "Peasant and Cow" is a bronze sculpture owned by the Art Institute of Chicago. The artist is a French woman, Jane Poupelet, who was born in 1878 and died in 1932.

Jane Poupelet achieved a rank among masters of sculpture that few women have attained. She began her studies in the Bordeaux School of Fine Arts, and later studied in Paris.



Courtesy of Art Institute of Chicago

Jane Poupelet

"Peasant and Cow"

Her first exhibit was at Artistes Francais in 1900. When she exhibited again in 1904 she won not only praise but a scholarship.

Jane Poupelet was, above all, a sculptor of womankind. But she also delighted in

taking trips in the country and studying farm animals at leisure. She made all forms of sculpture from cows, donkeys, rabbits, cockerels, etc. Her method was to make a rapid sketch of the subject in clay and then work in plaster with the model before her. She worked mostly for bronze.

The Studio magazine (1926), in commenting about her animal subjects, said, "These wonderful little works remind us of the best works of the Japanese."

"Peasant and Cow" measures 15 inches by 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches at the base. The Peasant is

10 inches high and the Cow is 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches high.

In the study of nature, Jane Poupelet found beauty because she found truth.

—Mary Jugg.

A Strange Fish Story

Did you think that catching fish with bait was something practiced by man only? If you did, then you may not have heard about fish angling for other fish. They are called angler fishes and they used bait with which to get food long before man thought of it.

The angler fishes have side fins that are developed and used as legs and feet. On the top of their head they have a projection that is used as a bait.

These fish catch other fish like the Eskimos. The Eskimos move a piece of ivory in the water, and when the fish comes to look at the moving object the Eskimo strikes it with a spear. The angler fish use the same method. They wave the projection on their head, which looks very much like a worm, and when a small fish comes to look at it, the angler fish swallows it.

Many of these baits are luminous. Some of this type of fish lives so deep that they are rarely seen, but some nearer the surface can be observed. The body of the angler-fish is such that it matches with its surroundings very perfectly. It lies still and

cannot be seen. When it moves, it walks rather than swims. And when it looks for food, it walks around until it sees something interesting; then it hides in some dark corner and waves its bait. Sometimes the shaking is so violent that it seems as though it will be torn from atop its head. If a small fish becomes curious about the commotion and ventures near, the angler-fish opens its mouth, or, if it is farther away, it creeps upon its prey like a cat that waits for a mouse.

In this, as in many other devices, man has simply copied from Nature in the methods he uses.—M. J.

Essay on Cats

Gather round for this ten-year-old's essay on cats! "Cats and people are funny animals. Cats have four paws, but only one ma. People have forefathers, but only one mother.

"Cats carry tails, and a lot of people carry tales, too.

"All cats have fur coats. Some people have fur coats, and the ones who don't say catty things about the ones who do."

At this point I suppose the teacher said: "Thus fur and further."

Pisma mladih beguncev

Ivan Jontez

III.

Draga sestrčina!

V svojem zadnjem pismu me prosiš, da bi opisal naše beganje po Evropi, preden se nam je nasmejljala sreča in nas povedla čez valujoči Atlantik v demokratično Ameriko — "če se še spominjam, kajti od tedaj je minulo že dve leti in meni je bilo šele dvanajst let" . . .

Če se še spominjam! Kakor bi bilo sploh mogoče pozabiti silno neurje, ki je tako rekoč čez noč uničilo vse, kar smo s trudom dosegli v treh stoletjih ter nas pognalo po širokem svetu, v negotovo in sovražno bodočnost!

Samo pomisli, sestrčina! Tri sto let smo živeli v Nemčiji, postali del nemškega ljudstva in mu dali nešteto poštenih obrtnikov in trgovcev, znanstvenikov in umetnikov, učiteljev in tudi vojakov, ki so živeli, delali, mislili in umirali kot pravi Nemci, potem se je pa nenadoma pojavil mali mož s smešnimi brčicami, nas obdolžil krivde za vse težave, ki so teple Nemčijo in nas začel preganjati kakor gobavce! Čez noč smo postali iz dobrih Nemcev obsodeni izvrški človeštva, katerih se "čisti" Nemec ne sme dotakniti, ako se noče omadeževati in katere je treba pregnati, iztrebiti, uničiti. Življenje je nenadoma postalo strašna mora.

Ali se še spominjam te more? Saj prav zato ne bom pisal o nji, ker mi je le še preživo v spominu in ker me še vedno straši v spanju, ki me v sanjah vodi nazaj v pekel kljukastega križa, iz katerega ni videti nobenega izhoda. Ah, sestrčina, ti ne veš, kako nepopisno srečnega se počutim, ko se po takih strašnih sanjah zavem, da nisem več v Nemčiji, temveč v Ameriki! Ti tega sploh ne moreš razumeti, ker nisi nikdar šla skozi ta pekel. Saj se niti tega ne moreš v polni meri zavedati, kako srečna si, da si se rodila v Ameriki — ker ne veš, kako se živi drugod. Blagor ti!

Amerika! Ko je vstal pred mojimi očmi mogočni kip boginje Svobode, mi je bilo pri duši kot bi se bližal vratom v raj. Oče in mati sta od sreče ihtela. "Rešeni!" smo vzklikali vsi trije.

Prvi meseci v Ameriki so mi minuli kakor v krasnih sanjah. Tu smo postali spet enakovredni ljudje, nihče ni s prstom kazal za nami, nikdo nas ni kamenjal in smeli smo se spet prosto gibati med ljudmi kot njim enaki. Tako je Amerika v kratkem času zavzela v mojem srcu tisto mesto, ki ga je nekoč zavzemala Nemčija — nekdanja civilizirana Nemčija, ki je danes ni več in na katere mestu se divje šopiri posurovela, barbarska Nemčija Adolfa Hitlerja.

Kadar človek po hudem viharju najde pot v mirnem pristan, se rado zgodi, da se ga poloti bojazen, da zgolj sanja krasne sanje, ki se utegnejo vsak hip razpršiti pod pritiskom krute, sovražne resničnosti, nakar se bo spet znašel med razpenjenimi valovi. Tudi jaz sem imel često take občutke. In nekega dne mi je stopilo pred oči spoznanje, da niso ti občutki brez stvarne podlage in da kupa gorja ni še izpraznjena.

Bilo je pred nekaj tedni. Jaz sem bil z očetom v mestu. Na nekem trgu sva naletela na veliko skupino ljudi, ki so se gnetli okrog nekega mladega moža, ki jim je z divjo strastjo na obrazu nekaj govoril. Ko sva prišla bližje, sem razločil besede:

"Židje kontrolirajo Ameriko . . . Dokler ne iztrebimo te zalege, tako dolgo ne bo konec depresije . . . Židovski kapital drži Ameriko za goltanec . . . Doli z Židi! Vrnimo Ameriko Amerikancem!"

Nekateri poslušalci so govorniku hrupno pritrdjevali: "Tako se govori! Ven z njimi!" Drugi pa so žvižgali in jezno vzklikali: "Hitlerjevec! Nacijski strup se ti cedi iz ust! Doli s Hitlerjem!"

V hipu je na trgu nastal silovit hrup in metež. Jaz sem plašno pogledal očeta. On me je prijel za roko ter me odvedel proč. Nisva pa še prišla daleč, ko je zdrvel mimo naju neki paglavec, pljunil pred naju ter siknil: "Prekleta židovska zalega!"

Vse to je tako silno vplivalo name, da sem za trenutek pozabil, kje se nahajam in se zgrozil: "Oče, saj to je Berlin—!"

Oče se mi je bodrilno nasmejljal. "Hvala bogu, zaenkrat še ne, sinko! Ampak če bi dobili Ameriko v roke taki le ljudje, potem . . . Toda upajmo, da se to ne bo nikdar zgodilo, da bakla v dvignjeni desnici boginje Svobode ne bo nikdar ugasnila . . . Amerika je zdrava in močna in se ne bo dala zastupiti duhovniku, ki je pozabil, da je njegova mislija poslanstvo ljubezni, ne sovraštva in ki s svojo strupeno gonjo proti nam onečašča svoj duhovniški talar . . ."

Jaz sem postal radoveden in oče mi je moral povedati vse, kar je vedel o tem duhovniku. Jaz sem se čudil:

"Toda oče, Kristus je vendar učil: 'Ljubi svojega bližnjega kakor sam sebe!' in oče Coughlin je vendar njegov služabnik . . ."

"Nevreden služabnik," je odgovoril oče, "ki je v svojem pohlepu po oblasti zavrnil nauk ljubezni, na katerem sloni njegova vera in se udingal demonu sovraštva in laži, upajoč z njegovo pomočjo razdvojiti ameriško ljudstvo in ga zaslužniti kakor je Hitler zaslužnjal nemško ljudstvo z enakimi pripomočki."

In tako sem zvedel, sestrčina, da imamo v Ameriki katoliškega duhovnika — duhovnika vere, v kateri sem bil vzgojen tudi jaz —, ki uči sovraštvo do Židov in se pri tem poslužuje enakih laži kakor brezbožni Hitler, ki je Židom pripisoval moč, ki je nikdar niso imeli in jih dolžil krivde za nesreče, katerih niso in niso mogli povzročiti, ker so bili z drugimi vred njihova žrtev. Zato se mi ne čudi, ako Ti povem, da me zdaj često skrbi, zelo skrbi bodočnost in da se često po tišem vprašam, ali ne bo morda nacijski strup nazadnje omotil tudi Amerike, ji prizadejal mrtvoud in jo potisnil v temo, kakršna se zgrinja nad Evropo?

Sestrčina, to bi bila silna tragedija, ne samo za nas Žide, temveč za ves svet, kajti če bi ugasnila svetla plamenica v rokah boginje Svobode, bi s tem

ugasnila zadnja svetla luč na obzorju našega časa in na svet bi legla črna, brezzvezdna noč.

Brez te luči pa bi bilo življenje pusto in prazno in nevedno truda, ki ga zahteva od nas boj za obstanek. Upam, da se zavedajo tega vsi resnični Amerikanci in da so z menoj vred pripravljeni, vsak čas odbiti vsak napad na ta zadnji veliki svetilnik svobode in človečanstva v današnjem svetu. Kar se mene tiče, bi bil pripravljen žrtvovati tudi življenje, da bo ta luč lahko še nadalje svetila in kazala človeštvu pot iz teme barbarskih zablod v svetlejšo bodočnost.

Ali nisi tudi Ti enakih misli?

Gotovo—saj si dobra Američanka!

Pozdravlja Te Tvoj bratranec

Karel.

Nalivno pero

Koki

Povedal sem očetu, da bi imel rad nalivno pero. Vsi soholci ga imajo, le jaz sem brez njega. Če pišemo šolsko nalogo, moram nositi črnilo v žepu. Zadnjič se mi je razlilo.

Očetove oči so se nasmehnile.

Delavec je moj oče. Njegove roke so trudne, žuljave in raskave. Vsak dan se sklanja nad strojem, ki mu pije življenje. On pa trpi na tihem za nas doma, ki še ne vemo, kaj je skrb za kruh in ne pomislimo, kaj bi bilo, če bi te žuljave roke otrpnile.

Nasmehnil se je oče, ko sem ga poprosil za pero. Zvečer je prišel iz mesta. Njegov obraz se mi je zdel skrivnosten. Pravkar sem reševal težko nalogo, ko je vstopil. Komaj da sem se ozrl. Nekako plašno je stopil k mizi.

"Glej, Mile!"

Iz žepa je vzel nekaj v svilen papir zavitega. S tresočo roko je odstranil papir in med prsti mu je ostalo novo nalivno pero.

"Tukaj ga imaš, Mile, ko si si ga tako želel!"

Njegov izmučen obraz je žarel. V tem trenutku pa sem storil zločin. Dejal sem:

"Ne motite me sedaj!"

Moje besede so morale biti trde in krute. Očetova roka je obstala. Njegov obraz je onemel, ustnice so mu zatrepetale. In ko sem videl očeta in njegovo žalost, mi je srce zatrepetalo. Oče je še vedno stal. Dvignil sem se in stopil pred njega:

"Odpusti, oče, nisem te hotel žaliti!"

Vzel sem pero. Njegove oči so se razširile, solza mu je zdrsela po trdem lieu.

Potem se je nasmehnil v neizrečnem veselju.

Meat Hinges

A certain grocer was famed for selling tough meat. A man came into the store one day and asked for some beef.

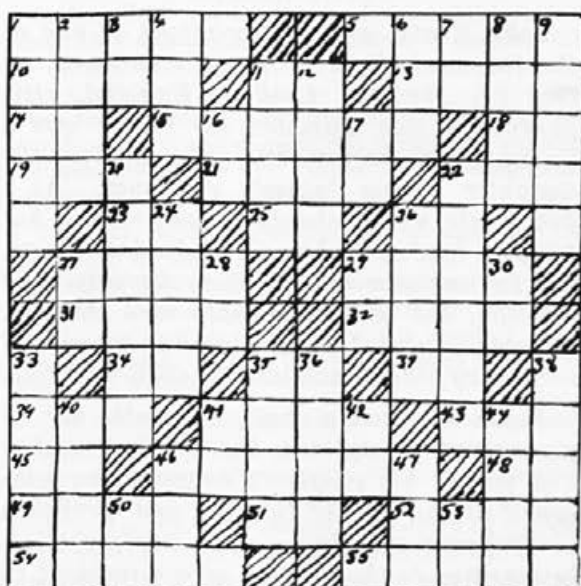
"Do you want it for boiling or roasting?" asked the grocer.

"Niether," replied the man. "I want it for hinges on the stable door."

ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Tony Adlesich, 17,

Snowball, Ark., Lodge 433



ACROSS

1—To elevate. 5—An instrument for measuring. 10—Within. 11—Papa (abbr.). Ever again. 14—To perform. 15—A crown. 18—Electrical engineer (abbr.). 19—Terminate. 21—The shad or horse mackerel. 22—To commit an error. 23—Like. 25—A conjunction. 26—Inward. 27—An Arabian chieftain or ruler. 29—Increases. 31—Masculine. 32—Digits. 34—To depart. 35—Therefore. 37—Louisiana (abbr.). 39—A tailless monkey. 41—To be silent. 43—Border. 45—Note of the scale. 46—A father or mother. 48—A negative reply. 49—Pain. 51—Half an em. 52—A West Indian shrub—the source of indigo. 54—Extinction of life. 55—Perspire.

DOWN

1—One who rides a horse. 2—Again. 3—Pronoun. 4—Turf. 6—A projecting part on a wheel for moving or receiving motion from a roller. 7—One. 8—A sly, sidelong look. 9—Large water jugs. 11—The alpaca. 12—Month of the Jewish year. 16—Island (abbr.). 17—A masculine nickname. 20—To injure. 22—To make dear. 24—A stone pit. 26—An image. 27—Unit of measurement (printing). 28—A prefix signifying back, again. 29—Upon. 30—Short-stop (abbr.). 33—One of the courses in a dinner. 35—Painful. 36—Not shut. 38—A young salmon. 40—A step. 41—Contradiction of mama. 42—Prefix meaning in or into. 44—A fresh-water porpoise. 46—To fondle. 47—A marble. 50—An expression of joy. 53—Northeast (abbr.).

(Answers on inside back cover page)

Birthdays of the Great Men

By LOUIS BENIGER

JOHN KEATS

John Keats, who is recognized as one of the foremost English poets, was born on Oct. 29, 1795, in London, England. His parentage was humble: his father was a livery-stable keeper and his mother the daughter of his father's employer. As a boy Keats was a sturdy fellow, with a hot temper, fond of fighting and fond of sports, but he was admired for his character and courage; his personal beauty was striking. He was educated in the local primary and secondary schools and later studied medicine.

Keats was not a studious youth, but he persevered, completed his medical studies and passed his surgeon's examination with credit at the age of twenty, and proved a skillful surgeon. However, he was excessively sensitive to the nervous strain incident to surgery and, also, he longed for a poet's career. For it was toward the end of his schooldays that he was set dreaming by reading poetry. Through a friend of his he met a number of poets and artists who took a lively interest in him and urged him on. Keats turned his attention to great poets and as a result of this, he produced his first poem, "O Solitude!" and soon after his first great sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer."

A year after he gave up surgery, Keats published his first volume containing, besides this sonnet, a number of other early poems. The most important of these juvenile pieces is the one beginning, "I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill," which shows that his feeling for nature was already exquisite, and his observation keen. His first long poem, "Endymion," came a year later. It is in this poem that Keats opens his passage with the ever timely line, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." However, he was not satisfied with its arrangements and he was "plotting and fitting himself for verses fit to live." Sneering reviews were published ordering the young poet "back to the shop, to plasters, pills, and ointment boxes."

To what purpose Keats "plotted," is shown by the wonderful volume two years later.

It was entitled "Lamia and Other Poems," which contained the great odes, "On Melancholy," "On a Grecian Urn," "To Psyche," and "To a Nightingale," and the heroic fragment, "Hyperion." Two years had done wonders in deepening and strengthening his gift. It is true that the great body of these poems lies remote from everyday human interest (they are lyrical reflection), his wonderful letters written to his friends, with their rollicking fun, their human sympathy, their eager ponderings upon life and clear insight into many of its dark places, show a warm and most vital nature.

The essential quality of Keats as a poet is his sensitiveness to beauty, and the singleness of aim which he seeks for "the principle of beauty in all things." He worshipped beauty for beauty's sake. To prove this we can again mention his second volume which opens with the memorable line, "A thing of beauty . . .," and his last volume, in which at the close of the ode "On a Grecian Urn," he declares that beauty is one with truth. It is this passion for beauty, working through a very delicate and powerful temperament, which gives Keats' poetry its richness. He revived old words, coined new ones, and put current ones to a new service, with a confidence and success unequalled by any other English poet except Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Spenser.

Partially from nursing his brother through his illness of consumption and partially, perhaps, from inherited susceptibility he became a victim of consumption. His health began to fail, his funds were all but gone and he was confronted by poverty. Shelley, his contemporary, invited him to Rome. He composed his last sonnet on shipboard as he was leaving for Italy to regain health, his "Bright Star, Would I Were Steadfast as Thou Art." Like our youthful Slovene poet, Dragotin Kette, who died of the same malady at the age of 23 years, Keats succumbed at the age of 25.

After only good three years of actual writing, John Keats died on Feb. 23, 1821, in Rome.

Meaning of Hallowe'en

By Frank Padar Jr.

I confess that the nearness of the fall and my second term of college has got me jittery. That my uneasiness doesn't show too much in my letter, is my fervent hope. For my letter in the October issue I have chosen the topic, "Halloween." The drawing enclosed is an adaptation of a mural I painted some months ago. Here follows the essay:

Halloween is a night set aside for the mock honoring of ghosts and witches. There is such a hula-balo about these somewhat freakish creatures that one is made a bit hesitant about going abroad after twilight. To add to the omnipotence of the goblins on this night or perhaps to supplement it, we have



a parade of man-made ghosts garbed in bed-sheets (first cousins of the Ku Klux Klan), midnight parties, lighted pumpkins, "scary" songs, and ugly-faced masks.

Some young gentlemen (my thoughts dwell on those of about twelve summers) who are unimpressed by the excitement created by carved pumpkins and black cats, stir up a different type of excitement by tipping over ash-cans, ringing doorbells, and building great fires on hilltops or vacant lots, depending

on the habitat. This is Halloween as it occurs on every 31st of October; exciting, very interesting and stimulating to the imagination.

For what this holiday stands or how it originated, I confess, I do not know. As I now think deeper about this strange autumn festival, a purpose for its celebration reveals itself, or, rather, so it seems to me. It could well be the reminder of the day when the ignorance and narrowmindedness of the world caused it to believe in witchcraft and worship the men and women who supposedly had supernatural powers at their disposal.

This day could also be the day set aside for the mourning of those innocent beings who were condemned to die because of the suspicion of being witches. I speak not of an ancient age but of an era in our own country only a few hundred years ago, in some of the Old English colonies before the American Revolution.

One great martyr for the cause of science and the scientific method was Antoine Lavoisier, the father of modern chemistry. Lavoisier discovered the nature of burning, analyzed water for the first time, and confirmed Priestley's discovery of the element oxygen. Such was the accomplishment of the man when at a very early age, he was guillotined by the French Revolutionists during the Reign of Terror (1794) for, of all things, suspicion of being possessed with the power of witchcraft. This holiday might well be a mourning of his death.

When one thinks about witches and Halloween in this way, it tends to become a day of sorrow. However, remembering the poor people who were sacrificed to ignorance will not be of any consequence in our day. Let us, on the other hand, be so moved at the cause of their death that any trace of foolish superstition will be discouraged in ourselves and others.

How many of us are willing to cross the path of a black cat, walk under a ladder (provided no can of paint is tottering on top), and break a mirror without throwing the pieces over our left shoulder?

NOTE TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE MAKERS

Most of the contributors who are submitting crossword puzzles are forgetting some of the rules that are attached to them before they can be accepted.

Many of you are making them too small, so that your numbering is scarcely legible. It is not necessary to make them the exact size in which they will appear in print. If you make them two or three times as large, they will be reduced when the cut is made. Remember to make your numbers distinct.

Again, many are forgetting that not only a filled-in puzzle with the answers is necessary but also a separate piece of paper, giving each number and the word that belongs to it. This saves the editor much time in typing it. Failure to include this sheet of answers written out may mean that your puzzle will not appear.

Razbito okno

Ančič

Tistega dne zjutraj je sonce močno pripekalo. Ulice in hiše so žarele od vročine. Roman je ves otopel od vročine pohajkoval po ulici. Počitnice, ki jih je tako težko pričakoval, so bile že nekaj dni, pa ni vedel, kaj bi počel; brezdjelje ga je ubijalo. Nobenega znanca ni bilo na spregled, skoro vsak je še imel šolo.

Iz te otopelosti ga je mahoma zbudilo živahno čivkanje. Na hruški pred neko hišo (Roman je nekje slišal, da je njen lastnik gospod Rebič, a poznal ga ni) sta se srdito zaganjala drug v drugega dva vrabca ter se pretepala, da je perje letelo po zraku.

Sklonil se je, zagrabil kamen ter ga zagnal proti kričačema. Zadel je v vejo, a vrabca sta utihnili in odletela.

Tedaj je Romanu zastala sapa, v nemoči je stisnil pesti — kamen se je odbil od veje ter odletel v loku v okno.

Zažvenketalo je; steklo se je sesulo na tla. Romanu je postalo nekam hladno, vkljub vsej vročini, misli pa so se mu zjasnile zaradi strahu in nevarnosti. Ozrl se je naokoli. Vsa okna so bila zaprta, nobenega človeka nikjer. Zbežati ni hotel, če bi ga kdo videl bežečega, bi se mu zazdelo sumljivo, zato je odšel dalje po ulici, ko da se ni nič zgodilo.

V hiši je ostalo vse mirno, najbrže je razbil okno kakšne spalnice, kjer ni bilo nikogar, da bi slišal žvenket.

Komaj je bil Roman za oglom, je pa stekel na vso moč. Vroče mu je postalo ob misli, kaj bi bilo, če bi ga zasačili. Doma je bil potem tako redkobeseden in miren, da ga je mati vprašala, če je bolan. "Da, kako ubije ta vročina človeka!" je pripomnila.

On pa je ždel v kotu na stolu z glavo v dlaneh. Misli je, misli . . . V duhu se je že videl, kako ga lastnik one hiše ustavi na cesti pred vsemi ljudmi ter ga povleče na uho: "Aha, ti si tisti falot! Sedaj greva k očetu!" V hujšem primeru morda: "Sedaj greva na stražnico! Ti bom že dal, kamenje metati v okna!"

A kaj pa potem, če se izve, da je hotel zbiti vrabca? Zadnjič je bral v dnevniku, da so morali plačati starši nekega dečka visoko globo, ker je fant streljal ptice. Tako vandalstvo!

Videl se je že, kako ga ogledujejo sosedje, češ, glejte ga, falota! V mislih je poslušal profesorja, kako mu pri vpisu pred vsemi pridiga, ker so mu prišli na uho njegovi "podvigi".

Zvonec je zazvonil.

Roman se je stresel. Je že tu . . . Šel je za mano in videl, kje stanujem.

Pa je bil samo neki krošnjar, ki je prišel ponujati svoje blago.

Vreme se je izprevrglo. Silovit veter je jel pihati in oblaki prahu so se dvigali po ulicah. Mati je hitela zapirati okna, da ne bi vdrl prah v stanovanje.

Popoldne se je oglasila pri Romanovih gospa

Urbančeva. Kmalu sta bili zapleteni z Romanovo materjo v živahen razgovor.

"Ah, to vreme! Kakšen prah nanaša ta nori veter v stanovanja! Ali veste, da je razbil Rebičevim v spalnici veliko okno?" je hitela pripovedovati gospa Urbančeva.

Roman je živahno dvignil glavo.

"Sama gospa Rebičeva mi je pravila," je nadaljevala gospa Urbančeva. "Ko je šla opoldne v spalnico, je našla okno razbito. Gotovo je veter loputal z oknom, ki je bilo le priprto, in šipa je šla . . ."

Roman si je globoko, globoko oddahnil.

Vrabčja modrost

KATKA ZUPANČIČ

— Saj se ne splača
loviti metulja,
reče mladiču
učena vrabulja.
— Truden, upehan
ga končno vловиš —
pa je le nič
vse, kar dobiš.

Naj te ne varajo
pisana krila;
gizdavost ni še
nikogar zredila.

O divji ženi nad Čiginjem

Toni Mešlecov

Na Tolminskem, tam, kjer se prevesi cesta iz Volč proti Ročinju, čemi lična vasica Čiginj. Prebivalci so delavni, mirni in nekateri vzorni gospodarji. Z Volčani in Kozarščani so si vedno v dobrih odnosih, v kolikor jih žene ne vežejo v tesnejše sorodniške vezi.

Svoje dni je prebivala v kotlini nad vasjo divja žena. Pravili so ji "divja baba". Nekaterim je bila v strah in grozo, pridnim Čigincem pa zelo naklonjena. Večkrat jim je pomagala z dobrimi nasveti. Če je zakričala: "Sej v breg, sej v breg!" so jo ubogali, ker so vedeli, da bo deževno leto. Ko so slišali povelje: "Sej v dolini, sej v dolini!" so vedeli, da jim je pričakovati suhega leta in so sejali po dolini. Vsako leto je bil pridelek obilen.

Kmet Juanet je oral na polju. Delo mu pa ni šlo uspešno izpod rok. Venomer mu je pri vpregi nekaj nagajalo. Na, končno se mu je še pregel zlomil. Jezen misli pustiti delo. Tedaj zasliši glas:

"Kmet Juanet, vij trto drgabet, vzemi črnega trna pregel, da bo stalo stanabet!"

Ni se ustrašil. Poznal je glas "divje babe". Dobrohotno mu je svetovala, naj vzame močno trto "drgovito", pregel pa naj bo iz trdega črnega trna, da bo potem vprega stanovitna.

POZDRAV

Tihomir

To je bilo tisti večer, ko sem šel od predavanja nekega nadobudnega človekoljuba, ki je prepričevalno in z živo besedo govoril o bedi našega ljudstva. Da, udaril je brez usmiljenja po kapitalistih, po naših fabrikantih in trgovcih. Govoril in govoril je, da sem se skoraj razjokal nad revščino naših ljudi. Kajti pripomniti moram, da sem zelo rahlo-srčen. Ko sem zapustil dvorano, sem bil poln svetega ognja in trdnih sklepov, da bom napel vse svoje sile, ki so sicer bolj revne, ker nimam zvez, brez katerih današnji ne gre, in položil vse svoje zmožnosti, da celo življenje, na žrtvenik našemu ljudstvu.

Grem po cesti. V svojem zanosu sem celo govoril sam s seboj in krilil z rokami. Pa srečam človeka — našega človeka. — V svitu cestne svetilke so se zdele oči še bolj udrte, lica še bolj upadla. Čepico, vso povaljano in umazano, je imel potisnjeno na stran. Roke je tiščal globoko v žepih, kajti bilo je mraz. Čevlje je imel že precej raztrgane. Prav tako je imel raztrgane hlače in preluknjano suknjo. Ovratnik je imel zavihan navzgor. Barve obleke nisem mogel določiti, čeprav je bila luč še precej mogočna. V dno srca se mi je zasmilil, saj je bil naš človek. Hitro sem pobrskal po mislih, kako bi mu mogel pomagati in s tem storiti prvi korak na pot človekoljubja in socialnosti. Denarja nisem imel, kajti bil sem že dalje časa suh. Torej mu stvarne pomoči nisem mogel nuditi. V znak svojega velikega sočutja in spoštovanja pred njegovo revščino, pa sem snel pred njim klobuk in ga ponižno in z glasom, ki je razodeval mojo človekoljubnost, pozdravil.

Takrat je obstal. Stopil je trdo k meni, da sem videl svetlikanje njegovih oči v senci čepice in globoko v votlinah. Kar strese me, če se spomnim na sijaj njegovih sestradih in lačnih oči. Tako je stopil k meni, mi pljunil v obraz in me z desnico udaril v lice, da sem odletel daleč s ceste.

O ti sveta nevhvaležnost!

Ko sem pobral svoj povaljani klobuk in se počasi vzdignil, je bil neznanec že mimo in je, roke globoko v hlačnih žepih, nadaljeval svojo pot.

Pobral sem se. V glavi mi je šumelo in v ustih sem čutil neprijeten in trpek okus. Gospod, odpusti mi, sem si mislil. Saj se ni zavedal, kakšno krivico je storil mojemu človekoljubju.

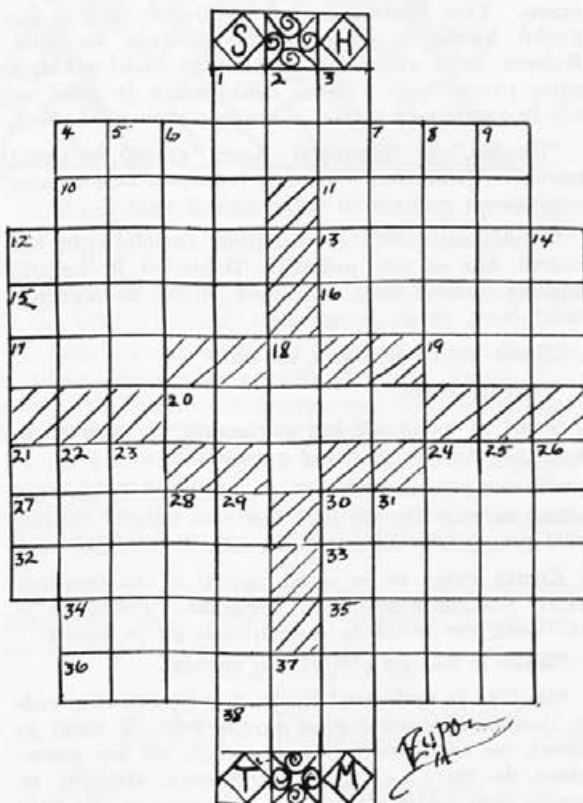
Šele pozneje se mi je posvetilo. Saj res! Pozabil sem namreč, da je takim ljudem zoprna prijaznost, posebno od strani takih gospodov, kot sem bil takrat jaz (sicer sem bil v žepu popolnoma suh, toda zunanji moj izgled je moral biti še kolikor toliko gosposki). Seveda sem ga s svojim pozdravom razžalil. Moral bi ga pozdraviti: "Stran s poti, capin!" In bil bi tiho in bi nadaljeval svojo pot.

Toda jaz sem sklenil postati velik človekoljub. Torej je bila to le moja prva žrtev na oltar za boljšo bodočnost človečanstva.

In ko sem šel proti domu, čeprav sem bil ves povaljan in mi je šumelo v glavi ter sem imel v ustih trpek okus, sem koval načrte. Velikopotezne in polne ljubezni do svojih ljudi.

ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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



ACROSS

- 1—Simian. 2—Warlike. 10—To go out. 11—A row. 12—To trim. 13—Religion of Moslem. 15—Finished. 16—Stop. 17—To turn to right. 19—Female fowl. 20—Become. 21—Norse god. 24—A dolt. 27—A component of air. 30—To lave. 32—Seasoning plant. 33—Performer. 34—Outer layer. 35—Young herring. 36—Part of the suit of armor. 38—Distress signal.

DOWN

- 1—Seasoned with salt (given letter). 2—Greek letter. 3—Restless (given letter). 5—Ooze. 6—To cover inside. 7—French river. 8—Biblical word. 9—Eradicate. 12—Wooden pin. 14—Pl. of man. 18—A labor union. 21—Cut short, as hair. 22—Mountains in Missouri. 23—Substances from turpentine. 24—Garret. 25—Young hog. 26—Weight of India. 28—Number between 1 and 10. 29—Oldest (given letter). 30—Principles of the Babis (given letter). 31—Measure of land. 37—Italian river.

(Answers on inside back cover page.)

Fire and Water

Bobby: "Why does the whistle blow for a fire?"

Billy: "It doesn't blow for a fire, it blows for water—they've already got the fire."

Neprevidna zaupljivost

Stanko Pahič

V zakajeno izbo predmestne krčme so se odprla vrata. Tine Kocir, pohajač in literat, je trdo pograbil kljuko in oblastno tresnil vrata za seboj. Bahavo se je razgledal po dimu in sedel v kot, k edini prazni mizi. Samo neki možak je sedel za njo in zamišljeno strmel v kozarec vina pred seboj.

"Da, da," je zamrmral Kocir glasno in nekaj naročil. Potem je privlekel iz žepa polo zmečkanega popisanega papirja in dolgo strmel vanj.

"Preklicana reč!" je vzkliknil nazadnje in brž nagnil, kar so mu prinesli. Dobro si je ogledal možaka onkraj mize in najbrž prišel do ugodnih zaključkov, da ga je ogovoril:

"Slabo vreme je danes, ali ne."

"Seveda, slabo."

Sosed ni kazal nič kaj zanimanja za pogovor in Kocirja. Očitno je nekaj premišljal.

"Ni zaslužka dandanes," je nadaljeval Kocir, "posebno za nas literate ne. Jaz sem namreč literat, toda precej trda mi prede. Seveda, ti uredniki . . ."

Komaj vidno se je sosod zganil in za trenutek ošinil Kocirja z zvedavim pogledom. Pričel ga je zanimati, vsa prejšnja zamišljenost ga je minila.

"Kako in kaj pa pišete?" je vprašal.

"Da," se je razbohotil Kocir, "mi literati smo važni ljudje, tako rekoč glas naroda smo. Z nami je narod, mi zastopamo njegove težnje, mi mu pomagamo, da, mi . . . Toda ti preklicani uredniki so vražje sitni ljudje, da bi jih koklja brenila. Ne dajo in ne dajo mi do besede, meni, razumete. Toliko sem se že prejezil z njimi, toda ne moreš jim do živga. Da, enemu sem celo kuril peč s svojimi deli, to se pravi, on sam si jo je kuril. Moje delo, moj trud, razumete, da, vse do zadnjega je pokuril, kar sem mu poslal. Potem pa sem ga opsoval."

"Pa ste mu prišli do živga s psovanjem?" je vprašal možak z vidnim zanimanjem.

"Kje le," je dejal Kocir in zvišal glas, "toda potem sem ga pustil pri miru. Kuri zdaj, če imaš s čim, sem si dejal in se obrnil na 'Besedo'."

"In vam je uspelo?" se je zavzel sosod, in da bi kaj več izvedel, je dejal: "Veste, jaz sem tudi literat in vas popolnoma razumem. Razmere pač danes gredo drugače . . ."

"A tako, potem se razumeva, ali ne. Veseli me, da sem vas našel, saj danes bi se morali literati organizirati, ne pa da vsak vozi svojo. Tako seveda ne more nič doseči. Torej, vruga mi je uspelo. 'Beseda' ima še prav posebno trdega urednika. Da bi mogel, bi mu že pokazal; premikastil bi tega zlodja na vse mile in nemile viže."

"Neverjetno, da se vam je tako zameril," je sosod majal z glavo.

"Kaj, neverjetno!" se je Kocir razgrel, "pomislite, vse članke do zadnjega mi je vrnil. Da, vrnil,

kot bi bil ne vem kak ničkajprida, jaz, literat. To, pogledajte, to," je pograbil papir z mize, "to zadnje delo so mi danes vrnil. Urednik me še videti ni hotel. Samo naj mi pride kdaj v roke . . . Kaj pa vi pišete, ali ste kje v službi?"

"Da," je malomarno odvrnil sosod in nagnil kozarec, "jaz sem urednik 'Besede'."

Skozi noč . . .

Vladko Kos

Skozi noč

blisnil je utrinek vroč,
da nebo zažarelo,
v zlatem žaru zaplamtelo,
da je v duši vstal mi up.

Skozi noč

sredi zvezd sem sanjajoč
gledal ceste mesečine,
gledal v zlate pradaljine,
milijone štel sem zvezd.

Skozi noč

blisnil je utrinek vroč,
svetle zvezde so ugasnile,
zlate dalje so se skrile,
ceste so zletele v zrak.

Room For the Heart

By Mary Jugg

I walked along the spotless boulevard,
Where manikins adorned the shoppes,
And wore next winter's clothes in mid-July—
Where sparkling doormen stiffly stood.
I saw no one but walking manikins to enter
in.

Then down in shoddy Maxwell Street,
Where crowded wares spilled on the streets,
A mother held her crying babe,
And as she made her way among the stands,
A face more leaden than the clothes she sold
Spoke up and said,
"There's an empty keg here back of my stand
To rest yourself and child a bit.
Come. Sit down."

JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg



These are names that got scrambled up of different personages that have made news and appeared in the newspaper headlines. Can you unscramble them?

1. ksyrtort
2. allwace
3. hurhillce
4. seoorvetl
5. sordinw
6. ckesi
7. kiewill
8. leyarf
9. karbley
10. sonstim

Puzzlers

1. How many bricks will be required to build a wall 75' long, 6' high and 16 inches thick, each brick being 8" long, 4" wide and 2¼" thick?

2. The top of St. Peter's in Rome is 9—110 of a mile above the ground. St. Paul's in London is 17—264 of a mile. How much higher is St. Peter's than St. Paul's?

3. In the following, one of the Roman numerals is incorrect. Do you know which one? 1. 37 XXXVII 2. 25 XXV 3. 157 CLVII 4. 92 CXII.

4. Where is the island of Sardinia? 1. Off the coast of England 2. Off the S. W. coast of Italy 3. Off the coast of Greece.

5. Which state in the Union is completely divided by a large body of water? 1. Maryland 2. Washington 3. New York 4. Michigan.

6. What is the highest peak in North America? In the United States?

7. Pete is a stepbrother of Carl and Harry. George is also a stepbrother of both Carl and Harry. But Pete is no relation to George and Carl is no relation to Harry. How is this possible?

8. If you had a penny and the second day the value would double so that you would have 2c, the third day 4c, the fourth day 8c, etc., how many days would it be before you had \$1,000,000.00?

*

In the picture below, can you find all the hidden words that begin with M? If you look closely you will readily see them.

A Day Dreamer

*I watch the clock hands slowly move;
They barely crawl, to me it seems.
As the teacher talks I do not hear
I'm far away in the land of day dreams.*

*My dreams rudely and suddenly stopped
By a bell that now is ringing,
And here I am, in a schoolroom,
A good-night song they are singing.*

*The teacher now dismisses the class
And I hurriedly pick up my books,
But the teacher says to me,
"You'll have to do your work, it looks."*

*And so I study for a half hour more,
A half hour that could have been spent
in play.*

*"Next time I won't sit and daydream,
But will get my work done," I say.*

Elsie Mae Mihelich,
602 So. 26th Street,
Colorado Springs, Colo.
Lodge 94, age 13 years.

It's Too Bad

Judge: "Can't this case be settled out of court?"
Pat: "That is what we waz tryin' to do, yer honor, when the police interfered."



Stamp Collecting

PHILATELIC TERMS

In the mail, from time to time, come inquiries about certain phases of stamp collecting, known only to collectors. Without an adequate knowledge of the stamp collectors' language, beginners are confused in reading the various stamp magazines and at the stamp meetings among well advanced collectors. For this reason we are using this month's column to list a short philatelic dictionary.

ALBINO: Uncolored stamp impressions usually found on envelopes. They are not of much value.

BISECT: A stamp cut in half and actually used at half its face value. To be authentic it must be tied on across the cut side of the stamp. The practice is no longer permitted, consequently very few modern bisections are available.

BLOCKS: Four or more unsevered stamps, two by two or larger.

CENTERING: Description of the position of the design of a stamp with relation to its location to the outer edges of the paper on which it is printed.

CARRIER STAMPS: Stamps issued in the United States during 1863 to pay cost of delivery of a letter from the postoffice to an individual destination. Such delivery is now made without extra charge.

DOUBLE TRANSFER: A term used to describe extra lines found on certain stamps, caused by imperfect transferring of the original design from the master die to the steel plate from which the initial printing of stamps is made.

ESSAY: A design suggested for a stamp subsequently printed in stamp form, but not for use. Often in experimental or trial colors.

FRANK: A marking place on the envelope to show that the mail has been prepaid, or the sender has the privilege of sending mail free of charge.

FUGITIVE COLOR: Is color that fades or runs when wet. It is used purposely by many countries to prevent the cancellations from being washed off stamps.

GRILL: A series of impressions upon the paper after the stamp is printed, used in the 1870s by the U. S. as a method of preventing cancellation ink from being washed off stamps.

GUM BREAKER: When printing rotary press stamps, the gum is placed on the stamps before they are perforated. As the stamps go through the perforating machine a special roller makes a colorless impression on the reverse of the stamp, to break the gum and prevent curling.

INVERT: A bi-colored, wherein an impression of the stamp is printed upside down or sideways. A printer's mistake, greatly valued by collectors.

KILLER: A heavy cancellation, entirely or almost completely obliterating the design of the stamps.

OXIDIZED: Described as the change in color due to excessive contact with sunlight or sulphur fumes, wherein the color fades appreciably.

PROVISIONALS: Stamps issued by an individual postoffice or a government to temporarily take the place of other stamps when the quantity of the other stamps is insufficient to take care of public purchases.

ROLETTE: A peculiar type of separation wherein no paper is removed from the rows of stamps.

My Big Doggy

*I had a big doggy that used to sit and beg;
He could run and jump; then once he broke his leg.
O! doggy, I had to nurse him and try to make him
well,
And promised him a collar with a shiny golden bell.*

*When doggy's leg was better, he could run and play
again;*

*We played in the fields and pastures and
When people made their hay*

He liked to run around and play and play.

Annie Hotko
226 Main St.,
Oglesby, Ill.

Krvava zarja

Pesem iz starega kraja

KOKI

Krvava zarja na zahodu sije,
rdeče se blesti nebo v daljavi,
grozotni žar odseva po planjavi
in daleč tam se črna megla vije.

V tej črni megli strašen boj se bije.
Ob možnarjev in ob topov bobnenju,
ob tankov trušču in letal brnenju
prepeva puška smrtne melodije.

In ne ustavi vihra se morije.
Zastonj sirota nad očetom plaka
in smrt iz žrel pogubnih dalje čaka.

Li sonce še nam kdaj miru zasije,
pokaže v svobodo izhod iz mraka,
in maščevana bo krivica vsaka?

Sladkosnedni sloni

V Sudanu v Afriki, v bližini Abesinije, rastejo neka posebna tropična drevesa, ki so zelo visoka, a rode zelo majhne plodove; nekako tako velike, kakor so naše divje črešnje. Prav ti mali sadovi so pa za tamkajšnje slone najljubša sladčica. Ker sloni ne morejo plezati po drevesih, si pomagajo na ta način, da drevesa, ko dozori njihov sad, izrujejo iz tal, jih položijo na tla in potem obirajo drobne jagode. Zelo smešno je gledati te velikane, kako s svojimi dolgimi rilci obirajo tako majhne sadove, kajti obirati jih morajo po cele dneve, da se vsaj malo nasitijo z njimi. Pri tem pa sloni seveda uničujejo drevesa, da jih je vedno manj.

WHEN WE PLAY

Compiled by Ann K. Medvesek



THE ORIGIN OF HALLOWE'EN

Because October 31 is the night before the ancient church festival of All Saints or All Hallows, it is called Hallowe'en or Halloeven. In England and Scotland, where this festival was celebrated, the people were very superstitious; therefore, it became a watch night or vigil, because of the belief that spirits, witches, ghosts and goblins roamed about playing all sorts of tricks.

Many old customs were practiced at that time, which have ever since been associated with Hallowe'en. Some of them are unknown to us, but others, such as *Bobbing for Apples* and *Fortune Telling* are still enjoyed by boys and girls of today.

Although there are no spirits roaming about on that night, it is still considered the time of pranks and mischief.

HEAD NUT

The players are seated or stand in a circle, with one in the middle called Head Nut. Several nuts are passed from one person to another with the Head Nut trying to discover where one of these is. If he calls out the name of some one who has one of the nuts at that time, the person caught with it becomes "Head Nut." If he is wrong in his guess, whoever has the nut puts it in his pocket and new nuts are passed around. At the end of the game, the one who has the most nuts in his possession is the winner.

TEN SCENT GAME

Ten small bottles are needed for this game. Each bottle is covered with a different color crepe paper. Something with a characteristic odor is placed into each bottle. These bottles are then passed among the guests to smell the contents. Each guest writes on paper the color of the bottle and his guess as to the contents.

The following list suggests colors of the bottles and answers:

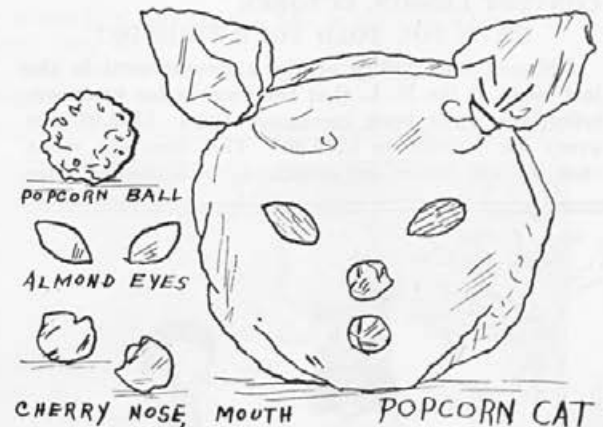
Colors of bottles	Content
Blue.....	Camphor
Purple.....	Sour Milk

Yellow.....	Moth Balls
Red.....	Ground Cinnamon
Black.....	Smelling Salts
Green.....	Ammonia
White.....	Pepper
Brown.....	Witch Hazel
Pink.....	Banana Oil
Orange.....	Vinegar

POPCORN CATS

Popcorn Cats make amusing party favors, and are very simple to make.

Each cat is a popcorn ball wrapped up in orange paper. The upper corners of the paper are twisted into ears. Almonds are stuck on for eyes and candied cherries for the nose and mouth.



As Hallowe'en draws near, you must keep in mind that you cannot hope to do any good scaring without a mask. These can be made from large paper bags.

These paper bag masks can be made as fantastic or as fierce or as woeful as you like. It is fun to make the mask face completely different from your own face.

Remember that when you put on a scary mask you are likely to be a frightening person. So be careful that you startle only big people or children your own age, never little children.

OUR SCHOOL

AWARDS FOR THE BEST CONTRIBUTIONS

A sum of not more than \$200 is available for the SNPJ juvenile members who will in the first half of 1940 contribute to the Our School section of the Mladinski List:

1) The best letters, according to quality as judged by the Editor, on the subjects as suggested from time to time in this column;

2) The best original drawings in India ink on any subject deemed acceptable by the Editor, such as cartoons, games, cross-word puzzles, etc.

The publication of such letters or drawings on these pages is not indication that they all will be awarded; contributions published elsewhere in the Mladinski List although intended for Our School will be awarded under the same rules if qualifying.

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

The next distribution of awards will be made in December, 1940, and the winners will be announced in January, 1941.

RULES: 1) Every contributor must be a member of the SNPJ Juvenile Department. 2) State your age and number of the SNPJ lodge to which you belong. 3) Every contribution must be signed also by either parent. 4) Every contribution must be in the hands of the Editor by the first of the month if intended for the issue of the Mladinski List of the following month.

*

CONTEST LESSON, OCTOBER

HAVE YOU TOLD YOUR FRIENDS?

Did you take notice of the announcement in the last issue of the M. L. that the awards for your contributions have been increased from \$100.00 for every six months to \$200.00? This does not mean that we will lower our standards in accepting your



AUTUMN LEAVES

Drawn by Dorothy Dermotta, age 16, Box 101, Avella, Pa., Lodge 292.



A LONESOME TEEPEE

Drawn by Zora Gostovich, age 12, Box 769, Van Houten, New Mex., Lodge 416.

contributions, but it does mean that more of you will stand a chance at receiving an award.

Encourage your friends to become members of the Society, and tell them about this opportunity to receive an award for their original work.

MOVIES

Have you noticed that many of the movies you see or that are most popular with your friends follow certain patterns that are always the same and that very frequently do not conform to the way things occur in real life. Here are some of these patterns:

1. That if the hero and heroine become married at the end of the picture, most of the troubles and difficulties are solved.

2. That if the criminal is caught, the crime problem is solved.

3. That war and the preparation for war is thrilling, heroic, and glamorous.

4. That the good life is the one that emphasizes luxury of all types, fine homes, and automobiles.

5. That certain races or nationalities or minority groups possess certain characteristics that mark them as being different to native white Americans.

Here is the suggestion for your letter:

Think about some movie or movies that you liked a great deal or that was most popular with your friends.

See if it followed any of the patterns suggested above. If it did, can you suggest changes in the plot so that they would be more true to life and not leave you with a false impression about the realities? Or can you see how the particular method in which it was presented left you with certain ways of thinking that were not most ideal?

Prize winners for this six months will be selected a great deal upon the amount of attention they paid to these contest suggestions.

*

A FEW WORDS ON LABELS

Various names given to persons or to some nationality groups are generally unfavorable. The name "Sissy", for instance, may be given to a person by his youthful associates because of some fear he had. This person generally shakes off the name after he passes his 'teens.



Drawn by Bill Baltezar, age 16, 1246 Short St., Butte, Mont., Lodge 207.

The name "Peewee" is generally given to young people because they are smaller than their friends. This is a name that may stick through life. A person may shake off this name by growing up suddenly. There is generally no harm done except to make a person conscious of his size.

The name "Hunky" was generally given to immigrants from Austria of twenty or more years ago. It has been practically forgotten. Italians have been called "Waps," "Dagos." The name has also generally disappeared, although some people still use it. It is understood that these terms have always been used in derogatory sense, and it was high time they disappeared.

People in political office receive names from everyone. Andrew Jackson was labeled "Old Hickory" by his admirers. He got this name during his fighting days. It stuck during his presidency. The name was beneficial.

The late Senator Robert La Follette Sr. of Wisconsin was called "Fighting Bob" by friends as well as opponents because he fought for what he thought was right. The name was beneficial and popular.

Stephen Douglas, U. S. Senator from Illinois, was called "Little Giant" by his followers. He engaged in seven great debates on slavery with Lincoln, the Great Emancipator, often referred to as the "Rail-splitter". These names proved very beneficial to them.

Huey Long, the late governor and senator from Louisiana, was given the name "Kingfish" during his congressional days. It was not a complimentary name and did not prove beneficial.

Names can be menacing if they are thrown around without particular care at whom they are aimed. In this day and age, everyone calls someone else a Jew, since Hitler has expelled the Jews. Misguided people seem to blame much of the world's troubles on them, unjustly, of course. This is the result of the tremendous propaganda waged throughout the world by the dictators.

Agitator may be a person who wants a different kind of government, a change in the present form of government. In a broader sense, however, agitator may also be a person who works for the progress of his organization. Alien is a person who lives in this country but is not a citizen. A gangster is one who gets his way—like dictators—with his gun. He is a professional thug. A tax dodger is a person who evades his income tax returns. These names can be menacing if applied to the wrong people.

We should not use labels too loosely in our everyday speech. We should learn to recognize them in our daily speech because then we understand what is being said. If we understand these terms and know how to use them, then we will not call anybody by these names and get into trouble.

JOHN POKLAR JR., 17, lodge 16,
927-A, West Scott Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

ORIGIN OF VEGETABLES

Spinach is a plant native to Persia.

Horse radish came from England, and melons were first found in Asia.

Filberts are natives of Greece, and it is said that quinces came from Corinth.

Turnips had their origin in Rome.

Peaches are a native Persian fruit.

Sage came from South Europe.

Ginger came from both East and West Indies.

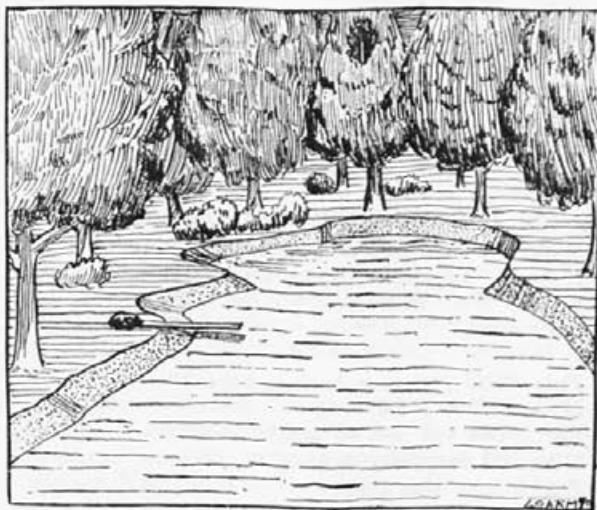
Apricots are native of the plains of America, and corn and potatoes also came from the Americas.

FANNIE GALICICH, 17, lodge 205,
Rural Route 1, Box 137, Arcadia, Kansas.

FOUR JOKES

When is a lady's dress like a chair?—When it is satin (sat in).

Why does a hen lay eggs?—If she drops them they would break.



THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

Drawn by Lawrence Garm, age 17, 994 Stambaugh Ave., Sharon, Pa., Lodge 262.



HALLOWEEN NIGHT

Drawn by Milton Laurencie, age 16, 973 Addison Rd.,
Cleveland, O., Lodge 5.

Why does a dog wag his tail?—Because he is stronger than the tail. If he were not, the tail would wag the dog.

Why does a Russian soldier wear brass buttons on his coat, and an Italian soldier wears silver buttons on his coat?—To keep his coat buttoned.

DAN GOSTOVICH, 9, lodge 416,
Box 769, Van Houten, New Mexico.

SOME "NEW" JOKES

Wife: "I hear you've started gambling."

Hubby: "Yes, but only for small stakes."

Wife: "Well, as long as it's for something to eat, I don't mind."

Pat: "Did you ever back a horse?"

Mike: "Yes, I did."

Pat: "Did you win or lose?"

Mike: "I lost fifty dollars."

Pat: "How was that?"

Mike: "I backed into a store window."

Visitor: "And what will you do, little girl, when you get as big as your mother?"

Little girl: "Diet!"

Dentist: "Open wider, please—wider."

Patient: "A-a-a-a-ah."

Dentist: (Inserting gag towel and sponge) "How's your family?"

VERA BOZANIC, 12, lodge 393,
Worcester, New York.

A SCARECROW'S HALLOWEEN

Oh, once there was a scarecrow
Who felt very sad and slighted
Because on Halloween he had
No place to be invited.

Just then a girl said to hurry
And he walked with her very hearty
For it was Halloween—and they
Were going to a gay party.

He won the costume prize—and then
A gypsy said with a charm
"For goodness' sake, dear Scarecrow,
I see you standing on a farm!"

When it was time for supper,
He filled his plate six times,
He ate a dozen pop-corn balls
And pumpkin pies—about nine.

He hurried back into his field
In rag and patch and tatter,
And next day people noticed
That he seemed to be lots fatter.

ZITA BOZANIC, 13, lodge 393,
Worcester, New York.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

The whippet is fastest running breed of dogs?

The baby seal is called a puppy?

It took 13 years and 10 days to build Brooklyn Bridge?

The snow falls 700 inches in Summit, California?

There are about half million Spiritualists in the U. S.?

If you got on the top of Iron Mountain, in Costa

"SONJA HENIE"

Drawn by Mary Volk, age
16, 702 E. 160 St., Cleve-
land, O., Lodge 312.



Rica, on a bright day you could see the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans?

Tea is most popular drink in the world?

There are over 3,500 species of ants?

Great Britain was first to issue postage stamps?

The humming bird is *the only bird* that can fly straight up, down, sideways, and backwards?

In 1920, Eugene V. Debs was nominated to run for president of the U. S. while he was in prison for opposing the war?

There only 2 bridges over the Jordan river?

HELEN BOZANIC, 14, lodge 393.
Worcester, New York.

IN THREE MONTHS

A customer brought some goods to the tailor to make him a suit. The customer asked the tailor, "Dear sir, will you make me a suit?"

The tailor said, "Why not, that's my job!"

The customer said, "I am sorry to tell you, I can't pay you before three months are past."

The tailor said, "That's all right, just stay until I measure your suit."

When the customer was ready to go away, he asked the tailor, "When will the suit be ready?"

The tailor said, "Well, when three months pass by."

ZORA GOSTOVICH, lodge 416
Box 769, Van Houten, New Mexico.

ROAD HOUSES

Every house has its own significance. There are houses which are homes. These houses stand for love and affection.

Another house is in the center of the public square in a county seat. It stands for good citizenship and justice. Another house stands for education. There the boys and girls receive knowledge and train themselves for future usefulness.

Attention is called to one kind of houses which are being multiplied in the nation. They are road houses built on the highways out in the country. They stand for the drinking of intoxicants. They increase fatal accidents on the highways. Those kind of houses are very much against the home, useful houses, and schools. They are all right only to the extent that they also serve the traveling public as eating places and as lodgings. Does this offset the harmful effect caused by them?

MARIE KUNSTEL, 13, lodge 206
R. R. 1, Box 138, Arcadia, Kans.

THE HALLOWEEN GHOST

O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!

"What is that?" said the ghost.

"It sounds like a ghost,"

Said the terrified guest,

"It has come to repay us his respect"



The host cried, "But why?"

We haven't done anything to
Deserve this horrible cry."

The guest replied, "Well, don't
You know 'tis Halloween tonight."

MARGARET POLONCIC, 13, lodge 124
R. F. D. 2, Uniondale, Pa.

UNUSUAL NAMES

Many times a person gets a label besides his own name. Most of those unusual names are the fruit of the person's different characteristics. For example, we read in history of the world about great men who had labels besides their own names.

King Richard of England was called "Lion-hearted" because he liked to see people killed. The late Senator Long of Louisiana has been called "King-fish" because he ruled his political machine which controlled all the people of his state. Al Capone, former super-racketeer, got his name "Scarface" because he was a leader of Chicago's underworld. None of these persons liked those labels very much because they were not desirable. Yet, with all the power they had, they couldn't get rid of them.

But there are also persons with labels who like them very much. For example, Adolf Hitler is called "Der Fuehrer" (The Leader) because he himself so decreed. But people outside of Germany also call him murderer because through his acts he killed thousands and thousands of innocent people.

We also remember the great men of this country. George Washington is known as "the father of his country," because he was successful in the Revolutionary War for American Independence. Abraham Lincoln is known as the Great Emancipator because he freed the slaves and preserved the Union. These labels are used as honorable names.

However, most of the present-day labels are used



Drawn by Annie
Hotko, age 14, 226
Main St., Oglesby,
Ill., Lodge 95.

for political reasons to brand with them persons of different parties. Names like radical, gangster, racketeer and such are often used too loosely. Likewise, the name Jew is often used with ill intent, also the label "allien," etc.

It is our duty as young Americans to learn to understand democracy and to defend it. Our political democracy is the best in the world. Through this democracy and our civil liberties, which we must preserve, we can attain also social and economic democracy. We must also learn to understand that the working class of the world does not need any labels to make progress for better living. Also, that only through the cooperation and unity of all the workers will we achieve a better world in which to live.

JOSEPHINE VIDMAR, 11, lodge 747,
2546 North 37th Street,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A PLEASANT LOOK

We cannot, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us to be good;
We are sure now and then to be lonely,
And we don't always do as we should.

To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still;
But at least we can always be pleasant,
If we make up our minds that we will.

MATILDA DOLES, 11, lodge 680
110 West R. R. Ave., Verona, Pa.

CORNERSTONE OF THE SNPJ



Martin Konda, business manager and co-owner of the weekly paper Glas Svobode, has been more valuable as an organizer of the SNPJ than most of the other leaders and pioneers of the movement. It was because of him that the organization got its start and solid foundation. He was active in door-to-door agitation, and his goal was to establish a more personal union or benefit society than just a money-making scheme.

He came in contact with about everyone who seemed a good, prospective member. His efforts have not been in vain; you can see his results today. He wrote hundreds upon hundreds of letters, and traveled near and far, talked, argued, and pleaded—in the interest of the new-born organization, the SNPJ—until today, we have a freethought organization—the biggest and strongest Slovene benefit society in this country.

We should all be proud to be members of the SNPJ, and in recognition and appreciation for its creditable work, we must help and commend it to our friends. The cornerstone of the SNPJ that was



Drawn by Eugene Skoff, age 15, 2841 So. Kilbourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., Lodge 559.

laid by our pioneering leaders and workers, was laid on solid ground. Its fundamental principles are as sound today as they were nearly four decades ago. Let's do our part in building up its ranks! Let's continue the work of our fathers!

A. FRANCIS ZUPON, 16, lodge 82,
546 Forest Avenue, Johnstown, Pa.

HUNTING

Hunting is a good old sport,
Young and old they all report.
Rabbits skip and hop, you see,
When a hunter shoots with glee.

Then he chases after them,
He is bound to get after them.
Sometimes he succeeds or fails,
Sport is sport, he always claims.
MARGARET POLONCIC, 13, lodge 124
R. F. D. 2, Uniondale, Pa.

HALLOWEEN

Halloween will soon be here,
It will bring us all good cheer.
Funny faces and clown suits,
A Halloween party and also boots.

A jack-o-lantern made of pum'kin,
It does surely look like somethin'.
Parties and dances are galore,
We enjoy it more and more.
MARGARET POLONCIC, 13, lodge 124,
R. F. D. 2, Uniondale, Pa.

THE LIFE OF S.N.P.J.

Frank Medica, like Martin Konda—these two men furnished the greatest interest toward the organization of the SNPJ—was an intellectual leader and a reformer for freethought. He worked hard to establish a new fraternal organization for the betterment of his people. The two men published a weekly newspaper Glas Svobode which was edited on a policy of liberalism.

Their paper became the organ of all the progressive elements in the various Slovene settlements. Several independent fraternal lodges were being organized, and these lodges formed the nucleus for the new fraternal order which became the Slovene National Benefit Society, in 1904. Medica and



Drawn by Joseph Zupancic, age 16, Pittsburgh, Pa.,
Lodge 118.

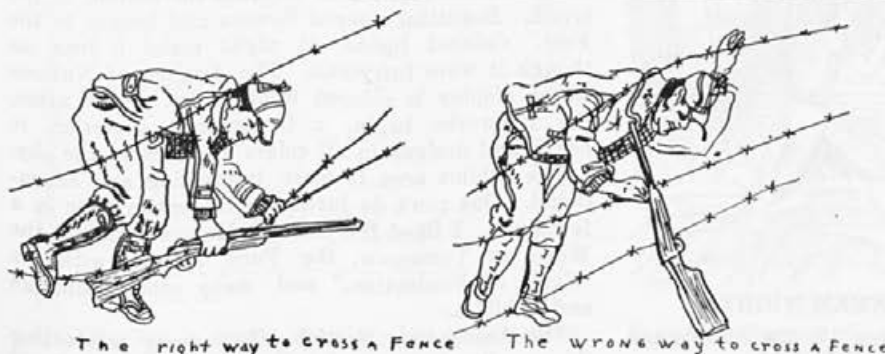
Konda continued with their work and the new order was thus established.

Medica did much to promote the interest among his people for the new organization. New lodges were soon organized, the organization grew by leaps and bounds. In the first ten years of its existence, the SNPJ grew from 9 to 220 lodges, and from 276 members to 12,218. In 1925, the Society had 55,800 members and nearly 600 lodges, and its assets were approximately three million dollars. It can well be said that the work started back in 1903 and 1904 by Frank Medica, Martin Konda and others was well planned and well executed. Today the Society has more than 50,000 members and its assets are close to the nine million mark.

A. FRANCIS ZUPON, 16, lodge 82
546 Forest Avenue
Johnstown, Pa.

VACATION, PLUS!

At last we were off! For a month we had worried over the trip plans; now we were ready. My sister, Tillie, had packed her belongings days ahead,



A HUNTER'S LESSON
Drawn by Donald R. Stith,
age 15, 218 N. 12th St.,
Clinton, Ind., Lodge 50.

but I was caught napping. As a result, I was busy packing to the last available minute. It looked as if we were starting on an expedition—bags, tennis rackets, and what not.

The trip to Barbee Lakes near Warsaw, Indiana, was 129 miles from home. During that time we ran into hard luck only once—a flat tire. However, my brother carried a spare, and the job was finished in a short while.

We arrived at the Lakes in the evening—with the rain! The cottage we occupied was near the lake; it was a modern, five-room affair with three bedrooms. Those rooms came in handy when our pals came.

They say the first hundred years are the hardest to bear; the first three days were boring. We had nothing to do but to listen to the radio, read, eat (and how; the lake air gives you an appetite), walk, row our boat, and swim. I couldn't swim at all, because I suffered from the cold I got in Indianapolis when I went swimming.

Our cottage was located by Big Barbee Lake which is connected to the Little Barbee by a beautiful, winding channel bordered on the sides by all kinds of reeds, flowers, and anything else you can name. Red-winged blackbirds played hide-and-seek in the reeds, and fish and frogs played in the seaweed in the water. In one day, my sister and I rowed over five lakes connected to each other by

channels, a total of over nine miles! There are seven lakes strung along together, but we couldn't find one channels, and the other channel, several miles long, was choked by plants.

On Friday, my other sister, my brother and his two boy friends, came to visit us until Sunday afternoon when we left together. We certainly were lucky that we had three large bedrooms and a big studio couch.

We all had fun together, those last few days. I have a hazy memory of eating, washing dishes, and riding over those same five lakes, but this time with an outboard motor attached to the boat. We left Sunday afternoon with souvenirs and memories.

ANTONIA SPARENBLEK, 17, lodge 575
746 North Haugh Street
Indianapolis, Ind.

JOKES

Missionary: And Jonah was three days in a whale.

Small Sarage: My uncle was longer than that.

Missionary: How long?

Small Sarage: He is there yet.

Policeman: And what did you do when you heard the noise?

Lady: I started to run under the bed but there was a man under it?

Policeman: Burglar?

Lady: No, my husband.

He: Marry me, darling, and I'll make you the happiest wife in 48 states.

She: Not me. I don't want to live in a trailer.

FRANK PERKOVICH, 10, lodge 322
304 E. Oak St., Chisholm, Minn.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

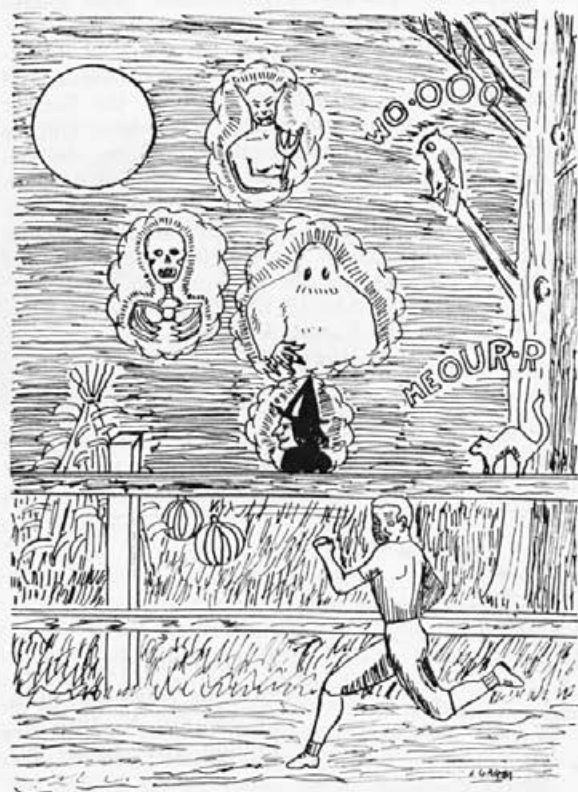
The New York World's Fair represents the World of Tomorrow. The things that fascinate most are the wonderful buildings, brightly colored, round, square, and triangular shaped.

Here and there murals of different types and meanings are to be seen. Murals of men, women and children and the progress they have made. Glorious fountains of running water attract everyone's attention. Water shoots up from all sides, and slowly stops, but suddenly shoots up again.

The trees are beauties, with tall, long slender branches, and flowers to decorate the bottom of the trunk. Beautiful colored flowers add beauty to the Fair. Colored lights at night make it look as though it were fairyland. The Lagoon of Nations water display is colored wonderfully. Soon after, the fireworks begin, a tremendous explosion is heard and designs in all colors are seen in the sky.

The exhibit area is most interesting and educational. One can't do justice to the entire Fair in a few lines. I liked the General Motors building, the World of Tomorrow, the Ford Motors with its "Cycle of Production," and many other buildings and exhibits.

The Amusement Section offers many interesting things. Bright lights shine and barkers yell, "Come



ANOTHER HALLOWEEN NIGHT

Drawn by Lawrence Garm, age 17, 994 Stambaugh Ave., Sharon, Pa., Lodge 262.

on, folks, see the young lady frozen alive!", etc.
The Parachute Jump is a wonderful sight indeed.

The Fair will close on October 31, 1940. It opened in May 1930, closed in the fall, and reopened last spring for the second season.

MILDRED PADAR, 11, lodge 580
222 Wyckoff Avenue
Brooklyn, N. Y.

*

COMPOSERS AND OPERAS

See if you can find the correct composer from Group II and match it with the opera he wrote in Group I.

Group I (Operas)

Aida
Barber of Seville
Carmen
Don Giovanni
Faust
Hansel and Gretel
Lohengrin
Lucia di Lammermoor
Manon
Mignon

Group II (Composers)

Wagner
Bizet
Donizetti
Mozart
Puccini
Rossini
Thomas
Verdi
Humperdinck
Gounod

*

ANSWERS TO OPERAS AND COMPOSERS

Group I (Operas)

Aida
Barber of Seville
Carmen
Don Giovanni
Faust
Hansel and Gretel
Lohengrin
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Manon
Mignon

Group II (Composers)

Verdi
Rossini
Bizet
Mozart
Gounod
Humperdinck
Wagner
Donizetti
Puccini
Thomas

VERA BOZANIC, 12, lodge 393
Worcester, New York.

*

MLADINSKI LIST

Fill in blanks with the correct states so that the first letter of each state together will spell the name of our wonderful, beloved magazine.

	No. of blanks
1. M _____	(8)
2. _ o _____	(9)
3. _ i _____	(7)
4. _ a _____	(8)
5. _ o _____	(5)
6. _ x _ o r _	(7)
7. _ x D _____	(13)
8. _ c _____	(8)
9. _ n _____	(8)
10. _ i _____	(9)
11. _ d _____	(7)
12. _ o _ x _____	(13)
13. T _____	(5)

NOTE: The x means the state has a separation, for example: North x Dakota.

Answers:

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Michigan | 8. Kentucky |
| 2. Louisiana | 9. Illinois |
| 3. Arizona | 10. Louisiana |
| 4. Delaware | 11. Indiana |
| 5. Idaho | 12. South Carolina |
| 6. New York | 13. Texas |
| 7. South Dakota | |

Wrong Trousers

Teacher: "Now, Tommy, if you have ten dollars in one pocket, and twelve dollars in the other, what have you?"

Tommy: "The wrong trousers."

Except the Dimples

Mother: "Betty, dear," advised her mother, "you are not getting all the peelings off the potatoes."

Betty: "Yes, I am, Mother—all except the dimples."

Late Uncle

Caller: "I'd like you to paint a portrait of my late uncle."

Artist: "Bring him in."

Caller: "I said my late uncle."

Artist: "Well, bring him in as soon as he gets here."

Startin' Whistle

Traveler: "Porter, why is the engineer blowing those long drawn-out blasts of the whistle?"

Porter: "Guess dat's de startin' whistle fo' de race to de crossin', suh."



THE MORNING SONG

Drawn by Eugene Skoff, age 15, 2841 So. Kilbourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., Lodge 559.

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



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

CIRCLE NO. 4 PLANS NEW ACTIVITIES

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The summer season is over and it's time to pitch into the fall and winter work. The Juvenile Circle "All Star" baseball

team was entered in the View Twilight league and finished sixth in a league of ten teams. This was considered rather good since we were the youngest team in the league. The boys had fun and enjoyed themselves.

The Junior All Star "Squirts," consisting of members 13 and under,

won three games from the North Side Circle and had numerous practices. Bobby Alpner pitched two games and Robert Wieland one. Our Circle and the SNPJ gained 5 new members because of the youngsters' activities.

President Bob Gradisher moved to Muskegon, Mich., with his mother and sister. Bob was a good president and one of our most active members. He participated in all sports and boosted all our affairs. He promised to write often and to visit us each summer. Keep us informed, Bob.

Frank Udovich has spent three weeks with the National Guard at Cam McCoy, Wis., and may be called to active duty for a year. Frank was a regular contributor to the Juvenile Circle column in the Prosveta.

Our Singing Club will have begun its singing practice again in Sept. We had so much fun last year, and we went to Chicago. We have the help of Naprej, one of the older singing groups in Milwaukee. Our teacher, Mr. Jursik, had plenty of

patience with us and I hope we improve more this year.

Odds and Ends: We held a farewell party for Bob Gradisher at Mr. Smole's house. It was enjoyed despite the rain. Here are some birthdays in September. On Sept. 7, Josephine Vidmar; Sept. 2, Mary Lucas; Sept. 30, Tony Kodric and Leon Bizjak. Congratulations to all of you. See you next month.

JOHN POKLAR, Circle No. 4
927-A W. Scott St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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CIRCLE NO. 7 SPONSORS CONTEST

GIRARD, OHIO.—As I have already mentioned in the Prosveta, Circle No. 7, "Dawn of Youth," had a six-month membership campaign of its own, which ended in August.

In order to aid in determining a final winner, we had a letter-writing contest on the subject, "Why I Like Being an SNPJ Juvenile Circle Member," or "Why I Like the SNPJ." With the winner of the letter-writing contest selected, we wish to announce the prize winner in the Mladinski List. It's only a short letter and will not require much space. Here it is:

"Why I Like the SNPJ"

"The reason I like the SNPJ is because it protects you in sickness and other misfortunes, it educates members, young and old, through its publications, the Prosveta and Mladinski List. It was the first organization to organize the English Speaking Lodges, and it organized the Juvenile Circles so that the younger generation can learn the meaning of the organization. And because it is organized on the principle of free thought. That is why I like being a member of the SNPJ and why it has so many members.

"Written by Mary Margaret Matekovich, age 9, Circle 7, Lodge 643, Girard, Ohio."

We did receive about half-dozen new members and the publicity encouraged more action to that end which might bring in more during the last quarter of the year.

Prize winners of the six-month contest: 1st prize, Robert Cherne, 3-months dues paid; 2nd prize, Louis Racick, 2-months dues paid; 3rd prize, Mary M. Matekovich, 1-month dues paid.

FRANK REZEK, Manager,
167 Trumbull Avenue, Girard, Ohio.

THREE CIRCLES ENJOY OUTING

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The SNPJ Juvenile Circles of Cleveland held their combined outing Aug. 4, at the SNPJ Recreation Farm. And what a beautiful day we had for this outing!

Three of the Circles—13, 12 and 2—started by truck from the SNH at 8:30 in the morning with Mrs. Simcic and Mrs. Medvesek, two of the advisers accompanying us. About 9 o'clock we stopped at the SWH on Waterloo to pick up Circle No. 3. By now we were packed in like sardines, but it was great fun. We sang (or did we?), talked and laughed.

When we arrived at the Farm, we were met by a welcoming committee composed of Eugene Terbizan, Leo Navada, and Ed Lah, who had been spending their vacation at the Farm, and being useful to us too. Leo and his swim suit was sitting in a wheelbarrow full of water and Eugene was wheeling him around. On the front of the wheelbarrow was the following sign, "Beat the Heat with a Navada Cooler." That's a good one.



It wasn't long before we were hungry, so we ate and received free ice cream and pop. The afternoon was spent in dancing and playing games and contests which were under the supervision of Mrs. Medvesek.

I am certain the children enjoyed themselves, but evening came too soon and it was time to pre-

pare for the wiener roast which was scheduled for the evening. Leo Brudder and yours truly started the fire and then more fun began. Were some of the boys hungry? And how!



Each had their picture taken; therefore, I am sending one of Circle 13 and one of the four advisers, Mr. Terbizan, Mrs. Simcic, Mrs. Medvesek, and Mr. Durn.

ELSIE VIDMAR, Sec'y of Circle 13
6223 Glass Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

MIDWAY CIRCLE TO PRESENT PLAY

MIDWAY, PA.—On July 26, the Juvenile Circle "Voice of Youth" held its regular monthly meeting. Vice President Steve Turkalj presided in the absence of our president. The meeting was well attended, considering the number of the members on their vacations.

The first question brought before the members for discussion was the subject of a picnic. It was decided upon to have it take place on Aug. 15. Lunch and entertainment committees were appointed to take complete charge.

Another important subject that was discussed was a play which is to be held in the near future. The date has not been chosen but will be announced in a later issue.

A few months ago a trip was taken to Pittsburgh to visit a few points of interest. We visited the H. J. Heinz & Co., Carnegie Museum, and the Conservatory. We found the trip both enjoyable and educational.

Helen Prebeg and I had the pleasure of being reporters at the last SNPJ Federation meeting which was held in our Slovene Home on July 28. With best wishes and good luck to all circles.

MARGARET PETACH, Secretary Circle 22,
R. D. 1, Bulger, Pennsylvania.

JUVENILE CIRCLE 19 TO STAGE PLAY

STRABANE, PA.—Our Juvenile Circle No. 19 held its regular monthly meeting on Aug. 9. Two of our officers were absent for the second consecu-

tive time. In their place we elected two new officers, namely, Dorothy Podboy as treasurer and Agnes Koklich as secretary.

We were also planning to attend the National SNPJ Day celebration which was scheduled to take place here in Strabane, on Aug. 31-Sept. 1 and 2. The "Juvenile Circle Stars" were trying to do as much as they could to help this huge event be a big success.

Our Circle is planning to have a play and a dance either late in September or early in October. The committee in charge of this affair consists of the following six members: Dorothy Podboy, Agnes and Bertha Koklich, Dorothy Zupanec, Jenny Tomsic, and Elsie Kosmach.

The September meeting was held on the 10th. Further plans were made for our play and dance and other matters of importance were discussed.

Many members received emblems for doing many good deeds for the Circle. Our emblems are blue and orange. Each emblem has the name of our circle on it, the year it was organized and a star in the middle. In the middle of the star is the number 19, that is, the number of our circle. I will write more next time.

BERTHA KOKLICH, Rec. Secretary
Box 163, Strabane, Pa.

ACTIVITIES OF CIRCLE "VIOLET RAYS"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Circle "Violet Rays" No. 18 held an outing on Aug. 18. That is, we planned to hold it but the rain spoiled it. We were forced to return home and we managed to have some fun anyway. We will probably have another outing soon.

At our last meeting we discussed the subject of holding a dance some time in fall or winter. However, we did not decide upon it yet. As for myself, at this writing I am planning to take a trip up north soon, or maybe we'll go down to Illinois. I am sure to have a lot of fun.

Now that fall is near the boys will start playing horseshoe. We have three new boys as members of our circle. Members, be sure to attend the next meetings because we have interesting discussions, the drawing for "easy money," and then, oh boy! the refreshments. A gift of \$25 was to be divided evenly between the two circle, No. 4 and No. 18. We received \$10.

I wish to mention that this is the first letter I am writing to the M. L. But from now on I will try to write often. I am 15 years old and am a member of Circle No. 10. Both of my parents are members of SNPJ lodge 747. My hobbies are sports of all kinds, especially swimming and diving.

Recently, at one of our parties, Josephine Vidmar and I sang a Slovene song, "Posneta smetana." It starts like this: "Mamica: Danes zopet mi posneta, smetana je v skledi. Vešli kdo jo je pojedel, Mimica, povedi?" Then Mimica replies: "Jaz je nisem, mama, res ne, zajček jo posnel je. Glej, kako na desni šapi in okrog ustec bel je." Finally Mimica admits that she herself skimmed the milk and her Mamica reprimands her: "Naj bo, ali ved-

no pomni, da nasek vse odkrije. Kadar praviš neresnico: laže, laže, vpije."

LOIS BABCOCK, Circle 18
2750 North 30th Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

FROM DELAGUA CIRCLE NO. 25

DELAGUA, COLO.—I think it is about time that I decide to write my second letter to the Mladinski List as a member of Circle 25. We held our regular monthly meeting on Aug. 11. At this meeting I was elected sergeant at arms. The attendance at this meeting was fair.

It was suggested by our manager, John Klobas, that we plan a picnic on Aug. 25. Also, we will probably give a program some time in the near future.

I can hardly wait for school to start. By the time this letter will appear in print, school will be in full swing. I would like to have some pen pals write to me. I will answer their letters promptly. I will write more next time.

ROSE BIUNDO, Circle No. 25
Box 493, Delagua, Colorado.

FROM JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 11

MULBERRY, KANS.—Our August meeting was held at Breezy Hill on the 4th. It was called to order by President W. Jelovchan. Old and new business was discussed. The attendance was fairly good.

There was no Roundup Jamboree on Aug. 18 because of an affair that was coming soon. This was on Labor Day, Sept. 2, at Frontenac, Kans.

The circle has sent Johnny Zibert, who was in the hospital, a speedy-recovery card. The attendance awards were won by Marie Podobnik and Joe Kumer. Our September meeting was scheduled for Sept. 1 at Yale. The meeting adjourned and refreshments were served.

This is all for this time. Best wishes to one and all from—

FRANCES KUMER, Circle No. 11
R. 1, Box 371, Mulberry, Kans.

CIRCLE NO. 25 URGES MEETING ATTENDANCE

DELAGUA, COLO.—It is about time that I make another appearance in the M. L., after an absence of several months. Circle members and pen pals everywhere—I am actually writing again.

I have been asked to write to the M. L. on one of our circle meetings and I feel that I must perform my duty. However, at this point I want to say that I should like to have pen pals and I'll answer all letters as soon as possible. So—will you write? Thank you in advance.

Our circle meeting on Aug. 10 had a fair attendance. For our September meeting we decided to have an important discussion on our program to be held in the near future. All members are urged to attend the regular monthly meetings. Remember, the more, the merrier. Come to the meetings and bring some new ideas.

To pen pals: Please do not be disappointed if you

have not heard from me lately. I have been very busy. To the readers: I'll be back next month to tell you of the happenings of our Circle 25. Until then I remain your correspondent.

PAULINE FATUR, Secretary,
Delagua, Colorado.

*

JOLLY KANSANS CIRCLE NO. 11

ARMA, KANSAS.—I am a member of Circle No. 11, which is better known as "Jolly Kansans" circle. One of our recent meetings was held on the lawn of Mr. Shular. Plans were discussed at this meeting as to where we should have our Juvenile Day affair. It was decided to hold it at Lincoln Park on July 28. Our next meeting was held at Breezy Hill. The monthly awards were won by Mary Skarly and Henry Jelovchan. Refreshments were served after the meeting. I must mention that I didn't write to the ML for several months, but I'll write more often in the future.

JIMMIE HAVILAND, Circle 11,
R. 3, Box 1854, Girard, Kans.

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HISTORY OF CIRCLE NO. 4 (1938-1940)

The history of the "SNPJ Junior All Stars," Circle No. 4, dates back to 1936. It was sometime in that year that a suggestion was made at the regular meeting of Lodge No. 16 of Milwaukee, Wis., that some form of juvenile organization should be formed, under the leadership of the Federation.

For the next two years, reports were coming in of the difficulties confronting the Federation in trying to form such an organization. However, in June 1938, a new committee of three active members was chosen to organize a juvenile circle, that was a year after the 1937 convention adopted a plan for organizing juvenile circles. On July 16, 1938, the committee called a meeting of juvenile members of all the lodges, and 75 members responded to the first call.

The ice was definitely broken and a new circle was born. Necessary instructions were given by the senior members and the group decided to meet once a month under the supervision of the committee and under the control of the Federation.

Two weeks after our initial meeting, the Federation held its annual picnic which was a great success, the juveniles attending in great numbers with their parents. This was the first example of the new circle's influence in bringing out the older members.

In 1938 we held six regular meetings at which various plans were discussed and arrangements made for socials and parties. A Christmas party and play was held on Dec. 17; the play was under the direction of Miss Jenny Schular, a member of Badgers. A committee of 12 was appointed to visit all the lodge meetings to get acquainted with our senior members and to invite them to our events.

The regular circle meetings continued through-

out 1939 monthly. A baseball team was organized and green and orange jackets were given the players. Members of the Violet Rays circle were present at the April meeting. Singing club was organized and rehearsals started in August. Miss Schular directed a play presented at the 35th anniversary of SNPJ sponsored by the Federation. In October, the name for the singing club was chosen, "SNPJ Junior All Stars Chorus, and membership increased to 65. On Oct. 22, 1939, the chorus made its first public appearance at the SNPJ celebration. In November, a campaign was started and in December our annual Christmas party was held.

Jan. 1940.—A 50c attendance award was decided upon. At the Feb. meeting we decided to hold our first annual spring concert on April 28, and on the 3rd we participated in the 30th anniversary of Lodge 16. In March, a hayride party was held. The April 28 spring concert was a big success. In May we participated in the singing festival in Chicago and had a very enjoyable time. A club newspaper was established in June. The Federation picnic was held in July with a large crowd on hand, our two baseball teams winning the games they played.

This concludes two successful years of activities for the SNPJ Junior All Stars Circle No. 4. You will notice that we didn't mention many names in this brief outline, nor did we mention all of our activities. Only some of the important events were mentioned, but we are willing to give any information on our activities to any circle or lodge.

It has been a pleasure to work for such an organization as the SNPJ. Our Circle has made so many new friends, has received much publicity, and so many pen pals that we all rejoice in our success.

We intend to keep up our work with our very young members when we step into the older lodges, so that the juvenile circle movement will become an established and permanent institution in our Society.

MARY and JOHN POKLAR, Circle No. 4
927-A West Scott Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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SUGGESTION TO JUVENILE CIRCLES

Have you ever checked up on the number of members within your Circle who have the complete issues of the M. L. since it began its appearance in the new form?

You know that if you have the complete 12 issues for any one year, it is possible to have them bound, and they make a nice book for your library. Why do you not have one of your awards that you give in your Circle be the price of binding of a complete year of M. L.'s? Such a book will be valuable for you as a remembrance of your activities and you will learn to appreciate it as you grow older. It will also serve as a good reference book of many things that you will have forgotten as the years go by.—M. J.

Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

SCHOOLDAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!

Dear Editor:—At the writing of this letter, Aug. 19, everybody has probably had his or her vacation and everybody is eagerly preparing to start to school. It seems as though school was out yesterday and it's time to start again. This will mean plenty of school work at home and just a little play mixed with it. It isn't so bad after one gets started. It's a lot of fun when one gets to meet all his or her schoolmates together again and then usually new ones come in.



I graduated from high school last May and at the present I am planning to attend Kansas State Teachers College at Pittsburg, Kansas.

It's been plenty hot around here these days, then the old weatherman changes his mind and gives us some rain. It rained a week; sun would shine for a while, then showers would come again.

All public gatherings have been prohibited in various towns around here for about three weeks on account of so many children having infantile paralysis. They probably will keep all public gatherings closed until this disease is stamped out entirely.

The months are just whizzing by and the presidential election will soon be on hand. Who will be the next president? We will have to wait patiently until November.

I should be ashamed to say, but I haven't attended a circle meeting for a long time. I hope I'll be able to attend one before long. Here's hoping that Circle No. 11 has plenty of success in the future as it has had in the past.

My cousin from Farlington, Kans., spent one week at my home during the month of July. I want to say hello to Freda Snoy and to the rest of my pen pals. I'll be answering your letters when time permits. Here's wishing everybody a lot of luck in school. Until next month—Fanny Galich, Box 137, Arcadia, Kansas.

A HISTORIC HOUSE IN PA.

Dear Editor:—When I was at Star Junction, Pa., at my grandparents' for a vacation, I was a guest at the descendants of General Cook of the Revolutionary Army. The house is very old and has housed Gen. George Washington.

The home is built of lime and sandstone. Its erection was begun in 1772 but was not completed until 1776. It was built by Col. Edward Cook whose father had secured a grant of 1,165 acres of ground from William Penn. The glass, nails and hinges used in the construction were brought from England and carried over the mountains on horseback. Eighty-five per cent of the original glass in the windows

still remains. The house is now occupied by Robert Cook, a member of the fifth generation.

The home contains ten rooms, the inside of which is finished in black walnut. On entering the front door of the house one passes through the original door which is of double thickness and beautifully carved. It closes with a huge lock and key, which history records tell is the original one. A large mantle in the living room attracted considerable attention. Its construction is entirely of wooden pegs, no nails being used.

The walls through the house are twenty-three inches thick and the floors are one and three quarters inches thick. With the exception of modern improvements such as electric, heating, and plumbing the home stands intact as it was one hundred and sixty-four years ago.

A three cornered chimney with fire flues runs from the ground floor to the roof. In the cellar is a large cement cave where whiskey was stored in barrels and traded for land. In one of the bedrooms is a hand carved fireplace which was brought from England and which collectors have made futile attempts to purchase.

Gen. George Washington, during the War of the Revolution, made his headquarters with Col. Cook a number of times and one of the rooms in which he slept is called Washington's room. At one time he had his militia encamped directly across the road from the Cook home and there the soldiers were fed for one cent a day. A large stone over which one walks on entering the home, is the same one on which Washington stood when he addressed his troops which were stationed there.

Another interesting feature of the old home is a fireplace, erected in what was then the slaves' quarters where logs seven feet long were burned. Two nine by twelve rugs cover one bedroom.

On an occasion when Washington visited Col. Cook, he gave the Colonel a slave in appreciation of his hospitality which had been extended him. (Imagine, giving a human being away like a piece of furniture!) This slave lived to be 108 years old. An old organ formerly in the home is now in the Carnegie Museum among the old antiques.

I hope the readers of the Mladinski List will enjoy my description of the old historic mansion.—Louis Racick Jr. (Sec'y Circle 7), 220 Church Hill Rd., Girard, Ohio.

THE INTERESTING M. L.

Dear Editor:—This is my fourth letter to the Mladinski List. I am also sending a drawing which I think would be appropriate for the front cover page of the magazine. I do hope it's accepted. The drawing shows a girl going to school. In her left hand she is carrying her books and with her right hand she is bouncing a ball.

The ML seems to have more pep to it for some reason. I think it is because of the use of more drawings, poems, and letters. The magazine has always been interesting and especially so now. Of course, when I was smaller I did not understand many things that are clear to me now. At our

house, we all want to read the ML first. For an even better ML, I remain yours truly—**Bill Boltezar** (age 16), 1246 Short Street, Butte, Mont. (Lodge 207)

SCHOOL STARTED AUG. 28

Dear Editor:—In a few more weeks I'll be back at school, on Aug. 28. But most of the boys and girls in other sections don't return to school until Sept. 3rd, after Labor Day.

The summer vacation has surely "flew" by. It just seems that I have just got out of school. And it has been so hot lately that I just didn't feel like doing anything. However, after a good downpour of rain it was cool. It seems as if the people are never satisfied with the weather. If it is cold they wanted hot and if it is hot they want it cold.

By writing to the ML I have received three letters from girl pen pals. They are Helen Suldo of Ohio, Mary Ann Sinkovich from Colorado, and Mary Zdunich from Utah. These pen pals write very interesting letters. I would like to have a few boy pen pals. I would especially like to hear from one from Texas, one who could tell me all about that state and the life of a cowboy. But they are welcome from anywhere from the U. S.

I hope to hear from more pen pals. Until the next time I'll say good-by and best regards to all readers and editor of the Mladinski List.—**Nita Naldi Brezausek** (age 16), R. 239 First Street, Conemaugh, Penna.

PROFITABLE VACATION

Dear Editor:—Just now I finished reading the August M. L. I like the jokes, riddles, stories, letters, and pictures in it. Especially now when we have summer vacation and I have more time to read them. I was very glad to see my picture in the M. L.

In June, I sent a report on our state, New Mexico, but I think it wasn't published because I used a pencil instead of a pen. But there is plenty of time to make another one, sometime.

I spent most of my vacation learning how to be a housekeeper and how to sew. Best regards to all M. L. readers and writers.—**Zora Gostovich** (age 12), Box 769, Van Houten, New Mexico. (Lodge 416)

A WEEK AT THE SNPJ FARM

Dear Editor:—A group of three girls—namely, Dora Terbizan, Frances Brate, and the writer—spent a week at the SNPJ Recreational Farm with Mrs. Terbizan as chaperon.

To start the week off right we went swimming in the creek three times the first day. The water was so clear that we were able to see the bottom. It was not especially warm, but who were we to complain.

The boys were building a dam, so we went to help. There were two girls and two boys in the water shoveling out the sand while I looked on. Mr. Koss, the caretaker, was leveling the other side. I was quietly watching them and minding my own

business when curplunk someone threw a rock in the water right in front of me so that I got all splashed with mud. It made me angry, but what could I do about it? The guilty one happened to be Mr. Koss.

None of us knew how to play horseshoes, so we thought it would be a good idea to learn. We learned the fundamental rules and then started to play. And that's just about as far as we got. It seemed as though the horseshoe would never land near the peg when a girl threw it, but when a boy threw it he either made a ringer or made a point. Of course, he would miss occasionally. We didn't play horseshoes very often that week, but amused ourselves with other sports such as tennis, baseball, or balina.

Nearly all our meals were eaten outside, and believe it or not we weren't bothered by flies. In the evenings we went for long walks and later sang and Dora Terbizan played the piano. We never went to bed early because we were always enjoying ourselves too much.

One evening near the end of the week, Mrs. Terbizan and the rest of us girls went to get eggs. It was just near milking time, so we watched the boy milk the cows. When he came to the last one we each tried milking it and actually got some milk.

Before we knew it, it was Sunday and time to go home. Oh, how we hated to leave. I left at 2:30 but the others didn't leave until 9:30 that evening. All in all we had a swell time.—**Ann Brencic** (Corresp. Sec'y Circle 3), 17724 Delavan Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

LEARN WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG

Dear Editor:—I am very glad to tell you that school is here again, and I am in the seventh grade. My sister Dorothy, 8 years old, passed to the third grade; brother Stanley, 12 years old, passed to the seventh grade, and sister Lucy, 7 years old, passed to the second grade. I am going to have several new teachers: Miss Hunter for drawing, Miss Mac-Colen for cooking and sewing, Miss Steffie, and others.

My mother said, "The best time to learn something is when you are young—like a tree: when it's young and small it's easy to bend."

Now that school is here, I will be carrying five or six books home every night. Best regards to all ML writers and readers.—**Matilda Doles** (age 11), 110 West R. R. Ave., Verona, Pa. (Lodge 680)

TAM GORI ZA NAŠO VASJO . . .

Dragi urednik!—Najprej se želim lepo zahvaliti za moj zadnji dopis, ki ste ga tako lepo uredili. Hvala vam! Pred par dnevi sem se vrnil s počitnic, ki sem jih prebil na deželi. Na dežel je res lepo. Tam je obilo veselja in zabave ter mnogo zanimivih stvari. Pa tudi dosti dela je na deželi. Farmarji imajo obilo dela, da se preskrbijo za zimo. Poleti morajo trdo delati, pozimi pa lahko sedijo za pečjo, berejo, pojejo in se razgovarjajo. Seveda morajo tudi pozimi nekoliko delati. Zraven pa lahko zapojejo: "Tam gori za našo vasjo nam ptički veselo pojo. Naj le pojo, naj le pojo, saj so za našo

vasjo. Lepšega ptiča ni kot je naš petelin, lepšega kraja ni kot je Huntsburg." Pozdrav vsem čitate-ljem in uredniku M. L.—Joe Rott, 18815 Chickasaw Ave., Cleveland, O.

LEARN WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG

Dear Editor:—This is the first letter that I am writing to the Mladinski List. I am 11 years old and I go to the Longfellow School. Our circle meeting was held on Aug. 11. We decided to have a program in which each member will take part. Our Circle number is 2. My sister Mary's birthday was on Aug. 9. I will write more next time. Best regards to all.—Jean Cernoia, Box 295, Delagua, Colorado. (Circle No. 25)

FROM DELAGUA, COLO.

Dear Editor:—I am 13 years old and I am in the 9th grade. I graduated from the Longfellow School last year. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am vice president of the Juvenile Circle No. 25. Our regular monthly meeting was held Aug. 11. We decided we would have a picnic Aug. 25. I have enjoyed reading the M. L. I hope the readers will enjoy my letter. I will write more next month.—Marie Bragazzi, Box 371, Delagua, Colo. (Vice President of Circle No. 25)

WAS DISAPPOINTED

Dear Editor:—I was very disappointed when I read the August M. L. and did not see any of my drawings in it. I had them in India ink and on plain paper, and still they weren't published. What's wrong with them? (Try again and use standard size white paper.—Ed.) I am sending some now and hope you'll use them.

I have three girl pen pals and enjoy writing to them. I wish I would hear also from some boys, and I will answer them as I do the others. Our summer vacation is over and soon we'll land back in school. I have two new hobbies now besides drawing and raising rabbits. They are collecting and pasting in a book animal pictures, tame and wild, and saving cowboy and cowgirl pictures, besides cowboy songs and a few stories. So long and good luck to all readers and members in this new school year.—Marilyn Zdrasky, Box 315, Parkville, Minn. (Lodge 215)

SCHOOL MEANS WORK

Dear Editor:—I am again writing to the wonderful Mladinski List. I read each issue of the M. L. and this encourages me to also write and see my letter in the magazine. I had hoped to see the columbine I drew in the M. L., but I haven't seen it.

I am quite sure that many children will wish that school would wait a few more months to open. It means work and study; it means knowledge gained every school period. This year I'll be a freshman in high school at the Aguilar Public School. I think I'll take the professional course.

The subjects in the course are: English literature by Mr. Krasovich, algebra by Mr. McErney, Latin

or citizenship by Mr. Krasovich, and home economics by Miss Burt. They all are fine teachers and I like them all. Best regards to all.—Mitzi Kosernik (age 14), Aguilar, Colorado. (Lodge 381)

LIKES ARITHMETIC BEST

Dear Editor:—This is the first letter that I am writing to the Mladinski List, but I am sure it will not be the last. I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. I am 14 years of age and I am in the 10th grade at the Trinidad High School. I enjoy going to school very much. The subject I like best is arithmetic. My teacher last year was Miss De Boer and I liked her very much.

I am president of our Juvenile Circle No. 25. My sister was president at first, but she had to join the adult department and they elected me as president. At the Aug. 11 meeting we decided to have a picnic on Aug. 25. Rose Biundo was elected sergeant-at-arms. Our other officers are Marie Brogazzi, vice president, Pauline Fatur, secretary, and John Klobas, treasurer. We are trying to make our circle bigger and better.

I hope I will have some pen pals, also that Delagua would write to the M. L. Wake up and write! —Ann Harvatin, Box 342, Delagua, Colo. (Pres. Circle 25)

HAS 11 PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—I didn't write to the M. L. for a long time. I didn't keep my promise. I said I'd write each month, but—. Our school began on Sept. 3. I don't care much for school, nevertheless I'm going to complete it.

I have 11 pen pals now. Some haven't answered my letters for some time. Pen pals, please answer. I noticed that there are more letters in the Pen Pals Page. I also noticed that there were more drawings in the August issue. Artists, keep it up.

Aurora has a Recreational Center. I spent some time there watching people play. I enjoy the bad man's tennis the most. I also go swimming. One day the water was too warm. Our swimming teacher showed us how to give a person artificial respiration. It's good to know how. My next letter may be in Slovene. Best regards to all.—Florence Alich (age 13), Box 607, Aurora, Minn.

WE WENT TO CLEVELAND

Dear Editor:—This is the first letter that I am sending to the Mladinski List. I am 12 years old and a member of SNPJ lodge 388 of Star City, W. Va., for 12 years. I live on a farm in Meadville, Pa. I help with the chores. I like to live on the farm. My parents are also members of the SNPJ, and my brother Billy, who is 11 years old, is also a member since his birth. He will be in the 7th grade. His hobby is playing ball and riding a bicycle. I am glad school is here again. I am in the 8th grade.

My hobby is swimming and cooking. I don't have much time to play; anyone who lives on the farm knows that. Our cousins and their mothers from

Widen, W. Va., come out every summer. They all like it out here.

(We went to Cleveland this summer—all of us. My mother was driving the car. Our friends whom we visited in Cleveland are all members of SNPJ. My Mother had the pleasure of meeting Judy Dale's (Julia Sedal's) parents. My aunt also went to Cleveland. She knows Judy's parents for years. If anyone wants to write to me, I will be glad to hear from them. My best regards to all juvenile members.—Frances Pangerc, Route No. 1, Meadville, Pa.

"THE SNPJ FARM"

Dear Editor:—From Aug. 4 to 11, two girls, my Mother and myself stayed on the SNPJ Farm for a vacation. I enjoyed it so much that I made up a poem about it. In my poem I describe the SNPJ Farm and its surroundings. My two girl friends are writing about what we did. Here is the poem:

The SNPJ Farm

What enchants you more than a corsage of trees,
With a ribbon of road and a comforting breeze.
Sunset as you sit at the top of a hill,
Out in the country, where life is a thrill.
The air is so clean, the sun shines so bright,
The millions of stars that shine down each night.
It thought me to live, to farm and love
Everything around me, below and above.

Just one week in the country we stayed,
But learned to love every tree that swayed.
I loved everything in the country I saw;
I dream of it now and wonder in awe,
How nature can make such beautiful things
That enchant you with the joy that it brings.

We played games and milked cows and sang;
And then it all ended—just like a bang!
When it was time for us all to go home
We wished some day we could come back to roam.

The hills of the country with that corsage of trees,
That ribbon of road, and the fresh country breeze.

I hope the above expresses my sentiments about the SNPJ Farm and its surroundings. Best regards to all.—Dora Terbizan (age 15), 14707 Hale Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. (Lodge 126)

IS GLAD SCHOOL'S HERE

Dear Editor:—Since I do not think I am too lazy to write, I'd better prove it by penning a short letter to the M. L. We were having some rain in mid-August, but not much. The mine is working only one day a week, and that is surely not enough. I think I'll be glad when school starts. My hobby is collecting pictures of movie stars. I have a new pen pal from Pennsylvania. Her name is Doris Kramer. I want to thank her for writing to me. The gardens out here are very nice. We have corn, beans, and flowers, also many other things. Best regards to all.—Milka Mileta, Van Houten, Nex Mexico. (Lodge 416)

HIS SECOND LETTER

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I think the M. L. is a wonderful magazine. Our school started on Sept. 3. I like school. My subjects are: reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, history, music, and art. I am in the fourth grade. Best wishes to all ML readers. I will write more next time.—Thomas Gornick (age 9), Box 706, Trafford, Pa. (Lodge 629)

MARY LIKES JOKES

Dear Editor:—It has been a long time since I wrote to the M. L. I had a very exciting vacation at home. Each week my girl friend and I go roller skating at Purity Spring Park. But since school has begun I have to study instead. My most interesting and exciting sports are baseball, ice annd roller skating, swimming and fishing, and bicycle riding. It takes too long before the ML comes each month, but when it comes I read it from page to page. Best of all I like the jokes. I am in the 8B in John Marshall High School. I have seven teachers, and they are all good teachers. Best regards to all.—Mary Knafelc, 13312 St. James Ave., West Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

ANOTHER FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I will write more often when I have time. I am sending some pictures I drew in ink and hope you will print at least one in the M. L. I am a member of SNPJ lodge 69 and I am in the 8th grade. On March 27, 1941, I will be 13 years old.—Jacob Kokaly, 715 No. Court Street, Eveleth, Minn.

Tongue Twisters

Most of you should know those tongue-twisters, "Susan sold seashells by the seashore," and "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," but these two may be new to you:

Bill had a billboard;

He also had a board bill.

The board bill bored Bill so

He sold his billboard and paid his board bill.

When the pant hunter pantless is panting for pants,

And pants for the best pants the pant maker grants,

He panteth unpanted until he implants

Himself in a pair of our Plymouth Rock pants.

Think of Others

Have you some toys that you have outgrown or that you are tired of? You could make some little child happy by sharing and passing on to some one else some of the things you have. Perhaps there is some book that you could clean with an eraser or even with dry bread crumbs. Or have you some toy that could be painted or mended to give to some one? Perhaps your Dad could help you fix them. Maybe you know a child that you could give them to or even surprise him by giving the things to him.

Introducing Book Friends

Reviewed by Betty Jartz



The story of the *Boy With a Pack*, by Stephen W. Meader, tells how 17 year old Bill Crawford, a New Hampshire Yankee, set his nose to the West with a tin trunk of notions and how he came out on top.

This story takes us back almost a hundred years to the hard times of 1837 where we find our lad, Bill, lover of the out-of-doors, faced with the prospect of being shut in, from sun-up till dark, toiling as a sweeper-boy in the local flannel mill. What was it that made our friend rebel? Was it the inherited blood of Grandad Crawford who had fought against the red coats at the age of 16? Well, whatever it was, his instinct proved sound though somewhat adventurous. Bill invested every last cent of the small fortune he had laboriously earned by woodchopping, berry-picking, and odd farm jobs, in notions and knick-knacks, which were safely and neatly packed in his tin trunk.

On a brisk spring morning he set out toward the Connecticut River. And on the eve of the first day he stumbled into his first adventure, one of many which, though hair-raising, also helped to line his pocket with many a pretty penny.

As night began to fall, along with April showers, Bill decided to find for himself a cozy spot where he could camp for the night. Bill knew enough about that country to know that where there was clay there was brick-making. Sure enough, it wasn't long before he stumbled into a clearing which proved to be the brickyard. The brickyard was deserted and the fires in the kilns were low. He decided to make his camp here, but he slept fitfully as he tended the fires during the night. He was rewarded handsomely for his efforts, but little did he know about the risk he had taken.

During his peddling expedition, Bill had worked his way across Vermont, York State, and Pennsylvania and now moved southward through Ohio. By now, Bill had disposed of most of his wares, but he pressed onward for the sheer love of freedom and a sense of adventure. As he wended his way southward he came upon scattered settlements of Quakers from the Pennsylvania country. It was here that he first learned of the Quaker abolitionist activities, and it was here he was plunged into his most exciting adventure of helping a frightened slave-lad to escape to Canada.

Bill hadn't meant to take sides, he really wasn't well-informed on the question of freedom or slavery.

It happened that Bill was approached by a smooth-talking Southern gentleman who was the owner of a black boy who had just escaped. Had Bill seen him? There was a twenty-dollar reward. He also informed Bill of the stringent penalty for abolitionist activity. Bill sensed that beneath this smooth and courtly exterior there was a ruthless and cruel nature in this slave-owner. "Hard as steel," Bill thought. Later on, when the opportunity offered itself, he risked everything he had gained to rescue the terrified negro lad. And he was proud to have done so. It was good old Grandad Crawford's fighting blood seething through his veins with a will to set right the wrong which man did to man.

And so Bill's peddling expedition was a success! Each adventure furnished a test of his courage and character, and he came out on top, a chip off the old block, a real trueblue example of the staunch and sturdy pioneers who helped to build the United States of America out of wilderness.

Ships of Long Ago and Now

In 1819 a ship called "Savannah," which was a combination of a sail boat and steamship, was the first of its kind to cross the Atlantic. Up to that time only sailing vessels had been used on this trip. How different that ship must have been compared to the beautiful "Normandie" which made its maiden voyage to the United States about four years ago. And the liner "Queen Mary". Both of them are finest and most beautiful ships that were ever built. The first one is a French liner and the second is English. Swimming-pools, playgrounds, decks for all kinds of games, libraries, and even elevators are to be found on the modern steamships. (Of course, these ships are now idle.) It used to take months for boats to cross the Atlantic when the Savannah made the crossing. Now it takes about four days to make the trip.

Of Course Not

Mary: "You know the difference between a taxi and a bus?"

Jane: "No."

Mary: "Fine; we'll take the bus."

Harriet: "Have you ever seen anything smaller than my shoes?"

Jack: "Yes, your feet."



"WIGGLE-WAGGLE"

Little Sammy City-Chap was out on the farm, and set his alarm clock extra early, so he could be sure to wake up and see all the fun. But a dandy good farm friend called him much earlier than that. Let's take a pencil or a colored crayon and start drawing a line through these Wiggle-Waggles. If we are extra careful to start where the black arrow shows us, and to follow the open spaces only, without crossing any black lines, we will soon have a picture of Sammy's friend. The drawings of a cow and a duck will help show you how it is done.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Francis Zupou

ACROSS

1—Ape. 4—Bellicose. 10—Exit. 11—Tier. 12—Prune. 13—Islam. 15—Ended. 16—Cease. 17—Gee. 19—Hen. 20—Benefit. 21—Bor. 24—Ass. 27—Ozone. 30—Bathe. 32—Basil. 33—Actor. 34—Rind. 35—Brit. 36—Kneepiece. 38—S. O. S.

DOWN

1—Salted. 2—Pi. 3—Hectic. 4—Berne. 5—Exude. 6—Line. 7—Oise. 8—Selah. 9—Erase. 12—Peg. 14—Men. 18—A. F. L. 21—Bob. 22—Ozark. 24—Attic. 25—Shote. 26—Ser. 28—Nine. 29—Eldest. 30—Babism. 31—Acre. 37—Po.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON JUST FOR FUN PAGE

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Trotsky | 6. Ickes |
| 2. Wallace | 7. Willkie |
| 3. Churchill | 8. Farley |
| 4. Roosevelt | 9. Barkley |
| 5. Windsor | 10. Stimson. |

Puzzlers

- 14,400 bricks.
- 92 feet
- 4—92
- 2—off the S. W. coast of Italy.
- Michigan
- Mt. McKinley—Mt. Whitney
- The parents of Pete were divorced and the parents of George were divorced. Pete's mother

married George's father, and they had a son Carl—a stepbrother of Pete and George. Pete's father married George's mother and they had a son, Harry—also a stepbrother of Pete and George, but not related to Carl.

8. 26 days.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE

by Tony Adlesich

ACROSS

1—Raise. 5—Scale. 10—Into. 11—Pa. 13—Anew. 14—Do. 15—Diadem. 18—E. E. 19—End. 21—Scad. 22—Err. 23—As. 25—Or. 26—In. 27—Emir. 29—Add. 31—Male. 32—Toes. 34—Go. 35—So. 37—La. 39—Ape. 41—Mope. 43—Rim. 45—La. 46—Parent. 48—No. 49—Ache. 51—En. 52—Anil. 54—Death. 55—Sweat.

DOWN

1—Rider. 2—Anon. 3—It. 4—Sod. 6—Cam. 7—An. 8—Leer. 9—Ewers. 11—Paco. 12—Adar. 16—Is. 17—Ed. 20—Damage. 22—Endear. 24—Silo. 26—Idol. 27—Em. 28—Re. 29—At. 30—S. S. 33—Salad. 35—Sore. 36—Open. 38—Smolt. 40—Pace. 41—Ma. 42—En. 44—Inia. 46—Pet. 47—Taw. 50—Ha. 53—N. E.

Wishful Thinking

Father (devotedly): "I'm spanking you, son, because I love you."

Jackie: "I wish I was big enough, Daddy, to return your love."

What About Your Circle? Is It Active?

Am I a Worthy Juvenile of the SNPJ?

I, a member of the SNPJ Juvenile Department and a recipient and regular reader of the Mladinski List, want to ask myself as follows:

- Do I write letters to the Mladinski List or otherwise contribute something I think I am able to? If not why not?
- Do I care to join an SNPJ Juvenile Circle in my town knowing that one exists? If not, why not?
- Do I care to work for organizing an SNPJ Juvenile Circle in my town knowing that none exists as yet? If not, why not?
- Am I prone to show my Mladinski List, after I am through reading it, to my closest friends with the wish that they, too, may enjoy reading it? If not, why not?
- Do I talk in praiseworthy terms about the SNPJ Juvenile Department to my boy friends and girl friends, not members as yet, in order that they, too, may join and be as happy about it as I am? If not, why not?

Yes, Why Not? What Am I Doing to Be a Worthy Juvenile

of the

Slovene National Benefit Society?