

MLADINSKI LIST

A JUVENILE MAGAZINE FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES



SUMMER HOME

(See page 15)

AUGUST

1939

MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE



Editor - - - - - IVAN MOLEK

Business Manager - - PHILIP GODINA

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JUVENILE

LETO XVIII.—Št. 8

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The S. N. P. J. Primer

Short Stories of Our Society
in the Making

Compiled by I. M.

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The pioneering "bug" of our Society which spurred it from the very beginning to be always on the look-out for new and better things in every one of its activities is already well-known to our readers.

Among all good things resulting from that "bug," which were sooner or later ravisly copied by other Slovene fraternal societies, the SNPJ publications are the very outstanding feature.

* * *

Prior to our Society's appearance no similar Slovene society published anything by its own effort. Newspapers privately owned were their official organs, and none had its own printing plant; their by-laws, reports, stationery, and the rest of their printed matter went to enrich several private printerries.

* * *

Then, in the fall of 1907, a new thing appeared in our fraternal life in America. The young SNPJ made a revolution. It established its own official organ, a monthly owned and published directly by the Society,—a monthly which was destined to become a weekly in two years and a daily six years later.

Moreover, the SNPJ organ was not started to be only a sheet of dry official stuff. The founders of the organ endowed it with an elaborate program of education; they made it a real and lively newspaper which should teach the SNPJ hosts the principles of freethought and social justice.

* * *

Ten years after the advent of that humble monthly SNPJ organ, the Mladinski List was established for the Society's younger generation—for you. The SNPJ Juvenile Department was then five years old; it was large enough to have its own organ for the guidance and education of the SNPJ juveniles.

And soon afterward the Society obtained its own printing plant in order to enlarge its educational program and make it secure. Our Society marches on!

What Does A Nation Make?

By Mary Jugg

Do planting and plowing,
And drilling and milling,
And building and banking,
Inventing, transporting—
Do these a nation make?

Do etchings and painting,
And frescoes and writing,
Designing and singing,
And playing, composing—
Do these a nation make?

Do newspapers, telegraph,
Cinema, phonograph,
Gardens, observatory,
Philosophy, laboratory—
Do these a nation make?

Do medicine, schools,
Mechanical tools,
And documents, elevators,
Bridges and carburetors,
Do these a nation make?

Yes, these—all these and more—
All these and many, many more,
A nation great do make—
Our nation great have made.

Who? Who?
Who were the people?
What their state

That made our nation great?

The Chinese and Irish,
Armenian and Spanish,
Norwegian and Danish,
Helped bear this burden great.

Yes, German and English,
Portuguese, Swedish,
And Indian and Jewish—
Have worked to build our State.

Mexican, Polish,
And Yugoslav, Scottish,
Italian and Irish—
All did participate.

And Negro and Finnish,
Bohemian and Danish,
And Greek and Hungarian,
And Latvian, Syrian,

All these—all these and more—
All these and many, many more,
Our nation great have made—
Our nation great have made— —

All hail to them!
The song goes on—
Their work goes on—
The People of our Land!
The People of our Land!

Why Mother Goes to Movies

By Steven Kerro, 588 E. 102d St.,
Cleveland, O.

"I wouldn't spend a copper penny,"
Said mother to her son,
"On shows, no matter if Jack Benny
And others were A I
In their respective places,
If it were not for Screeno, Bank Night,
Lambo, Luckey, Bingo.
Of course I haven't won as yet. Right.
But when I do—zingo!
. . . Imagine neighbors' faces!"



Pomni!

KATKA ZUPANČIĆ

ČESI imaš dve in dve ušesi,
da z njimi si nabiraš znanje.
A jezik ti le eden dan je —
in pameten zares si,
če veš,
kako in kdaj ga rabiš smeš.

Delavka iz jeklarne

A. M.

Čudno žalostne pesmi pojo vetrovi. Okrog barak in okrog dimnikov tulijo. Od tovarne žari rdeč ogenj iz železnih peči. Nerazumljivi in ukazujoči vzkliki in povelja se čujejo iz za zidov in črne saje polegajo iz noči na blatno zemljo.

Anica je stara pet let. Zdaj je poldrugi mesec, odkar ji je umrl oče. Od tega dneva je mati Ana zaman preihitela toliko noči, za njim, za tistim bledim možem, ki je delal nekoč med rdečimi zidovi pri veliki peči ob njej. Mrtev je. V baraki je zdaj vse še bolj prazno, vlažne stene so postale še vlažnejše, strop je vsak dan nižji in mrzav pritiska. O, nič več ni sončnega žarka, in če pride, hitro ugasne—zakaj izpod neba padajo črne megle, ki so jih ponoči izdihale tovarne iz votlih rdečih stebrov.



V baraki poseda po zabojih in koteh dvoje zapuščenih življenj. Nikogar ni, ki bi jima dal v težkih dneh toplo besedo, nikogar, ki bi jima sam ponudil kruha. Iz oči jima sije glad, obup. In če dvigne mati otroka v naročje, mu pripoveduje vedno eno in isto:

“Anica!”

Otrok gleda v blede obraz.

“Anica, midve morava od tod, midve morava v svet. Svet je velik, je pravil oče, in poti so dolge in noči mrzle. Šle bova po cesti, ki pelje nekam daleč od tod. Proč iz tega ne-

srečnega kraja, tu so noči tako dolge in ljudje tako hladni.”

Otrok gleda v mater in ne razume ničesar. Nenadoma se oglasi:

“Kruha! Zebe me . . .”

Zunaj brne kolesa, zunaj udarjajo kladiva, zunaj je noč.

Po blatni cesti tava dvoje življenj, dvoje izobčenih, zavrženih ljudi. Izpod neba prši in mrzel veter zavija v mrak. Časih zatuli—to je pesem bede in brezdomstva. To pesem slišijo in občutijo samo oni, ki so že stokrat prokleli življenje. Ta pesem je njihova, ta pesem mrzlih noči, samote in brezdomstva.

Dnevi so megleni, noči neskončne in ceste so dolge, predolge. Anica zaostaja, joče in prositi:

“Mamica, počakaj! Mamica, ne morem.”

Mati obstane, dvigne otroka v naročje in otrok zaspi.

Nekega dne pa je mati Ana zvedela, da išče v bližnjem trgu neka gospa tujega otroka, ki bi ga vzela za svojega. Dolgo je mati Ana oklevala, dneve in noči premišljevala, končno pa se je odpravila na negotovo pot.

Pred trgov je sedla, dvignila otroka, mu popravila ruto na glavi in mu dejala:

“Anica, poti so zate predolge—sama pojdem naprej. Ne jokaj, vrnem se spet morda že jutri, pojutršnjem, o čisto gotovo, prav zares . . .”

Otrok sestradan in premražen, se je nasmehnil, pogladil mater po obrazu in pokazal s prstom na visoke hiše, ki so gledale iz trga:

“Tukaj, tukaj . . .”

Sredi trga je stala enonadstropna, bela hiša; to je bila hiša gospe Končanove. Mati Ana je prestopila prag.

“Delavka sem brez doma in zaslužka,” je klonila pred gospo Končanovo, “mogoče bi vzeli za svojega otroka mojo hčerko . . . Tu zunaj stoji. Stara je pet let, ime ji je Anica.” Potem jo je pripeljala in še prosila: “Bodite usmiljeni, dobra gospa. Zdaj je bleda in upadlega obraza—to pa je od bede samo, od bede in brezdomstva. Vsa je premražena. Oklevala sem, toda . . .” Planila je v jok.



In zgodilo se je tisto, prav tisto, česar se je njeno srce prav zaprav balo—gospa Končanova je sprejela malo Anico k sebi . . . K njej so se iztegnile roke tuje matere—mati Ana pa je sklonjena in strta od bolečin odšla po stopnicah. Slišala je še jok, pa se je ozrla in šepetaje iztrgala:

“Saj se spet vrnem, Anica!”

Toda mati Ana je vedela, da se ne sme več vrniti—tako je obljubila, tako mora biti. Šla bo pač daleč, daleč v tujino, poiskala si bo delo in pozabila na vse, na vse . . .

Na koncu trga je pod svetilko še obstala. Tu je preštela denar, ki ga ji je dala za pot dobra gospa Končanova.

“Eden, dva tri . . .” Štela je svetle kovance, na njeno srce pa je zdajci nekdo z drobnim prstkom potrkal:

“Mamica, mamica!”

Spet se je ozrla. “Saj se še vrnem! Še, še!” je dejala nazaj v temo.

Četrty dan se je odpeljala iskat dela v tujino, med tuje ljudi—v novo življenje. Morda bo pa le pozabila? Morda, morda tudi ne . . .

II

Od tega večera je prešlo pet dolgih let, že šesto je teklo. Mati Ana je živela v tujini, nihče ni vedel za njeno bolečino, nihče je ni vprašal po otroku. Imela je delo v jeklarni, v eni izmed tistih mogočnih zgradb, kjer so venomer prepevala kolesa pesmi železa in udarjala kladiva ob pojoče jeklo, da je odmevalo dan za dnem, noč za nočjo: Bij me, človek, bij, da si izbiješ kruha iz mene . . .

Materi Ani se je od časa do časa odprlo srce in zaklicalo: Anica! Potem se je spet zaprlo in prisluhnilo pesmi življenja, ki je kruto klicalo k delu. Srce se je odpiralo samo od sebe in zmerom pogosteje, zdaj ob stroju, zdaj na cesti, in klicalo otroka, ki je bil njegove krvi.

Zunaj je snežilo. Mati Ana je stanovala v dolgi, nizki zgradbi. Tudi drugi delavci in delavke iz jeklarne so stanovale tu.

Večer je in skozi noč beže snežinke in trka-jo na samotna okna in beže za viharjem, ki tuli okrog oglov. V pečici ugašajo zadnji plameni, materi Ani omahujejo roke. Od nekje so se priplazile sanje. Prišle so od nekje daleč, daleč iz same domovine.

Spet je tavalala po blatnih cestah, kakor tiste dni, in je tam daleč srečala otroka, ki ji je ves premražen in objokan prišel nasproti.

“Anica! Ti moja mala Anica!” je kriknila.

Dekletce je obstalo.

“Kam greš, Anica?”

“Za mamico grem, odšla je daleč v svet in se ni več vrnila,” odgovarja otrok.

“Anica! Ti moja mala Anica, kaj me ne poznaš?” se je čudila mati, “tvoja mamica sem vendar jaz . . .”

Tedaj je Anica dvignila pogled v upadli obraz nad seboj, razprostrla premražene roke in zaklicala:

“Mamica, moja zlata mamica!”

Ob tej svetli besedi je nenadoma postala vsa topla in v njenih očeh je zagorela luč. Mati se je zakopala z obrazom v njeno krilce in si prikrila oči. V tem trenutku pa je nenadoma dejal otrok:

“Samo v sanjah sem te še videla. Bila sem te zmerom vesela, ko pa si zjutraj odšla, sem jokala, tako jokala. Mamica!” Prijela je mater za roke in ko je začutila žulje na njenih dlaneh, je skrila vanje svoj obraz in zajokala.

“Ne jokaj!” jo je tolažila mati. “Kaj, ali me res še nisi pozabila?”

“Ne, mamica, o ne! Spominjam se še vsega,” je odvrnila. “Spominjam se lesene barake, očeta, visokih dimnikov, dolgih cest, vsega . . .” Po teh besedah je pogledala materi čisto od blizu v obraz in vsa prestrašena kriknila:

“Mamica!”

Kaj se je zgodilo? Mati Ana je vstrepetalala po vsem telesu. Nekdo je bil rahlo udaril na nizko okno, šipe so zazvenele—in pred njo

so spet zazijale nizke stene, noč, tujina . . .

Od nekje je žarel iz razbeljenih peči ogenj in po nebu so se plazile črne megle in zagrinjale zvezde . . .

Potem je zatulila sirena in v oknih so zagorele luči—bližalo se je jutro.

III

Zunaj je rahlo rosilo. Bližala se je pomlad. Tam daleč v domovini so zacingljali zvončki in zapele ptice. Mati Ana si je prihranila nekaj denarja in se odpravila nazaj v domovino. Vozila se je dan in noč in v čudnem pričakovanju, da bo po tolikih letih zopet videla in objela svojega otroka.

Potem je hitela čez hribe in doline in četrti dan, sklonjena od muk in dolge poti, zagledala izza ovinka hišo gospe Končanove.

Sedla je kraj stare lipe na doljnem koncu trga.

Streljaj od nje so se igrali otroci. Dve deklici sta razposajeno prikričali do nje.

"Hoj," je dejala prva, "žena, kaj pa imate v vreči, mačke?"

Ona druga, ki je obstala za njo je imela zlate valovite lase in modre oči. Nasmejala se je. Materi Ani so zasijale oči v ognju spoznanja.—

To je ona! Anica! Iztegnila je roke:

"Punčka, kako ti je ime?"

"Ime?" je zakrilila ona za metuljem, ki se je zazibal nad njo, "Anica sem, hm . . ."

"Anica! Anica!" je iztrgala mati in planila k njej—ona pa je zbežala in vsa preplašena poklicala mamico na pomoč. Šele tam daleč pod tisto visoko hišo je obstala, se ozrla očitajoče in dejala:

"Le čakaj, ti žena—jaz bom pa mamici povedala!"

Potem je požugala z roko in zbežala po stopnicah.

Mati Ana je sklonila glavo in zaječala:

"Ti moja mala Anica!" Prikrila si je obraz, potem pa iztrgala: "Pa saj je bolje, saj je bolje—da me ni spoznala . . ."

S trudnim korakom se je opotekla od tiste visoke, bele hiše. Tujka iz tujine je bila. Vrnila se je. Čez hribe in doline je hodila; povsod je ležala pomlad—sredi nje pa je nekdo nenadoma obstal, sklonil glavo in krčevito zaihtel . . .

ENGLISH SUMMARY. In this story the author tells us about a woman steel worker who lived in a steel mill district. Flames from the blast furnaces throw a red light on the dingy barracks of the work-

ers. The wind sings its sad song. Strange cries come from behind the walls and black soot falls on the muddy ground.

In one of the shanties live two people: Anica, who is five years old and whose father died about a month ago, and Ana, her mother, who weeps for him, for the pale man who once worked at the furnace beside her. Things have changed since. The shanty seems damper and colder, the ceiling lower and the cold wind blows harder through the cracks. The two are left alone in the world. There is no one to offer them a kind word or a piece of bread. Their eyes reflect hunger and despair. The mother repeats again and again: "We must go away, far away, as your father used to say." But the child doesn't understand—she wants bread and she is cold.

In the mills the wheels are humming and the sound of the hammers resounds through the night. In the muddy streets two people, two outcasts, trudge aimlessly. It is cold and it is raining. Anica is tired and can't walk. Ana picks her up and carries her. She has heard that someone wants to adopt a child. Ana thinks for days and nights and finally decides to take that uncertain, long road—alone. Anica is too small to go with her. But she shouldn't cry as her mother would return soon. And so Ana takes her little girl to a lady, Mrs. Končan, and tells her the sad story. The lady takes the child and Ana leaves crying bitterly. "I'll be back, Anica!" she whispers faintly. But she knows she cannot return for that is the promise she gave to the lady.

Ana is on her way to get a job in a strange land and to forget it all. She stops at the end of the town and counts the money Mrs. Končan gave her for her trip. She seems to hear a cry: "Mamica, mamica!" Then she goes on into the strange land hoping that she would return some day.

Five years have passed, five long years. Ana lives in a strange land. No one knows her and no one ever asks about her Anica. She is working in the steel mills, working hard and thinking of her child. Ever stronger becomes the voice within her to go and see her little daughter. She often dreams about her, beautiful dreams of Anica embracing her. Ana can't stand it any longer. She has saved some money and sets out to see Anica. As she approaches the big Končan house, two little girls come running towards her. They are playing. Ana is sitting on a wall by the road. "What do you have in the sack?" asked one of them. The other, blue-eyed and golden-haired, stops in front of Ana and smiles. Ana's eyes are sparkling with happiness. It's her little Anica! She stretches her arms towards her. "What is your name, little girl?" she asked? "My name—my name is Anica!" Ana tries to embrace her but Anica runs away calling her mother, Mrs. Končan. Near the house she stops and calls to Ana: "Just you wait, woman, I'll tell my mother!" Ana bowed her head and wept, and then said to herself faintly: "It is better so, it is better that she didn't recognize me."

With heavy steps Ana falters away from the big
(Dalje na 13. strani.)

Birthdays of the Great Men

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

This month, August, is the last month of your vacation. We hope you will enjoy your carefree days to the utmost. Next month, in September, schools will reopen and it will be the end of your vacation.

This month we will tell you a few interesting things about the life and work of a great American who stands out as a leader of freethought in America, a noted writer and lecturer—Robert Green Ingersoll.

Ingersoll was born at Dresden, New York, on August 11, 1833. He was the youngest of five children of a Congregational minister of liberal views. The family moved first to Wisconsin when Robert was ten years old and two years later to Illinois. As a school boy he received a good public school education, and learned early in life that religion is based on imagination and superstition, on fear and ignorance, the two main pillars of poverty and suffering. When he grew up he was prepared and determined to spread the truth. His adult life was dedicated to this principle.

Robert Ingersoll did more for the cause of freethought in America than any other single man. His lectures are noted for their clear-cut, logical statements. His arguments are simple but convincing.

At the age of 21, Ingersoll was admitted to the bar and practiced law with success, entering politics as a Democrat. In 1857 he made his home in Peoria, Ill., where he soon became recognized as an able lawyer, chiefly employed in railroad legislation. During the Civil War, in 1861, he organized a cavalry regiment, of which he was colonel. He was taken prisoner but was later exchanged. After the war he was appointed Attorney-General of Illinois and became a Republican. In 1876 he delivered a vigorous speech in favor of his Presidential candidate, which won for him a national reputation. From this time on he was recognized as one of the foremost orators of the country. Soon after he entered the lecture field, where the matter which he presented as well as the manner of his discourse excited public attention.

Ingersoll was most widely known for his public lectures attacking the bible. He was

an eloquent speaker and a logical reasoner. He became a pronounced opponent of Christianity and, adopting religious topics as his subjects, attacked the popular Christian beliefs with all the force of which he was capable and with the advantage of splendid rhetorical powers.

*As a lawyer he distinguished himself particularly as counsel for the defendants in the "Star-Route Fraud" trials. As a writer and lecturer he is known for his lectures and speeches which were published under the titles: *The Gods and Other Lectures, Some Mistakes of Moses, Prose Poems, and Great Speeches.* His lectures, entitled "*The Bible, Ghosts, and Foundations of Faith,*" attracted particular attention. His complete works were published in 12 volumes after his death. The best known of his lectures are his "*Forty-Four Lectures.*"*

*Ingersoll was an honest man. He loved children which fact is revealed in his works. On several occasions, some of his Prose Poems were published in the Mladinski List, as for instance, in 1935, his piece "*At a Child's Grave,*" and two years before, in 1933, "*The Laughter of Children.*" In the latter he writes in part: ". . . the sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy . . . there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief."*

Ingersoll's religion was expressed in his own words, thus: "Help for the living, hope for those who toil that they might win. We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother—of nature—and the same fate awaits us all."

Robert G. Ingersoll died at Dobbs Ferry, New York, on July 21, 1899, at the age of 66.

CAN YOU SAY THESE VERY FAST?

1. How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck would chuck wood?
2. Sally says that sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers.
3. Saturday by the seashore she sells seashells.
4. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, but where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR

Dear Ladislav:

Do you remember when I wrote you a letter early in the beginning of this year and headed it "Be on the Look-out for These Things"? And do you remember that one of those things mentioned was a new name: NYLON?

Now I can tell you that Nylon is no longer a dream of the future. I have torn a piece of Nylon from a spool, handled it, and separated it into its strands. It was a strong, silky thread of a deep rose color. I saw a girl demonstrator wearing beautiful, sheer stockings in the latest shade—stockings made entirely of Nylon. More than that: her dress was made of Nylon. And Nylon is manufactured from coal, water, and air.

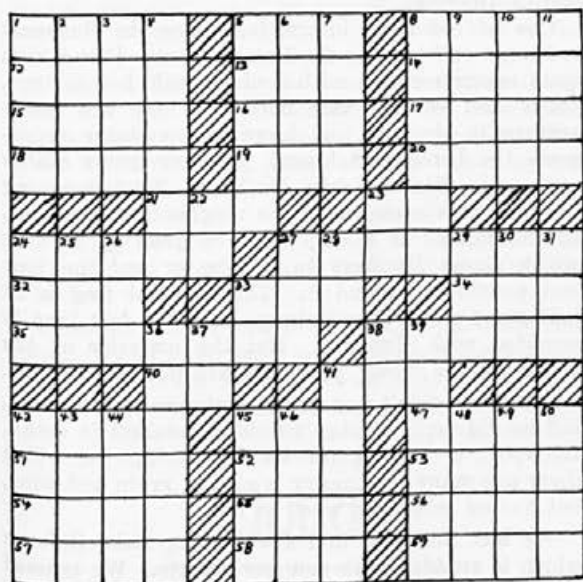
I don't think you will be surprised to know that it is now a fact that an enormous plant has already been set up for large-scale manufacture of Nylon. It will be used not only for silk stockings, but for making ribbons,

velvets, knitted clothing, fishing lines, and many, many other things. These products are expected to reach the market this winter or early in the spring.

This demonstration was in the Du Pont building at the New York World's Fair. And it was by no means the only one. They are also manufacturing materials of all kinds from Glass! Yes, I have actually seen draperies and curtains with a beautiful sheen in modern room settings at Macy's made entirely from glass! And in Saks Fifth Avenue shop, the material was also displayed—sold by the yard. But this is another big and interesting subject for another letter.

This time it is enough to say that the New York World's Fair—like the Chicago Fair some five years ago—can only emphasize the tremendous role that **Science** will play in the future, and that there lies humanity's greatest hope.

Your humble friend,
MARY JUGG.



ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Boris Bruce, 17, 9807 Ave. L., Chicago, Ill.

ACROSS

1. to mop up, as a deck. 5. beast of burden. 8. too. 12. a thread of metal. 13. to decay. 14. legal paper disposing of property. 15. at sea. 16. long narrative poem. 17. part of the arm below the wrist. 18. clean. 19. short for Samuel. 20. finishes. 21. female of the sheep. 23. common title of a male (abbr.). 24. small piece of hard minerals, not metals. 27. board on which a painter mixes his

colors. 32. to row. 33. past tense of run. 34. contraction of over. 35. article of bedroom furniture. 38. unaccompanied. 40. in the direction of. 41. form of the word old. 42. a form of a lounge or couch. 45. a weapon used for shooting arrows. 47. sea-going vessel. 51. higher up than. 52. form of the name Anna. 53. sound in mind. 54. glance with a sly look in one's eye. 55. frozen water. 56. large animals of the deer family. 57. one of which there exists no more. 58. conducted. 59. place in which the eggs of a bird are laid and hatched.

DOWN

1. a large, beautiful, white bird with a large curving neck; usually lives in water. 2. well informed or learned. 3. a certain extent of surface. 4. defeated. 5. past tense of arise. 6. a form of serving ice-cream with carbonated water. 7. a trunk of stalk. 8. to stick to a substance. 9. without fat. 10. to dispatch a message. 11. difference in favor of one against another. 22. pronoun denoting speaker and one or more persons. 23. Mladinski List (abbr.). 24. a piece of earth together with the grass on it. 25. a thick black material used for paving. 26. metal in its natural state. 27. an average amount, condition or quality. 28. article meaning one. 29. furthermore. 30. an even number. 31. before. 33. second note of the musical scale. 36. spangled or full of stars. 37. for this reason. 38. short for Alfred. 39. make or become less. 41. possessed. 42. perform a thing by one's self. 43. baking chamber. 44. examine by touching. 45. temporary release from imprisonment. 46. at one time. 48. sound, as in health. 49. writing fluids. 50. a person that is troublesome. (Answers on inside cover page)

Andrew's Travel Talk



Last month I told you about our visit to the boys' agricultural school at Grm and the girls' school in Mala Loka. I left you at Šmarješke Toplice, or Springs, where we stayed eleven days. We will now continue our story from there.

The next day we visited castle Klevevž. The attendant was very friendly. He showed us a cellar in which we saw a barrel almost as big as a small house. Then we visited the near-by Carthusian monastery and saw a

number of monks. They were dressed in white and we were told that they sleep in coffins. Once a week they are allowed to speak to each other for an hour. And they pray every night from 8 o'clock until 2 after midnight. "We pray while the rest of the world sins," they said. Near the monastery they have large vineyards. But they didn't show us their wine-cellar. However, they offered us some cheese for sale and gave us some home-made bread. The women were not allowed to go into the building.

Near Kostanjevica we visited an old deserted monastery from which the monks were driven during the reign of Josef II. He closed many monasteries and sent the monks to work. This old building now serves as a court house and part of it as a tenement house. Many historic things have been found there recently by an archeologist who showed us the place and pointed out its architectural features and bullet marks from the Turkish wars.

We didn't want to leave the Springs but we had other plans. The Zagars went home to Kartelovo and the Zaitzes left for Gorenjsko. Mr. Jereb went with us to Zagreb, capital of Croatia, where we stopped at Hotel Milanov. Zagreb is the second largest city in Yugoslavia. It is a modern city and an industrial center. The people are dressed just like the people of Paris. The peasants, however, still wear their white home-made garb.

At the time we were in Zagreb, the Croat national leader, Dr. Maček, was celebrating his 60th birthday. We saw a huge parade of people dressed in colorful native costumes who marched in his honor for more than two hours. The city market place is very interesting. We visited the botanical gardens, the Rockefeller Hygienic Institute and many other big buildings. From the tower of St. Steven's Cathedral we had a grand view of the city. And it was in this city that we saw our first movies in Europe. It was an American talkie with Croatian titles.

From Zagreb we drove through Varaždin and Čakovac to Dolnja Lendava on the Hungarian border. Hungary is an uninteresting level country. For miles and miles nothing but wheat and corn fields could be seen. No houses, only here and there a lonely tree. The road was good. The first hill we saw was near Budapest, capital of Hungary. It is located on two hills and divided by the Danube river which is spanned by a number of bridges. Unlike the Czechs, the Hungarians do not speak English. We stopped at Hotel New York. We found that even the clerk didn't know English and very little German.

What to do? The rooms in the hotel were nice and the manager promised us an English guide. My mother went across the street to the Hotel Continental. It was the same story: they don't speak English. Our hotel manager, fearing that we would move, asked us to stay, reduced the rates one-third and gave us the best rooms in the hotel. And so we stayed a night longer than we planned.

Our guide was a Jew who spoke English well. He told us that first class hotels in all large cities have English clerks. In smaller towns, he said, it is better to take first class hotels because they are much cheaper than in large cities. That is so in Europe and in America.

One of the most interesting places in Budapest is Margaret Island on the Danube river. It is a high class summer resort with a nice beach, hot springs, parks and several nice hotels. There are many statues in the city. A large group statue represents the Hungarian kings. Another group statue represents North, South, East and West, meaning the four provinces lost to the neighboring countries. In the middle is a map built of growing flowers which shows Hungary in the center and the four lost provinces around it. The national flag is at half mast and will remain so until the lost land is reunited with Hungary. But the majority of the people in the "lost" provinces are not Hungarians.

Our guide didn't pay any attention to the churches, but he did explain other points of interest in detail. Budapest is famous for its hot springs of which there are many. Hungary is rich in grain and wine, but has no mines, no wood or oil.

We left Budapest and drove along Lake Balaton which is studded with summer resorts. We crossed the border to Yugoslavia at Letenje. The officer telephoned Lendava to inquire if we really entered Hungary at that point. Yes, we did. We hoped to reach our home in Stražišče that day but a flat tire made us stay that night at Celje, a very old Slovene town. The next morning we drove to Ljubljana and stopped at a restaurant where we again met the Zaitzes.

At home in Stražišče the folks were busy preparing for Aunt Ivanka's wedding. And on the wedding day, my sister Valeria and I were nicely dressed. She was the flower girl and I was the usher. My

father was best man. As we were returning from the wedding ceremony, the village boys, some on horses and dressed in Austrian uniforms and others walking barefooted and with eggs for earrings, stopped us. They told my father jokingly that we were going the wrong way and our passports were no good. My father knew what they wanted. It is an old tradition called "šranga," by which the village young men demand a "ransom" for the bride from the bridegroom and best man. My father gave them a few dinars and they let us go. The wedding feast, which followed right after our return home, was very much like the one I described in the May or June issue of the Mladinski List.

The next day my great-aunt departed for America and my parents went to Rome, Italy. Valeria and I stayed at home and we liked it. We had lots of fun with the village children. When my parents were gone for more than a week and didn't return, we began to worry. They had said they would take us with them to Dalmatia. And they would have, but something happened. While I was doing Sokol exercises in the orchard, I broke my leg. And so Mr. Jereb and my father went to Dalmatia alone. They went by plane to Sušak and from there by boat down the Dalmatian coast. They liked the city of Dubrovnik and Črnagora the best.

I stayed in bed for a whole week and then was allowed to walk on crutches for three weeks. My mother took care of me. The neighboring children visited me often and we played cards and other games. This accident delayed our return to America for three weeks.

I think I have told you many interesting things about our trip through Europe. There were many things that we liked and many which we didn't like. When I broke my leg, I was afraid I would have to go to the hospital which I visited with my mother a few weeks before. The attendant didn't let me in, saying that it was no place for children. My mother went in alone and later told me that the attendant was right.

What my mother saw in the hospital and the conditions in which she found the patients in the women's ward, I will try to describe in my next letter which, by the way, will be my last one about our trip.

ANDREW W. FURLAN, Waukegan, Ill.

Clouds

By Sylvia Zupancic, 13,
4745 Modac Way, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lodge 118

*I love to watch the clouds all day,
And watch them slowly roll away.
Whenever morning has begun,
I love to watch them pass the sun.*

*When the clouds did bring the showers,
They cleaned the streets—the streets and flowers;
They cleaned the rooftops very clean;
Now very clearly they are seen.*

GUESS

Riddles

1. What kind of animals have the smallest feet?
2. Why is the letter A like twelve o'clock?
3. How many peas in a peck?
4. Spell fish in three letters.
5. What is the best butter in the world?
6. How far is it from March to June?
7. Why is a mouse-trap like the measles?
8. What was the largest island before Australia was discovered?
9. What is the best thing to keep in the winter?
10. What goes up and down and never touches sky or ground?
11. If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relation is she to you?
12. What is purchased by the yard and worn by the foot?
13. What great American had the largest family?
14. Where were the first doughnuts fried?
15. What is the best thing to part with?
16. What three letters make a sheep of a lamb?
17. What fruits are often mentioned in history?
18. Why is a bootblack like the sun?
19. What is the best way to raise cranberries?
20. What is larger when cut at both ends?
21. Why is a coward like a stream of water?
22. What is the difference between here and there?
23. What do farmers raise in wet weather?
24. What did Tennessee?
25. What walks upstairs on its head?

(Answers on inside cover page)

*

A Joke

Father (looking on the floor): Who is throwing all the orange peels on the floor?

Son: It wasn't I because I ate the peels and all.

Marz Turk, age 16, Box 71, Bulger, Pa.

Our People

By LOUIS JARTZ

*Down from the hills of the Alps
From 'round about Adria's shore,
A people left like swallows in autumn
For a land that promised them more;
And they dug black coal from the womb of the earth
And searched for elusive gold ore;
They smelted lead in the Rocky West
With sweat and curses and gore.*

*Down from the hills of the Alps
From 'round about Adria's shore,
A people dreamed of a wonderful land
Of a land that promised them more;
And they worked like mad in the new land:—
Oh, God! What they did is plain:
On steel and coal they stamped their soul,
Towards the new land's happy gain.*

DVA ČLOVEKA

A. M.

Kakor živa reka je brezkraina cesta, ki iz dneva v dan sesa vase tisoče in tisoče ljudi. Kakor kača se vije med ponosnimi palačami in parki naprej in naprej, dokler se ne izgubi nekje med razpadajočim obzidjem, med tistimi strohnelimi barakami v predmestjih. Semkaj sega s svojimi umazanimi rokavi. Tu jo obdajajo kupi gramoza, prsti in smeti ter odprti kanali, iz katerih se izceja umazana brozga, ki se je privalila pod zemljo iz mesta, izpod temeljev ponosnih, razkošnih palač . . .

Cesta, bela cesta, zatočišče si brezdomcev in sprehajališče onih, ki brezdomstva ne poznajo. Na cesti se srečavajo ljudje, tuji si po obrazu, tuji po srcu; tod hodijo bogati mimo revnih, srečni mimo zapuščenih. Koliko boli, veselja in žalosti se srečava tod vsak dan!

Spominjam se dveh ljudi, očeta in otroka. Spominjam se, da sta hodila toliko in toliko dni po eni cesti. Kadar sta prišla do predmestja, sta obstala. Gledala sta počrnele barake, ki so ležale tam, in rdečo tovarno, v kateri so brnela kolesa in udarjalo jermenje. Čez čas sta se obrnila in odšla molče nazaj proti mestu. In če je bilo to dopoldne, si ju lahko popoldne spet videl v predmestju. Zdelo se je, kakor da nekoga iščeta . . . Koga? Človeka morda, ki bi jima dal blago besedo v teh bridkih, težkih dneh? Morda. Ali pa sta nemara iskala dela v tovarni?

Ko sta se vračala, sta včasih nenadoma stopila s ceste v to in ono vežo. Oče je sklonil glavo in poprosil:

“Oprostite,” tako je vselej pričel, “brez doma sva in brez zaslužka.” Potem je iztegnil svojo koščeno roko in pogledal v tla. Včasih so se vrata pred njim že v naslednjem trenutku trdo zaprla, včasih pa sta prejela miloščino in še to hladno. Ko sta se vračala tako spet na cesto, je oče sklanjal glavo k tlom. Prosjačenja ga je bilo sram in teh hladnih darov, ki so bolj boleli kot ogreli. Nazadnje sta trkala na vrata le še ob večerih, pa še tedaj si je prikrival oče obraz z dlanjo. V hladnih nočeh sta se zatekla v zakotne ulice in postajala v kolodvorskih čakalnicah. Tu sta pričakovala dneva, tistega belega dneva, ko bosta spet hodila neopaženo med ljudmi po tisti široki, beli cesti. Tam ne bo nihče

slutil o njuni bedi, o njuni zapuščenosti. Molče bosta hodila med tistimi, ki jim je cesta vse kaj drugega—kakor dom . . .

Oni dan sta spet stala na stopnišču pred vrati v prvem nadstropju velike hiše. Od spodaj sta zdajci zaslišala smeh. Oče je držal v rokah skodelico prestane jedi, zajemala sta oba iz nje. Ob smehu pa, ki je prihajal vedno bližje, ju je nenadoma postalo sram. Obrnila sta se k steni in čakala, da gredo tisti s smehom na ustih, mimo.

Prišli so in obstali. Nekdo je trdo dejal: “Česa iščete tod?”

“Oprostite,” je rekel oče in se obrnil od stene, “brez doma sva in brez dela . . .”

“Pojdite od tod!” je rekel oni posmehljivo, “tudi tu ni dela za take ljudi!”

Potem je stopil mimo njiju, nekdo se je zasmeljal, oni pa je zaloputnil z vrati.

Oče je sklonil glavo in šepetaje ponovil: “Za take ljudi! . . .” Potem se je pripognil, kakor se pripogne človek pod težkim udarcem. Položil je skodelico z jedjo na prag in si prikri obraz. Otrok je zajokal in se oprijel očeta. S trdimi koraki je odšel oče pred njim na cesto in si je nenadoma zaželel, da bi umrl . . .

Od tega večera ju res ni bilo več na tisto belo cesto.

Kam sta odšla? Kdo in odkod sta bila?

Bog ve!

Bila sta siromaka—nikoli ni vprašal nihče za nju, nihče ju ni pogrešal . . .

ENGLISH SUMMARY. This is a story about an unemployed, homeless father and his small boy. They are tramping the city streets in search of work, a place to sleep and a bite to eat. They wander from door to door and all too often the doors slam in their faces. Only here and there they are given a small coin or two. The father is ashamed to beg. His thin arms and hands hang beside him and his head is stooped. It is mostly in the evenings that they ask for alms. On chilly nights they sleep in bleak streets or in some waiting room. Day after day they walk, unnoticed by the people in the broad white street. No one pays any attention to their plight, their loneliness and desolation.

One day they stand before the door of a big house. From the stairway laughter is heard. The father holds in his hands a bowl of stale food from which both are eating. The laughter causes them to feel ashamed. They turn towards the wall and wait while the gay ones pass by. “What do you want here?”

(Dalje na 13. strani.)

Introducing Book Friends

Reviewed by Betty Jartz



Once again Nature ushers in summer in all her radiant beauty. Summer—the season for long tramps over hill and dale—through woods.

I feel that these hikes would be more interesting if one obtained a more complete introduction to that wise old dame, Mother Nature. Not till we become acquainted with the wise habits of woodland creatures, the intricate construction of plants, flowers, and trees can we really appreciate just how wily, practical, and remarkable Nature is.

For this reason I have selected several books which have been recommended by the public library. These books can be used as handbooks and will open your eyes to new vistas in Nature's wonderland.

"THE YEAR ROUND," by C. J. Hylander, is an excellent guide to the out-of-doors, and is arranged according to seasons. It contains keys which are simple to use for the identification of trees, flowers, butterflies, and other interesting creatures.

"THE WORLD OF ANIMALS" by M. B. Stephenson. This book will tell you why fish have no eyelids; why rabbits have long ears; why the cat's tongue is rough; and what the pelican's strange bill is for. We come in contact with many such natural oddities, from day to day, and we take them for granted. We know that they are—but why? That is another thing. Why don't you read this book—seek out the answers.

"WONDER WORLD OF ANTS," by W. S. Bronson, contains stories about ants from all parts of the world. The author tells about their habits and characteristics and how they live together.

"OUR INSECT FRIENDS AND FOES" by W. A. Du Puy. The author deals briefly with insects in general and shows why it is wise to study their habits. He tells about twenty common kinds, in greater detail, which are helpful or harmful to man.

"THE CHILDREN'S LIFE OF THE BEE" by Maurice Maeterlinck. With the help of this book we can learn about all the phases of bee-life throughout the year. The author tells about the formation and departure of the swarm; the building of the new city; the birth and flight of the young queens; the massacre of the drones; and the return of the winter sleep.

"WHAT BIRD IS THAT?," by F. M. Chapman, is a pocket-size book containing brief descriptions and small clear pictures, drawn according to scale.

"SQUIRRELS AND OTHER FUR-BEARERS" by John Burroughs. In this book the author, a famous

naturalist, tells of his own experiences with his shy animal neighbors.

"OUR NATIVE TREES AND HOW TO IDENTIFY THEM," by H. L. Keeler, will be a great help toward obtaining a first-hand acquaintance with trees. The book contains accurate and scientific notes as to bark, winter buds, wood, leaves, flowers, and fruit; followed by a description of the general appearance.

"A GUIDE TO THE WILD FLOWERS" by Norman Taylor. 1200 species are described, including every kind of wild flower, vine and water plant. The book is arranged with the purpose in view of providing a simple and direct method of identification.

"OUR INSECT FRIENDS AND FOES AND SPIDERS," by the National Geographic Society, is made up of a series of fascinating stories of bee, ant, beetle, bug, fly, butterfly, moth, and spider life. There are sixty-four pages reproducing over 500 insects and spiders and their habits in their natural colors.

OUR SCHOOL

Facts—Queer But True

Dry ice never melts. It turns directly from a solid to a gas. Giant kangaroos reach a height of seven to eight feet, but their babies are less than an inch long at birth.

Beavers are voiceless.

South American orioles sometimes build a nest six feet long.

Hollywood movies cost an average of \$2,500 an hour to film.

Everybody in the world could have half a million dollars worth of gold if all this precious metal contained in sea water could be extracted.

The Slovene National Benefit Society's 35 years of existence paid out to members and beneficiaries nearly \$18,000,000,000 in various benefits.

But driver in New York City shift gears an average of 3,000 times a day.

Monkeys in the Malay Peninsula fish for crabs by dangling their tails in the water.

Hérons serve as animated toothpicks for crocodiles! The fierce reptiles obligingly hold their jaws wide open to let the birds pick bits of food from between their teeth!

Twenty-two muscles are used by a bee in stinging.
Henry Wm. Yelovchan, age 16, Box 1526, R. F. D. 3, Girard, Kansas, Lodge 225.

JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg

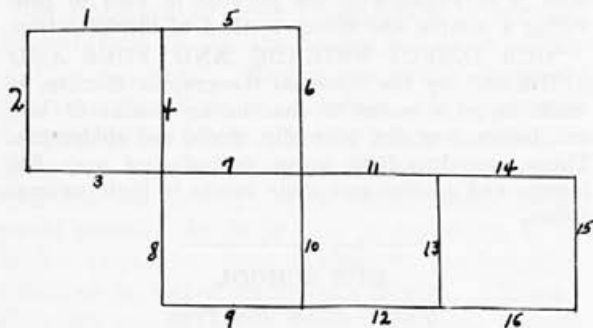


This month that school is out we've arranged some riddles and problems for you which we'll call

BRAIN TEASERS

1. A farmer had a chain which had 15 links. The chain was broken into 5 sections, each section with 3 links. He wanted only one long chain so he took the links to a blacksmith to have it fixed. The blacksmith said, "I charge 10c to open a link and 15c to weld it back together." "Oh," said the farmer, "then it will cost a dollar." "No," replied the blacksmith, "only 75c." Was the blacksmith correct, and if so, how did he figure?

2. Here are 5 squares arranged in a group:



Can you make a form of 4 squares by moving only 2 lines?

3. What were the seven wonders of the ancient world?

4. You've read their writings. Can you furnish the missing names?

- a. Mark..... b. Henry Wadsworth
 c. Rudyard.....
 d. Alfred Lord..... e.....
Wordsworth.

5. My husband's sister is not related to my brother, but if they were, what would the relationship be?

6. He's not my brother, and not my sister, but is the child of my father and mother. What is he?

7. Can you tell which material is silk: Percale, muslin, dimity, georgette, organdy.

8. Answer these either true or false:

- a. The cat is of the same family as the lion and tiger.
 b. The dog is related to the wolves, jackals and foxes.
 c. The zebra is a member of the horse family.
 d. A cowbird is a small brown bird.

e. A finch is a bird including a family of crows, pigeons.

d. A chameleon is any of the various lizards notable for changing their color.

*

JUMBLED WORDS

This little rhyme is complete, yet it appears that someone got a hold of some of the words and mixed them up. Can you unscramble the scrambled words so that the rhyme will read properly? If you are unsuccessful, turn to the inside back cover page for your solution.

Let's gather round the table
 'Cause the mailman has just come
 And brought us our **dlamskini slit**
 It looks like a lot of fun.

We'll read about the **clescir**
 And see the things they do;
 Then turn to **nep laps** page
 To read our letters through.

It's educational and entertaining
 And we all like it just fine;
 We'll read it from cover to cover
 For we daren't miss a line.

This little magazine travels afar
 To all the **SJPN** girls and boys;
 We're thankful to our **cioseyt**
 That brings us all these joys.

(Answers on inside cover page)

Henry Is Willing

Little Henry, while at a neighbor's, was given a piece of bread and butter, and he politely said, "Thank you."

"That's right, Henry," said the lady. "I like to hear little boys say 'Thank you!'"

"Well," added Henry, "if you want to hear me say it again, you might put some jelly on it."

*

A salesman asked a Scotch farmer to buy a bicycle. "They are cheap now and I can let you have a good one for seven pounds."

"I would rather put my money in another cow," said the farmer reflecting.

"You would look mighty foolish riding around your farm on a cow, now wouldn't you?" asked the salesman.

Said the Scot: "No more foolish than I would milking a bicycle."

Čebela in metulj

Katka Zupančič



METULJ: Aj čebela, rjavka mala,
kam se ti mudi, o kam?
Z mano bi se poigrala,
mar ne vidiš, da sem sam?

ČEBELA: Mene čaka dosti dela,
dosti dela tu, drugod;
preden burja bo zavela—
treba meda sto posod.

METULJ: Ne razumem te, čebela!
Le za delom se podiš.
Nisi ti nikdar vesela?
Ali sploh veš, da živiš?

ČEBELA: V delu moje je veselje.
Ne utegnem več posedat;
a ko snežec se pripelje—
pridi, dragec, me pogledat . . .

Kaj je to?

"Oj, striček! Kje ste hodili, s kom ste kramljali, kaj ste nam lepega v košek nabrali?"

"Glej jih, glej, navihance male, kako jim teče beseda! Kod sem hodil—no, bil sem tam, kjer me zdaj ni več. Kramljal sem z marsikom, nabral pa zvrhan koš. Pa samo zvito in zavito blago, ki vam bo delalo še preglavice, ko boste odvijali. Ampak zdajle ne dam nič, sem preveč utrujen!"

In zavil je stric s košem proti svoji kočici, otroci pa za njim:

"Striček, le pojdite počivat, le! Toda kakšno malenkost nam pa mimogrede že lahko vržete iz koša. Vsaj eno uganko! Čisto kratko! Dajte, dajte!"

Slabo bi poznali našega strica, če bi menili, da bo napram tem združenim prošnjam ostal trd. Kako neki! Malo je postal, malo se odhrkal in že se je udal s tistim svojim običajnim: "Na, pa naj bo!"

Otroci pa seveda v poskok in okrog njega kakor živ venec.

"Uganko ste hoteli," kima striček, "zdaj se pripravite! Čujte! Kaj je to, ki ima spredaj in zadaj rep?"

Med otroci je začelo tiho ugibanje. Kmalu pa so začeli glasno ugotavljati, da živali, ki bi imela dva repa, sploh ni.

"Saj ni treba, da bi bila ravno žival," se smehlja striček.

"Potem nam pa rajši kar povejte, striček! Prosimo!"

"Haha, saj sem vedel, da ne bo nič z vami. Tista prečudna stvar, ki ima spredaj in zadaj rep, je—zvezda repatica!"

"Res?" — "Zvezda repatica?" — "A tako!" — "Že mogoče!"

"Toda," ugovarja kodrolasi Dorek, tale vaša uganka, striček, pa ni najboljša. Že večkrat sem videl slikano zvezdo repatico, ali vedno je imela samo en rep in sicer zadaj."

"Motiš se, Dorek. Ta zvezda ima rep tudi spredaj!"

"Kako neki? Pa povejte, stric!"

"Bom, otroci, kar k meni!"

Stric potegne nato iz koša kos papirja, vzame iz žepa svinčnik in zapiše pred zvedavimi glavicami z velikimi črkami na papir: **Repatica** in pravi:

"Da ima zvezda repatica en rep in sicer zadaj, to veste. Zdaj pa dobro pogledajte tu napisano besedo Rep-atica. Torej ima ta zvezda vendar tudi spredaj rep, namreč v besedi."

"He-he-he," se zakrohočejo otroci vsi vprek.—Po Mladem Jutru.

Dva človeka

(Nadaljevanje z 10. strani.)

one of them asked gruffly. The father begs their pardon and adds that he has no home and no work. The stranger replies angrily that they should go away for there is no work for such people here.

The father bows his head and repeats sadly, "For such people! . . ." He bends over as one would under a heavy blow, places the bowl on the threshold and covers his face with his thin hands. The boy clings to his father and cries. With heavy steps they again go into the street. The father is very sad and suddenly, he wishes he was dead. . . Since that day no one has ever seen the two poor people anywhere. Where they disappeared? Who were they and from whence they came? Who knows! They were beggars—no one ever asked about them, no one ever missed them. . .

Delavka iz jeklarne

(Nadaljevanje s 5. strani.)

white Končan's house. She is a stranger from a strange land, to which she is now returning. It is springtime everywhere—birds are singing and flowers are blooming. In the midst of this beautiful spring out on the road in the field someone suddenly stopped, bowed her head and cried bitterly . . .

Dve ciganki

I.

Trgovec s sadjem stoji na vozu pred svojo hišo in izlaga lepa rdeča jabolka. Mimo pride ciganke, postoji in se poželjivo ozira na voz. Trgovec se hoče z njim pošaliti:

"Hej, ciganke, odkrito mi povej, kaj zdajle želiš?"

"Prav ničesar ne želim," zanika ciganke, "ampak samo nekaj mislim."

"In kaj misliš?"

"Mislim namreč, da bi bilo bolj prav, če bi stal na vozu jaz, vi pa bi bili tu namesto mene."

"Pa zakaj?"

"Zato, da bi vam mogel podariti pet jabolok."

Trgovec se namuza. Všeč mu je cigankov zviti odgovor. Pomigne mu in mu podari kar deset jabolok glasno željo:

"Najej se jih v božjem imenu!"

II.

Cigan zaide v veselo družbo, kjer mu dajo jesti in piti na pretek. Kmalu postane židane volje in beseda mu teče kakor po maslu. Pripoveduje, kod je že hodil in kaj vse je doživel. Bil je v Ameriki, v Angliji, Franciji, v Nemčiji, Italiji itd.

"Oho," mu seže v besedo eden izmed družbe, "potem znaš pa več jezikov?"

"Seveda, seveda," se hvali cigan. "Znam nemško, italijansko, francosko, angleško in še kaj!"

"Pa kateri jezik ti najbolj ugaja?" hoče vedeti spet eden navzočih.

"Meni—meni . . ." počasi razmišlja cigan, "meni najbolj ugaja—prekajen goveji jezik!"—**Manica v Mladem Jutru.**

My Kitten

By *Sylvia Zupancic*, 13.

4745 Modac Way, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Lodge 118

*I had a little kitten;
She was as big as a baby's mitten;
She was all black and white,
And, oh! how she could bite.*

*My kitty's face was very round;
Its ears went up at every sound.
She played with a ball of yarn all day,
And dragged all of our old shoes away.*

*When she was tired she fell asleep,
And dreamed of pleasant things to eat;
She moved her paws and wiggled her tail;
Then after awhile she began to wail.*

*Now that her days are done at last,
And everything she has done is past,
My memories shall always stay,
Even though she has passed away.*

Prevarana lisica

Prekanjeni lisici je začelo kruliti po želodcu. Že dolgo ni imela v krempljih plena, ki bi se res izplačal. V vas podnevi ni upala, ponoči so bile pa putke skrbno zaprte. Zajčki in drugi živi "ocvirki" so pa potuhnjenko preveč dobro poznali in so že poskrbeli, da so se pravočasno izognili njenemu nenasitnemu žrelu.

"Tako ne gre več. Treba se bo poslužiti nove zvi-jače. Nisem zaman zvitorepka," je zamodrovala sestradana rjavka.

In res je kmalu prišla na predrzen domislek.

Na stezo, ki je bila od gozdnih živali najbolj obljudena, je legla kakor mrtva. Niti najmanjšega gibana ni bilo opaziti na njej.

Kmalu jo je opazila jerebica. Sprva je bila previdna. Toda ko je videla, da se lisica ne gane, je priskakljala bliže in zdajci je požrešna prekanjenka urno hlastnila po ubogi živalici in jo požrla.

Prav tako se je potem še tisti dan zgodilo z mladim zajčkom.

Sita in vsa zadovoljna nad svojim posrečenim trikom, je zlezla potuhnjenka zvečer v svoj brlog, da se odpočije in v miru prebavi obilno pojedino.

Druig dan spet leže na isto mesto in se napravi mrtvo. V pričakovanju dobrega plena se je že v duhu oblizovala in skrivoma požirala slino.

Ali—vsak dan ni nedelja in palica, na katero se opira hudobnež, se zlomi prej ali slej. O tem se je morala kaj hitro prepričati lisica, ki si je predrzno domišljala, da je najmodrejša med živalmi.

Ko je namreč zvitorepka iztegnjena in negibna ležala sredi steze, se je začela iz zraka počasi spuščati ogromna ptica ujeta gologlavi jastreb, ki je posebno požrešen na mrhovino.

Lisica, četudi se je kazala mrtvo, je vendar skrivoma škilila okrog sebe, kdaj pride kaj za njen želodec ali pa, če ji morda preti nevarnost. Ni pa zrla v zrak in to je bilo zanjo usodno. Preden se je zavedla nevarnosti, jo je krvoločna ujeta že zgrabila s svojimi ostrimi kremplji ter jo odnesla na varen kraj. In tam je napravila z zvitorepko prav tako, kakor je ona prejšnji dan z jerebico in zajčkom.

—**Manica v Mladem Jutru.**

A Convert

"Dad, what is a traitor in politics?"

"A traitor, my son, is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other side."

"Well, then, what is a man who leaves his party and comes over to your side?"

"A convert, my boy."

*

No Pony

One day a party of teachers on a tour came upon an Indian brave riding a pony. A heavily burdened squaw walked beside him.

"Why doesn't the squaw ride?" asked the tourists.

"Ugh," said the Indian, "she got no pony."

Kako so obesili cigana

V starih časih so živeli v metliškem gradu sami grofje, baroni in podoben nebodigatreba. Bili so gospodje, da jih večjih in bogatejših ni bilo v vsej Beli Krajini. Ker so imeli nad podložniki prav vso oblast, so bili tudi njih sodniki. . .

Toda bili so kaj čudni sodniki! Zgodilo se je, da je lačen cigan ukradel na grajski pristavi tolsto gos. Gos je zagagala in zbudila hlapce s pristave, ki so jo ucvrli v dir za bežečim ciganom. Ujeli so ga in ga zvezanega pripeljali pred metliško gospodo. Gospoda je cigana sodila in ga na smrt obsodila.

Hlapci so pred gradom postavili visoke vislice. Potlej so se ob vislicah zbrali prav vsi grajski—gospoda, dekleta, hlapci, pa še meščani so pritekli zijala prodajat. Vsi so hoteli videti, kako bo rabelj obesil tatinskega cigana.

Ko so pripeljali cigana pod vislice, so ga grajski milostno vprašali: "Povej nam zadnjo željo, izpolnjena ti bo!"

Cigan je cigan! Zasmel se je, da je pokazal bele zobe in dejal:

"Moja zadnja želja je, da bi me zdajle izpustili in mi vislice podarili. Les ponesem v svoj ostrog, kjer me čaka žena in kup otrok. Iz vislic bom nacepil kalance in skuhal svoji deci žgance!"

Vsi Metličani v smeh, grajska gospoda pa se je resno držala in dejala: "Ne, cigan, to ni mogoče! Kaj drugega povej za zadnjo željo."

Cigan se je spet zasmel, da je pokazal bele zobe. Potlej si je zaradi lepšega zaželel, da bi pipico tobaka pokaditi smel. Prinesli so mu pipo. Ko pa mu je rabelj hotel nažgati tobak v pipi s svečo, se je razhudil: "Kaj, s svečo mi prižigaš pipo? Kaj bi me rad pogubil, da bi za jetiko poginil?"

Hočeš—nočeš je moral rabelj oditi po kresilno gobo in z njo nažgati ciganovo pipo.

Ko je cigan pokadil pipo, je grajska gospoda v en glas zamrmrala:

"Birič, pokaži, da si tič! V roko vzemi vrvi, vrzi jo ciganu za vrat, da bo odšel v krtovo deželo spat, ker je bil tat. . ."

Komaj pa je rabelj vrgel ciganu vrvi za vrat, se je le-ta pričel na vsa usta krohotati in smejeti.

"Aj, nikar za vrat," je kričal. "Zgačka me, žgačka! Obesite me raje okoli pasu. Okoli pasu me ne bo žgačkalo. . ."

Tako kričeč je poskakoval pod vislicami kakor mlado žrebe in rabelj mu ni in ni mogel zadržati zanke okoli vratu.

Gospoda je gospoda! Tudi gospoda iz metliškega gradu se je naveličala postaviti ob vislicah, pa je rablju ukazala:

"No, prav, pa zadrigni ciganu zanko okoli pasu, če ga vrvi zares žgačka okoli vratu!"

Rečeno—storjeno. Rabelj je opletel ciganu vrvi okrog pasu in ga potegnili na vislice. Tamkaj je cigan tri dni visel, toda še ni slovo od tega sveta vzela. . .

V drugo ga niso smeli obesiti. Postave so bile takšne. Postave pa so včasih veljale za vse, tudi za cigane! Zato ga je na ukaz gospode birič tretji dan z vislic snel ter ga živega in zdravega nagnal izpred gradu.

Ker pa so Metličani takrat cigana za trebuh, namesto za vrat obesili, zato še danes nima noben cigan debelega trebuha, ampak je vsak čez pas pretegnjen kakor—suha muha.—**Mlado Jutro.**

Mleko v razbiti posodi

Cigan pride z loncem v roki h kmetu in ga zaprosi:

"Zlati očka moj! Če imaš srce v prsih, daj mi par kapljic mleka. Revež sem, da se Bogu smili. Žena mi leži bolna in otroci so lačni. Očka dobri, očka zlati, daj no, daj!"

Kmet prosilca nič kaj prijazno ne pogleda, kajti ciganovi obiski z vsakovrstnimi prošnjami so bili zadnje čase skoro na dnevnem redu. Pa ker je bil tisti dan še precej dobre volje, se s ciganom malo pošali:

"Mleka ti dam le, če prideš ponj z razbito posodo."

Razbita posoda seveda ne drži mleka. Zato je ta opazka dala razumeti tako, da je danes vsaka prošnja zaman.

Ali cigan ne obupa in ne odjenja. Parkrat se počehlja po svoji kuštravi glavi, nato pa ponižno vpraša:

"Čuj, ti zlati, dobri očka! Ali naj bo tista razbita posoda lesena, pločevinasta ali drugačna?"

"Vseeno, iz katere koli tvarine je. Radi mene je

lahko pozlačena," se norčuje kmet. "Samo razbita mora biti, tisto pa!" . . .

"Dobro, ljubi očka!"

Cigan gre in se skoro vrne. V rokah prinese veliko zrelo bučo, katero vrže pred kmetom s tako močjo ob tla, da se razpoči na dvoje. Nato urno izmeče iz ene polovice vse peške in se obrne k gospodarju:

"He, he, očka! Razbita posoda je že tu. Ker vas poznam, vem, da boste mož-beseda in mi dali mleka!"

Kmetu je ciganova zvitost tako všeč, da mu brez oklevanja napolni polovico buče s sladkim mlekom.

—Manica v Mladem Jutro.

SUMMER HOME

The front cover illustration of this issue was drawn by MILTON LAURENCIC, age 15, member Lodge No. 5 SNPJ, Cleveland, Ohio, 973 Addison Rd.

ANOTHER GOOD THING

Another good thing about telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you say.

OUR SCHOOL

AWARDS FOR THE BEST CONTRIBUTIONS

A sum of not more than \$100 is available for the SNPJ juvenile members who will, in the second half of 1939, contribute to the Our School section of the Mladinski List:

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

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

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

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

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

The next distribution of awards will be made at the end of 1939.

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



THE BIRDS OF PREY

Drawn by JOSEPH ZUPANCIC, age 16, 4745 Modac Way, Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge 118.

A BICYCLE TRIP

After what seemed like an hour, we—Thelma and I—reached the office of my employer, Indiana's largest bean and pea grower. We bicycled there on my day off to visit my sister who does the office work.

Such a hot trip! To make it worse, the watchdog, Gretchen, didn't seem to like Thelma, and so barked her head off. When I patted her, she quieted down—for a second—and then snapped at me. That welcome wasn't so nice!

My sister, however, was very happy to see us and welcomed us with open arms. In fact, she came out to meet us. While we sat in the office and looked at some pictures on the wall, one of the day workers came in after some dynamite with which to blast some tree stumps and boulders from the field. Thelma and I were dying to see such an exhibit, so on we went.

A screen of trees prevented us from seeing much of the blasting; we rode back to the office somewhat disappointed. As my sister was busy, Thelma and I collected our belongings and headed for a small town near-by to get some ice-cream. When we got there, Thelma absent-mindedly had forgotten about the ice-cream for she rode on. I just couldn't understand that. Upon questioning her later, she said that she hadn't even known we were to stop there.

A filling station loomed up in the distance where we filled up with cold drinks (soft).

The trip was great fun, but I got some sunburn over my old case. I hope I am not too tired to work tomorrow. My job is punching the number of pounds picked on individual cards as each worker has a card of his own. It's a great life, they tell me.

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

JUST A FEW JOKES

I have spent much time this summer looking over our issues of the Mladinski List and have found the jokes most interesting. As I was reading them they brought back memories of a few jokes that I have heard recently, which I will tell later in my letter.

In the meantime I will be asking for a faithful pen pal. Also, I think it would be a good idea if some of the members in Lodge 21 of Pueblo, Colo., would write to this wonderful magazine. So, come on, Pueblo!

And now as I close with best regards to all, I will send in my jokes.

A Citizen

Scene: A court room. Characters: A judge and Ivan Ivantich.

Judge: What is your name?

Ivan: Ivan Ivantich.

Judge: Born?

Ivan: Yes, sir.

Judge: Where?

Ivan: Russia.

Judge: Why did you leave Russia?

Ivan: Because she is too big to bring with me.

Judge: Were your forefathers born in Russia?

Ivan: I only had one father, not four.

Judge: Do you promise to support this country?

Ivan: How can I, with a wife and six kids?

Judge: Where is Washington?

Ivan: He is dead.

Judge: If the president and vice-president would both die, who would take charge?

Ivan: The undertaker.

Judge: Were you ever convicted of a crime?

Ivan: No; I had a good lawyer.

Judge: Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Ivan: At the bottom.

Judge: That is all, Mr. Ivantich.

Ivan: When do I get my papers?

Judge: You knew the answers to all the other questions, you figure that out yourself.

Teacher (pointing to a deer at the zoo): "Johnny, what is that?"

Johnny: "I don't know."

Teacher: "What does your mother call your father?"

Johnny: "Don't tell me that's a louse!"

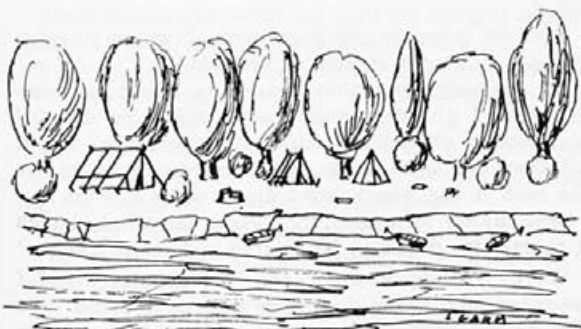
Doris: "Can you keep a secret, Lois?"

Lois: "Sure I can, but it's just my luck to tell it to someone who can't."

Teacher: "Calvin, please give me a plural possessive noun. There are lots of them in this room."

Calvin: "Monkeys."

ANN STRUMBEL, Lodge 21,
937 Spruce St., Pueblo, Colo.



THE CAMP

Drawn by LAWRENCE GARM, age 16, 994 Stambaugh Ave., Sharon, Pa., Lodge 262.

JOKES AND RIDDLES

Jane (to the druggist): "Could you fix me a dose of castor oil so the oil won't taste?"

Mr. Rawson: "Certainly! Won't you have a glass of soda while waiting?"

Jane: "Oh thank you!" (and she drinks the soda).

Mr. Rawson: "Something else, Miss?"

Jane: "No, just the oil."

Mr. Rawson: "But you just drank it."

Jane: "Oh! It was for my mother!"

Jack Brown: "I am trying to get ahead."

George Black: "You need one."

Mr. Smith: "How are you getting along at home while your wife's away?"

Mr. Jones: "Fine! I have reached the height of

efficiency. I can put on my socks now from either end."

What is between you and me?—Answer: And.

What is a river bank?—Answer: A bank where the fish keep their money.

Miss Jones: "What is Boston noted for?"

Jackie: "Boots and shoes."

Miss Jones: "Correct. And Chicago?"

Jackie: "Shoots and booze."

NELLIE ULYON, age 15,
Box 394, Sheffield, Pa., Lodge 378.



OUT IN THE COUNTRY

Drawn by MILTON LAURENCIC, age 15, 973 Addison Rd., Cleveland, O., Lodge No. 5.

WHY I PREFER TO BE AN AMERICAN

The topic I chose to write about this month is, "Why I Prefer to Be an American." And as you read this you'll realize how great our land is. I should like to set forth my reasons for preferring to be an American. The first and most important reason is that "We are a peace loving nation."

We do not try to take unnecessary chances in doing things which might later involve our country in a war.

The second reason is that we have the freedom of many things. We have the freedom of speech. We may say and write what we wish without fear—that is to a certain extent. The second thing that freedom brings us is the right to vote for whom we please. And we have the freedom of press. This means that our newspapers may print what they want, also to a certain extent.

We have the freedom to travel. We may travel anywhere in the United States without a passport. We have the freedom to own property. When we buy a few acres of land it is ours to keep. Living in the United States brings us to a very important law. This is the law—in some states—which forbids child labor, but it is not yet a federal law.

Our form of government is a Democracy. Our Constitution outlines that it is a government by the people, of the people and for the people.

A very important subject to discuss is the subject of education in America. For one thing, there are public schools throughout America where the education is free. Good teachers are provided for us. In some states, all boys and girls must go to school until they are eighteen years of age. This is a very important law and it should be national.

I have tried to give you the most important reasons. Of course, there are many, many more that you readers will probably think of. I have written this to make everyone realize how glad you should be to live in a country so free as ours. So—Three Cheers for the United States of America!

VIOLET MAE MASLEK, age 14,
341 Park St., Aliquippa, Pa., Lodge 122.



AT ATTENTION

Drawn by EUGENE SKOFF, age 14, 2841 So. Kilbourne Ave., Chicago, Ill., Lodge 131.

SWIMMING LESSONS

The afternoon sun was the hottest it had been during the entire summer, and I simply didn't know what to do with myself, until I decided to go to Mary's house. Mary felt the same way I did and finally we hit upon the idea of taking a dip in the lake.

On our arrival at the lake we met some of the boys and girls from our neighborhood. I, not know-

ing how to swim, thought I'd be left out of all the fun, but Jim volunteered to teach me. The trouble Jim had teaching me was something I'd never want to go through with again. He'd hold me up and I'd kick and move my arms and legs. But to my disappointment I didn't seem to progress. I put wings on that were filled with air but it wasn't any use—I simply couldn't swim and that was that. After trying over and over again it was time to go home and I still couldn't swim.

We all decided to be down at the lake the following day, where I was to get some more tutoring in my swimming lesson.

The next day, believe it or not, I really learned to swim, not very well, but still it was swimming. Knowing I could swim made me the happiest girl in the world.

The next day as usual we went swimming again. "Watch," I yelled, "how I can swim," and away I went. I kept swimming until I got very tired and then I stopped and saw that I was quite a distance from the shore. Frightened, I kept my hands and feet moving and succeeded in staying on the top of the water. Soon my pals saw me struggling and came to my rescue. "Listen, young lady," said Jim, "do you think you're Eleanore Holmes?"

"Well," I said, "I proved to you I can swim." The remainder of the afternoon I sat on the beach, basking in the sun.

"Come in the water, it's nice and warm," someone yelled.

"I'm not going in any more today," was my reply; "besides, it's nice sitting in the sun."

On our way home they teased me about my misfortune. I got very angry and said some day I'd be a better swimmer than the whole lot of them. All they did was laugh and tease me some more. The rest of the way home I didn't utter a word and I kept saying to myself, "I'll show the whole bunch of them some day, and just watch and see if I don't."

We kept going down to the lake regularly and I improved my swimming very much. I could dive now, do the back stroke, and the crawl. My friends all said I was improving greatly. Their remarks about my swimming made me very happy. For I remembered that I said I'd be a better swimmer than anyone of my friends.

One day I announced I'd have a race with anyone that would want to race against me. Frances, the best swimmer among them, was the first to answer my challenge.

Well, I suppose you know who won. I congratulated Frances, and said there was no one that could ever beat her. My friends also congratulated her and turned to me and said that I put up a good fight. I wasn't discouraged because my determination to become a better swimmer has made swimming my favorite summer sport.

This all happened last summer. Well, this summer I am trying harder than ever to be the best swimmer of our neighborhood and maybe some day I will.

MARIAN TRATNIK, age 16,
1116 E. 71st St., Cleveland, O. (Lodge 137).

IT'S A FACT

That an ordinary cotton gin requires 15 minutes to gin a bale of cotton.

That in 1938 nearly 20,000 immigrants settled in Australia, a gain of 8,000 over the previous year.

That Chinese authorities have passed a new law which forbids the capture of giant pandas for zoos and collectors.

That the Colorado river in 24 hours carries more than 1,000,000 tons of silt and sand past a gauging station on the floor of the Grand Canyon.

That Liechtenstein, tiny central European principality, has no army. Andreas Klieber, last surviving soldier, died recently at 95.

That highway tests indicate about a third of the nation's drivers depend to a great extent on only one eye.

That Field Marshall Peter Stuart Ney, one of Napoleon's leaders, is buried near Cleveland, N. C., according to an ancient tombstone there.

That antelope are known as one of the most wary animals but recently four of them invaded Colorado Springs, Colorado, early in the morning and calmly grazed on lawns.

That the U. S. Department of Agriculture maintains at Glendale, Arizona, the largest experimental station in the United States devoted exclusively to research work with chickens.

That street cars have been abolished in Windsor, Ontario.

That Greenland, with an area of 827,300 square miles is the largest island in the world.

That the briefest presidential inaugural address was Washington's second, which contained 134 words.

That Canadian Indians recognize a traditional form of copyright which prevents one carver copying the design of another's totem pole.

JOHN POKLAR JR., age 16,
927-A W. Scott St., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 16.

OUR JUVENILE MEMBERS

Are all of our newly organized juvenile circles of the SNPJ growing more active and stronger in membership? Do they hold meetings regularly, stage programs or picnics, help their lodge or federation? Or are they for the most part active in name only?

Frankly, my answer would be either yes or no. I am sure that even in the best or largest cities, we find a great deal of misery, sorrow and helplessness. While probably in small communities and towns we find a great deal of joy, happiness, contentment and very healthy looking people. Also, in some of the poorest and most forsaken places we find celebrations of different kinds a huge success.

Enough is being written about realities which at times tear away our silver lining. But we all do know that this is the season for outdoor picnics, games of all sorts and a variety of entertainments. We are holding celebrations throughout the SNPJ jurisdiction in honor of its 35th anniversary.

All juvenile members, in their respective circles, are ambitious and willing workers to make the SNPJ a better and helpful organization for our future.

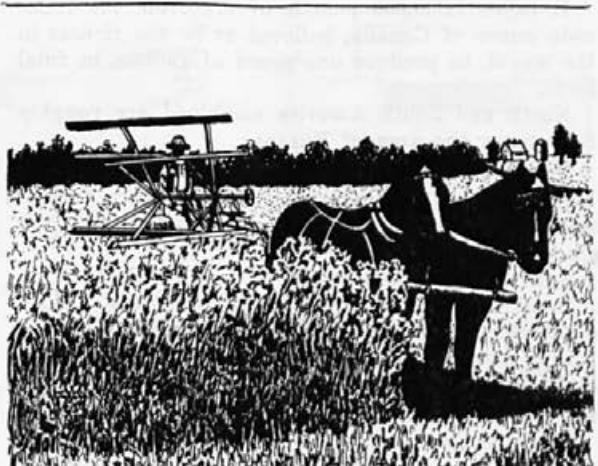
At circles, where Adviser or Advisers are at the helm with ability to direct and supervise, all having very good judgment of child personalities and behavior, progress is noticed. Good leadership is essential to the success of all our circles. But it is just as important and necessary to have boys and girls under one's direction who crave action and who are not lazy or afraid to try something new or shoulder responsibility when called upon to share the burden of work.

Since this year marks the 35th anniversary of our great Society, we, the juvenile members, have one great task on hand that must be finished by the end of 1939. This should give us more enthusiasm to work for the SNPJ, as well as to get new members for our circles and the Society, so that the goal of 3500 new members by the end of the year will be reached. We must try harder than ever to secure new members because the SNPJ belongs to us, so we must work for it. Remember to get new members and keep the wheel of progress forever rolling onward and upward! Do not keep it in the same place but keep it moving at a higher rate of speed.

Perhaps, this year, in every circle, many "spokes" of our wheel of progress have been broken, but we are to be "braves and maidens," and are destined to go on and on. Our wheel of progress must be repaired by a new spoke, meaning a new juvenile member to take place of the one transferred to the Adult department. Be sure to keep your wheel always repaired by new spokes.

So may our "wheel" keep on rolling; let no more spokes be broken; gather as much as we travel onward; gather pleasure, and again to bring new members to replace the broken spokes and thus to keep the wheel of progress turning and to have one of the largest and best Slovene organizations in this country.

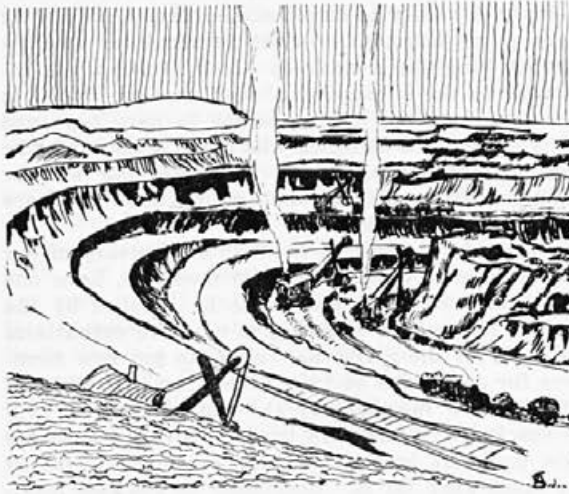
OLGA KNAPICH, age 17, R. R. 3, Box 714,
Girard, Kans. Lodge 225.



HARVESTING

HARVESTING

Drawn by DOROTHY ZAGER, age 15, Gilbert,
Minnesota, Lodge 61.



THE OPEN PIT

Drawn by ALICE SEDEY, age 17, 209 Adams Ave., Eveleth, Minn., Lodge 69.

IT'S A FACT

There are still more than 70 toll bridges on the public highways of England.

In the United States, fire destroys approximately five school houses every day.

So small is the body of the humming bird that, when stripped of feathers, it is no larger than that of a bumblebee.

Election day is not a national holiday in the United States.

The earth's revolution around the sun takes 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 47 seconds.

As high as \$50 is paid for frogs for breedings purposes.

A capital of \$30,000,000 is invested in British greyhound racing.

It takes 1,000,000 pounds of ore from the Eldorado mines of Canada, believed to be the richest in the world, to produce one gram of radium in final form.

North and South America combined are roughly four times the area of Europe.

In the "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," Alaska, bacon can be fried over high temperature furnaces, and steam pressure lifts the skillets into the air.

Falls caused 26,700 deaths in the U. S. in 1938.

Deaths in U. S. railroad accidents in 1938 totaled 4,879, the lowest annual mark on record.

It is thought that the first dividing line used on a highway was used on a road built around 400 years ago under the Spanish regime in Mexico.

The average cost of an automobile during 1938 was \$783, as compared to the average cost of \$1115 during 1914.

The state motor fuel bill tax, nearly all of which is paid by the motoring public, was 1 per cent greater for 1938 over 1937.

The summer heat has such an effect on the metal

of an automobile chassis that it has expanded as much as an eighth of an inch.

NELLIE ULYON, age 15, Box 394, Sheffield, Pa. Lodge 378.

*

WORD MASQUERADE

Helen Sroka, age 14, Lodge 321, 1075 Miller St. SW., Warren, Ohio.

Fruit

1. angeor;
2. eplpa;
3. seebiwartrrsr;
4. pleapenip;
5. erap;
6. hecap;
7. mlup;
8. prage.

Animals

1. phtelnae;
2. orognaak;
3. ustophhapoi;
4. earb;
5. nerime;
6. degrba;
7. nlxy;
8. ragallito.

(Answers on page 32)

*

A SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN

Our anniversary campaign is now in full swing. In order to make it a success, everyone should cooperate. As the Society grows, its influence increases, and the members profit by it. This campaign is being carried on to enlarge the Society with new members. Many of the present members have friends who have not yet joined. They should go to them and explain the benefits to be obtained from the SNPJ. They should try and show them why the Society is more secure than the insurance companies.

Other organizations should not be condemned in seeking new members. It is all right to belong to a number of groups. The SNPJ should be praised, but the others should not be talked about. People like to belong to two or three organizations in order to be secure. If we talk against these other groups, they may not like it, and the prospective SNPJ members will be lost.

We are more aware of the membership drive every day. The older lodges are telling us of the great possibilities derived from this campaign and various other things are done to remind us of this fact. The campaign should be a success if the members cooperate. All indications seem to point to a successful drive. We should increase our membership with many newcomers this year.

JOHN POKLAR JR., age 16, Lodge 16, 927-A W. Scott St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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THE SNPJ CAMPAIGN AND OUR VACATION

School is over and vacation time is here. Vacation time means so much for us youngsters. Now we have plenty of time to go to the playground to play all sorts of games. But this isn't all for us members of the SNPJ to be done.

This year we are celebrating the 35th anniversary of the SNPJ. It is our duty to celebrate this happy birthday of our organization by getting new members. This is the only way to preserve the SNPJ in the future. Therefore, let us all juvenile members go on the job and try and get our friends and playmates to join this great organization. It isn't so hard to tell them while we play together how good this organization really is and how much joy they will have at the meetings of the Juvenile Circles.

Besides that, we have a good opportunity to make 50c on each new Juvenile member. That amount will be paid by the SNPJ.

When you read this article of mine, there will be one month of vacation ahead of us. During that time there will be plenty of picnics and outings. At these affairs we youngsters will have some more opportunity to show our adult members what we can do for increasing the membership of this great organization. That's why our Juvenile Circles are being formed—to help our adult members build a greater and stronger SNPJ and to train ourselves for the future work that is awaiting us in our lodges.

JOSEPHINE VIDMAR, age 10,
2027 W. Garfield Ave.,
Milwaukee, Wis. Lodge 747.

IT'S A FACT THAT

Annually about 200,000 books are published throughout the world.

The uninhabited lands of the polar regions have an area greater than all Europe.

In 150 years the center of population of the United States has shifted from Maryland to Indiana.

Approximately 70,000 Filipino laborers work in island mines under the supervision of American engineers.

Probably the greatest time span between two important cities is between New York and Hongkong; at 12 noon in New York it is 37 minutes past midnight in Hongkong.

The Arctic is the shallowest of all oceans, its maximum recorded depth being 12,000 feet.

Outdoor plays have been given annually in an outdoor theatre on Mt. Tamalpais, Calif., for 26 years.

The Hoover Library on War, Revolution, and Peace, at Stanford university, contains 5,000,000 items bearing on the World War and its aftermath.

Two signers of the Declaration of Independence died on an anniversary of the historic date of July 4.

There are 4500 youth hotels now operating in 20 countries, affording night's lodging to hikers at approximately 25 cents.

Burns caused 7,400 deaths in 1938.

Hotels in the United States employ about 550,000 persons.

Falls in homes caused 16,500 deaths in the U. S. A. last year.

New York City leads the list with the most taxicabs of any city in the world with 12,331. London runs second with 7811.

Twenty-three states since 1921 have passed acts levying taxes on cigarettes.

The first midget automobile on record was exhibited at the San Francisco Pacific Exposition in 1915.

Volcanoes have given the earth much of its wealth through their chimneys. Diamonds, gold, water, soil, and life-giving gasses are brought to the surface.

FRANK ULYON, age 13, Box 394,
Sheffield, Pa. Lodge 378.

A HOBBY

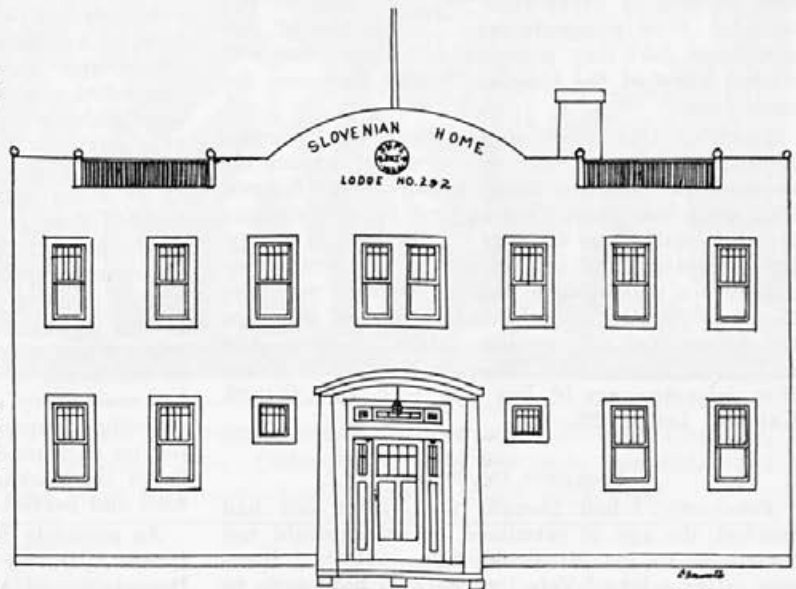
Dear Editor:—One of the hobbies that I like best is collecting cowboy songs. I am sending you one of them here—one that is my favorite.

The Cowboy

My home's in Colorado;
I wear a bandano;
My spurs are of silver;
My pony is grey.
When riding the ranges,
My luck never changes.
With foot in the stirrup,
I gallop for aye.

When valleys are dusty,
My pony is trusty.
He lopes through the blizzard,
The snow in his ears.
The cattle may scatter,
But what does it matter?
My rope is a halter
For pig-headed steers.

When far from the ranchoes,
I chop the pine branchoes
To heap on my camp fire,
As daylight goes pale,
When I have partaken
Of beans and of bacon,
I whistle a merry
Old song of the Trail.



HOME OF LODGE NO. 292, AVELLA, PA.

Drawn by DOROTHY DERMOTTA, age 15, Box 101, Avella, Pa.,
Lodge 292.

The reason I am sending you this song is that I am proud of my home state about which it is written.

In the next letter I will try to give you an example of some of my other hobbies. I hope the Editor and readers will enjoy them.

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

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A year of Anniversaries

This year, 1939, can truly be called a year of anniversaries. One anniversary celebrated by the sport fans the nation over, is the Baseball Centennial. The game of baseball is the nation's pastime and a game loved by all sport fans.

Another anniversary celebrated this year and foremost in the minds of the Slovene people, is the 35th anniversary of our great fraternal organization, the Slovene National Benefit Society. Organized on April 6, 1904, it has grown steadily into the present Society which we should be justly proud of. Our Society is a workers' fraternal organization; it gives a fraternal insurance and labor enlightenment through its official organs the *Prosveta* and *Mladinski List*.

Last year we commemorated the 25th anniversary of our Juvenile Dept. and we had a jubilee membership campaign to increase the ranks of our Juveniles. A goal of 2500 new members was set and at the end of the campaign we have attained our goal and have surpassed it. This year a similar campaign is held for both Depts. This year the goal has been set at 3500 new members and the question confronting us is: "Will we reach this goal?" I would certainly say yes, basing my answer upon the 1938 campaign and on the promising results of the past few months.

But this goal cannot be realized without the active support of every individual member of our Society. New prospects must be interviewed personally so that they may join our ranks, and who do not know of the benefits derived from our Society.

Much of this is dependent upon our younger members because it cannot be asked of our old members to continue their active work forever. This work may seem hard at first for our younger members but where there is a will there is a way. By cooperation and support of the members of our society we will achieve success which we have tasted in the past and should be proud of and hope the future has still greater things in store. And so "For a Bigger and Better S. N. P. J."—*Henry Wm. Jelovchan*, age 16, Box 1526, R. F. D. 3, Girard, Kansas. Lodge 225.

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Economic Democracy

Previously, I had thought that after one had reached the age of seventeen, he or she could not contribute to the *Mladinski List* contests. However, after a bit of 'detective work,' I have come to the conclusion that one may still contribute. Therefore on the strength of my ability as a 'detective' I decided to continue contributing to the *M. L.*,

come what may. This month I am sending an essay on Economic Democracy.

One of the last contests of the year 1939 asked for a discourse on democracy, its political, economical and social aspects. When the contest was over, the Editor commented upon the fact that the economic aspect of Democracy was not revealed as it could and should have been. Since then, I have thought about economic democracy and have found a great deal more about it to think about and consequently, to write about.

In addition to a living wage for all in all industries, an economic democracy should provide protection for the consumer and wage earner, be he farmer or factory worker or perhaps, just a laborer.

A democracy should, as one of its most important economic duties protect the wage earner. In our Congress, bills have been passed which fix the lower limit of wages in some industries. As a result, many people barely eking out an existence have been able to at least eat three times a day. An investigation of each individual occupation and how much effort, time and intelligence is required to fulfill it should be made and the wages of each should be determined. The lowest wage should be large enough so that a man and his family can live comfortably from it. By increasing the amount of old age pensions and adopting a system of unemployment insurance as it exists in New York State, the government can insure a steady income for every family, even though the head of the family is not working or is too old to work. As a man with a secure income is not very apt to save his money for rainy day, this plan will lead to a free flowing of currency and perhaps, lead to prosperity which, ever since Hoover's administration has been lurking around the corner.

The wage earner plays even a more vital part in the country's economic system in the role of consumer and in this phase of his economic existence he also is in need of aid. Our modern magazines and newspapers contain an unbelievable amount of misleading advertisement. The air waves are flooded with the praise of products which will cure anything from a scratch to an acid stomach. Even our grocer has seven varieties of peas packed in as many different sized cans with an equal number of prices which have no relation to amount of the peas in the container. Such societies as the Consumers Union are doing a great deal in the way of making the consumer conscious of these perils. It remains for the government to end these perils which are each day becoming more dangerous at the hands of cunning advertisers. A law making compulsory a standard sized container of each individual product and a government laboratory testing each product and labeling its results directly on the package will undoubtedly lead to pure food and perfect dry goods in the American home.

An economic democracy should provide aid to the farmer. During the Roosevelt administration the Department of Agriculture has worked zealously in order to raise the farmer to a level which is worthy of a democracy. Aid to the farmers has been given by way of loans and increasing the price of farm

products by destroying the surplus which before had kept the prices unbelievably low. The new method of dealing with the surplus is to distribute these foods to those on relief. In such a way the farmer gets a higher price for his produce, the government can indirectly use the surplus to distribute it among those on relief, and the persons on relief are able to get more food.

Other parts of an economic democracy such as the Patent office, protect the inventors, musicians, artists and writers. Thus an economic democracy must protect its inhabitants from any kind of danger which make the dictatorships what they are. Through thoughtful legislation which is the result of a thinking, intelligent public, much can yet be done in this country to make it an ideal economic democracy.

Frank Padar Jr., age 16, 222 Wyckoff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge 580.

JOKES AND RIDDLES

Teacher: John, spell Blind Pig.

John: B-l-n-d p-g.

Teacher: Wrong. You should spell it Blind Pig.

John: But a blind pig has no i's (eyes).

What seven letters do you see in an empty bottle?

Ans.: O. I. C. U. R. M. T.

What two words have thousands and thousands of letters?

Answer: Post Office.

When was beef the highest?

Answer: When the cow jumped over the moon.

Who was the first man to sail around the world?

Answer: The man in the moon.

FRANK ULYON, age 13, Box 394,
Sheffield, Pa. Lodge 378.

JOKES AND RIDDLES

Miss Jones: "Who was De Soto?"

Pupil: "De Soto was the man who discovered the soda."

When I see its face it is my uncle, but when I see its back it is my aunt. What is it?—Answer: A Chinaman.

Daniel was put in prison but he did not suffer, instead it was the prison that suffered.—Answer: Daniel was a thorn in the flesh which was what the prison did.

When the lake dries, the heron dies. What is it?—Answer: A lamp.

There was a pine tree 120 feet high and it had 12 branches. On each branch there were 12 limbs, on each limb there were 12 twigs, and on each twig there were 12 acorns. How many acorns were there?—Answer: None. (Did you ever see acorns grow on a pine tree?)

JENNIE BRADLEY, age 14,
Sheffield, Pa., Lodge 391.

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



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

FIRST ANNUAL CIRCLE AFFAIR

GIRARD, KANS.—This is the 'Jolly Kansans' Circle No. 11 reporting on the huge success of our First Annual Circle 'Roundup Jamboree' held on June 11 at Novak's Grove.

The jamboree was truly and surely a roundup of the Slovene people of the southwest section of the great state of Kansas. Our people gathered from miles around to witness the program of the Jolly Kansans Circle, as this was our first endeavor to

establish an Annual Circle Day not only in the Sunflower state but throughout the United States and Canada where our Society has its lodges.

The grove was beautifully decorated at the entrance leading to the grove where a large banner hung from tree to tree. It was lettered with the words "Roundup Jamboree." The entrance was decorated with streamers of the Circle colors—red, white and blue. On entering the grove another banner was stretched across welcoming our Slovene supporters to the first Annual Circle Day. The grove was decorated with banners and colored paper. It was a splendid sight!

The official opening was set for 2 o'clock, but the people gathered before that time. The first number on the program was a game between the boys and girls. After a hard battle and after the dust cleared, the boys emerged victorious by a small margin. Then came the tug-of-war. The boys were outnumbered by 2 to 1 by the girls. We had a hard time to hold our end of the rope, but I must admit that the girls nearly pulled us into the creek. However, after much pulling we called "the battle of the century" a draw.

Then came the races. I will not attempt to describe all the races. There were several divisions and all the people participated, from 6 to 60 years of age, and all enjoyed it. Our Master of Ceremonies, Joe Zalaznik, a leading humorist, furnished all the laughs. And after all the muscular activity of the afternoon we all sat down to refreshments, while the strains of beautiful Slovene music furnished by the SNPJ Play-Boys, played merrily.

And so ended the Jolly Kansans' first attempt of an annual Circle Day. A good time was had by all. The Juvenile and Adult committee achieved a huge success not to be forgotten by the Slovene people of southwest Kansas.

HENRY WM. JELOVCHAN, Pres.,
Circle No. 11, R. F. D. No. 3, Box 1526,
Girard, Kansas.

JUVENILE STARS' ACTIVITIES

STRABANE, PA.—Here I am again reporting the news of the Juvenile Stars, Circle No. 19, which was organized early this year.

The Juvenile Stars are getting along nicely and I hope they will continue that way. We had a wiener roast at Drenick's park for all the children 12 years old and above. Jacob Martincic and his band furnished the music. On May 24, a party was held for all the children under 12 years of age at the SNPJ hall. All this took place on the same day.

Our circle has a boys' mushball team. Up till June 7, as this is being written, they haven't played any other team yet because they just got organized. Besides the ball team in our circle, we have also something different. We have an Emblem Club. That is, all those who receive 1000 points get a Juvenile Star emblem. This is the way we do it: We picked a committee of three to take care of the club's program. They made out a schedule for everything they thought was important and gave so many points for each. Some of these points are:

For attending each meeting.....	15 points
Taking part in socials.....	25 points
Being an officer	50 points
Being on different committees.....	25 points

There are many more but these are the most important ones.

We also have a Slovene school for all those who wish to learn how to read, write and talk in Slovene. Brother Zigman started it for us and we all find it very interesting. It is helping us a lot.

Why don't more of you Juvenile Stars write to the Mladinski List and the Prosveta? School is out and you all have time to write. So come on now and show the other circles what you can do.

AGNES KOKLICH, Secretary, Circle 19,
Box 163, Strabane, Pennsylvania.

CIRCLE DAY IS SUCCESS

GIRARD, KANS.—Our last three circle meetings were held at the SNPJ Hall in Franklin, Kans., on April 2, May 7 and June 4. At the June meeting we discussed our picnic which was held at Novak's Grove on June 11.

The picnic, better known as our first annual Circle Day, was a big success. A large attendance of our people was presented and all had a good time. The boys and girls played armoryball and then came the tug-of-war. The juvenile members were served pop and ice cream, and candy to the winners of first places. The winners of second place were served refreshments. Men and women, first place winners, were given free beer, plus 50c to the winners of first and 25c to the winners of second place. The juvenile members were also given sandwiches.

The music was furnished by John Tisu and John Bugar. All in all, our first annual Circle Day affair was really a big success. And for July, we were planning to have a program at Yale.

JENNIE LAMPE, Treasurer, Circle 11,
R. R. No. 3, Box 863, Girard Kans. Lodge 434.

A PROUD CIRCLE MEMBER

FRANKLIN, KANS.—I am indeed glad to be able to say that I am a proud member of the "Jolly Kansans" Juvenile Circle, No. 11, SNPJ. This circle is one of the most active and interesting units in the entire juvenile movement of the SNPJ of which any member can well be proud. Our members, with the good old Kansas spirit, are steadily forging ahead to a brighter and successful future.

So far I have attended most of the circle meetings and enjoy attending them very much. The last circle meeting was held at the Franklin SNPJ hall, Sunday, June 4. Many members were present at this meeting and an interesting program was presented after the routine business was disposed.

It's vacation time now. Many juveniles will visit near and distant places. I think it would be interesting to read their reports in the Mladinski List. And at the same time I am asking for pen pals. I will gladly answer any pen pal letters. I remain a proud member of the SNPJ and our Circle. MATILDA T. PODPECHAN, Lodge 187,
Circle 11, Franklin, Kansas.

JUVENILE CIRCLES

I think the SNPJ Juvenile Circles are very interesting and I enjoy reading about them in the Mladinski List and Prosveta. Their activities show that many juvenile members participate in the various SNPJ functions.

I think it would be very interesting to organize a Juvenile Circle out here, but there aren't enough juveniles in our lodge. For this reason, I feel that we wouldn't have very much fun even if we did organize one. So I suppose I must continue to get all my enjoyment in this respect by reading about the rest of the circles (which I am sure I do).

While I am writing this article I want to thank the SNPJ for the prize I received last month. I was greatly pleased and it did encourage me to write again.

Before I sign off I honestly hope that in the near future there will be many more Juvenile Circles organized as they are the base of the SNPJ in the years to come.

FRANK ULYON, age 13,
Box 394, Sheffield, Pa., Lodge 378.

"MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES"

The other day I took a ride through the country. Looking out on a field, I saw many men making hay piles. They gathered odd pieces of hay, thus making a huge pile, which later with other piles would be thrown into a wagon.

As I watched these men I thought, "This picture shows the SNPJ." We are the men trying to pick up new members who, put in lodges and thrown into one wagon, constitute the SNPJ.

This year gives us our chance to "make hay while the sun shines." At present we have many members but we need more new members to carry on and keep our wonderful and benevolent Society in action.

Children at school have asked me about the SNPJ and what good it was. I told them what I knew, and did their eyes "pop" when I told them about the Mladinski List contest and benefits of the SNPJ. And I have noticed from their faces that they enjoyed reading the ML as much as I have.

There are always two or three jokes taken from this magazine floating about the school. I have taken the ML to school many times and both teachers and pupils enjoy it.

This coming school year, why don't you other SNPJ boosters take the ML to school and see what a big load the horses will have to pull to the SNPJ headquarters. ANNIE BOZANIC, age 15,
Worcester, New York, Lodge 393.

CRAFT UNION AND INDUSTRIAL UNION

While labor was having its dispute with the employers concerning collective bargaining, and waging strikes against stubborn employers for wages and union recognition, it also developed a bitter quarrel within the ranks of labor itself, as to whether labor unions would be recognized by craft, such

as carpentry and weaving, or by industries, such as automobile workers, steel workers, and textile workers.

The great gains made by the workers in the last forty years have been obtained, for the most part, by craft unions or skilled labor unions organized into the American Federation of Labor. The A. F. of L. was based on its unions' individuality. Technical progress has brought great changes in industry, and today many industries, especially mass-production industries, such as automobile, cement and steel industries, employ a small number of skilled workers and a very large number of unskilled or semi-skilled workers.

More conservative labor leaders wish to pursue the old policy of organizing workers according to their trade. More radical labor leaders insist that the time has come to organize workers into large industrial unions, ignoring the distinction between those skilled and the unskilled trades.

The early labor unions were formed for protection, trade, and to aid each other when able to do so. Labor must organize in cooperative organizations. A Committee for Industrial Organization was formed after the 55th A. F. of L. convention. Its purpose was to promote unionization on the industrial rather than craft basis.

MARY AMBROZIC, age 16,
Box 188, R. D. No. 5,
Crafton Branch, Pa., Lodge 88.

CIRCLE "VIOLET RAYS"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Our last meeting was held June 25 and it was very well attended. A few adult members were also present. The meeting was very interesting. Among the things we discussed was the SNPJ Federation outing which was scheduled for June 30 at Lake Denoon. The boys were planning to have a baseball team in very good condition by that time. They also have taken the measurement for the new jackets.

After the reading of the ML and discussion how to get new members, the meeting adjourned.

At this time I should like to call the attention of our few absent members to the fact that they really miss a lot when they miss our circle meeting. You should know that we have refreshments at each meeting. So be present at the next meeting. We must have your ideas and opinions on different problems. So come on, boys and girls, boost your circle and its activities.

I wish to add that our circle has very good officers. Lately, however, the readers of the Mladinski List and Prosveta miss their articles very much. So I wish that they write more often to both papers.

JOSEPHINE VIDMAR, Circle 18,
2027 W. Garfield Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

CIRCLE "JOLLY KANSANS"

MULBERRY, KANS.—Our first circle picnic this year was held at Novak's farm June 11, 1939. There was a ball game between the girls and boys. The girls had six outs and the boys three outs. The

score was 28 to 19. The girls won but I thought the boys would. When the ball game was over, then came the tug-of-war between the girls and boys. Again, I thought the boys would win for they are the stronger sex, but the girls won again.

Soon ice cream was served to the Juvenile members and everybody had a real good time.

The music was furnished by Johnny Tisu and Johnny Bugar. We took a rest so that we could run races. The women and men also ran races. About five o'clock Henry Jelovchan took our pictures. When it got dark, Bro. Anton Shular fixed the lights and the place was all lit up. Later it started to rain but we went home before. My mother said it started to rain about midnight.

Our next circle meeting was to be held at Breezy Hill July 2, but the date was changed to June 25 and were to be at Yale. The date was changed because our Adviser gave us a part for the July 1st affair. There were 31 of us in the play. I will write more next time.

FRANCES KUMER, age 11, Circle 11, R. R. 1,
Box 371, Mulberry, Kans. Lodge 65.

JUNIOR ALL STAR NEWS

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Our last meeting was held on June 3 at Ripple's Hall on West National Avenue. In the absence of our president, Sis. Leon Sagadin, the vice president, Donald Jaeger, presided.

Most of the meeting was taken up in the discussion of our outing which was held on June 24 at Greenfield Park. We had a baseball game between the boys and the girls in the morning. The weather was very warm, so most of us went swimming in the afternoon. In the evening we roasted wieners and marshmallows. We had soda water and other refreshments to climax an enjoyable picnic.

July 16 marked the first anniversary of our circle. One year of achievements, happiness, and success have marked our first year. One year ago we first began. We have held some successful affairs this past year. We have made new friends, and we have enjoyed our circle work very much. We hope to keep on and work toward a higher level as we go along. The members have cooperated enthusiastically in support of our circle. I hope that we keep this up.

Our baseball team has not received sweaters yet, but we have played regularly. We have played most of the south side teams and split even. The boys would like to join some league, but they are all

closed. We hope there will be an SNPJ league next year. And next year many of our boys expect to join the senior lodges and some of them will play there.

I wish to thank the SNPJ for my contest prize and I hope that I can keep on writing. The ML has revived interest in our Society and I hope that it keeps it up.

JOHN POKLAR JR., age 16, Circle 4,
927-A W. Scott St., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 16.

FROM CIRCLE NO. 2

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Well, here is Circle No. 2 reporting again after a long absence. We hold our meetings on the first Thursday of each month. Our meetings are usually very interesting for we plan for outings and other activities for the summer. The members also read the many interesting letters and articles in the M. L. and enjoy them very much. The enjoyment the children like most of all is the cake and ice cream served after the meetings.

The circle also celebrates the birthday of each member by having a large party. A swell surprise party was given me in the latter part of March when I was "sweet sixteen."

The first picnic we held was at Rockefeller Park on June 20 and it was a great success. On July 16 the SNPJ Federation sponsored a picnic for all the juvenile circles in Cleveland.

"Flowers for Mother" by Ivan Molek was a play which was given for our mothers in honor of Mothers' Day. Rudolph Kozan and Nada Zagar had the leading parts. The mothers appreciated it very much.

The circle desires very much to correspond with other circles of the various states of U. S. For any information about the doings of the circle, please write to me.

At this time I should also like to call the attention to those members who do not attend the meetings, the fact that they really miss something when they do not come to the meetings. You all know, refreshments are served after the meetings. You must be present! We must have your ideas and opinions as well. So come on, boys and girls, boost your circle so that it may be one of the finest in the country. Now that school is out nothing stands in your way. So all attend!

MARIAN TRATNIK, President, Circle 2,
1116 E. 71st St., Cleveland, Ohio.

ROSTER OF JUVENILE CIRCLES AND OFFICERS

Circle No. 1—Walsenburg, Colo. (299)—Joseph Strovias, President; Edward Tomsic, Vice-President; Ann Urban, Secretary; Evelyn Strovias, Treasurer; Ed. Tomsic, Manager.

Circle No. 2—Cleveland, O. (137)—Marian Tratnik, President; Frank Chaperlo, Vice-President; Anna Čebulj, Secretary; Alma Zagar, Treasurer; Antoinette Simčić, Manager.—Meets 1st Thursday of each month.

Circle No. 3—Collinwood, O. (53)—Raymond Durn, President; Eugene Terbizan, Vice-President; Josephine Gorjanc, Secretary; Dorothy Ogrinc, Treasurer; Joseph J. Durn, Manager.—Meetings on the Fourth Friday of every month.

Circle No. 4—Milwaukee, Wis. (16, 584)—Frank Primozich, President; Leon Sagadin, Vice-President; Mary Poklar, Sec-

retary; Sylvia Poličnik, Treasurer; Leo Schweiger, Manager.—Meetings every other Saturday at 2:00 P. M.

Circle No. 5—Luzerne, Pa. (204)—John Baloh, President; Carl Hodra, Vice-President; Joseph Slapar, Secretary; Mary Vozel, Recording Secretary; Frank Zupancic, Treasurer.

Circle No. 6—Cleveland, O. (312,142)—Sophie Znidarsic, President; Dorothy Fier, Vice-President; John Spiller, Secretary; Sophie Kapel, Recording Secretary; John Kapel, Treasurer.—Meetings first Wed. of every month at 7:30 P. M.

Circle No. 7—Girard, O. (643)—Bernice Luke, President; Louis Račić, Vice-President; Louise Račić, Treasurer; Dorothy Selak, Secretary; Fanny Milavec, Manager.—Meetings on the first Friday of every month.

Circle No. 8—Euclid, O. (158, 450)—Lillian Koller, President;

John Knific, Vice-President; Margaret Bucar, Secretary; Louis Janezic, Treasurer; Joseph Mekind, Recording Secretary; Mary Dodie and Frances Tegel, Managers. Meetings on third Tuesday of every month.

Circle No. 9—Crested Butte, Colo. (397)—Anna Slobodnik, President; Anna Schaeffer, Vice-President; Robert Slobodnik, Secretary; Joe Yudnich, Treasurer; Martin Tezak, Manager.

Circle No. 10—Salem, O. (476)—Ava Krizay, President; Martha Omots, Vice-President; Helen Mihevc, Secretary; Joe Kovich, Recording Secretary; Frances Mihevc, Manager; John Dermota, Assistant Manager.—Meetings on first Sunday of each month.

Circle No. 11—Girard, Kans.—Henry Jelovchan, President; Frances Zaubi, Vice-President; Olga Knapich, Secretary; Jennie Lampe, Treasurer; Mary Shular, Manager.—Meets 1st Sun. of each month.

Circle No. 12—Cleveland, O. (126)—Jean Yarshan, President; Sophie Jermon, Vice-President; Irma Juretic, Secretary; Josephine Cokyne, Treasurer.—Meetings every 2nd Friday of the month at 7 P. M.

Circle No. 13—Cleveland, O. (5)—Alice Popotnik, President; Milton Laurencic, Vice-President; Nettie Sraj, Second Vice-President; Edward Meserko, Secretary; Angela Bratkovich, Recording Secretary; Andy Kutcher, Treasurer; Ann K. Medvesek, Manager.—Meetings every second Saturday in the month at 2:00 P. M. in Room 3 of the Slovene Auditorium.

Circle No. 14—Braddock, Pa. (300)—Antoinette Chesnick, President; John Rednak, Vice-President; Peter Sedmak, Secretary; Louis Karish, Treasurer; Frances Martakus, Manager.

Circle No. 15—Verona, Pa. (216, 680)—Ernest Krulac, President; Tony Doles, Vice-President; Matilda Doles, Secretary; Margaret Ziberg, Treasurer; Catherine Zolet, Manager.—Meetings every fourth Friday of each month.

Circle No. 16—Thomas W. Va.—Ernest Selak, President; Frances Komac, Vice-President; Helen Vidmar, Secretary; Frances Bozic, Recording Secretary; Jennie Vidmar, Treasurer; George Belinc, Manager.

Circle No. 17—Chicago, Ill.—Wilfred Wilke, President; Anthony Kopac, Vice-President; Helen Wilke, Secretary; Dorothy Gabriel, Recording Secretary; Elinor Platt, Treasurer; George Seberg, Sergeant-at-Arms; Agnes Mejash, Manager.

Circle No. 18—Milwaukee, Wis. (747)—Stefania Clarine, President; Julius Ambrozich, Vice-President; Elizabeth Stumpf, Secretary; Anna Clarine, Treasurer; Helen Ambrozich, Manager.

Circle No. 19—Strabane, Pa. (138)—Carl Podboy, President; Vincent Batista, Vice-President; Agnes Koklich, Secretary; Henry Mavrich, Recording Secretary; Frank Delost, Treasurer; August Podboy, Manager.

Circle No. 20—Aguilar, Colo. (381)—Geo Chalon, President; Rose Pavlovich, Vice-President; Frances Kosernik, Secretary; Fred Chalon, Treasurer. Joe Kolenc, Manager. Meetings in City Hall every second Sunday of every month at 10 A. M.

Circle No. 21—Sharon, Pa. (31, 262, 755)—Marie Stambal, President; Evelyn Trobentar, Vice-President; Frances Novak, Manager.

IMPORTANT!—Omission of the names of any officers in the above Roster, especially the names of the Circle Manager (Adviser or Administrator), many of which are missing, means that the names were not reported. Please report the name of the Manager (Adviser or Administrator) of the Circle where it is missing. It is very important to have the Manager's name in this Roster. Report any correction to Vincent Cainkar, General Director of Juvenile Circles, 2657 So. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

A Visit to Art Museum

Dear Editor:—Hello, Mladinski List readers! How are you enjoying the better and more interesting Mladinski List? I hope you all like it as well as I do.

This month I am going to write on a topic in which many boys and girls will be interested. It is about my visit to the Cleveland Art Museum. This museum is one of the most interesting places in this city. If you wish to spend a very enjoyable day, spend it at the Cleveland Art Museum.

Some of the things I saw there were the beautiful paintings and art work of many famous artists. There are also many ancient objects in separate rooms, such as the Egyptian and Armour rooms. And there is also a show (movies) every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock which the children enjoy very much.

After we spent a very interesting day there, we went to the front of the yard of the building where there is a small lake or lagoon. In the lake two swans swim all summer. People enjoy watching them and many feed them. After that wonderful day we went home, and was I tired!

I belong to SNPJ lodge 137 and its Circle No. 2. We have much fun at our circle meetings. We are planning more entertainment and fun for the summer months. There are many things we can do and many places to go. And this is all for this time, but I will write more very soon. I also hope that more Pen Pals will write to the Mladinski List.—*Rudy Kozan*, 1009 E. 77th st., Cleveland, Ohio. Lodge 137, Circle 2.

It's Summer Now

Dear Editor:—This is my fourth letter to the Mladinski List. Our school was out on May 30. Miss Johnston was my music and writing teacher. I passed to the seventh grade. I wish Zora Perkovich would write to me.

It is summer now. We have a nice garden and there is plenty of lettuce in it. We eat lettuce out of our garden very often. It is very good. And we also have nice flowers. I like the pansies best of all our flowers. They bloom from early spring till late in fall.

I am glad school is out. Now I have more time to write to the M. L. Zora Perkovich saw my name in the ML and then she wrote to me several times. I will try to write every month to this wonderful magazine. I enjoy reading the ML very much. I wish someone would write some riddles and jokes because I like them very much. I am sending best regards to all.—*Julia Mikolich*, R. D. No. 2, Boswell, Pa.

Lucas is Having Lots of Fun

Dear Editor:—Here I am writing again to the Mladinski List. I can't stop from saying that I like this magazine very much. I always wish that it would come every week—that's how much I enjoy it.

I have brown eyes and chestnut hair. My brother, Albert, just returned from the Hawaii Islands. He was in the U. S. Army. I was very glad to see him. I am having lots of fun with many things, especially with my hobbies. My two main hobbies are riding the horse and playing ball. Another hobby of mine is collecting pictures of cars. So far I have pictures of the Graham, La Salle, Oldsmobile,

Plymouth, Packard and Chevrolet. I wish some of my dreams would come true . . .

There are five in our family, but only my father, my brother and I belong to the SNPJ. I think that those who belong to this Society are better off than those who are not its members. It is getting late and I will have to close.—*Lucas M. Garm*, Sheldon, Wisconsin. Lodge 273.

*

The M. L.—a Weekly?

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am eleven years old and I enjoy reading the Mladinski List. Wouldn't it be nice if it would come every week? I wish it would. There are five persons in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. Circle 11 held its first annual picnic on June 11. I will write more next time.—*Marie Kunstel*, age 11, Arcadia, Kansas.

*

Might Still Write to M. L.

Dear Editor:—It's vacation time and there isn't much to do except play and enjoy ourselves outdoors. I like to read the Mladinski List. On the Fourth of July we had a large celebration. And on July 23 we had another Jugoslav Radio Hour.

I think this is the last time I am writing to this magazine. My birthday was on July 29 and this date marked the end of my letter-writing to the M. L. Of course, I may still write a letter or two to this magazine. I hope the others keep up their work and write to the M. L.

At this time I want to say good-by to all the Pen Pals and all my friends through M. L. This is all I have to say. I hope all the juvenile members have a happy summer vacation.—*Mildred A. Panyan*, Box 339, Woodbrige Ave., Buhl, Minn.

*

From Lodge No. 475

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this wonderful magazine. I am very sorry that I didn't write in the June and July issues, but I just can't get a chance.

In the May issue I said that we were going to have a dance with music furnished by the Bergant Sisters of Lisbon, Ohio. Our dance was a huge success socially and materially. I must say that those girls sure can play. Everyone in our vicinity wanted them to play here again, and so they played here again on July 29. (I am writing this in the past tense because by the time the M. L. will come out the dance will be over.) The dance was held at the Mt. Clair Hall.

My birthday was on June 17 and now I am 15 years old. In my last letter I asked for some Pen Pals and did get some. I enjoy reading their letters and I like to answer them. But still I am not satisfied—I would like to get more letters from both boys and girls. I will gladly and promptly answer all letters. I am a proud member of the SNPJ lodge 475.—*Louiska Mankoch*, Route 2, Box 55, Clarksburg, W. Va.

*

Three Little Kittens

Dear Editor:—Vacation's here and we all have time to write to the Mladinski List. I think that since this magazine comes to us free each month,

we juveniles should show our gratitude by writing every month.

School was out June 8. We had a picnic on that day and we all ate too much.

We are now living in our summer home in Cascade. We had three little kittens but one night a weasel (we think) killed one. So now we have only two. They surely are playful. They are named Dusty and Calico.—On May 15 was my birthday. I had a party. There were twenty-two people at my party. I received many nice gifts. I was twelve years old on that day.—I passed to the seventh grade and next fall I will go to the Junior High School. It is a fairly large school with about five hundred students each year.

In reply to my last letter in the Mladinski List so many readers wrote to me that I couldn't answer them all. I am only going to have four pen pals this summer so that I will be able to write to the M. L. more often than I have last winter. I haven't seen any letter from either Colorado Springs or Cascade recently. Do I have to carry on all the correspondence for them? Wake up! The time for spring fever is over. Best regards to all.—*Elsie Mae Mihelich*, Cascade, Colo., Lodge 94.

*

For More Pen Pals

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this magazine and I hope it will not be the last. I meant to write more often, but I have been very busy lately. I have quite a number of pen pals and I hope to have many more this summer.

I am thirteen years of age and will be fourteen on October the twenty-seventh. I was in the ninth grade and if I pass I'll be in the seventh next fall. Our school was out on June 26 but we'll get our final reports late in July.

I read the Mladinski List every month and I find it very interesting.

Here is a riddle:

A boy was pulling a wagon, which was filled with fingers and thumbs. What are they? Answer: Gloves.

Best wishes to all SNPJ members.—*Sylvia Nattigal*, 33 Heinzman St., Toronto, Ont.

*

Playhouse with Red Roof

Dear Editor:—I am seven years old and this is my first letter to this magazine. I like to read all the stories and poems and letters in it. I have a little playhouse. It is white with a red roof. I can just barely stand in it.

We have a pet cat. His name is Casper. He is big and yellow. He is very nice and gentle.

I passed to the third grade. My teacher this year was Miss Carter. I liked her very much.

There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. I will try to write oftener. I am glad school is out. I have a pet chicken. When I pick her up, she goes to sleep. Her name is Henny Penny.—*Helen Jean Mihelich*, Cascade, Colo.

*

Prijatelj ali denar?

Dragi urednik!—Tudi sedaj se vam moram lepo zahvaliti za tako lepo urejeni dopis, ki ste ga priobčili v zadnji številki Mladinskega lista.

Poletje je tukaj. Večkrat je zelo vroče. Včasih je prevroče. Nekateri dnevi pa so hladni. Lepo je poleti. Lahko se gremo kopat. Igramo se zunaj. In pri tem nam ni treba gorke obleke. Le malo smo oblečeni poleti. Tudi ni treba kuriti v "ta veliki peči". Da bi le mogli nekoliko te poletne vročine prihraniti za zimo. To bi bilo nekaj! Posebno za delavce bi bilo dobro.

Kaj je najdražje, denar ali prijatelj? Brez denarja se ne more živeti. Tako je namreč danes. Morda bodo kdaj odpravili denar. Saj denarja itak ne more nihče jesti. Z denarjem se pa lahko kupi vse, mnogokrat tudi zdravje. Dober prijatelj je pa večkrat več vreden kot denar. Prijatelj ostane zvest vedno. Denar ti tatovi ukradejo. Denar je mrtva stvar. Prijatelj pa je živ, ki ti da dobro besedo, te navdušuje in bodri. — Lep pozdrav vsem skupaj! — *Joe Rott*, 18815 Chickasaw Ave., Cleveland, O.

*
Likes the M. L.

Dear Editor:—This is my very first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 8 years of age and go to the Lincoln school in Oglesby. I am in grade 4-B. My teachers are Miss Jones and Mrs. Mackey. I like both of them. I find my schoolwork very interesting and rather easy. I have two brothers and three sisters.

Our vacation began June 17 and I wasn't so very pleased about it. But I do enjoy reading the many letters and jokes in this magazine. I hope to hear from some pen pals. Best regards to all.—*Dorothy Ann Kotar*, Route 1, La Salle, Ill.

*
Sheldon's SNPJ Picnic

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading this magazine very much. I also enjoy reading Lucas Garm's letters. He is a lodge brother of mine.

I am twelve years of age and I am in the eighth grade. My teacher is Mr. Borgen. I go to the Arnold State Graded school. There are thirteen people in our family, all belonging to the SNPJ lodge 273 of Sheldon, Wis. Our lodge held a picnic at park Sunday, June 18. We had an old-fashioned barbecue. A dinner was served at noon. In the afternoon speeches were given by Bro. Donald J. Lotrich and local lodge officers. A dance was held in the evening. And everybody had a grand time.

My favorite sports are roller skating and swimming.—I wish more juveniles would write from our lodge.—*Emma Dernovsek*, Route 1, Sheldon, Wis.

*
Annie Loves Music

Dear Editor:—The check I received for my contest letters was a surprise. It was very encouraging. I certainly shall try to write more to the M. L. Thank you very much.

My contributions brought me not only a check, but a correspondent from the state of Washington. Thank you, Anne Stebly, for noticing my name.—I am fifteen years old and will be a junior (3rd year high school) this coming school term. I love music more than anything else. I play flute and piano. I also play organ. I have four sisters and

four brothers. We live on a 227 acre farm about two and a half miles from Worcester.

I should like to see more writers from New York writing letters and entering contests in the Mladinski List. And I would like to have more pen pals, also.—*Annie Bozanic*, Worcester, N. Y. Lodge 393.

*
Could Read M. L. Ten Times Over

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L., but it will not be the last, I hope. I am 13 years old. I passed into the eighth grade. I am glad that school is out. Now I have more time to read the M. L. I read the June M. L. already. It is so interesting that I could read it over TEN TIMES. I have two pen pals and I wish to have more. My pen pals are Caroline Kramer of Menominee, Mich., and Helen Stimac of Oakmont, Pa. And what is the matter with Ann Brencic? I received but one letter from her, and that was in January.

We still haven't got a juvenile circle here. Will some boys and girls write and tell me where they have their meetings, if they do have any meetings. —*Violet Jelich*, Box 124, Marenisco, Mich.

*
SNPJ Day is Big Success

Dear Editor:—First, I want to say "Thank you" to the SNPJ for the two-dollar check I received for entering the contest.

Sunday, June 11, I heard the American-Slovene Youth Chorus of Cleveland sing many beautiful songs in different languages. They gave a splendid performance. The people enjoyed listening to the concert very much.

The Fourth Annual SNPJ Day, held at Shady Park, Clairton, Pa., was a very nice affair. A busload went from Moon Run. In the afternoon a nice program was presented. The program included speeches, singing by the West Newton, Library, Canonsburg, Clairton and Pittsburgh singing clubs, and all did very well. The main attraction on the program was the Vadnal Quartet of Cleveland, O., which gave a concert. They also gave a splendid performance. Everything on the program was enjoyed by the people. It was an ideal day and many members and other people were present.

Through the Mladinski List I have two pen pals, Anne Brennan and Sylvia Turck. I would like to have some more pen pals. I will gladly answer any letters that I receive.

Why doesn't someone else from Moon Run write to this magazine. Come on, Moon Run, wake up and let's see some letters from our town in the Mladinski List. I will write more next time. My next letter will be in Slovene.—*Mary Ambrozic*, Box 188, R. D. 5, Crafton Branch, Pa.

*
Frank is Grateful

Dear Editor:—I received the check sent to me for contributions the first six months of this year to the Mladinski List. It really was a great surprise when I received the letter with the check. This will help me to carry out many of my plans. I am greatly honored to receive one of the major awards and I wish to thank the executives of the SNPJ who made these awards possible and the

editor of the ML who decided who earned them.—*Frank Padar Jr.*, 222 Wyckoff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

*

Pictures of Winners

Dear Editor:—First of all, I want to tell you that school is out and I am having a good time.

I saw the pictures of the winners in the July ML and I thought they were very good. I am sorry that I am not writing for the contest.—I hope that all the members had a nice Fourth of July.

There surely are many people going picking blackberries. Anyway, summer is lots of fun for old and young.—*Georgie Marie Mocivnik*, P. O. Box 86, Jenny Lind, Ark.

*

Picking Blackberries

Dear Editor:—I am very sorry for not writing to this wonderful magazine every month. But from now on I will try to write each and every month.

In the July number of the ML I saw the pictures of the contest winners and I liked them.

I have a new pen pal, Mary Klevisher of Pierce, W. Va. Here, in our vicinity, many people are busy picking blackberries. The vines have many stickers on them.—Here is a little poem:

Life is what you make it,
So labor while you may
And make the most of everything
That enters in your way.

Remember, as life goes on
That no man is born wise
And he who gains the most in life
Is the one with open eyes.

I will close now, wishing all the members lots of good luck.—*Ernestine Mocivnik*, P. O. Box 86, Jenny Lind, Ark.

*

O našem mladinskem koncertu

Dragi urednik!—Krasno nedeljsko jutro je. Zelo me mika, da bi šla ven. Najrajši bi kar skozi okno skočila—tja ven v prosto naravo. Toda v dolžnost si štejem, da zopet napišem par vrstic v naš tako priljubljeni Mladinski list.

V zadnji številki sem opazila, da je bolj malo dopisov, kakor pač vsako poletje. V poletni vročini se nikomur ne ljubi pisati, ampak poguma pa ne smemo izgubiti. Nič zato, če je vroče. Saj tudi kovač kuje železo kadar je vroče. In mi smo mladi, polni energije.

Sedaj pa par vrstic o našem zletu v Pittsburgh. Kakor znano, smo imeli dne 11. junija Clevelandski slovenski mladinski zbori v Pittsburghu velik mednarodni koncert. Tistega dne točno ob 7. zjutraj smo se zbrali na slavnem clevelandskem kolodvoru Union Terminal. Bilo nas je nad 500, to je odraslih in otrok. To je bilo žvrgolenja. Kmalu nas je posebni vlak odpeljal proti Pittsburghu. Tja gredimo nismo smeli vpiti, videli pa smo lepe pokrajine, polja in vinograde.

Ko smo dospeli v Pittsburgh, smo se osnažili in preoblekli za nastop. S postaje do koncertne dvorane smo se peljali v posebnih uličnih vozeh. Tista dvorana je najlepša v Pittsburghu. Imenuje se Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hall. Bilo je pol-

dne. Imeli smo vaje in nato kratek odmor. Koncert se je pričel točno ob 4. popoldne. Zastor se je dvignil. Občinstvo nas je pozdravilo z velikim navdušenjem, mi smo pa peli kakor še nikdar. Kakor smo pozneje čitali, smo naredili na posetnike trajen vtis. Rekli so, da niso pričakovali tako lepega petja od nas.

Udeležba na koncertu je bila povoljna, a če bi naš narod razumel pomen našega petja, bi bila ogromna. Pozneje smo slišali, da je bilo mnogim žal, ker niso posetili našega velikega koncerta. Ampak mi z našim neumornim pevovodjem g. L. Semetom se ne ustrašimo. Mi gremo naprej za ciljem, ki smo ga zažrtali!

Iz Pittsburgha smo se odpeljali proti domu ob eni uri popoldne. Bili smo trudni. Komaj smo stopili v vlak, so naše trudne glavice kar obstale na naslonjačih sedežev. V trenutku je bilo slišati različne glasove — smrčanje. Zbudili smo se šele v Clevelandu, ko je sprevodnik naznanil, da smo prispeli v Cleveland. Bilo je 4. zjutraj. Domov sem prišla ob petih in nato takoj v postelj. Mama me je poklicala že ob osmih, kajti šole nisem hotela na noben način zamuditi. In potem sem v šoli kar lepo zaspala.—*Violet Vogrin*, 19515 Kildeer Ave., Cleveland, O., Lodge 137.

*

Summer Days Are Here

Dear Editor:—I have just composed a brief poem which I believe is suitable for this part of the year. Here it is:

Golden summer days are here,
The nicest days of all the year.
The boys are busy with their pranks,
Or fishing along the river banks.
Playing baseball is lots of fun,
Or just lounging in the sun.
Everyone enjoys a swim,
Roller skating keeps you slim.
Golf is a favorite sport,
Or playing tennis on the court.
All our work has to be done,
Even so, we have our fun.

I will try to write more next time. Best regards to all.—*Sylvia C. Penca*, 183—16th Ave., East Moline, Ill. Lodge 286.

*

Polka Is Very Popular

Dear Editor:—Once again I pick up my pen to drop a few lines to the ML. Most of the schools closed down for the summer, so we will be going outdoor to welcome the beautiful days ahead of us. With greatest of pleasure, playing, walking, swimming, etc.

Now that it has quieted down a little about the king and queen, I am just wondering what new excitement is in prospect for us. Most of the people acted as if it were the greatest event when the royal couple visited this country. Then there was the championship prize fight which attracted some attention of the public, but not much. Right now polka is getting more and more popular. I like the "Beer Barrel Polka". Even the cowboys are swinging it. I always did like polka.

A word or two about my hobbies. I have over

1,000 movie stars and I will be glad to give some away to those who are interested. I have almost everyone that could be mentioned. I started a new hobby which I hope will be a great success. It is picture post cards. If anyone is interested in this hobby, I would like to hear from them.

I wish to congratulate all the juvenile circles, Our School winners, and to all the rest who contributed so many fine articles, letters and drawings. I will write more next time.—*Justine Lovsin*, age 15, Bentleyville, Pa.

*
Reads ML From Cover to Cover

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the ML, and I will try and write every month. I am 14 years old and belong to the SNPJ lodge 391. There are seven in our family besides me and they are all members of the lodge.

My chief hobby is collecting snapshots. I would like to get some pen pals who are interested in my hobby.

I read the Mladinski List from cover to cover every month and I wish it would come more often as it is very interesting. I will write more next time and I hope to hear from some pen pals.—*Jennie Bradley*, Box 102, Sheffield, Pa. Lodge 391.

*
It's Nice on the Farm

Dear Editor:—I am 13 years old and am in the 6th grade at McKinley school. This is my first letter to the M. L. which I read from cover to cover every month. Some day I hope to become an editor of some newspaper.

It is nice around our farm. The trees are very tall and the roses are blooming, pink roses and red roses. One rose bush in particular is my favorite. I will write more next time. Best regards to all.—*Julia Bergant*, R. R. No. 1, Willard, Wis.

*
Margie Likes the ML

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I must tell you that I like this wonderful magazine of ours. Let's all keep up our work (that includes me, too). I read this magazine every month and I like the pictures drawn by Dorothy Zager of Gilbert, Minn.; Lawrence Garm of Sharon, Pa., and by Joseph Zupancic of Pittsburgh, Pa., the best. I also like the riddles and other interesting things. The Slovene poems and stories are interesting.

Our school was out May 19. We had a wonderful time. Our school picnic was held at Rock Dam. It is a lake about five miles from our school. We had lunch there and then we went boat riding. We all enjoyed the picnic. I will write more often to the M. L.—*Margie Bergant*, R. R. 1, Willard, Wis.

*
The 1939 ML Is Great

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to the ML for a long time, so I decided I'd write again. I like the 1939 magazine very much. There are many interesting letters, stories and poems in it. Many readers write swell letters. I like Olga Knapich's letters

very much because they are very interesting. I must say that Dorothy Karlinger from Franklin, Kans., and Joe Rott from Cleveland, O., contributed good letters, too. I read the last ML from cover to cover. The July number of our magazine really was very good.

This year I graduated from McKinley school. If conditions are good, in the fall I might attend the 9th grade at Willard State Graded School. I will try to write in Slovene some day. Wishing the Juvenile Circles, writers and readers a success. Best regards to one and all.—*Amelia Bergant*, R. R. 1, Willard, Wis.

*
Enjoys Reading Books

Dear Editor:—I am ten years old and in the 6th grade, and this is my first letter to the M. L. I am proud to tell that I had the best report card in the room. My favorite subject in school is reading. I enjoy reading library books very much. And every opportunity I get you'll find me reading a book.

At our Juvenile Circle, No. 2, we have a sewing club and are working on dish towels for the beginning. Our instructor, Mrs. Tratnik, said that some of us may start on pillow cases. I hope to be one of them because I like to sew.

For Mother's Day we gave a play, "Flowers for Mothers," written by Bro. I. Molek for our senior members. The characters were: Bobby, Rudy Kozan; Betty, Nada Zagar; Florist, Anne Cebul. Another entertainment was an interesting outing held on June 22 at Gordon Park. Our Adviser told us that we are to have a picnic together with the other circles on July 16 on the newly bought farm of the Cleveland SNPJ Federation. After this picnic I hope to have some more interesting news for our readers. Best regard to all.—*Nada Zagar*, 1111 E. 66th St., Cleveland, O. Lodge 137.

*
Summer Sports

Dear Editor:—I was very much pleased when I saw my first letter in the M. L. And this is my second letter. Our school was out June 9 and now we'll be able to write more often. Next September, when school starts, I will be a freshman at the Great Falls High School.

I have two pen pals, Frank Oslanek from Pa. and Mary Kleisher from W. Va. I would like to have more pen pals.

My hobby is collecting photographs. My favorite sport is softball in summer and ice skating in winter. I think most people like ice skating. I will write again to the M. L. next time. Best regards to all the ML readers.—*Dorothy Hocoever*, 415—33rd St., Great Falls, Montana.

*
Closed

Mother: "Johnny, did you get that loaf of bread I sent you for?"

Johnny: "No. The store was closed."

Mother: "What, closed at this time of day?"

Johnny: "Sure. There was a sign on the door that said, 'Home Baking.'"

WHEN WE PLAY

Compiled by Ann K. Medvesek



We have come to realize that play, in games and other forms, is nature's own way of developing and training power.—BANCROFT.

OBSTACLE RACE

Two or more teams may compete in this game. When the first player has completed going through or over the obstacles, he hurries back to touch off the next runner, who must go through the same performance. The team which first overcomes all the obstacles is the winner.

The obstacles may be as follows:

1. Run with hands on ankles to the place where an automobile tire has been placed.
2. Crawl through the tire.
3. Eat a cracker without the aid of hands.
4. Run to a barrel hoop. Draw down over shoulders and step out of it.
5. Thread a needle.
6. Find a nickel which has been hidden in a saucer of flour.
7. Run back to starting point on all fours.

HORSESHOES

No picnic seems to be complete without a horseshoe game. If horseshoes are hard to get, rope quoits may be substituted.

If men play against the women, the requirements are that the men must play with their left hands. Even so we find that nine times out of ten men are the winners.

ANIMAL BLIND MAN'S BUFF

One player is blindfolded and stands in the center of a circle holding a stick in his hand. The rest of the players dance around him until he taps three times with his stick, when they stand still. The blind man then points his cane at some player, who takes hold of the other end of the stick in

his hand. The blind man then asks him to make a sound like some animal, such as a cat, dog, cow, or donkey. The blind man then tries to guess the name of the player. If he guesses correctly, they change places. If wrongly, the game continues with the same blindman.

The players should try to disguise their voices as much as possible. They may also disguise their height, to deceive the blind man, by bending their knees to seem shorter or rising on their toes to seem taller.

Where there are thirty or more players, two blind men should be placed in the center of the ring.

POTATO DUEL

Two players are chosen as duelists. Two large potatoes are placed on two teaspoons and given to the two combatants to hold in his or her hand. In the other hand the players hold an empty tablespoon.

A line is drawn and the duelists are asked to stand a foot back of it and face each other.

At a given signal the duel starts. Each duelist tries to upset the other's potato with the tablespoon, keeping his own potato safe on the teaspoon.

ANSWERS TO WORD MASQUERADE

Fruit

1. orange; 2. apple; 3. strawberries; 4. pineapple;
5. pear; 6. peach; 7. plum; 8. grape.

Animals

1. elephant; 2. kangaroo; 3. hippopotamus; 4. bear;
5. ermine; 6. badger; 7. lynx; 8. alligator.

"DIZZIE DOTS"

YOU COMPLETE THE PICTURE

"Hah, hah! Snapper, the Turtle, caught a whopper THIS time," cried our Jungle Friends . . . Let's draw a line from dot to dot and see what Snapper got.



Answers to the Riddles

- The smallest animals.
- It is in the middle of Day.
- One. P—eck.
- C-O-D.
- Goat.
- Just a spring.
- Both are catching.
- It was always the largest.
- Keep warm.
- A pump handle.
- Your mother.
- Carpet.
- George Washington. He was father of his country.
- In grease (Greece).
- A comb.
- A-G-E.
- Dates.
- Because both shine.
- With a spoon.
- A ditch.
- Because both run.
- The letter T.
- Umbrellas.
- It saw Idaho.
- A nail in your shoe.

ANSWERS TO ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE by Boris Bruce, Chicago, Ill.

ACROSS

1. swab; 5. ass; 8. also; 12. wire; 13. rot; 14. deed; 15. asea; 16. ode; 17. hand; 18. neat; 19. Sam; 20. ends; 21. ewe; 23. Mr.; 24. stone; 27. palette; 32. oar; 33. ran; 34. oer; 35. dresser; 38. alone; 40. to; 41. ole; 42. sofa; 45. bow; 47. ship; 51. over; 52. Ann; 53. sane; 54. leer; 55. ice; 56. elks; 57. only; 58. led; 59. nest.

DOWN

1. swan; 2. wise; 3. area; 4. beaten; 5. arose; 6. soda; 7. stem; 8. adhere; 9. lean; 10. send; 11. odds; 22. we; 23. ML; 24. sod; 25. tar; 26. ore; 27. par; 28. an; 29. too; 30. ten; 31. ere; 33. re; 36. starry; 37. so; 38. Al; 39. lessen; 41. owned; 42. solo; 43. oven; 44. feel; 45. bail; 46. once; 48. hale; 49. inks; 50. pest.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON JUST FOR FUN PAGE:

- The blacksmith was correct. He would open all three links in the first section which would cost 30c. There would remain four sections and three spaces, so by putting one link in each space and welding them together, he would only have to weld three links or the cost of 45c. The total cost would be 75c.
- Remove line 5 and line 12 and make a square with lines 6 and 11. The new square will then contain lines 6, 11, 5 and 12 and there will be only 4 squares in the group.
- The seven wonders of the ancient world were: The Pyramids of Egypt; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the statue of Jupiter Olympus; the tomb of Mausolus; the Pharos of Alexander and the Colossus of Rhodes.
- a. Mark Twain. b. H. W. Longfellow. c. Rudyard Kipling. d. Alfred Lord Tennyson. e. William Wordsworth.
- They are not related. If they were they would be husband and wife.
- The person is himself.
- Georgette.
- a. True. b. True. c. True. d. False. The cowbird is a small N. Amer. blackbird. e. False. A finch belongs to the family of sparrows, goldfinches, linnets. d. True.

KEY TO JUMBLED WORDS ON JUST FOR FUN PAGE

- Mladinski List
- Circles
- Pen pals
- SNPJ
- Society

We Have Another Campaign

3500 New Members, Adults and Juveniles, Is the Goal in This Jubilee Year of the SNPJ

The Slovene National Benefit Society, your Society which publishes this magazine for you, was thirty-five years old on April 9th last.

On the occasion of this anniversary a new membership campaign has been launched by the Society beginning with April 1st and ending on December 31st, 1939.

Here are the prizes and rules for this SNPJ Jubilee Campaign:

Fifty cents for each new member insured for \$250 death benefit.

One dollar for each new member insured for \$500 death benefit.

Two dollars for each new member insured for \$1000 death benefit.

Three dollars for each new member insured for \$1500 death benefit.

Four dollars for each new member insured for \$2000 death benefit.

Ten dollars extra will be awarded to the member securing 25 or more new members.

Twenty-five dollars extra will be awarded to the member securing 50 or more new members.

Seventy-five dollars extra will be awarded to the member securing 100 or more new members.

All applicants admitted into the SNPJ during the campaign are exempt from the initiation fee, and the Society pays the medical examination fee up to the amount of \$1 for adult applicants, and for juvenile applicants as provided by the by-laws.

The infants for whom the Society pays \$5 award in the form of assessment are not included in the campaign and cannot be considered for awards.

All new members admitted by the lodges and Society during this campaign shall be considered for awards on condition that they have paid at least three monthly assessments.

During the Juvenile Jubilee Campaign last year you responded wonderfully and you showed good results. Won't you do the same this year?

To work—all of you!

The goal of this campaign should be—3500 new adult or juvenile members for the Slovene National Benefit Society!