

Mladinski List

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A Magazine for SNPJ Juveniles

AUGUST

1944

MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE MONTHLY



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MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

LETO XXIII—ŠT. 8

CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1944

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"MAMA"

Katka Zupančič

Je šolarček majhen —
dve črki pozna,
ju dvakrat poveže —
besedo ima,
ki ni v besednjakih
na prvih straneh —
a v ustih otroških
je prva od vseh!



EDINEC

Katka Zupančič

Zvihrala je sapa,
zmajala drevo:
"Oj ptiček edinček
le dvigni glavo!
Mudi se mi dalje,
ko vrnem se spet —
bom tebe odnesla
iz gnezdeca v svet . . ."

Edinček, ki jedel
je zmerom za tri,
kreljuti raztegne —
za starši sfrči . . .

Ko drugič je sapa
zmajala drevo,
je gnezdo seveda
že prazno bilo.
Iskala je ptička,
iskala zaman —
v zatišju je čvrčal
in jedel ves dan . . .

MAVRICA

Katka Zupančič

Boči se mavrica, pisani trak —
roso si s čela otira oblak.

Ko vozil je vodo od morskih obal,
je brate bradate na nebu sestal.
"Pustite me dalje," spravljivo jim de,
"ker v mehu je mojem sto veder vode.
Tam daleč za goro se širi ravan,
ki dolgo že prosi za dež me hladan."

Hudobni bradači udarijo v smeh,
razparati siloma hočejo meh.
Razvname oblak se od jeze zelen —
iz meha izsiplje pa — grah se leden . . .
"Saj nosil sem vodo!!! Odkod je ta led . . . ?"
vprašuje se revež preplašen in bled.

Boči se mavrica, pisani trak —
s trakom zakriva oči si oblak.

WHEN THE BEES SWARMED

By Maurice Noel

One morning early, Buz was on the point of starting for the top of Cothelstone Hill. She had been there several times already; indeed it was a favorite place of hers. She so thoroughly enjoyed the long flight to it through the air: it was so glorious to mount high up above the fields, and to see the dewdrops sparkling like diamonds in the morning sun, to listen to the lark as he took his first upward flight, and poured out his song for joy that another day had come, to inhale the fragrance of dawn, knowing that all the flowers which made it so sweet were waiting for her, and would be glad when they saw her coming. This was delightful indeed.

Then again, Buz always looked forward to interesting conversations with the flowers she visited, and the insects and creatures she met; and she had a sort of idea that the farther she strayed from the hive, the more curious would be her adventures, and the more charming the stories she was told. But this did not follow at all; and many of the prettiest tales she heard were repeated to her by flowers which grew in the old garden near the hive, though it was some time before she would admit this, even to herself.

On her way to the entrance on this particular morning, she perceived that a most unusual bustle was going on all through the hive; and, as soon as the first bee touched her, she felt quite excited and disinclined to work, though she didn't exactly understand why. At this moment she saw a drone. "What's up now?" she cried, running to him in a great hurry.

"Don't fuss," said the drone snappishly.

"Well, I only want to know what all this stir and confusion means?"

"I'll tell you fast enough if you don't fuss. I hate a bustle; and there's enough of that, I'm sure, without your helping to make it worse."

"I'll be quite as a grub," said Buz, speaking in a low voice and standing quite still, though she felt that she was becoming more restless every moment.

The drone looked at her for some time without saying a word; and at last, in a provokingly indifferent manner, asked if she had been fanning lately.

"Yes," said Buz, "it was my turn yesterday, and it was a very hot day, and so I fanned a great deal; and stupid work it was."

"Did you observe that there were often great clusters of bees hanging together, just by the board outside the hive?"

"Of course, I did," replied Buz; "they were there till the evening."

"Did you wonder why?"

"No; I heard lots of them say that it was dreadfully hot inside, so I suppose they hung out to cool."

"Exactly; do you know why it was so hot in the hive? I can tell you: partly because the day was so warm, and partly because there are such a lot of bees—too many bees, that's a fact. Well, the weather can't be made cooler, but some of the bees can go, and they will go, too."

"Dear me!" said Buz, "will they? What! leave the hive?—really leave this hive?"

"How can they go without leaving the hive, stupid?" answered the drone.

"Of course they can't; but what will they do without a queen?"

"Our present queen will go with them; she knows it's too hot in the hive, so she will leave with a party of volunteers."

"Volunteers!" cried Buz; "what fun! I'll be one! I'll go! I may, mayn't I? Oh, I hope I may go!"

"Now, for honey's sake, don't fuss," said the drone.

"Certainly not," replied Buz.

But she was trembling with excitement. Anything for a change, anything for novelty. She never wished to be idle, and she liked all sorts of work; but put her to a different job every day—then she was happy! She cared little for danger, and explored all kinds of places that many bees—Hum, for instance—wouldn't think of going near; and now the thought of volunteering, and flying off with the dear old queen, and beginning life again, as it were, was charming. It suited Buz exactly; but, as she had still plenty of questions to ask the drone, she kept as quiet as possible; and he was much too lazy and indifferent to notice what an effort this was to her.

"By the row that's going on," remarked the drone, "I should say this would be a big swarm."

"A swarm!" exclaimed Buz; "then that's what swarming is!"

"A horrid noise, a hopeless confusion, a dreadful fuss, and an intolerable bustle—that's what swarming is," repeated the drone disdainfully. "I shall be certainly glad to have the hive more empty," he went on to himself, "but why can't they go away quietly, and swarm one by one, I should like to know?"

"Do none of the drones intend to join the swarm?"

"Hundreds will, no doubt; I shan't."

"Will you tell me, please," asked Buz, "how you will get on here without a queen?"

"You ask such stupid questions," said the drone. "You don't think; you're in such a hurry—that's it."

"How is mine a stupid question?"

"Do you mean to tell me that you have never passed the royal nurseries? Do you mean to say that you have never heard of royal food? Do you wish me to understand that you have never been told about the royal grubs?" demanded the drone.

"Of course I've heard of them," Buz said this a little impatiently—the drone spoke so very contemptuously.

"Oh, you have, have you? Then you will not be astonished when I tell you that royal grubs become queens, and that one of those in this hive is just ready to leave her cell; but she won't come out before the old queen has left. Oh, no! she'll take care of that—or rather the royal nurses will."

"Indeed! Why?"

(To be continued in next issue)

Birthdays of the Great Men

By Louis Beniger

Robert G. Ingersoll

Robert G. Ingersoll, the great American freethinker, noted writer and lecturer, was born on August 11, 1833, at Dresden, New York. Robert was the youngest of five children of a Congregational minister of liberal views. As a school boy Robert received a good public school education, and learned early in life that religion is based on imagination and superstition, on fear and ignorance, which are also the two main pillars of poverty and suffering.

Ingersoll's parents moved first to Wisconsin when he was ten years old and two years later to Illinois. When Robert grew up he was prepared and determined to spread the truth of free-thought, and his entire adult life was dedicated to his principle.

Robert Ingersoll was admitted to the bar at the age of 21 and practiced law with success. At the age of 24 he made his home in Peoria, Illinois, where he soon became recognized as an able lawyer, chiefly employed in railroad legislation. Four years later, during the Civil War, in 1861, he organized a cavalry regiment, of which he was colonel. He was taken prisoner but was later exchanged.

After the war Ingersoll was appointed Attorney General of Illinois. In 1876 he delivered a vigorous speech in favor of his Presidential candidate, a speech which won for him a national reputation. From this time on he was recognized as one of the foremost orators of the country. Soon after Ingersoll entered the lecture field, where the matter which he presented as well as the manner of his discourse excited public attention.

Robert Ingersoll was most widely known for his public lectures attacking the Bible. He was an eloquent speaker and a logical reasoner. He became a pronounced opponent of Christianity and, adopting religious topics as his subjects, attacked the popular Christian beliefs with all the force of which he was capable and with the advantage of splendid rhetorical powers.

As a lawyer, Ingersoll distinguished himself particularly as counselor for the defendants in the "Star-Route Fraud" trials.

As a writer and lecturer Ingersoll is known for his lectures and speeches which were published under the titles: "The Gods and Other Lectures," "Some Mistakes of Moses," "Prose Poems," and "Great Speeches."

His lectures, entitled "The Bible, Ghosts, and Foundations of Faith," attracted particular attention.

Robert Ingersoll's complete works were published in 12 volumes after his death. The best known of his lectures are his "Forty-Four Lectures."

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

Robert Ingersoll was an honest man. He loved children and wrote several touching pieces about and for them. His honesty and love for children is revealed in most of his works. On several occasions, some of his "Prose Poems" were published in the Mladinski List. In 1935, his piece "At a Child's Grave," appeared in the Mladinski List, and two years before, in 1933, "The Laughter of Children." In the latter he writes in part:

"The sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O laughter, rose-lipped laughter of joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief."

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

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

ZGODBE O BOMBAŽU

Oskar Hudaes

(Nadaljevanje.)

Joca ima smolo. Kaj naj stori? Brez pare v žepu. Sam v tujem mestu. Med njim in domačim pristaniščem leži ves Atlantski ocean. Ladja ne čaka. Točno ob uri odide. Ladji je vseeno, če je Joca na krovu ali ne.

Toda Joci ni vseeno. Zato sedi žalosten na pomolu in kolne včerajšnjo lahkomišelnost. Rana na glavi ga boli. Pošteno jo je izkupil. Počakal bo. Morda pripluje kaka jugoslovanska ladja. Mogoče sreča znanega tovariša.

Prazni so tvoji upi, Joca!

Kakor izgubljena ovca hodi Joca po pristanišču. Množice delavcev, voz in težkih avtomobilov se prelivajo po njem. Neprestano buče dolgi vlaki na pomole in nekam nazaj v mesto. Špripljejo počasni žerjavi . . . Neprestano dvigajo z vlakov vreče kave, zaboje s kakaom, bale bombaža. Med njimi je tudi bombaž dona Pedra Rosasa. Velike parne stiskalnice so stlačile bombaž v priznaste bale, težke od 180 do 220 kilogramov. Zdaj grabijo železni žerjavovi prsti te bale, jih dvigajo visoko v zrak in spuščajo v nenasitne ladijske trebuhe. Od zore do mraka.

Kam gre bombaž? Kam ga vozijo parniki? Daleč preko oceana. Nekje v neznanih prekmorskih državah ga bodo razdelili med tkalnice. Bombaž se bo izpremenil v nitke, iz nitk bodo stkali blago. Trgovci bodo pokupili blago in ga razprodali ljudem. Neznano, kje bo neka šivlja iz koščka tega blaga sešila obleko.

A kaj Joco briga vse to! Naj gre bombaž kamor hoče. Zanj je važno, kdaj in kako bo prišel domov.

Za bombaž se brigajo drugi. Trgovski zastopnik don Sančo Kalderon kadi debele cigare. Ves dan je zavil v oblak dišečega dima kakor malik v kitajskem templju.

Telefonira na borzo.

"Halo! Tu Sančo Kalderon. Kako je s cenami bombaža?"

"Vse neizpremenjeno," odgovarja glas na drugem koncu žice.

"Halo! Koliko blaga je na razpolago?"

"Mnogo. Pri bombažni izvozni družbi lahko kupite kolikor hočete."

"Dobro! Hvala lepa!"

Potem sede don Sančo Kalderon v avto in odbrzi v pisarno bombažne izvozne družbe. Drvi mimo pristanišča in ne vidi Joca, ki še vedno postopa po pomolih, ves zaskrbljen, lačen in žejen.

"Kupim 15.000 bal," reče don Sančo v pisarni. "Plačam takoj."

In že hiti na poštni urad. Oddati mora brzojavko za hamburško borzo.

V Hamburgu pišejo časopisi:

"Vojna v Abesiniji je vedno srditejša."

"Abesinci se trdovratno upirajo."

"Italijani se pripravljajo na dolgotrajno bojevanje."

"Italijanske tvornice delajo noč in dan."

"Društvo narodov je vsem državam, svojim članicam, prepovedalo prodajati v Italijo vse blago, ki se lahko uporablja v vojne namene, da prisili Italijane k miru."

"Nič zato," se smehlja gospod Henrik Braun in pogleda tajnika. "Nemčija ni članica Društva narodov. Nam ni treba izpolnjevati njegovih zapovedi. Peljiva se na borzo."

Pred vrati ju čaka avto. Šofer ve, da se gospod Braun vsak dan ob tem času pelje na borzo. Zato je pripravljen. Gospoda vstopita. Avto zdrkne po širokih hamburških ulicah.

Le hitro, šofer! Mudi se. Vsak trenutek je dragocen.

"Toda Švedska je včlanjena v društvo narodov," reče privedni tajnik. "Kupčija s Švedsko bo popustila."

"Mislite?" Gospod Braun se smehlja. "Jaz vem samo to, da so švedski tvorničarji streliva zelo prebrisan. Zakaj pa Abesincem ne bi prodajali svojega stralnega bombaža, če ga Italijanom ne smejo?"

Neslišno pritisne šofer na zavore. Avto obstoji pred borzo. Gospoda izstopita.

Joca Boškovič že tretji dan poseda na pomolih bahijskega pristanišča. Prodajal je uro in si za izkupiček kupil kruha. Joca gloda kruh in opazuje ladje, ki prihajajo v pristanišče. Kakor nalašč ni nobene jugoslovanske med njimi. Joca ima pač smolo.

Pred njim stoji velik žerjav. Od zore do mraka mu strežejo pristaniški delavci. Žerjav nalaga bombaž na neko špansko ladjo. Joca vidi, kako se ladja pod naraščajočim tovorom vedno bolj pogreza v vodo.

"Kmalu bo dovolj," misli Joca in opazuje na ladijskem trebuhu narisane znake:

	SW
W	L
	WNA

Joca je star mornar in ve, kaj pomenijo ti znaki. Ko se ladja pogrezne do črte W-L, je pravilno obtežena za prekomorski promet. Če je namenjena za plovbo v sladkih vodah, jo lahko toliko obtežijo, da se potopi do črte SW. Za zimsko plovbo čez severni Atlantik pa je tovor ne sme potisniti nad črto WNA.

"Kakih pet tisoč ton bodo naložili," misli Joca, ki je za nekaj hipov pozabil na svoj neprijetni položaj. "Kaj kapitan ne vidi, da se je črta WL že skrila pod vodo? Morda pa gredo na plovbo v sladke vode."

"Kam je namenjena ta ladja?" vpraša nekega delavca.

"V Španijo," reče kratko vprašani.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg

AT THE PARK

Billie Jean loved to be
In the park 'most all the day;
For there she had the grass and trees
Where birds and squirrels chose to stay.

The wind whispered its secrets
As her curls it blew round and round;
While sunbeams danced thru every branch,
Making lacy patterns on the ground.

And the lake came up to meet her,
Lapping softly at her feet;
Like a warm and cuddly puppy dog
All so soft-like and sweet.

BIRD QUIZ

This is a description of a bird. Will you be able to identify it from this description?

My upper plumage is metallic green and I have a deeply forked tail of a brownish violet. My throat is ruby red. I am a very tiny bird, measuring about 3½ inches from end of my bill to the tip of my tail, but I can fly very fast. My wings are strong and make a humming noise when I am flying. My bill is long and slender so that I am able to reach down deep into the flower cups for food consisting of nectar and tiny insects. What is my name?

STATE PUZZLER

Here are state abbreviations—Ill., Ida., Kan., Ore, Pa., Me., Tex., Wash. They are to be fitted in the correct places, so as to give the following sentence a complete meaning:

When _____ forgot to _____ she became _____ and _____ asked me to tell _____ if he _____ get help _____ not.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

How many facts do you know about Dr. Carver, scientist and educator? See if you can answer true or false to the following:

1. George W. Carver was born in Missouri.
2. His mother and father were wealthy land-owners in the South.
3. He had a strong interest in plants, and how they grew, early in life.
4. Dr. Carver was able to produce some 300 products from peanuts.
5. Dr. Carver is still living today.

ANIMAL NOISES

Do you know what kind of noises the following animals make? For instance, a cat meows—now guess what the rest of the animals do—

- | | |
|---------|------------|
| 1. Wolf | 5. Sheep |
| 2. Dog | 6. Rooster |
| 3. Dove | 7. Cricket |
| 4. Frog | 8. Owl |

FLOWER GAME

Supply the first letter in each word (each row with the same letter) the added letters will spell out the name of a beautiful summer flower:

ike ittle eaves
lways te pples
ed ipe ubarb
ill itchen inks
leep oundly ometimes
ink attened osies
gly ndue nrest
abbits un apidly

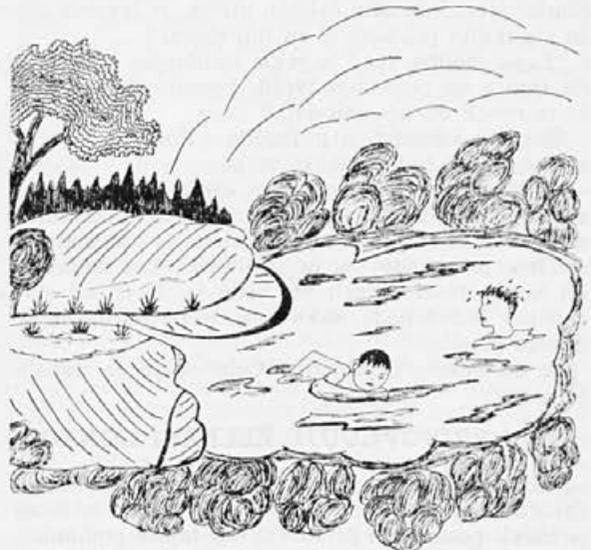
WORD SPLIT

Some words seem to be made up of 2 words. We have taken some of these and put them into 2 groups. Can you put the right 2 together?

cash	age
lea	den
flag	ire
sat	kin
pump	mere
mass	on

Can you supply the correct last word?
August days are here again
Heat and dust and little—
Vacation soon will be past
And we must go to school at—
We soon will have to take our book and rule
And travel onward on to—

(Answers on inside back cover page)



"CONCEALED SWIMMIN' HOLE"

Drawn by Zora Gostovich, 16, lodge 297, Box 531, Raton, New Mexico.

VČERAJ JE BILO, JUTRI BO...

Hermynia zur Muehlen:

Pravljice
Poslovenil A. C.

KAJ PRIPOVEDUJEJO PETRČKOVI PRIJATELJI?

(Nadaljevanje.)

No, nedaleč odtod je prebivala neka hudobna ujeda, ki je trdila, da je gozdna vladarica! Vsi mali ptički pa naj bi bili njeni tlačani in sužnji. Nekega dne je ujeda priletela h gozdu; doma so bili sami mladiči. S svojimi gnusnimi kremplji je pograbila iz gnezda enega izmed mladičev ter ga odnesla. Kakšno gorje v ptičjem prebivališču! Mala ptičja ženica je jokala in tarnala ter se skoraj ni upala zleteti iz gnezda. Tudi ona je mislila, kakor premog: 'Kaj moremo mi ukreniti? Ujeda je mogočna in močna, ima strahovit kljun in ostre kremplje, mi pa smo majhni in zapuščeni.'

Samček pa je bil bistra glavica. Letal je od gnezda do gnezda ter pravil v vseh ptičjih hišicah, kakšna nesreča ga je doletela. Razložil jim je tudi, da se more vsakomur isto zgoditi, dokler bo ujeda gospodovala. Dneve in dneve je letal po vsem gozdu od gnezda do gnezda, dokler ni zbral velike ptičje vojske. Ujeda je zopet priletela h gnezdu. Zdjajci pa je ujedo napadlo nešteto malih ptičkov. Poskušala se je braniti, a zaman, zakaj trume ptičkov, ki so hitele na pomoč, so se vedno bolj in bolj večale. Vedno več ptičkov je bilo, ki so s svojimi ostrimi kljunčki udrihali po ujedu ter jo kavsali po očeh. Naposled se je ujeda mrtva zgrudila v globino.

Od tistih dob ni bilo v našem gozdu nobenega vladarja več. Druge ujede so zvedele, kakšna usoda je doletela njihovo sestro, ter so se bale prikazati v tej nevarni pokrajini. Česar ne bi bil mogel nikdar storiti en sam droban ptiček, je izvršilo sto in sto malih ptičkov, ki so bili složni.

"Lepa zgodba, res," je rekla steklenica. "Škoda, da ljudje ne razumejo tvojih besedi. Mnogočesa bi se mogli od tebe naučiti."

Škatlica vžigalic je poskočila. Poskočila pa je vedno, kadar je bila dobre volje.

"Bila sem res orjaško drevo. Kdo bi mogel prešteti vse škatlice, ki so jih iz istega drevesa naredili? Vse te škatlice bodo otrokom, s katerimi se družijo, pripovedovale to zgodnico. Čez nekoliko let bodo otroci dorasli ter bodo modrejši od starejših. Vedeli bodo, kako se je treba boriti, da se doseže pravica."

In so veselo prikimali. Celo odeja je nahala tarnati.

KAJ PRIPOVEDUJE ŽELEZNI LONEC

Naslednji dan zvečer ni bilo treba Petrčku dolgo čakati. Prve sence so se prikradle v izbo in že so se začeli posamezni predmeti šepetajoče pomankovati. Posebno živahno sta se menili škatlica vžigalic in debela steklenica. Kakor je vse kazalo, sta se močno spoprijateljili. No, da! Obe sta pač bili modrejši in neprimerno učenejši, nego drugi

predmeti. Peterček ju je prav malo razumel. Uporabljali sta namreč mnoge tujke in se pogovarjali samo o stvareh, o katerih Peterček ni imel niti pojma. Kmalu se je začel dolgočasiti ter ju je proseče vprašal:

"Ali ne znate malo manj modro govoriti? Saj ne razumem niti besedice!" Tedaj pa se je črni lonec, ki je stal na peči, bobnajoče zasmejal. Smeh se je slišal kakor tiho grmenje. Steklenica se je ozrla k njemu ter ga vprašala:

"Zakaj se prav za prav smejete?"

Škatlica vžigalic pa je ostro dodala:

"Saj nisva nič smešnega govorili!"

Jezični drobčkani kos premoga je začivkal:

"Lahko je molčati, kakor da si gluhonem, ne črhni niti besedice, da bi zabava bila popolnejša, potem pa se drugim posmehovati!"

Črni lonec se je okorno priklonil in svečano, zamolklo, z globokim glasom odgovoril: "Oprostite, spoštovani prijatelji, nikogar nisem hotel žaliti, a napaka, ki se ji ne morete izogniti, napaka, ki sem jo doslej opazil samo pri ljudeh, mi vzbuja smeh."

"Kako mislite to?" ga je razjarjeno vprašala debela steklenica.

"Vi hočete našemu malemu prijatelju odpreti oči, ali ne? Izražate pa se tako, da vas deček pri najboljši volji ne more razumeti. Kaj ve on o 'sistemu', o 'kapitalizmu' in o podobnih stvareh? Jaz sem preprost možakar ter imenujem vse to 'krivica' ali 'svinjarija.' Vi pa me spominjate mnogih ljudi, ki prav tako dobro mislijo, kakor vi, a tudi prav tako nerodno tarnajo, kakor vi. Tisti ljudje pišejo dolge, nerazumljive stavke, načrčkane z novimi besedami, tujkami, z latinščino in grščino—potem pa so neznansko užaljeni, ko se preprosti ljudje od njih ne morejo ničesar naučiti."

"Hm, utegnete imeti prav!" je zinila škatlica vžigalic. "Vendar bi nam bili mogli to malo vljudneje povedati. Vašo neotesanost bomo kaznovali tako, da boste morali nocoj povedati kakšno zgodbo."

"Govorim teže," je odgovoril lonec. "Jaz sem preprost možakar ter ne umem krasnosloviti. Poleg tega so mi prišle v grlo saje ter sem popolnoma hripav. Pa naj bo! Rad vam ustrezem! Marsikaj sem že doživel. O svojem rojstvu ne bom nič pravil. Tudi železo gleda ob svojem rojstvu znoječe se, garajoče, trpeče ljudi, ki ustvarjajo v žareči vročini in večni življenjski nevarnosti. No, nekaj podobnega nam je pravila že gospa steklenica."

Kako zal lonec sem bil nekaj! Prav zares, mirne vesti morem trditi, da sem bil lep, mlad mož, lepo oblikovan, ves svetel. Vse mlade železne skledе so me občudovale. O, kolikokrat bi se bil lahko oženil; tako zelo sem ugajal mladim dečvam. Prišel sem v neko veliko, lepo hišo, kjer so prebivali ugledni ljudje... Ugledni ljudje so tisti ljudje, ki živijo od dela drugih, sami pa niti z mezinčcem ne ganejo. Na to so, seveda, zelo ponosni in si celo domišljujejo, da so boljši od tistih, ki delajo.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

FUN and FROLIC

Submitted by **Ann Sannemann**



For the month of August why not plan on making some of the games you are going to have use for in the coming fall and winter months. Games made in this article may be used in different ways.

First, for a game-creation night, buy or secure the materials and have the group plan to make a half dozen of these games in one evening. This in itself is a good type of social

activity.

Second, make these games for a permanent game room, where the children may play when they have ten or fifteen minutes leisure.

Third, these games provide splendid preparatory activity, with one or two persons playing at various games as the larger number is arriving.

These games are made from regular available articles found in most homes, or from boxes or pieces of wood that can be secured from almost any store. So, let the children experience the joy of creation and the fun of playing games they have made.

Rolling Home

Take any wooden grocery box and nail narrow slats across the face of it 2 or 3 inches apart, according to the size of the box. Designate values for the slots or openings thus formed between the slats. Half dozen 8 or 10 in. discs such as ten-cent store hot pads, or even ordinary paper plates may be used. Attempt to roll the discs so they will enter one of the slots of the box. Score as indicated.

Clothespin Toss

Get two dozen ordinary clothespins or snap pins, preferably the latter. With pen or pencil mark different values on each pin from 5 on up. These pins are then stuck at intervals around the rim of an ordinary wastebasket. Jar rubbers are used for tossing. Players are provided with an equal number of jar rubbers which they attempt to toss over the pins around the edge of the basket. Rings falling on pins are counted according to value marked on the pins. Rings falling within the waste-basket deduct ten from total score. Rings falling outside the basket have neither a minus nor a plus value.

Ring Pan

Get an angel food cake pan and fasten it in the middle of a 15 in. sq. piece of plywood. Set four spools in the corners, and label them with the numbers 10. Use jar rubbers to toss. Attempt to toss jar rubbers for score as indicated, counting minus ten value for rubbers which go into the pan without encircling the center. The center tube of the cake pan has a value of 25 points. Subtract five for each rubber which remains on the board without encircling a spool.

Hoop Toss

Procure four lengths of very heavy sash cord about 20 in. long and fashion each into a ring or quoit by bringing the ends together and taping

the joints securely. Get two 8 in. squares of heavy plank; bore hole in the center of each and set an 8 in. peg securely in place. Play as in horseshoes except that ringers count five points, leaners three points, and closest hoop one point. Embroidery hoops may also be used.

Chair Toss

Prepare about eight hoops as suggested for Hoop Toss (game preceeding) and mark two sets of four differently, either by painting, or using black and white tape to fasten. Turn a chair upside down so that the legs are toward the tossing line. Label each leg with some numerical value and play for high score, or label legs from 1 to 4 and play as a type of rotation game.

Funnel Ball

Equipment for this game is a small funnel and a tennis ball, or ping-pong ball will do. The player stands near a wall, throws the ball towards the floor, so that it strikes the floor about three feet from the wall, bounces up, hits the wall, and rebounds toward the player. He then tries to catch it with the funnel. This will be quite difficult for a few tries, but after a little practice, it will be possible to catch the ball many times without missing, and it will make an interesting contest to see who can catch it the largest number of times. To score this game for competitive play, let each catch count a number of points agreed on in advance.

Tire Ball

An old automobile tire and a basketball are all that is required for this game. Lay the tire flat on the floor and stand back from 5 to 6 feet and bounce the ball so it will come to rest within the tire. Score accordingly to successful tries.

Basket Toss

Get a corrugated pasteboard box, wooden box, or wastebasket and half a dozen old tennis balls. Place the box about 6 in. in front of some flat wall. Stand back and attempt to bounce the balls so they will strike the floor first, the wall second and then drop into the box. A single volleyball or basketball may also be used for this game.

Milk Bottle Ringer

Get 5 or 6 pint milk bottles and 6 embroidery hoops. Put a strip of adhesive tape around the neck of each bottle, and mark them with numbers from 5 to 30. Set the bottles up in some manner to resemble ten pins, and attempt to toss hoops over bottles. Score as bottles are rung.

Coffee Can Catch

Procure two one-pound coffee cans of the tall type and a bean-bag or tennis ball. Players stand opposite each other, the can in one hand, and the other hand behind them. They then attempt to toss the ball or beanbag back and forth between them using only the can with which to catch and toss. When partners are used, have groups of at least four, and when one player misses or drops the object, he is eliminated, and the one left waits for one of the others to drop out, takes the new partner, and so on, until only one player is left, and is winner. Or sides may be chosen, say 10 on each side, and the same procedure is followed.

Outdoor Fun---A Hike Into The Country

By Michael Vrhovnik



A hike into the country can be a real treat for almost every organized group of boys and girls. If it is vacation time, any day of the week can be chosen, but if it happens to be during the school term, then, of course, either day of a week-end

is best suited for this form of recreation and fun.

Decide on your destination at one of your meetings. If necessary, have a committee appointed to plan and work out the details, such as finding out the best way to get there, the number of miles you will have to walk, what transportation facilities are near in case needed, and whether, once you arrive at the location, it will be necessary to have permission (if private property) to pass through and use a field or woods where you can stop to rest and eat. You must also plan to meet at an appointed place and set the exact time when the hike will start.

The members should be instructed to pack lunches and to take along notebooks and pencils to jot down the interesting things they will see on the way. Make sure that at least one member is equipped with a camera and a supply of film, for you'll want pictures of the group and of anything unusual for your Circle's album, and the exceptionally good shots for reproduction in the Mladinski List.

There is much that is worthwhile to observe when hiking. You have a chance to become acquainted with the very earth of things—where everything in life gets its start. Subjects of interest to look for are birds, flowers, trees, animals (wild and domestic), and the people busy at work in the fields, gardens and elsewhere. Then, too, there is always the conversation of the members and occasional good deeds and funny antics by them, that provides material for a story worth telling or writing. Offer a prize to the member who makes the most interesting report of the outing at the next meeting, or writes the best letter or story for the Mladinski List.

For boys and girls who live in the big cities, a tramp through one of the parks or a forest preserve, a visit to the zoo and other places of interest, can be substituted for a hike into the country, with the same purpose and benefits as the ultimate goal—that of exercising the body and mind, and absorbing all the good things that Mother Nature so abundantly provides for our health and pleasure.

Hare and Hound Hike

If you're looking for something different in the way of a hike and picnic, try this idea . . . A small committee gets a half-hour start over the rest of

the crowd from some designated point. This committee is supplied with an abundance of confetti or something else to mark the trail. Their destination is kept a secret, of course, and it should not be too easy for the second group to find. The committee has the "eats," so there is reason for group two to persevere in finding them. The trail should be clearly indicated by the confetti or whatever else is chosen. The committee should have a fire built and lunch ready by the time the second crowd arrives.

A Surprise Hike

Along the route arrange surprises of all sorts. At one point noise-making toys may be handed out to each hiker. At another spot some unusual sight is arranged. About midway the group should be delightfully surprised to find a bucket or tub of ice-cold lemonade. At the end of the trail there might be some unusually pleasant company, some program and food surprises.

An Observation Hike

Divide the hikers into two or more groups. These are instructed to hike to a designated point, where they are to report what they have seen along the way. Each group will take a different route. One point is allowed for every unusual object or incident seen. . . The group with the best score receives special favors.

Hiking Hints

A few good hints to bear in mind on a hike are the following: Keep the hiking group together as much as possible. Much of the social value of a hike is lost if the group gets too scattered. Don't let anyone run "wild" or be a "show-off" . . .

If walking on a main highway, keep in single file on the left-hand side, facing the oncoming traffic—and if on a sidewalk, hike on the right side. Put the shortest children in front to set the pace, then you will not walk too fast for them. . . If darkness overtakes you, carry a light or two. . .

Don't drink water along the way unless you know it has been tested and found pure. It is better to carry along your own water in thermos bottles. Also, make a rule that no one is to eat on the way before meal time. . .

Small accidents are likely to occur on any outing, so take a first-aid kit with you. Learn to know poisonous plants at sight. Leave them alone. The leader of the group should go first and the assistant bring up the rear. . .

At stops along the way provide for some quiet recreation—a story, brain-teaser, a few jokes, trick, game or historical information. . . Listen to your leader and obey instructions promptly. . .

When you reach your destination, the leader will appoint the wood gatherers . . . some to build the fire . . . someone to prepare the food, etc. . .

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)

Hazel Squirrel In Squirrel Town

"Come, little sleepy-eyes, it's time to get up," said Mrs. Squirrel, one morning. But little Bushy-Tail was having such a nice dream about a wonderful tree where all kinds of nuts grew side by side on the same branch that he did not answer. Only his eyelids quivered ever so little, so his mother knew he was pretending.

"Come, come!" she repeated. "Little Hazel Squirrel is up and playing outside."

In a twinkling he had jumped out of bed and pressed his furry little nose against the window panes. Little Hazel was playing far out on a leafy branch with one eye on Bushy-Tail's house, nestled in a forked limb close to the trunk. She waved her lovely gray tail when she saw him and began chattering very fast.

"Wait a minute," Bushy Tail called back, "I'll be down in a jiffy."

And he was in such a hurry that he tied his tie on sideways and brushed his furry tail the wrong way, which made him look very funny. He even forgot to take a bite of the nice breakfast his mother had left on the table for him. Right through the window he bounded, instead of walking through the door as he had been taught to do, and landed close beside Hazel, far out on the leafy bough.

"Oh, Hazel," he cried, "I've had the loveliest dream!"

"You old sleepy-head," she answered, "you lay abed dreaming when you might be out playing in the fresh air."

"Hazel," Bushy-Tail began, teetering up and down on the branch in his excitement, "I'm sick of peanuts, aren't you?"

"No," she answered, "I love them. Mother says they make my coat thick and sleek."

They were city squirrels, you know, who lived in a park and had their daily supply of peanuts left at their door by the park-keeper.

"No, I am not sick of peanuts," she continued. "But what has that to do with your dream?"

"Everything," he went on. "Oh, Hazel, I dreamed of a most wonderful tree where all kinds of nuts—hickory, walnuts, chestnuts and hazel-nuts—grew side by side on the same branch. We must hurry and get

there before they are all gone," and he jumped up so quickly that Hazel went spinning round and round the branches she was holding on to with her sharp little claws.

Now, Hazel was a good little squirrel who always talked things over with her mother, so as they were hurrying away across the park she suddenly stopped. "I forgot to tell mother where I was going," she said.

Her play-fellow grabbed her by the tail. "It's to be a surprise," he whispered. "We will make little baskets of dry twigs and carry home enough for everybody." This sounded fine.

The pink in the sky was by now beginning to fade. Presently Mr. Sun poked his head over the hilltops far away. He saw the run-away children and he thought to give them a scare that would send them home. So he bounded out from behind a cloud and sent a long, dark shadow right across the path in front of them.

"Oh, my," cried Hazel, "what's that?"

Both children were so startled they jumped up in the air and landed on the other side of the dark shadow.

"Let's go home," suggested Hazel, but when they turned to go they saw their own shadows and of course they knew them. How they laughed then, for who would think of being afraid of a lifeless shadow?

By and by they met a workman. He had a dinner-pail in his hand and in his pockets peanuts for the squirrels, for every morning and night he passed through the park. Now, the good citizens of the town had made laws that no one should harm a squirrel and the squirrels knew this. So Hazel and Bushy-Tail were not afraid of the workman and when he knelt down and held out some nuts to them, they ran right up to him, chattering all the while.

Bushy-Tail took one of the nuts, cracked it with his teeth and, holding it with both hands, ate very greedily. For, you see, the sight of the nuts reminded him he had not eaten any breakfast, and suddenly he became very hungry.

Hazel was not a bit hungry, so she put the nut in the pocket of one of her cheeks, which made her look as if she had the mumps.

(Continued on Inside Back Cover)



What Do You Know?

Area of Land and Water

The area of the earth includes approximately 139,440,000 square miles of ocean (nearly 72 per cent of the total) and 57,510,000 square miles of land, on which there are about a million square miles of lake and river surface. The Pacific ocean alone covers an area of 68,634,000 square miles and is about 23 times as large as the United States. The deepest place is the depth of 30,246 feet north of Puerto Rico. The average depth of the ocean below sea level is 12,450 feet, or about five times the average height of land above sea level.

Great Wall of China

Along the northern frontier of China extends a great wall which dates from the third century B. C. The length of it, including all the loops and curves, has been estimated at 2550 miles. There are 25,000 watch towers built into the wall and 15,000 detached watch towers. The wall has crumbled into heaps in many places. At some points it is seventeen feet thick and sixteen feet high, consisting of two brick walls filled between with dirt and stones. It was built by forced labor under the rule of Emperor Shih Huang-ti.

Night Landings by Planes

Today, we produce to destroy, but tomorrow we will produce to build, and we will continue to invent and thus multiply our possessions. We will have at our command ten, fifty and more times what we had before, chiefly of new materials. Means will be at hand to perform feats that men have long dreamed of doing.

One of the problems which will have to be solved before airplanes can become as common and popular as automobiles is that of how to land safely both in daylight and darkness. Night landings are expected to become much easier as the result of an invention developed by Charles Adler of Baltimore. His device, called a "night landing indicator," uses two lamps mounted on the bottom of the fuselage in such manner as to throw crossed beams of light, forming a vertical "X" under the plane.

As the plane settles toward the ground, the bottom legs of the "X" grow shorter and shorter. When the craft finally drops to just three feet above the runway, the two spots of light thrown by the lamps overlap and become one. Watching a mirror set at an angle in the nose of the plane, the pilot can keep track of the light on the ground

and can see when their merging tells him that his ship is at the correct height for a safe landing.

Birth of the Roller Coaster

It was back in the year of 1884 that Louis N. Thompson, the founder of the famous Luna Park on Coney Island, patented and built the first roller coaster. Thompson's birthplace was in Indiana and his later home in Arizona. One day while on a trip, he saw some boys coasting. Seeing their keen enjoyment in the sport, he felt that he had been missing something all those years and decided that, if he had such a strong desire to do some grown-up coasting, other men and women might be equally enthusiastic.

Learning that a certain coal mine in Pennsylvania had a gravity-operated railroad, he immediately visited it and found that, sure enough, the cars developed enough momentum sliding down one hill to take them up another nearly as high. The idea of the roller coaster was born.

After many experiments, and the addition of special safety devices, he built the "Switchback"—a coaster 450 feet long, with its longest drop only 10 feet—at a cost of \$1,500. Soon coasters that cost forty times as much to build as the original one were constructed and shipped to amusement parks all over the United States and distant foreign countries.

How Many Pins?

Try this at a party or meeting. Put a water tumbler (which should be thoroughly dry to begin with) in a shallow dish or pan, and fill it to the very brim, being careful not to let any slop over or even to wet the rim of the glass. By adding the last of the water, drop by drop, you can get the tumbler so full that everyone will agree that no more can be added without making it spill over.

Then ask each member present to write down a guess as to how many straight pins can be dropped into the water before it will spill over. After collecting all the guesses, drop one pin at a time gently, point first, into the water in the tumbler. You will probably be amazed to see how many pins the glass will hold before the bulging water (held by surface tension) finally cascades over the brim.

Try This Sometime

Here's an interesting trick performed with merely a bit of flat cardboard (like a calling card), a wooden spool, and a straight pin. Put the pin vertically through the center of the card, and place the spool on top of the card so that the pin sticks up inside the hole through the spool.

If you lift the top of the spool to your lips and blow down through the hole (holding the card in place until you start to blow) you will find that no matter how hard you blow you cannot force the card away from the end of the spool with your breath. But the instant you stop blowing, the card will fall of its own weight.

—Submitted by M. T. V.

OUR SCHOOL

WHAT IS YOUR SPECIAL HOBBY?



Let the answer to the title-question be a part of your contest letter this month. Nearly every boy and girl of school age has one or more special hobbies they enjoy doing above anything else, and that is why this should prove a popular and

easy subject to write about.

MY SPECIAL HOBBY is the ML contest subject for the month of October. Choose the hobby that impresses and appeals to you most and tell us in your own words—**WHY YOU LIKE IT, HOW IT GOT STARTED, WHAT WAYS IT HAS HELPED YOU, AND WHY YOU THINK OTHERS WILL ENJOY IT.** All letters pertaining to this subject must be received on or before September 1, 1944.

If you haven't a special hobby, then we advise you to cultivate one—or better yet, more than one. Cultivate them not with the idea of making a lot of profit in money, but mostly for enjoyment and fun they will bring, and the inner-satisfaction that is the real purpose of every hobby.

A definition of a good hobby is given by the "Fun Encyclopedia" as follows: "It is one that gives opportunity for expressing and developing your individual talents, that expands and enriches your personality, and that lures you on by ever increasing richness as you grow in knowledge and skill."

Here is a list of many hobbies. Check them and see under what classification your hobby falls.

COLLECTIONS—Stamps, coins, postcards, books, dolls, miniatures, scrapbooks . . .

HANDICRAFTS—Woodwork, weaving, embroidery, headwork, leather work . . .

PHOTOGRAPHY—Snapshots, portraits, landscapes, home developing and printing . . .

CREATIVE ART—Drawing (various), clay modeling, soap carving, picture tinting . . .

MUSIC—Playing instruments, singing, collecting types of musical compositions . . .

DRAMA—Reading plays, acting, make-up, costuming, collecting various plays . . .

NATURE LORE—Birds, insects, leaves, pressed flowers, butterflies and moths, gardening, rocks and minerals . . .

TECHNICAL—Chemistry, radio, electricity, miniature railroads and construction . . .

SPORTS—Archery, hiking, swimming, tennis, volleyball, horseshoes, quoits, baseball . . .

LITERATURE—Reading just for the fun of reading, studying special subjects, poetry (reading, learning and writing), writing for the M. L. can be considered a hobby. It's easy, interesting and educational. It will surprise you what you can learn by writing to the M. L. and having a few pen pals in different parts of the country, exchanging information, pictures, post cards, etc., with them.

The final date for **MY SPECIAL HOBBY** letters is September 1, 1944. If you think you have something worthwhile to contribute for the good of the Mladinski List, you may do so regardless of this outline.

NEW NAME CONTEST CONCLUDED

The "New Name for Mladinski List" contest, which started four months ago, is finally ended, and if you are one of many SNPJ members who failed to send in a name-suggestion on or before August 1, you have just missed a wonderful opportunity not only to name our juvenile magazine, but to win a \$50 war bond—that opportunity, I'm afraid, is now gone forever.

When this was written nearly a month ago, all contestants, of course, had not been heard from, but up to that time a total of thirty-two (32) names had been received by the Juvenile Director, with many more expected before the end of July.

Among the new names and letters, submitted by the contestants, are several that are almost certain to get special consideration from the judges. As you read these lines, it is very likely that complete returns already have been listed for the final "test." We can't say for sure that there is a winner among the names suggested, and we won't know this until the judges have advised us of their final decision.

Announcement of the results of the contest will be published at the earliest date possible. We know you are much interested and anxious to learn what name will be chosen to take the place of Mladinski List, and who will be the winners of the war bond and best letter prizes. This information we hope to have ready for you, perhaps as early as the September issue of the ML. Watch for it.

ANY IDEAS FOR IMPROVEMENT?

This is your magazine and so, naturally, we are interested in publishing what you want most or like best. Write and tell us. Just send a simple letter with your own suggestions, criticisms, or comments. Tell us how you think it could be improved (if you do) and what pages you don't like (if any)—frankly and plainly. With a new name definitely on its way, a few additional constructive changes will increase its popularity all the more.

MICHAEL VRHOVNIK, Juvenile Director.

OREGON CITY, HERE WE COME

It was the Sunday after school was out, and Ray and I had just completed our "beanies." We were trying them out when brother Steve came from the postoffice bringing a telegram from Uncle Paul saying, "Ray and Dan may come. Wire when leaving." And also a notice to the effect that a telegraphic money order was to be called for. Sister Zora cashed the check as it was sent on her name, and she bought our tickets.

For the next few days before our departure for Oregon City, Oregon, I constantly wondered whether it was a dream. Ray and I spent most of our remaining time adding finishing touches to our spring planting. After we left, the garden was left to those at home. The days passed swiftly; and before we knew it, it was May 31, the last day for preparation. I must admit I was

rather doubtful as to whether I really wanted to go. I even dared to ask my mother whether she was glad I was leaving.

On June 1 at 3:30 a. m. we were on our way. Dad accompanied us as far as Denver. We made a stop at La Junta for three hours and had an opportunity to eat and stretch a little. At about 4 p. m. we finally arrived in Denver. Dad's niece met us all there and took us to her home. By the time we had eaten and talked a while it was time to be leaving for the train depot. At 5 p. m. we bade farewell to Dad who now stayed behind. It certainly was hard for us at first, this being our first train ride.

As we left Denver, we saw many farms and fields of vegetables. Negro children were weeding the vegetables. Then we came to Wyoming, and all we could see was sagebrush and dry



★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BUY BONDS AND

HELP BRING HIM

BACK

Drawn by **Bill Baltezar,**

Butte, Mont.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

grass. Idaho was a little better than Wyoming, but it also had much sagebrush and black rocks sticking out of the ground. There were a few farms as we neared Oregon, but that was all. I know Wyoming and Idaho also have fertile fields, but we happened to pass through the dry part.

At last we came to Oregon. There we saw green grass, tall, straight trees, big rivers, about fourteen waterfalls, many farms, some boats, and some big bridges and tunnels. Finally we reached Portland. There we crossed a big bridge under which is the inland seaport of Portland. There we saw a big ship and a few smaller ones which were built there, for that is a shipyard where all kinds of boats for war are built. Then we came to the station. But before I go on, perhaps I should tell you more about our train ride.

First, you all probably know how crowded trains are today. Ray and I knew it, for we stood up for quite a ways. But we are young and were not injured by that. Mom gave us a nice lunch which lasted until Friday night. Dad gave us each plenty of money in Denver; but strange as it may seem, we didn't spend it. We even had some nickels left which Mom gave us. Besides that, some soldiers bought us some coffee, doughnuts, oranges, cookies, cake, and sandwiches.

We arrived in Portland Saturday morning, June 3, at 8 o'clock. We waited at the station a few minutes, but we couldn't find Uncle so we went to the stand and bought two post cards which we sent to Zora. Then we walked a little ways and met a man whom we thought was a station agent that was just asking question. He asked us if we were traveling alone. We said yes and that we were looking for our Uncle. Then he pops up and says, "I'm your Uncle." We then shook hands and found out who was who. You can imagine how we felt, this being the first time we ever saw our Uncle. We sent a telegram home, and Uncle sent a telephone call to Aunt Ann.

We took the bus to Oregon City. There we ate breakfast, bought some things, drank a milk shake and waited for Auntie's brother to come. He finally came, and we waited till Auntie finished shopping. When she came she kissed us "Hello"; and then we drove home.

Uncle Paul is a lumberman. He works in Washington and comes home every two weeks. However, he bought this little farm which Ray and I, with Auntie's aid, are going to keep in shape for him. Victor, their little son, is providing our entertainment. Imagine my surprise when I learned that Uncle has a truck, and I was permitted to drive it.

Our tasks are numerous but not difficult. Here are some: chopping wood, carrying water, cleaning weeds, writing home and of course, eating and sleeping.

In our garden we have potatoes, beans, beets, lettuce, tomatoes, strawberries and raspberries. For the first time I can really eat strawberries! Aunt Ann said she was even going to buy Ray and me each a hen so that we can raise chicks.

We both like this place very much, but sometimes our thoughts turn toward New Mexico way. We are grateful to Uncle Paul and Aunt Ann for sending for us and giving us such a wonderful

Drawn by **Rosemary Pan-**
yan, 17, lodge 314,

413 Woodbridge Avenue,
Buhl, Minn.



opportunity to see a new state while we are easing their labor problem.

DAN GOSTOVICH, 13, lodge 297,
Rte. 2, Box 307, Oregon City, Oregon.

THE SEASONS

In the temperate zones, there are four seasons in number: spring, summer, autumn or fall, and winter.

The earth's axis continually points in the same direction, and if the axis was perpendicular to the plane of the earth's orbit around the sun, there would be no change of seasons.

Day and night would everywhere be of equal length and equable conditions of temperature would prevail. But the axis is tilted 23° 27' away from a perpendicular to the orbit and only in March and September is the axis at right angles to the direction of the sun.

MILDRED CRETNIK, 12, lodge 24
Rte. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.

NIGHT—AS I WITNESSED IT

Have you ever stopped to admire the beauties of night? If so, what were your chief attractions? Of course, different individuals are attracted by different objects and scenes.

In Webster's dictionary "night" is described as a "period of darkness." And, we know it is. But to almost everyone, it offers something more.

Take a calm, dark night in the country. The sky is a blanket with myriads of stars, each distinctly visible from below. The cool evening breeze brushes our faces and leaves us in a state of alertness. The trees we saw at day are seemingly gone. A moment's silence brings us the soft, gurgling sound of the rippling brook. All is enveloped by the swift and silent creeping of the night. But, the insects are not at rest. Amidst the vegetation covering the earth they chirp the whole night through. Now and then can be heard the faint happy song of birds. Yes, the night may seem quiet as we lie and gaze at the stars, but the animal life around us is very much alive.

The night in the city does not seem to offer so much. Everywhere are lights, large and small. So bright is their glow that not so many stars are visible. The sky directly above us is a radiant ardor of a pale yellow. There are trees, but they are not in darkness. The rays of the street lamps fall gently upon their leaves. There is no animal life around us, but a continuous roar of vehicles, and the thudding of the machinery in the war



Sunny Days are here Again

Drawn by **Mary Jane Plachy**, 14, lodge 82, R. D. 3,
Box 255, Johnstown, Pa.

plants. No, there is not a bird to be heard. All the world is not at rest. People are working to produce the equipment Uncle Sam needs for his fighting men. This is a night in any large city in the United States today.

No doubt, you have witnessed other experiences which were more exciting than just gazing as I did. All in all, the night is more than just a "period of darkness," isn't it?

ZORA GOSTOVICH, 16, lodge 297,
Box 531, Raton, New Mexico.

HANDSHAKES

I don't believe I've ever read a composition on the subject "Handshakes," so after about an hour of thought I'll attempt to write my opinion of them.

I hate handshakes! Ever since some fellow with a dozen or more degrees wrote that handshakes reveal character, everyone seems to want to analyze his friends. According to this theory, unless you grab someone's hand in a vise-like grip and try to pull his arm from its socket, your character is not worth two pins. This is all very unfair to us weaker individuals who find it difficult to turn on the supposedly necessary pressure. Every time a friend of mine holds out his hand with that "Let-me-analyze-your-character" look in his eye, I feel like placing my fist somewhere besides in his hand. As he holds your hand you can almost hear him mentally saying, "H-mm," and then he turns away with a satisfied and omniscient look on his face. All this is very disconcerting to my sensitive nature.

These "analyzers" are making the world handshake-conscious and me self-conscious. Of course, if this continues, the world will become a sorry place to live in. Pity the fellow who is,

struggling for success but can't get ahead because (horrors! even his best friend won't tell him) his handshake is clammy and insipid. Instead of men of ability and intellect at the head of business, the jobs will be open to none but the members of the "great and groan" profession.

Even Dale Carnegie stresses the importance of handshake. He says that your handshake should be warm and friendly. Are those unfortunates whose hands are usually cold, doomed to be social outcasts because they can't give their hand-clasps the required touch of congeniality?

I have come to the conclusion—though I may never convince another soul—that handshaking should be abolished. It is just as valueless, as the French custom of planting a kiss on either side of a person's cheeks. Many times I have vowed that I would not budge my hands from my pockets for anyone. But I continue to offer my hand with an obliging smile that not all the bones will be crushed.

SOURCE: An article.

VERA BOZANIC, 16, lodge 393
Worcester, New York.

THE RIVER

The river is a beautiful thing,
In winter, autumn, summer and spring;
Sometimes it tumbles very fast,
While other times it looks like glass.

It seems beautiful in warm weather,
With waterlilies floating like feathers;
While the canoes go paddling by,
And the people in them only sigh.

There's nothing prettier than a river,
While the wind makes it quiver;
It can stand still all day,
Except when it gets cloudy and gray.

JENNIE MOZINA, 13, lodge 476
R. D. No. 1, Salem, Ohio.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Florence Nightingale (1820-1910) grew up on her father's estate in England. Her family was wealthy, but Florence did not enjoy her life in the world of fashion. She wrote that she craved "a profession, something to fill and employ all my faculties. The first thought I can remember, and the last, was nursing work."

Her parents would not allow her to become a nurse, but she read medical books and secretly visited hospitals. At last, when she was thirty-three, her parents permitted her to become superintendent of a nursing home.

A year later the Crimean War broke out, and Florence Nightingale was sent to the nursing base at Scutari in charge of 38 nurses and large supplies of medical stores. She found a filthy, unventilated hospital with miles of beds but no materials for cleaning, no clothing, and no medical stores. Because she had a will of steel, a genius for organization, and a commanding personality, Florence Nightingale brought order, cleanliness, and health out of chaos.

When the war was over, she returned to England with her health completely ruined but she

would not give up her work. She lived, always an invalid to the age of 91. She saw no one except on medical business, and all day and nearly all night she lay writing, dictating, reading reports, and interviewing officials.

The whole British War Office was against reform, but Florence Nightingale finally persuaded the authorities to appoint a royal commission to report on the health of the British army. She opened a Training School for Nurses in London. She was truly the "founder of modern nursing"—not merely a nurse, but the first scientific nurse.

Her statue as the "Lady with the Lamp" stands in Waterloo Place, London, not far from that of Captain Scott. Rightly she stands among the heroes.

SOURCE: The Book of Knowledge.

ALICE DAFOFF, 15, lodge 105
1428 Nordyke Ave., Indianapolis 3, Ind.

WOMEN'S AIRFORCE SERVICE PILOTS

Women's Airforce Service Pilots, known as the Wasps, are civilian pilots with the U. S. Air Force. They began training under the Army Air Force in 1942. In 1943 there were about 1,000 in training.

The Wasp's operations were first limited to ferrying light liaison and training craft from factory to airfields within the U. S.

The Wasps were trained at Avenger Field, Sweetwater, Texas. About 100 were enrolled each month as the same number were graduated.

Miss Jacqueline Cochrane was the director of women pilots on the Army Air Force in 1943.

The Wasps were on a civil service status. Trainees received \$150 per month base pay. The graduates, assigned to operations, received \$250. In November 1943, the official uniform of the Wasp was designated as a jacket and skirt of blue gabardine, a beret and white cotton blouse with black tie.

SOURCE: An article.

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

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt was born on January 30, 1882, at Hyde Park, New York. He is the 32nd President of the United States, now serving his third term. He had a very good elementary education and received his A. B. from Harvard University in 1904.

President Roosevelt is the fifth cousin of Theodore Roosevelt, the 26th President of the United States. Both of them enjoyed wealth, education, and social position.

President Roosevelt's political life started when he became interested in the affairs of the city and state of New York. He was then elected to the state legislature. During the World War, President Wilson appointed him assistant secretary of the Navy. He served two terms as governor of New York and upon his record as governor, he won the presidential election in 1932.

When Roosevelt was inaugurated President, there was widespread unemployment and a severe depression. Runs on banks caused him to declare a four-day bank moratorium, the day after he



DIVING

Drawn by Violet Machek, 17, lodge 231, R.F.D. 4,
McDonald, Pa.

took office. Then he required all gold to be returned into the federal government, announced the suspension of gold payment for the redemption of United States money or bonds, and reduced the gold content of the dollar.

Toward the end of Roosevelt's first term, unemployment had been reduced only in part, and the Supreme Court had declared unconstitutional some of the major recovery measures.

Roosevelt was reelected in 1936 by a plurality of more than ten million popular votes, and by 523 out of 531 electoral votes. He carried all the states but Maine and Vermont.

Four years ago, in 1940, Roosevelt was again reelected, this time for the third term, thus breaking all precedents and traditions in this respect for the first time in our country's history. Therefore, he is the first President to have the honor of serving in this capacity—so decided by the great majority of the people. And right now there is talk that he will seek the office for the fourth term.

GRACE ANN GERDANC, 13, lodge 559
4933 W. 24th St., Cicero, 50, Ill.

MY MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE

I had my most exciting experience when I took my trip to Washington, D. C. I was anxious to see all of the beautiful sites there.

While I was there I had many experiences. For example, it happened one day while I was out

rowing in West River. I had been out for about two hours and then decided to bring the boat into the dock. While I was docking the boat, somehow, I fell backward into the water. This was the first time that I had encountered such an experience. Well, at least I wasn't hurt. And I couldn't swim either.

Another experience that I had was my trip to Mount Vernon. I went down on a boat on the Potomac River. I was in Washington's Mansion, garden and other places.

Don't you think I had an interesting experience?

LOUISE BRISELLI, 15, lodge 245

Box 27, Lawrence, Pa.

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

Since I live out in the country where there are no shows, I usually go to a town about three miles away on my bicycle, to see one.

On this particular night that I was going, a rain cloud seemed to be forming. But I thought it would blow over. I found out different later.

As I journeyed on to the town, I'd look up to see if the cloud was still coming. It started to worry me a little. When I reached town I was still worried about that huge cloud. I entered the theater. After the pictures were shown, it was raining. It was no surprise to me.

There was nothing to do but wait until it stopped. Well, in a few minutes it had and I started for home on my bicycle. I didn't have any light on my bicycle, but that didn't matter. There were flashes of lightning about every five seconds and that gave me plenty of light.

The roads were covered with water but I splashed on through it. I hadn't got far when it started raining again. But I kept on going.

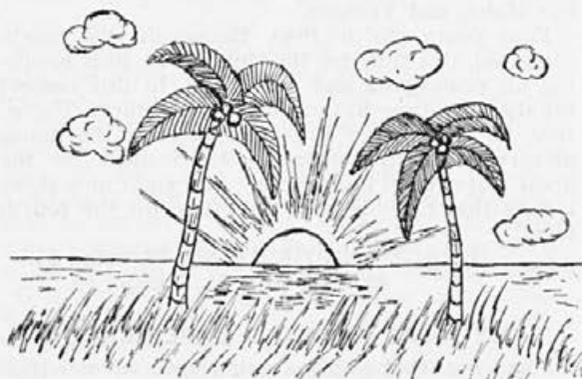
With the aid of these flashes of lightning I arrived home—unhurt, a little scared, and all wet. I never want to go through that again.

CARL ULEPICH, 16, lodge 65

Mulberry, Kansas.

WORK FOR WHICH I RECEIVED REWARD

A few years ago when I first joined the SNPJ, a friend of mine told me about the Mladinski List and how she had some of her articles published in it. She convinced me to send in some articles.



Drawn by Joe Andrejevec, 13, lodge 344, Rte. 3, Sheboygan, Wis.

I did, and I was so thrilled having it published. Then I sent in many more. It was enough reward for me just seeing them published, but imagine my surprise when at the end of the year I received a pin and also a dollar.

I kept on writing and the next year I received \$3, and the next year \$12 in war stamps. This was indeed a rich reward and I think all members should write and try for these rewards.

My favorite sport: swimming. About three years ago I stayed at a place called Bovington for about a week. During that week besides getting a nice tan and having a great deal of fun, I also learned to swim. Nobody except a swimmer knows how much fun swimming is. You are never afraid of being in a boat or anything as long as you can swim. This is my, and I am sure many others, favorite sport.

My most exciting experience. Not very long ago a few friends and I went to a movie in a nearby town, McDonald. We usually go to the movies, eat a sundae and then wait for the bus at the bus stop to take us home. This evening the bus came as usual, we were all inside and the bus had started up a hill when all of a sudden the gears stripped. The people fell over each other and pushed trying to get out and all the time they were confusing the bus driver. You see all this time we were going backwards.

In a minute the bus stopped with a big jolt and we found we had crashed into two cars wrecking them completely. Luckily no one was hurt except for one girl and except for a few damages the bus company would have to pay, none outside the bus was hurt. We were all herded into another bus and were all soon safe and sound at home.

VIRGINIA BARTON, 15, lodge 231

R. D. No. 4, McDonald, Pa.

OUTDOOR HAZARDS

August is the month when many people go camping and hiking. It is fun doing these things but you should watch out for three things which are poison ivy, poison sumac and snake bite.

There are only three really poisonous snakes in the United States—the rattlesnake, copperhead and cottonmouth water moccasin. The rattlesnake is found almost all over our country, but the ones in the prairies are small and not as bad as others. The most dangerous is the great diamond rattlesnake of the South. The rattlesnake, if he is awake, warns by rattling before he strikes.

The copperhead lives in the mountainous and hilly regions. It never gives warning before striking and never tries to get out of the way. The cottonmouth moccasin is found in North Carolina and south and west through Kentucky, southern Illinois, Oklahoma and eastern Texas, usually near water or hanging from trees that overhang the water.

All snakes sleep during the day and, if they are stepped on, may strike instantly. It is wise to wear high moccasins or shoes in snake country as the bite is not so poisonous through leather or clothing. In case of snake bite the first thing to do is to twist a tourniquet, using any piece of cloth, between the bite and the heart to keep the

Drawn by **Rosemary Panyan**, 17, lodge 314, 413 Woodbridge Ave., Buhl, Minn.



poison from circulating through the system. Then cut the wound open so that it will bleed freely and suck out the poison, spitting it out.

Poison ivy takes many forms from the tiny vine in the grass to the large shrub; its leaves vary in color, but it always may be discovered by the three leaves to the group. No one is immune to poison ivy all the time. Ordinary yellow laundry soap is a good preventive. Wash with it, rubbing vigorously. Baking soda applied promptly often checks the poison.

Poison sumac—not the stagehorn, with its big red fruit clusters—is more poisonous than ivy. It is found in low ground and has white berries, and the bushes grow quite large. Remedies are the same as those for poison ivy.

SOURCE: Magazine Article.

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

AN INTERESTING HAPPENING

To everyone else this is probably a very uninteresting event, but to me it was one of the most important that has ever happened.

On June 1, 1944, forty-three boys and girls graduated from Hickory High School. I was one of those happy but sad graduates. The exercises began with the Recessional and that familiar music "Pomp and Circumstance." We walked around the auditorium so that our family and friends might see us better; then up on to the stage where we sat during the remainder of the program.

We wore gray caps and gowns with our class flower, the yellow rose, pinned on each lapel. (Everyone said we looked very nice.)

Speeches were made by the class president and two class members; I was one of them. Oh, how happy I was when that was over! Our guest speaker was Rosey Rowswell, famous poet, author, and humorist from Pittsburgh, Pa. Many of you who listen to the baseball games probably know him, for he announces most of the games that are held at Pittsburgh. Anyway, he spoke on "The Joy of Living," and one minute we were in tears and the next we were laughing so hard we couldn't stop. But his speech was very helpful as well as interesting.

After the commencement program, we graduates (we were really graduates now, since we had received our diplomas) lined up on the front steps to receive congratulations from everyone. We had all said that we would be so happy after graduation, for that would mean no more school.

But I think next fall when the other boys and girls are going back to high school, we'll be looking on longingly and wanting ever so much to go back, too.

VIOLET MACHEK, 17, lodge 231
R. D. No. 4, MacDonald, Pa.

POSTAL UNION

In 1874, all European countries, the United States and Egypt signed a covenant (agreement) at Berne, Switzerland, which founded a postal union. This union, later called the Universal, or International, Postal Union, established uniform rates of postage between member countries, and, at congresses held every five years, it prescribes new international postal regulations.

At the congress of 1891, it was decided to establish headquarters in Berne. The settlement of accounts between members of the Union has been greatly facilitated by this international clearing house.

Throughout the last world war, the Union, in its capacity as a neutral organization, maintained continual contact between the postal administrations of belligerent countries. This is also more or less true now.

It was at the first congress after the war, held in Madrid, Spain, in 1920, that domestic rates were established between all states in the Pan-American Postal Union which includes all American countries except French and Dutch Guiana, and British colonies.

The International Postal Union embraces most of the civilized and semi-civilized countries of the world.

SOURCE: World Book.

ANNIE CRETNIK, 17, lodge 24
R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.

MY TWO CATS

I have two cats. One cat's name is Barnny and the other cat's name is Blacky. Blacky is all black except for a little white spot under his neck. And Barnny is black and white.

I don't know which I like best, but I think Blacky likes to play the most. When my mother milks the cow and she doesn't pay any attention to him, he will tap her on her arm until she starts to say something to him. And he will come and sit at your feet.

Barnny isn't always playing. He usually is out chasing birds or mice.

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

MY HIGHEST AWARD

In the July issue of the Mladinski List I wrote about my highest award which was winning the county safety contest for which I was awarded \$5 in war stamps and a trip to the district 4-H camp at Wausau where I was to compete in the district contest.

When I arrived at the camp Saturday noon I was assigned to my bunk and given an outline of the four days activities. Our time there really flew, and besides having fun I attended some very worthwhile discussions which will be a big help to me in my coming club years.

Our group at the camp consisted of over two hundred junior and adult leaders. Of the thirteen counties represented there, nine of them had a contest in the safety contest.

The preliminary contest was held Sunday afternoon. Two contestants were selected from the nine to speak over the radio and compete for first place.

I happened to be one of the two chosen, and I was very proud to come home with second place.

RAYMOND LIPOVAC, 14, lodge 537
Crittitz, Wisconsin.

(Editor's Note: Our sincere congratulations to you, Ray, on your successful competition.)

WORK FOR WHICH I RECEIVED REWARD

My contribution to the subject for last month's issue, "Work for Which I Received Award," takes me back to when I was ten or eleven years old. It was at that age that I received a job of caring for cows.

In rain or shine I got the cows to and from the pasture. When in rain I used my grandfather's rain hat, coat, and boots. Later I also took care of the milk situation. My day would run like this in the summer.

I got up in the morning, got the cows from the pasture, peddled the milk, and return the cows to the pasture. At dinner I did the same and at four thirty I again got the cows. If the night was cold we kept them in the barn. In the winter I peddled the milk in the morning, went to school, ate, went to school, and peddled the milk again at night.

My job paid me well and we also got our milk free. Soon I got enough to buy a bicycle and later when the war broke out, I bought war bonds. Now, as in the future, I will have a greater reward—the satisfaction of having helped the war effort.

JACOB KOKALY, 16, lodge 69
Eveleth, Minnesota.

WORK FOR WHICH I RECEIVED REWARD

When I enrolled as a freshman at Worcester High, my schedule was composed of algebra, civics, general science, etc. None of these subjects were too difficult for me. I enjoyed algebra about the most. However, at the final examinations in June my highest mark was in civics, my mark being 99%.

During my sophomore year I took home economics, English, physical education, geometry, design, etc. In design I made several things such as a scarf set, clay tile, knitting bag, plus many other things. Making designs is lots of fun as I enjoy creating designs and color schemes.

In my junior year I took homemaking, English, typing, algebra, etc. I liked typing and algebra the best. To me, trigonometry was the hardest. Many of the problems were too complicated.

This year I am taking English, history, health and physical education. Anyone who is a senior has to have sixteen points. Through all my work and efforts during my high school, I have attained the honor of having the highest average in our present senior class—the honor of Valedictorian. I also have the knowledge from the sub-

jects I have taken. In later life, I shall be glad to have taken them.

This year I have also received enough points to obtain a school letter. Besides my subjects I have been a member of our high school chorus, played trombone in band and played viola in orchestra. I have also been a member of dancing club for three years, dramatic club for two years, have been secretary and president of 4-H club, am president of Sportsmanship Brotherhood and have been on the staff of our school paper, "The Mirror," for three and one half years.

Every noon I served in the school cafeteria for an hour. I was paid monthly for this from the school. When the ice cream tubes were empty, I usually cleaned them out. Boy, was it good! This was certainly a reward, besides getting paid.

To me almost anything that one may call work, he gets a great reward—the satisfaction of getting it done.

I have also received rewards from the ML for writing and drawing. My victory pin and trophy, I will always cherish, plus my two bonds which I have obtained from money which I have won during my years as a member of the SNPJ. I certainly am glad I am in the SNPJ and that I am an American.

ZITA BOZANIC, 17, lodge 393
Worcester, New York.

REWARD FOR WORK

Work for which I received reward. This happened two years ago. The farmer who raises beans had no way to gather his crops to send to the canning factory that canned food for the use of our armed forces. A plea was sent for boys and girls to help gather farmer's crops.

This particular farmer had a large farm about 30 miles away from our homes. A huge truck was sent to get the pickers early each morning and to return them each evening about six o'clock. This all happened during summer vacation. I greatly enjoyed picking and liked the trips to and from home.

Upon arriving we were given a basket and direction on where to pick. When our basket was full it was taken to a truck, weighed, emptied,

Drawn by Zita Bozanic,
17, lodge 393,
Worcester, N. Y.





Drawn by **Frances K. Bahor**,
14, lodge 31, R. D. 1, Box 54,
Sharon, Pa.



How Do You Know?

Whoever said that you couldn't do
Exactly the thing you're planning to,
Whoever thought that you couldn't climb
Up with the sun to the heights sublime?
Who has advised you to check your pace,
Give up the struggle and lose the race,
Crawl off discouraged and hide your face?
NOBODY BUT YOU!

Life is not merely a game of chance,
And you're not the victim of circumstance.
Nothing's too hard for a man to do
Providing, of course, he wishes to.
Wishes it more than miser's wealth,
More than an invalid longs for health,
Works for it, hopes for it—night and day
Feels that no price is too great to pay,
How do you know till you strive that way?
HOW DO YOU KNOW?

You are the one who has done it all—
Deserted your castles and let them fall,
Smothered the spark of ambition's fire,
Shut off the current and cut the wire,
How do you know the die is cast?
How do you know when the crowd goes past
Who'll be leader, and who'll be the last?
HOW DO YOU KNOW?

—Anon.

and a ticket was given showing the amount of money due us. We received a ticket every time we picked a basketful. Again we picked until we judged it was about noon. We would quit long enough to eat our lunch, look over our tickets, and we would start back.

We picked until about five o'clock. Then each turned in his tickets, and thus we were rewarded with our money. Then once again we were in the truck shoving off for home. We passed the Arkansas River on the way home. With our reward in our hands we talked about the day's happenings. We also paid part of our current expenses. I can truly say that this is the work I received a reward for and liked doing better than anything else.

GEORGIE MOCIVNIK, 13, lodge 552
P. O. Box 47, Kingston, W. Va.

A BIG NEWS EVENT

I was absent from school the day that I heard that the American and Allied forces had sailed across the English Channel and invaded France.

My father had to stay home also, from work, to take care of my mother, who was sick. And he said he was lucky that he could listen to the radio and hear this important happening.

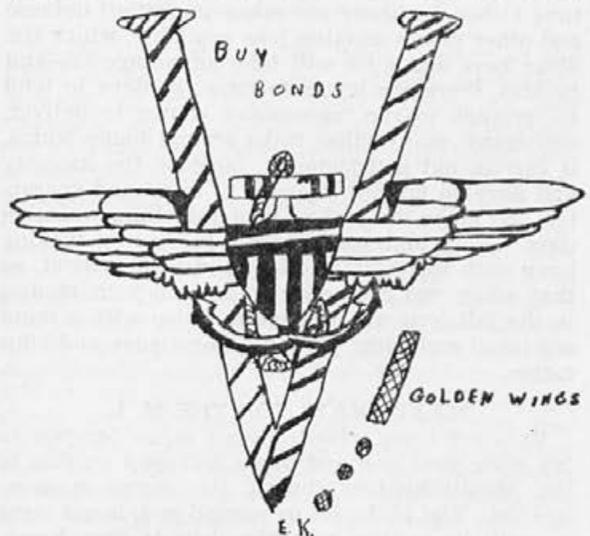
General Eisenhower said everything was going as planned, and even better than expected, except for weather conditions which, however, were not so bad.

Pretty soon the beachhead widened and Cherbourg fell to our forces. We now have about 150 miles of ground on the beach, and are improving steadily. The great harbor of Cherbourg is now serving our troops.

I hope that by Christmas we will have complete control over France and will be pushing on towards Berlin. I also hope that by that time we will be pushing towards Tokyo.

If everyone at home keeps on buying bonds and stamps, and keeps on collecting paper, scrap tin, steel, rubber, and salvage all waste fats, we can be sure of victory in the near future.

JOSEPH SVEHLA, 13, lodge
2245 S. Springfield Ave.
Chicago 23, Illinois.



Drawn by **Eddie Kaucic**, 12, lodge 292, Avella, Pa.

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



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

SPEND YOUR VACATION DAYS WISELY

Summer vacations have been in full swing these past six weeks or more. Thoughts and activity of many of our boys and girls of school age have turned to playgrounds and parks—to healthful outdoor activities of all kinds. Of course, we are not forgetting that vacation time is not all play time either, for there are many important defense and other money-making jobs available, which the older boys and girls will take advantage of—and besides, there are lawns to mow, gardens to tend to, errands to run, newspaper routes to deliver, and many, many other tasks around home which, if carried out satisfactorily, increase the capacity and develop greater strength of mind and character. So make the best of your remaining vacation days. Play and work hard! Fill every waking hour with worthwhile effort and achievement, so that when you are ready to resume your studies in the fall, you will be able to do so with a mind refreshed and eager for more knowledge and education.

MAKE "HAY" FOR THE M. L.

Vacation from school doesn't mean for you to lay aside your pen and paper and stop writing to the Mladinski List during the warm summer months. The M. L., let us remind you, keeps right on with its regular monthly visits to your home, all seasons of the year. It has no vacation and,

therefore, there can be no prolonged rest from it for our many juvenile contributors. So, boys and girls of the SNPJ, on with your writing and drawing—and remember, your pen pals are always glad to hear from you whether it is spring, summer, autumn or winter. Make "hay" for the M. L. while the summer sun shines!

DON'T SUSPEND SUMMER MEETINGS

It has been noticed that a number of our Juvenile Circles have suspended their meetings for the summer. This is not a wise policy for any Circle to adopt, particularly during the vacation period when juveniles have more spare time than any other season of the year. Surely, it is not asking too much of any Circle to meet at least once a month. Because it usually is too warm indoors this time of the year, it is suggested that meetings of the Circle be held outdoors wherever this can be arranged with convenience. A member's lawn, a nearby park or grove, or even a beach make ideal places for outdoor gatherings of this kind. These should be play meetings to which friends, playmates and parents of the members are invited. They can be informal affairs without the regular order of business, consisting of an attractive program of games and contests followed by refreshments. In order to make the play meetings thoroughly enjoyable, a helping hand of all the members is necessary. Check the "Let's Play Games"

and "Fun and Frolic" pages of the M. L. for suggestions that can be used at the outdoor play meetings. . . Whatever you do, don't suspend your meetings entirely.

HOW TO IMPROVE MEETING ATTENDANCE

Matching them off—A way to improve the meeting attendance is to divide the Circle into two teams or groups, and make each half of the membership responsible for the attendance of the other half. For example, John Prosen is responsible for the attendance of Frank Kern, and vice versa; Joseph Miller for Mary Hren, etc. If either member of a pair is absent from a meeting, it is the duty of the other member to find out the reason for absence and see that he(she) gets to the next meeting. The winning side to receive a special treat.

* * * * *

Drive for new members—A drive to increase the membership of the Circle can be made more successful by dividing the members into teams of equal size and appointing a leader or captain to head each team. A time limit of a certain number of months should be set. The captains must be present at every meeting to give a report and to keep in touch with the various members of his team. Those too young to attend meetings regularly can be left out of the contest. A theater, skating, or a dinner party promised to the winning team will stir up interest and rivalry. Besides building up the attendance and membership, this contest will also improve the **get-together** and **stay-together** spirit of the Circle. Any variation of this contest can be used.

* * * * *

Special Recognition—Another attendance booster is to reward members who attend every meeting of the year with an appropriate gift. Prizes awarded for perfect attendance should be presented at the closing meeting of the year or at the time of the Christmas celebration. Don't forget that "Perfect Attendance Certificates" are awarded by the SNPJ.

ADVERTISE YOUR CIRCLE

Something that adds much to the spirit of any Juvenile Circle and, at the same time, helps to make it better known in the community, is by having members wear attractive jackets, sweaters, jerseys or blouses, with the name of the Circle and the initials of the Society (S.N.P.J.) displayed where they can be seen by everyone.

All apparel of this kind can be alike in color and design, or at least the boys should have their own style and the girls theirs, so that no matter where the group goes, it will be easily and quickly recognized. These should be worn only on occasions when the group can be together, for example at meetings, outings, sports events, parades and other special affairs and festivities of the Circle or parent lodge.

The members should discuss at their meetings what style of jacket or sweater, or whatever is decided upon, they would like to have. . . Also, the type of letters and numerals (if any) and the com-

bination of colors to be used. The measurements must be taken and written down. It is customary in most cases to appoint a committee headed by the Manager of the Circle, whose instructions are to find out where the purchase can be made, under what terms, etc., and then report back to the members once more for final approval before completing the transaction.

You may, if you wish, try to design something original to wear, perhaps something that might be adopted by other Circles or even the Society. This, you are reminded, is how nearly everything else of importance got its start in the SNPJ. True, it's hard to invent something new, but when you succeed, the feeling of satisfaction that comes as a reward is not soon forgotten. Here is a good topic for discussion at your next meeting. Be sure to bring it up before the rest of the members.

JUVENILE DIRECTOR.



HELEN AMBROZICH, Mgr.
Circle No. 18, Milwaukee, Wis.

One of our well known youth leaders of the SNPJ in the midwest area is Helen Ambrozich, Manager of the "Violet Rays," Circle 18, and Treasurer of Lodge 747, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. She recently completed her fifth consecutive year of service in this important capacity, being one of a small group of managers who started with the organization of their respective Circles and remained on the "job" all through the first five years of activity. Sister Ambrozich's leadership and work has been consistent and constructive. She wrote at least two one act plays for juveniles which were published in the Mladinski List, the most popular being "Next Door Neighbors." Under her direction, the members of the Violet Ray Circle presented many enjoyable programs and for a time, also, conducted a news bulletin of their own. Our congratulations and best wishes go to Sister Ambrozich on her fifth anniversary as a juvenile leader of the SNPJ, and may her devotion to this work continue successfully for many more years.

"DOWN ON THE FARM"

CHICAGO.—For many weeks the members of Perfect Circle No. 26 were practicing to make their program, "Down on the Farm," a big success. A cool Saturday evening in June was the night of the program. Everyone was nervous and excited as the program began.

The first number on the program was a patriotic skit presented by the younger members. It was in honor of the servicemen who are fighting in far off lands to make more programs like this and others possible. Each child had a card with a big initial on it. When they were all put together, they spelled, America. Then they gave the Pledge of Allegiance and sang the Star Spangled Banner.

After this, Mr. Vrhovnik, our guest speaker, gave an interesting speech on various subjects pertaining to the activities of the Society.

These first two numbers on our program were presented in front of the curtain. Now, however, the curtain was being drawn, and the stage was in full view of the audience. Imagine their surprise when they saw the background of the stage painted like a huge barn door with hay hanging down from the unseen rafters. The members were all seated on bales of sweet-smelling hay, and everyone was dressed in gay colored barn dancing farm clothes. Then there was Elsie, our lovable life-size cow's head, who kept nibbling hay all during the program. She was brown and white and had the biggest brown eyes you ever saw. She was very cute.

Eddie Udovich, our president, announced the program over our SNPJ broadcasting station. He started his announcement with a commercial representing the Society. Then he announced the next number. It was a dance by the little folks of the Circle called "The Old Time Quadrille." The girls had on long bright colored gingham dresses and had their hair braided; while the boys wore coveralls, plaid shirts, and straw hats—just

as the farmers do. It was very gay and colorful. After this dance, the older children sang a few songs.

When this was finished and Eddie was all ready to announce the next number, a funny little girl walked down the aisle carrying a suitcase. She had on a long black skirt, a baggy red jacket, and wore a black straw hat with a big red flower sticking in it that kept wiggling. It looked as though it would fall off any minute. She walked right up to the stage and demanded to be put on the program. She said her name was "Clementine." Well, after a few imitations, we discovered she wasn't very talented—so, she started to sing us a song. Oh—it was awful. It was so terrible that Eddie r. "e her shut up. She felt a little hurt but wa. A quietly off the stage promising to come back af. the program and see if we could help her. Naturally this was all put on for the program and Clementine was none other than Robann Sannemann.

After this, "Farmer Brown," Frankie Sternisha, went to town on a couple of dances. He looked just like a farmer too, and he really dances good. Following his dance were the "Four Little Chicks." The three girls were dressed in orange gingham dresses, and the little boy was dressed as a farmer. Each of them had a piece to say. The chicks' names were: Marilyn Reven, Doris Trojar, Norman Sodnik, and Antoinette Shiavone. Right here there was a commercial which was presented by Eddie on behalf of the Prosveta.

The program then continued with the "Barnyard Family" singing all about their animals and the noises they make. This group was composed of the younger children.

Now came the "Virginia Reel" done city style by the Circle's "City Slickers" who really looked like hicks." The girls were dressed very prettily in their gingham frocks, and the boys were dressed extremely funny. They had their faces painted up with beards, mustaches, and what not. They



Members of PERFECT CIRCLE NO. 26, Chicago, Illinois, who presented the barn dance program "Down On the Farm" on Saturday, June 10, this in celebration of the 40th anniversary of the SNPJ. Ann Sannemann, Circle Manager, was the director of the entire program, with Ruth Medic assisting and Frances Rak in charge of costumes. (Courtesy West Side News)

all had something in their mouth; like a pipe or cigar, and they had straw hats and coveralls with their plaid shirts and were a sight. When they danced, they kicked their heels up so high you would think they were dancing on air.

After all this commotion, a very sad event occurred—"The Two Sad Farmers." My, they were terribly sad. Charles Zordani and Joseph Svehla cried about their pig and rooster which they had sold, and they were sorry they sold them, so—they had to lament their losses to someone else too, but they were very good.

Next, Grace Ann Gerdance did a dance. It was called "Hand Me Down My Walking Cane." It was just as it sounded—done with a cane. She had on a plaid shirt and coveralls. It was a pretty good dance.

Then came an incident entitled "It Happens in the Best of Families." It was about a man and wife who came home from a party and started to argue about petty things that happened there. It was awfully funny—almost too silly to happen to anybody who really is in their right senses. As a matter of fact, if all quarrels were like theirs, there wouldn't be much worry in the field of matrimony. The "opponents" in this "battle" were John Rakovec and Marion Cervenka. The three little woddling ducks followed their argument and were woddling and quacking all over the stage. These ducks were dressed just like the chicks, only they were played by Joanne Rak, Carlotta Kaiser, and Frankie Sternisha. Right here another commercial was given on behalf of the juvenile department. Then the little folks of the Circle went to town on the Virginia Reel. They did it good too.

If you wonder how a bath can be amusing, you should have seen Stanley Mozina as Zeb. His wife was always complaining about the way he takes a bath and claimed that he should take a bath the way she does. He goes on then to show us the way his wife takes a bath. You can imagine how funny he was primping in front of a mirror. He was very good.

Then Myra Beniger played us two selections on the piano. She plays very well.

A little girl, Lindy Lou, said her piece, "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Well, she was so nervous and figety she completely forgot her lines. Eddie tried to help her but he got so disgusted he worked up a sweat. Lindy Lou was one of our active little members, Joanne Rak. This was all put on for the entertainment. Joanne is really a smart little girl.

"The Hayloft Rubes" were songs sung by the "City Slickers." Eddie Udovich, John Rakovec, Stanley Mozina, Richard Zasadil, and Bill Kovacic. They had to be different so they used a harmonica, a guitar, and—a scrubbing board. It all sounded very nice together. The older groups' version of the "Old Time Quadrille" followed. It was the last number on the program. Then the commercial sponsored by the M. L. wound up the program. But there still was a lot of fun left—refreshments and dancing until the cows come home.

Later on, downstairs, the older people were trying to dance the Virginia Reel, but without

much success, although they had an awful lot of fun in trying it.

Right here, on behalf of the Circle members, I would like to thank Mrs. Sannemann, our program director, Mrs. Rak, our costume designer, Miss Ruth Medic, our pianist, and Miss Evelyn Mozina, the banjo accompanist, for assisting us so gratefully. Without their help, our program wouldn't have been what it was.

MARION CERVENKA, Vice President.



ROSE MATEKOVICH, Mgr.
Circle No. 40, Gowanda, N. Y.

Rose Matekovich, who is an active member of Lodge 325, Gowanda, N. Y., is also the hard-working Manager of local Juvenile Circle 40—"Dawn Patrol" by name. This juvenile group was originally organized in July, 1939, as a "Vrtec" of the former SSPZ and, following the merger of this society (SSPZ) with the SNPJ in 1941, soon became one of our "wide-awake" Circles. Sister Matekovich has served as its Manager through four of its five years and was its leading organizer. Since its organization, the Gowanda Circle has staged many outstanding programs and affairs of its own and participated in numerous inter-lodge events and celebrations, never failing to give a good account of itself. It recently commemorated its 5th and the 40th anniversary of the Society in conjunction with the two local SNPJ Lodges. In the past two years or so, much of the Circle's activity has centered around various patriotic drives. In fact, it was the first Circle to report the purchase of a defense bond. For brief periods, it has had its own orchestra, drill team and softball team. The Circle has shown remarkable growth in membership during its five years of existence. Incidentally, Sister Matekovich won the highest honors in the SNPJ Victory Campaign in the State of New York by enrolling a total of 25 new members. Thanks to her splendid leadership and devotion to this work, Dawn Patrol Circle has been able to achieve splendid progress.

CIRCLE MEMBER VISITS COAL MINE

CHICAGO, ILL.—Although this letter does not pertain to Circle activities, I wish to have it published in the Circle Section. I am a member of Perfect Circle No. 26 of the SNPJ.

On Tuesday, June 20, rooms 307, 309, and 210 of the Burns School took a trip to the Rosenwald Museum (Museum of Science and Industry), located in Jackson Park. One of the exhibits that interested me the most was the coal mine.

This mine is built under the museum. To get down to it, we had to enter an elevator shaft, which moved very slowly. A guide in charge showed us all around, and it was all very exciting. Next we got into a train, which was very fast, and this train would stop very fast and almost throw us to the floor. The children rocked and swayed, but we all thought it was a lot of fun. I wish to add that the purpose of the museum is

to portray the historic and present-day developments of scientific knowledge and the applications of this knowledge to industrial progress and to the uses of man.

After our visit to the coal mine was over, we heard a very good lecture about coal gases. I enjoyed this trip down to the coal mine so much, that I plan to visit it again as soon as I can.

ROB ANN SANNEMANN, Circle No. 26,
2641 S. Millard Ave., Chicago 23, Ill.

SNPJ EVENTS IN CLEVELAND

CLEVELAND, O.—There have been quite a few SNPJ events in Cleveland lately, all of them important and successful.

On May 7, Lodge Naprej, SNPJ No. 5, celebrated its 40th anniversary with a jubilee program at the Slovene Home on St. Clair Ave. Participating in this program were many talented artists of Cleveland, among which were members of Juvenile Circle No. 2. Those that participated were vocal solos and duet by Marie Rovas, Elizabeth and Margaret Rich, and Phyllis Serceley. Accordion solos by Frank Rich, and Rose Bajac. A piano solo by Joann Lazar, a dance by Sally Ladiha, and recitation by Mary Louise Slugar.

Another SNPJ event was the first program of the newly organized juvenile singing society of SNPJ members in Cleveland. The children did a wonderful job. Much credit should be given to Vladimir Maleckar for this fine performance. The tap and acrobat performances of the Birk twins, SNPJ members of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, were enjoyed by all.

Circle No. 2 in itself had many activities in the past and we are planning for the coming months. We have already planned for a picnic at Euclid Creek for the month of June. The program consisted of hiking, swimming, playing baseball and other sports. I am sure that all who attended had a swell time.

So all SNPJ members in Cleveland come to the meetings in order that you too can partake in the many grand times we will have during the summer.

NADA ZAGAR, President.
1111 E. 66th St., Cleveland, O.

ROUNDUP CIRCLE NO. 28

ROUNDUP, MONT.—There will be no Circle meetings during the summer months. That's the decision of Circle 28. However, plans for our annual picnic will be made in July.

Frank Bedey, Robert Bedey and William Mezmarich will receive awards for perfect meeting attendance for one year. Quite a record, isn't it?

The Circle wishes to congratulate Albena Finco, "our Circle helper," on graduating from the eighth grade. We hope she will remain in the Circle as she is a great help to us all. We are sorry to hear that Don and Kenneth Mlekush are dropping out of the Circle. They are leaving to make their home in Livingston. We will miss them a great deal.

Baseball News: Frank Pirtz practices with the older boys and Frank Polsak with the younger ones. So far the practices haven't been very successful; however, after the "Days of '49", held



FRANCES SLANSEK, Sec'y
Circle No. 11, Franklin, Kan.

We have here a picture of Frances Slansek, active secretary of the "Jolly Kansans," Circle 11, and for the past 10 years a member of SNPJ Lodge 187, Franklin, Kansas. She has been a frequent contributor to the pages of the ML, as well as to the Circle Section of the Prosveta. Both in 1942 and 1943, she received the CERTIFICATE OF AWARD in recognition of outstanding service and achievement.

July 3 and 4, the boys started to practice on the baseball diamond and we expect better results.
JOAN FINCO, Secretary,
 Roundup, Montana.

JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 48

EVELETH, MINN.—I haven't written to this fine magazine for a long time, so I decided to write now. I have been thinking about the new name for the ML and my choice was Young American.

Now that school is out I go to the lake at least three times a week. My favorite outdoor recreation is working in the Victory garden. We have already banked our potatoes and some of them are blooming. We also have about 40 baby chicks, and our rooster is singing merrily. I don't think that the neighbors like him singing about five in the morning.

Our Juvenile Circle No. 48 is planning to have a picnic at the lake. I will write more next time.
WILLIAM FRANTOR, Circle 48,
 Box 336, Eveleth, Minn.

SHARON JUVENILE CIRCLE 21

SHARON, PA.—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List and I will try to write every month. In the May issue my name was misspelled. It is Bahor, not Rehor.

May was a busy month for the members of Circle 21. On May 13 we had a program and dance held in celebration of our 5th anniversary and of Mother's Day. The following day we had a banquet. Mr. Michael Vrhovnik, Juvenile Di-

rector, was the main speaker. We then had a short program after the banquet. Later in the day we've seen movies of Slovenia and of the juvenile activities.

I now have a pen pal, and I wish to have more. I promise to answer every letter that I receive. Best regards to all.

FRANCES K. BAHOR, Circle No. 21,
 R. D. 1, Box 54, Sharon, Pa.

EVELETH JUVENILE CIRCLE 48

EVELETH, MINN.—I am trying to get this letter into the August issue of the Mladinski List. I hope it'll reach the ML office on time.

At the last meeting of Circle 48, we decided to have a picnic in July. The picnic was scheduled for July 12 at the Eveleth Lake Park. We plan to spend the day swimming, fishing, and playing games. The plans were completed on July 5. We also consider having a dance before school opens. Plans for the dance will be made in the near future.

Our Circle meets each first Tuesday of the month at the SNPJ hall at 7 p. m. All members are urged to attend the next regular meeting on August 1st.

JACOB KOKALY, President,
 715 North Court St., Eveleth, Minn.

Juvenile Circle No. 1 Section

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

CIRCLE NO. 1 NEWS

The regular monthly meeting of Circle No. 1 was held on June 18 at Marko's Hall. A fair attendance was present at this meeting. The main thing of the last meeting was the preparation of a picnic. The picnic was scheduled to take place either in July or August.

After the meeting was adjourned we played the marble game. We still have that favorite drawing of the jackpot. Everyone is very anxious to see which one is going to receive the 50c war stamp. The name that was drawn was Tommy Duzenack.

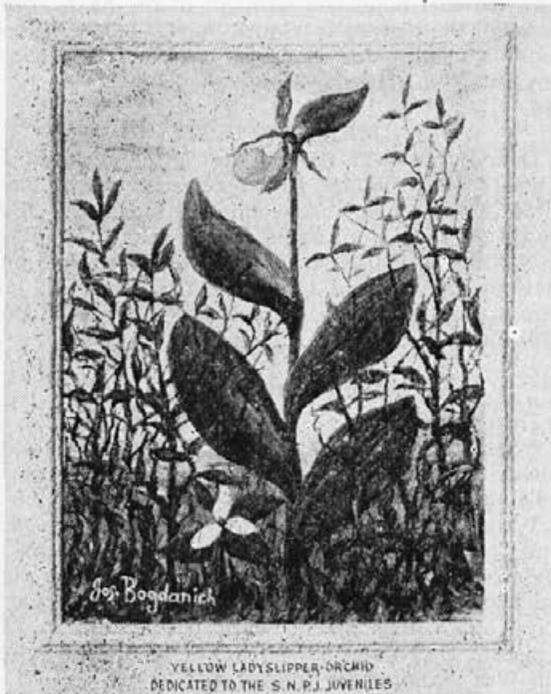
This year I planted a Victory garden. The garden that I had last year was a big success. I not only take care of my garden, but I also have 52 small chickens, and about 15 large and small rabbits to take care of. I have to feed them every day, and on Saturdays I have to clean the chicken coops and the rabbit houses.

During my leisure time that I have each day, I usually go fishing or swimming. When I go to the ranch in La Veta about 20 miles from where I live, I go fishing and catch a few fish. I will close now and write again. Best regards.

ALBERT DUZENACK, Circle 1.

Our Victory garden is coming up swell this year, and so are all the other Victory gardens in Walsenburg. It is hard work in taking care of the garden. I have to weed the garden almost every week or the weeds will take all the water and the plants will dry up. Also, the weeds take up

(Continued on page 32.)



YELLOW LADYSLIPPER-ORCHID
 DEDICATED TO THE S. N. P. J. JUVENILES

YELLOW LADYSLIPPER-ORCHID,
 dedicated to the SNPJ juveniles. Photo from oil
 painting by **Jos. Bogdanich**, Eveleth, Minn.



OUR PEN PALS WRITE



IRENE IS AN 8TH-GRADER

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to this magazine for a long time. My school was out on May 29. I passed to the eighth grade. Everyone in my room passed this year.

I have a new pen pal, Mary Mozina, from Salem, Ohio. I was very glad when I got her card. I have three pen pals now and I wish I could have more.

My favorite movie stars are Ronald Reagan and Lorraine Day. My favorite songs are "I'll Get By" and several others. My best summer sport is swimming and roller skating. Best regards to all.—**Irene Cokel** (12), Box 312, Avella, Pa. (Lodge 292)

WORKS IN DRUG STORE

Dear Editor:—I am writing this letter on a beautiful day, with the sun shining bright and everything is so nice that it really looks artistic.

I made my grades and got my promotion to the eighth grade. I am so very happy about it all, and I hope all other members of the SNPJ passed. I am going to work in the drug store this summer and earn money and when school starts again I'll buy new clothes and things I like.

I hope we get a new name for the M. L. I am thinking very hard to selected a name for the contest. Recently we Cadets marched for the Flag Day and I held the American flag. I was very happy to have this honor.

I would still like to exchange postcards with anyone. I will send my picture in the next letter and hope it'll be printed. Good luck to all.—**Louise Petrovic**, 683 E. 159th St., Cleveland 10, Ohio. (Lodge 142)

WANTS TO BE A SECRETARY

Dear Editor:—It's about time that I start to write again to the M. L. I passed to the tenth grade of the Ferndale High School. I like high school very much and can hardly wait until school starts again in the fall. After I finish high school, I intend to be a very good secretary.

I want to thank the ML for the stamps I received and I certainly appreciate it very much. Soon I will finish my second \$25 war bond and start on another one.

Good luck to all our boys and girls in the armed forces fighting for freedom. The invasion of France has been a big success, and let's hope that

victory will soon be ours.—**Frances Strozar** (14), R. D. 3, Box 545, Johnstown, Pa. (Lodge 82)

THIS SWELL MAGAZINE

Dear Editor:—Here I am again writing to this fine magazine. I'd like to say hello to all my pen pals and wish they'd write to me. I see my cousin Mary Ann Rudich is still writing to this swell magazine. I wish she would write to me also.

My uncle George Bisich had a furlough and we were really all surprised to see him. He looked so nice in his uniform.—I passed to the seventh grade and I'm going to try to get better grades. As always, I remain a proud member of the SNPJ.—**Mary Jane Bisich** (11), 1010 Nimic Ave., Monaca, Pa. (Lodge 122)

JOE'S "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—This is the first time I have written to the Mladinski List. I have enclosed a picture which I hope you will put in the M. L. The name of the picture is "South Pacific Island." Best regards to all.—**Joe Andrejevce** (13), Rte. 3, Sheboygan, Wis. (Lodge 344)

MARY'S "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 12 years old, and I have two sisters who have already written to this wonderful magazine. But now that they went away, I will take their place in writing to you. I would like to have some pen pals of my age and I promise to answer all letters promptly.—**Mary Anna Zdraveckey** (12), Box 315, Parkville, Minn. (Lodge 215)

HER THIRD LETTER

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the M. L. I would like to ask Mary, one of my pen pals, to please write to me because I lost her address. I will answer her letters promptly.

I know all of Helen Petrovic's friends, pen pals and I would like to send our deepest sympathy to Helen's parents, relatives and friends. Helen died on May 22. She was operated on in February. Five other girls and I were pallbearers at her funeral. Helen was only 13 years old and we know she was planning for the future.

Jimmy Callavo, another member of SNPJ, broke his collar bone while working on a farm. His right arm is in a cast and will be at least six weeks before the cast can be removed. We all hope he

will get better soon so that he can go on with his activities on the farm and at home. Lots of luck to all.—**Mary Robich** (16), Box 17, Presto, Penna. (Lodge 166)

ALASKA SOUVENIRS

Dear Editor:—Recently my grandfather who had been in Alaska came to visit us. We surely were surprised. He bought me a swell Bulova wrist-watch, and he also brought some souvenirs from Alaska. I haven't seen him for three years.

My sister and I both passed in school. My sister Mary passed to the second grade and I passed to the eleventh grade. We both got good grades. Nancy got excellent in reading on her report card.

In my spare time I am practicing on my accordion. I am now learning to play the Jolly Lumber Jack polka. I am also working on my hobby of collecting picture post cards. Best regards to all.—**Delma Tomsic** (15), Box 143, Black Diamond, Wash. (Lodge 57)

IN THE NINTH GRADE

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I have been a member of the SNPJ Circle for 16 months and have enjoyed the ML which I have received. I am 13 years old and have two sisters, one is five and the other 16 years old. I have a hobby of collecting foreign and domestic stamps.

I will be in the ninth grade next semester. My favorite sport is ice skating and I can hardly wait for winter to come so I can go ice skating. I want to say hello to all my future pen pals. I will write to the ML every month. And as Florence Alich says, pick up your pen and write to the M. L.—**Norma Davis** (13), R. R. 2, Box 351, Clinton, Ind.

HELLO TO PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—I was very pleased to see my last letter published in the June issue of the Mladinski List. I glanced at a couple of letters from Cleveland in the June issue. I would like to say a special hello to my pen pals Bernice Iskra, Fred Tavzel and Jane Marcki. Best regards to all SNPJ juveniles.—**Mollie Donat** (14), 5908 Bonna Ave., Cleveland 3, Ohio.

"WHERE DO WE ANCHOR?"

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to this wonderful magazine for a long time. I've been rather busy taking care of my nephew who is staying with us. He is three years old and always in mischief.

I graduated from the eighth grade May 24. My class had a nice party. Our class colors were blue and white and our motto was "Here we launch—Where do we anchor?" The girls wore pastel dresses and the boys wore nice suits. I headed one of the columns and my best friends headed the other. I was very frightened and nervous. Everybody was looking at us.

Maybe I had better tell you what I look like. I have blonde hair and blue eyes. I am 5 feet and 8 inches tall. I have four sisters, three nieces, and four nephews. My father died Oct. 14, 1941. He

was secretary of lodge 214, and now my mother is secretary. She is married again. One of my brother-in-laws is in the Seabees and another is in the Army.

Best regards to all.—**Virginia Orazem** (13), Box 785, Mullan, Idaho. (Lodge 214)

ONE MORE YEAR OF SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—In the June issue of the ML there must have been a misprint. I am not in Junior high school, I am now a senior in Senior High School. I passed and I had one regent in short-hand. I have one more year of school and hope to graduate next June.

I would like to thank Dolores Cigan, my recent pen pal, very much for her interesting letter. I have been very busy writing to many soldiers including my two cousins, John Mihelich and Louis Groshel. John, a Pfc., is somewhere overseas, and Louis is a 2nd class petty officer in the Navy stationed in New Guinea. We receive mail from them very frequently and write them many V-mail and airmail letters.

I remain a proud member of the SNPJ.—**Rose Lipar** (15), R. D. 1, Hyndsville, N. Y. (Lodge 393)

SUMMER BREEZES

Dear Editor:—Once again I decided to write to this beloved magazine. Recently I learned to roller skate. The days are very hot and my friends and I spend a few hours in the swimming hole each day. I also enjoy riding the bicycle and hiking.

As I was enjoying the cool breeze on our front porch, my brother brought my SNPJ pin and a dollar in war stamps from the postoffice. I was delighted to hear my father tell me the news before I could read the letter. Thanks a lot also for the Victory pin.

I am going to try on one of the four contest subjects this month.—**Georgie Mocivnik** (13), P. O. Box 47, Kingston, W. Va. (Lodge 552)

COLLECTS POST CARDS

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this fine magazine. My hobby is collecting postcards. I have postcards from Canonsburg and Strabane, Pa., Westmoreland, N. H., Hibbing, Minn., from Illinois and from many other places.

I would like to say hello to some of my pen pals. Jimmy Podboy, Daryl Tulmer, Florence Reed, Rose Mary Racki, Veronica Barbish, Alice Dafoff, Mildred Derzich. I would like to have some more pen pals who collect postcards. I would like to have Jimmy Podboy answer as soon as he can. Best regards to all.—**Elizabeth Kolesar**, Box 213, Diamondville, Wyo.

NO NEW PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—I was glad to see my letter in the June issue, but am very disappointed in not receiving my Victory pin. I saw my name in the May issue that I was to receive it, but to date (June 24) I haven't received it yet.

I haven't been getting any new pen pals or snapshots either. I would send one to the ML, but I

don't have any now. I passed to high school and am taking general course.

I will exchange postcards with anybody from different places. I hope when this letter is published I'll have more new pen pals. Regards to all.—**Anna Sittinger** (13), Box 15, Merrittstown, Pa. (Lodge 747)

"THIS FINE MAGAZINE"

Dear Editor:—I think it's about time I'm writing to this wonderful magazine. I'm very sorry for not writing sooner. Our school (Robinson) went to Kennywood amusement park on May 26. I went with my sister Victoria and had lots of fun. She graduated from the 12th grade on May 20. Her speech was "The Future Belongs to Youth."

Our class has been selling bonds. I bought the most bonds in 18 weeks. The total for our class was \$600. I want to say hello to pen pals Elizabeth Sterle, Janet Tursich, Barbara Savor, Violet Dugar, Frances Kordan and Shirley Luzar.

I was very sorry to hear about Helen Petrovic's death. Helen and I were very good friends. She wrote very interesting letters. The way Helen and I met was as follows: One day at school she had on the SNPJ Victory pin and my girl friend introduced me to her. Best regards to all.—**Frances Ambrozic** (10), R. D. 5, Box 424, Crafton Branch, Pittsburgh 5, Pa. (Lodge 88)

SCHOOL IS OUT

Dear Editor:—It has been several months since I've written to the ML but I've picked up my pen and here I am again. School is finally out and that is one big worry off my mind. But now I can't wait until I go back again.



We had an awful rain storm here last night. It seemed like a tornado. Many houses and communities were destroyed by tornadoes in Penna.

I'm the only person from Lawrence who writes to this magazine. I wonder what's wrong with the other members. It won't be very long before I'll have to quit writing to this magazine. Only three more years. I am enclosing a snapshot of myself. A happy vacation to all.—**Louise Briselli** (15), Box 27, Lawrence, Pa.

BEAN PICKING SEASON

Dear Editor:—I haven't written for quite some time, so here I am again. I picked beans today and picked 111 lbs., 2c per pound. We were working only six hours. Blackberries are ripe now and I have already picked two gallons.

School has been out for about a month. Someone brought a tent show to Jenny Lind and it lasted six days. They are still building the army camp; part of the 16th division and part of the 14th division are there now.

Three of us boys went to see a show which is about seven miles from here. We went on our bicycles. We saw "None Shall Escape" and other

pictures, all of them very interesting. Best regards to one and all.—**Willie Cretnik** (14), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

ON THE HONOR ROLL

Dear Editor:—The first thing I noticed in the June issue was the increase of pages in the Pen Pal column. I only hope it doesn't decrease. By the time this letter is published I'll be 15 as my birthday is on July 27.

I have passed into the class of sophomores with a certificate of honor during all four quarters. I have been on the Honor Roll thus earning this certificate. Next semester we are having co-education. Not many of the students are in favor of it but it must be done.

On Father's Day we had a regular family reunion. My two sisters in the Waves were home. The one from Seattle was home on leave and the other one from Sampson, N. Y., was home on a weekend pass. Both looked just grand in their uniforms. Their coming home was a great surprise to us.—Best of luck to all and may you enjoy a wonderful vacation.—**Caroline Tavzelj** (14), 1425 McKinstry, Detroit 9, Mich. (Lodge 518)

PICKING BLACKBERRIES

Dear Editor:—Recently I've been picking blackberries. Also, my sister Mary and her girl friend came home on a two weeks vacation. We surely were glad to have them here; the two weeks went by all too soon.

My brother Leo is in Camp Phillips, Kans., while my other brother, Johnny, is in Camp Crowder, Mo. We are so glad that they are so close to home.—I will try and get a new name for the M. L. Best regards to all.—**Mildred Cretnik** (12), Rte. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

OPERETTA "TOM SAWYER"

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this fine magazine, and I'm sure it will not be the last. I was very glad to see my last letter published in the M. L. I have just received my first pen pal through the mail. Her name is Mary J. Kordan. I hope that I will soon have some more pen pals. Although we don't have an SNPJ lodge out here in Beech Grove, I keep up with the ML's timely news.

Recently we had an operetta at school, "Tom Sawyer," and I played the part of Tom's sister Mary. It turned out to be quite successful. A week later the girls had a gym exhibition. It included tumbling, pyramids, acrobatics and the military dance. I was in all the stunts except the acrobatics. I liked the military dance the best. We wore very colorful costumes, and they were very pretty.

I forgot to mention that I passed into the eighth grade, with five A's and two B's. I'll close for now, and say hello to Mary J. Kordan. Best regards and good luck to all. I remain a proud member—**Lillian Petac** (13), 80 N. 17th St., Beech Grove, Ind. (Lodge 26)

NICE SUMMER DAYS

Dear Editor:—Oh, what nice warm summer days we've had, just right for swimming, fishing, and just oodles of things. My sister and her girl friend came home on a two weeks vacation from Chicago, and I had a grand time while they were here, even if it did rain a great deal.

I had a letter from brother Johnny today, and was surprised that he was transferred to Camp Crowder, Mo., from Baltimore, Md. And brother Leo is at Camp Phillips, Kans.

I have been working at the canning factory the last few nights, and it really is a tough job. I just can't make my nights seem like days, because about midnight my eyelids begin to get droopy, but I haven't slept on my job yet. In closing, I want to thank the ML for the \$2 I just received. Best regards to all.—**Annie Cretnik** (17), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

ROSEMARY'S HOBBIES

Dear Editor:—I am now 15 years old, and have passed to the tenth grade. We are now having our summer vacation, but I miss school a lot even if there is plenty of work to do. My hobbies are writing letters, bicycle riding, and playing the harmonica, the guitar, and the piano.

I have one uncle in the army. I am very proud of him, but I wish he would come home soon, as I miss him a lot. I write to him quite frequently, but it takes so long for his letters to come.

I enjoy the ML very much, especially the Pen Pals' section. I would like some pen pals between the ages of 15 and 16. Best regards to all.—**Rosemary Preblich** (15), R. 1, Box 47, Nashwauk, Minn.

THANKS FOR THE PIN

Dear Editor:—I am writing this letter to thank you very much for the beautiful SNPJ pin and war stamps you sent me. You couldn't have picked a better time to send it. It arrived the day before my birthday (June 21). My whole family liked the pin very much.

I graduated from grammar school on June 18. I also won a scholarship. For my birthday I received a beautiful chain. I wish to say hello to all my pen pals, also to my relatives in Racine, Wis. Best regards to all.—**Gloria Kritzer** (14), 4542 Joliet Ave., Lyons, Ill. (Lodge 217)

"WONDERFUL MAGAZINE"

Dear Editor:—I am writing again to this wonderful magazine of ours. I am going to send a name for the magazine next month. I am sending in an article and will try to send more articles next time. I don't know anything else to write. Until next time, best regards to all.—**Amelia Cretnik** (11), R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark. (Lodge 24)

HER FAVORITE PASTIME

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L., but I assure you it is not my last. I am 15 years old, and have brown hair, and am 5 ft. 8 in. tall. Our family is represented by two boys in the service. Frank, the oldest, is in the Seabees and is

stationed somewhere in the South Pacific. Henry, my other brother, is a radioman and gunner in the Marines.

My favorite pastime is music. I play the violin and have taken violin lessons for five years. I plan to continue this right through high school. I also "scratch" on the cello once in a while.

I would very much like to have some pen pals, from all over the country. I promise to answer them promptly. This is all for this time, but I will try to write regularly.—**Helen Volk** (15), 910 22nd St., Bay City, Mich. (Lodge 475)

A PROUD SNPJer

Dear Editor:—In appreciation I want to thank the SNPJ for the \$3 in war stamps which I received for my contributions. I was certainly surprised when I opened the letter and found the award.

The ML is the most interesting magazine I ever read. It has many interesting things in it which everybody likes to read. In conclusion, I would like to say that I am proud of the fact that I belong to such a splendid organization—the SNPJ.—**Tom Gornick** (12), 331 Third St., Trafford, Penna. (Lodge 629)

PEN PALS WANTED

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I am 14 years old and am in the eighth grade. I have been going to Denver View School, west of Arvada, for eight years. I am very glad that I'm graduating this year. There were nine of us graduating, three boys and six girls. We had a very nice program.

I have a few pen pals and would like to have more. Thanks to the ones that have written to me. Best regards to all.—**Betty Lou White** (14), Rt. 1, Box 364, Arvada, Colo. (Lodge 299)

AN ALL-SNPJ FAMILY

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading the letters and poems in it. There are seven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. I want to say hello to all my pen pals. I have four pen pals: Frances Ambrozic, Barbara Savor, Frances Kordan, and Gloria Fratoni. I remain a proud SNPJ member.—**Ruth Violet Dugar** (10), Box 5, McIntyre, Pa. (Lodge 361)

CONTRIBUTES DRAWINGS

Dear Editor:—Although I've been contributing drawings every month, I've never written letters for the Pen Pal Page. School was out on May 26 and my marks were very good even though it was hard to study in such beautiful weather. And anyone who lives in this area knows what beautiful scenery we have in spring and summer.

Commencement was held the day before school was out. My girl friend and I wore formals because we had to pass out programs. It's hard to believe that next year I'll be getting my diploma and saying goodbye to my old school life. Here are only two high school teachers left, all the others left for different jobs. I was elected secretary to our Sigma club.

I've enclosed some of my drawings. It really is a thrill to see them published. I would like to say hello to my pen pals. Best regards to all.—**Rosemary Panyan** (17), 413 Woodbridge Ave., Buhl, Minn. (Lodge 314)

* "JUVENILE INTERESTS"

Dear Editor:—Eureka! At last I have succeeded in my attempt to find a new name for Mladinski List contest. I think the name Juvenile Interests would be appropriate. Why?

One day, two of my girl friends came over to my house and because it was raining, we couldn't go to the park where we had planned to go. So we stayed home and we were making lapel gadgets, until we got tired of concocting bunny rabbits out of powder puffs, etc. They said they'd like to look at my "juvenile interests," and so I brought out the ML. Since they didn't know the meaning of the name, they thought that Juvenile Interests would be quite the name, and so do I. They both enjoyed the ML and said that it was an interesting magazine.

The two girls do not understand Slovene as they are not of our nationality. The new name appealed to them, and I hope it will be chosen.—**Violet Valencic** (15), 708 Oakdale Ave., Toledo 5, Ohio. (Lodge 666)

HELEN PETROVIC

Dear Editor:—I am writing these lines in memory of Helen Petrovic, who died on May 22, after a short illness. She is survived by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anton Petrovic. Her father is President of SNPJ lodge 166. Helen was 13 years old, and was a regular contributor to the M. L. She wanted to send a name for the M. L. It was "Our Children's Remembrances."

Helen liked the ML a lot and enjoyed reading it very much. She belonged to the Juvenile Department of the SNPJ. I wish to thank the Juvenile Department for the beautiful basket of flowers they sent Helen. Helen's mother cannot write English, so she asked me, Helen's best girls friend, to write, although I do not belong to this lodge.—**Phyllis Barthen**, R.F.D. 5, Crafton, Pa.

* OUR VICTORY GARDEN

Dear Editor:—Since my last letter to the M. L. I have had a month's vacation before continuing my studies once again. At present I am taking an English course in summer school. Even though I go to school only in the morning, the remainder of my day is fully occupied with homework and with work at home.

Summer has already begun and the once barren land is now green, especially with the aid of victory gardens. Even with daily watering, the gardens in our vicinity could take several good rains. Perhaps I should give credit for our garden to my brothers, Dan and Ray, who dug, planted, and watered the soil last spring. Since they left for Oregon, the garden has been left to us at home.

We realize now that having one takes time and hard work and does not grow and produce unless someone cares for it.

In concluding this brief letter, I would like to express my gratitude to the SNPJ for the stamps I received a few days ago. They have enabled me to fill my album sooner than I expected; therefore, that means another bond for me.—**Zora Gostovich** (16), Box 531, Raton, New Mex. (Lodge 297)

* EDWARD'S "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—I am 12 years old and go to the Sharon Jr. High School. This is my first letter to the M. L. Our Circle had its 5th anniversary celebration on May 13 and we all had lots of fun at the affair. Juvenile Director Michael Vrhovnik was here and he also showed the SNPJ films. We have many parties and our meetings are well attended. I will write more next time.—**Edward Kramer**, 1275 Baldwin Ave., Sharon, Pa. (Lodge 262)

* A TERRIFIC STORM

Dear Editor:—We had a terrific thunderstorm last month. Most of the communication lines were broken and the damage was great. Seattle and Tacoma were hardest hit and at least ten persons had to be treated for shock.

Here in Enumclaw, a farmer's barn was struck and set on fire. All the hay and farm implements were lost. The night was light as day as streak after streak of lightning lit up the sky. The roar of the thunder gave me such an eerie feeling.

Thanks to the SNPJ for all the awards I have received. I will write again soon.—**Gene Balint** (11), Enumclaw, Wash. (Lodge 738)

* FROM A HI SCHOOL SENIOR

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Pen Pal Section. First of all I want to thank the SNPJ for the one dollar in war stamps.

I have now completed my third year in high school. I am taking a commercial course. Besides taking the required subjects I am going to take shorthand, typing and machine calculation. On June 28, my girl friends and I went to Lake Michigan for a swim. There were eight of us in the group. We roasted wieners and marshmallows.

I'll close for this time. Best regards to all.—**Josephine Slansek** (17), 4933 W. 24th St., Cicero, Ill. (Lodge 559)

* FROM DEPUE, ILLINOIS

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I hope I will keep on writing to this fine magazine. I am 13 years old, have brown hair and eyes, and am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. I am in the eighth grade. Depue collected 3½ tons of wastepaper, and we all think that is good for a little town. I hope I'll get some pen pals. I promise to answer all letters promptly. I remain a proud member—**Dorothy Vilenek** (13), Box 538, Depue, Illinois. (Lodge 59)

LILLIAN'S "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I enjoy reading it very much. I am 10 years old and am in the fifth grade. I work very hard in school. My teacher is Mrs. Du Vall. I think she is very good. I won a prize containing a book of airplanes at one of our parties. Best regards to one and all.—**Lillian Kocian**, 117 Latimere Ave., Strabane, Pa. (Lodge 138)

THANKS FOR THE PIN

Dear Editor:—This is my fourth letter to this wonderful magazine. First of all I want to thank the SNPJ for the junior Victory pin. I want to say hello to my pen pals Mary Kordan, Gloria Lumbert, Mary Ann Bell, Irene Mihelich, Celia Malorasic, and to my brother Willie. Best regards to all.—**Elsie Galicic** (12), Box 73, Diamondville, Wyoming.

ROSE'S "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I think this is a swell magazine for juveniles. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. Du Vall, and I like her. I enjoyed the Circle party a lot. We played games and I won a nice prize. I received a letter from Dolores Slabe; thanks, Dolores. Good luck to all.—**Rose Kocian**, 381 Wylie Ave., Strabane, Pa. (Lodge 138)

BROKE HER ANKLE

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to this wonderful magazine. I wrote a letter for the July issue, but maybe it was late for that number. I hope it'll appear in the August issue. I am spending most of my summer vacation in bed. On Monday, June 19, I broke my ankle. I would like to say hello to Viola Stillman and Pudgy Chestnut. Best regards to all.—**Mildred Galicic** (13), Box 73, Diamondville, Wyo.

MY THREE PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. But I am going to try and write every month. I am 16 years old and a sophomore in high school. Through the ML I have met three pen pals. Mildred Derzich, Helen Mrkonich, and Jenny Prelc. They are very nice pen pals and I really enjoy corresponding with them. If there are pen pals from other states who would care to write to me, please do. I will answer all letters.

Our school was out May 31. I'll close now hoping to hear from my pen pals and others soon. Best regards to all.—**Gloria Marchi**, Box 126, Tire Hill, Pa. (Lodge 289)

MANY PARTIES

Dear Editor:—I am 12 years old and I go to Wengler School. This is my first letter to the M. L. We had many nice programs and parties. We marched up the city park on Slav Day. Then we went camping up Fruits Mill and had a lot of fun. We went swimming and played all kinds of

games. We also had a Mother's Day program. I will write more next time.—**Rose Cimperman**, 1298 Stambough Ave., Sharon, Pa. (Lodge 262)

ASKS FOR PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Glaviano. I have three sisters and one brother. My brother Frank will start school this fall. Louise is in the third grade, Annie in the seventh, and Rose in the first. This is my first letter to the M. L. I would like to have more pen pals. Regards to all.—**Frances Milavec** (11), Box 405, Delagua, Colo. (Lodge 201)

TWO BROTHERS IN THE ARMY

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years old and in the ninth grade. When I am 17, I am going to join the U.S. Army Air Corps. I have two brothers in the army. Joe is 20 years old and is in Camp Chaffee, Ark. He is a corporal. Frank is 19 years old and is in Fort Benning, Ga.

This is my first letter to the M. L. In school I take algebra, English, science, and civics. I also take manual training. I am sending some pictures of my brothers when they were home on a furlough. I'm proud of my brothers.—**Bill Rolick** (14), James City, Pa. Lodge 391. (Ed. note: Negatives of snapshots or photographs cannot be considered. Send us a snapshot. Thank you.)

HAS RELATIVES IN SERVICE

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L., but I hope to write more often. I enjoy reading all the letters in the magazine. I have two uncles in the Army and one cousin in the Navy; two of them are overseas. I am very proud of them. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. Good luck to all.—**Rose Orel**, Box 535, Imperial, Pa.

MARILYN'S HOBBY

Dear Editor:—I read the ML every month and read every article in it. This is my first letter I'm writing to this fine magazine. I am 12 years of age and in the seventh grade at Warren school. My hobby is collecting movie stars. My favorite actors are Gene Kelly and Tyrone Power, and my favorite actresses are Betty Grable and Kathryn Grayson. I am a member of SNPJ lodge 8, and I would like to have some pen pals.—**Marilyn Kovacic**, 8739 Euclid Ave., Chicago 17, Ill.

EDDIE'S BIRTHDAY

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the ML which is a fine magazine. I have a few buddies that I go down to the Circle meeting with. We have a good time playing games and we have a lunch served every time. I was in lodge 138, but transferred to lodge 589. I am 13 years of age and my birthday is in August. I go to the Alexander school of Strabane; I am an eighth-grader. We have very fine teachers. I hope I will have many pen pals and I will answer all letters.—**Eddie Okleson**, Box 164, Strabane, Pa.

MY SPORTS

Dear Editor:—Our school, Snowden Twp., was out June 1. I am glad of it, because now I can sleep longer in the morning and I don't like school very well. I had nine subjects. My favorite sports are mushball, tennis, swimming and bicycle riding. My hobby is collecting post cards. I would like to exchange cards with anybody who wants to. I would like to say hello to Joan Benedict. This is my first letter to this fine magazine. Regards to all.—**Pauline Noble** (12), Box 249, Library, Pa. (Lodge 386)

THANKS FOR THE STAMPS

Dear Editor:—First of all, I want to thank the SNPJ for the \$2 in war stamps that I received. I was so happy when I went to a meeting at Perfect Circle No. 26 and the president, Edward Udovich, presented me with the stamps.

Now that school is out I haven't much to do. I wish that school will be here again. I always have more fun at school than I do at home. I live two doors from a playground and there is always so much noise.

I want to say hello to my pen pal, Joan Finco. I wish I could have some pen pals that are 13 years or older. Best regards to all.—**Grace Ann Gerdanc** (13), 4933 W. 24th St., Cicero 50, Ill. (Lodge 559)

FOLKS ARE FUNNY THAT WAY

Strangely enough the folk most apt
to lend a hand to you
Are those who are already rushed
with countless things to do.
And should bad luck befall you and
misfortune smack you prone,
The ones who'll help you most are
those with troubles of their own.

The folks whose sunny slant on life
helps heal its smart and sting
Are often those who know first-hand
the seamy side of things;
And he was right, it seems, who said
that life is what you make it,
It's not so much what happens,
as the way in which you take it.

—Author unknown.



"LADY BUG'S FRIGHT"—By **Harmon**

JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 1 SECTION

(Continued from page 25)

all the energy from the soil, that's why they have to be pulled out.

If everyone raised a Victory garden, the soldiers would have more vegetables to eat and we would win this war sooner.

School is out and it is time to play softball and go swimming and fishing. I hope everyone has a swell vacation this year. By the time this will be published, there will remain but one more month of vacation, then back to school again.

JOE DUZENACK, Treasurer.

* * *

Colorado is now having another war bond drive. It is called the 5th War Loan Drive. The goal is 84 million dollars, but the national goal is 16 billion dollars. Each state, county and community has its own goal.

On June 29, to boost the bond drive, there were some soldiers from Lowry Field and Wacs on the stage at the school. They had with them a small orchestra which played popular pieces and also a tap dancer, singers, a magician, etc. During the intermission quite a number of bonds were sold; they ranged from a five-hundred-dollar bond to a twenty-five dollar bond. Every time before a bond drive there is a program like this to sort of boost the drive. Now more than ever before we should invest our money in bonds.

It was announced by the SNPJ that the Society has invested \$475,000 in bonds for the 5th War Loan Drive. During the first six months of this year the SNPJ invested more than ONE MILLION dollars in war bonds. In all, our Society has invested more than \$3,000,000 in war bonds. However, according to an editorial in the English Section of Prosveta of July 5, the total investment of the SNPJ in various government securities is more than \$6,000,000 (six million dollars). This, indeed, is a splendid record!

I will close now. Best regards to all.

ELIZABETH DUZENACK, Secretary.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Nature's Oddities

Death Watch Beetle

The ticking sound made by the Death Watch (beetle) is produced by his tapping his horny head against some solid object. This beetle lives in old furniture, or the wood of old buildings. The sound produced by this beetle is like the regular rhythm of a watch. A strange superstition connected with this sound is when this ticking is heard some member of the household will die—hence the name, Death Watch Beetle.

Ants

Ants can get through nearly all the events of their lives without the help of sight; some species of ants are known to be quite blind. Ants rely solely upon their sense of smell, and the organ of smell is in the antennae. The big object in a nest of busy working ants is to waste no time, and for this reason scent-paths are laid for them to follow. When once this path is made, the rest of the workers can race along it at full speed guided by the scent. By their organ of smell they can distinguish the ants of their own colony from those of another.

Butterflies and Moths

On the wings of butterflies and moths are certain conspicuous spots which are known as eyespots; these spots are so formed that they stand out from the rest of the pattern. These are always placed near the tip of the wing. These spots have a special value to the insects which possess them, because, being so conspicuous they detract the attention of birds or lizards when they are making an attack upon them from more important parts of the body, where injury would be fatal. The bird aims at what catches his eye, and thus the butterfly escapes with its life, although it may have a torn wing.

Snow

Do you know how snow is formed? When the atmosphere above us is such that the moisture in the air condenses and the temperature is below the freezing point, 32 degrees, snow-drops form. The earth is protected from the bitter cold by the snow that falls upon it and covers it. For this reason, the surface of the snow is often colder than the earth. Some people say that the more snow there is, the greener the grass will be in the spring. The individual snow flakes are all six-sided crystals, all with different designs. At the next opportunity, look at them closely and see how beautiful they are.

"Land Down Under"

January 26 is just another day to most Americans, but to Australians it is the birthday of the first settlement in their country. In 1788 the first shipload of colonists arrived with seeds to plant, means to cultivate the soil and the will and determination to succeed in their new life. Other Englishmen soon followed and Australia became a thriving country.

HAZEL SQUIRREL IN SQUIRREL TOWN

(Continued from page 9)

Then she ran up the workman's arm and perched on his shoulder, where her soft, bushy tail brushed against his ears and tickled him in the neck.

Poor little Hazel Squirrel. Little did she think the wonderful tree they were looking for was only a dream-tree. But how was she to know that all kinds of nut never did, nor ever can grow side by side on the same branch, save only in the wonderland we enter through the gates of sleep.

"I don't see your wonderful tree anywhere, Bushy-Tail," she said.

"I think it's down this way a little," he answered. And once more they scampered off together, chattering and waving their lovely tails.

—Howard B. Famous.

OUTDOOR FUN—A HIKE INTO THE COUNTRY

(Continued from page 8)

the vegetation covering the earth they chirp he Be sure to build the fire in the open, in a cleared spot where it will not spread. When the picnic is over, be sure everything is cleaned up and the fire put out. . .

Your plan for camp fun may include swimming, playing ball, running races and games of all kinds. One interesting game is **tracking**. In this two or three of the group go ahead to "make the trail" with markers and signs of various forms and in ten or fifteen minutes, the others try to find them.

On the way home, have a **sing**. It will make the return trip easier and much more pleasant. Nothing is gloomier than home-bound hikers, trudging along in silence, all looking as if they'd had a terrible time.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON JUST FOR FUN PAGE

Bird Quiz—Ruby-throated hummingbird.

State Puzzler—The names of the states should be inserted in the following order: Ida, Wash, Ill, Pa, Tex and Ore.

George Washington Carver—1. True; 2. False; 3. True; 4. True; 5. False.

Animal Noises—1. Howls; 2. Barks; 3. Coos; 4. Croaks; 5. Baas; 6. Crows; 7. Chirps; 8. Hoots.

Flower Game—Larkspur.

Word Split—cashmere; leaden; flagon; satire; pumpkin; massage.

Correct rhyming words—Rain, last, school.

WE POINT WITH PRIDE TO THE FACTS

● That the SNPJ this year celebrates 40 years of continuous and successful service to thousands of members in the United States and Canada.

● That the SNPJ is founded on progressive principles and ideals and, as such, has always given generous support and cooperation to the welfare of the common people.

● That the SNPJ has grown into the largest Slovene fraternal organization in the world and we, the members, own and manage it.

● That the SNPJ now numbers well over 64,000 members, more than 47,000 of whom are adults and nearly 17,000 are juveniles.

● That the SNPJ has assets amounting to more than \$11,000,000 of which in excess of \$6,000,000 are invested in U.S. Government Bonds.

● That the SNPJ has paid to members, since its organization in April 1904, over \$21,000,000 in benefits and donations.

● That the SNPJ has in force nearly \$44,000,000 of mortuary insurance, every dollar of which is adequately secured.

● That the SNPJ has a solvency of 126.91%, which means that we have approximately 27% more money than is required to meet all obligations.

● That the SNPJ mortality rate, which is a fairly accurate measure of its health condition, is less than 75% of expected.

● That the SNPJ offers to prospective members six attractive, low-cost plans of protection, three for adult members and three for juveniles, this in addition to sick, disability, operation and special benefits.

● That with these facts and figures to inspire us and to substantiate our claims of stability and progress, we urge SNPJ members everywhere to join the 40th Anniversary Membership Campaign and, in so doing, STRENGTHEN THE UNITY, SECURITY AND PURPOSE OF THE SNPJ BY ENROLLING NEW MEMBERS. ONWARD TO A GREATER SNPJ EVERYWHERE IN AMERICA!

MICHAEL VRHOVNIK,
Juvenile Director.