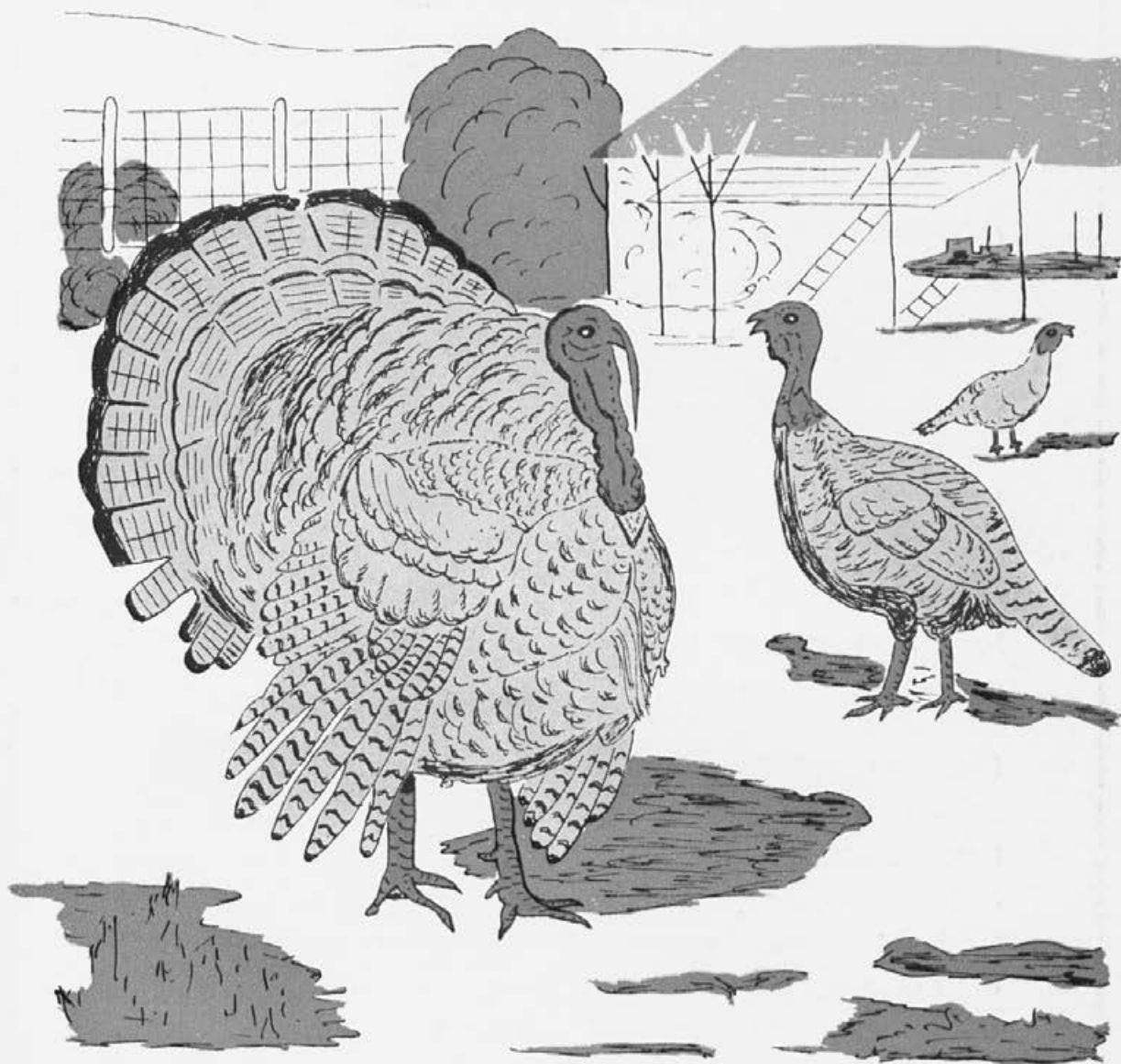


MLADINSKI LIST



A Magazine for SNPJ Juveniles

NOVEMBER

1942

MLADINSKI LIST JUVENILE



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THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD

By R. McMillan

CHAPTER IX

When the World Was Young

Let us sit down and think how far we have gone. We have now reached the point at which we have a central fire, all blazing and flaming, a mass of a fiery gas in a state of white hot combustion, so big, so wide, so vast, so terrible, that you can scarcely conceive it. Millions of miles away from that central mass there are tiny masses of gaseous matter.

The third in order from the sun we call the earth. But when the worlds were very young there may have been more than there are now. I do not know, and if anybody contradicts this he will have to prove his case. You may take my word for it that there are now, say, eight worlds moving round the sun. (The reported discovery of a ninth major planet is being investigated at the date of this edition.) The nearest to the sun is Mercury, and the next is Venus, and the third is this world, the earth. And that is how it originated, as far as I know. But that is not all you want to know. You want to know how the grass and trees and rivers and beasts and people originated. That is to say, how did the world come, from a mass of flaming gas, to be the lovely cool (sometimes) place that we live in now? You want to know all that, and I want to tell you.

This world, with its attendant moon, went on circling round the sun for ages, growing gradually cooler; but it did not appear to go any slower, as we see some things doing after a time. If you stir the tea in your cup, you will see it goes as fast as ever you wish it almost; but as soon as you stop stirring it the speed begins to go out of it, and very soon the tea appears to be as still as a green meadow or a solid mountain. Why did it stop? Simply because of the friction of the tea against the cup and against the air. I

must try to tell you about the air later on; but in the meantime you may take it that the friction against the cup tends to bring the whirling tea to a standstill.

The law of the universe is that all bodies moving through space will go on and on in a straight line, at the rate that was first imposed upon them, until another force interferes with them. There is no cup to interfere with the motion; there is no air to stop them. There is nothing that we know of in space to stop a flying body. The sun drove the earth out, and the pull of gravitation held it back; and the combination of the two forces kept the world going round in a circle, where it must keep going until some other power stops it. But gas cools! Even if the mass of the world kept going at the same rate, the gas would be getting colder all the time, and giving off its heat just as a log fire does in the bush. Fire is just the same everywhere; it is combustion. That is all. No more, no less. But the sun is a flaming fire of blazing gas, giving out a fearful heat; and if you were asked how much heat the sun gives out in a day, some mathematician would be able to give you the answer.

Samuel Laing, in his *Modern Science and Modern Thought*, gives you one answer which is interesting. He says: "The sun in each second of time parts with as much heat as would be given out by the burning of 16,436 millions of millions of tons of the best anthracite coal." So you see my statements are very mild compared with those of a great scholar. The earth, then, when it was of the same fiery nature as the sun, gave off enormous heat, and so did the moon. There was probably a great deal of volcanic activity in the moon at one time, but it died out. You can see the dead craters of the volcanoes if you look at the moon through a telescope. All things die—men and women, worlds and suns, and systems.

(To be continued)

List za listom

Rado

List za listom gre z drevesa,
da ob deblu spreperi.
Gostovejnata zavesa
se mu kmalu posuši.

Pa bo golo tukaj stalo,
smrti nemo znamenje,
vsakomur oznanjevalo:
Vse na svetu v večnost gre!

Spomni drevja se golote,
ko lasje ti osive!
Spomni se sveta praznote:
dnevi naglo ubeže!

Spanje cvetic

Rado

Sestre, spimo
in ležimo
v hladni zemljici!
Po dolinah,
po ravninah
mrzli sneg leži.

Le sanjajmo,
počivajmo,
zdaj je doba sna!
Sonce spava,
in narava
z njim počiva vsa.

Junak Marko

(Belokrajinska)

Katka Zupančič

S starim kolom staro šilo
se na pot je spravljal.
Pravi kolu staro šilo:
"Dobro se bo shajalo!
Ti si kolo, boš lomilo —
jaz bom bodlo, sem bodilo.
Svet bo gledal —
in spregledal;
razkoračen bo potlačen,
in bo stokal in se jokal,
v prahu klečal, milo ječal,
lepo prosil — nič izprosil!
Hajdi, hajdi, pusti kot!
Hajdi, hajdi, brž na pot!"

Čuje pa to stari Marko,
ki po Kolpi vozi barko.
Brzo on sekiro v roke:
"Ne bo kruha iz te moke . . ."
Pa po šilu, pa bo kolu,
da šprentlja se naokolu.
Treske zbere stari Marko,
pa si kuri z njimi barko.
In pristavi k ognju lonec,
v njem kozliča zadnji konec.
Oj je, stari Marko je junak!
Kdor ne verje, je bedak!



LUKEC IN NJEGOV ŠKOREC

Povest za mladino

France Bevk

(Nadaljevanje)

Učiteljica se je naglo razburila, naglo se je tudi pomirila. "Prav," je dejala. "Naj bo. Nesi materi pismo. Jutri naj pride mati v šolo."

Lukec je sedel. Smeje se je ozrl po tovariših. Danes in jutri tega materi ne pove. Nato bo morda pozabljeno . . . Pričel se je pouk.

Nekaj časa je bil Lukec miren. Učiteljici je bil celo hvaležen za njeno dobroto. Kmalu je pozabil na to. Ure so bile dolgočasne. Besede, ki so bile izgovorjene v tujem jeziku, se niso prijele njegovih ušes. Zazehal je. Dregnil je Petra. Ta mu je vrnil pod klopjo. Sepetanje. Nepazljivost je postajala večja in večja. Šum je rasel. Učenci so dvigali palce, prosili na prosto. Vrata so se odpirala in zapirala.

Učiteljica je tolkla s palico po mizi: "Tiho! Tiho!"

Lukec je segel v žep. Otikal je brnec. Nožič, ki je imel samo eno klino in le pol platnic. Odprl ga je in zapičil rezilo v les pod klopjo. Položil je prst na konec noža in sprožil. Nož je brnel z drobnimi tresljaji. "Brrr!"

Nekateri dečki so se začeli ozirati na Lukca. Vedeli so, kaj to pomeni. Kihali so predse. Lukec se je delal neumnega . . . Brnenje je zaslišala tudi učiteljica. Umolknila je.

"Kaj je to? Kdo to dela?"

"Ne vemo."

Tone se je smejal. Po strani je pogledoval Lukca, ki se je držal resno, resno.

"Ti si, Tone?"

"Ne," se je dvignil ta. "Morda je Lukec."

Lukec je sunil Toneta pod klopjo, nato se je dvignil. Obraz mu je sijal od nedolžnosti.

"Saj nič ne delam. Sedim in poslušam."

Brnenje je bilo ponehalo. Učiteljica je poučevala dalje. Nekaj časa ni nobena stvar motila pouka. Nenadoma: "Brrr!"

Učiteljica je pogledala naravnost v Lukca. Ta se je zmagoslavno oziral. Ni opazil, da ga kdo opazuje.

"Luka Brajnik!"

"Saj nič ne delam."

"Šum delaš, da vse motiš."

"Ne razumem."

"Čakaj, razumel boš," se je dvignila učiteljica.

Lukec je segel pod klop in izdrl nož. Že mu je tičal v hlačnem žepu.

Učiteljica ni ničesar našla. Na njenem drobnem, bledem obrazu je trepetalo ko listje v vetru. Ker je imela v rokah šibo, je Lukec stisnil glavo med ramena. Tudi zamizal je. Ni odprl oči, dokler ni slišal drobno hojo po sobi do mize.

Pogledal je skozi okno. Mislil je na škorce, ki pleše po koči in ga kliče: "Luka!" Nato na pismo, ki ga mora nesti materi . . . Tistega dne se z brncem ni več igral.

3.

Po šoli je letel Lukec na pošto. Dobil je veliko, debelo pismo. Potipal ga je in pogledal znamko. "Oče piše." Poizkusil ga je stlačiti v žep, a ni šlo. Nesel ga je v rokah.

Na koncu vasi je postal in pogledal proti domu. Potegnil je klobuk na ušesa in se spustil v tek, da so ga komaj dohitevale pete. Roke so mu mahale po zraku, torba mu je tolkla ob boke. Srečal je voz. Skočil je v stran in tekal dalje. Pod klancem, blizu koč se je ustavil.

Na vrtu je stala mati. Čakala ga je. Zasenčila je oči in mu zaklicala: "Ali si prinesel pismo?"

Lukec je pogledal po sebi, roke so bile prazne. "Pismo. Kje je pismo?" se je prestrašil. Ni poslušal matere, ki mu je nekaj klicala. Izgubil je bil pismo . . .

Obrnil se je in bežal proti vasi. Oči so mu švigale na desno, na levo. Od strahu so se mu ježili lasje na glavji.

Pred njim je cinčal voz. Iz kolovoznice je gledalo nekaj belega. Upognil se je in pobral. Pismo mu je bilo padlo v blato, kolo je šlo čezenj. Obrisal ga je v hlače. Vse je bilo zapackano, znamke in naslov.

Vrnil se je. Mati ga je srečala sredi klanca.

"Ali si izgubil pismo?"

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

Birthdays of the Great Men

By Louis Beniger

William Cullen Bryant

William Cullen Bryant, the first American poet to win recognition here and abroad, was born on November 3, 1794, at Cummington, a farming village in the hills of western Massachusetts. His father was a country doctor, a public-spirited man, known among his friends as a scholar; his mother was a descendant of the Pilgrims. After the village school young Bryant received a year of exceptionally good training in Latin and Greek. His boyhood is interesting because in the surrounding hills he came to his first love of nature, and because while still in school he wrote and published his first verses, "A Satire by a Youth of Thirteen."

At sixteen Bryant entered the sophomore class at Williams College where he was a diligent student. However, after two years his college days came to an abrupt end through lack of funds. But Bryant went on reading, and pored eagerly over such of the English poets as he found in his father's library. It was during this time, in his 18th year of life, that he wrote his best known poem, "Thanatopsis," which was followed by "Inscriptions" and "To a Waterfowl."

On abandoning his hope to enter Yale, the young poet turned to the study of law. At twenty-one he was admitted to the bar and for ten years practiced law, with an aversion for it which he never lost. At thirty-one he ventured to lay aside the practice of law, and moved to New York where he soon found himself editor of the *Evening Post*, a position which he held until his death. During the 52 years of his connection with this paper the character of his editorials gave it increasing dignity. As an influential editor, Bryant was a zealous supporter of Lincoln and an ardent advocate of emancipation.

It isn't very often that there is so emphatic a line between a man's daily life and his literary work as was drawn during the half century of Bryant's career. His work as an editor and his output as a poet were each admirable, yet they were almost totally separated. Bryant held that poetry should be

devoted to the pursuit of beauty. Thus he avoided writing "occasional" poetry and devoted his pen to nature themes, whether in the broader sense, as in "Thanatopsis," "A Winter Piece," "Autumn Woods," "A Forest Hymn," or on the more specific subjects—"The Yellow Violet," "To a Fringed Gentian," and "Robert of Lincoln."

The entire output of Bryant's work is slight, a fact which may account for its evenness. Though "Thanatopsis" was written in his youth, it is representative. It was said at that time that no one on this side of the Atlantic was capable of writing such poetry. It is a meditation on death as revealed by the "still voice" of nature. His other poems in this category include "Hymn to Death," "The Death of a Flower," "Green River," "The Poet," and "June."

Bryant's prose includes such works as "Letters of a Traveler," "Letters from Spain and Other Countries," "Letters from the East," and "Orations and Addresses"; also, his monumental labor of translating the Homeric stories, "Iliad" and "Odyssey." In "The Ages," he sketches the past progress of the world, concluding with a glowing picture of America.

It is correctly said that American poetry began in 1812—with Bryant's "Thanatopsis." In the form of his verse Bryant employed simple metrical schemes with uniform fluency and effectiveness. He abandoned the heroic couplet and used blank verse in his more elevated poems. His works show the fine sense of a classical scholar. Bryant's poetry was quiet and dignified, without the usual enthusiasm.

Bryant was always alive to the problems of the day, and eager to do his part toward the moulding of public opinion. In his closing years, by his conspicuous and popular participation in public meetings of various sorts, he earned the title of "the old man eloquent." It was immediately after the delivery of an oration at the unveiling in New York of a statue of Mazzini, the Italian exponent of democracy, that he fell, sustaining an injury which resulted in his death, on June 12, 1878.

GOSLAČ

Mat

Marko je bil visokorasel, koščen človek. Ni bil starejši od štiridesetih let, pa vendar se je mnogim zdel njegov obraz star. Bil je dober, a zmerom otožen. Otožni so bili glasovi, ki jih je izvabljal iz vijoline in tudi gospoda je rada poslušala njegove čudovite melodije. Pa se je naveličal svetlih dvoran in bledih gospodičen. Vzel je nekega dne pod pazduho svojo vijolino in odšel. Nikomur ni želel zbogom; brez pozdrava je odšel, kakor da se bo takoj vrnil. A on je odšel z odločitvijo, da se ne vrne nikoli več. Dolgo je hodil; ves dan in vso noč. In ko se je začelo na vzhodu svetliti, je prispel tja, kamor ga je vlekle srce. Prišel je na svoj mali dom.

Zgodaj je še bilo; vse je še spalo. Sedel je na klop pred hišo. Ko je gledal svoj dom, se mu je zazdel najlepši na vsem svetu. Majhna hišica in okoli nje tratica, nežna in svetlozelena. Enakomerno gosto in zeleno porasla. Nikoli je niso pokosili. Vstal je in stopil po stezici. Z belim peskom je bila posuta. Otroci so ga zvečer lepo enakomerno zravnali, on pa je to lepoto pokvaril s svojimi težkimi koraki. Tri jabolane so stražile dvorišče, visoke kakor bukve in košate kot hrasti.

Marko je mislil na nebo in zvezde. Čudovito so rasla drevesa. Doli za hišo je šumljala vodica. Vrba je rasla tukaj, da bi je dva moža ne objela. Votla in razpočena je stala, pa vendar ni hotela umreti. Vsako leto je pognala nove šope zelenega listja.

Po polju so rasle breze. V majhnih razdaljah so stale na različne načine. A kolikor razl. načinov je bilo, toliko je bilo lepote. Ta je bila podobna lipi, gosta in bogatolistna, ona je bila vitka kakor topol, tretja je pa obelšala veje kakor žalujska.

Marko je šel okoli hiše. Vrt je bil čudovito lep. Drevje je cvetelo. Povsod, tudi drugod je cvetelo, a nikjer tako lepo kakor na njegovem vrtu.

Po peščenih poteh je tiho hodil gori in doli. Vsako drevo je poznal. Cvetje jablan je bilo lepo z rahlim rdečim odtenkom. Posebno stara lesnika je bila vsa v cvetju; bila je podobna velikemu snežnemu zametu v sončnem jutru.

Listje se je še lesketalo od rose. Iznad gozdnatih gričev so prisijali prvi žarki. Tako se je zdelo, ko da bi zagoreli vrhovi smrek. Nad razoranimi njivami je ležala prosojna megla.

Marko je stal in gledal. Vrt je bil razdeljen v lepe gredice in rastline so že pričele kliti. In tam v kotu vrta je bila gredica, kjer brazde niso bile ravne; to je bil vrt za otroke.

Marko je stisnil vijolino pod brado in zaigral. Ptičke, ki so se že prebudile in so že ščeбетale v grmovju, so začudene obmolknile.

Godel je in mislil na svoj dom. Ob gozdnem obronku leži. Nima ne slapov ne parkov, a vendar je lep. Lep, prijazen, miren dom. Vse, kar je drugod rodilo sovraštvo in bridkost, je bilo tukaj ljubezen in radost.

Mislil je in igral. Tedaj se je odprlo okno. Zavesa je zdrknila na stran. Marko je zagledal njen lepi, dobri obraz. Njegova žena Marija je bila dobra in njen pogled je sijal kakor sončni žarek. Ona je vodila in čuvala ta lepi dom. Marko je stopil k njej in je bil srečen. Povedal ji je, kako je bilo po svetu lepo, pa je le prišel domov.

Ko so se otroci prebudili, je nastalo vesele, ker se je vrnil oče. Vsega so si vzeli. Vodili so ga po trati in mu pokazali vse, kar je bilo novega. Majhen mlin, ki so si ga naredili kraj potoka, ptičje gnezdo na vrbi in mlade ribice v potoku — na tisoče jih je migetalo v čisti vodi.

In potem so šli vsi, oče, mati in otroci na izprehod preko polja. Moral je videti, kako gosta je rž, kako raste detelja, kako je pokukal krompir iz tal.

Zvečer jim je igral vesele melodije in tako dober je bil z njimi, da so zaspali s prošnjjo, naj vendar oče ostane vedno pri njih.

Osem dni je ostal pri njih. Bil je ves čas vesel in razposajen kot otrok. Tihi dom je oživel.

Ali potem je prišlo neko jutro, ko je izginil. Dom je zopet onemel. Za hišo je enakomerno čeblljal potok in na polju je vse raslo. V domu je bila tiha sreča. Vse, kar drugod rodi sovraštvo in bridkost, je tukaj ljubezen in radost.

Zvoki Markove vijoline so se zopet ovijali okoli razsvetljenih stebrov razkošnih dvoran.

IGRAČE

Katka Zupančič

Ni prav, če jih je preveč—
ni prav, če jih ni nič.

Navzlic vsem neprilikam, ki sva si jih z bratcem dobrovoljno ali po sili delila, je bila najina mladost vendarle vrlo zanimiva in lepa. A mogla bi biti še lepša, če bi se bil naš oče le mogel kdaj domisliti, da se ni ne on rodil že kar z brki pod nosom.

Mati je bila v tem pogledu nekoliko boljša, a verjela je tudi ona v strogo vzgojo bolj, nego je bilo nama dvema ljubom.

Igračk nisva imela drugih, kot onih, ki sva si jih sama naredila. Pa še te sva morala skrivati. Zakaj oče se je takoj nasršil, če so mu prišle pred oči. Detetu v zibeli je kupil ropotuljico in pika. Menil je, da je bilo z ropotuljo otroškemu hrepenenju zadoščeno za vse čase.

Jaz sem imela seveda punčko iz cunj, spravljeno v vznožju na dnu postelje.

Bratec si je pa zgradil voziček in kurnik na njem. In tako se je vozila moja punčka v tej njegovi čudni 'kočiji' po dvorišču. A rajši, nego njo, je vozil kaj živega, mačico ali kako pišče. Za kokoš ali staro maco je bil kurnik premajhen. Zato je bilo treba izrabiti priliko, dokler je bil čas, kajti mače utegne zrasti v mačko in pišče v kokoš ali petelina. Moja punčka pa lahko počaka, saj ne raste . . .

Pod večer nekega dne pa ugotovi mati, da manjka jatici piščancev petelinček, odbran za bodočega gospodarja — zato važen.

Bratec ga je pozabil v svojem kurniku.

"Kje je? Vidva sta čuvala dom. Ali ga je kaj odneslo?"

"O ne! Odneslo pa ne! Saj bo prišel. Saj še ni tema. Ali pa že spi, saj je noč . . ." Tako si je jecljaje oporekal in se izvijal bratec, dočim sem se jaz odkradla ven po petelinčka.

Prepozno. Pred hišo sem srečala očeta. V eni roki mu je čivkal bodoči gospodar, v drugi pa — jojsenama! — je poškipaval, no, saj veste kaj . . . Slutila sem, kaj se bo zgodilo. Smuknila sem mimo očeta v vežo in pocuknila mater. Razumela je, ko je uzrla voziček in neizprosno odločnost na očetovem obrazu. Jemaje mu dolgokratnega čivkača z naročja, je zašepetala: "Ne bodi burja . . .!"

Bratec pa je medtem že ves is sebe kriknil in se svojega umotvora oprijel kakor klošč. V rokah mu je ostala ena ročica. Vse drugo pa je šlo v peč, na ogenj.

"Posvaril sem te večkrat. Nisi poslušal . . ."

Nič posebnega ni bil tisti voziček. Ali bratcu je pomenil veliko.

Nekaj dni kasneje je odklenkalo tudi moji punčki. Oče je nekaj iskal in tiskajoč za vnožjem, je potegnil ven — ne tistega, kar je iskal, temveč mojo ničesar hudega slutečo siroto iz cunj. Temno me je pogledal in majal z glavo, češ, dali me ni še pamet srečala.

Nemara bi se bilo takrat zame še vse dovoljno izteklo, da niso prav tisti hip privrvrali v sobo težaki. Prišli so večerjat.

Med njimi je bilo nekaj razposajenih fantov. Priskočil je eden, potegnil punčko iz očetove roke, pa jo vtaknil svojemu pajdašu pod srajco. O, bilo je smeha in krika in moje revše je smukalo iz rok v roke, izpod srajce tega pod srajco onega. Pri večerji so jo pitali in ji zapackali ves obrazek.

Izgubila je krilce in so dejali, da je možiček. Zasledili so na oknu črnilo in naredile so ji brke. Naposled so jo obesili na kavelj ob peči. Tako je prišla zopet meni v roke.

Očedila sem jo, prenovila ji obrazek, oprala krilce in kučemajko. Ali vkljub temu mi ni bila več tisto kot prej. Onečaščena se mi je zdela in oskrunjena. Smilila se mi je neizmerno, toda teka do nje ni bilo.

Sredi razora sem sedela z njo v naročju. Stiskala sem jo k sebi tako, da bi ji prav gotovo popokale kosti, če bi jih imela. Desno in levo je šumela visoka koruza. Nebo je bilo čisto ko ribje oko. Skratka, bila je lepa nedelja, a zame črni petek.

Sklenila sem namreč, da jo pokopljem. Toda kam?

Po komaj opazni stezici sem krenila z njiv. Visok gabrov grm je rahlo šepetal. V njegovi sencu pa je mohl iz trave z apnom pobeljeni in z rdečim križem zaznamovan mejnik. Zdelo se mi je, da bi na vsem svetu ne našla primernejšega prostora. Slovesno in zaeno žalostno mi je bilo pri duši, ko sem tik pod križem izkopala grobek, ga postlala s svežimi listi, pa položila vanj punčko in veliko svoje mlade sreče.

Dolgo pa z bratcem le nisva žalovala. On si je našel za nadomestilo stara, zavržena orna kolca, jaz pa sem si naredila drugo

(Dalje na 9. strani)

JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg

THANKSGIVING

This year we can be thankful
For harvests from well-filled lands
For gardens fair and countryside
Untouched by enemy bands.

For quiet streams and rivers
And buildings reaching high
For homes still bright with friendly light
And blue and cloudless sky.

* * *

NOVEMBER QUIZZER

Following are sentences containing a list of words related to Thanksgiving. Only one of the words in each sentence would have real connection with this turkey day. See if you can make the sentence complete:

1. At your Thanksgiving dinner you will most likely have: 1—Peaches; 2—Eggs; 3—Cranberry sauce; 4—Cantaloupe.

2. The Pilgrims celebrated the first Thanksgiving with 1—going to see a ball game; 2—working as usual; 3—going to the movies; 4—having a big feast.

3. President Roosevelt changed the customary date for Thanksgiving to the 1—3rd Thursday; 2—4th Thursday in November; 3—The last Thursday in October.

4. Attending the big celebration were: 1—Puritans and English; 2—Pilgrims and Indians; 3—Southerners and Indians; 4—Republicans and Democrats.

* * *

Boys'-Girls' Names

Some girls' names are derived from boys' names, as for instance Georgia comes from George—Frances from Frank. Can you figure out the girls' names from the following?

1—Joesph; 2—Victor; 3—Anthony; 4—August; 5—Patrick; 6—Paul.

* * *

WAR POEMS

Your job is to fill in the second line the correct word to rhyme with the top line:

- To win what's right
We all must_____.
- Mary, Jimmy and little Ben
Can help our country's battle_____.
- The ideals which we are fighting for
Will make our country win this_____.
- Our flag is both mighty and grand
To proudly wave o'er our free_____.
- By collecting scrap
We'll lick the _____.

* * *

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know why cobwebs and spiderwebs both mean the same thing? Because cob is an old English word meaning spider, so it is used even today when we are referring to spiderweb.

HOW'S YOUR GRAMMAR?

Can you pick out the mistakes in the following sentences?

- The river has overflown.
- The man was hunged yesterday.
- Who is tallest, you or Jane?
- She lives in a healthy part of the country.
- They were fighting each other.

* * *

TWISTERS

Column 1 and Column 2 have become mismatched. That is, the names in Column 1 should match with Column 2, but if you will notice, they do not. Can you re-arrange Column 2 in order to make it correct?

Column 1	Column 2
1. Al Smith	Mustache
2. Chamberlain	Derby
3. Hitler	Umbrella
4. Goering	Protruding chin
5. Mussolini	Medals

* * *

WHEN LIGHTS GO OUT

Here are some things you can do in an Air-Raid or Black-Out and some which you should not do. See if you know which of these statements are true or false:

- Put out all lights except those that do not show.
- Use the telephone to call up your friends.
- If you are out on the street, run to the nearest shelter.
- Try to see what is happening by looking out of the nearest window.
- Have a black-out room prepared and for added shelter, get under the table.

* * *

WORLD WAR NO. 2

- When you walk instead of ride in your family car, you are saving what three vital war necessities?
- To put out an incendiary bomb, you 1—Step on it; 2—Spray or cover it with sand.
- If you see an injured person, you should 1—Move him immediately; 2—Wait until the Doctor comes.
- What are some of the things we are fighting for?

* * *

FAMOUS PEOPLE'S BIRTHDAYS IN NOVEMBER

- November 3, 1879—Wm. C. Bryant, poet.
- November 12, 1815—Elizabeth C. Stanton, reformer.
- November 18, 1889—Galli-Curci, singer.
- November 25, 1862—Ethelbert Nevins, composer.
- November 30, 1835—Mark Twain, author.

* * *

THINGS YOU NEVER SEE

- A hurr(i)cane; 2—Rock candy; 3—Money talking; 4—Anyone bolt their food; 5—Apple turn-over.
- (Continued on page 9.)

DOPUST

Mat

Fronta. Siva megla. Noč. Drobne kapljice pršijo iz svinčenega ozračja. Tiho je za trenutek, pa zopet votlo zabobni iz teme. Po razmočeni poti se plazijo temne sence. Nekje v daljavi reglja strojnica kot da bi lajal požrešen volk. Pod cesto, v občestnem jarku se skriva lesena baraka. Izza špranj mežika medla luč.

Za trenutek zažari nebo in razsvetli medlo pokrajino. Iz sivine se za trenutek prikažejo sivi obrisi v blato pogreznjenih barak. Plazeče sence se za hip ustavijo; ko pa se takoj nato zruši zopet gosta tema, je zopet vse mirno.

Ivan sedi v majhni leseni koči. Na tleh spi nekaj tovarišev. Njihovi obrazi so trudni, izsesani, izmozgani. Koža se jim je zakrožila v gube; brade so postale ostre in uporne. Na mizi je brlela petrolejka in žalostno razsvetljevala majhen prostor. Po strehi je enakomerno šumel dež. Zdaj pa zdaj so se koči približevali težki koraki; za hip je straža obstala ob baraki, nato so se trudni koraki zopet oddaljevali in utihnili.

Ivan misli na dom. Na mlado ženo in Ivančka. Oči mu gledajo nekam v daljavo. Otrpla roka mu drsi preko papirja in piše. Ivančka bi rad videl; nikoli ga še ni. Kar nenadoma je prišel tisti črni dan, ko je moral iti. Ivan je zganil papir in ga vložil v pismo. Potem je utrnil petrolejko in legel k tovarišem. Zunaj je še vedno žalostno pršelo iz megle.

*

“Ne jokaj, dete malo. Saj vem, očka bi rad videl. Zaspil, Ivanček. Ne moreš? Daj, zapela ti bom tisto pesmico o sinčku, ki je iskal očeta. Poslušaj, dete.”

Tedaj je potrkalo na vrata.

“Hja, Marija, pismo zate. S fronte. Ivan piše, če se ne motim.”

Skozi vrata je priskakljal kruljavi Čebulček; eno nogo je vlekel za seboj. Kozji obraz je bil vedno dobrodušen. Ko je moral v boj še poštar, je ostal na vasi samo on, ki je bil pripravljen prenašati pisma.

Ko je človeček odskakljal skozi vrata, je raztrgala Marija ovoj in vzela popisan list v roke.

“Draga Marija!

Bodita pozdravljena. Ti in Ivanček. Ko sedim tukaj med mrzlimi stenami, mislim na vaju, ki sta tako daleč od mene. Kadar zatisnem oči, Te vidim pred seboj. Žalostna se mi zdiš. Dolgo že čakaš name in težko, vem, a še težje čakam jaz, da se vse to konča, da bo zopet posijalo sonce in bom prihitel k vama. Slišal sem, da je sedaj vse bolj tiho in mirno. Veselo vest imam zate. Najbrž pridem za nekaj dni domov. Ne vem še kdaj, a brž, ko bom zvedel, bom pisal. Zato, Marija, upajva, da še ni za naju končano srečno življenje. V mislih nate in na Ivančka bodita oba najprisrčneje pozdravljena. — Vajin Ivan.”

Prebrala ga je še drugič; potem je spravila pismo v nadržje. Ko je začutila na prsih hladni papir, ji je postalo prijetno in iz papirja je zaslutila utrip njegovega srca.

*

Prišla je odredba. Zaradi ugodnih položajev se dovoljuje teden dni dopusta naslednjim vojakom . . . Dolga vrsta jih je; med njimi Ivan. Srce mu je kipelo od pričakovanja, ko bo zapustil te mrzle in mokre järke in bo pohitel k svojima srcema, ki utripata zanj tam daleč za gorami. Vzel je bel papir in pisal. Zunaj je začelo zopet grmeti. Vedno bolj. Stene so se tresle. Tovariši so bili vsi preplašeni; vsi so zbežali iz koč. Ivan pa je pisal. Bliški in grom. Strašno je zagrnelo. Treske so zletele visoko v zrak, ko se je razletela kočica. Pod ruševinami se je ustavilo Ivanovo srce. Ko so razkopali ruševine, je še vedno držal v roki list. Tovariši so brali:

“Draga Marija in mili Ivanček!

Veselita se in bodita srečna. Domov pridem. Danes je petek; v torek se vidimo . . .”

Živo je še utripalo srce iz teh besed, na tleh pa je ležalo negibno truplo. Po licih so zdrsele solze. Ljub tovariš jim je bil.

*

Marija pa je čakala pisma. Lep dan je bil. Toplo je bilo in nebo se je lesketalo brez oblaka. Skozi vrata se je žalostno potegnila skrivljena postavica.

Skočila je k Čebulčku, a ko ga je videla vsega žalostnega in vase pogreznjenega, je obstala. Nato ji je podal pismo, s črnim obrobljeno.

STAMP COLLECTING

FIRST U. S. POSTAGE STAMP

By Cleveland Cady

To New York belongs the high honor of placing the first postage stamp in the United States and the second in the world, into actual use. This first postage stamp was known as the City Despatch Post, and was established in New York City on January 1, 1842, by Alexander M. Greig. In August of that year, Mr. Greig's postal service was taken over by the Government and renamed the United States City Despatch, and Mr. Greig was given the position of letter carrier.

The history of this private enterprise begun one hundred years ago by Greig is an interesting one. Henry Thomas Windsor, a London merchant, was at that time on a visit to America. On his travels about the country, he was impressed with the inefficiency of our postal service, and, being very familiar with the English postal system, saw the possibilities of establishing a private postal service in New York. Windsor had already formed the acquaintance of Greig, and, feeling that the venture would have better success under a well-known name, placed Greig at the head of it.

Throughout the city, letter boxes were placed at various points where mail was delivered three times a day; at 9 A. M., 1 P. M. and 4 P. M. City letters not exceeding 2 oz. each could be mailed for 3 cents. The City Despatch stamps had sold for 36c per dozen or \$2.50 per hundred, and the new service provided for the same rate. An option was given to "free" the letter, that is to postpay it, or senders could leave the postage to be collected on delivery.

The service extended from the Battery to 21st St. One of its features, which is interesting to note, is that provision was made for registration and what amounted to special delivery.

The City Despatch proved very successful in its modest way, and in time attracted the attention of the City Post Office Department—the revenue of which was doubtless reduced by its competitor. Mr. Windsor stated that the Government obliged him to discontinue it, and, on Aug. 1, 1842, the Postmaster General took the City Despatch Post over, with all its equipment, and changed the name to the United States City Despatch Post, employing Mr. Greig as letter carrier and another person as clerk.

John Lorimer Graham was Postmaster in New York City at the time, and he was authorized to obtain all the necessary fixtures, boxes, labels, pouches, stamps, etc., for a sum not to exceed \$1000, also a clerk to superintend the work, who was to receive \$1000 per annum.

Mr. Greig was to receive \$1200 a year. By taking him into the service, two ends were accomplished, his experience was obtained, and a rival was removed. The limits of the new service were from the Battery to 22nd St. and from the East to North Rivers. Whereas, under the City Despatch, the average number of letters carried per

day had been 437, the number increased to 762 within a short time under the United States City Despatch.

The stamps were engraved by Rawdon, Wright and Hatch, of 48 Merchants Exchange. They were first printed on paper of moderate thickness which was colored through, but were soon changed to a thicker paper. The paper longest in use was a highly glazed paper colored either blue or green. The two covers illustrated are of the blue glazed variety. The one to Greene St., showing the stamp tied by a red circular United States City Despatch Post cancellation, not a common item, was bought about eighteen years ago from among some old correspondence, and the writer subsequently refused an offer of several times the price paid for it.

The other cover has the U. S. cancellation in an octagon, with the U. S. City Despatch Post handstamp on the envelope itself.

The United States Despatch Post continued for several years, and was finally superseded by the regular postal issues of 1847.

—Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News.

IGRAČE

(Nadaljevanje s 6. strani)

punčko, toda tako majceno, da sem jo lahko nosila v žepu.

*

Vsega tega sem se spomnila, ko se mi je včeraj potožila majhna, a zgovorna deklica, da ji je strašno dolgočasno. Glavico je nagnila po strani, pa globoko vzdihnila: "Oh, komaj, komaj čakam božiča . . ."

Sočutno sem jo vprašala: "Kaj, ali nimaš nobene igračke? Nobene punčke?"

"O, imam. Imam jih pet. Velikih in majhnih. Pa voziček zanje in posteljico in obleke tudi. Pa dva medvedka in psička, ki pis-ka, in — in — ah, vse polno imam take stare navlake . . ."

Odmahnila je s svojima zalitima rokama in se hudo našobila.

JUST FOR FUN

(Continued from page 7.)

BRAIN TEASERS

1. If the capital of the United States were moved to the population center of this country, it would then be located in the state of: a—Indiana; b—Wisconsin; c—Missouri; d—Ohio.

2. If it were moved to the geographical center of the U. S., where would it be located? a—Colorado; b—Nebraska; c—Kansas; d—Wyoming.

3. The oldest city in the United States is: a—Jamestown, Va.; b—Plymouth, Mass.; c—Philadelphia, Pa.; d—Boston, Mass.; e—St. Augustine, Fla.

(Answers on inside back cover page.)

OUR SCHOOL

OUR OUTSTANDING LEADERS

Today outstanding leaders may be cited in every Allied Nation. Many names are being discussed, even remembered for a short time, but only the truly outstanding leaders will gain a place, among those of long ago, in the hearts and minds of our nations.

Among those whom I consider to be outstanding leaders of the Allied Nations in the present war are General Douglas MacArthur, General Draza Mihailovich, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, General Timoshenko, and Admiral Nimitz. For more than five years Gen. Kai-Shek has been fighting against Japan, and still is. He has kept the morale of his people, and they believe in him and trust him. Gen. MacArthur is a great general, so is Gen. Mihailovich, the great Yugoslav leader, and Gen. Timoshenko is regarded as the man who succeeded in keeping his army in Russia intact against great odds. Admiral Nimitz proved his worth at Midway when he defeated the Japs.

However, above them all stands another great man—President Roosevelt! He is the man charged with the responsibility of our country. In fact, not only our country, but people in other countries are looking to him to lead us to victory. He must decide the policies to follow, he must see to it that our production reaches the peak, that our men are at the places where they are most needed, and that the best suited men are placed in charge of various activities. He must also see to it that our Allies are well supplied with all the necessities of war.

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt is a natural leader, and a brave man. He overcame a dangerous sickness which to most men would have meant the end of their career, but not Roosevelt. He said he would beat this thing—infantile paralysis—and he did! His record as President is indeed



NIGHTMARE

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



AN AUTUMN SCENE

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

outstanding. He sponsored most of the progressive and social legislation in Congress and did many other good things.

Yes, Roosevelt is one of the outstanding leaders of the Allied Nations. We have confidence that he will guide our country to Victory.

ROSE CHAGENOVICH, 14, lodge 416
984 Santa Cruz St., San Pedro, Calif.

INTERESTING FACTS

- Nov. 1, 1841—St. Paul, Minn., settled.
- Nov. 2, 1795—James Polk, president, born.
- Nov. 14, 1765—Robert Fulton born.
- Nov. 19, 1863—Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.
- Nov. 21, 1620—Pilgrims arrived at Cape Cod.
- Nov. 23, 1806—Pike's Peak discovered.
- Nov. 28, 1783—First U. S. post office opened.
- Nov. 29, 1832—Louisa May Alcott born.
- Nov. 30, 1835—Mark Twain born.

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

HOW YOU CAN HELP IN WINNING THE WAR

Sometime you may wonder what a child can do to help win the war. You may be surprised at how many things you can do. It is true that you as a child cannot join a branch of the service, but fighting on battlefronts isn't all that counts. There is fighting to be done on the home front,



GET THE SCRAP TO SLAP THE JAP!

Drawn by **Jimmie Spendal**, age 14, Clinton, Ind.
Lodge 50.

too. We civilians have as much to do as the boys fighting overseas.

First of all, you should save all your pennies to buy War Stamps and Bonds. To save a few more pennies, you can easily do without some candy. This is sacrificing very little when you think of all the money you can save. It is surprising how far a small amount of money will go when you invest it in Bonds and Stamps.

Then you can help to conserve materials which are not obtainable in large quantities. Aiding the government in scrap metal and rubber drives will aid in the construction of an airplane, tank, and other necessary wartime articles and defenses.

Do all you can to help up the morale of the soldiers. If you write to a boy in the service do not inform him of any difficulties which may be accruing at home, but keep on the cheerful side of things. Write to him as often as you can. In this way keep on the cheerful side of things. In this way you can help him endure any hardships.

Learn to recognize an air raid warning when you hear it. In case of an air raid take every precaution to keep out of danger. Help to keep children younger than yourself safe. In these times, we must all unite and cooperate, regardless of our own position.

Do not spread any false rumors. Even one word has the power to injure the morale of many people. Try to keep a conversation away from the war situation. Even a supposedly friendly conversation may give valuable information to the enemy.

Learn more about your country's position in the war. Listen to the radio news pertaining to the war. Read newspaper articles by correspondents from the battle fronts. History is being made day by day. This may be the most exciting period in history. You should know more about it.

So you can see, you cannot remain idle. Even a child has duties to perform. (Source: Newspapers.)

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

WHEN I WAS NINE

When I was between the age of 9 and 12, the way we celebrated Halloween was that we dressed up in a costume or old clothes. Then we would go to houses and knock at the doors to let people try to guess who we were.

If they didn't guess, we would take our mask off and tell them our names. Some would give us candy, chewing gum, cake, and others would give different kinds of fruit and pennies.

We would carry sacks with us. When they would get filled we would go home and empty them to see what we got.

That was when I was nine, and ten, and eleven. And that's how it is today for those who are that age. Of course, in different parts of the country children celebrate Halloween in different ways.

FREDA SNOY, age 15, lodge 13
R. F. D. 1, Box 7, Bridgeport, O.

COTTON

In the colonial days tobacco had been the most important crop in the South. In 1803, however, cotton rose to first place in southern products. This came about because England needed more raw cotton after improvements were made in the spinning and weaving machines.

The Southern States were able to supply England, because the invention of the cotton gin made it possible to clean so much more cotton in a day. The great demand for cotton immediately made it necessary to have more laborers. Free men could not work as cheaply as slaves and so they usually moved from the cotton states and took up small farms of their own.

More and more the South had to depend on



THE OLD AND THE NEW

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



ICE HOCKEY

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

negro slaves for labor. They were unskilled and unable to use the new farming implements. Therefore, each planter "had to have" a large number of slaves to make a profit on his crop.

He planted crop after crop on his land until the soil was "dead," and then he cleared new spaces.

The planting, thinking, hoeing, plowing, and picking of cotton were done by hand. Not even the South could supply England with all the cotton needed to keep the new mills busy. The price of cotton began to go up and the profits were so good that every planter was able to raise cotton, gave up growing other crops, preferring to buy the things he needed with the money he received from cotton.

Certain states raised practically nothing else, and they made up what was called the "Cotton Belt."

South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas—in these states were to be found the largest number of negro slaves.

Today cotton still plays an important part. It is used to make clothing for our armed forces and to help our Allies.

MARGIE KUPINA, age 16, Circle 2,
Cleveland, Ohio.

VITAMINS FOR VICTORY

People are canning more this year than any year before. Because of sugar rationing, homemakers have not let that prevent them from canning fruits. Some are canning without sugar and others have used the juice extracted from ripe fruits instead of syrup.

Corn syrup and honey are also being substituted occasionally for part of the sugar used in canning fruits. These are "vitamins for victory."

Homemakers are also putting up a lot of vegetables. Besides canning they are drying and storing vegetables and some fruits. For storing helps to save jars.

FREDA SNOY, age 15, lodge 13
R. F. D. 1, Box 7, Bridgeport, O.

NEW AND OLD JOKES

Gray Hair

Mike: "How did you get gray hair?"

Spike: "I worried."

Mike: "What did you worry about?"

Spike: "About getting gray hair."

A Backward Stunt

Jasper: "How do you get in the show without paying?"

Casper: "I walk in backward and the usher thinks I'm going out."

A Smart Boy

Father: "Who was the first man on earth?"

Son: "George Washington. He was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Father: "You're wrong, it was Adam."

Son: "I didn't know you want foreigners, too."

Tit for Tat

Father: "I'm ashamed of you, son. When George Washington was your age he was a surveyor."

Son: "When he was your age he was president."

Skin Is Where You Find It

Teacher: "Did anybody ever see elephant skin?"

Johnny: "Yes, I did."

Teacher: "Where was it?"

Johnny: "On the elephant."

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

PENNSYLVANIA

Early in American history there was a colony founded in the region which is now called Pennsylvania, meaning Penn's Woods. This territory was densely wooded and occupied by hostile Indians.

When William Penn and his group of Quakers moved into this territory, the red-skinned men became angry. Nevertheless, Penn had no fear because he knew that the Indians were just like any other human beings. Penn made many treaties and agreements with the Indians and he never had to fight a war.

Pennsylvania was one of the thirteen original colonies which signed the Constitution of the United States. Many historic events happened in this state and many men of character were born and reared in Pennsylvania. The Battle of

Bunker Hill and the Gettysburg Address are only two of the major events that took place in this state. Philadelphia was then the largest community.

Today, Pennsylvania is noted for many things. It has rich soil and abundances of minerals, oils, and natural gas. There are still many forests in this state. The minerals are coal, iron, oil, and a small amount of other varieties. Coal is the most abundant and makes the state noted for its amounts of coal.

Manufacturing is also done to great extent. Manufacturing such as hardware, wool, shoe, cloth, iron, steel and many others is carried on.

The farmers raise livestock, poultry, grains, fruits, and vegetables. Agriculture makes up $\frac{2}{3}$ of Pennsylvania's wealth.

Pennsylvania has been known the world over for its fine education. Many means of transportation and communication are available here. Therefore, I believe that Pennsylvania should be rated highly.

ANDREW RUPNICK, age 14, lodge 122
2500 Maple Ave., Aliquippa, Pa.

RUTH MITCHELL—A CHETNIK

Here is an interesting story about an American woman who joined the Yugoslav Chetniks under General Draza Mihailovich. It is a true story, and the name of the woman is Miss Ruth Mitchell.

Ruth Mitchell, probably the bravest American woman living today, was the first and only foreign woman ever admitted to the membership of the Chetniks. She is the sister of the late General Billy Mitchell, American army aviation pioneer. Any person who is a member of the Chetniks must be brave. There is no place there for weaklings. When one becomes a Chetnik he is given a vial of poison, which he is to drink if he is captured alive by the Nazis.

Miss Mitchell was sworn in as a member of the Chetniks at the office of D. Petchanatz, leader of the old Serbian Chetniks. She took the oath on a dagger and a loaded revolver recrossed in the office, before a desk on which was the skull and crossbones of a Chetnik who died in the course of duty. She was in Belgrade the morning the Germans came. She said that as much as 32,000 persons were slaughtered in Belgrade, which was declared an open city. Miss Mitchell left Belgrade on a refugee train, which took her to Dubrovnik. There the Germans arrested her. She excused herself to dress and destroyed the papers showing her membership in the Chetniks. (Among the Chetniks there are many Slovenes and some Croats.)

From there Miss Mitchell went to eleven German prison camps. She was imprisoned in these camps for 14 months. During that time she wrote a book which tells of her adventures in Yugoslavia as a Chetnik. (She has promised to give the book to Hollywood producers, who wish to make a film of that story, as soon as she recopies it.)

Last July, Miss Mitchell returned to America on the exchange diplomatic ship "Drottingholm." She is planning to make a tour through the U. S. and to give talks about the Chetniks. With the

money that she will receive from this tour, she will, when the war is over, buy a ranch in Jugoslavia and take care of little war orphans.

Ruth Mitchell is a true crusader! When the war is over, and when the Yugoslavs hear the name of America, it will be Ruth Mitchell whom they all will think of first. She is the only real contribution America has given to the suffering Yugoslavs. If I were president of the United States, I would give Ruth Mitchell the highest medal of honor a person can receive.

Hats off to Miss Ruth Mitchell!

PETER KRNIC, age 15, lodge 543
521 Wells St., Steubenville, Ohio.

THE CLIPPER

The most famous of the American vessels were the clippers. The building of the vessels began during the War of 1812. They were designed for speed and were used to raid British commerce. Most of them were built in Chesapeake Bay shipyards and hence became known as Baltimore clippers.

One of the clippers made the long voyage from Canton to New York in seventy-seven days. In 1849 a total of 775 vessels sailed from Atlantic



MOTIF

Drawn by Zita Bozanic, age 15, Worcester, N. Y.
Lodge 393.

ports, bound for California. Many of these were clippers. The Civil War brought the building of the clippers to an end, and these swift sailing vessels finally disappeared from the seas.

However, the name "clipper" did not disappear. In recent years it was given to another swift sailing vessel—the airplane, the type of airplane which carries mail and passengers across the seas. Air transportation is fast becoming one of the major transportation means.

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

AWARD U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS!

I think that U. S. War Savings Stamps would be the best thing that the judges of the M. L. could give as awards to the contributors of the Mladinski List. This would be a fine gesture, indeed, at the present time.

It would encourage more girls and boys on their way to buying stamps and bonds. Perhaps some girls and boys aren't even interested, and yet, every little bit you put into War Stamps and Bonds you are doing your share as a good citizen of the U. S. in helping win this war.

The United States needs our help now, and we must all help. We should be willing to give and do anything, anywhere, and any time as our fighting men are doing today.

I am sure that any boy or girl who would receive U. S. War Savings Stamps from the M. L., his or her heart would be filled with joy.

I am sure that anyone who is 100% American would willingly contribute his or her spending

money to his country rather than to spend it foolishly. Besides, investing our money in War Stamps and Bonds is the safest and most profitable way of saving for the rainy day. That is the way I feel as an American citizen.

It is our duty to help our country. We must help preserve Democracy for ourselves and for all the people of the world. This is the people's war!

ANNIE CHETNIK, 15, lodge 24
R. R. 2, Box 425, Jenny Lind, Ark.

THE FLAG

Flag that waves the whole day long,
Do you know that we love you?
Do you know as you blow
That our hearts say:

"We love you so!"
Flag, our Red, White and Blue.

FRANCES AMBROZIC, age 8, lodge 88
R. D. 5, Box 424, Crafton, Pa.

JUST WE THREE

We have a secret, just we three,
The robin, I and the cherry tree;
The bird and the tree told me,
Nobody knows it, just us three.

Of course, the robin knows it best,
'Cause she built the little nest;
In it she laid four little eggs,
And now everyone for worms begs.

HELEN PETROVIC, age 11, lodge 166
R. D. 5, Box 362, Crafton, Penna.

LET'S LAUGH!

Mrs. Jones, a rather stout lady, was spending a day in bed with a bad cold. Her husband was working in the backyard, hammering nails into some boards. Presently his neighbor came over.

Neighbor: "How's your wife?"
Mr. Jones: "Not very well."
Neighbor: "Is that her coughing?"
Mr. Jones: "No—this is a henhouse."

Farmer: "You'll hear the city whistle at noon; but you'd better quit in the field at 11:30 so as to be home by twelve."

Farmhand: "But how can I tell—I have no watch?"

Farmer: "That's easy—just quit half an hour before you hear the whistle."

Artist: "This joke ought to be good. I've had it in my head for ten years."

Editor: "Sorta aged in the wood, so to speak."
AGNES SALOUM, age 14, lodge 89
R. D. 1, Bulger, Pennsylvania.

THE WISCONSIN DELLS

The most interesting and beautiful place in the State of Wisconsin is—the Wisconsin Dells of the Wisconsin River.

I spent two days of my vacation at this place



THE BUTTE MINER

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

and I must say that I've seen things which show Mother Nature at her best.

The Wisconsin River is the largest in the state, and most of its course is wide and rather shallow. In the southcentral portion of the state, however, it wears its way for seven and one-fifth miles through sandstone. Here the stream flows in a narrow and deep channel between steep rock walls. This water worn canyon of fantastic rock formations is the Dells. The Winnebago Indians named this place "Neeh-a-ke-cunnah-ear-ah," "where the rocks strike together." Later, the French trappers called it the Dalls, meaning flagstones in correct French.

The rocks of the Dells are of Cambrian (Potsdam) sandstone and were originally laid down as the sandy bed of the sea which covered this region ages ago. These hardened into rocks, were uplifted, and sank again below the sea, where the process of laying down more sand layers was repeated.

In the long ages of its labors the river has formed and abandoned two channels that are still plainly to be traced in the heart of the Dells. At first the main flow of water turned west opposite the Cold Water Canyon, making a wide sweep to the southwest through Rocky Arbor Canyon and joining the present river bed through the flat land below town. Later the southern part of this channel became blocked and the stream made a shorter circle, entering the present channel at the Old Dell House. Afterward the stream cut a still shorter channel between the canyon and the site of the Dell House, and the mighty stream flowed henceforth in its present course through the tortuous and beautiful Narrows.

Centuries ago this was a great hunting place of the Winnebago Indians. After the coming of the white settlers they were driven from place to place. There have been two forcible removals of portions of the tribe from the lands to which they clung. After these removals, some always came back to the state. It is their descendants who form the permanent Indian population at the Wisconsin Dells.

In general, the Wisconsin Dells is a narrow steep-sided gorge about seven miles long and from 50 to 1000 feet wide, in colored sandstone. Several gulches, some so crooked that the sky cannot be seen overhead, are very interesting. There are many fantastic rock formations.

Thousands of tourists travel each year to see the Dells, which is about 20 miles northwest of Madison, the capital, and about 100 miles west of Milwaukee, my home town and metropolis of the State of Wisconsin.

JOSEPHINE VIDMAR, 14, Circle 18
2546 N. 37th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION

I was taught artificial respiration in my swimming classes in my freshman year. The standard technique of artificial respiration is:

1. Lay the patient on his stomach, one arm extended over his head and the other arm bent with the patient's cheek laying on this arm.

2. Straddle the patient's thighs. Place your hand

on the patient's ribs, the little finger on the lowest rib.

3. Keep your arms straight and swing slowly forward.

4. Quickly swing back to relieve all the pressure.

5. After two seconds swing forward again and continue this method.

6. Continue artificial respiration until the patient is breathing normally.

7. Never give up the artificial respiration if the person isn't breathing, until at least four hours.

(Please write on ONE side of the paper ONLY. Thank you.—Ed.)

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

VERSES

The leaves are all falling,
The wind is blowing,
The birds are calling—
'Tis Winter!

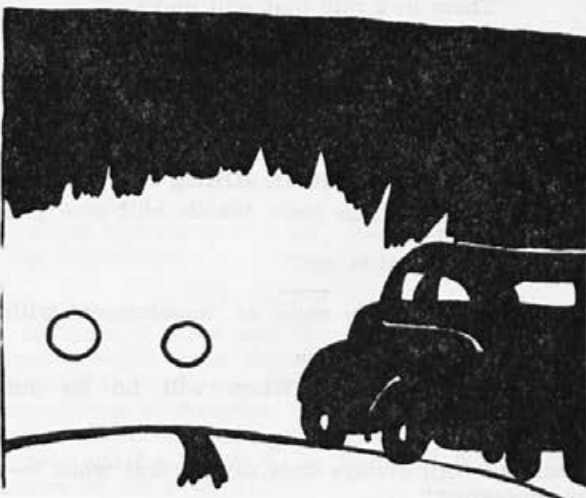
There's snow on the ground,
In fact, it is all around,
The trees are all bare—
'Tis Winter!

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

BANANAS

Bananas are a tropical fruit. When ripe, bananas are yellow with brown spots. Bananas are planted in partly cleared ground, and within two years a bud appears. When the bud opens there about 150 small blossoms these bananas sprout.

Each banana is called a finger. They grow upward from the stalk. When bananas are fully grown the stalk is cut down; the bananas are sent to market while still green.



"IF YOU'RE AS BRIGHT AS YOUR LIGHTS,
YOU'LL DIM 'EM!"

Drawn by Jimmie Spendal, age 14, Clinton, Ind
Lodge 50.

Bananas are rich in food value and are eaten by people all over the world. They grow in the Hawaii Islands and other tropical places.

MARY BARBO, age 12, lodge 753
Box 272, L'Anse, Michigan.

OLD AND NEW JOKES

The "road hog" was lying semi-conscious in a hospital after the crash.

Doctor: "How is he this morning?"

Nurse: "Oh, he keeps putting out his hand."

Doctor: "Ah! He's turning the corner."

Attorney: "But if a man is on his hands and knees in the middle of the road, does that prove he is drunk?"

Officer: "No, sir, it does not."

Attorney: "Then why arrest him?"

Officer: "He was trying to roll up the white line."

Judge: "And in addition to the sum of money, you also took some jewelry."

Prisoner: "Yes, you see, I thought that money alone would not bring happiness."

Customer: "Stop! Why do you insist upon telling me these horrible stories?"

Barber: "I'm sorry, sir, but when I tell stories like that the hair stands up on end, and makes it much easier to cut, sir."

AGNES MARZEL, age 133, lodge 98
R. R. 1, La Salle, Ill.

OUR BUSY DAY

In fall the leaves all turn
To yellow and red and brown,
And when the wind comes along
They all come falling down.

Then we all get busy to rake
Them in a pile that will make
A big bonfire of leaves, hurray!
That will end our busy, busy day.

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

SOME MORE JOKES

Doctor: "I tell you your tonsils will give you lots of trouble."

Oliver: "Ah, cut it out!"

Billy: "I called to make an appointment with the dentist."

Nurse: "He's out now."

Billy: "That's good. When will he be out again?"

Sambo: "Ah always does my hardest work befoh breakfast."

Sam: "Why, what's that?"

Sambo: "Dat's getting up."

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

I CAN'T DECIDE

I can feel a cool breeze,
And wonder what's ahead.
I've started with a sneeze,
Maybe I'll have to go to bed.

I never, never can decide,
Which one I prefer best,
Summer, spring or winter,
Real hot or cold with zest.

AMELIA CRETNIK, age 9, lodge 24
R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.

WILLIAM BEEBE

Here is a short sketch about William Beebe, known all over the world as a scientific writer who has popularized research about marine life.

William Beebe was born in New Jersey. When still a boy he liked to observe and explore things. The sky, insects, animals, etc. All had some fascination for him, so isn't it fitting that the job he has today enables him to observe marine life? He was named Director of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society.

Beebe is mostly known to us because of the explorations he made in the ocean. This was made possible by the use of a bathysphere which is like a huge round ball. This enables him to dive deep down into the ocean. Thus he can study marine (sea) life 1,426 feet below the surface of the ocean.

"Half Mile Down" is the title of a book he wrote in which he tells about the marine life he saw. He is also the author of nineteen other books in which he tells of his adventures in the Ceylon jungles, Burma, Mexico and other points of interest.

Mr. Beebe is a good conversationalist and can speak and read three languages—French, Spanish and German.

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

SIMILARITY

There was a man named Vic
Who was bothered by a tick;
Vic turned swiftly around
And caught the funny clown
Whose name was Woody Woodtick.

There was a man named Sam
Who was annoyed by a yellow man;
Uncle Sam looked back
And caught the Jap
And colored his face black.

Now do you see the similarity,
Between the tick and the Jap?
Isn't there a strange peculiarity
The way the two attack —
Not from the front, from the back.

JACOB KOKALJ, age 14, lodge 69
Eveleth, Minnesota.

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



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

Greetings to One and All on Thanksgiving Day

By Michael Vrhovnik

First of all, here are a few lines of poetry which, I'm sure, you will find appropriate for this issue of the Mladinski List. They were taken from the poem, entitled, "Thankful For These."

Let us give thanks for this world of ours,
For its fertile fields and its leafy bowers,
For silver rivers to blue seas flowing,
For sunsets with gold and crimson glowing.

Let us give thanks for the morning light,
For the evening's stars and the rest of night,
For the warmth of summer, the autumn's chill,
And the glistening snow upon the hill.

'Tis a wonderful place, this land of ours,
In winter, in spring, or summer's gay hours.
At twilight, noonday, or morning dew-pearled,
So let us give thanks for our beautiful world.

* * *

Thanksgiving Day, one of the year's joyful festival holidays, will soon be here, and boy, are you and I, and almost everybody else, going to have loads of fun and good things to eat—especially, good things to eat!

Gosh, just thinking of pumpin and apple pies, two or three-layered cakes, nuts of many varieties, fruits, candies, turkey and chicken, with mashed potatoes and gravy, salads and cranberry sauce, makes my mouth water! How about you? The same, I'll bet.

There are, of course, many other occasions of the year when the tables are loaded down with all sorts of good things to eat, but, for some rea-

son or other, the Thanksgiving Day dinner beats them all.

We have many things to be thankful for in this beautiful country of ours, both as individuals and as an organization. The SNPJ, Mother to all our Juvenile Circles, is thankful for the opportunity to be of service to you and thankful, beyond a doubt, for your loyal cooperation in promoting successfully, numerous activities throughout the past year.

Your contributions to the Mladinski List and your work in connection with the Victory Campaign has helped to bring about greater progress and stability in the youth movement of the SNPJ. We are indeed grateful to you, for it is you boys and girls and your leaders, who are making the future brighter with your inspiring work. May you, one and all, have a very happy Thanksgiving Day celebration.

The Golden Rule

In spite of wars and the many sorrows they have brought upon thousands and thousands of families in every part of the world, we fortunate ones living in America, away from the war-torn lands of Europe, Asia, and Africa, still have a great deal for which to be thankful this or any season of the year.

Though conflicts rage among millions and millions of people, let us not lose faith in our fellowmen, nor lose sight of the fact that this world of ours is a grand place, a place where not an

evil exists, within all its boundaries, that a willing and helpful people cannot correct.

Here in America and everywhere else on this earth, there is opportunity and plenty for the needs of all people, regardless of race, color, or creed. Here, as everywhere else, there is room for all of us to live in peace and happiness, free from wars and economic insecurities, if the people, themselves, learn that their own selfish motives and ambitions, however big or little they are, lead to the destruction of the very things they prize the highest. By teaching and practicing the ways of life on terms laid down in the Golden Rule, we could have much more to be thankful for in this wonderful world. Yes, *do unto others as you would have them do unto you*; that is the road to many friends and much happiness—a more abundant life.

JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 20

AGUILAR, COLO.—Circle No. 20 had a party on Aug. 30 in the City Hall, which is our regular meeting place. The party was rather unusual because it was attended by all of the smaller members. They all seemed to have enjoyed themselves. The lodge also had a party.

We should all be thankful that we live in America. If we lived in Europe we wouldn't think of enjoying ourselves at a party but we would probably be under a bomb shelter or under the cruel treatment of the Nazis and Fascists. Here in America we have freedom of the press and speech and assembly. In Europe they cannot enjoy these things and have very little to eat. That's why we must help our country in every possible way to win the war to preserve democracy.

On August 31, we learned that one of the members of the Circle, Norma Scavina, passed away. Norma was born on Nov. 22, 1928, and was a member of our Circle since Sept. 1, 1938. She was very active in the affairs of the Circle. We extend our sincere sympathy to her parents. Her death was a shock to everyone who knew her. She was the first member from either Circle 20 or Lodge 381 to pass away. When we saw her lying in her casket she didn't look like she was dead, she looked like she was sleeping. The wreath which was sent her by the Circle and Lodge expressed only in a small way our love and sympathy for her. Norma was a regular contributor to the M. L. She will be greatly missed by all.

Early in August, one of our members, Frank Prunk, enlisted in the Army. We wish him good luck and safe return after the war is won.

By the way, why don't more of you members write to the M. L.? If you would begin to write to this fine magazine you would become convinced that it is worthwhile. Come on, Aguilar, let the rest of the world know that there is such a place

as Aguilar in existence, and also, that it is inhabited by people who belong to the SNPJ!

FRANCES KOSERNIK, Manager,
Box 199, Aguilar, Colo.

JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 25

DELAGUA, COLO.—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I must confess right at the start that I have been too lazy to write. During vacation time one doesn't feel like writing.

I noticed that there haven't been very many members writing from Circle 25 recently. Maybe they also were lazy. Nevertheless, the Manager appointed three members to write; they are: Rose Milavec, Joseph Montera, and Rosemary Montera.

At the September meeting we had ice cream, soda and candy. We were planning to have a Halloween party on October 31.

We are now back in school and are very busy. My teacher is Miss Glaniano; she is very nice. Some of the girls are going to learn how to sew. We elected officers for the Sewing Club. Well, that's all I have to say. Best regards to all from Circle 25.

ROSEMARY MONTERA,
ROSE MILAVEC, Circle 25,
Box 302, Delagua, Colo.

JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 29

DETROIT, MICH.—This is Juvenile Circle No. 29 broadcasting the important event of the month.

On September 3, Circle 29 gave a farewell party for our Manager, Brother Ray Travnik, supreme board member of the SNPJ. Although not very many attended this event I am sure that everyone present had a good time. After refreshments we had a little entertainment by our younger members.

Our President, Dorothy Karun, gave Manager Travnik a gift from the Circle. The gift wasn't much, but it was something for him to remember us by.

We know that Brother Travnik will be missed by the Circle very much because he was a popular manager. We had swell times when he was with us and I am sure that everyone of us will be thinking of him while he is in the Army.

Ray left for the service on Sept. 4. In case he reads this letter I would like to wish him the best of luck in the service. I know I am talking for myself and the Circle that you left behind. We are all rooting for you and we hope that we will see you soon.

MILDRED BABIC, Circle No. 29,
3330 Lawley Ave., Detroit, Mich.

JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 2

CLEVELAND, O.—Circle No. 2 is still holding its regular monthly meetings the third Friday of each month at the St. Clair Slovene National Home, Room 3, at 7 o'clock in the evening.

All members are urged to attend the meetings regularly. Now that the warmer days are gone and fall is here, we would like to have you among us. Try to be present at each meeting during the

Juvenile Circle No. 1 Page

In Memoriam

WALSENBURG, COLO.—Circle No. 1 announces with deep sorrow the death of one of our members, our first loss since the Circle has been organized.

Pauline Turkovich, age 14 years, died on September 22, 1942, in the Corwin Hospital in Pueblo, Colo., after a brief illness. She was a student at Huerfano County High School and a member of the SNPJ and CFU.

Pauline was an active member of our Circle and she will be missed at the meetings. Her drawings often appeared in the Mladinski List, the last one on the ML front cover page for October.

She is survived by her parents, three sisters and one brother. The members of Circle No. 1 wish to express their deepest sympathy to the bereaved family.

EDWARD TOMSIC JR., Circle 1.

WALSENBURG, COLO.—We are still trying to keep "Circle No. 1 Page" in this fine magazine, alive. I think that we are doing a very good job in this respect.

Our regular meetings are still held as unusual, on the third Sunday of the month. On Sept. 20 we held our meeting in Kapusin's hall. After the meeting we played games and everyone enjoyed himself. Prizes were given to the ones who had the highest score, and I was the one to whom the prize was awarded.

I am a sophomore in High School. My subjects are algebra, homemaking, science, English and Spanish.

Many people here are going pinion picking in the hills. I will write more next time.

VERNA MAE DUZENACK, Vice Pres.
709 W. 6th Street.

SCENIC DRIVES

My topic to write about this month is scenic drives around and near Walsenburg. Going west seventeen miles, we have La Veta Pass and a wonderful view to go over into the San Louis Valley. Taking a circular trip of 125 miles from here to Stonewall Cap, we come through Trinidad and then home again. We cover only 64 miles from here to Raton over 26 miles of Raton Pass into New Mexico.

Colorado Springs, 94 miles from here, has many of beautiful scenes. There is the drive through Williams Canyon, a one way drive up to the Cliff House where one may go into the Cave of the Winds. Manitou Springs is a lovely summer resort where many people spend the summer. The Garden of the Gods is another drive where one can see many kinds of differently shaped rocks. From Colorado Springs one can take the Pike's Highway to the top of Pike's Peak. While in the same district one can travel over Ute Pass,

and it is one of the most interesting districts that I have ever been over.

Many of these trips are a thing of the past now. But we still have pleasant memories of the trips that were taken. Now with tires and gas on the ration list we will confine our activities closer to home.

Our October meeting featured a bingo game and refreshments at the party. All members were invited to attend, and do we have enjoyable times!

WILLIAM TOMSIC, President.

WALSENBURG, COLO.—We are back in our good old days again, as most of us know. Many children like fall, but there are some who don't like it because school starts.

My subjects are Literature, Cooking, English, Mathematics, History, Spanish, and Music. My teachers are Miss Leutkje, Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Grover, Miss Bonney, and Miss Long. Our band teacher moved to California; in his place we have Mr. Taylor. We all miss Mr. Moore.

We spent a recent Sunday picking apples at my Uncle's farm and apple orchard. They have three children, and they and their mother are in the SNPJ lodge. I will write more next time.

ELIZABETH DUZENACK, Secretary.

Jolly Juveniles' Page

By Members of Circle 24, Lodges 14, 119 and 568,
Waukegan, Illinois

Why I Like to Live in America

I like to live in America because we are a free nation. We have the right to go to school, the right to hold meetings, a right to have trials by jury, the right to petition, the freedom of speech, and freedom of the press.

We have a President, Congress, Senate, and House of Representatives ruling our country, not a dictator.

I like to live in America, because we are united for one cause and that is freedom.

Georgia Zupan, age 12, lodge 568.

Slovene People of Waukegan

Waukegan has a population of about 40,000 people, 5,000 of whom are Slovene. They play an important part in the life of their community. The greater majority of these people are real estate and home owners. They have worked hard at the cooperative movement and now have a Slovene Cooperative store, their own Slovene Home, church and school. A great many of the younger generation have studied hard and have become teachers, musicians, doctors, dentists, firemen, postmen, aldermen, beauty operators, policemen, etc., and all are good, respectable citizens.

The Slovene mothers and daughters are also doing their part as loyal citizens of the United States by being Red Cross workers. Some knit, or sew, some make surgical bandages, and some are nurse's aides.

Dorothy Gabrosek, age 16, lodge 568.

My Favorite Poem**Flag Our Flag**

Flag that waves the whole day through
Do you know that we love you?
Do you know,
As you blow,
That our hearts are stirring so—
Flag our Red and White, and Blue?

Where you float above the street,
Children look and stop their play.
Workers stop their hasting feet,
Flag our flag, for you today.

Carolyn Kovach, age 8, lodge 568.

Why I Like the Jolly Juveniles

I like the Jolly Juveniles very much because we go on hikes, trips, picnics and roasts. We also go to the meetings. I have a lot of fun there, because we sing songs, and play games. Our meetings are each first and third Monday of the month.

This summer vacation, our Adviser, Mrs. Christine Stritar, took us to some park or to the beach every Monday afternoon. The last week of our vacation we went to Foss Park. We had races of all kinds. There was a balloon-blowing contest, ball-throwing contest, a wheel-barrow race and many other features. Many attractive prizes were given away. After the races we walked down the ravine to the lake, and all of us went in for a swim. Then we went back up to our tables under the shade of the trees, and ate our lunch. We then separated, some children going on the swings, some just sat around, and some went on the merry-go-round. Then we hiked home.

We really had good times all summer long, but we missed our Assistant Adviser, Vic Belec, who is now in the U. S. Army, stationed at California.

Juliette Gabrosek, age 11, lodge 568.

Necklaces

One of the projects worked out by the older girls in our Circle was, making inexpensive necklaces. Each girl brought her own choice of colored rick-rack, needle and thread and scissors. Our Adviser then showed us how, and helped us sew the rick-rack to make a lovely necklace resembling a Hawaiian lei. This was done by sewing the points of rickrack, holding the rick-rack flat in front of us, pushing the needle down into the top point, skipping one bottom and one top point, then pushing the needle up from the bottom through the bottom point, skipping one top point and one bottom point and repeating through eight to twelve yards of rick-rack to make the desired length of necklace. All of the girls made two or three different colored ones to go with their favorite sweaters and dresses.

Last month we worked on macaroni beads. Each girl had to bring one bottle of brightly colored finger-nail polish and thread, and our adviser bought sea-shell macaroni, and some short length straight macaroni, an electric hot plate, and a darning needle. We then painted the macaroni

with the desired colored nail polish, and let these dry. The darning needle was then made red-hot on the electric plate (gas flame may also be used). Holes were punched thru the painted macaroni pieces with the red hot darning needle. These pieces were then strung to a desired length into very attractive necklaces and bracelets.

The boys had quite a time after finishing their project, playing with the Kum Backs they made the same night the girls made the Hawaiian leis.

Movies at the YMCA

For one of the meetings, the Jolly Juveniles traveled to the Waukegan YMCA in a Co-op truck. There they were shown films on camping and also a reel of "This Amazing America."

The film about the boys' camp was first. In it were shown the various activities in which the boys attending such a camp may participate.

Next a picture of a girls' camp was shown. It was quite similar to the boys' camp, and they had a lot in common. Not only were the films interesting, but they also had a touch of humor, and they were enjoyed by all present.

Next the Jolly Juveniles were shown films of "This Amazing America," which was very educational. This film, unlike the others, was in story form which made it all the more enjoyable.

A young man and a young lady both participated in a "Question Bee" about America. The young man, who was an authority on American history maintained a perfect score all through the Question Bee." The lady, ended with a score of O. A prize was given to the contestant with the highest number of points. The young man with the perfect score naturally won this prize. The prize was a tour of America in the Greyhound bus. The same prize was also given to the young lady with the score of O, in order that she might increase her knowledge of America.

They traveled together, and the young man told her all about the various places they visited.

Ella Jane Buckingham, age 16, lodge 568.

Junior Red Cross

The older girls of our Circle have been knitting for about a half year. Most of the girls didn't know how to knit, but after getting instructions from our Advisers, Mrs. C. Stritar and Mrs. A. Furlan, and a few of the ladies from the Red Cross, they are all fair knitters. We knit squares of various colored yarn, 6 inches by 6 inches. When we knit enough of these squares, we are going to make an afghan for the Red Cross. We didn't knit much during the summer, but now that the cold season is here, we'll do better. We are keeping a record of all squares turned in, and the girls turning in the greatest number of squares will get prizes.

We earned the money to purchase the yarn by selling homemade candy and cookies at the card and bunco party which was given by the Slovene National Home Auxiliary of the American Cross. We made over \$5.00.

Dolores Rode, age 11, lodge 14.

"Youth of America" Page

By Members of Circle 47, Johnstown, Pa.

Olivia Chuchek, Manager

The Pilgrims

In about the year 1605 to 1608 the king of England was mistreating the poor people because of their religious beliefs. The Separatists, so called because they had separated from the English church, lived in a small village of Scrooby in England. Being persecuted, they fled to Holland where they remained for about ten years.

In Holland they did not find the happiness they longed for. Making a livelihood proved to be a difficult task in this foreign land. Then, too, they realized that their children were growing up to be Dutch boys and girls. They were beginning to speak the Dutch language and were adopting the Dutch customs instead of retaining their English mannerisms. In view of what was happening, they turned their eyes to the New World.

They secured a loan and were granted a piece of land in the New World. Knowing that in Massachusetts they would have to govern themselves, they drew up the "Mayflower Compact" before they left the ship whereby they promised to obey any law that was to be made by their leaders.

Having arrived in Plymouth in November, they were unable to prepare any food for the winter. As a result many died of starvation and sickness before spring arrived.

Fortunately the Indians were very friendly or this small band of Pilgrims would have been massacred. In the spring the Indians taught them how to plant corn, hunt and fish.

It was three years later that they had their successful harvest. In addition to this two boatloads of settlers joined their ranks. It was indeed a year for giving thanks. This first Thanksgiving was such a happy occasion that they celebrated for three days.

FRANCES STROZAR, age 13, lodge 82.

RUTH FLETCHER, age 13, lodge 82.

Origin of Thanksgiving

As November comes again, a few holidays come with it. One of these is Thanksgiving. Most people celebrate this day but they do not know its history. I am going to tell you a little about its origin.

One autumn day in New England about three hundred years ago, four men might have been seen starting out on a hunting expedition. This was no uncommon sight, but this happened to be no ordinary day's sport. It was a special mission sent out by the governor to obtain wild game for a feast of Thanksgiving. Their first successful harvest had been gathered in, and in honor of the occasion they decided to celebrate.

The men came back with much game, and it was prepared by the wives and daughters. Massachusetts and 90 or more of his braves were invited to attend. They feasted and were entertained for three days. They had wild turkeys, geese, ducks, barley loaves, cornbread, salads, fruits and

pastries of many kinds. Still the Indian chief thought that there might not be enough food, so he sent his braves out to get five deer.

Between their meals they played games and held contests. This was indeed a never-to-be-forgotten affair in their history.

Some stories state that every year after this Thanksgiving was celebrated, but this isn't true. Different states celebrated at different times. Some didn't even give thanks on any special day unless their crops were especially plentiful.

After the Civil War, because of the victory at Gettysburg, President Lincoln issued a proclamation setting aside this day as a day of giving thanks. It has been only since then that Thanksgiving has been celebrated annually by our country in the month of November.

This year as we celebrate Thanksgiving, let us think about the things we have to be thankful for, and try to help those who are not as fortunate as we are.

MARY ANN MARINE, age 15, lodge 82.

Thanksgiving

T is for TRUST in the flag of the free,

H is for HONOR for you and for me.

A is for AMERICA, the land we all love,

N is for NAVY that will the seas rove.

K is for KINDNESS all our neighbors we'll show,

S is for SUBMARINES, those sea monsters below.

G is for GREATNESS of our America,

I is for INDEPENDENCE, on it our strength lies.

V is for VICTORY—one thing we won't ration,

I is for INDEPENDENCE, to defend it we hasten.

N is for NIPPON whose defeat we won't hide,

G is for GOODNESS we'll always show.

As on to VICTORY U. S. A. will ride.

THOMAS ANKENY, age 12

352 Ohio Street, Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

Lodge 82, Circle 47.

Autumn

Autumn is here at last

With all her gay colors.

The leaves that are falling fast

All match one another.

You can hear the mothers calling

While children play in leaves.

Say! Are our enemies falling?

Oh, look, what's flying in the breeze.

Autumn is a grand old season,

It fills the woods with lore;

As the wind keeps playing treason,

And oh, how it does roar!

BETTY JANE DYBA, age 13, lodge 82.

It's Easy

Frankie: "How did you like your first dancing lesson?"

Johnny: "It's easy. All you have to do is to turn round and keep wiping your feet."

"Violet Rays" Page

Circle No. 18, Milwaukee, Wis.

Helen Ambrozich, Manager

Round-Up Activities

Here is the latest concerning our Circle No. 18 in Milwaukee. We have not been any too active during the summer months as everyone has been enjoying his vacation. Now we must get busy!

Improvement was shown already at the September meeting. The attendance was quite large. New problems came up and most of them were solved to the satisfaction of all. One of the main topics was the Victory Campaign.

Members again were urged to try to get more members for our Circle. A reward from our treasury is the result. Already we have enrolled ten new members just over the summer months!

Our "easy money" drawings were changed to "Victory Jackpot." Instead of money, the lucky winner receives war stamps. Isn't that an easy way to help your country? At our last meeting, one dollar in war savings stamps was given out to the winner.

Plans were discussed for our Halloween party. Much entertainment and fun is guaranteed. We will probably have a Christmas party and dance with Circle No. 4.

Well, members it's up to you whether or not we are successful!

LOIS BABCOCK (17), Secretary.

Schools of Today

Vacation time is over. School boys and girls have again turned their attentions to the books; some anxious and eager to meet their teachers and fellow students, others have gone back with a grudge, and for them vacation was much too short.

Recently I asked a young student, a freshman in high school, how he liked school. His answer was, "The same as last year." Well, that did not answer my question satisfactorily, so I asked him again, "And how did you like it last year?" This time he said, "I didn't like it at all."

This brought me to realize that all students are in need of some encouragement at some time or other. After all, the school rules are rather strict and the time passes all too slow for most growing children.

This reminds me of the year of 1920, when I, too, was just a child. At that time I was traveling through Belgrade, the capital of Jugoslavia. While strolling through the park with my friends, we noticed that school children were coming to the park in groups. Some of them were big enough to pass for high school students. Each carried a slate (a small "blackboard") under his arm. They reminded me, of my first year of school, when we were given a similar "blackboard" or slate and crayons, not trusting us with paper. But these students were not little tots, they were of high school age.

We watched them coming and filling the park grounds, where small folding chairs were set for them. Their style of clothes amused us. Girls

wore full and long skirts, and boys had short trousers, exposing their long legs to the sun. Then our curiosity got the best of us, we went to the parkkeeper and asked him. Would there be a concert or some frolic? He informed us that it would not be a concert but just a regular school lesson. They had too few school houses, so they had their classes right out in the open.

We also inquired about those funny little "blackboards" (slates) they were using and we were informed that there was quite a shortage of paper in the country. The slates were so much handier since they had to hold them right on their knees. We sure were surprised to find anything like that in a relatively modern city of Belgrade, for although we were born and reared on the farm, our schools were fairly large and modern. But we have to consider that all this took place two years after the first World War; by then the country had not fully recovered from the affects.

Before Hitler invaded Jugoslavia, in 1941, Belgrade, Zagreb and Ljubljana were large and modern cities in every respect. Now Belgrade and Jugoslavia as a whole are in worse condition than ever before. If there are any school classes taking place, the lessons are in the German language. The children are in constant fear of bombs and the tyrants; besides, the Nazi education they are getting now is not worth learning. Yes, those children in Jugoslavia have every reason to despise school.

This should brings our young Americans to realize how fortunate they really are. Our schools are known as the best throughout the world, and so are our teachers. There is every reason in the world for them to like school and to take advantage of all it has to offer. For some day these young boys and girls will be required to carry out and to straighten the tangled affairs of our country and of the world as a whole. They will be required to fight for a better standard of living throughout the world.

HELEN AMBROZICH, Manager.

History of Circle No. 18

Our Circle No. 18 was organized on Feb. 26, 1939. We selected the name of "Violet Rays." Several times we were asked for the meaning of our name. I shall go back in history to explain just what it stands for.

In the year of 1918, a group of young unmarried men got together and organized a small society, and named it lodge "Violet" or "Vijolica." As you know the flower Violet is known to represent goodness and kindness. That's how they wanted their lodge to be—good and kind to their members. Then, too, Violet is known to be the flower of Wisconsin. All that inspired these young men to select this name in particular.

Lodge Violet grew and blossomed very satisfactorily. In the year of 1935 it was added as a branch of SNPJ. From then on it produced many blossoms or Juveniles, until there were enough to organize a Circle. From then on Lodge Violet No. 747 has been our main support and a dependable leader at all times. Now it's up to us Circle

members to prove worthy of the lodge and name of Violet, for which it stands.

Here is our emblem or the symbol, all of which makes us very proud and grateful members indeed.

RICHARD KLOPCICH, age 14.

Victory Campaign Call

Here's a story, what a story,
Only happy things to tell
Of SNPJ organization,
The future of our nation.
If there's a Circle, there is action,
And a lot of real attraction.
If you're a good member,
Then get down in the swing;
Just tell your friends,
All the lodge will do
With tender care for me or you.
They'll want to join to be with us,
And be secured for ills or loss,
For then you'll hear them sing with us.

Chorus:

Roll call to our members,
Let's all join in the fun.
Roll call for new members,
So try to be on a run.
Zing, boom, ta-ra-rel,
Rings out our song of good cheer,
Now's the time to enroll new members,
For Victory Campaign is here.

Our nation was in great distress,
Attacked by a mean and cruel foe,
The worst of tyrants
Who rules in violence,
Has struck the world
With a deadly blow.
For our liberty and freedom,
Hear the call of friendly rhythm.
Support our war at sea and land,
Defeat the Axis to expand,
Let's put an end to their array,
By buying bonds and stamps each day,
And be secured in every way.

Chorus:

MEMBERS OF CIRCLE 18.

Of Course Not!

Johnny: "Do you think it's right to punish folks for things they haven't done?"

Teacher: "Why, of course not, Johnny."

Johnny: "Well, I didn't do my homework."



Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

ANNA MARIE'S "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I cannot express how wonderful this magazine is. I am sure I'd be lost if I didn't get it once a month.

I live in Bulger, Pa. I am 12 years of age, and I am in the eighth grade. School is well under way now. I like school. My teacher is Mr. Burns, the only teacher I have. He is very interested in the eighth grade, because they are the ones that enter high school. Our 5th and 6th grade teacher left for the WAAC. We were proud to see that one teacher left from our district to serve our country.

I will write more next time. Best regards to all ML readers and writers.—*Anna Marie Tratine*, Box 151, Bulger, Pa. (Circle 22)

WRITING IS A HABIT

Dear Editor:—It seems as if I have formed a habit of writing to the M. L. and I hope I will not break it.

School has started. For my subjects at school I am taking English, American History, Geometry, Literature, and Home Economics. I will be taking gym whenever the football season is over. I am still getting more and more cards every day, and this hobby keeps me rather busy.

I have persuaded my two sisters and brother into forming a habit of writing to the M. L. They are keeping up with it now and are interested in it. Goodby and good luck to one and all.—*Annie Cretnik* (age 16), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

AMELIA LIKES SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—Here I am writing again to this fine magazine of ours. I hope this letter will be published in the M. L. I am going to try and write every month. I'm sending in a poem, too. School started Sept. 14. Boy! was I glad when school started again. I hope I am not sick this year as I was last year and had to stay home. Best regards to all.—*Amelia Cretnik* (age 9), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

WAR STAMPS AS PRIZES

Dear Editor:—Busy days for us students are here again. But, it looks as if everyone in America were busy these days. On the other hand, everyone must be if we expect to win this war.

In the September issue of the Mladinski List, the juvenile director asked us to express our opinion as to what we think of giving out defense stamps to some of the winners in the yearly Mladinski List contest. This is, I think, a very good idea. While we would be proud of receiving a prize, we would, in the meantime, be serving our country.

Now, I wish to tell my sixty pen pals "Hello," and am asking them not to be angry for not an-

swering oftener. I remain a proud member of the SNPJ—*Zora Gostovich* (age 14), Box 531, Raton, New Mexico. (Lodge 297)

THANKSGIVING DINNER

Dear Editor:—Here I am again, writing to this fine magazine the M. L. This month we are celebrating Thanksgiving day. There are many things for which we should be thankful. I hope everybody will have a good Thanksgiving dinner, with all the trimmings. On Thanksgiving it is nice to have someone to come to dinner. I hope everybody has a good Thanksgiving this year. Best regards to one and all.—*Mildred Cretnik* (age 10), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.

MY THREE TEACHERS

Dear Editor:—I am writing again to this wonderful magazine. School has started now. I have three teachers, they are Miss Williams, Miss Johnson, and Mr. Beach, the principal. I am in the seventh grade now. My brother, Leo, has to be examined for the Army. I will write more next time. Best regards to all.—*Willie Cretnik* (12), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

WAKE UP, DETROIT!

Dear Editor:—Well, I'm back in school now, trying to do my best. The weather here in Detroit for the past several weeks (in September) has been cold.

Recently we received a letter from a friend of ours who is in the Marine Corps, and he said to be sure to get all A's in school. I am treasurer in our class.—And now that fall is here we have loads of fun. We go to a park about a block away from us. There we walk through the beautiful, colored leaves and pick acorns and chestnuts. Once in a while we see squirrels running here and there. I think they are the cutest little creatures. We often fed the gold fish they have there.

I haven't seen very many letters from Michigan. I am sure there are quite a few children belonging to the SNPJ. Come on, Detroit! Get busy, and all other SNPJ cities in Michigan too! Get to work. I had better close now. Yours until Victory is won.—*Caroline Tavzelj* (age 13), 1425 McKinstry, Detroit, Mich. (Lodge 518)

REQUEST IS ANSWERED

Dear Editor:—This is now my second letter to this fine magazine. When I wrote my first letter to this magazine, I wouldn't have believed that so many people would answer my request for a few pen pals. So many people have written to me that I will not be able to answer all their letters right away. So be patient and you will get a card or a letter sooner or later.

I wish to say hello to these pen pals: Anne Pristov, Dorothy Zajec, Stella Mahne, Goldie Shine, Helen La Chapelle, Jennie Widgay, and many others to whom I have written.

I have a girl friend who has just moved to Los Angeles, and I want to know why she hasn't written to the M. L. Her name is Violet Jerina. And why doesn't anyone else from Fontana write?

And why don't some boys write to us girls? Are you too bashful?

I have now over 100 colored post-cards. I want to get 200 altogether. I am running out of words. Best regards to all.—*Beverly Lazar*, (age 14), R. 2, Box 311, Fontana, Calif. (Lodge 569)

"ZAPUŠČENA DEKLICA"

Dragi urednik!—Namenila sem se, da s pomočjo moje mame napišem par vrstic po slovensko. Brez njene pomoči bi tega ne mogla storiti. Moja mama mi je tudi pomagala, da sem prepisala tole slovensko pesmico, ki je nekaterim morda že znana. Morda ni prepis točen, ampak tukaj je. Naslov te pesmice je "Zapuščena deklita."

Anka gre po cesti
čez polja zelena,
Anka mala zapuščena.
Kovček lahek nese
mi v svoji levici,
z desnico solze briše si po lici.

Oj prelepe te cvetlice,
srečne ve sestrice!
Jad srca vam ne pretresa,
solza ne kane vam iz očesa,
a gorje mu kdor od doma mora,
kdor na domu nima več prostora.

Komur starše v grob so djali,
kogar kruha služiti so poslali.

Upam, da se bo ta pesmica dopadla vsem. Vem, da ni tako napisana kakor jo je napisal pesnik, ampak smisel ali pomen je ohranjen. Pozdrav vsem!—*Caroline Tavzelj* (stara 13 let), 1425 McKinstry, Detroit, Mich. (Društvo 518)

IS PROUD OF GOPHERS

Dear Editor:—I almost forgot to write to the ML for this month. And no wonder! It has been very cold here in Minnesota in the month of September. We had snow on September 23, already!

My mother and I went to Cleveland on September 9 and stayed for about ten days. We had a wonderful time. My brothers took us to Niagara Falls, also. We went to Euclid Beach and I had all the rides that were there except one. That was my first trip so far away from home, and I certainly enjoyed it. I would have liked to see the SNPJ building in Chicago, but it is impossible if you travel by bus.

I have a great deal of homework to make up, so I am able to write only a letter to the Pen Pal Page this time.

My brother Rudy joined the U. S. Navy. Now I have one brother in the Army and one in the Navy. Anyone should be proud to have two brothers in the U. S. armed forces. Right now I am listening to the Minnesota Gophers opening football game with Pittsburgh (Sept. 26). It surely is swell to hear the good old football games again. Minnesota won by a score of 50 to 7. We are proud of our Gophers, aren't we Minnesotans? I say—So long for this time, and my best wishes to all.—*Florence Alich* (15), Box 607, Aurora, Minn. (Lodge Ill.)

"MY WISH CAME TRUE"

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to this magazine for such a long time that I'm really ashamed to start now. I enjoy reading the ML very much. I can't even wait for the next one to come.

I am a junior this year. I like typing and shorthand the best. I like to be a stenographer.

My long awaited wish came true last summer, My Uncle, whom I never saw before, came over for vacation. We were all very happy. My father was sick at that time. I spent one month of my summer vacation in Mellen and had a very good time there.

I would like to have Rose Mary Dusak of Oglesby, Ill., write to me again. I haven't heard from her for a long time. I would like to have some more pen pals, and would like to hear from Rose Dusak.—*Violet Jelich*, Box 124, Marenisco, Mich. (Lodge 323)

"I WAS VERY GLAD"

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I was very glad to see my first letter appear in this wonderful magazine.

I got one pen pal, Georgie Mociwnik, and hope to get more. I am very sorry I did not write for the last issue, but you know school has started and I was very busy. I will try to write every month, now. Best regards to one and all.—*Mary Ann Rudich* (age 13), 163 Baker St., Aliquippa, Pa. (Lodge 122)

THE ARMY WAR SHOW

Dear Editor:—I've finally found time to write to this wonderful magazin again. This is my second letter.

Gee! it sure feels funny to be out of school. But one good thing about working is that you don't have to worry about the next day's homework. Nevertheless, you miss all your school chums and classes, at least I do.

Every month I look in the ML and still haven't seen any letters written by Chicagoans. What's wrong, Chicago? Well, it seems like Chicago has been having quite a bit of entertainment—Skating Vanities of 1942, the Army War Show, and wow! what a show. It would take too much space to tell you what I saw at the Army War Show. It was held at Soldier Field at the lake front (Lake Michigan), and it really was tops. They had a band concert, air parade, military review, manual drill, etc, etc. When it got dark all the lights were turned off, and the announcer told everyone to light a match. This was a wonderful spectacle. The show was a tremendous success as about million people witnessed it during the week of its nightly performances. It was one of the greatest shows ever staged here.

Before I sign off I wish to say hello to my pen pals Mary Bartol, Verna Demshar, Steve Kocjan-cic, Frances Jean Kroper, Eleanor Mrkalj, Pauline Novak, Olga Osretkar, Angeline Ostanek, Julie Pershen, June Pogachar, Kathleen Potocnik, Victor Rspet, Anna Samson, Ben Volk, and Rita Widmar.

I am sending my best regards and wishes to

all.—*Emma Cetin* (age 17), 1933 Racine Ave., Chicago, Ill. (Lodge 39)—(Please address all letters intended for publication in the M. L. to: Mladinski List, 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill., and not to individuals. Thank you.—Ed.)

HOLDS THREE OFFICES

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to this interesting magazine. I promised I would write every month. I am sorry I didn't keep my promise but I was working during the summer months in St. Louis, Mo., and it seems that I was occupied and did not find time to write.

School has started and I find it very interesting. The subjects I take are: English III, shorthand, typing, and American History. I am a junior at the Panama Public School. I was also elected president of the Girls' Athletic Association and as the cheerleader for our basketball team. We have a student council for our assembly and I was appointed as president for this group. I'll be kept rather busy holding these offices, but I'll try and write as often as I can to the M. L.

I have a brother who is in the armed service. He is stationed at Kansas City, Mo., and attends a civilian school concerning telephones.

I would like to hear from my pen pals Leona Kozar, Mike Karpen, William Vratcnik, and Edward Chnart. Hello, June Pogachar!—Enclosed is a picture of myself which I would like to see printed along side of my letter. Hoping to hear from more pen pals, I remain a ML reader. Thanks to the Editor for publishing my first letter. My best regards to all.—*Katherine Adams* (16), Panama, Illinois. (Lodge 123)

AT GIRL SCOUTS' CAMP

Dear Editor:—In my last letter I promised to write and tell how the Girl Scout camp turned out. So here goes:

Every morning at 7 o'clock we got up and made our bunk beds. At 7:30 we had our flag ceremony; we had four girls to raise the flag and the rest of us stayed at salute and listened to the bugle. Then we took roll call and marched in to breakfast. At 9:15 we had bunk inspection, which means that our belongings must be put in order and our bunks neat and clean. After that we had fun doing spatter work, First Aid, story telling, and nature hikes.

After dinner we had an hour rest period. Then we went swimming, after that we played games and took showers to get ready for supper. Before supper we took the flag down. After meals we had table inspection. The table that won the most times got a watermelon at the last day of camp. Guess what table got it? My table! There

were eight or nine tables and I think about forty-two girls. Boy! I enjoyed it very much.

I didn't have any time to play this summer as I was busy all summer. I took Home Nursing, First Aid, cooking and sewing. We will get a badge for each one on Quarter of Awards, Oct. 8.

Our school started on August 31. I take English, mathematics, history, and science. I'm also taking gym and art. I hope I can draw like some of the ML drawers can. Then I can send some drawings to the ML, too.

I want to say hello to all of my pen pals. I want to thank Alice Theys and Eleanor Matkovich for the beautiful birthday cards they sent me. I haven't heard from Dot Kernc for quite some time. I guess that's enough for this time or the Editor will end it up in the wastebasket. (Would you, Editor?) (Not an interesting letter like yours.—Ed.) Best regards to all.—**Rosemary Marinsek** (age 12), Box 1042, Gallup, New Mexico. (Lodge 120)

"I ALWAYS LIKED SCHOOL"

Dear Editor:—This is the fourth letter I've written to the M. L. I am trying to write to this wonderful magazine every month.

My birthday was on August 11. I was thirteen years old.

Well, school is well under way after three months vacation. I guess some of you hated to go back. I didn't mind going back, because I always liked school.

Here, in Johnstown, a Juvenile Circle has been organized. I belong to it, and I've never had so much fun in my life. We're always on the move. I'm not kidding, either. In last month's issue we've written all about the Circle and the readers are fairly acquainted with our work. Best regards to all.—**Frances Strazisar**, R. D. 3, Box 245, Johnstown, Pa. (Lodge 82)

TOO MANY PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—I wish to close my call for new pen pals for a while. In the last month I have received so many pen-pal letters, that I was not able to take care of them all. I do want to thank the ones that did write, though. When I need some more pen pals I will write about it in the M. L. I am closing this letter now. Best regards to all.—**Andrew Rupnik** (age 14), 2500 Maple Ave., Aliquippa, Pa. (Lodge 122)

DOROTHY IS A FRESHMAN

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to this fine magazine. I have often planned to write to the M. L., but I never got "around to it."

I am 14 years old, have blonde hair, bluish gray eyes, and am 5 ft. 3 in. tall. I am a freshman in Homer City High School. I would like to have many pen pals, especially from California. But that doesn't mean I don't want to receive letters from the rest of you people all over the U. S.

One of my hobbies is to save pictures of orchestra leaders and singers, and of Anne Sheridan. So, pen pals, if you have any pictures, please

send them to me. I would like to have pen pals between 14 and 16. I'll write soon. Best regards to all.—**Dorothy Ann Zevnick**, Box 114, Homer City, Pa. (Lodge 290)

"NOT VERY TALL"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to this fine magazine even though I read it every month. I haven't seen many letters in the ML from California. For this reason I decided I would be one to write to ML from Sunny California.

I am 15 years old, my birthday being in August. I am not very tall and everybody tells me that they think I'll never grow. I go to Fontana High School, a very small school, too. I've been in the SNPJ lodge ever since I can remember, and think it is a "very nice" organization. Other people think so, too.

I would like to have as many pen pals as possible, my own age or even older. Best regards to all.—**Anna Resner** (age 15), R. 1, Box 2, Fontana, Calif.

ROSEMARY IS BUSY

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to this wonderful magazine for several months. So I thought it my duty to write again and more often.

Since my last letter I have acquired four new pen pals. They are Lottie Ligiecki, Anne Pristow, Mary Mohorovich and Christine Kramzer. They all are wonderful pen pals. I like writing very much. To those boys and girls who do not have a single pen pal, I urge you to get one right away and soon. You don't know the thrill of receiving a letter. During long winter months you'll be glad that you do have a pen pal to write to. Letter writing does certainly fill your lonely hours.

I have been busy this last week, for it was the first week of school. School started on Sept. 8. On the very first days of school they began to give us homework. I am in the tenth grade and have three years of schooling to go before I graduate. The subjects that I'm taking this semester are typing, English, biology, business and world history. Our school starts at 8:45 a. m. and we get out at 3 p. m. I sure do hope school passes as quickly as our vacation did.

I didn't do much of anything this summer, but letter writing certainly kept me busy.

My brother, Louis, is now an Air Raid Warden in our district. I am attending a First Aid class at one of our local schools. All girls belong to it. We are learning many new things. If we pass the exam at the end of the course we will get a junior certificate.

On the first tin can collection we gave 45 tin cans. On the next can collection we won't give half as much as the first time, because we don't use so much. Instead of wasting tin cans, my Mother has canned quite a good deal. So far she has canned plums, plum jelly, peaches, pears and tomatoes, also pickles.

I would like to hear from girls and boys from the West. Best regards to one and all.—**Rosemary Janezic** (age 15), 977 E. 239th St., Euclid, Cleveland, Ohio. (Lodge 450)

LABOR DAY PARADE

Dear Editor:—I saw my first letter in the ML and so I decided to write again. We celebrated Labor day on Sept. 5. In the morning we had a parade and in the afternoon we had a contest. In the evening we had a big dance.

Our school started on Sept. 9. Was I glad when school started again! I like school very much. I am sending in some jokes. This is all for this time, hoping to write more next time. Best regards to all.—**Helen Vedic**, Box 80, Park City, Utah.

DUTY AND PLEASURE

Dear Editor:—I am once again writing to the ML, and it seems to me that it is more of a duty than a pleasure, which it really is both combined.

School started on Sept. 8. And were we all excited! In my next letter I will tell whether I like school or not.

Our Circle as well as myself sadly miss our friend and fellow member, Norma Scavina. She was a contributor to the ML as well as one of the most active members of our Circle. She is sadly missed by all who knew her and loved her.

I've done very little this summer vacation, but what little I have done has really been fun and some of it was sort of patriotic. By patriotic I mean I helped in the Rubber Salvage Drive. I collected, with help from a pal of mine from Trinidad, 169 lbs. of unused rubber. Also when the Scrap Metal Drive was started I helped collect some and my neighbor had a big dump truck full of scrap metal which he used to help the Defense Drive. If everyone would do his part, this war would soon be won.

It seems as though all the world talks about is war, strikes and politics. I am writing this letter on a Saturday afternoon and have hopes of attending a dance tonight, as that is what we do every Saturday night. Tonight is the time our county's most popular orchestra will play because the trombone and saxophone players joined the Navy. Best regards to all.—**Mitzi Kosernik** (age 16), Box 199, Aguilar, Colo. (Lodge 381, Circle 20)

COLLECTS POST CARDS

Dear Editor:—I received my ML today and decided to write another letter to this fine magazine.

I have been very busy taking care of children. I earned enough money and so I bought a War Bond, and I have \$11 worth of War Stamps. I also have bought all of my school clothes and other necessities.

Recently, I have been receiving many post cards and I will answer every one as soon as I finish this letter. Most of the cards are very interesting. My Mother is always reminding me to send every-one a card.

I wish to say hello to Emily Mileta and Elizabeth Rodman. How about writing to me, girls? Here are the numbers of cards I have collected from different places: Minnesota (1), New Mexico (1), Honolulu (2), New York (1), Idaho (5), Colorado (3), Utah (3), Missouri (2), Pennsylvania (10), Ohio

(6), Washington, D. C. (1), Arkansas (3), Michigan (1). That makes 38 besides one from Italy and one from Hungary. I wish to say hello to all of you pen pals.

I will close now, hoping that the time won't go by so slow as I am too eager to receive the M. L.—**Rose Chagenovich** (14), 984 Santa Cruz St., San Pedro, California. (Lodge 416)

JACK FROST IS HERE

Dear Editor:—School is well under way now. By the time this letter is printed it will be much cooler and Jack Frost will be biting our fingers and toes.

I have a pen pal, Dorothy Power, and I am proud to correspond with her. My favorite hobby is collecting post cards from all over the United States and Canada. So to you who will drop me a picture postcard, I promise I'll drop you one back. In that way we'll be exchanging them and I'll be glad to answer regularly. Until next time, I remain as ever—**Georgie Mociwnik** (age 11), P. O. Box 86, Jenny Lind, Ark. (Lodge 24)

"HERE I AM AGAIN"

Dear Editor:—Here I am again, writing to this wonderful magazine of ours. I really should have kept my promise to write regularly to the M. L., but I guess I forgot.

Nothing really happened here, in Aguilar, recently. I fight, or rather, I argue with my pen pals. You see, that's my hobby. As soon as I make up with one of my pen pals I fight with another. I really should be ashamed of myself, don't you think so?

I wish it would hurry up and snow, so I can make snowmen and snowballs. And I think that by the time this letter is printed, maybe we will have some snow. I am writing this letter a few days before school starts and I don't know anything about my subjects or teachers. I will be in the eighth grade. I wish I would be in high school. The high-school students say that high school is "very much fun." Best regards to one and all.—**Josephine Kosernick**, Box 199, Aguilar, Colo. (Lodge 381, Circle 20)

OUR WAR BONDS

Dear Editor:—I was very glad to see my letter published in the M. L. School started right after Labor day and we are all very busy now.

This summer I took care of children, and with the money I earned I bought War Savings Stamps. Now I have a \$25 War Bond; also, my sisters have War Bonds. When I grow up I'll have some money of my own.

My sister Rose has been taking care of children, also. She bought two War Bonds. In this way we are helping our country and we have some money saved up.

I would like to have pen pals from New York, Oklahoma, Montana, Utah, Washington and Arkansas. Best regards to all.—**Ruth Chagenovich** (age 10), 984 Santa Cruz St., San Pedro, Calif. (Lodge 416)

JOHNNIE THINKS OF SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—Now that I have some spare time I will write to the M. L. Our school starts on Sept. 14 and from then on I will have to get my mind on school.

I am in the eighth grade, and I am 13 years old. I have been receiving cards and letters from different people every day. My hobby is collecting picture post cards. I wish that many more pen pals would send me cards.

I must say that I really enjoy reading the jokes which are published in the M. L. I also like to read other articles. Just to put it in other words: I read the ML from cover to cover. Best regards to all.—**Johnnie Mocivnik** (13), P. O. Box 86, Jenny Lind, Ark. (Lodge 24)

HER FAVORITE HOBBY

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List, and I hope not the last. I am 15 years old, have blonde hair and blue eyes.

My favorite hobby is receiving pen pal letters and answering them promptly.

I have a brother in the Army; he is stationed at Fort Pendleton, Va.

I would like to say hello to my five pen pals. They are Helen Mance, Helen Sedmak, Irene Magayna, Lottie Ligiecki, and William Smolich. There hasn't been many letters from Strabane. Wake up and start writing to this wonderful magazine. Our entire family belongs to the SNPJ lodge.

I hope everyone in this area listens to Jackie Martincic's Slovene orchestra. They are a group of fine musicians. He plays on the radio every Sunday morning from 10:15 to 10:30 on WJDA, Washington, Pa., station. Jackie lives in Strabane and he plays many times at Drenik's Park here.

I hope everyone does his or her part by buying War Bonds and Stamps. Save all rubber, metal scraps and help win the war. I'll close now, hoping to have more pen pals. I am enclosing a snapshot of myself. Best regards to all.—**Catherine Moze** (age 15), Box 255, Strabane, Pa. (Lodge 138)

**1942 IS ALMOST GONE**

Dear Editor:—Time has come again for me to write to this grand magazine, the Mladinski List. This year will soon be gone, with the hopes of better and more prosperous times for everyone during the coming year.

I want to say that I have many pen pals. They are Margaret Zgainer, Lucille Traneburg, Frances Zoman, Lillian Harning, and another pen pal whose address I've lost. I never have received Elsie Mae Mihelich's address yet, but hope to locate it soon.

My post-card collection is getting bigger. I wish more pen pals would send me post cards from dif-

ferent states. Best regards to all.—**Ernestine Mocivnik** (age 15), P. O. Box 86, Jenny Lind, Ark. (Lodge 24)

FRANK'S BACK IN SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to this fine magazine. I am 15 years old, and in the ninth grade, at the Montana State Institute for the Deaf and the Blind. I am not deaf or blind, but very hard of hearing. I was sent there to learn lip reading.

I have five subjects; they are: shop, algebra, history, reading, and general science. Football season is just about to start. All the teams are out for practice now, getting ready for the reason. By the time this letter is published, football will be in full swing.

Summer is over and I will tell you a little what I did. I started out cutting grass, then I went out to work at the air base the government is building. I had to quit to go back to school. So here I am back in school. Best regards.—**Frank Hocer**, 415 Thirty-Third St. N., Great Falls, Mont.

WAKE UP, STRABANE!

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L., and I hope it will not be the last. I have brown hair, brown eyes, weigh 120 lbs. and am 5 ft. 6 in. in height. I am 17 years old.

There hasn't been very many letters from Strabane. Come on, Strabane, and wake up. Start writing to the M. L. I am still waiting for an answer from Victor. I have a brother, Frank, who is in the army, stationed at Ft. Pendleton, Va.

My sister, Catherine, has five pen pals, and she answers all of the letters promptly. I hope to have some pen pals, too. I promise to answer all letters. My best regards to all.—**Josephine Moze** (age 17), Box 255, Strabane, Pa. (Lodge 138)

SHORTAGE OF TEACHERS

Dear Editor:—Here I am again, even if it did take me two months before I wrote. But, as you perhaps know, there is a lot of work to be done on a farm.

Our school started on Sept. 14. By the time this letter is published, school will be well on its way. Since there is a shortage of teachers we aren't going to have any orchestra or glee club. That leaves me out of two of my favorite subjects, so I am taking the following subjects: typing, chemistry, English III, American history, and art.

This last summer I've accomplished one thing and that was to play the accordion. I taught myself how to play from books as there is no teacher around here. It is a lot of fun to play. I haven't given up violin, though, as I am still practicing on it.

I have three brothers and two sisters. My oldest brother is in the army and is in Australia. We are all very proud of him.

I have received quite a number of pen pal letters since I last wrote, and I would like to say hello to them all, especially to June Mutz. Best wishes to all ML readers and writers.—**Florence Chadez** (16), Homedale, Idaho. (Lodge 267)

GLAD TO BE IN SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—I didn't write to this wonderful magazine for a long time. But here I am now. I would have written sooner, but was visiting in Detroit, Mich.

I was working this summer and my boss took me on my vacation. I have seen many interesting things. I also went to Canada for a one day visit. It was not very long, but I enjoyed it.

Now I am back in school and very glad. In school we are going to start a Defense Club, selling stamps and bonds. We had one last year and so we decided to have one again and help our boys in the armed forces.

I am taking four solid subjects: Latin, English, general history, home economics, and physical education.

I would like to say hello to my pen pals. I would also like to hear from them. Best regards to each and all.—**Julia Hudomal** (15), R. R. 2, Clinton, Ind. (Lodge 213)

ML IS HELPFUL IN SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—Here I am again, writing to the finest magazine published by the SNPJ. School is also here, but I still like it.

This year I am taking the commercial course which includes the following subjects: English II, History II, Physical Education, Business Arithmetic, Typing I, and Biology. They are all fine subjects and very interesting. We ride the bus to school which is seven miles to Midway. There are many children who ride the bus that belong to the SNPJ. I am very glad of that because we like to discuss the meetings together.

I always read the ML very thoroughly. There are many helpful articles in the magazine that are an aid in school. I wish more children will join the SNPJ and make it bigger and better.

There are quite a few people who do not write to this magazine from Midway. What's the matter, Bertha and Gladys? Please write to the ML and show the rest that you can write well, too. Best regards to all.—**Agnes Saloum** (age 14), R. D. 1, Bulger, Pa. (Lodge 89)

"I AM ALWAYS BUSY"

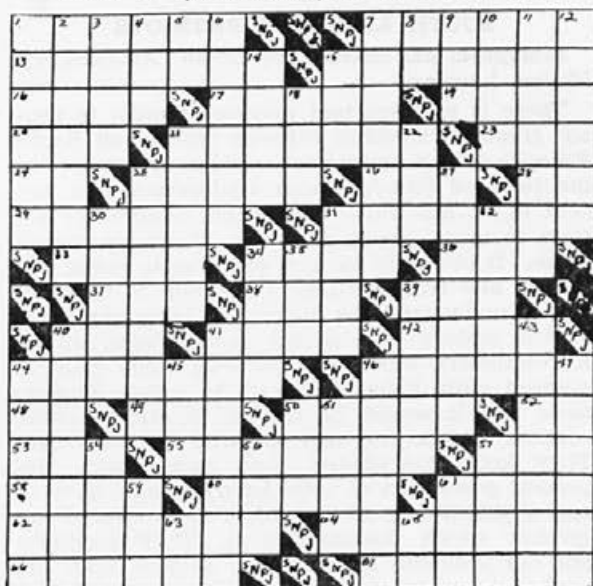
Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I am always busy working in the house or doing my school work.

I have been a member of the SNPJ for about 14 years. I am 15 years old, 5 feet tall, I have black hair, brown eyes, and I weigh 103 lbs. My favorite sports are skating and swimming. I think it would be nice if everybody keeps buying U. S. War Savings Bonds and Stamps.

Our Lodge is planning to have a dance at Drenik's in Strabane. I would like to have some pen pals to write to me and I will answer their letters promptly. My best regards to all.—**Dorothy Yonack** (15), Box 104, Strabane, Pa.

ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Zitta Bozanic, 15,
R. F. D. 3, Worcester, N. Y. Lodge 393



ACROSS

1—Put out new shoots. 7—Helping. 13—Thrive. 15—Lake in New Hampshire. 16—Stockings. 17—States of mind. 19—Stimulates (slang). 20—Preceding night. 21—Express approval. 23—Small round mark. 24—Concerning. 25—Played on the stage. 26—Body bone. 28—Symbol for tellurium. 29—Place of nether darkness. 31—Group of advanced students. 33—Tell thoughtlessly. 34—Without hair. 36—Chum. 37—Palm leaf. 38—Malt beverage. 39—Finished edge. 40—Philippine mountain. 41—Fail to hold the road. 42—Biblical character. 44—Having a scalloped margin. 46—Merchant. 48—Type of electric current. 49—Female sheep (abbr.). 50—Edible fungus. 52—Leave. 53—Part of the mouth. 55—Celestial bodies of luminous gas. 57—Burrow. 58—Poems. 60—Pertaining to ancient Hindu scripture. 61—Renown. 62—Holders of leases. 64—One who takes part in a formal discussion. 66—Compound ethers. 67—Closed cars.

DOWN

1—Globe. 2—Saying. 3—Flower. 4—Full of (suffix). 5—To a higher point. 6—Allures. 7—Made certain. 8—Exists. 9—Immerse. 10—Copied. 11—Pertaining to a nephew. 12—Bed canopy. 14—Heavy cord. 15—Room in harem. 18—Long in one's possession. 21—Keen. 22—Faint. 25—Mollusk. 27—Having two feet. 30—Run away secretly. 31—Vehicle on runners. 32—Entitled. 34—Cook with dry heat. 35—Title of Mohammed. 39—Rodents. 40—Arched passageways. 41—Stores cargo in a ship. 42—Systematic course. 44—Wheedle. 45—Beard of grain. 46—Parts of a harness. 47—American humorist. 50—Mire. 51—Having an offensive odor. 54—Direction. 56—Information. 59—Compass point. 61—Hobby. 63—Comparative ending. 65—Exist.

(Answers on back inside cover page)

Introducing Book Friends

By Betty Jaritz

SOUTH AMERICAN PATRIOTS

Liberators and Heroes of South America, by Marion Lansing.

There is an important movement afoot to create greater friendship between North and South America. This movement reaches a climax in the form of Pan-American conferences that are held at various times. Between conferences efforts to bring about a lasting friendship never cease. It occurs to me that one way to make it a lasting and truly genuine friendship is to know and to understand the history of Latin America. It, too, underwent a period (comparative to the Revolutionary war era of our own land) when it pledged with blood and tears to future generations that it would be free of tyranny which reached across the vast expanse of the ocean. They kept that pledge. And now, today, the present generation of both Americas may have to renew this pledge to keep their land free of the tyranny which threatens them. Their problems and our problems are so closely related, their future and our future is so closely interlaced that it seems to me a knowledge of the South American patriots is as necessary and important as that of our own. All of which brings us to this "book-of-the-month."

This book, *Liberators and Heroes of South America*, gives us a pretty fair picture of the early times, the people, and the heroes of Latin America. We learn here that Bolivar is considered the Liberator of that continent; but there were other men whose patriotism is also cherished by our South American neighbors.

To know something of the problems of South America one must know something of its early history. In the early days, before Pizarro—the cruel conquistadore—invaded the land, the Incas Indians had already attained a highly civilized mode of living. They welcomed the strange looking white men, and for their pains they were robbed of their wealth and were made to work for the conqueror. The new continent was treated by the Europeans merely as a source of wealth. They took the gold and precious stones from the new world and returned with them to live in luxury in Europe. Of course they had to hire overseers to administer "their" holdings while they returned home to enjoy their wealth. These people, who stayed behind, also dreamed of some day returning home. However, they intermarried with the natives and somehow began to feel that they belonged here. They, too, began to regard the unfairness of this absentee ownership as a scourge. When people are subjugated years upon years, events are bound to occur which do not spell happy times for the rulers. Brave men were bound to rise and guide the oppressed into revolution. And so it happened!

The credit for the independence of Argentina, May 25, 1810, goes to two heroes, Mariano Moreno and General Belgrano. That country had prob-

lems which were similar to those which troubled the patriots in our own early colonies. They resented unreasonable taxes and the restriction on their trade. Moreno was the editor of a newspaper which the patriots established to publicize the new government. In this paper he encouraged the people to air their views on any subject; and that was quite an unheard of thing in those times. Moreno wanted the people to be educated, so he asked for popular subscriptions to found a library. He became the director of the library and is honored by Argentina as the "father" of its great public library system. Later, Moreno was to become the secretary of the congress that was to accept the country's independence. General Belgrano fought in the decisive battles, against the Royalists, for the preservation of Argentine independence.

The hero of Chile is Bernardo O'Higgins. It sounds a bit odd that such an Irish name should appear in the annals of that Latin country as its national hero. A bit of family history can explain that oddity. Bernardo's father wandered from Ireland to Spain, and from Spain to South America. There he peddled for a while and then gradually improved his station until he became Viceroy of Chile. Later, he married a native Chilean lady and from that union the Liberator, Bernardo O'Higgins was born.

O'Higgins fought against the Spanish and in 1818 declared complete independence for Chile. He became the first executive of the new emancipated government. Popular rule was his ideal though he was forced to resort to autocratic ways in order to work for it. He encouraged agriculture, completed an important irrigation canal to redeem land for farming, and did his best to develop trade. He also expended much effort to improve the educational system, to make the newest methods of teaching available. If he had kept safely to these reforms he might have retained his office longer. However, he introduced unpopular measures by which he sought to take away some of the land privileges of the aristocracy; and abolished cock-fighting, bull-fighting, and other amusements connected with gambling. He was too great a man for the people—he was asked to resign. Today, O'Higgins is more revered by Chileans than he ever had been during his life-time.

The deeper you delve into *Liberators and Heroes of South America*, the more intimately you become acquainted with this host of patriots whom the South Americans honor as much as we cherish the memories of Lincoln and Washington.

Professor: "Are you sure this story is original?"

Student: "Yes, sir; I wrote it myself."

Professor: "Well, well! I didn't think I would ever live to see the day when I would meet Rudyard Kipling in person."



DIZZIE DOT DRAWING PUZZLES

By HARVEY FULLER

What is this that has come on the lawn and seems to want to interfere? Draw a line from dot to dot and you will see that the little man will have a jolting surprise in just a minute.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON JUST FOR FUN PAGE:

November Quizzer: 1—Cranberry sauce; 2—big feast; 3—3rd Thursday; 4—Pilgrims-Indians.

Boys'-Girls' Names: 1—Josephine; 2—Victoria; 3—Antonia; 4—Augustine; 5—Patricia; 6—Pauline.

War Poems: 1—fight; 2—win; 3—war; 4—land; 5—Jap.

How's Your Grammar? 1—overflowed; 2—hanged; 3—taller; 4—healthful; 5—one another.

Twisters: 1—Al Smith—Derby; 2—Chamberlain—Umbrella; 3—Hitler—Mustache; 4—Goering—Medals; 5—Mussolini—Protruding chin.

World War No. 2: 1—Oil, Gas, Rubber; 2—Spray or cover it; 3—Wait for Doc; 4—Freedom of speech, religion, from want and fear.

When Lights Go Out: 1—True; 2—False; 3—False; 4—False; 5—True.

Brain Teasers: 1—Indiana; 2—Kansas; 3—St. Augustine, Fla.

JUNIOR QUIZ

1. Who runs through the town, upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown?—Wee Willie Winkie.

2. Who met the pie man?—Simple Simon.

3. Who was the possessor of a glass slipper?—Cinderella.

4. Who were Wynken, Blynken and Nod?—Characters in Field's poem.

5. How many bags of wool did the black sheep have?—Three.

6. Who fell asleep in his tea cup?—The door-mouse.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 31

ACROSS

1—Sprout. 7—Aidant. 13—Prosper. 15—Ossipee. 16—Hose. 17—Moods. 19—Peps. 20—Eve. 21—Applaud. 23—Dot. 24—Re. 25—Acted 26—Rib. 28—Te. 29—Erebus. 31—Seminar. 33—Blat. 34—Bald. 36—Pal. 37—Ole. 38—Ale. 39—Hem. 40—Apo. 41—Skid. 42—Ader. 44—Crenate. 46—Trader. 48—Ac. 49—Ewe. 50—Morel. 52—Go. 53—Jaw. 55—Nebulas. 57—Dig. 58—Odes. 60—Vedis. 61—Fame. 62—Lessees. 64—Debater. 66—Esters. 67—Sedans.

DOWN

1—Sphere. 2—Proverb. 3—Rose. 4—Ose. 5—Up. 6—Tempt. 7—Assured. 8—Is. 9—Dip. 10—Aped. 11—Nepotal. 12—Tester. 14—Rope. 18—Odd. 21—Acute. 22—Dim. 25—Abalone. 27—Bipedal. 30—Elope. 31—Sled. 32—Named. 34—Bake. 35—Ali. 39—Hares. 40—Arcades. 41—Steeves. 43—Regimen. 44—Cajole. 45—Awn. 46—Traces. 47—Rogers. 50—Muds. 51—Olid. 54—West. 56—Bes. 57—Data. 59—SSE. 61—Fad. 63—Er. 65—Be.

OUR FRONTISPIECE

The front cover illustration of this issue of the Mladinski List was drawn by Zora Gostovich, age 14, Raton, New Mexico, a member of Lodge 297 SNPJ.

Something Big

Paul: "Oh, say, I pulled off something big last night."

Clarence: "What was it?"

Paul: "My shoes."

Help in the Victory Campaign!

ENROLL A NEW MEMBER IN THE "SNPJ VICTORY CAMPAIGN"--TODAY!



- The success of the SNPJ VICTORY CAMPAIGN depends on you—the members on our local fronts.
- We urge all members to join the active ranks of this great patriotic and fraternal drive to defend America and the SNPJ by enrolling new members.
- The SNPJ offers attractive SPECIAL PRIZES, ranging from \$25 to \$100, to state, district, and national winners—also, REGULAR PRIZES of \$1 for each juvenile member and \$1 to \$4 for each new adult member enrolled.
- The war against the AXIS powers must be won! We shall help achieve this goal quicker by awarding thousands of dollars in UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS and STAMPS as prizes for new members!
- The number of new members gained in the SNPJ Victory Campaign will be reflected in the amount of dollars spent for bonds and stamps—for planes, ships, tanks, and guns. Let's not forget that!
- A special award of \$25 will be given to the Juvenile Circle gaining the highest number of new members in this campaign.
- Members! Compare our benefits and rates with those of other insurance organizations. Convince yourselves that the SNPJ OFFERS THE BEST BARGAINS!
- In conclusion, we say to you—Don't forget the children. Give them all the advantages of membership in the SNPJ by organizing a Juvenile Circle in your community. That will insure a great victory for the future!

MICHAEL VRHOVNIK,
the SNPJ Campaign Director.