

Mladinski List



A Magazine for SNPJ Juveniles

APRIL

1944

MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE



PHILIP GODINA - - - Business Manager

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MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

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Forty Years of a Great Past---Congratulations, SNPJ!

By Michael Vrhovnik, Juvenile Director

On the morning of April 6, 1904, there began in the city of Chicago, Illinois, the opening session of the first and organizing convention of a new Slovene fraternal society, a society which was to build, protect, educate, prosper and live—perhaps, indefinitely.

Through the records of its proceedings, we have learned that twelve men, each in the best years of his life, strong of character and principles, freethinkers all of them, composed the delegation of this significant convention body. These men represented the nine lodges organized up to that time. They were the

official founders of a new society, yet unnamed.

The delegates met in the old National Hall, on the top floor of a three-story brick building, located at the southwest corner of Eighteenth Street and Centre (Racine) Avenue. Here for three days, they calmly and seriously deliberated each important question and problem presented for consideration and decision.

Aside from a few essential fundamentals, these pioneer fathers of the SNPJ were not versed in the knowledge or needs of cooperative insurance protection for the family. The fraternal benefit idea was then still in its infancy and, consequently, very few people knew much about it. The delegates at the first SNPJ Convention were interested in its possibilities, of course, but at the time only as a "sideline" attraction, for their chief concern had to do with the social, cultural and economic life of the Slovene people in America.

Therefore, the immediate and primary aim of this resolute and far-seeing group of leaders was to draw up and adopt a set of sound principles which would form the basis of a **strong, free, liberal and democratic fraternal organization**, having no connection whatsoever with any church, a freethought society which would make no attempt to control the personal beliefs of its members, the first of its kind among the American Slovenes to recognize and establish this broad conception of personal freedom within an organized structure.

Upon that early foundation of principles, ideals, benevolence and brotherhood grew the largest and most progressive Slovene organization in the world—the **Slovene National Benefit Society (SNPJ)**.



Michael Vrhovnik

It will interest you, of course, to know who were elected as the first Supreme Officers of the SNPJ. Chosen for this distinctive honor were—**John Stonich**, President; **Michael Strukelj**, Vice-President; **Frank Medica**, Secretary; **Frank Petrich**, Recording-Secretary; and **Frank Klobuchar**, Treasurer. The remaining delegates were **Martin Konda**, **Anton Mladic**, **Mohor Mladic**, **John Werscaj**, **Joseph Duller**, **Martin Potokar** and **Dan Badovinac**.

The Official Organ of the SNPJ was not always called **Prosveta**. When first organized, the voice of the membership was expressed through **Glas Svobode**, a privately owned newspaper. It was not until 1908 that the Society founded its own Organ to which was given the name **Glasilo SNPJ**, and thus it remained until the convention in 1915, when the name **Prosveta** was adopted. Then in July, 1922, the **Mladinski List** was added to our publications to form a dual educational force, each with the same purpose in view.

Using the power of press to great advantage, the daily and weekly paper for the adults and the monthly magazine for the juveniles, the SNPJ "battled" against selfish and reactionary individuals and groups everywhere, shedding the light of truth, knowledge and justice wherever it reached, and succeeded in conveying good impressions of our principles to the far corners of America.

Today, after two score years of hard work and faithful service to its members, the SNPJ is known all over the country as a workingman's organization designed to bring greater protection, security, understanding, friendship and happiness to everyone. It has performed this gigantic task ably and well, rendering aid to members in times of sickness, disability, death and other emergencies, and providing them with outlets for social, cultural, educational and recreational activities through its local lodges.

Since its doors were thrown open back in 1904, the SNPJ has weathered booms and panics, prosperity and depression, epidemics and war, and came through it all with banners flying high. We should be extremely proud of the fact, that in all these years there has not been a single just legal claim against it which has not been paid. Today, it

is in the soundest condition of its entire history.

Through years of almost continuous expansion, the SNPJ has grown into the largest Slovene fraternal organization, numbering at this writing over 47,000 adult and nearly 17,000 juvenile members, affiliated with some 625 lodges scattered over the length and breadth of the United States and a few in the provinces of the Dominion of Canada. During all the years of existence, in excess of 100,000 adults and over 50,000 juveniles have been enrolled into the SNPJ, a grand total of more than 150,000 members.

The financial strength of the Society is reflected in the amount and sound character of its investments. The SNPJ has more than \$11,000,000 in assets, all owned by the members, over 80 per cent of which are invested in United States Government, State, County and Municipal bonds, and the balance in mortgages on small properties, choice industrial and utility securities, Building and Loan Associations, banks, etc., together providing sufficient liquidity for every and all forms of liability to which the Society is or might be subject.

There, in the few paragraphs above, you have a record of forty years of great service and growth worthy of highest compliment and appreciation—of men whose work and loyalty deserve a full measure of respect, admiration and gratitude. On this outstanding occasion, let us salute and thank the living **Pioneer Fathers** wherever they may be, and honor the memory of those who have departed from these wordly surroundings, for they did a grand job!

How can we, who go on living, repay them? . . . By renewing a pledge to continue the struggle for the principles and ideals of the SNPJ; by embracing a rejuvenated spirit of benevolence and more regular attendance at meetings and affairs; by organizing Juvenile Circles and giving support to their activities; by encouraging the youth to write to the **Mladinski List** and the **Prosveta**; by entering and enrolling new members in the **40th Anniversary Membership Campaign**; and by being mindful of a great and glorious past, but ever looking forward to a still greater future in the SNPJ and America!

Birthdays of the Great Men

By Louis Beniger

Edmund Spenser

Edmund Spenser, the great English poet of classical verse, was born on April 16, 1552. Although his father was "a gentleman by birth," he lacked adequate resources for bringing up his son. In spite of insufficient means, however, young Spenser received a good education, first as a "poor scholar" in the Merchant Tailors' School in London, and later, during seven years, as a needy student, at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

At Cambridge University, Spenser gained not only a high standing in classical studies, but also the permanent friendship of well known scholars. Spenser received his master's degree at the age of twenty-four. He began his active career as a private secretary in London and later in Ireland. During this time he met men of letters, with whom he formed an intimate literary and personal friendship. He later recorded this friendship in "A Pastoral Elegy."

Spenser published his first poem at the age of 27, under the title, "Shepherd's Calendar." The enthusiastic reception of the poem among men of letters promptly established Spenser as the chief of English poets then living. He was then ready to prepare for his greater task—the task of writing a long poem in 12 books, but only six of the 12 books were completed.

It was not until ten years after the publication of the "Shepherd's Calendar" that Spenser was ready to publish the first three books of his most famous poem, "The Faery Queen." These three books deal with temperance or self-control, moral purity, and righteousness. And it took him eight more years before he completed the second three books in the series of "The Faery Queen," which deal with friendship, justice, and courtesy.

The success of "The Faery Queen" was immediate, but the monetary reward was disappointingly small. He described his disappointment in "Collin Clout's Come Home Again," in which the visits of his friends and

his sojourn in London are also reflected. In the next two years Spenser wrote a series of poems entitled "Amoretti," and also wrote a poem called "Epithalamion."

Spenser's life was spent chiefly in three places, each of which left strong marks upon his character and work—Cambridge, London, and Ireland. At Cambridge he found the learning of the Renaissance (revival of learning), especially the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, which appears clearly in "The Faery Queen" and the "Hymns" which he later wrote. He also wrote a poem called "Prothalamion," and the prose tract, "View of the Present State of Ireland." In this last work the poet attacks the Irish because, in 1598, Irish rebels burned the house in which he lived and drove him and his family to Cork.

Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" is a series of 12 pastoral poems, in which shepherds are the speakers, and rural nature and life their theme. Spenser lived at the time when the Reformation was the chief political question, and it had a very important influence on English life as it had on all Europe. The Reformation was to the common people what the Renaissance (revival of learning) was to the upper classes.

Edmund Spenser's art is shown in his poems. He had the power to create the illusion of a different world, a world of magic where the imagination and the senses are satisfied. "The Faery Queen" is a long procession of figures, brilliant, fantastic, or terrible, which singly or in groups pass across an ever varying landscape. This world of imagined splendor is presented as the background of a steadily growing idea of righteousness, of heroic goodness.

Spenser belonged to an age when it seemed not impossible that there should be some common ground between the spirit of the Reformation and that the Humanism, meaning the revival of learning, the great awakening which marked the end of the Middle Ages.

Edmund Spenser died on January 16, 1599, in London.

JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jug

CAPITAL QUIZ

These are capitals of different States in the United States. However, there must have been a pixie at work here because they took out all the letters in the middle and left only the first and last letter. Can you figure out the names of the different capitals:

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. C———S, Ohio | 5. C———E, Wyo. |
| 2. H———G, Pa. | 6. D———R, Colo. |
| 3. T———E, Fla. | 7. A———Y, N. Y. |
| 4. T———A, Kansas | 8. A———N, Texas |

* * *

HISTORICAL EVENTS IN APRIL

- April 14, 1865 Abraham Lincoln assassinated
 April 18, 1906 San Francisco earthquake
 April 22, 1898 War with Spain
 April 28, 1814 Napoleon exiled to Elba.
 April 30, 1789 Geo. Washington inaugurated.

* * *

SEASON QUIZZERS

Of the 4 statements below, 3 are correct. Can you identify the incorrect one?

1. Vernal Equinox (Spring begins)—March 21
2. Summer Solstice (Summer begins)—June 21
3. Autumnal Equinox (Autumn begins)—Sept. 21
4. Winter Solstice (Winter begins)—Dec. 21

* * *

YOUR FLAG

How many facts do you know about your flag? See if you can fill in the blanks of these statements?

The first flag of the United States was made by B———R——— and approved by the Committee of which G———W——— was a member in 17——. Today there are—— stars representing the s———of the union and the original seven red and s———white stripes representing the 13 original colonies. The colors of the flag have a special significance—Red for c———; white for l———, and blue for l———.

* * *

TIME TO LAFF

Teacher—Can anyone give me a sample of indirect tax?

Pupil—The dog tax.

Teacher—Why is that an indirect tax?

Pupil—Because the dog don't pay it.

— —

Historians say that women used cosmetics in the Middle Ages.

For that matter, women in the middle ages still use them.

ANIMAL JUMBLER

In the first column are names of animals that are found in story books. In Column 2 are the types of animals they are. Can you match them?

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. Flicka | 1. Cricket |
| 2. Pluto | 2. Reindeer |
| 3. Blitzen | 3. Duck |
| 4. Jimminy | 4. Horse |
| 5. Donald | 5. Dog |

* * *

DINNER MIX-UPS

Here are various items you might have for dinner tonight. The letters are rather jumbled, but by now you Just for Fun fans should unscramble them easily:

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. pusu | 4. oespotta |
| 2. sookice | 5. enchike |
| 3. ladsa | 6. primsh |

* * *

BIRD PUZZLE

The words listed below all spell out a word. If you place another letter in front of each, it will spell an entirely different word. If you place the correct letters, they will spell the name of a bird.

- | | |
|--------|---------|
| 1.—all | 5.—deal |
| 2.—jar | 6.—eat |
| 3.—ill | 7.—tune |
| 4.—ear | 8.—lone |

* * *

APRIL

When April comes the skies are gray
 And then the sun shines thru;
 To scatter all the raindrops
 And take away the dew.

So when I wear my overshoes
 The sun beams bright and strong;
 But when I'm in my Sunday best
 It rains most all day long.

But then I know the raindrops
 Will help the flowers to grow;
 And that my yard will be all green
 From the many seeds I sow.

* * *

MATH LESSON

If a dog standing on 4 feet weighs 5 lbs., how much will he weigh standing on 2 feet?

* * *

(Answers to Puzzles on Back Inside Cover Page.)

Join the "New Name for Mladinski List" Contest

Suggest a Good New Name to Displace "Mladinski List" and Win a \$50 War Bond!

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR BEST LETTERS. CONTEST ENDS AUGUST 1, 1944.



At its annual meeting in February, the SNPJ Supreme Board decided that the name of our juvenile magazine, "Mladinski List", shall be changed to one having a greater appeal on the average American youth of Slovene or other extraction, and approved a sum not to exceed \$50 in prizes for a national contest limited to juvenile members of the Society. The Executive Committee was empowered to prepare necessary rules for the contest, this to be conducted and concluded prior to the semi-annual meeting of the Supreme Board to be held later this year. These instructions have been complied with and the rules governing the contest are as follows. . .

R U L E S

- a) The "NEW NAME FOR MLADINSKI LIST" contest begins April 1 and ends August 1, 1944.
- b) The contest is open to any member of the SNPJ Juvenile Department.
- c) Each contestant is limited to one NEW NAME suggestion, and every letter submitting a name must be countersigned by either parent. The age and lodge number must also be enclosed.
- d) One grand prize, a \$50 United States War Savings Bond, will be awarded to the member whose suggestion for a NEW NAME is chosen to displace "Mladinski List."
- e) In case two or more members submit the winning name, the purchase price of the \$50 bond will be divided equally among them in War Savings Stamps.
- f) Any name entered in the contest, found to be exactly similar to that of another publication, will be automatically disqualified.
- g) The best letters, telling why the names were chosen and suggested, will be published in the Mladinski List after the contest closes. The four best letters will be entitled to the following awards: First \$5, second \$3, third \$2 and fourth \$1, all in War Savings Stamps.
- h) All NEW NAME suggestions and letters must be mailed to the JUVENILE DIRECTOR of SNPJ, 2657 So. Lawndale Ave., Chicago 23, Ill., on or before August 1, 1944.

It is important to remember at all times that the names, submitted in this contest, must be different, at least in some respect, from names of active publications. It is true that simply by adding a word or taking one away or substituting one for another, a name might be qualified as acceptable, but we do not encourage this practice, for the best results will be obtained if you try to be original.

The fact that there are not many juvenile magazines in existence, fraternal or commercial, our task of choosing a good name to take place of the name "Mladinski List", should not be a difficult one. There are many bright boys and girls in the SNPJ who have ability, ambition and ideas of their own. It is to them, especially, that we appeal to join the "New Name for Mladinski List" contest and make it a big success.

MICHAEL VRHOVNIK, Juvenile Director.

LUKEC IN NJEGOV ŠKOREC

Povest za mladino

France Bevk

(Nadaljevanje)

Škorec je postal nemiren. Zgrabil je s kljunom žico in jo zvijal. Vpil je: "Bedak! Baroja!"

Lukec je odprl kletko, ptič je zletel na prosto. "Luka, Luka!" Gledal ga je v usta, ki so drobila kruh. Klepec je hotel druge hrane. Zletel je Lukcu na ramo in ga pocukal za uho, nato za lase: "Potep, Potep!"

"Pusti me!" ga je božal Lukec. "Vidiš, zdaj sva v Argntiniji. Poiskati morava očeta. . ."

Gost, ki je bral časnik, je po prvih škorčevih besedah postal pozoren. Ko je izpregovoril Lukec, je ostrmel. Položil je časnik na mizo. Obraz se mu je raztegnil v nasmehu. Dvignil se je, stopil k Lukcu.

"Vidva sta Slovenca?"

Tudi Lukec je strmel. Še nikoli mu ni bila slovenska beseda tako blaglasna, kot v tistem hipu. Pred njim je stal človek s smejočim se obrazom in svetlimi očmi. Lukec je bil veselo vznemirjen.

"Jaz sem Slovenec. Ta pa je le . . . škorec."

Oni se je zasmejal.

"Da, to je škorec . . . Vidim. Pa vendar govori slovensko."

Pobožal je škorca. Ta je poskočil: "Jaz sem Lukov Klepec. Bedak!"

"Peter Vodopivec sem, ne bedak," je dejal oni. "Vipavec. Menda si tudi ti Vipavec," se je obrnil na Lukca. "Po govorici te poznam."

Da, tudi Lukec je Vipavec. Vodopivec je prisedel. Lukec mu je povedal, da gre v Parana. Tam ima očeta. Z njim je bila tudi mati, a mu je na poti umrla. Zdaj je sam. Neki Slokar mu je dal naslov te krčme.

"Tako, tako?" se je čudil Vodopivec. Lukčeva zgodba je bila žalostna in vesela. "V Parana je precej daleč. Še dobro, da smo se našli. Pomagali ti bomo."

Nastal je večer. Krčma se je začela polniti. V levi kot so sedali Italijani, Španci in Kreoli. V desni kot krčme so sedali Slovenci. Pozdravljali so se po domače. Vodopivec je vsakemu novemu došlecu pokazal na Lukca.

"Vidiš mladega Slovenca. Vipavec je po vrhu. Ta je prinesel kar škorca s seboj. . ."

Lukec jim je segal v roke. Gledali so ga kot veliko čudo. Ponoviti je moral svojo zgodbo še enkrat. Povedal je tudi, kako je škorec odkril slepega potnika. Njegovo pripovedovanje je vzbujalo sočutje in smeh.

Škorec je dobil večerjo, ki mu je bila po volji. Uganjal je burke. Povedal je vse, kar je vedel in znal. Izgovarjal je nove besede, ki so mu jih klicali od vseh strani. Kmalu se je naveličal. Postal je truden. Umaknil se je v temen kot pod točilno mizo in zaspal.

Lukcu se je razvezala beseda. Povedal je tudi o Španjolki in o zamorcu. Nastal je smeh. Zamorec je bil hotelski sluga, ki nikomur ne skrivi lasu. Lukec se je nekoliko sramoval. Pa se je smejal tudi on.

"Prav je, da si zbežal," so mu dejali. "Sicer bi te ne bili videli."

To je bilo tudi Lukcu po volji.

Zapeli so slovensko pesem. . . Lukcu je bilo, kakor da se ne nahaja v daljni Ameriki, ampak v Vipavi. Še doma slovenska pesem ni bila tako glasna. Poslušal je ves omamljen.

Postal je truden. Glava mu je začela lesti med ramena. Zavedel se je, da dremlje. Nekaj težkega, neprodinrega je začelo zagrinjati njegovo zavest. Govorjenje in petje je prihajalo na njegovo uho le kot iz neznane daljave. Izginila je krčma, izginile so svetle luči pod stropom. . .

30.

Parnik je zabrlizgal in se začel pomikati od brega. Lukec je slonel ob ograji. Na pomolu je stal Vodopivec. Zamahnila sta si v slovo. "Zbogom!"

Mesto se je oddaljilo. Zadnje hiše so stale na obrežju. Samota, gaji, nove hiše. Reka je bila široka, široka.

Odkar se je bil Lukec poslovil od doma, mu še ni bilo tako čudno pri srcu. Sam, sam sredi tuje zemlje. Kam je izginila vesela domačnost prejšnjega večera?

Parnik, na katerem se je vozil, je bil majhen. Ni bilo prijaznega kapitana, ne zdravnika, ne Slokarja niti Španjolke. V tistem hipu bi mu bil še Brontolon ljub.

Na krovu so sedeli med prtljago čudni

ljudje. Moški, ženske, otroci. Z njimi so se vozile tudi kokoši, ki so bile zvezane za noge. Šli so na sever, v neznane kraje, divji in umazani. . . Med takimi ljudmi bo našel očeta, ki se bo začudil:

“Kje je mati?”

Misel na mater mu je bila v tistem trenutku trikrat bridka. Branil se je joka. Od spomina in od občutka zapuščenosti so mu same od sebe začele teči solze po licih.

Gledal je na breg, ki je polzel mimo. Kaj je mislil? Na očeta? Ali je slutil, da ga ne bo več našel v Parana in ga bo moral iskati v divjih, tujih krajih? Ali je samo sanjal, da bo zablodil v pragozdu, se srečal z Indijanci?

Ne, Lukec ni mogel vedeti, kaj ga čaka.

Pred njegovimi očmi se je od ure do ure odpirala nova, čudna zemlja. . . Parnik je piskal. Divji možje so kartali in vpili. Če so zagledali v vodi kako žival, so s samokresi streljali nanjo.

Čez nebo je plavalo solnce. Ponoči je vstal izza gozdov isti mesec kot v Vipavski dolini. Iste zvezde so sijale. Vse drugo pa je bilo grozno in tuje.

Lukec ni mogel vedeti, kaj ga čaka. Bil je utrujen od dolge vožnje. Legel je k počitku in škorec se je stisnil v kot. Brnenje in ropot motorjev na parniku ga je kmalu zazibal v spanje. Lukec je sanjal čudne sanje. Iskal je očeta, a zaman. Nenadoma stopi k njemu prijazen mož in ga objame. V sanjah vidi svojega očeta in prijeten smehljaj se razlije po njegovih licih. . .

* * *

Tisto noč je Lukec trdno spal. Ne bil bi se še prebudil, da mu ni skočil škorec na trebuh in ga začel klicati: “Luka! Luka!”

Lukec je odprl oči. Škorec je skakal od veselja, popadel s kljunom za odejo in jo začel vleči.

Potniki so se prebudili. Nekateri so zaspali godrnjali, drugi so se smejali. Luka je sedel na postelji, pozdravil Klepca:

“Dobro jutro!”

“Dobro jutro!” je ponovil Klepec.

Parnik se je bližal obrežju. Potniki so se vsuli k ograji. Lukec se je naglo umil in oblekel. Stopil je na krov. Od velikega začudenja je na široko odprl usta. Pred njim je stalo mesto.

Potniki so nastali nemirni. Parnik je za-

piskal in zavil v pristan. Na bregu je bilo živo vrvenje. Mornarji, težaki in potepuhi. Slišala se je tuja, neumljiva govorica.

Sidra so zarožljala in že so se potniki drenjali na pomol. Lukec je počasi stopal za njimi. Škorec se je boječe stiskal k njemu. Lukec je zaskrbljeno gledal po množici. Njegovе oči so med pisano množico iskale očeta. Videl je le tuje obraze—bil je spet tujec v tujini.

V tistem hipu stopi k njemu srednje visok mož. Gleda ga in naposled vpraša:

“Luka?”

Z očetom sta se objela in oči obeh so se orosile od veselja. Škorec je gledal Lukca modro, molčal je. Zdelo se je, da tudi njemu od veselja bije srce.

“A kje je mati?”

Lukca je vzelo dolgo, predno je očetu razjasnil, kako je mati zbolela in umrla. Dolgo je pripovedoval. Oče je videl, da sta ostala sama, da je Lukec med dolgo potjo mnogo prestal. Sklenil je, da si bosta uredila življenje na tujih tleh kot moža, ki zreta neustrašeno v bodočnost.

Lukčeve sanje so se uresničile. Po dolgem iskanju je našel očeta. Ponosno je stopal poleg njega, ki ga je vodil po poti v dom očetove ljubezni.

(Konec.)

Ptičja hišica

Katka Zupančič

Hiša je majhna, premajhna za vse; v nji za en parček prostora je le. Vrabci se zbirajo in se pripravajo—priliki težko odreči se je.

Kar se oglasi mlad modrijan: “Tepli se, bratci, ne bomo za stan! Vratca odprta so zanj, ki prvi bo zajtra, še preden bo dan.”

Družba pomirjena se je razšla. Zviti pa vrabec se tiho smehlja—V hišico smukne spat, zajtra bo bratce z vrat vabil na—svatbo, hahaa . . .!

FUN and FROLIC

Submitted by **Ann Sannemann**

To most children Easter Time is almost as universal a holiday as is Christmas, and there are many ways of observing it. Your group may choose to have an Easter Party, or an organized Egg Hunt in a nearby park or small woods. If you are not planning any sort of celebration, a good idea would be to set aside an hour or two after your April meeting and have some Easter Fun.

Egg Hunt

Vary the usual egg hunt by using jelly beans for eggs, and give each child a handled nut cup, decorated as a basket. Hide dozens of the eggs of all colors all over the room. After the hunt is over, tell the players that every pink egg counts 5, every white egg 10, yellow 15, purple 20, etc. The child with the highest total score wins, and a novel touch would be, to give as a prize, a child's toy egg-beater, on which the following verse should be tied. "You've beaten the others, so what would be sweeter, Than just to be known as a PERFECT EGG BEATER?"

Egg Rolling Relay

Divide the children into two even groups, and give the leaders a hard-boiled egg and a small, round stick. Designate a starting point and a goal. At a given signal each leader starts to roll the egg, by pushing it with the stick, toward the goal and then back again to the starting point, where the leader hands the stick to the next in line who repeats the performance of the leader, etc., until one team is the winner.

Egg Ball

This one is for some real fun. Hollow out an egg shell, or use a ping pong ball. Divide the children into two teams, each team to stand at each end of a table. Place the egg shell, or ball in the middle of the table and tell the players to blow as hard as possible. The egg will roll from one side of the table to the other. The team forcing the egg shell, or ball off the opponent's side of the table, wins.

Egg Words

This is a paper and pencil game. Seat the children in a circle on the floor, or around a table, and allow ten minutes for them to write all the words they can think of beginning with the sounds of "eggs". Here are a few to illustrate: exir, exactly, examine, example. The child with the longest correct list is winner.

* * * * *

April sometimes has beautiful weather, and then the children seem to get an urge to just run around and make noise. As every age likes to play tag, and any small area will do, why not try some of these games, whether in or out of doors...

Rabbit Tag

The players are divided into groups of threes and are scattered into groups around the play-

ground. Two of the three form a "home" by facing each other and joining hands. The third one will be the "rabbit" and will simply stand in this house. In addition to these groups of threes, there should be two extra players, a homeless rabbit and a hunter. The hunter starts the game by chasing the homeless rabbit around, in and out the groups. When the rabbit has grown tired, he may go into one of the homes, and at once the rabbit who was already there must leave, and this rabbit is chased by the hunter. When a hunter catches a rabbit, the two change places, the hunter becoming the rabbit, and the rabbit the hunter.

Cross Tag

Cross tag is like the ordinary tag but with one difference. If "IT" is chasing someone and another player runs between him and the one he is chasing, he must immediately cease to chase that one and chase the player who crossed before him. There is plenty of variety in this game as good runners will always dare to cross the path of the hunter. In this as in other tag games certain rules should be in force. No tagging back should be allowed. Whenever a player is tagged, he should be required to tell whom he has decided to chase. No one should be allowed to help the runner by interfering with the chaser. In this game of cross tag after all players have crossed twice, "IT" should be allowed to tag anyone.

Pose Tag

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

Object-Passing Tag

The group selects some object which is passed by handing it from one to the other. This may be a ball, handkerchief, or stone. One can only be tagged when he has this object in his possession. Another player must take it as soon as it is offered to him, and if he refuses to do so, he immediately becomes "IT".

Couple Tag

Players disperse informally around the area in groups of twos. Each couple standing with inner arms interlocked and outer hands on hips. "IT" chases any couple and attempts to hook onto the outer arm of either member of the couple. If he is successful, the player whose arm he has hooked becomes his partner and the other member becomes "IT".

VČERAJ JE BILO, JUTRI BO. . .

Hermynia zur Muehlen:

Pravljice
Poslovenil A. C.

KAJ PRIPOVEDUJEJO PETRČKOVI PRIJATELJI?

(Nadaljevanje.)

Kaj pripoveduje steklenica

Minilo je nekaj dni. Dan se je počasi umikal noči. Tema se je tiho kradla v izbico. Glej, glej, nekdo je obiskal našega dečka. Neka čedno oblečena gospa, ki je bila vsa resna in stroga, je stopila v izbo. Sedla je na posteljo.

Peterček je to žensko poznal. Saj je večkrat prihajala v mestni del, kjer so prebivali reveži. Prihajala je v stanovanja, čeprav je ni nihče vabil. Delila je nabožne knjižice in govorila otrokom o bogu.

Otroci so se je bali. Nikdar se ni nasmehnila, nikdar niso njene ozke ustnice spregovorile dobrohotne besedice. Bog, o katerem je vedela toliko povedati, ji je moral biti podoben. Menda se je venomer jezil, ukazoval, da morajo revni delati, biti zadovoljni, vrhu vsega pa še za to bedno življenje hvaležni.

Tudi danes je črno oblečena gospa dečka grdo gledala. Peterček bi bil tako rad ušel, se skrnil, pa se — o jej! — ni mogel niti premakniti.

"Tako me boli noga!" je tožil ter skrivno upal, da bo stroga gospa postala vendarle malo bolj dobrohotna.

Gospa pa je trdo odgovorila: "To je preizkušnja, katero ti pošilja bog; moraš jo potrpežljivo prenašati!" Nato ga je vprašala:

"Ali zmoliš vsak dan jutranjo in večerno molitev?"

"Ne," je odkritosrčno povedal Peterček.

Stroga gospa se je menda kar razveselila.

"Vidiš, prav zavoljo tega si padel ter si zlomil nogo."

"O ne," je Peterček boječe zašepetal, "padel sem, ker je bila poledica."

"Ne ugovarjaj!" je srdito zavpila stroga gospa. "Bog te je hotel kaznovati. Zato si padel. A ta kazen ni najhujša. Ali ne veš, kam pridejo slabi otroci, ki ne molijo?"

"Ne vem."

"V pekel!" je veselo vzkliknila stroga gospa. "Tam morajo do vekomaj trpeti, da vekomaj gorijo v plamenih, parklji jih ščipljejo z razbeljenimi kleščami, da od groznih bolečin strašno kričijo. Praviš, da te boli noga! Kako ničeva je ta bolečina v primeri s trpljenjem, ki te čaka v peklu. Tvoja mati bo trpela s teboj vred. Morala bi te navajati k molitvi."

Nato je stroga gospa segla v veliko torbo, ki jo je vedno nosila s seboj. Vzela je iz nje drobno knjižico. Na platnicah knjižice je bil naslikan možki, ki je stal sredi ognjenega morja. Kričal je in iztegoval roke, z desne in leve pa so proti njemu dirjali parklji, ki so imeli zlobne obraze. V rokah so držali velike klešče.

"Prečitaj to knjižico!" mu je velela stroga gospa. "Videl boš, kaj bo iz tebe, če ne boš pobožen. Zdaj moram oditi. Potolažiti moram še druge s tolažili svete vere."

Stroga gospa je odšla, Petrčku pa se je zazdelo, da je sobo obzarila svetloba, čeprav se je medtem že znočilo.

Nekoliko se je res bal. Kako strašno bi bilo priti v pekel, večno goriti, večno trpeti? In tudi ljuba, dobra mamica naj bi prišla v pekel? Saj je vedno tako dobra, saj vse dneve tako težko dela.

Peterček je takole premišljeval in glej: nenadno je zazvenel po izbi tenek, žvenketajoč smeh. Oglasil se je nekje prav blizu postelje. Pogledal je kvišku. Glej, glej! Kozarec in steklenica, ki sta stala na mizici ob postelji, sta se smejala. Od smeha sta komaj stala pokoncu. Obilni trebušček steklenice za vodo se je tako tresel, da je voda v njej nalahno valovala.

"Ne morem več," je stokal kozarec. "Počen sem in razpoklina mi pri smehu povzroča takšne bolečine! Jej, jej, še razneslo me bo!"

"Zakaj se tako smejeta?" ju je vprašal Peterček.

Kozarec je še vedno stokal, debela steklenica pa se je od smeha še vedno tresla; vzkliknila je: "Bedasta ženska!"

Peterček se je na skrivnem veselil. Steklenica ima strogo gospo za bedasto. Nemara pa je res tako neumna, da ne ve, kaj govori. Nič ne bo s peklom, niti njemu niti mami ne bo treba iti v pekel.

"Zakaj praviš, da je tista hudobna gospa bedasta?"

Voda je v vratu steklenice še prav tiho klokala, steklenica pa se je nehala smejati ter je odgovorila: "Ali nisi slišal, kaj je pravila o peklu?"

"Slišal sem, slišal," je dejal Peterček. "Zelo sem se zaradi tega prestrašil."

"Prestrašil si se, ker si prav tako bedast, kakor tista ženska," je steklenica jezno zagodrnjala. "O, jaz že vem, kaj je pekel, a pekla ni ustvaril bog. Ustvarili so ga ljudje. Odrasli in otroci ne pridejo v pekel, ker pozabljajo moliti, marveč zato, ker so reveži. Le mirno leži, pa ti bom kaj o peklu povedala."

"Povej mi, prosim te!" jo je zaprosil Peterček.

"Ali ti je bilo kdaj hudo vroče?" ga je vprašala steklenica.

"Pač, poleti je tu tako soparno, da bi se človek kar zadušil."

"Dobro, misli si, torej, takšno vročino, pa še stokrat hujšo. Zrak je kakor en sam velik plamen. Obraz te peče, roke te pečejo. Nekje je veliko, veliko ognjišče. Pred ognjiščem stoji možki; napol je nag, strašna vročina pritiska nanj, mu sitska možgane, solze mu silijo iz rdečih, razbelelih oči. Ta možki je tvorniški delavec. V rokah drži veliko železno cev, ki jo moli v ogenj. Drugi delavci porivajo železne vozičke, na katerih so razbeljene stvari. Na železnih drogih visijo vroče ognjene steklenice."

(Dalje prihodnjič.)



THE MONTANA WOODS—By Bill Baltezar, Butte, Mont.

OUR SCHOOL

WELL, BOYS AND GIRLS—

Many letters on the first of our special contest subjects, "Most Unusual or Exciting Experience in 1943," appear in this issue of the Mladinski List. Let me assure all who responded, **we are mighty proud of you and pleased with your contributions.** We were confident of your co-operation and success from the beginning and, so, were not overly surprised at the splendid results.



Our one regret is that all the best letters cannot be published in this issue. Lack of space prevents it and for that reason, some of them must be held over to the following M. L. or, in the meantime, will appear in the Juvenile Circle Section of the "Prosveta."

While the returns on the second special contest subject, "My Favorite Outdoor Sport", have not yet begun to arrive up to this early date, nevertheless, there is little doubt in our minds that you will not succeed, and that the letters on this particular subject will be just as numerous and interesting as were those relating to the most unusual or exciting experiences in 1943. One thing you can almost be sure of—You can't fail, if you try hard enough.

AN INTERESTING NEWS EVENT OR HAPPENING

And now, if you're ready, let's read about the special contest subject for the month of JUNE. This might seem like a long ways off to you, but it isn't really, for all letters must be in the hands of the Editor not later than **May 1, 1944.** Send your letters in early.

For June's issue of the M. L., we want you to write about AN INTERESTING EVENT or HAPPENING which took place in or near your community, town or country (if you live on a farm), any time during the past year—the later the better.

There's a subject that should be easy for nearly everyone who enjoys writing. All you have to do is put on your "thinking cap" for a few minutes, select the news occurrence that appeals to you most, and start pushing a pen or pencil as neatly as you know how, not forgetting, of course, to double space your lines. Limit yourself to not more than 300 words—and remember, **originality is the spice that makes good reading.**

This time, let's pretend you're a newspaper reporter and your next assignment is to write about the year's most interesting news event or happening in your locality. Before a reporter starts to write his article, he must know the answers to all the important questions. First of all, **what is the important news event or happening about which you are to write?** The answer should supply you

with the lead and the title of your news story. Other questions that should provide a few interesting paragraphs of good reading material are—**Exactly, when and where did it take place, who were the persons involved, and what were the causes and results?**

Going a little farther, this to help out some of our younger writers—is the news about an automobile accident, a burglary or holdup, storm and damage to property, a fire, a patriotic rally or celebration, a victory garden, an entertainment program or social affair, a sports activity, the return of a war hero, a construction job of some kind, or what? Don't forget that accuracy is one of the most important requisites of good newspaper reporting. See how exact you can be in writing the facts of AN INTERESTING NEWS EVENT or HAPPENING. You may go back as far as a year, if you like, but the more recent the news the better. **JUVENILE DIRECTOR.**

RABBIT HUNTING IN MINNESOTA

It was on a Saturday afternoon in November, when my friend and I went hunting. He shot a rabbit right away and soon after that, I fell into a water hole. We then built a fire and, while standing around it waiting for my clothes to dry, two other friends joined us. Together, we four planned a drive to Gilbert Swamp, spreading out to cover more territory.

We had hardly started when, suddenly, I saw a rabbit, cocked my gun, aimed, and pulled the trigger. A dull click was all that was heard. Quickly, I replaced the shell and, again, pulled the trigger. Another dull click and, too late, the rabbit got away. We chased after him, but no success.

After a time, we entered the swamp, but were forced to turn back to high land because the water was too deep. We then struck out for the main highway, and across it, to the railroad tracks where we paused a while to rest. Seeing that it was getting late, we headed for the highway and started for home. As we walked along, we began to see more rabbits. Each of us got a few shots, but all missed except Ed who bagged a couple of them. But even though we took a short cut and walked much faster, it was dark long before we reached home—a little disappointed perhaps, but happy in our day's experiences.

JACOB KOKALY, age 15, Circle 48,
Lodge 69, Eveleth, Minnesota.

MY TOM CAT

I have a big Tom Cat
Who'll sometimes eat mice,
Sometimes he'll catch a rat,
But he never thinks of rice.

And then in the night
He will rap and rap around,
Until he will fall asleep
Upon the frozen ground.

Submitted by MARY MOZINA, 11, lodge 476,
R. D. 1, Salem, Ohio.

Forty Juveniles Share "Our School" Awards in First Quarter



Well, here we are again ready to announce the winners of awards in the "Our School for Victory" contest for the first quarter of 1944. As usual you will find among them many familiar names and, mixed in with them, a few new ones who succeeded for the first time in making the grade. In all a total of \$60 was disbursed by the SNPJ for War Sav-

ings Stamps and distributed among the M. L. contributors whose names and other information appear below.

While there was a noticeable increase in quantity of material submitted by our juveniles in the opening quarter of the year, the quality in general also showed improvement. A number of exceptionally good letters, articles and poems were published in this period for which the members are highly commended. It is hoped that some of the more outstanding contributions will serve as examples of what others may attempt to produce in the future.

With a special contest subject assigned to those who wish to write each month, and the response splendid as is already noted in this issue, we can expect continued improvement, both in quality and originality, in the succeeding months. Again we urge our juvenile contributors to adhere to the rules of the contest and follow the instructions which appear in the M. L. from month to month. Remember, no matter what the subject or type of composition chosen, strive for originality. Make your work as much your own as you possibly can. That's the road to real success.

Besides rewarding M. L. contributors to the extent of \$60 in War Stamps, exactly twenty juveniles, only four of whom were boys, qualified for and received the SNPJ Junior Victory pins for having contributed to three or more different issues of the magazine since January 1, 1944. If you haven't one of these attractive, gold filled pins, you, too, can earn one by writing or drawing something worthwhile for the Mladinski List. You can't succeed if you don't try; so start writing that first letter today. Good luck, all!

JUVENILE DIRECTOR.

Six Award of \$3.00 Each to:

- Gostovich, Zora**, Box 531, Raton, New Mexico—Lodge 297.
Panyan, Rosemary, R. D. 3, Box 293, Buhl, Minn.—Lodge 314.
Podboy, James, Box 227, Strabane, Penna.—Lodge 589.
Rovan, Irene, 62 Smithsonian Ave., Girard, Ohio—Lodge 49.
Slansek, Frances, Box 88, Franklin, Kansas—Lodge 187.

Udovich, Edward, 2623 S. Springfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.—Lodge 1.

Ten Awards of \$2.00 Each to:

- Bozanic, Zita**, R. D. 3, Worcester, N. Y.—Lodge 393.
Cretnik, Annie, R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.—Lodge 24.
Doles, Matilda, 213 Penn St., Verona, Penna.—Lodge 680.
Duzenack, Verna Mae, 709 W. 6th St., Walsenburg, Colo.—Lodge 299.
Gornick, Thomas, 331 Third St., Trafford, Penna.—Lodge 629.
Perechlin, Hermina, Avon Park, Girard, Ohio—Lodge 49.
Ruppe, Michael, 728 Walker St., Milwaukee, Wis.—Lodge 192.
Seebacher, Loretta, 265 Wyckoff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Lodge 580.
Trojar, Sylvia, 2803 S. Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.—Lodge 1.
Ulepich, Carl, R.R. 1, Mulberry, Kansas—Lodge 65.

Twenty-Two Awards of \$1.00 Each to:

- Alich, Florence**, Box 607, Aurora, Minn.—Lodge 111.
Balint, Gene, Rte. 1, Box 656, Enumclaw, Wash.—Lodge 738.
Bozanic, Vera, R.D. 3, Worcester, N. Y.—Lodge 393.
Dadoff, Alice, 1428 Nordyke Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.—Lodge 105.
Dyba, Betty J., R.D. 3, Box 229, Johnstown, Pa.—Lodge 82.
Finco, Joan, Box 986, Roundup, Montana—Lodge 700.
Gerdance, Grace Ann, 4933 W. 24th St., Cicero, Ill.—Lodge 559.
Kokaly, Jacob, 715 N. Court St., Eveleth, Minn.—Lodge 130.
Machek, Violet, R.D. 4, McDonald, Penna.—Lodge 231.
Matekovich, John, 145 Miller St., Gowanda, N. Y.—Lodge 325.
Mocivnik, Georgie, Box 47, Kingston, W. Va.—Lodge 24.
Mozina, Mary, R.D. 1, Salem, Ohio—Lodge 476.
Padar, Mildred, 1676 Linden St., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Lodge 580.
Pinelli, Helen, R.D. 3, Box 241, Johnstown, Pa.—Lodge 82.
Rezin, William, Franklin, Kansas—Lodge 187.
Slobodnik, Edward, 9635 Avenue "M," S. Chicago, Ill.—Lodge 490.
Stozar, Frances, R.D. 3, Box 245, Johnstown, Pa.—Lodge 82.
Strukel, Rosemarie, 202 Fayal Rd., Eveleth, Minn.—Lodge 130.
Tomsic, Delma, Box 143, Black Diamond, Wash.—Lodge 57.
Tavzelj, Caroline, 1425 McKinstry St., Detroit, Mich.—Lodge 518.
Udovic, Dolores, Rte. 1, Box 90, La Salle, Ill.—Lodge 573.
Zitko, Frances R., Box 562, Greensburg, Penna.—Lodge 223.

Twenty Junior "V" Pins, One Each to:

- Alt, La Verne, Box 457, Aguilar, Colo.—Lodge 381.
 Bavdek, Frank, R.D. 2, Windber, Pa.—Lodge 174.
 Beam, Charles, 438 Ohio St., Johnstown, Penna.—Lodge 82.
 Benedict, Joan C., Rte. 1, Box 120, New Smyrna Beach, Fla.—Lodge 603.
 Brandish, Dorothy, Box 632, Panama, Ill.—Lodge 123.
 Cokel, Irene, Box 312, Avella, Penna.—Lodge 292.
 Finco, Joan, Box 986, Roundup, Mont.—Lodge 700.
 Jereb, Joseph, 92 Lincoln Ave., Irwin, Penna.—Lodge 63.
 Gerovac, Catherine, Box 83, Marenisco, Mich.—Lodge 323.
 Gostovich, Donna, Box 531, Raton, N. Mex.—Lodge 297.
 Kent, June, 19802 Arrowhead Ave., Cleveland, O.—Lodge 614.
 Kordan, Frances, R.D. 2, Salem, Ohio.—Lodge 476.
 Mozina, Jennie, R. D. 1, Salem, Ohio.—Lodge 476.
 Mozina, Mary, R. D. 1, Salem, Ohio.—Lodge 476.
 Mrkonich, Helen, Box 386, Carson Lake, Minn.—Lodge 125.
 Petrovic, Louise, 683 E. 159 St., Cleveland, Ohio.—Lodge (?)
 Ravnikar, Mildred, 1822 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.—Lodge 631.
 Ribarich, Elsie, Box 93, Avella, Penna.—Lodge 292.
 Taucher, Ralph, Box 661, Imperial, Penna.—Lodge 106.
 Sittinger, Anna M., Box 15, Merrittstown, Penna.—Lodge 744.

TWO BOYS MEET THREE BEARS

My grandmother's farm, where we live, is located about a thousand feet above Green River. The well known Flaming Geyser Park joins our property. There are several hundred acres of jagged, hilly and wooded land. A creek runs through the back part of our farm and on down through the park and empties into the river. It is an ideal location for wild game, so we don't think it at all unusual to see bear and deer roaming through the woods.

We have a large orchard and in the fall of the year, many bears feed on the fruit. They come every year and the barking of our dog never frightens them away.

One day, last October, my brother Johnny and I went fishing. It was after school and so it was getting a little dark when we started for home. Just as we reached the top of the hill, we got the scare of our lives. There, beneath an apple tree, stood two bear cubs eating the apples the mother bear was shaking off the tree. We yelled at the top of our voices and ran for the house. About half way to the house, we turned and looked back just in time to see the mother bear jump out of the tree and with her cubs run into the woods.

This was the most unusual experience last year for both Johnny and me. And now Mother says, she won't let us go fishing next fall.

GENE BALINT, age 11, Lodge 738,
 Rte. 1, Box 656, Enumclaw, Wash.

MY MOST UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

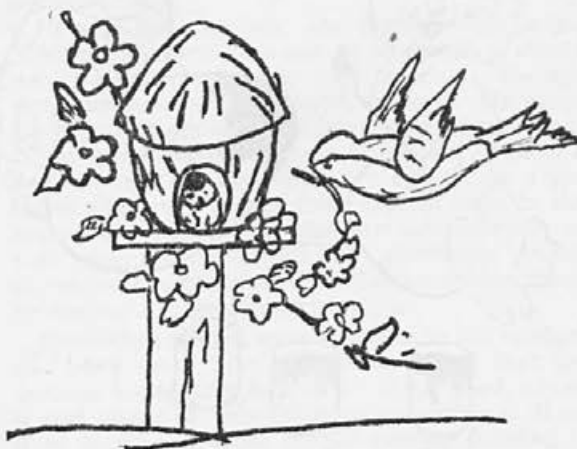
It was a very quiet, peaceful summer evening. We had just finished eating supper. We had some very nice neighbors, who had two small boys. Their parents were very much accustomed to going out on Saturday nights.

On this lovely evening we noticed the neighbor's car drive off, without noticing who all was in it. I had had a rather hard day and decided to retire early. After being in bed for quite some time, I happened to look out of the window. Much to my surprise, after being sure the neighbors had all left, I saw a strange flickering light in their kitchen window like that of a fire or flashlight. Very much excited I ran and told my mother and father. They came in and looked and decided to go over and see what it was, being almost sure it was a fire or someone had broken in.

After arriving at the front door, I knocked, but no reply. I told mother and dad I saw a shadow of a man. We went around to the back door, where I knocked again, but still no reply. We decided the next best thing was to go to the window from which the flickering light appeared. We called and asked who was there. Much to our surprise, a woman's voice was heard. It was the neighbor lady's voice. She told us to go around to the back door, and she let us in and asked us what had frightened us. We told her of the flickering light we had seen. She then began to laugh and told us what the strange flickering light was.

She said she had been sitting by the window candleing eggs. Explaining to us that each time she took an egg out or put one in the candler, it made a flickering light. Being satisfied in knowing that no one had broken in or a fire had not broken out, we returned home and had a rather restless night.

OLGA PAULINE VIDMAR, 17, lodge 94,
 2225 Bott Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.



Drawn by Gene Balint, age 11, lodge 738,
 Enumclaw, Wash.

THE CAPITAL OF BRAZIL

The capital of Brazil is Rio de Janeiro. Its harbor is a magnificent one. The opening of the bay which forms it is so narrow that its discoverer called it "Rio", meaning river. As he made his discovery in January, he added "de Janeiro," meaning "of January." He must have been surprised when he found a bay, which extends behind steep mountains rising out of the sea.

Hills covered with woods are all about Rio, and a cluster of mountains with steep sides seem to rise out of the ocean. The roads are good ones, winding up among the trees covered with flowers—white, yellow, purple. Everywhere there are large two-story buildings common in Brazil.

The streets are narrow and full of yellow stuccoed buildings and houses painted a deep red. The handsome parks are beautiful sites in Rio.

Submitted by

JOSEPHINE SLANSEK, 17, lodge 559,
4933 W. 24th St., Cicero 50, Ill.

MY MOST UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

One day last year, my father and I and my dog were taking a walk in the woods. We walked over a little ridge and on the side of a little hill there was a fairly large hole in the ground.

The hole attracted our attention. My dog scented something and tried to crawl in, but he couldn't, so he began digging to make it larger. After my dog had been digging approximately fifteen minutes, he finally managed to crawl in. All of a sudden we heard barking and growling inside the hole. My dog came out.

Suddenly, as my father and I glanced into the

hole, we saw two eyes staring at us. My dog crawled back in and grabbed hold of the unknown animal by the neck and pulled it out. We discovered that the animal was a large groundhog. But that "discovery" didn't do us any good, because it looked dangerous and probably was. There was a fight between the dog and the groundhog.

My father instantly got hold of a stick and forced it into the groundhog's mouth. I noticed that the point of the stick came through the groundhog's neck. Naturally, I would much rather have seen the groundhog captured uninjured. Obviously, that was impossible.

This was my most unusual experience in 1943.

TOMMY GORNICK, 12, lodge 629,
331 Third St., Trafford, Pa.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY

Ancient India, the cradle of many of man's greatest ideas, probably also started our custom of playing practical jokes on the first of April.

Though the origin of April Fool's Day (or All Fools' Day) is disputed, it is believed to have taken place in India as a droll ceremony to mark the end of the spring festival of Huli. At that time a dignified East Indian will rock with mirth if he succeeds in sending a friend on a foolish errand.

April Fool's Day was first observed in England in the 18th century, and it was later observed by the American colonists. In Scotland, victims of April Fool's Day are aptly called "gowks" or cuckoos, while in France they are not less suitably labeled "April Fish."

Submitted by

GLORIA KRITZER, 13, lodge 270,
4542 Joliet Ave., Lyons, Ill.

"MOST UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE"

This is an experience of a person who is living in the same town as I am "presiding in." It happened one evening in January at about 6:30 o'clock.

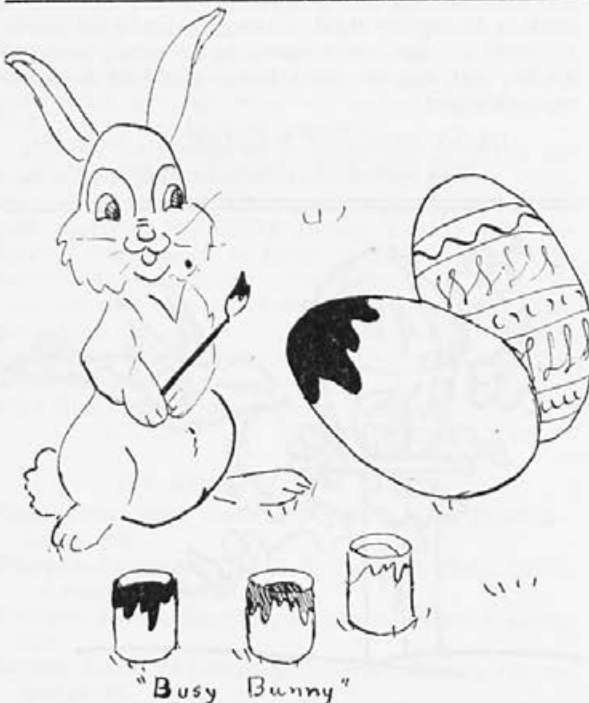
This boy was playing around a coal mine in Hills. Through carelessness, the men who had been working in the Cardox Plant, which is right by the mine, had thrown out some old cardox shells. And you know how some boys are, always getting into mischief. This ended up in a tragic accident. In some way, which they do not know how, the shell went off. This boy, who was playing with the shell, was only about 11 years old. Just as luck would have it, there happened to be another boy nearby at the time of this accident.

The first boy was badly burned, his face was all torn from the blast. The other boy was hurt but not seriously.

After medical treatment one boy lost the sight of one eye and the other boy was released from the hospital. At the present time, the boy who lost the sight of one eye is recuperating at the hospital.

This just goes to show you what can happen through carelessness.

LOUISE BRISELLI, 15, lodge 245,
Box 27, Lawrence, Pennsylvania.



Drawn by **Mary Jane Placky**, age 14, lodge 82,
Box 255, Johnstown, Pa.

MY MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE

My most exciting experience was building a model airplane, which I never did before. We were all told to make an airplane and give a talk about it.

I started to make a P-48 model. I couldn't quite understand how you build it, so one of my friends explained it to me. It took me almost a week to make it because the wood would always crack.

Every night I worked on a different part of it. Finally, I got it finished. It was a lot of fun, even though I did cut myself twice. When we all took the airplanes to school we had a fine collection of Spitfires, Zeros, Airacobras, Kitty Hawks and many others. Then we talked about each one and I'm sure everyone learned something about these planes.

This was my most exciting experience thus far.
DOROTHY POWELL, 12, lodge 105,
710 N. Holmes, Indianapolis, Ind.

LITTLE JACK HORNER

You all know little Jack Horner,
Who sat in the corner,
Counting his dimes for stamps.
He got quite a few—
And how about you?
Come on! More bullets for Japs.

Submitted by ZITA MILETA, 12, lodge 297,
Brilliant, New Mexico.

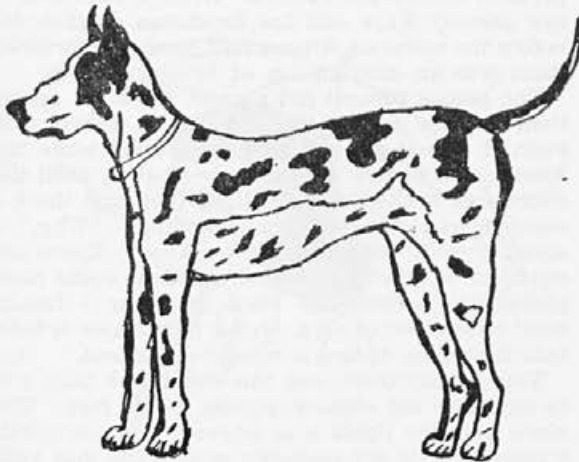
EARTHQUAKES

Did you know that the United States had several large earthquakes in the last sixty years? It did have three large earthquakes, such as:

On Aug. 31, 1886—Shocks throughout eastern United States. At Charleston, S. C., 41 lives and \$5,000,000 worth of property lost.

In September and December 1886—Slight shocks at and around Charleston, causing panic.

On April 18, 1906—Violent shocks in California



GERMAN BULLDOG

Drawn by Thomas Taninecz, age 14, lodge 292,
Box 33, Avella, Pa.

wrecked San Francisco and adjacent towns. Bursting of water mains in San Francisco gave the city over to what was the greatest fire in all history, lasting two days. There were 78 people that lost their lives and \$300,000,000 of property destroyed and over 300,000 people were left homeless.

Submitted by HELEN PINELLI, 14, lodge 82,
R.D. 3, Box 241, Johnstown, Pa.

COMPARING MY LIFE WITH THAT OF AN INDIAN

Have you ever stopped and considered just how lucky you are? To prove this point compare your life with that of an Indian boy. I did just that and this is what I found.

My environment and homelife are much more advanced than that of an Indian boy. To make my story plainer I will give the Indian boy in it a name, Hiawatha, after Longfellow's character. Hiawatha's people lived out in the open when they traveled, and they lived in tents. Nowadays when I travel I stay in a hotel overnight, and I live in a house. When Hiawatha was born he was brought up in surroundings which were much different from those of today.

One difference which is very noticeable is that Hiawatha did not go to school. He was taught the law of man by his parents and by the chiefs of his tribe. His home was a tepee with a hole in the roof to be used as a chimney. The tepee had an animal's skin for a door and it had no windows. The furnishings were very meager—a place for a fire in the center used for heat and cooking. Around the edges were beds, which were only furs, grass, and leaves. Scattered throughout the tepee were various cooking utensils and religious idols. Hiawatha's mother, who was called a squaw, did the work around the home, which consisted of cooking, harvesting, weaving, pottery making, etc. For food Hiawatha had wild game, which was caught by his father, a few vegetables, grown by the women and girls, and fish which he usually caught himself, and bread which was baked by his mother. His meals were cooked over an open fire by his mother.

Now I will tell my life through this stage. Whereas Hiawatha did not go to school, I attend school and am taught by paid teachers. We live in houses built of brick, wood, or stone. My house has many doors and windows. The furnishings in my home would astound Hiawatha. I have a bed to sleep on, my meals are cooked on a gas stove, and water comes from faucets right in the home. He would also stare in astonishment at such everyday comforts as electricity, radio, stoves, refrigerators, and many other things which to me are a part of everyday life.

Hiawatha's clothes were all made by his mother; she wove them from the coarse thread that the Indians knew how to make. If he lived where it was warm he wore little or no clothing; if he lived farther north, he needed heavier clothing in winter. He usually had only one suit of clothing. My clothes are all bought at a store instead of being made at home. I have more than one change

of clothing. Instead of the crude leather moccasins which Hiawatha wore, I wear well-made leather shoes.

In regard to amusements, Hiawatha amused himself in games with other boys and girls much the same as I do, but he did not have such things as movies, bowling, public games, etc., and didn't have cars, bicycles, buses, trains to ride in, etc., etc. There are still great variations in other parts of my life as compared to Hiawatha's. For instance, when I get sick a physician is called by phone.

All in all, I am glad that I live in the 20th century instead of the days when Hiawatha lived.

JAMES PODBOY, 15, lodge 589,
Box 227, Strabane, Pennsylvania.

A VISIT FROM MY CITY COUSIN

It was around the Fourth of July—I don't know the exact date—when my city cousin came to visit us. It was his first visit to a farm and he had a big idea of riding horses all day long or hunting or fishing.

The morning after his arrival he was up bright and early, ready to "roundup the cattle." You can imagine his surprise when he found a herd of thirty cattle with their horns cut off. His next surprise came when he saw the two "broncos" who came up to you when called. Milking a cow was a failure, too, because Bossy just wouldn't stand still, but always moved about to get a good look at him. At last he resigned himself to the cats and got along quite well with the exception of a few scratches.

After dinner we went for a load of hay and on the way he had a chance to drive the horses. For the rest of the day he was satisfied with driving the horses, but that night he wanted to ride them. I put him on Dolly and led him around several times. Was he satisfied? Not he, oh, no—he wanted to ride by himself without my help. I



ST. BERNARD DOG

Drawn by Thomas Taninecz, Age 14, lodge 292,
Box 33, Avella, Pa.

thought, "Maybe you won't want to ride any more if I let you."

As soon as the horse felt the slack rein he headed for the barn, but something happened, something I hadn't bargained for. Panic stricken, my cousin pulled on the reins. Now, it takes just a slight pressure on the reins to turn Dolly, and when you pull back on the reins he just rears up on his hind legs.

It seemed an eternity before I fully realized what had happened. Somehow I moved over to where my cousin was getting up. "Guess I hit the dust pretty hard that time." He started to get on the horse again. Somehow I managed to say, "No more riding today." And believe me, I learned a real lesson that day!

RAYMOND LIPOVAC, 13, lodge 537,
Crivitz, Wisconsin.

MY MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE

A well-known radio company had an exhibit at one of our department stores and because I'm a curious fellow, I went down to see what it was. When I got down, I saw that a large crowd was already around it. After I made my way through the crowd, I saw what it was like. One-half of the exhibit was made to look like a television studio. In the front was the announcer and over his head (so the camera wouldn't catch it) was the microphone. In the back was the television camera with a light on each side. These lights are like those used in Hollywood for making pictures, only these used in television are more powerful.

In back of the camera was a large velvet curtain, and behind this curtain was the apparatus that was being used in the exhibit. Around the apparatus were television screens. It was around these screens that most of the people were milling about.

For a half hour or so, the announcer would interview some famous personalities who were in town. Some of these personalities would then perform before the camera. After a half hour I saw Sammy Kaye and Joe Reichman do their bit before the camera. After a half hour of interviews there was an intermission of fifteen minutes.

The people present got a great "kick" at seeing their friends before the camera, as nervous as ever. I myself got just as great a thrill when my friend went before the camera. That is, until the announcer beckoned me. Right then and there I stood frozen where I was standing. "Why," I asked myself, "should he pick on me?" There are countless of other persons here that he could have picked on." But after some prodding I finally went before the camera. Now, here's how it feels that first time before a television camera.

You get up there and the announcer tells you to look into the camera, square in the face. The glare from the lights is so intense it almost blinds a person. You are probably so nervous that your knees are knocking and your teeth are chattering. After a few minutes of this, you finally settle down. All through the rest of the interview you're feeling grand. You know that when you go home,

you can go and tell your friends of this experience and they'll think you are something wonderful. At last the interview is over and you breathe a sigh of relief. Never again will you laugh when you see someone suffer like you did because you're afraid that the same thing might happen to you.

That night, I told all my friends about my exciting experience and the next day I went down again. I was called for an interview again and this time I wasn't nervous, I acted like a veteran. I'll never forget those two days. They were the most exciting in my life.

MICHAEL RUPPE JR., 14, lodge 192,
728 W. Walker St., Milwaukee 4, Wis.

BIRD DAY

Bird Day is a special day observed by school children of the United States and Canada. Bird Day is to teach children the importance of protecting birds. Not only are the children taught that the birds save farmers of the countries millions of dollars each year by their destruction of harmful insects. But they learn the important lesson expressed so beautifully by Coleridge in his "Ancient Mariner."

Bird Day was first celebrated in the public schools of Oil City, Pa., in May, 1894, its founder being C. A. Babcock, superintendent of schools. Two years later the United States Department of Agriculture issued a circular urging all public schools to devote a special day to the cause of bird protection. The observance of the day is left to the schools of each state and province, and the movement is growing each year.

The celebration of Bird Day is similar to the celebration of Arbor Day, which are frequently combined, arbor meaning tree. Bird Day in Louisiana is observed on May 5, the birthday of that great friend of the birds, John James Audubon.

Submitted by

GRACE ANN GERDANC, 12, lodge 559,
4933 W. 24th St., Cicero 50, Ill.



"APRIL SHOWERS"

Drawn by Rosemary Panyan, age 16, lodge 314,
413 Woodbridge, Buhl, Minn.

ON THE COOKIE COMMITTEE

A Cookie committee composed of Rob Ann Sannemann, Myra Beniger, Sylvia Trojar and Grace Ann Gerdanc made favors for our circle Valentine Party which was held on Saturday evening, February 12.

On February 11, I went over to our manager's house to make the cookie favors. When I arrived the dough was already made. First of all we cut heart-shaped cookies from the dough. Then we wrapped pennies, nickels and dimes in waxed paper. We then placed the wrapped coins in between two hearts, and baked them in the oven, the heat healing the cookies together.

In the meanwhile, Sylvia and I went to the store to buy paper lace doilies and some red ribbon. Some boy that was taller than Sylvia and I threw us down in the snow and hit us with snowballs. Coming home from the store the same thing happened to us.

After the cookies cooled of on the back porch, we wrapped them in waxed paper and placed them in the center of a lace doilie. Then we wove the red ribbon in and out of the holes in the doilie, and pulled the two ends of the ribbon and tied a pretty bow. When all were ready, they looked too nice to eat.

We had some dough left, so we placed some chocolate chips in between the cookies instead of the coin. These we ate so we could sample our work.

The Committee sent one of these favors to Mr. Michael Vrhovnik, our Juvenile Director, and wished him luck in getting one with a dime in it.

All of us had a wonderful time making the Valentine Favors.

GRACE ANN GERDANCE, 12, lodge 559,
4933 W. 24th St., Cicero 50, Ill.

MY GRADUATION DAY

I wouldn't tell you this, as a rule,
'Cause my experience happened in school.
The date was May 30, 1943,
And the time exactly seven-thirty.
The school hall was filled to brim,
While all lights, except the stage, were dimmed.
People came to see us graduate;
Every man brought along his mate.
Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers;
All enjoyed the acts, one or another—
And as every class presented something,
The hall with great applause did ring.
There was the first grade,
They, a big hit, did make;
Then on came the second and third,
Children the audience's eyes lured.
Entered the fourth and fifth grades—
With a performance all troubles faded.
Came next the sixth and seventh girls,
With all their dainty frills and curls;
Followed by boys from the same rooms,
In an act that all attention consumed.
While this was going on the stage,
Grade eight prepared to have its say—

"You must go quietly and slow;
Now calm down—
And smile, don't frown."

These were some of the adviser's words.
The sixth and seventh boys finished their part,
After which the curtains together did start.
Then all was a bustle behind the stage,
As eighth graders made ready for display;
The girls wore pretty dresses of white—
These shone brightly in the stage lights;
All were designed to look the same,
Made by seamstresses of well-known fame;
The boys wore suits of navy blue,
And they looked mighty handsome, too.
The curtain ropes were finally pulled,
The hall, immediately, with applause was full—
And as we sang the opening song,
Not a note of it, mind you, went wrong.
Then came an important address,
And it was wonderful—no less.
After that was read the Class Will,
For our successors to try to fill—
Next came the prophecy
Of things to happen in '53,
When we'd ten years older be;
How the hall with laughter did ring!
As we, our diplomas, went to receive,
Whispers sounded like the buzz of bees.
A man of renown then made the final address,
Of a thousand important words, more or less.
After that came still another song,
The closing number and not very long;
It was past eleven o'clock by then—
Youngsters were tired from the excitement,
In a few hours, wilted and bent.
Oh, I never will forget
How that day made me fret,
And worry and tear around—
A day never again to be found.
Why have I told you this?
So you won't such excitement miss.

CLARA D. CANALAS, age 14,
Circle 43, Lodge 105,
717 N. Holmes Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana.

MY FIRST DATE

Are you of the age when you start seeking the companionship of others? Maybe you are and if so, I'm wondering whether you've had your first date or not. I'd like to tell you a bit about mine.

It involves the Junior prom, which is held at our school every year. This dance is semi-formal and only Juniors and Seniors are admitted. I had always looked forward to attending this outstanding dance, but when the event drew near, I thought my case to be hopeless. To be able to attend one had to have an admirer who was willing to pay all expenses and I was one of those unlucky ones, at least I thought so, until one day Joe, which is not his real name, and who is not one of those dream boys but one who had a pleasing personality came up to my locker and, backwardly quoted, said, "Helen, will you go to the Prom with me?" I was so startled that I could

scarcely reply. Finally, I muttered, "I'd love to, Joe . . . but I'll have to get Mother's permission first."

When I got home that night Mother and I had one of our motherly-daughterly conversation in which she came to the conclusion that I would go.

The next morning I was so happy going to school that I could hardly wait to tell Joe I could go. At last my dream was coming true.

I started making preparations right away and finally the day of the dance arrived. I hurried home from school that evening and ate very little supper. Without any coaxing, I dashed into the bathroom and started to get ready for the "Big Evening." I was wearing my first evening dress . . . Mom had made it especially for me, a pink net over pink satin, trimmed in black velvet. I dressed with extra care, every ribbon in its right place. I brushed my hair until every strand shone like rays of the sun. I put a little makeup on with great care. I then tripped over to Mother's room and put on some of her perfume. Handling it carefully, Mother put her treasured necklace around my neck . . . Dad had given it to her when courting her. Mom had me stride up and down the hall, telling me to correct my posture and act a little dignified.

When the doorbell rang, I cautiously tripped down the steps. Feeling jubilant but very bashful, I awkwardly spoke, "Hello Joe," with my eyes downcast, to look up and see it wasn't Joe at all but the Air Raid Warden.

Joe finally arrived and we drove away in the family car. Going to the dance we hardly spoke a word. We had lots of fun at the dance and met many new friends. Ever since that dance, Joe and I have been seeing one another just as friends, enjoying many a cake and movie together.

HELEN URBAS, 17, lodge 243,
R.F.D. 1, Frostburg, Maryland.



Drawn by Caroline Tavzelj, age 14, lodge 518,
Detroit, Mich.

HOW I GOT THREE NEW MEMBERS

"I'd like to go to work!" announced Mrs. Grom to her husband one day.

"Well," he replied, "if you can find someone to look after Richard and Stan, you can give it a try."

The next day, Mrs. Grom talked about it to her neighbor and inquired if she knew of anyone who would be interested in taking care of her sons after school. (She was to take a part time job only).

Her neighbor told her about me and so, acting upon her friend's advice, she came to see my mother who agreed to the proposition. I was to begin in a week, but, before the week had passed, Mrs. Grom's brother came to visit them. Then it was decided that he would watch the boys while she tried out the job to see if she liked the working conditions.

As turned out, she didn't like the work and her hours would be irregular. Since the other factories were much too far, she decided to stay at home.

On the day that Mrs. Grom came to tell me of her decision, I asked if she wouldn't let her sons join the SNPJ. After explaining some of the advantages, I told her about the 30th Anniversary Juvenile Campaign to get more new members. She consented, and that's how I got two members to my credit.

By the way, it was Mrs. Grom who gave me the name and address of a family who, also, consented to let their daughter join the Society, giving me the credit for what, eventually, turned out to be a very successful beginning for the top honors among all the juvenile contestants in the campaign.

SYLVIA TROJAR, 12, Circle 26,
2803 S. Central Park Ave., Chicago 23, Ill.

THE MERIT SYSTEM

Upon the suggestion of the Juvenile Director of the SNPJ, the merit system was adopted by Circle 50 on a trial basis for the last six months of 1943. Because this plan proved so very successful it has become the accepted method in determining the outstanding members of the circle for each six months and at the end of the year.

On the wall immediately below the circle charter is a large white card listing the total membership in alphabetical order. At a previous meeting a plan was devised showing what amount of merits a member would attain in accordance with what duties or services were performed to the credit of the circle. For instance—the highest award is five merits for a new member for the circle. The new member must attend three meetings before the merits are awarded. For every article, letter, drawing, etc. sent in and is published in either the Mladinski List or Prosveta, the contributor receives three merits. If the contribution is sent in, but not published, two merits are awarded for the effort. Attendance at monthly meetings receive one merit each month, etc. Each merit is awarded in the form of a gold or silver star next to the name listed on the card at

the meeting hall. A double and checking record is kept in the secretary's note book and the number of merits awarded is determined at each regular monthly meeting.

This system gives each member a fair chance to receive recognition and credit he or she is entitled to. This does not permit any showing or playing to favoritism. Now and then you read, either in the Mladinski List or in the Prosveta, about a circle who uses this system in choosing their most eager and hard working members. The percentage is small in comparison to what it should be. Very often as it was in the case of Circle 50, before the plan was adopted, one could not determine who deserved the most credit as the membership was too small and there was bound to be someone who felt they should have received the credit rather than the person who did. This I can safely say is a democratic way, so that at all times each individual knows just where he or she stands.

Competition such as this may develop a larger variety of better contributions to the Mladinski List. A member may go a little more out of his way to think or look up more interesting ideas and information, so they, too, would attain the merits awarded. It should result in a greater spirit of lasting fraternalism and brotherhood now and will in most probability be carried out, also, when the time comes for the juvenile member to take part in the activities of the adult lodge.

Now you may ask, what about the demerits? We have them too, but have not had the occasion to use them yet, and hope it will never be necessary. Should a member get out of hand and behave badly, at meetings, parties, trips, etc., and be so accused by any of the members or the manager, he shall be put on trial at the next regularly held monthly meeting. The president shall be the presiding judge and five members with the highest number of merits shall compose the jury.

I strongly urge the use of the Merit System and I am almost certain you will find it a worthwhile one regardless if your membership is very small or large.

JENNIE H. PADAR, Mgr. Circle No. 50,
Brooklyn 27, N. Y.

FROM ARKANSAS TO WEST VIRGINIA

My Dad went to East Kingston, W. Va., late in August, 1942, to find work. He got a job in a coal mine at Milburn, and then began to look for a house so we could move there to make our new home. He succeeded, finally, in getting a place.

We left Jenny Lind, Arkansas, on Thursday, January 28, 1943. This was my first long trip. It was a sad parting to leave grandmother and the rest, because we had lived close to them all our life. We bade them good-bye and then our former groceryman, Alvo Combs, drove us to Ft. Smith to catch a train. It was an hour late.

We arrived in St. Louis, Mo., early the next morning. Here we boarded a train for Cincinnati, Ohio, where, in the evening of the same day, we changed to a faster train, the "George Wash-

ington", on which we rode as far as Charleston, the capitol of West Virginia.

The train at this point was very crowded, but after a ten minute wait we were on our way again, and soon came to the final railroad destination (Montgomery), where Daddy had made arrangements to meet us. It was a happy meeting and from there we rode in a car to East Kingston, arriving there at two o'clock Saturday morning. That was the end of our trip, but we all enjoyed the experience very much.

ERNESTINE MOCIVNIK, age 16, Lodge 24,
P.O. Box 47, Kingston, W. Va.

MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE IN 1943

One day last summer, my cousin Sam from the city came to visit us. He is allergic to all animals and is not allowed near them. While we were all in the house he went out and climbed over the neighbor's fence into the orchard where they had three pigs.

When the pigs saw him they started toward him. He got scared and climbed up the tree. Instead of going away the pigs stood at the foot of the tree and watched him. He started to call for help. We went out but at first could not tell where he was calling from. After he called several more times we saw him sitting up in the tree.

Imagine our excitement. When we finally saw him up there—we all had to laugh. My uncle climbed over the fence and chased the pigs away. Sam came down out of the tree and was very glad that he was rescued.

This was the most exciting as well as humorous experience in 1943.

FRANCES KORDAN, 10, Circle 10,
R.D. 2, Depot Rd., Salem, Ohio.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT

My most exciting experience occurred about two months ago. It happened like this:

One night I was home alone, since my parents were away visiting. I locked the doors and went to bed at half past nine. I heard or imagined noises most of the night and once, around midnight, got up to investigate.

About five o'clock in the morning, I was awakened by a light knocking on my window. I lay there at least fifteen minutes too afraid to move and hoping, whoever it was, would go away. But the longer I remained still, the louder became the knocking.

Finally, I gained courage enough to get out of bed, turn on the light and go to the door. It was my brother who, unexpectedly, came home on a furlough. I was more than glad to see him, and so were my parents when they returned home.

My brother explained he wanted his visit to be a surprise, and that's why he didn't call any of us by name; his voice would give him away. That was my most exciting and happy experience in 1943.

FRANCES KUMER, age 16, Circle 11,
Lodge 65, Mulberry, Kansas.

BRIEF HISTORY OF KANSAS' BIGGEST MINE

On the last day of March 1943, the biggest mine in Kansas, called the Western Coal and Mining Company, was shut down. I will try to give you a brief history of it.

The sinking of this mine was started in 1927. In December of the same year, my father obtained a job there. At one time, over four hundred men worked there and quite a few of them Slovenians, who were members of SNPJ Lodges in this section of the state.

During the time the mine was in operation, many men were injured and a few of them killed. At least three of the men who were killed belonged to SNPJ Lodges, two of whom belonged to Lodge No. 65 of which I am a member.

The miners loaded on an average of about 1500 tons of coal a day. Lots of coal is still in this mine, but because of the high cost of production might never be taken out.

Stoppage of work in this mine came all of a sudden and many men were thrown out of a job, but only a few of them are still out of work.

CARL ULEPICH, age 15, Circle 11,
Lodge 65, Mulberry, Kans.

A LUCKY DAY FOR JOHNNY AND HELEN

Last summer, I witnessed an exciting event in which my sister Helen and brother Johnny were involved. It happened on our farm during the haying season.

Across from the house, on the other side of the road, was a field containing many stacks of hay, and these Dad decided to move into the barn while the days were good for haying.

Dad hitched the horses to the wagon and Helen and Johnny hopped on without thinking that, very soon, they would become involved in an exciting ride. Things ran along just as usual with Dad pitching the hay, Johnny tramping it down, and Helen driving the horses.

Our horses, Prince and Bill, are a heavy team and sort of blond in color. They work together quite agreeably, but, if given a chance, they love to be turned loose and run wild. Unfortunately, they were given an opportunity to break loose that day and took advantage of it.

While waiting for the wagon to be loaded, Prince lowered his head to nibble the hay at his feet. Once, when he did this, the bridle, accidentally, fell from his head and gave him the chance he needed.

With the wagon only half loaded, Prince and Bill suddenly started to gallop away. Faster and faster they ran. Helen and Johnny tugged on the reins to hold them back, but to no avail. The horses ran across the road, through the orchard and the fields back of the house. It was no use trying to stop them.

My Dad and the rest of the family watched excitedly. I shouted at the top of my voice to Helen and Johnny to jump, but they failed to hear me as the wagon rattled terribly. When the horses began to go in circles in the middle of a field, they finally jumped off, landing safely but

hard on the ground. The horses then jumped over a stone wall and that's where they stopped—they on one side and the wagon on the other.

Dad unhitched the team and drove them back to the house. No one, not even the horses, were hurt, but for several minutes I feared it would be the end of my sister and brother. As "good luck" would have it, everything turned out happily for a most exciting experience.

ZITA BOZANIC, 17, Lodge 393,
R. D. 3, Worcester, N. Y.

A BRAVE RESCUE

One bright sunny day last August, the members of our Juvenile Circle got together for a wiener roast at Tolerton's Lake. While the boys went to gather some fire wood, Jennie Iskra and I went for a walk.

We had walked only a short while when voices were heard screaming for help. We listened and decided the sound came from the direction of the lake. Jennie and I started to run up the hill and, upon reaching the top, saw two small girls at the edge of the water crying for someone to help their sister who was drowning.

We ran down the hill as fast as our legs would carry us and when we reached the shore, we stopped not knowing what to do next. For a moment we stood there bewildered. Then, suddenly, Jennie jumped into the water and started to swim towards the girl. It seemed like an age before she reached shore again, but she made it.

In the meantime quite a crowd had gathered and all congratulated Jennie for her brave rescue and endangering her own life to save another. I don't think she or anyone else, who was there, will ever forget it.

I can truly say this was my most exciting experience of 1943.

MATILDA KRIZAJ, age 15, Circle 10,
Lodge 476, R.D. 1, Salem, Ohio.

MY MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE

Last summer when I was in Louisville, Kentucky, my girl friend and I decided to go to see the Mammoth Cave National Park located 85 miles southwest of Louisville. We left Louisville at 11 o'clock one Friday morning by automobile and reached our destination at 2:30 p. m.

Mammoth Cave is one of the most beautiful sights I've ever seen. On the surface, Mammoth Cave embraces about 45,000 acres of beautiful forested hill country. Two navigable rivers, the Green and Nolin, traverse the park.

From there we went within the Cave. Later we were paddled in a flatboat along the Echo River, an underground river which empties into the Green River. Then we entered the underground dining room known as "The Snowball" because of its gypsum formations. In the Snowball there are the modern conveniences of the radio, telephone, and drinking water from an "upside-down well"—the latter caused by tapping a spring in the roof above and bringing the water down instead of upward as is usual with springs.

We had to squeeze through many small tunnels and by the time I was ready to go home I was tired I could hardly stand up. My girl friend and I really enjoyed ourselves. We never laughed so much in all our lives!

While venturing through the winding tunnels we saw eyeless fish. They are about four inches in length. During the ages in the cave they have lost both their "wings" and eyes, through disuse.

Another interesting feature of Mammoth Cave is the Mummy of the Pre-Columbian Indian miner, discovered in the cave by the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) enrollees.

We were through exploring Mammoth Cave at six o'clock that evening and we arrived at Louisville at 9:30 that night. We were so tired that as soon as we got home we went to bed. I will never forget this exciting experience as it is the most exciting thing I have ever done.

DOROTHY YOGER, 17, lodge 225,
R.R. 3, Box 1612, Girard, Kans.

Visitor (defense plant): Look at that youngster, the one with cropped hair, the cigarette and trousers on. It's hard to tell whether she's a boy or girl.

War worker: She's a girl and my daughter.

Visitor: My dear sir, do forgive me. I would never have been so outspoken, if I had known you were her father.

War worker: I'm not her father, I'm her mother.

Zajec in lisica

Katka Zupančič

V tiho dobroavo lisica hiti.

V detelji zajec od straha zbledi,
urno na noge, nemudoma v beg . . .

Stari lisici upira se breg.

Zajcu zakliče: "Ne boj se bedak!
kaj mi do tebe je, kaj mi do dlak!"

Zajec užaljen je, a se reži:
"Znane so stare lisičje laži!"

"Ti, strahopetec," lisica mu de,
"uhlji štrle ti iz votle glave!

Ponoči ne vidiš, čez dan si pa slep!
Če si pogumen, me primi za rep!"

Dalje in dalje lisica reglja—
pot le še kratka do zajčka pelja . . .
Zadnji trenotek se zajec zave,
da jo poslušal predolgo je že . . .!

Naglo poskoči od straha zelen—
izginil lisici spred nosa je plen.
Jezna, upehana sede pod hrast,
morda izmisli drugačno si past.

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



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

AVELLA JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 51

AVELLA, PA.—Our Circle No. 51 meets each first Sunday of the month. In December we elected the following officers: Louis Mlekush, president; Evelyn Recchio, vice-president; Demetro Tanenez, secretary; Veronica Tanenez, rec. secretary; Edward Kaucke, treasurer.

Our Circle was organized last fall, therefore, it has been in existence only a few months. But we are doing all right and intend to carry on.

I have one brother in the Air Corps in Miami Beach, Fla. My hobby is buying war stamps. I already have four bonds. My favorite movie stars are Ingrid Bergman and Alan Ladd. My favorite song is "Star Eyes," and my favorite singer is Bob Eberle. I am 10 years of age.

GLORIA FRANTONI, Circle 51,
Box 316, Avella, Pennsylvania.

JUNIOR ALL STARS CIRCLE NO. 4

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—There hasn't been much news from Circle No. 4, so this is written in the hope that it brings everyone up to date with what we are doing. First, let us start with the December meeting.

The December meeting was held on Dec. 1, 1943. Final plans for our Christmas concert were made and an election of officers for 1944 was held. The results were as follows: Fannie Radelj, pres.;

Michael Ruppe Jr., vice-pres. and publicity chairman; Ruthann Golob, sec'y; Hilda Bizjack, treas.; Rudy Smole, sgt.-at-arms. After the meeting, refreshments were served.

The 1943 Christmas program was held on Dec. 19. The high spot of the afternoon program was the dedication of the honor roll of Circle 4, on which there were over 20 names. In the evening, Bro. Vrhovnik, Juvenile Director, showed movies of Slovenia and the United States.

At our January meeting, the new officers for 1944 were installed. At this meeting, a committee of four was appointed to make a chart showing the members how many points would be given for attending rehearsals, meetings, etc. The Circle has been allotted \$8 to give out as prizes for those getting the most number of points during the year. The prizes being \$5, \$2, and \$1. We were also informed that our manager, Lillian Puncer, had taken teaching duties outside of the city and could no longer be with us.

On January 9, the chorus had the privilege of singing at the Milwaukee Auditorium on a program on which the celebrated author, Louis Adamic, was the principal speaker.

The February meeting, which was to be held on Feb. 2, was postponed till Feb. 9. At this meeting, Bro. Joseph Fritz assumed his duties as our manager. The point committee showed their

points which were revised and accepted. A committee of two was appointed, Fannie Radelj and Michael Ruppe Jr., to go to the various lodges in Milwaukee and vicinity to get the names and addresses of juvenile members who didn't belong to the Circle or to the chorus. These children will be asked to join the Circle and chorus.

Because so many of our boys are in the armed forces, the Circle will not have a baseball team



JENNIE PADAR, Mgr.
Circle 50, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Jennie Padar comes from a family who have been ardent boosters and workers of the SNPJ for many years, and entirely in her own right she has become a youth leader of whom the SNPJ can be very proud. Over a period of recent years, she has built up a record few members of the younger generation can surpass. For an idea of the extensiveness of her activities and responsibilities, here in brief is a list of what her duties and work consisted in 1943 and now in 1934. . . She serves as the Secretary of "All American" Lodge No. 580, Manager of Juvenile Circle No. 50, Secretary of SANC Branch No. 46, regular contributor for the English Section of the Prosveta and occasionally writes for the Mladinski List, and is employed in a secretarial and supervisory capacity in the main office of the City Service Company, one of the largest utility concerns in the world. Besides participation in the various meetings and activities connected with them, Sister Padar arranged and directed three complete Juvenile Circle programs last year, each of which was successfully presented for the entertainment and pleasure of Brooklyn and New York SNPJs and their friends. . . And among other things, the local Lodge and Circle gave a good account of themselves in the Juvenile Campaign. Congratulations!

this year. The situation will change if more boys join up before summer.

Meetings are on the 1st Wednesday of the month and rehearsals are every Wednesday, both are being held at Sostarich's Hall, S. 6th and W. Bruce streets.

Thus we have given you, in a nutshell, news of our Circle's activities for the months of December, January, and February. A more up to date account is given each week in the Juvenile column of the Prosveta.

MICHAEL RUPPE JR., Vice-Pres.,
728 W. Walker Street.

WAUKEGAN CIRCLE NO. 24

WAUKEGAN, ILL.—This is Juvenile Circle No. 24 of the SNPJ broadcasting the latest news concerning our activities. First of all, we wish to announce the results of our annual elections. The following officers for 1944 were elected at our meeting:

Raymond Ark, president; Charlotte Flitcroft, vice president; Louise Dolence, secretary; Shirley Mack, rec. secretary; Julie Valencic, treasurer. Trustees: Phyllis Gantar, Juliet Gabrosek, and Frank Stritar. Old officers were Dick Peklay, Raymond Ark, Virginia Nagode, Mary Debelak, and Louise Dolence.

Our former manager, Mrs. Christine Stritar, is coming back and we surely are glad.

We are going to buy sweaters for our ball team.

RAYMOND ARK, President,
1120 Park Avenue.

JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 22

McDONALD, PA.—A few months ago I gave a resume of our Circle's activities for the first half of 1943. Now I shall try to enumerate all our activities for the second half of the year.

On Oct. 17, a group of our members went to Sygan to present a playlet, "Not a Man In the House," the occasion being Western Penna's SNPJ Day.

We sponsored a turkey drawing on Nov. 16. This proved to be a great aid to our treasury.

On Dec. 11, our Circle held a dance, which was also a huge success. The last and most important meeting was held on Dec. 16. During the business part of the meeting, we elected officers for the coming year. The results were as follows: Violet Machek, president; Bertha Kavcic, vice president; Donna Skinner, rec. secretary; Lawrence Lander, secretary; Helen Kostelich, treasurer. After the meeting was adjourned, we had a yule party. At the November meeting the Circle gave each member 50c and the name of another member for whom she was to buy a gift. These gifts were distributed at the party.

Our final activity for the year was a get-together on Dec. 29. An invitation in the form of a miniature snowman was sent to each member. We all had loads of fun and are looking forward to another such party soon.

And so winds up another profitable year for Voice of Youth Circle 22. This year we are going

to try to do even bigger and better things, so that our Circle might again be in the limelight as it was in 1942 when we won the trophy. We are all very proud of this trophy and have it displayed in a small glass cabinet in the SNPJ hall.

In conclusion, may I thank the SNPJ for the war stamps that I received for my contributions to the M. L. I am fully repaid just by the satisfaction of seeing them in print; but when I get paid for them, too, well . . . all I can say is, "Thank you." VIOLET MACHEK, President,
R. D. No. 4, McDonald, Pa.

JOLLY KANSANS CIRCLE NO. 11

GIRARD, KANS.—Our Circle No. 11 held its regular monthly meeting at the Casa Vecchia Hall in Camp Fifty. Secretary Frances Slansek read the minutes of the previous meeting, and Treasurer Frances Kumer read the financial report.

At this meeting, two new members were introduced, Fred Bogina and Jo Ann Poretta. They enjoyed the meeting very much. The attendance award was won by John Zibert, Betty Jean Ales, Rose Burger, and Jo Ann Poretta. Plans were discussed for a pie supper and cake-walk. A committee consisting of Dorothy Yoger, Frances Kumer, and Frances Ales was appointed to plan the affair. Also, a valentine exchange was held. After the exchange, the names of all the members present were put in a hat and a name was drawn. Jo Ann Poretta, whose name was drawn, won the valentine box. A few jokes were read by Betty Ales, who is our entertainment committee. The meeting was brought to a close and refreshments were served.

Our Circle meets on the first Sunday of each month. DOROTHY YOGER, Circle 11.

"ALL STARS" CIRCLE NO. 19

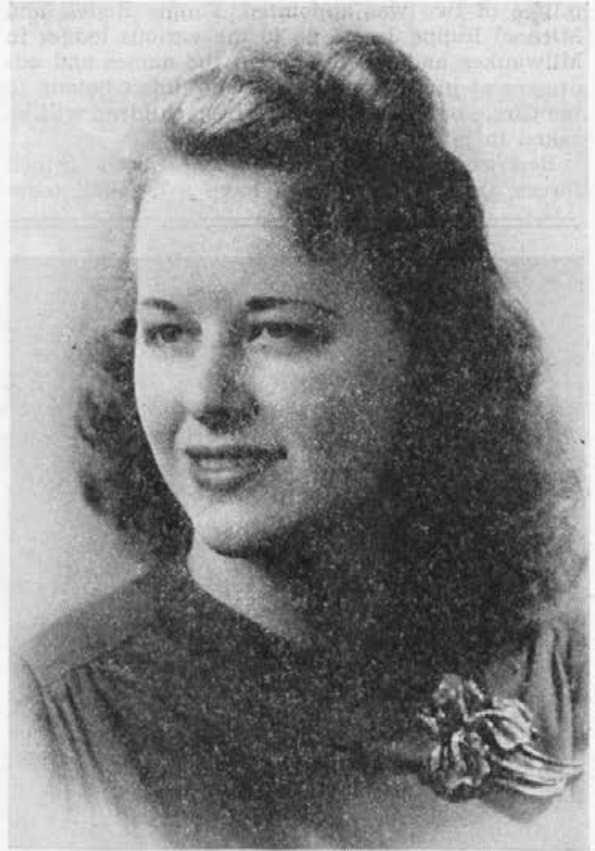
STRABANE, PA.—We have named our Circle No. 19—"All Stars," and it is doing very fine under that name. We sponsored a yule playlet and I think we did very well in the play.

We had our election of officers and the chosen ones were as follows: Joe Sedmak, president; Paul Winsek, vice president; Paul Posega, secretary; Mildred Posega, rec. secretary; Frank Tomsic, treasurer.

Our treasury is now one hundred dollars and we are proud to say that we earned it by ourselves. We held a skating party Feb. 5 and we all had a good time.—Come on, Circle 19, let's write to the M. L. There is no better magazine to write to. I'll be waiting to see all your letters in the next issue.

At every meeting, prizes are given to the best letter written to this fine magazine. First prize is 50c and second and third prizes are 25c each. Merit awards and perfect attendance certificates were given to the honored members. I'm sure that they were all proud to get them. I'm very glad to be able to write to the M. L.

FRANK TOMSIC, Treasurer,
Box 134, Strabane, Pa.



MARGE JERIC, Mgr
Circle No. 38, Cleveland, Ohio

Congratulations to Marge Jeric, Manager of Juvenile Circle No. 38 (Concordian Jrs.), Cleveland, Ohio, who this month completes five consecutive years of faithful service as a youth leader of the Society, this divided into equal periods of two and a half years each, the first spent under the former SSPZ and the latter with the SNPJ, following their merger in September, 1941. She began this work by helping to enroll and organize this group of juveniles, and then assumed the duties of manager and adviser, a responsibility she has yet to relinquish, being elected annually without opposition. Shortly after the Concordian Juniors were organized, Sister Jeric undertook the task of forming and instructing a drill team, which, needless to state, was a complete success from the very outset. She was a delegate to the Merger Convention and the 12th Regular Convention of the SNPJ in Pittsburgh, Pa. Those of you who read the Mladinski List know that, all during 1943, she prepared and contributed the material for the "Let's Play Games" page. Her everyday working hours are spent in a clerical capacity for the government. Her favorite sport is bowling and, incidently, is a member of the local SNPJ Bowling League.

ACTIVITIES OF CIRCLE NO. 50

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It is quite some time since I've written to the ML about our Circle's activities, so here goes:

On Feb. 13, Junior All Americans held their monthly meeting at the Slovene Hall in Brooklyn. It was well attended and I wonder if it was because our manager promised us a surprise after the meeting. The surprise was a Valentine party. A large cake, ordered and decorated especially for the occasion, was soon finished, with plenty of soda to wash it down, of course. We also sent comic valentines and had loads of fun. At the meeting we completed our plans to go to see the Statue of Liberty, on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor.

We started off promptly at 11 a. m. Feb. 22 (Washington's birthday), leaving from the Slovene Hall. We boarded the Elevated, and soon we were on our way. Our adviser informed us to be on the lookout for the interesting display that could be seen from the train right before crossing the Williamsburg Bridge. We saw several types of large guns and parts of planes captured by our American soldiers from the enemy in Africa. Soon after that, we reached our destination.

A short walk brought us to the dock. During that walk we came across a statue of Horace Greeley, the famous founder of a large circulating

newspaper in New York. Walking still further we stopped at several other points of interest. We stopped at the Trinity churchyard. Having enough time we spent quite a while reading the inscription on the grave stones. Surprising enough, there were some there dating as far back as 1600. Such famous people in history as Miles Standish and John Alden are buried there.

Finally we boarded the ferry boat that was to take us to the statue. While on the boat we prepared ourselves for the long climb ahead of us, and it was a long climb. There were 168 steps, and we went to the very top of "Miss Liberty." When at last we got to the top we were able to look out the windows at the skyline of New York, even though it started to rain. Then we started down the narrow steps to the base of the statue. We bought some souvenirs, and then signed the Guest Book. Upon arriving back in New York again we started down Broadway. After spending quite some time of sightseeing, our stomachs began to make strange noises. We stopped in New York's famous Automat, an entirely self-service restaurant, everything being done automatically which accounts for the "auto" in the word. You put in a coin in a slot, turn a knob, and presto! you have your food. All the food is shown in a glass case so you can see what you are going to buy. Simple, isn't it?

Going home we passed City Hall and we also saw a statue of Benjamin Franklin on Franklin Square. We bade each other goodbye and all went home for a long rest.

At this time I would like to welcome our new Circle member, Christine Kepic.

MILDRED PADAR, Circle 50,
1676 Linden St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

JUNIOR HARMONIZER CIRCLE 28

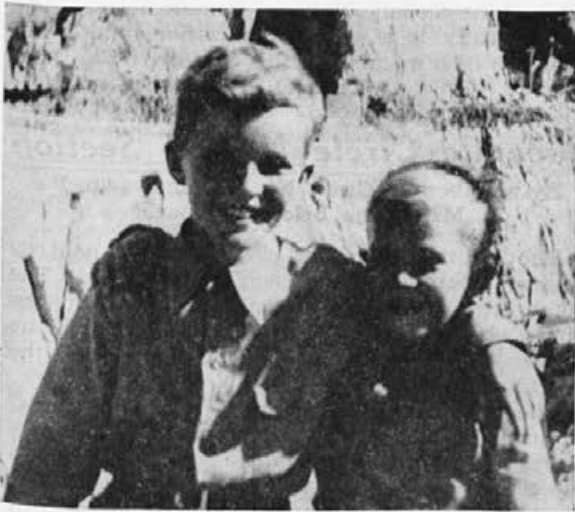
ROUNDUP, MONT.—The February meeting of the Junior Harmonizers' Circle No. 28 was held on Feb. 13 at the usual time and place. Bobby Bilant took the place of president, and John Goodenbour was appointed vice-president.

The minutes of the previous meeting were approved as read. We now have \$24.64 in our treasury. Lea Oset, our adviser, was ill during the month. The boys didn't go skating because of weather conditions, the party being postponed until a later date.

Seven members of our Circle can play the piano, and John Goodenbour plays the cornet. Albena Finco and Charles Marris will play the piano at our next meeting. John Goodenbour was appointed chairman of a committee to collect magazines and comic books for the soldiers. Each member must bring one. Albena Finco, John Goodenbour and Edward Hilderman were asked to write to the ML in February.

The girls are planning a picnic and a hike. The Circle discussed buying a war bond. All new members were initiated at the meeting.

JOAN FINCO, Secretary,
Box 986, Roundup, Mont.



FRANK and ROBERT BEDEY
Circle 28

Roundup, Montana

Two SNPJ juveniles, who very often find themselves in the thick of local activities, are Frank and Robert Bedey, members of Lodge 700 and Circle 28, Roundup, Montana. Of the two, Frank is the oldest and the Treasurer of the Circle. Both boys participated in the Society's 30th Anniversary Juvenile Campaign, last fall, in which Frank finished fourth among the juvenile contestants with a total of seven new members, while his brother received credit for one.

VERONIAN JUNIORS CIRCLE 15

VERONA, PA.—The Veronian Juniors, Circle No. 15, now hold their meetings each first and third Thursday of the month at 7:30 p. m. at the Veronian Club. Mirko Stanik is our manager.

We are planning new things—dances, parties, and recreational fun—for this year, and many of them are going to be successful. The entertainment committee includes Angie Bursic (chairman), Catherine Sushevich, James Plese, Mary Tomazich, Sally Budich, Frances Youk, Eleanor Upvall, Alice Buttergerite, Helen Krulac, Margie Tremba, John Young, Frank Bozich, Richard Papp, and Tony Bozich.

Our Circle is progressing very nicely and our meetings are much better and more interesting. I wish to thank the SNPJ for the award of three dollars in war stamps.

Guess Who: This month's quiz is a musical person, the third Harry James or Benny Goodman. He is shy and has to be persuaded to do things and ends up doing them. He makes a lot of racket or noise when he is with his group. Last month's quiz—Helen Krulac.

MATILDA DOLES, Secretary,
213 Penn Street.

Juvenile Circle No. 1 Section

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

WIN HIGH SNPJ AWARD

First, we wish to announce that the Walsenburg Pioneers, Juvenile Circle No. 1, were winners of the 1943 achievement contest conducted by the Mladinski List. The SNPJ, in consideration of this fact, has presented to our Circle a \$50 war bond. In addition, the following members won individual prizes: William Tomsic, Verna Duzenack, Elizabeth Duzenack, Donna Lozinski, Millie Zorman, and Albert Duzenack. We wish to thank the SNPJ for the high award and also for individual prizes in war stamps.

All things considered, we can say that our Circle is progressing quite nicely, in spite of the fact that many of our former members, who have grown up, are no longer with us. Some are now in the service and others are away at school.

Our Circle continues to meet once each month, on the third Sunday of the month, at 10:45 forenoon. Mrs. Edward Tomsic is our Manager and Ann Urban is our Assistant Manager.

Five of us boys found a little shack and organized a club. We have dues to pay, but as yet no name. I enjoy going to school this year. I am in the tenth grade. I also work in the office one hour a day, which I enjoy very much.

Huerfano County High School joined the South-central League at the beginning of the year of basketball. They won their first two games, but they lost the last four games which they played. I hope they win the rest of the games. By the time this is published, the basketball season will be over.

Also, by the time this letter is printed—spring will be here and summer will not be far away. And the spring and summer season bring back many outdoor sports which we all enjoy. There will be baseball and fishing and hiking and picnicking. Of course, wartime conditions do not permit recreation on a large scale, but we will find enough spare time to enjoy ourselves outdoors, anyway.

As this letter will most likely appear in the April issue of the Mladinski List, I urge all members of our Circle to attend the next meeting on April 16.

DAVID ZORMAN, President.

* * *

Our Circle is still meeting each third Sunday of the month at Kapusin's Hall, at 10:45 in the morning. Our meetings are fairly well attended.

I am very sorry for not answering my pen pals' letters, but I will as soon as I get enough time. I want to say hello to Catherine Gerovac and Millie Padar. I hope to get more pen pals and I will answer them.

My brother, Johnny, was home on a ten-day furlough. We were surely surprised when he came home. He came on January 24 at midnight. Johnny looks very nice in his uniform. He took some pictures of us in the snow.

I like school very much. I joined a junior club recently, and it surely is a swell club. We saw a picture show at school the other day. In conclusion, I want to send my best regards to all juveniles of the Slovene National Benefit Society. The SNPJ really is a great organization, and I am proud to be a member of this Society.

MILLIE ZORMAN, Circle 1.

Juvenile Circle No. 47 Section

By Members of Circle No. 47, Johnstown, Pa.
Mrs. Anne Bricely, Manager

The Youth of America Circle No. 47 held its regular meeting in an ancient, ruined tomb. The tomb was creepy looking and it gave you the chills when you looked at it. After there was no further business, the president announced that the meeting was adjourned.

The children being curious, began to prowl around the place. A small group of youngsters were feeling along the walls when suddenly a dark, narrow passageway appeared before their startled eyes. They finally managed to tell this to the older boys and girls. Then they all decided to explore this secret way. A long, slow procession entered the dark passageway. Following a winding crooked path they stopped and were suddenly amazed when a large, cavelike room loomed before them. The room was filled with beautifully decorated Egyptian mummy cases.

One of the mummy cases—began to move and walk towards the children. Terrified they turned and ran back from where they came. A small youngster tripped and fell in the rush and just as the mummy case was upon her—I heard someone saying, "Nina, it is time to get up. You'll be late for school."

I jumped up and gazed around and I suddenly realized that it was only a dream.

FRANCES STROZER, Treasurer.

* * *

Here are a few April Events, events that are known to most of us, but a little reminder will not harm anyone.

April 1—April Fool's Day.

April 6—U.S. declared war on Germany, 1917.

April 9—Easter Sunday.

April 13—Thomas Jefferson, born 1743.

April 21—Spanish-American War, 1898.

April 27—Ulysses S. Grant, born 1822.

* * *

I am 10 years old and am in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Geiger. She is a very nice teacher.

I am very glad I belong to the SNPJ and Circle 47, and would think the other children are, too. The Youth of America Circle has correspondence night every Tuesday and after the meeting we have play night. Recently, we had a skating party.

I am going to write in every month. Best regards to all.

JENET STROZER, Circle 47.

* * *

I am sending in an article taken from the New Standard Encyclopedia. The article is about Jeanne Antoinette Pison Le Normant d'Etioles, Marquise de Pompadour, one of the most famous French women in the 18th century. I hope you find the description interesting for publication.

For nearly 20 years, Madame Pompadour's influence was predominant in all important affairs of state, and no one was appointed to office without her consent. She was the intermediary be-

tween the ministers and the king. She was responsible to a great degree for the expulsion of the Jesuits from France.

HELEN PINELLI, age 14.

* * *

Here is a brief biography of Ulysses S. Grant, 18th President of the United States and an outstanding General in the Civil War.

He was born on April 27, 1822, in Ohio, and graduated at West Point in 1843. He was so successful in the Civil War that he virtually forced the surrender of General Lee, leader of the Confederate Army. He was elected President of the United States in 1868. For a long time he lived at Galina, Illinois.

Ulysses S. Grant died on July 23, 1885. He was a kindly, sympathetic and honorable man in all his dealings.

BETTY JANE DYBA, age 14.

Juvenile Singing Club in Cleveland Seeks Name

Offers Prizes of \$15 and \$10—Contest Effective to June 1st

A few months ago, a juvenile singing club, consisting of members of the SNPJ, was organized by the Cleveland SNPJ Federation. At the present time there are approximately 70 members enrolled in the club.

As yet this organization of juvenile singers has not been given a name. Therefore, the Cleveland Federation is sponsoring a contest for the readers of the Mladinski List to help select a suitable name for the group.

Two prizes are offered—\$15 for first place and \$10 for second. There is no limit as to number of names one may suggest. The name will be chosen by the committee in charge and all entries must be in by **June 1, 1944**. The winners will be announced in the August issue of the Mladinski List.

RULES:

1. All participants must be SNPJ Juvenile members.
2. If more than one suggestion is made by the same member, enter each on a separate sheet of paper.
3. All name suggestions must be printed or typed and signed with the member's name, address, age and Lodge number (in ink).
4. Name suggestions can be either in Slovene or English.
5. All entries must be sent to the Secretary of the Cleveland SNPJ Federation, Mrs. Josephine Tratnik, 1116 E. 71 Street, Cleveland 3, Ohio. Mrs. JOSEPHINE TRATNIK.



WASHING DISHES—By Harmon.

And then there was the defense worker who wrote to a friend, "Am having a wonderful time and a half."

Congratulations, SNPJ, on Your 40th Anniversary!

In the month of July, 1942, the **Mladinski List** celebrated its twentieth birthday. In June of the following year, the **Juvenile Circles** observed their fifth anniversary. In April of this year, we will honor the **SNPJ** on its fortieth birthday. To each and everyone of us, who are members, this birthday is of greater significance than any other. Just what does it mean to you?

To me, this birthday marks forty years of splendid workmanship, co-operation and patience on the part of the members of the Supreme Board. It was through their careful planning that the SNPJ has been able to maintain its high standing. It was largely through their efforts that the SNPJ has been able to attract such a large membership.

Ever since it was founded, the SNPJ has provided a good measure of security for every member. In case of illness or disability, benefits have been paid to those insured and unable to do any work. However, the Society has by no means devoted itself entirely to the aid of the adult members. It has also been deeply concerned about the future of its juvenile members.



You may see in the July (1942) issue of the **M. L.** that it took almost a year to prepare all the necessary steps for the first appearance of the **M. L.** in July, 1922. The aim then was very similar to the one today—"To make men and women out of the little boys and girls."

As the years rolled by, the **M. L.** steadily improved. More and more members became interested and contributed. However, this is not all that can be said. From the hearts of every con-

tributor come the gratitude for the prizes they have received. At first, awards were made in cash, but shortly after America's entrance in World War II, it was decided that these awards be given in the form of war savings stamps. The awards we receive in this way mean more to us when we know that they are helping to win the war.

Although we have no Juvenile Circle in our town as yet, and the possibility still remains to be seen, there are hopes. I read of all the Circle activities in the **M. L.** and **Prosveta** and, as I read them, an inexpressible feeling runs through me. What a wonderful task those boys and girls are doing to strengthen the bond of unity that exists among the members!

No doubt you have read at some time or another about the high rate of juvenile delinquency in many sections of our nation. Innocent children come in contact with "bad company." Since there is no other place for them to go, they, too, develop the desire to steal and become a menace to their neighborhood. In some cases parents care little about their children; but in other cases, parents are too busy, they have very little time to devote to them. Consequently, their children become worse and, sooner or later, are sentenced to stand trial in juvenile courts. Many of them are sentenced to something much worse.

In my opinion, this is one of many cases for which a Juvenile Circle may be at least a partial remedy. I feel quite sure that under the careful guidance of capable advisers, Circle members can help many children to keep out of mischief. With various Circle activities going on, youngsters have little time to think of mischief. Perhaps some towns have already witnessed such a situation. If so, I think it would be very interesting to submit to the **M. L.** A good example might possibly encourage the organization of SNPJ Juvenile Circles in many towns.

In all possibilities though, the most memorable incident to many families of the SNPJ is the one at which a star, or two, or three were added to the Society's service flag in recognition of the father, son or brother the family may have given. The number of members who are serving Uncle Sam is increasing daily, but up to date there are nearly **5000**. They can be sure that the SNPJ, as well as the families they left behind, are proud of them!

The above are merely a few of the achievements of the SNPJ. No doubt, I have failed to stress many important points. It would take pages and pages for a person, well acquainted with the history of the SNPJ, to tell just exactly what it has done, what it is doing, and what it plans to do. I am sure that all members join me in congratulating you, **SNPJ**, and accept our sincere wishes for a prosperous future!

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

Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

JOHNNIE IS A FRESHMAN

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to this fine magazine for a long time. In fact, I think it has been about a year. This year I am going to try and write more often. I go to Arma High School and am a freshman. High school surely is different than grade school was. Our school had a very good football team this year; they didn't lose one game. I am taking a general course: English, algebra, general science and manual. I was elected as a representative of the freshman class; two were elected from each class, a boy and a girl.

I also play accordion. I play many kinds of songs. I have been playing accordion for about three years. My music teacher is Prof. Catanzaro of Pittsburg, Kans. I like him very well. Sometimes he gets angry because I don't study my lesson. Usually I practice about two hours a day.

I attend the meetings of our Circle 11 as often as I can. Prizes are given at each meeting. Our Circle has been very successful during 1943 and I hope it will be even better during 1944. I am vice president of the Circle. We meet each first Sunday of the month at 2 p. m. I hope to see more letters from Kansas in the M. L.—**Johnnie Zibert** (13), R.F.D. 3, Box 1512, Girard, Kansas. (Circle 11)

THANKS AGAIN

Dear Editor:—I just received the ML and enjoyed it very much. I hope my last letter will be published. I also want to thank the SNPJ again for the dollar war stamp. It is helping me buy another war bond. Thank you all very, very much.

Today I just got my report card. It wasn't so bad. I passed to 9A. Boy, am I glad! Sometimes I get disgusted with school and sometimes I like it. I had some swell teachers in 9B, at least, they were swell to me.

Before I close I want to say hello to my pen pals, Roberta Adams, Helen Krmpotich, Pauline Vucich, and many others. I also want to thank Dorothy Mae Iskra for writing to me. My best regards to one and all. A proud SNPJ member—**Mary Ann Rudich**, 163 Baker St., Aliquippa, Pa. (Lodge 122)

ANNA FELT GUILTY

Dear Editor:—When I came home from school today and saw the ML on the table, I just ran to get it. But when I looked through it and saw so many of the names that are in almost every month, I just felt sort of guilty. The reason for this is because I didn't write for quite a long while, but I hope to write more often after this.

Both of my brothers, Pfc. Carlo and Pfc. Bozedar Bukovac and my sister, Dorothy, were all home for the holidays. We were all glad to have them home with us. I hope it will not be long

before they can be home not just for a few days but always.

Our teacher, Mrs. McDough, has formed a club in our room. The name chosen by the class is, The Young Americans Library Club. We meet each Friday, and with the money (2c dues) collected from the club, library books are bought. After our room has read the books they are sent up to the office for the other rooms to read.

I wonder why Emil Yaksic doesn't write to the M. L. Come on, Emil, get busy. I want to say hello to Marie Gunter who is a steady writer to me. And how about some pen pals? I promise to answer all cards and letters as soon as I can. I remain a proud SNPJ member—**Anna Bukovac** (14), R.D. 1, Box 232, Adah, Pa. (Lodge 269)

OUR HAYRIDE PARTY

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the M. L. On New Year's Day our Circle had a hayride party. We hired a wagon and two horses and rode around our town. Then we went to the home of our manager, Mr. Zigman, and in his yard we built a fire and roasted wiennies and potatoes. We also had buns, cookies and candy. We had a dance Jan. 2 and one on Jan. 23.

At our last meeting we elected officers. Joe Sedmack is our president, Paul Winseck is vice president, Paul Posega is secretary, I am recording secretary, Frank Tomsic is treasurer, John Zigman is sergeant-at-arms, Justine Sedmack is adviser, and Mr. John Zigman is manager.

Our Christmas party went over big. We are planning to have a skating party.—**Mildred Jane Posega** (12), Box 117, Strabane, Pa. (Circle 19)

WANTS MORE SNAPSHOTS

Dear Editor:—So many of my pen pals ask me for my picture. I responded by sending out many but I don't have enough to go around. I am therefore enclosing a snapshot for reproduction in the M. L. I wish to thank all my pen pals that answered my request for snapshots in the December issue of the M. L. I want to say



hello to all my many pen pals. Also to Frankie Furlan, Zora Gostovich, Louise Lekse, Ann Nochi, Ann Milinazzo, Ann Stibil, Steffie Taucher, Dorothy Tomazin, Nita Mae Vidmar, Nancy Zapolski, Agnes Skep, Florence Alich, Eleanor Anzel, Lorraine Barick, Jennie Klimp, Martha Gasser, Mary Hevalo, Stephania Kober, Annmarie Stubler, and to the rest of the pen pals whose names I haven't mentioned.

Most of the boys from this town are now serving in the armed forces. My friend, Pvt. Frank J. Turkalj, is stationed at Fort Ord, Calif. I believe he has contributed several letters to this

magazine. By the way, I want to wish Zora Gostovich, Mary Hevalo, Stephanina Kober, and Louise Lekse a very happy birthday, whose birthdays are in March.

I would like to repeat my request for more snapshots. So, pen pals, I will be looking forward into receiving your snapshots, if I have not already received one from you. Thanking you all in advance. I also want to thank Edna Slupek from McIntyre, Pa., and Ethel Marie Chase from Eveleth, Minn., for their letters. Will try to answer them if possible. So long, pen pals and ML readers.—**Edward William Kroper** (17), Box 384, Yukon, Pa. (Lodge 729)

FRANCES IS GRATEFUL

Dear Editor:—What a thrill it was to see my brother's picture in the January issue of this fine magazine. I would like to take this time and space to thank you most kindly for printing his picture. After spending seven weeks for his basic training at Parris Island, S. C., he was granted a ten-days furlough. (I'm speaking of my brother John F. Ambrozic.) He then went to Camp Lejeune, New River, N. C., where he took a special course in electronics. Upon completion of his studies he was transferred to Cherry Point, N. C.

On Christmas eve, John left Cherry Point headed for San Diego, Calif. He wrote home that he had a few stops in various cities among which were New Orleans, El Paso and Los Angeles. He was then sent overseas and is now in the South Pacific area. On his birthday, which was Feb. 22, he was 19 years old. He has been a member of the SNPJ for 18 years.

I am now in the fifth grade. My teachers' names are Miss Bane, Miss Philips, Miss McKean, and Miss Pretchard. I have ten subjects, writing, spelling, geography, history, health, art, music, arithmetic, reading and English. I have been on the honor roll, and am on it now also. I like school very much. I have two new pen pals, Frances Kordan and Violet Dugar. I would like to say hello to all my pen pals.—**Frances Ambrozic** (10), R. D. 5, Box 424, Crafton, Pa. (Lodge 88)

"FROM DOWN THERE"

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. The first letter seemed so difficult for me to write, but I'm glad it's over. I want to say hello to my pen pals. I also would like a few more pen pals from Texas and Tennessee. I hope someone down there who is interested to correspond with me would write. I've always been interested in Texas and Tennessee. Here's hoping I get some pen pals from "down there." Regards to all.—**Pauline Ann Ruparcic**, Box 77, Tire Hill, Pa. (Lodge 289)

MY VICTORY PIN

Dear Editor:—I want to thank the SNPJ for giving me such a lovely Victory pin. I was so surprised to see my name published in this wonderful magazine. I want to say hello to my pen pals, Marion Widgay and Joan Finco. I wish I could

have a few more pen pals. I'll answer all letters promptly.

I am still continuing my tap dancing, piano, and singing lessons. I enjoy it very much. I hope my article about "Bird Day" will also be published. I am running out of words, so I'll close again thanking the SNPJ and the ML for the pin. Best regards to all.—**Grace Ann Gerdanc** (12), 4933 W. 24th St., Cicero 50, Ill. (Lodge 559)

WALTER IS A MECHANIC

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I haven't been writing to this fine magazine as I should. I'll be writing more often. In my first letter I told you that I was going to school but since then I quit. I'm now working as an auto mechanic in the Rangecroft Flotow Corp., a large Ford dealer.

My SNPJ lodge 465 has no Juvenile Circle because there aren't enough juveniles to join. I wish there were some way of joining one.

In the summer I like to take pictures. I've got dozens of pictures of railroad scenery I've taken. I've got a closeup of the "400". I have many pictures of nature study. I am looking forward to summer so I can go swimming and fishing.—**Walter Wells** (16), 4712 N. Beacon St., Chicago, Ill. (Lodge 465)

"MY NATIVE LAND"

Dear Editor:—True, but seemingly unreal, half the school year has been endured, and the second half will also soon come to its end. That will be in May, then tests again. But why cross the bridge before we get to it?

At one of the lodge meetings a collection was made, the purpose of which was to purchase five copies of "My Native Land" by Louis Adamic. The small additional amount needed was taken from the treasury. The intention was to get one in Slovene, one in Croatian, and three in English; but as the Slovene and Croatian publications are still incomplete, we were sent five copies in English. To be sure, everyone reading the books enjoys them immensely. I am one of those unfortunate individuals. The older people who came from Jugoslavia appreciate the books more, of course. They are acquainted with their native country and can, therefore, understand its problems better.

As usual, I must mention my pen pals. Very few have written for cards but several have asked me to correspond with them. Naturally, as is the case with me, I find it necessary to refuse temporarily, at least. My studies are occupying so much of my time that I can't even spare enough time for correspondence. Of all the cards I have, none are from countries outside the United States. I think it would be very interesting to receive cards from our southern neighbors as we will soon be studying about them. Nevertheless, I am thankful to all my pen pals for their cards. My one ambition in the near future is to correspond with those who have written to me. Success is bound to come, sooner or later, I hope.

With regards to all my pen pals and to ML contributors, I remain a proud SNPJ member—**Zora Gostovich** (15), Box 531, Raton, New Mexico. (Lodge 297)

HELLO TO PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I finally decided that I should write. Quite some time ago some of our Circle members, including my sister and myself, sang for a local club. I certainly can say that I was scared.

I am in the seventh grade. My height is 4 ft. 7 in. My teacher is Mrs. Corbin, but she was in the hospital and hasn't returned to school yet. I hope she returns soon. I have received a few pen-pal letters through this magazine. I'd like to say hello to Rosemarie Strukel, Grace Ann Gerdanc, Joan Benedict, Mildred Klepec and Albena Finco. I hope Albena will answer my letter soon. By the way, my hobby is collecting movie stars' pictures.

I wish the members of Circle 40 would write. Nobody from Gowanda seems to like to write. I would like a few more pen pals between the ages of 11 and 13. Best regards.—**Marion Widgay** (11), 31 Palmer St., Gowanda, N. Y. (Circle 40)

WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Dear Editor:—Here I am again writing to this fine magazine. I am still trying to get a letter in every month. At our last meeting we had refreshments and a few discussions about the new year.

Are all you members doing your share in the war effort, buying bonds and stamps and saving tin cans and paper?

I only have one pen pal left. I had another from Ohio but I guess he got discouraged because I didn't write to him, as I lost his address and I couldn't write. I'm now writing to Marion Widgay who lives in New York. Best regards to all.—**Rosemarie Strukel**, 202 Fayal Road, Eveleth, Minn. (Lodge 650)

JUNIOR COMMANDOS

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to the Mladinski List for quite some time or attended Circle meetings lately. I enjoy reading the ML very much. We are trying to do our part for the war effort. We have an organization of a large group of Junior Commandos. We collect scrap, paper, tin cans, etc. I am enclosing a poem. I would like some pen pals. Regards to all.—**Dorothy Huter**, R. D. 3, Box 157, Johnstown, Pa. (Circle 47)

THE EHS CANTEEN

Dear Editor:—I saw my first letter in the ML so I thought I'd write again. Eveleth has started a youth organization for the high school students, called the Youth Canteen. There are pop, candy, and hot-dog stands in one corner and all around the edges of the room are tables and chairs. There is dancing and a floor show each time. The boys who don't dance either stand or sit telling jokes or playing cards.

The canteen opens at seven o'clock and it is

after twelve when the last group of students leave. The canteen is open every Saturday night. On the other nites, skating is in progress down the hippodrome; there is also hockey.

From the above you can see that the high school students in our town have a swell opportunity to relax and play. And now I'll say so long until next time.—**Jacob Kokaly**, 715 North Court, Eveleth, Minn. (Lodge 69)

EASTER GREETINGS

Dear Editor:—I am again writing to this swell magazine. It is now getting to be a habit writing to the M. L.

In school we had a bond rally for the Fourth War Loan drive. We sold over \$2,000 in bonds and stamps.

By the time this letter will be printed—in the April issue—it will be nearly Easter time. I am closing and giving my Easter greetings to everyone.—**Delma Tomsic** (15), Black Diamond, Wash. (Lodge 57)

RECEIVED MANY LETTERS

Dear Editor:—I've again found time to write to this grand magazine. I hope I'll have enough spare time to write a letter every month.

My brother-in-law, August Palito, recently inducted into the Navy, is now serving overseas. My little niece celebrated her first birthday Feb. 4.

Recently I received so many letters from new pen pals that I couldn't answer all of them. I wish to say hello to all new and old pen pals. Regards.—**Mildred Ravnikar** (13), 1822 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 12, Ill. (Lodge 631)

EDDY LIKES BASKETBALL

Dear Editor:—I am writing to the ML for the fifth time. My name is Edward Petric and I go to Oliver Hazard Perry school. I passed into the 7A in January. The subjects that we have are English, mathematics, gym, shop, social studies, science, music, personality, and art. I like gym and shop best. In gym we play basketball. First we do 30 laps of the gym which is about one-eighth of a mile of running, then we march and play a few games. I will write every month if possible. Best wishes to all.—**Ed Petric** (12), 19198 Muskoka, Cleveland, Ohio.

SIX UNCLES IN SERVICE

Dear Editor:—Here I am again, and a very pleased and proud member of the SNPJ. I was thrilled when I got a certificate of award at our regular meeting. I hope it is just the first of such awards and I intend to cherish it always. I was also very pleased to see my baby brother's picture in the January issue of the M. L. He is growing fast and when mother takes a new picture of him I shall send it in. In my last letter I said I had two uncles in the service, now I have five uncles in the Army and one in the Navy. I wish to add that we had a grand time at our last meeting. Best regards to all.—**Romaine Urbas**, Box 173, 451 View Ave., Strabane, Pa.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD

By R. McMillan

(Continued.)

We have as yet found no remains giving the direct basis for conclusions on the subject; but, judging by the analogy (not by any means a conclusive method) furnished by the history of other large animals now living alongside of man—such as the horse, the rhinoceros, the tapir, the wolf, the hyena, and the bear—it is not improbable that it was in the remote period known as the lower Miocene—remote even as compared with the gravels in which eoliths occur—that Natural Selection began to favor that increase in the size of the brain of a large and not very powerful semi-erect ape, which eventuated, after some hundreds of thousands of years, in the breeding-out of a being with a relatively enormous brain-case, a skilful hand, and an inveterate tendency to throw stones, flourish sticks, protect himself in caves, and in general to defeat aggression, and satisfy his natural appetites by the use of his wits, rather than by strength alone, in which, however, he was not deficient."

CHAPTER XXII

The Conclusion of the Matter

After the words of the great Sir Ray Lankester, I feel that anything I can say is feeble and unnecessary. He tells you how the history of man began far back in the life of the globe, and how man developed from the low, bestial cave-dweller to the god-like creature of today. That is what gives us hope for the future. The whole life of the globe has been one long, slow, painful climb, from slime-speck to philosopher, from a protoplasmic globule to an intellectual giant.

We have all been deceived by the human tendency to think that past days were better than the present. The old man looks back to the days of his childhood, and he thinks that the world was better when he was young than it is now. He thinks that the men of his boyhood were stronger and braver and nobler than the men of today, and he talks about the "good old times." Old men have been the world's historians, and they have so glorified the past—the olden times—that we have all been hypnotized into the idea that

the golden age of the world was in the olden times. But my story will have shown you that the whole history of the earth has been one of gradual development, of progress, of slow and painful climbing through the ages.

Not only have the hills and the mountains, the rivers and the stars, the trees and the cattle, the beasts and the birds, been developing, but man himself—his mind and his body—have been developing. The Hindu of long, long ago sang truly when he said:—

Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
Its wistful hands between.
This is its work upon the things you see.
The unseen things are more; men's hearts and
minds,
The thoughts of peoples, and their ways and wills—
These, too, the great Law binds.

I hope you have seen, as you have been reading, that all things work in response to Law! And the laws of Nature are few and simple. You will see, in whatever direction you look, that everything has developed from the simple to the complex, and that nothing abides for long. In the olden time, in the far back time, the Egyptians built pyramids, and raised the loveliest buildings that ever had been seen. Yet, if you trace their history back, you will find that their mighty civilization came from the simple savage. The beautiful carvings of their syenite columns were but the imitations of the papyrus plants with which their ancestors adorned their huts. The fluted columns in enduring stone were but the remembrance of the bundles of reeds bound together with which the early Egyptians made their simple dwellings. Before the Egyptians had learned the use of metals they had stone tools, as other savages had; and the first metal tools they used were made in the form of the stone tools which their ancestors had used for countless ages before them.

(Continued)

Teacher: This essay you wrote about your mother, is the same as your brother's. Why is that?

Johnny: Well, that's because we both have the same mother.

PEN PALS

COME ON, BOYS!

Dear Editor:—It's time that I write again to this swell magazine. I'm sorry I didn't write to the ML sooner but I was quite busy. I will try to write every month from now on.

Some of my pen pals asked when my birthday is. It is Feb. 5. By the time this is published I will be 15. I want to say hello to all my pen pals. I would like to have some pen pals from out of the United States, and also pictures from all my pen pals.

What's the matter with all the boys around 15 and up? They should write to this wonderful magazine. Come on, boys. Best regards to all ML readers.—**Mary Lou Primozic** (15), 503 Sixth St., Trafford, Pa.

WE BUY WAR BONDS

Dear Editor:—I was glad to see my letter in the M. L. Our school and our room are surely doing "swell" for the 4th war loan drive. Thus far our room has more than 300 dollars worth of bonds and stamps.

I would like to have pen pals from the West and I'll send them a picture of myself, and maybe one to the M. L. I remain a proud member of the SNPJ.—**Anna M. Settinger** (13), Box 15, Merrittstown, Pa. (Lodge 744)

SHADYSIDE, OHIO

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this fine magazine. I am writing to tell you a little news from a wonderful little town in Ohio that was noted for making caskets before the war. Maybe some of you have heard of Shadyside. It is a nice little town. It has a few grocery stores, a theater, postoffice, drug store and a number of beautiful little houses. If some of you would visit Shadyside you would agree with me when I say it is a nice little town.

I am a member of SNPJ lodge 258, am 16 years of age, have brown hair, brown eyes, and am 5 feet 4½ inches tall. Being a sophomore at Shadyside High School, I have been appointed Vice President of our class, of which I am very proud.

I will write again to this magazine to tell more of myself and our wonderful little town—Shadyside.—**Anne Lovrich** (16), 418 W. 43rd St., Shadyside, Ohio. (Lodge 258)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HELEN!

Dear Editor:—I didn't go to school from Jan. 26 to Feb. 7. I had sinus in my right eye. It is getting better now. My favorite radio programs are Blondie, Henry Aldrich, Burns and Allen, and Judy Canova. My favorite movie stars are Judy Garland, George Murphy, Mickey Rooney, and Deana Durbin. My brother and sister-in-law saw Nancy Kelly and Preston Foster in person.

My father bought about a thousand dollars of war bonds. We also save tin cans and we collected many tin cans already.

My birthday is on April 2, and I would like to see this letter in the April issue. I will be 13 years old. I would like to have a birthday party. I am

saving my money to buy a wrist watch. I am enclosing my picture taken in school last year. Best regards.—**Helen Petrovic**, R.D. 5, Box 362, Crafton Branch, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Lodge 166)

SNOW IN ARKANSAS

Dear Editor:—Our school has bought a jeep during the bond drive. We collected about 500 pounds of paper for the scrap drive. Our school has also bought about \$200 worth of war bonds in the last drive.

Last January we have had about 10 inches of snow, the largest snowfall since 1923. The snow stayed on the ground for about 10 days. My brother Johnnie was transferred to Camp Chaffee, which is about 8 miles from home.—**Willie Cretnik** (13), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

SCHOOL CONTEST

Dear Editor:—In our last school assembly (Ferndale High) we had a very interesting program. Eight persons were chosen from the student body to act as contestants for a quiz program. Regular musical and general questions were asked. Prizes were given to the boy and girl who answered the most questions correctly. The program was liked by all the students.

I now have nine pen pals and I am very glad to correspond with them. That's all I have to say for now. Regards to all.—**Frances Strozar** (14), R.D. 3, Box 245, Johnstown, Pa. (Circle 47)

COME ON, CLEVELANDERS!

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this fine magazine, and I don't know how to thank you for publishing my first letter. Our exams are over and I did pretty well in them, not trying to brag.

I haven't seen many letters from Cleveland in the M. L. Come on, Clevelanders!

I haven't told you how old I am. I'm 13 years old and will be 14 Dec. 4. I would like to have some more pen pals from different states. I also would like to say hello to La Verne Alt, Catherine Bujacich, Ann Murkusic. If anybody would like to exchange postcards with me, I will gladly do so. Best regards to all.—**Louise Petrovic**, 683 E. 159th St., Cleveland 10, Ohio.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON JUST FOR FUN PAGE

Capital Quiz:—1. Columbus; 2. Harrisburg; 3. Tallahassee; 4. Topeka; 5. Cheyenne; 6. Denver; 7. Albany; 8. Austin.

Season Quizzers:—No. 3 is incorrect. Autumn begins Sept. 23.

Your Flag—Betsey Ross, Geo. Washington, 1777, 48, states, six, courage, liberty, loyalty.

Animal Jumbler—1. Flicka—horse; 2. Pluto—dog; 3. Blitzen—reindeer; 4. Jimminy—cricket; 5. Donald—duck.

Dinner Mix-ups—1. soup; 2. cookies; 3. salad; 4. potatoes; 5. chicken; 6. shrimp.

Bird Puzzle—Cardinal.

Math Lesson—Dog would weigh the same.

WANTED! A NEW NAME FOR OUR OWN JUVENILE MONTHLY MAGAZINE

● A national contest to change the name of the "Mladinski List", limited only to members of the Juvenile Department of the SNPJ, begins April 1 and ends August 1, 1944.

● You will find the announcement and official rules of the contest on an inside page. Be sure to read them carefully. Additional instructions are given below.

● The important question before us is—WHAT KIND OF NEW NAME IS MOST DESIRABLE AND APPROPRIATE FOR A FRATERNAL JUVENILE MAGAZINE LIKE OUR "MLADINSKI LIST"?

● Certainly, most of us are agreed that the new choice should be an attractive name, one with a good sound meaning attached to it, and both easy to express and remember. By all means, it should be a short name made up of one, two or three words, a name that will stand the test for many years.

● An original name is preferred, so try not to copy a name already used by some other publication, but think of something new and better, something that will fit, even if only in a small way, the character or principles of the SNPJ.

● If you wonder why the rules limit each juvenile member to only one NEW NAME suggestion, the reasons, primarily, are to avoid duplication of suggestions and to encourage more juveniles to enter the "New Name for Mladinski List" contest.

● The new names, submitted by contestants, will not be published until the contest is officially closed. This means that you will be left almost entirely on your own to think up a good name, between now and the end of the contest. When you have succeeded in doing this, sit down and write a short but nicely worded letter, stating the reasons for your choice, and send this to the Juvenile Director, along with the new name.

● Boys and girls of the SNPJ! Here is the opportunity for which you have been waiting a long time! This contest is strictly yours. The new name, when finally chosen, will be the name of your magazine. So read the rules. Follow the instructions. Remember that attractive prizes are offered both for the name chosen and best letters. THE SNPJ WANTS YOU TO ENTER THE "NEW NAME FOR MLADINSKI LIST" CONTEST! YOU CAN HELP TO MAKE 1944 OUR BEST YEAR BY SUBMITTING A NEW NAME SUGGESTION!

MICHAEL VRHOVNIK,
Juvenile Director, SNPJ.