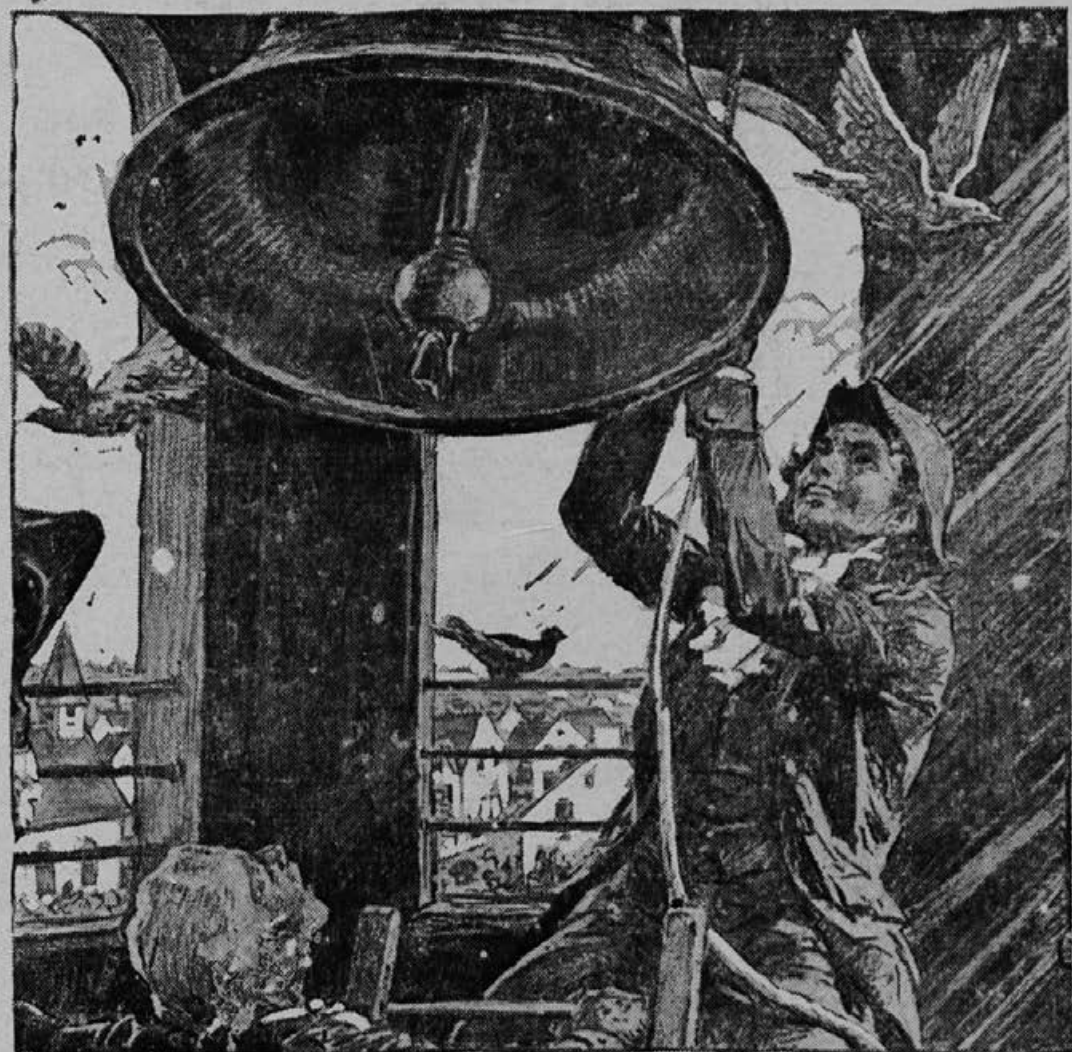


MLADINSKI LIST

A JUVENILE MAGAZINE FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES



LIBERTY BELL

JULY

1939

MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

Editor - - - - - IVAN MOLEK

Business Manager - - PHILIP GODINA



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Pregled vsebine v julijski številki

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Published monthly by the Slovene National Benefit Society for the members of its Juvenile department. Annual subscription, \$1.20; half year, 60c; foreign subscription, \$1.50. Address: 2657 S. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter August 2, 1922, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under Act of August 24, 1912.

MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

LETO XVIII.—Št. 7

CHICAGO, ILL., JULY, 1939

VOL. XVIII.—No. 7

The S. N. P. J. Primer

Short Stories of Our Society
in the Making

Compiled by I. M.

6

We have already visited that mining town in Minnesota in which the wife of a Slovene miner was curtly reminded not to "butt in" the lodge business.

The poor woman was made to understand by her husband that the fraternal lodges were the business of men only. And so it was in those days. Our miner was not selfish or otherwise wicked on his own part, but he, willingly or unwillingly, reflected the general rule or attitude.

The Slovene National Benefit Society—as we have told you—was the first Slovene fraternal organization which abolished this rule forever and gave equal rights to women at the memorable Cleveland convention in 1909.

* * *

One year prior to that convention a Slovene woman's lodge had already existed in America. This lodge was the first and only occurrence of its kind among the American Slovenes at that time—a rare thing in 1908!

It was organized—as you may have already guessed—in Chicago where almost all new and rare things started for us in those days. A handful of the Slovene freethinking women, determined to fight for the equal rights of women in fraternal life, founded that lodge and called it **Nada**, meaning Hope. A very appropriate and superb name! Our lady pioneers were full of hope for an early victory, and right they were!

One year after its appearance, the Nada lodge joined the SNPJ which, as already said, had first opened its door to women members on the basis of equal rights with men.

Last month the Nada lodge of Chicago celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of that historical event.

It is not generally known among the SNPJ members, and much less among the SNPJ juveniles, which ladies' lodge is the pioneer among us and that the Nada lodge of Chicago bears that honor.

These humble lines are intended to convey this information to our juvenile brothers and sisters so that they may know one more of the outstanding points of their Society's history.

Birthdays of the Great Men

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Each month in this place we give our readers a short sketch of the life and work of some outstanding liberal writer. In May we presented the American poet Walt Whitman, in June the Russian poet-writer Alexander Pushkin, and this month, July, we will tell you a few interesting things about Henry David Thoreau, the American writer, freethinker and naturalist.

Henry D. Thoreau was born at Concord, Massachusetts, on July 12, 1817. To him his birthplace held all the beauty that was necessary to the worship of nature. He liked to travel far and near, but he thought there was no place like his beloved Concord and its vicinity. As a boy, he drove his mother's cow to the pastures, and in this way he became acquainted early with the many interesting things in nature. In grammar school and later at Harvard University he was known for his intelligence, but he remained a true student of nature throughout his life. When only twelve years of age he had made collections of scientific value for an American scientist. The meadows and the hedges and the stream-sides were real cabinets of rare knowledge to him.

Thoreau was a rebel against society, against exploitation of mind and body. He said that people work too hard and receive far too little for their labor. For a time he was a teacher, and later became a lecturer and writer. He lived very simply, earning what he needed from manual labor, now in his father's business of pencil-making, or, again, in surveying and carpentering. Personal and civic liberty were more to him than anything else in the world. He said that the possession of wealth was more of a curse than a blessing.

The most interesting experiment of Thoreau's life was his "home" at Walden, a pond some two miles out from Concord. Here he built a hut for himself at a cost of about twenty-eight dollars, and here he lived over two years, earning enough from labor and the sales of garden produce to meet his expenses of about four dollars a month. He wrote regularly during his stay at Walden, and after. During his life, however, he pub-

lished only two books and contributed to several magazines. Later, after his death, eight of his books were published.

Thoreau's chief work is his "Walden," which in reality contains all that is to be found in his complete writings. In it he shows that he is hostile to the existing order of things. He believed in freedom and democracy for all. He was a keen observer and had a ready pen to transcribe what he saw. Many passages in his works show that he also was a poet.

One of the most interesting things in Thoreau's life was the fact that he knew birds and beasts and fish with intimacy. Birds came at his call, beasts lipped and caressed him, and the fish in lake and stream would glide between his hands.

His book, "Walden," the record of his two years' experience at his hut, will always remain a source of great interest and psychological value. Of special interest are the chapters *The Bean Field*, *Brute Neighbors*, *Winter Visitors*, and *Spring*. Some other of his works are: *The Maine Woods*, *Cape Cod*, *A Yankee in Canada*.

Thoreau died at the early age of 45, on May 6, 1862. His grave is in Sleepy Hollow at Concord, beside those of Hawthorne and Emerson.

He'll Grieve, Be Desolate

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

Herr Hitler may think that he's great
Because he annexed nations,
And dreams that greater he will be
To further his dictations.

But all things must an end be seen—
Napoleon met his fate.
So Waterloo awaits this fiend;
He'll grieve, be desolate.

If normal mind, he'll sense his plight,
If beats his cold-grim heart;
But then! yes, then, Reform's too late!
His wrongs will not depart.

From stricken souls possessed upon.
Among the great his name
Will not be seen, but scrawled with those
Who played a wicked game.

PLETENICA

(Po Victorju Hugu: Les Misérables
pripoveduje **Ivan Vuk**)

Po luksemburškem parku v Parizu blodita dva fantka. Držita se za roke. Starejšemu je nekako sedem let, mlajšemu okrog pet let. Oblečena sta v cunje. Na njunima bledima obrazoma je zapisano, da sta otroka ulice, katerima je usoda določila že v najmlajših dnevih življenja, da okušata vso grenkobo življenja.

Starejši mirno koraka po poti, mlajši pa neprestano stoka:

“Lačen sem, hudo sem lačen!”

Tako po parku blodeča sta prišla k jezeru, ki je ležalo sredi parka. Gledala sta labode, kako mirno in dostojanstveno plavajo po jezeru.

Med tem sta prišli k jezeru tudi dve drugi osebi. Bil je to starejši gospod kakšnih štiridesetih let. Za roko je vodil fantka okrog petih let, gotovo sinčka. Fantek je držal pod pazduho pletenico, tak pleten kruh, ki mu ga je kupil očka, češ ker je lačen. Ustavila sta se tudi pri jezeru ravno nasproti pote-puhoma.

Labdi so instinktivno zaslutili, da bi od tega gospoda in njegovega sina mogli dobiti nekaj pod kljun. Po navadi so jim namreč ljudje radi metali hrano v vodo in se zabavali s tem, kako so jo lovili in jedli. Zaplavali so torej h gospodu in sinčku.

Fantek, videč labode, je naenkrat začel jokati.

“Zakaj jokaš?” se je čudil oče. “Saj ti nič ne bodo naredili.”

“Saj se ne bojim labodov,” je hlipal sinko. “Ta kruh mi ne ugaja. Ni dober. Nič nisem lačen!”

“No, no, zato pa res ni treba jokati,” ga je tolažil oče. “Vem, da ti takšen pleten kruh ne more ugajati. To ni za tebe. Vajen si slastnega kruha in potic. No, nakr-miva z njim labode!”

Fantek je zdajci prenehal jokati. Dosegel je namreč, kar si je v svoji otroški glavi zamislil. Dal je kruh očetu in prav nič mu ni bilo žal zanj. Imel je pač vsega, kar mu je srce zahotelo.

Oče je vzel kruh ter ga vrgel daleč v jezero. Tudi njemu je bilo v zadovoljstvo, da je mogel nekaj dati—požrešnim labodom.

“Vidiš, kljub temu sva naredila dobro de-lo,” je rekel oče ves ponosen. “Velikodušno sva nakrmila uboge labode. Tudi ti morajo živeti!”

Malo sta še pogledala, kako so se labodi obrnili, da odplavajo po darilo, nato je oče prijel sinka za roko in oba sta ponosno odkorakala od jezera dalje nekam po parku. Niti za trenutek jima ni prišlo na misel, da so ljudje, ki bi jim ta pletenica, ta kos kruha, bila še mnogo bolj potrebna kakor pa labodom! . . .

Postopača—ki sta ves čas mirno stala na drugi strani in gledala, kaj delata gospod in njegov sin—sta komaj čakala, da odideta. Ko se je gospod s sinom le malce oddaljil od jezera, sta poskušala doseči kruh. Ali zaman. Bil je predalet od brega. Valovi, kate-re so delali plavajoči labodi, so kruh nalahno odrivali k bregu, vendar doseči ga še nista mogla. Ves čas je ta kos kruha plaval po umazani vodi, zdaj se nekoliko globje pogrezal, zdaj zopet splaval na površje. Požrešni labodi so se mu približevali vedno bolj.

Naenkrat zagleda starejši fantek v bližini daljšo šibo. Hitro skoči po njo, jo vzame in skokoma zbeži nazaj k jezeru. Labodi so bili že malone pri pletenici. Fantek leže na tla in poskuša s šibo doseči pletenico. Labodi so zapazili nevarnost, ki preti njihove-mu plenu.

Nastala je borba požrešnih ptic z lačnima pote-puhoma—za kosček kruha, vsega mokrega in od nesnažne vode blatnega.

Starejši fantek se je spenjal v jezero, se trudil, da bi dosegel pletenico, da bi mogel njegov tovariš vsaj se nekoliko najesti. Na-posled se mu je posrečilo doseči kruh. Privlekel ga je k bregu, takorekoč že izpod kljunov labodovih. Dvignil ga je iz vode. Kruh je bil, ker je pač že precej časa plaval v vodi, prej podoben vsemu drugemu, samo ne kruhu. Oba fantka sta pohlepno gledala ta zalogaj. Starejši se je obrnil k mlajšemu in rekel:

“Na, jej!” . . .

Ves srečen je vzel mlajši pletenico in

vgriznil vanjo. Nič mu ni bilo mar, da se je iz nje cedila umazana voda.



Starejši fantek, akoravno se je zvijsal od lakote, ni hotel vzeti grizljaja, ker je vedel, da tovariš že nekaj dni ni jedel in da je ta kruh njegovo prvo kosilo po nekaj dneh.

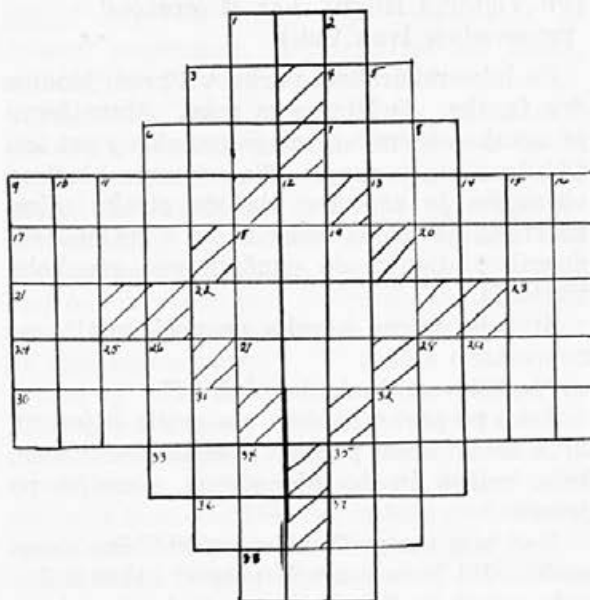
ENGLISH VERSION. This story is taken from the famous book "Les Misérables" by Victor Hugo. Two little urchins, one about seven and the other about five years old, are wandering through Luxembourg Park in Paris, holding hands. Their clothes are ragged. A glance at their pale faces tells us that they are children of the streets. Fate decided in their tender age that they must taste all the bitterness of life. The younger one is very hungry.

They come to a lake in the middle of the park. Swans are gliding on the lake, and two other persons, a father and his little son, come along. The boy has a loaf of braided bread under his arm. The swans instinctively sense a meal. Soon the little boy begins to cry. He wants to give the bread to the swans and his father consents. He throws the bread far into the lake to the greedy swans, and he is pleased, saying that he did a good deed by feeding the poor swans.

The two hungry urchins look sadly as the swans approach the bread, while the father and son go away. They never thought that there are people who need bread much more than the swans. The urchins are trying to reach the bread, but it is too far from the shore, floating in the dirty water. The older boy notices a stick near-by and with it tries to get the bread, while the swans struggle for it, too. Finally, the boy succeeds, pulls out the wet piece of bread and gives it to his companion who bites into it with great zest, although the dirty water is dripping from it. The older boy, although weak from hunger, doesn't want any. He knows that his companion hadn't had anything to eat for a long time, that this is his first meal in several days.

ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Frank Zupun, age 15,
546 Forest Ave., Johnstown, Pa.



ACROSS

1. A watch pocket. 3. Prefix for twice or double.
4. Latin for and. 6. A convulsive sigh. 7. Branch of the Tai race. 9. To lay a second time. 13. Consecrated. 17. Egg-shaped. 18. Miles per hour. 20. The time of an epoch. 21. Bachelor of Arts (abbr.). 22. A triumphal song. 23. Indefinite article. 24. Scent or estimation. 27. An enclosed seat in churches. 28. A swift, timid rodent. 30. High male voice (adult). 32. Military student. 33. Twenty-four hours. 35. Corpulent. 36. Contraction for Mother. 37. Neuter pronoun. 38. Texture of various fibrous materials.

DOWN

1. Falsehood. 2. A Babylonian god. 3. Young lad. 5. A small flap. 6. Salt (chemical). 8. Aged. 9. A working self-acting machine. 10. Escape by artifice. 11. Sixth note of the scale. 12. To make haste, quick. 14. Each (abbr). 15. A steady gaze. 16. Something maintained as true. 18. Describe clearly. 19. The fruit of species of hawthorn. 25. Preposition—attached to. 26. Five and one-half yards. 28. A covering for the head. 29. Anno Domini (abbr.). 31. Zodiac sign, Aries. 32. An animal of the Felidae family. 34. A variety of the sweet potato. 35. An attack of pain or illness.

(Answers on inside cover page)

DAILY THOUGHT

When things go wrong as they sometimes will;
when the road you're treading seems all up hill;
when the funds are low and debts are high, and you
want to smile, but you have to sigh; when care is
pressing you down a bit—rest, if you must—but
don't you quit.

MAXIE AND THE COCKATOO

By Mary Jugg

The very first thing that Maxie did that afternoon at the Zoo was to rush out into the heavy downpour of rain that swept in most suddenly from a sky that had been clear all morning.

"Whee-e-e-e!"

Maxie's shrill cry was heard above the clatter of the raindrops that plumped and bounced upward from the gray pavement and made the noise on the roof.

Maxie's mother and his Aunt Caroline and their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Howe, had run beneath the shelter near the entrance gate. Maxie, too, had been squeezed in among the huddles of people who were breathing heavily, shaking their shoulders and heads to throw off the rain, and laughing lightly at each other like companions in distress. But all of a sudden he had freed himself from the crowd.

"Maxie! Maxie!" His mother's voice was loud. "Maxie come in out of the rain!"

Maxie outstretched both of his arms and spun around on his heels.

"Whee-e-e-e!"

"MAXIE!"

It was Aunt Caroline. This time Maxie heeded the call and ran to his mother's side. Everyone was looking at him. Water dripped from the top of his blonde head and his unbuttoned shirt collar and his trouser legs. Water squeaked in his shoes when he moved his feet. He reached into his pocket and hastily withdrew a strawberry-colored paper noisemaker.

"Here!" He pushed it towards his mother. "Take this—this whistle. It'll get wet."

"Now is that any way for a boy of seven to act?" His mother was rubbing his face with a white handkerchief bordered by a larger edging of scratchy lace.

"Ouch!"

"Quit squirming!"

Maxie had a big audience, and he knew it. Only Aunt Caroline stared at him and set her mouth in a hard line. But everybody else tittered.

He shoved his hands into his pockets and milled back and forth among the crowd. He was entirely pleased with himself.

Soon the people began moving toward the

edge and looking upward. The rain was subsiding. One by one they stepped out—carefully—to avoid the water puddles.

Maxie ran far ahead of his mother and Aunt Caroline and Mr. and Mrs. Howe.

"Oh, dear, how shall we call him back?" said his mother when he was beyond hearing distance.

"Look! He's stopping," pointed Aunt Caroline.

"Thank goodness," breathed his mother. "He's waiting."

And Maxie, indeed, was waiting. He was waiting until everyone had a good view of him and then he jumped up as high as he could and splashed right into the middle of the biggest pool of water he could find.

"Oh, dear!" His mother held her head. "What shall I do with that child?"

"He's only showing off," said Mr. Howe. "Let's pretend not to notice him. That'll cure him."

But there was more trouble ahead. Aunt Caroline and Mr. and Mrs. Howe had decided that they wanted to see the Baby Hippo that was but a few days old.

"No! No!" screamed Maxie just when the largest group of people was passing. "I don't wanna see the Baby Hippo. I wanna see the birds!"

"Hush!" His mother reached down and took hold of his hand.

"I wanna see the birds! I wanna see the birds!"

"All right. We'll go see the birds," said his mother, who arranged a meeting place with Aunt Caroline and Mr. and Mrs. Howe, because they proceeded to see the Baby Hippo.

The very first birds that amused Maxie were the Toucans. There was a different kind of Toucan in every cage along the entire length of that room.

"Such queer birds!" exclaimed Maxie. "Look at their great big beaks!"

"Yes. And all the gorgeous colors," added his mother.

But all the Toucans seemed alike in one respect. They perched on slender poles and did not move at all.

Maxie leaned across the railing to look at

one of them more closely. Its brilliantly-colored beak looked just like a newly-painted piece of wood. You could scarcely tell where his beak left off and his head began, because the feathers and even the eyes continued with the bright rainbow color scheme.

"Look!" said Maxie. "That's his eye. Where he's blinking."

And it was true. The batting movement was the only indication of the location of the eyes, bordered in a bright blue.

Then Maxie looked at the tiny finches that huddled together by threes atop a small branch. Then he ran across the room and looked at the bird of paradise. He stopped beside the cage of the mourning dove, because he knew its plaintive cry and could imitate it. The dove answered him and Maxie could have stayed there for the remainder of the day if he had not been attracted by a boisterous commotion.

Maxie and his mother followed the crowd of people that turned the corner of the room that led into another equally as large. The signs above the cages said "Parakeets" and—and—Maxie was rushed along with the crowd so fast that he could read no others.

The center of the commotion was a white bird near the very end of the room. When Maxie saw it, it was only a bundle of feathers swinging around and around by its curved beak.

"Cockatoo"—Maxie read above the cage.

This whirling object was making the most shrill, screeching, shrieking noise he had ever heard. It was deafening. Maxie put his hand to his ears and looked up at his mother, who was saying something. But he could not hear among all the din.

Soon the keeper came around. He stopped before the uproarious bird. He placed his hand against the heavy screen.

"Hello," said the keeper.

"Hello," piped the bird to the amazement of all.

"Why—why it's a parrot." Maxie gleamed.

"Yes," answered his mother.

The White Cockatoo's ruffled feathers smoothed and Maxie could see the faintest pink color in the feathers about its neck.

"Why was it making all the noise?" everyone wanted to know.

"It wanted attention," answered the keeper.

Maxie watched it for a long time—how it placed its curved beak through the network of the screen and playfully bit the keeper's hand, how it made quiet, gurgling noises, how it moved up and down the screen by hooking its beak, how it squatted across the floor and went into a little dance. There were other cockatoos in the cage with it, but they were all very quiet and not at all attentive to their show-off friend.

After a time Maxie decided that he would see the other varieties of parrots—the beautifully-colored silver and rose ones, the red and green ones, the rainbow-colored ones, and many, many others. He moved along the railing. Others did the same thing. But just as he had got interested in two very large red and green birds with long, beautiful tails perched in a corner on a log and without any screen about them, the same clamor started all over again. It was the White Cockatoo as before, hanging to a beam by its beak, and whirling around and around. The people once more rushed to it, and as soon as this happened, the shrieking stopped.

Maxie went to look at it as before, but he soon found out that in order for the bird to be peaceful, it was necessary that people were looking at it all the time. But Maxie wanted to spend some time before the singing thrush and the oriole and the cuckoo bird. He became very impatient with the White Cockatoo.

"It's a big show-off," he remarked to his mother.

"Yes," she replied. "That's just what it is. A show-off." She smiled.

"Let's get out of here," urged Maxie.

When Maxie and his mother came out of the bird house, they stepped immediately before a large pool of water.

Maxie very cautiously avoided it, making a large circle around it.

When they were rejoined by Aunt Caroline and Mr. and Mrs. Howe, his mother suggested that they walk all the way across the park to the opposite entrance. Maxie was very tired of walking, but he made not a word of protest.

"And how did you enjoy the birds?" asked Mrs. Howe after an unusually long silence of Maxie's.

(Continued on page 7)

The Fairy Story Man

By Louis Jartz

The world owes some of its most beautiful fairy stories to a bony, gawky man, of Denmark, whose life is as interesting as some of the tales he told; and it could hardly be otherwise, because his life story was a model for them.

Hans Christian Anderson was born into an extremely poor and shiftless family. His dreamy father was an unsuccessful cobbler, while his mother took in the village washing in order to supplement the meager earnings of the father. Hans' grandfather was a harmless lunatic, who embarrassed the family, and particularly the sensitive boy, because of his crazy antics of singing and dancing on the village streets.

Can you imagine how you would feel if you were Hans? Poor and disrespected. He didn't even have any friends. The village boys ridiculed and stoned him, because to a number of boys it's fun to take advantage of some one different—some one weaker. And then, Hans was very sensitive. He loved to hear poems about nature and to sing songs of beautiful things. When the village boys would catch Hans away from home, singing to himself, they would pick up rocks and chase the hysterical boy through the streets, all the way home. When the sobbing boy reached home, his unhappy father would try to comfort him. Poor, miserable Hans. No one understood him; nor had they the higher, lilting conception of life that he had, except his unsuccessful, dreamy father.

The boy learned something about the theater from his thwarted father. He became so engrossed in the stage that he would cut

out paper dolls, for actors, and make-believe stages, with his mother's scissors. Then he would play with these figures. His poor, ignorant mother, watching the boy cut out figures, thought that the boy was showing signs of interest in tailoring. She begged a successful tailor to take the seemingly shiftless Hans in as an apprentice.

Hans became a tailor's apprentice. He tried hard to please his mother and the tailor, and most likely would have succeeded; but he could not get along with his fellow apprentices. The boys would jeer at his choice language and his beautiful dreams. His lot became an unbearable one. He flinched at their gross and ugly remarks. The unhappier Hans became, the more the boys would tease him; until one day he wept all the way home and refused to go back to work. His mother became much concerned about the boy. What was to become of him?

When Hans was fourteen years old he left his village home, with a few coins in his pocket, to try his fortune in the big, friendless city of Copenhagen. Since he could remember, he had always hoped and planned that he would some way get into the theater. He was confident he could sing, for some villagers had told him so. He searched for the theater and, after finding it, he begged a chance to be heard. It was a shock to him, when he was advised to quit trying to get anywhere with his voice, as it would bring him nothing else but failure.

He brooded over his ill-fortune. Oh, how he longed to get into the theater! And then he begged to be given a chance at ballet dancing; but his tall, angular figure, and his clumsiness were against him. He became depressed over his dismal failures and he went to the harbor to throw himself into the sea; but his dreams were too alive. His hopes rose, and he decided to challenge the ugly circumstances engulfing him.

Hungry and forlorn he called upon a well-established Count for help. The Count felt that there was something in the boy, so with a group of his friends, he set up a fund and gave it to Hans.

Hans loved poetry and began to write many poems and would read them to all who

MAXIE AND THE COCKATOO

(Continued from page 6)

"Oh, we saw the cockatoo—the dancing white cockatoo," said his mother. If Maxie had been looking, he would have seen her wink.

Maxie continued to walk in silence, his hands in his pockets and his head bent. He lightly kicked the tiny pebbles of the gravel walk.

"I don't like the show-off cockatoo," he mumbled, after a long time.

would listen to him. He was warned by his benefactor that his poetry was bad and that he should not attempt writing. Rather, he should concern himself with something worthwhile.

His ambition and his zeal for learning earned him a few friends, who sent him to school; but he was warned never to write poetry. Hence, he was stifled in the very pursuit he cherished.

He tried hard to please his benefactors; yet, he hated the study of Greek and Latin. His passion for writing poetry could not be submerged by the strict order, so he began to write secretly. He concealed his work from all except an invalid daughter of one of his benefactors. He even sent some poems to a publisher, under a pseudonym, who accepted and published them.

Hans often visited his invalid friend and was very fond of her, as she was the only one who could understand him. One time, when Hans was at her home, her father came home happy over a paper in which, he told the two, he had read some very good poetry. The girl then confessed, to the chagrin of her father, that it was Hans who had written the poems. Hans knew that he was not supposed to be writing poems and he expected her father to be very angry with him. The father, however, was not so bitter; he merely cautioned Hans to complete his education before he launched himself into a literary career.

Later, while still studying, Hans wrote a play which was to be given a showing in the Royal Theatre. On the opening night, Hans slunk into an obscure seat of the crowded theater. There he trembled the terror of those who see their uncertain hopes tight-rope walking. His friends warned him that the play would fail. Nervous and frightened, he remained in his seat till the last act was over, then he rushed out of the crowd to his home. Once in his room he began to sob. His housekeeper, hearing the sobs, came to his room to console him. She told him not to take it too seriously as there were many plays that had failed.

"But it's not a failure," Hans cried. "It's a success! The audience is shouting, 'Long live Hans Christian Anderson!'"

Hans Christian took his literary career seriously. His fame began to spread, al-

though the earnings from his writings were small.

Around this period of his career, his family fared ill. His father died insane. His mother took to drinking and ended her days in the poor-house. His sister, hearing of the growing prominence of her brother, came to Copenhagen to live with her brother. Hans gave his sister as much help as he could afford and then cautioned her to return to the village. She, however, did not take kindly to his advice, but remained in the big city and became lost in the underworld.

Gradually Hans earned wide recognition for the many novels, poems, and fairy stories he produced out of his dreamy, fertile mind. Distant countries began to take note of him. His life desire was to become a poet and a novelist, but the world would have it otherwise. The world fell in love with his fairy stories. His classic and most appreciated story, "The Ugly Duckling," is symbolic of his own life.

He became recognized as one of Denmark's great men of letters. Kings honored him; fellow writers hailed him as great; poets respected him; and the workers idolized him. The most moving thing to happen to the man, now that all the world recognized him, was the fine respect paid him by his former village neighbors. The citizens of the village of his birth arranged a colorful festival to honor their illustrious and deserving son. It was Hans Christian Anderson's day. There were, no doubt, boys who once persecuted him, doing him honor this day. There were speeches and speeches made by the village officials. His poems were read and the bands played. The whole village cheered. Hans could scarcely control himself. His eyes were wet with tears all through the wonderful homage the people bestowed upon him.

The son of poor people—the ugly duckling had developed into a beautiful swan. Just before his death a statue was erected of him in Copenhagen's great park. Hans Christian Anderson stands there, in stone, a vivid lesson for all the young dreamers that it's worthwhile to dream of higher things. A living lesson that an ugly duckling can become a beautiful bird, and make life richer for all in its own radiant beauty.

Test: "How do you get down from an elephant?"
Answer: "You don't. Down grows on geese."

Kresna noč

Katka Zupančič



Sinoči, sinoči
so kresi goreli.
Sinoči, sinoči
krog kresov so peli;
so peli, noreli
do pozne noči;
so vzdikali, vriskali:
juhu, juhiii!—

Od blizu in daleč
so žužki prihajali;
radi i oni krog
kresov bi rajali.
Ali plačali so
žužki drago:
za hipec veselja—
življenje je šlo . . .

JUTRANJA

Albin Čebular

*lep premog peljajo konjički,
Po drevju prepevajo ptički,
ej, strček imajo lopato,
lopato od sončeca zlato.*

*Stric premog so že razložili
in čelo so si orosili,
lopata, lopatica črna
je od dela postala srebrna.*

Kačji pastir

ALBIN ČEBULAR

*Potok se srebrni vije
in čez bele kamne lije,
ob potoku tihi mir,
tamkaj kačji je pastir.*

*Plaho svoja krila utrinja,
v modro temno izpreminja;
a iz neba sonček zlat
sije prek cvetočih trat.*

Ko se vrnem . . .

ALBIN ČEBULAR

*Na našem gričku hišice
so kakor golobičice
in beli kakor zobčki
oblaki so golobčki.*

*Po tratih rožice cveto
in v grmih ptičice pojo,
bregovi rumenijo,
pa breze zelenijo.*

*Na našem griču hišice
so kakor golobičice
in beli kakor zobčki
oblaki so golobčki.*

Ob zob

Katka Zupančič

Komaj Malka se predrami—
"Dobro jutro!" kliče mami.
Zdajci se nemirna zgane,
kvišku plane,
pa s postelje
se popelje—
in zrcalo, ki ne laže,
ji vrzel med zobki kaže:
"Iščeš nekaj, česar ni?"
Ali Malka se smeji,
ker zrcalo,
to vseznalo,
le ne ve,
da svoj zob pojedla je . . .



Ded Spanec in njegov vnuk Dremavica

(Ukrajinska zgodbica.

Pripoveduje Ivan Vuk)

V neki vasi, tam kjer teče široki Dnjeper, reka šumeča, je bdela mlada mamica s svojim otročičem. Mož se je odpeljal z vozom na Krim po sol in se še ni vrnil. Kajti voli so upreženi v leseni voz in korakajo počasi. Cesta je pa dolga.

Začel je naletavati sneg. Vedno v gostejših kosmičih je tiho padal, sedal na zemljo, na strehe, na drevje kakor bi božal.

V koči je začelo postajati hladno. Zmanjkalo je drv.

Kaj storiti?

Mlada mamica je premišljala in zagrinjala otroka v toplejše odeje.

"K sosedu pojdem," je pomislila. "Izposodim si drva, zakurim in toplo bo!"

Zavila je otroka v kožuh in ga položila v zibelko. Ko ga je tako zavitega položila v zibelko, je zapela nežno uspavanko:

"Spanec, ded prijazni,
pridi, sinčka mi objami,
aja tuta, aja nina . . ."

Uspavanka je klicala deda SPANCA, naj pride in zaziblje otroka v sladki sen, klicala njegovega vnuka DREMAVICO, da zatisne očki njenemu sinčku ter se poigra z njim.

In vedno, ko je SPANEC slišal materino pesem in klic, je pospešil s svojim vnukom DREMAVICO, da ustreže želji matere. Tudi zdaj je prišel. Mati še ni prav izpela uspavanke, kar so se odprla vrata in v sobo je vstopil ded SPANEC s svojim vnukom DREMAVICO.

"Dragi ded in vnuk," je rekla mati. "Zibljita nekoliko zibelko mojega sinčka in pazita nanj. Zbežim k sosedovim po drva. Hitro se vrnem!"

Ded SPANEC je uslužno sedel k zibelki in začel zibati. Vnuk DREMAVICA pa je moral peti uspavanko.

Otrok je kmalu sladko zaspal.

Vse bi se dobro izteklo, če bi prav v tem trenutku neka druga mati na drugem koncu vasi tudi ne zapela svojemu otroku uspavanke in klicala deda SPANCA.

Ded SPANEC se je zdrznil.

"Kaj zdaj storiti?" se je vprašal. "Tudi tisti materi moram pomagati!"

Obrnil se je k svojemu vnuku in rekel:

"Priden bodi! Lepo poj in pazi! Takoj se vrnem! Grem, da uspavam tistega drugega otroka. Pazi, da ne zadremleš!"

In je šel.

DREMAVICA je pel in pel. Ali besede so se mu začele nekako zatikati. Glava je postajala težka. Trudil se je biti boder, ali glava je omahovala. In zgodilo se je po hudem naporu premagovanja, da je DREMAVICA zaspal.

In prav na to sta tam v dimniku čakala dva škrateljčka. Poredna, hudomušna, nagajiva, razposajena. Gorje stanovanju, v katerem sta se zasidrala. Že od jutra sta čakala v dimniku na ugodno priliko, da zaplešeta po sobi. Zdaj, ko sta videla, da je mati odšla, da je tudi ded SPANEC odšel in da je DREMAVICA zadremal, sta se splazila iz dimnika in stopila v sobo. Začela sta razposajeno skakati po sobi in po celi koči. Vse sta si ogledala, posebno če je kaj jesti.

V tej svoji porednosti in razposajenosti sta hotela tudi nekoliko ponagajati DREMAVICI.

Oprezno sta vzela otroka iz zibelke in ga položila pod peč, da je bilo videti kakor bi se sam iz zibelke zvalil tja.

Ali komaj sta to naredila, so se odprla vrata in mati se je vrnila z drvami. Obstala je vsa prestrašena, kajti zibelka je bila prazna. Zajokala je na ves glas in klicala na pomoč, da jo je slišal celo ded SPANEC, ki je uspalval otroka na drugem koncu vasi.

Prihitel je na pomoč.

Poredna škrateljčka sta videla, da ne bo dobro. Od strahu sta se stisnila pod peč. Ali v svoji nerodnosti sta otroka, ležečega pod pečjo preveč stiskala. In ker so jima od strahu zobje preveč glasno šklepetali, sta otroka zbudila. Zajokal je na ves glas.

Ded SPANEC je hitro priskočil k peči in že je dajal otroka živega in zdravega materi v naročje. Posegel je še enkrat pod peč in izvlekel vsa povaljana škrateljčka na dan.

Oba sta se tresla od strahu in prosila:

"Odpusti ded SPANEC. Nikoli se več ne vrneva!"

Ded SPANEC je imel dobro srce. Oba

škrateljčka je potisnil v dimnik in ju spustil. Zbežala sta tako hitro, da so se za njima vsipale saje na glavo SPANCA.

Zdaj se je ded SPANEC obrnil k svojemu vnuku DREMAVICI, ki je še dremal in se zelo razjezil:

"Ko drugič ostaneš sam z otrokom," je rekel, "ti bom k vsakemu ušesu pritrdil črička, da te bo spremljal pri petju s svojimi gosli. Pod brado pa ti bom dal ježa, da ti glava ne bo omahovala. Veke pa, da se ne bodo zapirale, bom podprl z ovsom. Tako ne boš več zaspal!"

ENGLISH SUMMARY. This is a Ukrainian tale. It takes place in a village near the Dnjeper river. A young mother, living in a hut, is trying to put her baby to sleep. Her husband with his oxen and wagon had gone to Crimea for salt. Outside it is snowing and in the hut it is getting cold. There is no fire wood in the house. The mother tucks the baby warmly into its cradle, sings a lullaby which would bring the Sandman and his grandson Slumber to close her baby's eyes.

The two come and the mother goes out to her neighbor's to get some wood. The baby soon falls asleep. But at this time another mother at the other end of the village called the Sandman to put her baby to sleep. And so the busy Sandman leaves while his grandson Slumber takes charge. Soon Slumber himself falls asleep. This gave the two imps, who were perched in the open smoke stack, a chance they were waiting for. Full of tricks as they are, they dance and upset the house and then quietly place the baby under the stove.

At this moment the mother returns. She is terrified when she sees the empty crib. She cries and calls for help so loudly that even the Sandman hears her and comes at once. The two imps are frightened and quickly crawl under the stove. But as they are squeezing under the stove, the child begins to cry. The Sandman jumps and picks up the child and puts it into the mother's lap. Then he pulls out the two imps. They beg him not to punish them and promise never to return. The Sandman is very good hearted and lets them go. Then he turns to his grandson Slumber who is still sleeping: "Next time you stay with a child alone, I'll put a cricket into each of your two ears, a porcupine under your chin and oats between your eyelids so that you will not fall asleep again!"

When the first-grade teacher began to check records she found that little Alice was several months under school age, so the child was sent home.

"What is the matter?" asked the little girl's mother when the child returned. "What has happened?"

"I—I got laid off," sobbed the child.

*

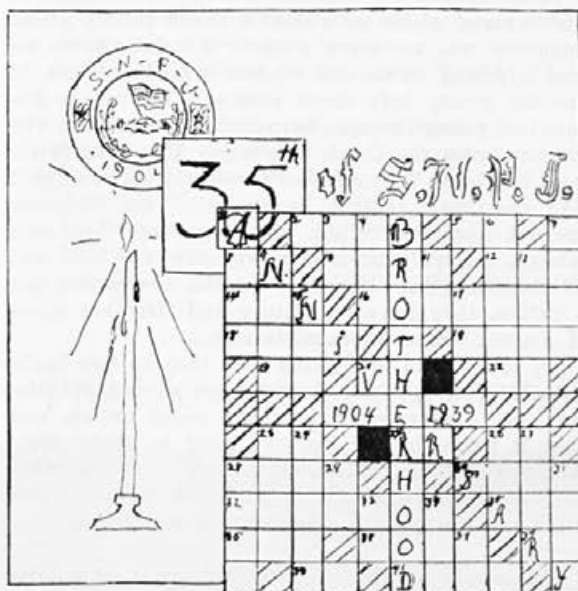
"My ambition is to be a great doctor. I want to become a bone specialist," said Johnny.

"Well, you have a good head for it," answered Joe.

35th ANNIVERSARY PUZZLE

by

Frank Zupon, age 15,
546 Forest Ave., Johnstown, Pa.



ACROSS

2. A part of a horse's bridle. 5. Spain (abbr.). 8. A prefix meaning in or on. 10. Chief dress of the Hindu lady. 12. Roman household god. 14. Past tense of run. 16. To defile; violate. 18. Prefix meaning entire, all. 19. Siouan Indians. 20. Electrical Engineer (abbr.). 21. V. H. (given). 22. Order of Merit (abbr.). 23. Sixth note on the scale. 25. Railroad (given). 26. Preposition noting motion towards. 28. Local position or situation. 30. Seed (Slovene). 32. A figure having many angles. 35. Agricultural Administration Act. 36. Collection of notable sayings. 37. A metrical composition. 39. Recording Secretary (abbr.). 40. Bachelor of Science (abbr.). 41. A college superior of junior students.

DOWN

1. Pertaining to the air. 3. United States (abbr.). 4. To knock. 6. Greek god of the lower world. 7. Any woody plant having a trunk and branches. 9. That by which a person is called. 11. Affix—belong to (Latin illis). 13. An ultimate particle of matters. 15. North-northeast (abbr.). 17. Hold! see! (interj.). 23. King of all beasts. 24. A collection of maps in a volume. 26. A beverage, obtained by the infusion of dried leaves. 27. The tentmaker (Khayyam). 28. A limited or brief space of time. 29. Affix consisting of (A. S. ig). 31. Simple, gentle, moderate. 33. Graduate in Pharmacy (abbr.). 34. Used in introducing a married woman's maiden name. 38. A contraction for mother.

(Answers on inside cover page)

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings will be sent home," declared the judge.

"Hooray," yelled the prisoner.

Andrew's Travel Talk

From Prague we drove to the city of Gablonz in Sudetenland where we visited a Czech family whose daughter was an opera singer. At their home we met a young university student who had come to see the young lady about singing. He was a dissatisfied young German, born in Czechoslovakia, who did not know the Czech language. He spoke fairly good English. To my father's question why he didn't like the Czech regime, he said that the Germans are not oppressed in any way, they have their own schools, a large number of newspapers and hold many political jobs. But, said he, the Czechs are not a nation, they have no history and they are allies of France where communists rule.

My father told this young man that he was badly misinformed, that the Czechs have a very old history, are a very industrious and proud nation, and that it would be for his own good to study their centuries-old background. It is hard to say whether he took this advice, but we all know that now Sudetenland along with Czechoslovakia "belong" to Germany.

The people we visited in Gablonz were very hospitable, and I especially liked their delicacies. Gablonz is an attractive city, built on a mountain slope which gives it a picturesque setting. The country is mountainous. From here we returned to Prague where we stayed another day and then took a different road through Budejovice, Vienna and Graz to Yugoslavia. The roads in Czechoslovakia are good. Vienna was decorated with hundreds of swastikas in honor of the German minister Goebbels who was visiting the city. In Semmering we met hundreds of tourists. It was Sunday. From Leoben we took another road to Graz. All the bridges over the Mura river were washed out by a flood and we crossed the river over a pontoon bridge built for temporary use by the soldiers.

We arrived in Graz after dark. The next morning we rode up the hill Schlossberg which is very steep in an electric train and the wheels have teeth. In Graz we visited several parks and the business district, and then went to see our step-aunt. Prices everywhere in Germany were high, but in Graz they were steep. For two coffees, one milk, three rolls and two compotes we paid \$2.50! In Czechoslovakia, a very good breakfast consisting of eggs, rolls, cream, butter, marmalade, cereal and fruit for four never cost more than \$1.00! We left Graz that afternoon and were soon back in Yugoslavia, driving through Maribor and Celje. We reached our home in Strazisce at eleven o'clock that night. Of all the countries through which we had traveled so far we liked Czechoslovakia most next to our homeland.

Slovenia is like a miniature exhibit of the world's beauty. About 10 miles from Kranj is the famous summer resort Lake Bled with the quaint islet in its center. This lake is justly called "the pearl of the Julian Alps." Here we spent several nice spring days. I enjoyed the boat rides. In summer, however, the resort is too crowded with tourists. The little

entente had its conference here last summer. Here is the summer residence of the Yugoslav royal family and there are many soldiers and secret service men in its vicinity. It is prohibited to blow your horn and my father was stopped by an officer for violating this ordinance. He asked the officer jokingly whether the queen was sleeping and he answered in a serious tone: "Mali spava" (the little one is sleeping), meaning, no doubt, the boy king or one of his brothers. Many strong soldiers guard the royal castle which we passed on our way to Lake Bohinj.

Lake Bohinj is about 15 miles southwest from Lake Bled, further in the heart of Julian Alps, of which Mount Triglav (9394 ft.) is the highest peak. True to its name and likeness is the funny shaped Mount Babji Zob (Woman's Tooth). Deep in the woods near the lake is the most picturesque cemetery, final resting place of Russian prisoners captured by Austrian soldiers during the World War and killed by Italian bombs and mountain boulders while they were building a road. A little chapel built of birch logs stands there on which is this inscription: "Potomci, ostanite si edini, da zaman nismo našo kri prelili" (Descendants, remain united, so that we have not shed our blood in vain). On a near-by granite cross are the following words: "Aliens once, you are now our brothers; we buried you by the placid Lake Bohinj, let the Alpine sun shine on you."

Truly, Lake Bohinj is like a magic mirror, nestling among Alpine peaks. But the crown of beauty is the famous waterfall Savica, rushing down from atop a mountain and forming the source of the Sava river. The fresh Alpine air, incomparable mountain beauty and pleasant quietness make one wish to stay a while and dream. . . . Not nearly as beautiful but more popular is the summer resort Kranjska Gora, situated in the valley between the Julian Alps and the Karavanke Mountains, near the border of Germany. It sounds funny, but it is true that many Germans like to cross the border on week-ends to eat their lunches here.

On another occasion we visited my father's brother Franc in Črnomelj in the south-eastern part of Slovenia where he is stationed as a policeman. This part of the country is pretty, too, and its hills are studded with vineyards, but the fields are not as rich as in the north. There is very little industry here. Crossing the Gorjanci Mountains, we noticed people running from one house to another carrying burning charcoal. Our uncle explained that the people are saving on matches which are a government monopoly and are quite expensive.

Once we stopped at Strazke Toplice (hot springs) where we met Mr. Jereb of Waukegan. And here we also met my mother's friend Anica Sitar who had been in America many years and is now manager of the hot springs resort. The water was too hot and too deep for us children to enjoy, so we went to Šmarješke Toplice, another resort only a few

miles away and near the city of Novo Mesto. We stayed eleven days. Our uncle was spending his vacation with us. Then the Zagars and Mr. Jereb of Waukegan came, also the Zaitzes of Chicago who stayed about five days. We children had a swell time swimming and playing with our cousin Drago, and even the older folks joined us now and then.

In between we visited Mr. Ludvik Medvešek of Cleveland at his home near Novo Mesto where we met his family; his daughter Anica gave us some most delicious cookies. Next we visited the Boys' Agricultural School at Grm. The friendly professors showed us various laboratories, fields, gardens, orchards and barns. Everything is modern and sanitary, and believe it or not—even the pigs have a huge bath tub. After our "inspection" we were served lunch and wine. A professor suggested that we visit also the Girls' Farm School in Mala Loka, a few miles away, which we did in company with two professors. This school is located on a hill overlooking a beautiful valley. When we arrived, classes were dismissed and the girls were told to dress in their national costumes. In the meantime we looked around the school premises. Everything was spotlessly clean and especially attractive are the girls' dormitories. Every girl is assigned a different task each week: cooking, baking, sewing, working in the fields or in the barn.

The girls were soon ready. They sang and danced for us. The gardens were full of flowers and pleasant fragrance. We were invited into the dining room where an attractively set table awaited us with tall wine-bottles in the center. Valeria and I enjoyed especially the home-made honey and fancy butter roses. And the milk was very good. All too soon it was time to go. We thanked the girls and their friendly matron and said good-by.

Back to Grm again. This time the professors invited us to their zidanica (wine cellar). The men readily accepted and soon a real picnic began. They became very talkative and even started to sing, each one sitting on top of a barrel and drinking wine 52 years old! It was great fun to watch them—and how! It was already dark when we said good-by to these good people and returned to the Springs tired but very happy. We children went to bed, but the grown-ups continued to sing far into the night. The people in Slovenia are of a very happy disposition and very friendly.

ANDREW W. FURLAN,
Waukegan, Ill.

Summer and Vacation

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

*Now that school is over,
Blossoms on the clover,
Now that birds all chirp with glee,
Silver streams roll on to sea,
Now that nature's full of life,
Hold no thoughts that lead to strife!*

SING, BE GAY, FROM DAY TO DAY!

*Lofty pine, you're greener;
To my eye that's keener;
Azure skies, a pleasant scan;
Hold that pole, you fisherman!
Dive and swim, you naked boys,
Summer's always full of joys.*

SING, BE GAY, FROM DAY TO DAY!

*Summertime, we're glad you're here,
Sorry when you disappear.
Cheerful hearts, you make them all,
Whether big or old or small.
You're our pride and worthy boast.
Here's to you our cherished toast:*

"WE'LL BE GAY THROUGHOUT YOUR
STAY!"

The Slovene Centenarian



The above picture shows John Belich of Črnomelj in Bela Krajina, Yugoslavia. He celebrated his 100th birthday on March 25, as already reported in the Prosveta of April 12, 1939. He is shown with a group of children. Bro. Math Kure, member of SNPJ lodge 449, of Cicero, Ill., gave us the following information about this Slovene centenarian:

John Belich has never left his birthplace. He is known to four generations. He lives in his small house with his large family and worked at his trade of making fur coats from sheepskins and earthenware from clay as long as he was able. Belich is a small man, still in good health, able to walk about. He sees well but his hearing has failed him somewhat.

About a month ago, his former neighbor in Yugoslavia, Bro. Leo Junko, of Detroit, Mich., received from him the above snapshot and a letter in reply to congratulations on his 100th birthday. Belich still writes well, but he complains that conditions are not so good in his old age. He asks Mr. Junko to show the picture to other townsmen and hopes that they will remember him with a dollar or so.

Found on a freshman's registration card:
Question: "Give your parents' names."
Answer: "Mamma and papa."

Natural Curiosities of Spring and Summer

CAST

Frances, interested and interesting
Mr. Hren, friendly and energetic

(Continued)

FRANCES: What an odd name—hepatica.

MR. HREN: Oh, that's simple. Away back in olden times, people believed in the Doctrine of Signatures—that is, they believed that a plant signified by its shape the human ailments it could cure. Since this plant's leaves bore a resemblance to the human liver, they thought it must be a cure for liver trouble, and named in it "hepatica" from the Greek word "hepatikos" meaning liver.

FRANCES: (Laughing) Of all things!

MR. HREN: I don't suppose you'd need to be told how the "skunk cabbage," for instance, gets its name?

FRANCES: (Amused) Well,—hardly. But that's not a flower, is it?

MR. HREN: It's an inflorescence . . . a whole cluster of tiny flowers on an axis. While I know you wouldn't pick a bouquet of them, I don't suppose you would reject an armful of calla lilies?

FRANCES: Oh, I think calla lilies are beautiful!

MR. HREN: Well, have you heard that calla lilies, the lowly skunk cabbage, and the Jack-in-the-pulpit all belong to the same family?

FRANCES: (Amazed) What!

MR. HREN: They all have modified leaves to form spathes. The beautiful white part of the calla lily is not a "petal"—but a spathe, which is a modified leaf. The next time you see a calla lily, just observe how much it resembles the Jack-in-the-pulpit—yes, and the skunk cabbage, too.

FRANCES: But if these flowers are related, why are they such different colors?

MR. HREN: (Amused) They have specific reason for making themselves attractive, as provided by nature. Consider the skunk cabbage, for instance. It has a vile odor—and its color resembles raw meat. But have you heard that the skunk cabbage produces its red inflorescence and its vile perfume in order to attract flies?

FRANCES: Flies?

MR. HREN: Yes. Flies like decaying meat—so the skunk cabbage pretends that's what it is.

FRANCES: But why should the cabbage want the flies in the first place?

MR. HREN: They are its only agent of pollination. A bee, for instance, wouldn't go near it.

FRANCES: But haven't I seen spider webs on the skunk cabbage sometimes?

MR. HREN: No doubt. Because the wily old spider knows that flies frequent that place—so when the old villain finds a nice, smelly skunk cab-

bage, he creeps up and spins a web. . . But now for a more serious side of these wild flowers—in the garden.

FRANCES: Wild flowers in the garden?

MR. HREN: Yes. Many women get a lot more pleasure out of watching the wild flowers thrive and grow, than they do the cultivated ones. They even have wild orchids blooming in their gardens!

FRANCES: Wild orchids?

MR. HREN: Yes. But you can't just go out into the woods and dig up these fragile plants and transplant them. You have to know how and when to do it—and the kind of soil they need to survive. Some women call their flower gardens "wild flower sanctuaries," and rightly so. I think that everyone who cultivates wild flowers is to be commended—since so many of these beauties are ruthlessly destroyed each year by thoughtless people. If you are interested how to start a wild flower garden, write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and they will send you a pamphlet containing this information.

FRANCES: So far we have been discussing flowers, and in this connection you have mentioned spiders and flies—insects—especially flies.

MR. HREN: Yes—flies! Have you heard that if it hadn't been for flies Independence Day would not be on the Fourth of July?

FRANCES: (Laughing) You don't mean to say that flies helped make American history, do you?

MR. HREN: That's exactly what I mean!

FRANCES: Well—I declare!

MR. HREN: So did our forefathers—they declared their independence!

FRANCES: (Laughing; then soberly) But what did the flies have to do with it?

MR. HREN: Suppose I show you just what happened . . . It is July 4, 1776. The SCENE is Independence Hall in Philadelphia. It is a hot, sultry day. Outside a storm is gathering. Within, the now famous document, the Declaration of Independence, is being discussed, in its revised form, for the third day. John Adams is demanding: "It is high time we come to a decision!" Some objections are heard: "Mr. Jefferson's paper contains beautiful words and form, but its adoption will mean that our homes will be destroyed—and we ourselves most likely to die upon the scaffold!"

FRANCES: It's very interesting! I didn't know there was such an opposition.

MR. HREN: Oh yes, there was, but not strong enough! Then Adams answered: "Then let us die like men—not like slaves!" Then cries "That's the spirit!" rang within the hall. . . Outside a storm was approaching and the flies

from a near-by stable were coming into the hall through the open windows, just as they always do before a storm. The pesky flies were too numerous and too bothersome for most of the delegates. In those days, you know, they had no screens on the windows and the flies were breeding freely everywhere.

FRANCES: You are keeping me in suspense!

MR. HREN: I am glad that you are so interested. . . . At this moment John Adams again demanded of the delegates present to adopt the Declaration of Independence. Someone began to read it once more. . . . "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands that connect them with another. . . ." But he could not go on because there was a lot of slapping noise and protesting "Don't read it over again!", "We know what's in it!", "Let's adopt it!" Anyway, there was a lot of commotion and some one said he'd close the windows to keep the flies out, while others protested saying that they'll stifle if he does.

FRANCES: And so I suppose they adjourned the meeting because of the flies. . . .

MR. HREN: On the contrary! The hot, sultry day, the pesky flies and the fact that the Declaration had been discussed for the third day speeded up things to a very great extent. It was mainly due to the flies that the delegates were anxious to speed its adoption. In the midst of this, as a large crowd of people was waiting outside for a word from them, John Adams said: "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish—I give my hand and my heart to this vote!" And a strong voice rang out: "This document is as nearly perfect as it can be. I suggest that we adopt it and escape these abominable flies!"

FRANCES: It is almost unbelievable, yet it is very convincing. . . .

MR. HREN: Of course it is. The crowd was anxiously waiting outside and the sexton was all ready to ring the bell. At this moment loud voices were heard within the hall: "All right! I'll vote for it! So will I! We will, too!" A determined gentleman said: "Then let's send out the word to the waiting crowd! I'll tell them!" The door opened and the crowd cheered as a delegate solemnly and enthusiastically proclaimed: "Fellow countrymen, the Continental Congress has just adopted a Declaration of Independence, proclaiming the thirteen original colonies of America free and independent states!"

FRANCES: It must have been wonderful. . . .

MR. HREN: It was more than that—it was momentous! Voices were heard: "Ring the bell! The Liberty Bell! Proclaim liberty throughout the land!" The crowd went wild with cheers, the big bell was ringing and the people swell into "America" in spontaneous singing. . . .

FRANCES: My, that was thrilling! (Chuckling) So that's how flies helped make American his-

tory! To think that flies actually hastened the signing of the Declaration of Independence on July 4!

MR. HREN: Oh, but they didn't sign it on the 4th. FRANCES: They didn't?

MR. HREN: The Declaration of Independence was adopted on that day—and that's why we celebrate the Fourth—but the actual signing of the document did not take place until August 2—almost a month later!

FRANCES: Oh, I didn't know that! Where is the Declaration now?

MR. HREN: In a hermetically sealed frame to protect it from light and air—and on display in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

FRANCES: What an amazing story that was. I knew flies were an awful nuisance. Sometimes I wish I could go where there weren't any!

MR. HREN: I don't know where that would be!! Flies can live anywhere that man does. At least some kind of fly.

FRANCES: Is that so!

MR. HREN: And even under the most unfavorable conditions they manage to survive. For instance, there is a high waterless mountain down in Chile in South America—where plant and animal life cannot exist under the natural conditions. The only living things there are the three people at the station established by the Smithsonian Institute for the observation of the sun—a cow, and of course, flies.

FRANCES: Ha! Flies on a mountain top!

MR. HREN: Flies are so common in all parts of the world that for centuries nobody paid any attention to them, not realizing how deadly they are! And yet—the house fly is a killer!

FRANCES: What!

MR. HREN: Yes! He comes into our homes uninvited . . . flits about from place to place . . . alights first on a piece of pie . . . then on an apple in a fruit bowl . . . wipes his feet and leaves thousands of germs in each track! In this way the villainous guest secretly puts poison in our food.

FRANCES: (Shuddering) Why—it's horrible!

MR. HREN: Have you heard that flies kill more people every year than all other man-killing beasts! (Girl gasps) That they have killed more people than all the wars that have been fought on earth?

FRANCES: I know that they carry germs—but I had no idea they killed so many people.

MR. HREN: It is only in the last century that men have discovered the great danger of flies—and have taken measures to exterminate them. They have discovered that the bacteria carried by flies transmit some of the worst diseases that afflict mankind.

FRANCES: That reminds me—some time ago you promised to tell me how they can count the number of bacteria on a single fly!

(Concluded next month)

OUR SCHOOL

WINNERS

IN THE "OUR SCHOOL" CONTEST
for the first six months of 1939

Prizes

A total of \$100.00 in cash prizes has been awarded to various contributors of the Mladinski List after a careful study of all their work during the first six-month period of this year.

Judging

The judging was done on the basis of quality, general interest, worth to the publication, consistent interest in the magazine, and uniqueness. The work was judged from every section and department of the magazine, except the Pen Pal letters. Perhaps something will be possible in this line at some future date.

Comment

It is impossible and unfair to judge the value and quality of the work awarded prizes simply by the amount given. We fully realize that in a number of cases the amount we were able to give is far below the real worth of the contributions. Again, in some of the one and two-dollar awards, the work is no comparison to some of the higher awards. But we feel that we have distributed this sum in the best way possible so that some acknowledgement is given to everyone who earnestly tried to make our magazine better.

Further Prizes

At the end of the second half of this year, another sum of \$100.00 will be awarded, as previously announced. We are looking forward to a general improvement in the quality of the contributions now that our readers have an idea of the type of work we like to receive from them.

THREE GRAND PRIZES OF \$10.00 EACH TO:



JOSEPH ZUPANCIC, age 16, 4745 Modac Way, Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge 118, for his good original drawings, two of which were used for the cover page of our magazine. Joseph's work shows that he is seeking to establish his own style in his art work.

OLGA KNAPICH, age 17, R.R. 3, Box 714, Girard, Kans., Lodge 225, and secretary of Circle 11, for her articles on membership, juvenile circles, and the SNPJ, and for her activity within her Circle as shown by her letters in the "Circle" section as well as in the Prosveta.



JOHN POKLAR, JR., age 16, 927-A W. Scott St., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 16, and active member of Circle 4, for his many articles and his publicity and reports about his Circle.

Two Awards of \$8.00 to:

FRANK PADAR, JR., age 16, 222 Wyckoff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge 580, for his May Day cover drawing, his interesting articles on his hobbies—block printing and carpentry—and another article on Union.



CHARLES LA SAKER, age 15, 309 Fayal Road, Eveleth, Minn., Lodge 69, for his crossword puzzles.

Four Awards of \$5.00 Each to:

LAWRENCE GARM, age 16, 994 Stambaugh Ave., Sharon, Pa., Lodge 262, for his three drawings and a novel crossword puzzle.



Two Awards of \$4.00 Each to:

BORIS BRUCE, age 17, 9807 Ave. L., Chicago, Ill., Lodge 610, for two good crossword puzzles.



SYLVIA ZUPANCIC, age 13, 4745 Modac Way, Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge 118, for her verses.



FRANK ZUPON, age 15, 546 Forest Ave., Johnstown, Pa., Lodge 82, for his crossword puzzles.

Two Awards of \$3.00 Each to:

DOROTHY ZAGAR, age 15, Box 312, Gilbert, Minn., Lodge 61, for her three original drawings and a crossword puzzle.



ANTONIA SPAREN-
BLEK, age 15, 746 Haugh St., Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge 575, for her drawings and article.



ANDREW W. FURLAN, age 9, 1316 Chestnut St., Waukegan, Ill., Lodge 568, for his interesting travel talks about his Yugoslav trip in every issue.



JOSEPHINE VIDMAR, age 10, 2027 W. Garfield Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge 747, for her articles of good content.

Awards of \$2.00 Each to:

- ALICE SEDEY, age 17, 209 Adams Ave., Eveleth, Minn., Lodge 69, for a crossword puzzle.
 DOROTHY DERMOTTA, age 15, Box 101, Avella, Pa., Lodge 292, for her drawings.
 MARY AMBROZIC, age 16, R. D. 5, Box 188, Crafton Branch, Pa., Lodge 88, for her articles.
 TONY ADLESICH, age 16, Snowball, Ark., Lodge 433, for his crossword puzzles.

Awards of \$1.00 Each to:

- JUSTIN MARTINCIC, age 13, Box 684, Canonsburg, Pa., Lodge 138.
 VALENTINE PAKIS, age 15, 967 E. 77th St., Cleveland, O., Lodge 147.
 ANNIE BOZANIC, age 15, Box 92, Worcester, N. Y., Lodge 393.
 JOHN DRAGER, age 15, 528 Fairfield Ave., Johnstown, Pa., Lodge 3.
 DAVID SADLER, age 14, Box 128, Library, Pa., Lodge 386.
 HELEN SROKA, age 13, 1075 Miler St., Warren, O., Lodge 321.
 VIRGINIA LEE WASHINGTON STONICH, age 11, R. R. 3, Box 135, Pueblo, Colo., Lodge 21.
 EVELYN STROVAS, age 14, Box 15, Rugby, Colo., Lodge 299.
 FRANK ULYON, age 13, Box 394, Sheffield, Pa., Lodge 378.
 LUCILLE TAUCHAR, age 13, 317 Second St., Rock Springs, Wyo., Lodge 10.
 HELEN NAHTIGAL, age 16, 33 Heintzman St., Toronto, Canada, Lodge 648.
 MARY VIDMAR, age 12, Coketon, W. Va., Lodge 29.

EDUCATION IN OUR SOCIETY

Why is education necessary to the welfare of our Society? Every lodge or organization has to educate its members to keep them interested in its affairs. Through education we have maintained our cherished American institutions, freedom of speech, thought, etc. In this same way we can maintain the ideals of our Society. Through our official organs, the Prosveta and the Mladinski List, our education is being carried on.

Both of these organs, the Prosveta and the Mladinski List, have Slovene and English sections for all the readers, adult and juvenile. By education, I don't mean just propaganda for the Society but a combination of Society doings and helpful suggestions for all. The members appreciate this dual education afforded them and their interest is renewed. They begin to attend their lodge meetings, read their lodge literature, and take part in the general affairs.

Our Society can help its members to become better American citizens. Many of our members cannot speak English very fluently. Most of them read the Prosveta or the Mladinski List. They enjoy what they read and it helps them. If they become better American citizens, the whole Society will ben-

efit from it. First, it will receive favorable publicity which means more new members, and second, it can become more influential in all affairs. The use of our two papers is the way to educate our members.

JOHN POKLAR JR. (age 16),
 927-A W. Scott Street,
 Milwaukee, Wis. (Lodge 16)

HOBBIES

Every person should have a hobby. It is a diversion from schoolwork and the many activities of the day. A hobby is a pleasure rather than tedious task. And there are many kinds of hobbies with which a person can occupy himself. For instance, there is stamp collecting, collecting autographs, building model planes, sailing toy sailboats, and a host of other interesting hobbies. These hobbies occupy our free hours and give us a useful and sometimes profitable occupation. Many well-known people have hobbies.

Have you ever seen a collection of autographs of famous people? It makes you wish you owned them. You see all those famous names before you and it makes you wonder if your name will ever be on someone's autograph card. Or did you ever see a stamp collector's pride and joy, his stamp collection? He has stamps from foreign countries and from all over the world. You learn that he has made many new acquaintances in securing his stamps. He has also made a profitable enterprise.

A hobby is the result of some hidden talent which otherwise would not be revealed. Everyone should have a hobby if he wants to enjoy the things around him. What is your hobby?—(Please, next time write in ink. Thank you.—Ed.)

JOHN POKLAR JR. (age 16),
 927-A West Scott Street,
 Milwaukee, Wisconsin. (Lodge 16)

THE DUTIES OF JUVENILE CIRCLES

The Juvenile Circles of the Slovene National Benefit Society are a new institution. The first one was organized about a year ago in Walsenburg, Colorado. But there is an older circle, organized two years ago, in Thomas, W. Va., now Circle No. 16.

What are some of the duties of our juvenile circles?

First of all, our circles have been organized to teach the juvenile members of the Society to know their organization and its purpose. This in turn will make them better members and will expand the Society by getting new members. It is the duty of each juvenile member to attend all regular and special meetings of their circle. It is also each member's duty to learn the true meaning of fraternalism as practiced by the SNPJ and help bring in new members.

As far as we know we have succeeded in our work. Most of this work is being done at our meetings and through cultural and sport activities. We know that sport activities are necessary for our circles. But to keep juvenile members in our organization when they are grown up, we must teach them all that there is to be known about our So-

ciety. Then they will know what this organization really is and what it means to them. Besides baseball and other sports, we must know the principles of our organization. That's why it is necessary that our circles teach their members freethought and democracy.

The best place for this are our circle meetings at which articles and stories published in the ML could be read and discussed. Our programs and parties should also be so arranged. Our circles should be a real school for us youngsters. These circles are roots of our organization and the growth of our Society is greatly dependent on their success. Our parents joined this organization because it gave them protection and because it is a true friend of labor. It is our duty to carry on their work and make the SNPJ even bigger and better in the future.

Let's all help our adult members in their fraternal work. Let us remember that their organization is our organization!

JOSEPHINE VIDMAR (age 10),
2027 W. Garfield Avenue,
Milwaukee, Wis. (Lodge 747)



THE FIELD WORKER

Drawn by Dorothy Zager, age 15,
Gilbert, Minn., Lodge 61.

THE SNPJ'S ANNIVERSARY

This year we are celebrating the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Slovene National Benefit Society. Many lodges and federations are observing this event with programs and entertainments. In this the juveniles are cooperating with the adults. We all like these celebration.

The juvenile members have their own circles and the grownup young members have their own English speaking lodges. The time has come for us younger members to be active in all SNPJ affairs. Our forefathers have built a fine organization for us and it is up to us to fall in line and take up the good work and continue it for a bigger and better SNPJ. We must carry on. We must stick to the SNPJ to the end of our lives, not only now when our parents are paying the assessment for us.

If we take our pioneers' place in the organization, it will continue to grow and progress. We must remember that this organization has always been helping its members. And it will help us now and in the future when we grow older. Besides this, we are getting our Prosveta and the Mladinski List which are teaching us many good things. Let's help build a greater and stronger SNPJ!

STANLEY VIDMAR (age 11),
1129 So. 15th Place,
Milwaukee, Wis. (Lodge 16)

HIDE AND GO SEEK

This isn't an everyday occurrence although it is common enough in winter.

Did you ever promise to meet someone at a specific time and place? How did it turn up? This one didn't.

I had promised to meet my sister during the Christmas season at a car stop. I waited and waited until an hour went by. I said to myself, "She will surely come now." But Lady Luck was not in my favor. In spite of that, I waited. It was a very cold, wintry day which made it difficult to breathe. In order to keep warm, I went window shopping. It's great fun.

When she still hadn't shown up, I began to imagine all sorts of things that might have happened to her. Perhaps she had missed her car, or she had been injured. My mind was in a turmoil. After having waited an hour and a half, I took the trolley home.

My sister came home a few minutes after I did—thoroughly disgusted. I was in the same frame of mind. She asked where I had waited. It developed that I had misunderstood her, for she told me to meet her at the Interurban Station. She also came to look for me at the place where I had waited, but when she got there, I had gone. It was like a game of "Hide and Go Seek." Julie caught a cold, but I was lucky enough to get off with cold feet.

Moral: Understand directions or pay the consequences.

ANTONIA SPARENBLEK (age 15),
746 N. Haugh Street,
Indianapolis, Indiana. (Lodge 575)

IT'S A FACT

That Atlanta, Ga., has 350 churches with more than 100,000 members representing 20 denominations.

That ever since its conquest by the Spanish in the 16th century, Mexico has been the leading producer of silver in the world. Half of the country's land surface is mountainous.

That rattlesnakes, owls and weasels often share the burrows of the American prairie dog.

That domestic demand for farm products increased during 1939.

That land held by money lending agencies range from one-half to one per cent in New England to 64.9 per cent in the northwestern central states.

That the first printing press in the Western hemisphere was set up in Mexico City in 1539.

That a man in Georgia got all the way through kindergarten, grammar and high school and into his third year at college before making a single grade below A.

That once mated, a male fox remains single the rest of his life if his mate dies, but if the male dies, the female gets a new mate; the female is called vixen and the male is called fox.

That hazel and brazil nuts rank first in food value, followed by chestnut, almond, walnut, and peanut.

That energy produced by a person speaking for five years would light a twenty-five watt lamp for only one minute.

That Colorado's lowest land is 3,340 feet above sea level.

That Montana's geographical center is in a kitchen sink. State surveyors, seeking the exact center of the state, found the point was in the town of Lewistown in the home of a doctor and in his kitchen sink.

That in desert ranges of the west, sheepmen sometimes cover snowdrifts to slacken melting and so furnish water for a longer period. This water tides them over the early dry season.

JOHN POKLAR JR., Milwaukee, Wis.

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THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF SNPJ

Thirty-five years ago, a group of progressive Slovene workers, who thought it was necessary to form a fraternal organization based on freethought principles, founded the Slovene National Benefit Society.

Today, this Society is recognized as one of the largest and best Slovene fraternal societies in the United States. To be sure, there were many hardships which confronted our founders, namely, economic, social and political, which the society sought to overcome. These same problems are with us even today. But today we have an organization of which all of us can well be proud. Further cooperation between the older and younger generation is necessary for continued progress. It is the duty of the older members to help the younger members, and it is the duty of the younger members to cooperate with the older members. The young lodges should secure new members and build up their lodges. To have a strong society it is necessary to procure more new members.

The future of our Society depends on the younger generation, but not without the help of the older members. Both must work hand in hand, and then the SNPJ will live for many years to come. It is a well-known fact that the SNPJ has helped thousands of its members and our people in general. Its benefits have helped many a family in time of need. The SNPJ was far more effective than other organizations because of its progressive principles, materially and educationally. Its organ, Prosveta, and its juvenile monthly Mladinski List take care of the educational side of the question; its sound insurance benefits have taken care of the material help.

The founders of the SNPJ must be given due credit for their splendid work. It is because of their work that we today enjoy the many good things offered to us by our Society. May the SNPJ keep progressing, growing and spreading its noble work for

many years to come. Congratulations and best wishes to the SNPJ on its 35th anniversary!

MARY AMBROZIC (age 16),
Box 188, R. D. 5, Crafton Branch, Pa.

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WATER FRONT

Drawn by Lawrence Garm, age 16,
Sharon, Pa., Lodge 262.

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DETERMINED TO SEE ROYALTY

On May 17 the Empress of Australia docked at the ancient citadel of Quebec and for the first time in history a reigning British monarch and his queen disembarked and set foot on Canadian soil. They visited various Canadian cities before coming to my home town, Toronto, where they spent eight hours before proceeding westward.

I saw the royal couple no less than four times. My first sight of them was a poor one, so I was determined to see them again and so were countless others, for such an occasion occurs but once in a lifetime. After the king and queen passed us on our first view we dashed through short-cuts to another spot where they were scheduled to pass by. The motorcycle "cops" were seen leading the way and controlling the traffic. The Royal Dragoons, dressed in bright red coats and blue trousers, topped by their gleaming, gold-colored helmets and mounted on beautiful thoroughbreds followed the motorcycle police. Behind the Dragoons came the royal car which carried the king and queen. As they passed, the queen raised her right hand, smiled, and waved to the people while the youthful looking monarch who was dressed in naval uniform, took the salute. At this moment the huge crowd broke out into a cheer and kept on cheering till their voices were hoarse.

They were now headed for the legislative building where they met the famous Dionne quintuplets who came all the way from Callender in order to see their rulers. In a private chamber the famous five curtsied before their king and queen and to the surprise of their parents and nurses, one of the sisters ran over to the queen and kissed her. The queen kissed her back in return. Then the other four sis-

ters dashed over to the queen and went through the same unexpected procedure. One of the sisters, who apparently thought the king was being overlooked, went over to him and offered him her flowers. I didn't see the quints but it was really a treat to read it in our local papers.

After visiting the quints, the king and queen toured more of the city and then went to Woodbine Race Track where they witnessed the annual running of the King's Plate which was won by Archworth. On leaving Woodbine, they again motored through the streets and as all knew the route they were to travel through, the people were ready to greet them again. On both sides of the streets the people were packed like "canned sardines." The royal car was in sight and soon it passed us. This time I was no less than five or six feet away from the couple, which view I would not have missed for the world.

Then they visited the military hospital and chatted and shook hands with the veterans. So interested were they in the veterans that they remained in the hospital an extra half hour. From here they filled out their remaining touring schedule of Toronto.

At approximately 7:45 the king and queen boarded the royal train at the Union Station and were headed for their next destination. The people even knew at what railway terminal they were to pass by, and so did I. Thousands, including myself, lined up on both sides of the tracks and anxiously awaited the arrival of the royal train. The people placed coppers, nickels and dimes on the tracks so the royal train could pass over them and thus leave them a souvenir of the royal visit. The train was seen at a distance puffing away and slowly approaching us, and there on the end of the train was the queen standing beside the door and waving to us. The train had now gone by and the smiling queen could

be seen at a distance still waving to us. Finally it was out of sight and the people picked up their souvenirs of pressed coppers, nickels and dimes and headed for home with memories of seeing the king and queen in person.

FRANK J. NACHTIGAL JR.,
33 Heintzman Street.
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

EDITOR'S NOTE—We appreciate your interest in reporting whatever the incident, but we do not think much about Canadian democracy that worships the useless royalty.

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IT'S A FACT THAT

The planet Mars has two moons: Deimos and Phobos.

Plantations of the Gold Coast, West Africa, annually grow about 250,000 tons of cocoa, more than half the output for the entire world.

Fossils are not all made of the same material.

Poisons of various animals are used considerably in treating ailments. Rattlesnake poison is used in yellow fever work, and that of the cobra is a heart remedy.

Pigs are the only animals that will eat primroses.

Traffic fatalities are down approximately 13 per cent in 1939 over the same period in 1938.

Two thousand of the 42,000 doctors in England are women.

A physician says a woman's foot will be shaped like a horse's hoof in 100,000 years, because of feminine footwear. Horseshoes would cost less anyhow, and wear longer.

Nickle steel was first used in a locomotive boiler shell in 1904.

Contrary to popular belief, the ostrich, when hiding, conceals his body and leaves only his head exposed so that he may watch the movement of his foe.

The public library of Buhler, Kansas, is in a filling station.

At birth the approximate weight of a baby elephant is between 160 and 200 pounds.

Abalone shells are used in the manufacture of toilet and novelty articles.

Water is the chief constituent of all living things.

Englishmen spend about 100,000,000 (what?) a year for pleasure.

In England 400,000 letters are posted daily with either a wrong address or none at all.

A 20-pound fish weighs only about one pound in salt water.

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



SUMMER WOODS

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

MORE ABOUT MY HOBBY

Walking through the woods and studying nature is really fun. In the spring, when everything is in bloom, I go out to gather wild flowers and buds from different trees. These I put in water and watch them open up. It is also very interesting to watch the birds build their nests and as time goes on the little birds grow, grow and fly away.

In the summer it is wonderful to see what nature can really do. Now that everything is really in bloom, the trees, shrubs and everything else, it is more than joy to see the wild animals graze and grow nice and big.

In my walks through the woods I have seen many deer grazing around swamps and streams of water. They are quite tame out around here. You can stand and watch them for quite a while before they run away. You can imagine what a thrill I get when I make some sort of a noise and scare them away. Gee! how I love to see them run.

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

LABOR EDUCATION

Many a time it seems as though everyone has seen the need for workers' education, except the workers themselves. Labor leaders have long recognized the need for an informed rank and file, but the task was to convince the membership rank. Almost all unions have educational programs for their members. Labor education has made tremendous strides in the past ten years.

As unions have grown in size the demands made upon its leadership have become more difficult and complicated. A labor leader today must have an understanding of human nature and economics.

In order that a union will progress all members, new and old, should have experience in democracy. They should also know something of the historic forces at work in this world creating the history today and tomorrow. Workers should accept the personal responsibility for the success or failure of their union and its program. And, most of all important is that each person must feel to be responsible for social conditions as they are everywhere.

There are numerous problems involved in workers' education. There are many people who endeavor to solve the problems of today and also those of tomorrow.

As far as the worker himself is concerned the public school system has failed to provide youth with an understanding of the society in which we live.

MARY AMBROZIC (age 16),
R. D. 5, Box 188, Crafton, Pa.
(Lodge 88)

WHEEL OF PROGRESS TURNS

Hurray—for the SNPJ!

Its great name will never die;

We will forever be loyal and true.

Yes, dear SNPJ—only for YOU!

We'll keep the spirit of pep within you,

We will grit our teeth and say "It's do or die."

Let's go now, members, can't you hear our cry!

We must carry on our work under the banner of the SNPJ. The wheel of progress is steadily turning, forever advancing. The future of the Society is bright and very promising. The new blood injected into our lodges by the addition of new members will make it even stronger.

Our Society has many local lodges and many able leaders. Cooperation is the keynote to real and steady progress. Where there is no cooperation there is no progress. For the future progress of our Society we must learn to do one thing—to cooperate.

We are all progressing only so far as we are cooperating. The wheel of progress keeps turning in direct proportion to our work. The branches must be kept moist and not dead or withered. This means that we must be active in our circles and lodges; that we must keep on writing and contributing articles to the Mladinski List and Prosveta, and that we must constantly look for new prospects, especially so this year—during the anniversary year of the SNPJ.

The prospect for a successful campaign has been greatly enhanced by the settling of the coal strike. This should stimulate interest in our lodges so that they will add many new members to their fold. We simply must reach the goal of 3500 new members by the end of 1939!

All future plans of our Society must also rest upon the degree in which the younger members will cooperate and help the wheel of SNPJ progress turn faster. We cannot expect too much from the older members, for they already have contributed their share and are still doing their part. We must cooperate with them and take their advice in order to succeed. They have the necessary experience and knowledge that is necessary in making our campaign a success.

We need the active support of all the juvenile members. This means that we must have full and loyal cooperation if we are to succeed.

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

A NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Some of you who have submitted various types of work that has not been published in the M. L. have sent inquiries as to why your work was not used.

Our only explanation in this case is that we expect a certain quality in your contribution. If your poem or drawing does not meet at least reasonable requirements, we can do nothing but reject it. Also we cannot enter into private correspondence with each contributor and give him reasons and explanations. You may be assured that anything of reasonably good content will be published in some issue of our magazine.—EDITOR.

Not Missing Much

"But, Betty dear," advised her mother, "you are not getting all the peelings off the potatoes!"

"Yes, I am, mother," replied little Betty, "all except in the dimples."

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



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

JUVENILE STARS' ACTIVITIES

STRABANE, PA.—The two local SNPJ branches—lodges 138 and 589—as you have already been informed, organized a Juvenile Circle in the Strabane-Canonsburg district several months ago. And weren't the children happy to hear the good news!

At our meetings we have a very good time, and now the boys and girls are getting ready to play softball. The boys said they are going to learn to dance by the time they are eighteen years of age. Maybe they will turn out to be real jitterbugs.

Our Circle is No. 19 and its name is "The Juvenile Stars." Walter Frank received 50c for the name he suggested. Our circle meetings are held on the first Tuesday of each month. Don't forget to be at the SNPJ hall on that date, and bring more new members.

This is my second letter to the Mladinski List and I hope it's not the last one. I have four brothers and we all belong to lodge Pioneers 589. Mother and Dad belong to lodge 138. I hope Sylvia, Libby and Mildred would write to the ML and I'll be looking for them at the next circle meeting. I am also trying to get some new pen pals. I'll write more next time. JOSEPHINE GERMVSEK, Circle 19, Box 225, Strabane, Pennsylvania.

FROM JOLLY KANSANS CIRCLE

ARCADIA, KANS.—The Kansas SNPJ May Day celebration was held at Frontenac in the Eagle hall and the members of the Jolly Kansans juvenile circle participated, actively. Our Girls' Trio, accompanied by our Adviser, Mary Shular, rendered a few Slovene and English selections and they sang very nicely. Bro. A. Shular gave an interesting speech which was enjoyed by all. Circle President Henry Jelowchan played on his accordion and gave a short talk about our circle activities. Then the SNPJ

films of Slovenia were shown which proved to be very beautiful. I never thought that Slovenia was so beautiful until I saw those films. Dance followed, and after the dance everybody, young and old, went home happy.

I haven't written to the Mladinski List for a long time, but from now on I intend to write regularly. I enjoy reading the ML very much, especially the articles on "Biographies" and the stories about "Our Organization," and many others. I would appreciate it very much if some pen pals would write to me. I would gladly answer all letters. So—come on, Kansans, wake up and write!

I wish to add that I am now a member of the Jolly Kansans Juvenile circle and I enjoy being a member of this group because I have met many new friends.

FANNIE GALICICH (age 15), Box 137, Rural Route No. 1, Arcadia, Kansas.

JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 20

AGUILAR, COLO.—I think it was already reported that our SNPJ lodge 381 succeeded in forming a juvenile circle. That was about two months ago. George Chelon is president of this circle; Rose Ann Paulovich, vice president; Frances Kosernick, secretary and recording secretary; Fred Chelon, treasurer.

Our Circle is No. 20. We are all very proud that a circle was formed. At the present, there are 30 juvenile members in our circle, but we hope to get more in the near future. Bro. Jos. Kolenc is our adviser.

Well, summer is here and with it our school vacations. On May 18, I graduated from elementary school. I hope to write more next time.

FRANCES KOSERNICK (age 14), Box 199, Aguilar, Colo. (Lodge 381).

THE EVER-ACTIVE JUNIOR ALL STARS

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Spring has come and summer is here, and as usual, writing time comes again.

The Junior All Stars juvenile circle held their regular meeting on May 6 at Ripple's hall. We made plans for our baseball practice and also for an outing to be held one day after school closes, on June 24. The park that was chosen was Greenfield Park because it has a nice swimming pool and boat-riding facilities. Everybody was allowed to bring their friends along.

Bro. Leo Schweiger, our adviser, and a few of the other older members, were not at the meeting because they were at the SNPJ bowling tournament in Cleveland. We have a number of other activities planned for this year. Our singing club was put off until September. After our meetings we had community singing which, we hope, will be repeated next fall. Several of the girls took turns playing the piano and the rest of the members present sang. Of course, the girls did most of the singing because the boys are rather bashful. Then we had soda and delicious sandwiches.

We have been bothered with some hot weather early in May which caused a drop in attendance at our meetings. But I think more members will attend the meetings as the weather gets cooler. The Senior lodges will celebrate the 35th anniversary of the Society in September and many of our members will attend this affair.

Our circle will be a year old on July 16. So this will be our First Anniversary! Much has been accomplished in this short time and we shall do much more in the future.

A short time ago I ventured to say that there would be twenty or more juvenile circles by the end of this year. My wish has been realized with one-half the year gone. This juvenile circle idea has spread rapidly and is still growing. I think that by the time 1940 comes around—there will be twenty-five or more juvenile circles. And so it's time to close this letter. I'll write more next time.

JOHN POKLAR JR., 613 W. Virginia St.,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

CIRCLE 7 SELECTS ITS NAME

GIRARD, OHIO.—At last—the endless search is over! A name has at last been found for Circle No. 7—"Dawn of Youths." This name was suggested by Sister Mary Margaret Matekovich who is a member of our circle.

We have not only found a name but we have also discovered that spring (and even summer) is in the air. Each second Saturday of the month, on the date of our meetings, we all gather together at Noagotha's hall in Avon Park. One Saturday, as we were walking across a bridge, we all stopped to look at the blue stream of water below. One of the members exclaimed, "Look, pussy willows! That's a sure sign of spring!" We all agreed with that. Of course, that was not the only time we found it was spring. We also found it was spring at the meeting. Many of the members sat thinking of

what they were going to do that afternoon, paying no attention to what was going on. . .

Finally, we asked them what we were talking about. They looked at each other and didn't know what to say. One of the members looked at them and said, "stop daydreaming and pay attention." Another said, "Oh, they're not daydreaming—they have spring fever." So they did! Once again we went on with the meeting, this time no one went to sleep on the job.

At our monthly meetings we have great fun together. While we are waiting for the members to arrive we talk, tell jokes and once in a while we sing a few songs. During the meeting we discuss our business and make plans for the coming summer. We also act out the plays which are published in the Mladinski List every month. We read the juvenile circle letters and learn what they are doing. We are especially interested in reading letters from Circle No. 11 of Girard, Kansas. After we have read everything we intend to read at a meeting, we give our bank award which is a bag of candy. The meeting is then closed and we walk home together.

I want to take this opportunity to congratulate Olga Knapich, of Circle 11, on her wonderful letters she has contributed to the ML about their circle.

Our First Anniversary is just around the corner. In July, our circle will be one year old. We are hoping we can do something to entertain the members of the Golden Eagles lodge 643 and to thank them for starting us out on the trail of the Slovene National Benefit Society, as they did a year ago this month.

We are interested in other circles just as we are in our own. We are asking for letters from other juvenile circles all over the United States. Please write and get acquainted with us. We will be delighted to know you, too. Please address all letters to me; my address is at the end of this letter.

We are sending our congratulations to all juvenile circles and hope they are making progress just as we are. Best regards to all.

BERNICE LUKZ, President, Circle 7,
333 E. Hazel St., Girard, Ohio.

"ALL-AROUND" JUVENILE CIRCLE

SHARON, PA.—Our juvenile circle, as already announced in last month's ML, was organized on April 23 at a special meeting at which juvenile members of lodges 31, 262 and 755 were present—thirty, to be exact. This meeting was successful and temporary officers were elected.

The second meeting of the All-Around Juvenile Circle (our circle's name) was called to order by President Marie Stambal, Sunday, May 21, at 4 p. m. at the Slovene Dom. This was really our first regular meeting which marked the beginning of a new SNPJ juvenile circle and many young boys and girls were present.

At this meeting the minutes were being written down by the new secretary, Norma Trobentar.

Our circle officers are: Marie Stambal, president; Evelyn Trobentar, vice-president; Norma Troben-

tar, secretary; Junior Zickar, treasurer; Albert Locnikar, sports manager.

As mushball is a favorite sport among young people of Sharon, especially the younger folks, a team made up of boys belonging to the circle has been organized. Albert Locnikar is our sports manager, and a very capable one for this position, I am sure. The name of the team is "The Slovene Juniors."

On May 27, Sunday, the Juvenile Circle presented a one-act playlet and program, with a dance after the program.

Hoping that this juvenile circle will be as great a success as the others that have been organized, I am closing with the desire of being a devoted member and contributor to the Mladinski List.

FRANCES STAMBAL, 1084 Sherman Ave., Sharon, Pennsylvania.

FROM CIRCLE NO. 11

FRANKLIN, KANS.—

Again I am writing to this wonderful magazine which I enjoy reading from cover to cover each and every month. I do hope that many other juvenile members throughout the United States like the ML as much as I do.

Now that we had our May Day Celebration, I will tell a few things about it. First, we had an interesting program consisting of speeches, vocal and instrumental numbers, duets and solos. Anton Baina and Henry Jelovchan played accordion duets and solos. Olga Knapich, Mary Nolim and Dorothy Karlinger sang Slovene and English songs. Brother A. Shular and Bro. J. Bratkovich made speeches. Then we saw the beautiful SNPJ films of Slovenia. The entire program was very interesting.

Our last meeting was held at the Franklin hall. After the meeting we had refreshments, and then we played armoryball which was lots of fun.

The Mladinski List is getting more interesting to read every month. I enjoy reading it very much because of its many interesting features: articles, stories, letters, etc. There is a variety of reading matter in it, enough to interest every reader.

We are having beautiful weather out here in Kansas which everybody enjoys. I wish more members from the Jolly Kansans circle would write and get actually interested in this magazine. Come on, Jolly Kansans, get to work and write to this magazine as soon as possible.

DOROTHY KARLINGER, Box 45, Franklin, Kansas. (Lodge 92)

CIRCLE NO. 9 PRESENTS PROGRAM

CRESTED BUTTE, COLO.—Our May circle meeting was held on Mother's Day, on the 14th. On this day the juveniles presented a short playlet for the Senior lodge. A large number of members attended

this affair. We hope to have more affairs of this kind in the near future. We would appreciate it very much if some of our near-by lodge members would come along and bring the juveniles into this movement and get them interested in our circles.

The following program was presented on Mother's Day: 1. The SNPJ, welcome address by the Secretary of Circle 9, Crested Butte. 2. Sextette, given by six members of the same lodge. 3. Trumpet duet, by two members. 4. Talking Dolls. 5. Flowers for Mothers.

I wish we would get more of these copies from the Main Office. (What copies do you have in mind?—Ed.)

MARTIN TEZAK, Circle No. 9, Box 581, Crested Butte, Colo.

A BRIEF REVIEW

GIRARD, KANS.—The first meeting of Circle 11 was held at Casa Veechia hall in Camp 50, Oct. 9, 1938. A large attendance was on hand. The following officers were elected: Henry Jelovchan, president; Mary Nolim, vice president; Olga Knapich, secretary; Mary Shular, adviser.

On the 30th of the same month, a wiener roast and hobo day was given by the circle. On Nov. 6, our second meeting was held. Due to bad weather a smaller number of members attended. Mary Nolim, vice president, chose the name for the circle—"Jolly Kansans." And on Dec. 4, our third meeting was held at Breezy Hill and a large number of members was present. Plans were laid for our first Christmas party and program for Dec. 18 at Frontenac. The party was held as scheduled, Dec. 18, and a very large crowd of young and old members attended; presents were given to children. This concluded our 1938 circle activities.

The new year was ushered in and our circle was rarin' to go. Our first meeting of the new year was held at Yale at the SNPJ hall Jan. 8. Our 1938 officers were reelected, with the exception of the treasurer, Jennie Lampe being elected for that office. Mary Shular was retained as adviser.

On Feb. 5, our regular monthly meeting was held at Bro. Shular's home. A large attendance was on hand. In absence of the president, the vice president conducted the meeting.

On March 5 we met at Casa Veechia at which time plans were discussed for our future activities and for summer sports.

If Betty Jean Ales were present at the Feb. meeting she would have received the 50c attendance award for the month. The award was therefore automatically increased to 75c for the March meeting. (This brief review will be continued in the next issue.)

JENNIE LAMPE (age 14), R. R. 3, Box 863, Girard, Kansas.

NOT EVEN A NO-MAN

"A young man, said the ready-made philosopher, 'should learn to say 'No'."

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornloss, I feel that my boy Joe ought to take at least that much trouble. When I ask him to help around the place he simply gives me a haughty stare."

ROSTER OF JUVENILE CIRCLES AND OFFICERS

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

Circle No. 2—Cleveland, O. (137)—Marian Travník, President; Sophie Kobal, Vice-President; Anna Čebuli, Secretary; Frank Chapello, Treasurer; Antoinette Šimčíč, Manager.

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

Circle No. 4—Milwaukee, Wis. (16, 584)—Frank Primožich, President; Leon Sagadin, Vice-President; Mary Poklar, Secretary; Sylvia Poličnik, Treasurer; Leo Schweiger, Manager.—Meetings every other Saturday at 2:00 P. M.

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

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

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

Circle No. 8—Euclid, O. (158, 450)—Lillian Koller, President; John Knific, Vice-President; Margaret Bucar, Secretary; Louis Janecic, Treasurer; Joseph Mekind, Recording Secretary; Mary Dodie and Frances Tegel, Managers. Meetings on third Tuesday of every month.

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

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

Circle No. 11—Girard, Kans.—Henry Jelovchan, President; Mary Nollimal, Vice-President; Olga Knapich, Secretary; Mary Shular, Manager.

Circle No. 12—Cleveland, O. (126)—Frank Peternel, President; Josephine Jersin, Vice-President; Irma Juretic, Secretary; Josephine Cukojne, Treasurer.—Meetings every 2nd Friday of the month at 7 P. M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our Pen Pals Write (Naši čitateljski pišejo)

MILDRED'S "HELLO AND GOOD-BY"

Dear Editor:—By the time this letter will appear in the Mladinski List—school will be definitely out. Our examinations started early in May. I hope all ML readers had good luck.

Since this is my last letter to this magazine, it is going to be rather long. I will be 17 years old July 29, but I will probably write one more letter for the Mladinski List. And I do hope that more members would write so as to take the place of those of us who will transfer to the adult class. I have noticed that many of the older writers have reached that age and will no longer contribute to this magazine, although they can still write if they wish. Another thing which I have noticed in the past years, is the fact that during the summer months fewer members write than during the winter months. In summer everyone is more active outdoors and there is less time for writing.

Edward Kutzler, a ML reader, plays on the Slovene Hour on Tuesdays, and I think he is swell. The Perkovich orchestra also plays sometime and I wish everyone could hear them play. Edward plays the accordion. The orchestra consists of four pieces. They come to town on Sundays from Chisholm sometime and play various pieces.

In Buhl, early in May it certainly looked and sounded like spring. In our football field the flood-lights and seats were almost finished. This field will improve Buhl quite a bit. At school we had a sewing exhibit displaying our work for the half-year period. Also, early in May we had a banquet.

And now, as I am saying good-by to the ML, I want to thank all those who wrote me such fine letters and kept me happy. Please continue to write to this magazine and make the Editor happy. So long! I hope you all have a fine summer vacation. I want you to know that I will continue to read the Mladinski List and will be looking forward to seeing your letters in it. At this time I want to say that I wish Louis Janecic would write to me. Best regards to all.—Mildred A. Panyan, Box 339, Woodridge Ave., Buhl, Minnesota.

WANTED—PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—This is my very first letter to the Mladinski List, but I am sure it is not my last. I am a new member of the SNPJ and belong to lodge 275 in Maynard, Ohio. I get much pleasure and enjoyment reading the Mladinski List.

Perhaps a brief introduction will not be out of place. I am fifteen years of age and I am in the tenth grade in school. I like to read very much, especially the Mladinski List because it is very interesting. In it we find many educational articles and stories and other information.

I, too, would like to have pen pals. I would appreciate it very much hearing from many juvenile members of the SNPJ who read this magazine. Best regards to all. As I said in the beginning of this letter, I will write again.—Anna Sivak, Box 191, Maynard, Ohio.

WRITING ISN'T HARD WORK

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List, and I hope there will be many more coming from my pen for this magazine. When one forms the habit of writing it is not as hard as one might think.

I am 14 years of age and graduated from elementary school on May 18, 1939. I would appreciate it very much if other members of the SNPJ would write to me. I promise that I will answer every letter.

The SNPJ lodge 381 has formed a juvenile circle with George Chelon as its president, Rose Ann Paulovich as vice president, Frances Kosernick as secretary and recording secretary, and Fred Chelon as treasurer. Our circle number is 20. We are all very proud that a circle was organized here in our town. There are thirty juvenile members in the circle. Brother Joe Kolenc is our director. I wish to add that my father was not working when this letter was written, May 22.—Frances Kosernick, Box 199, Aguilar, Colorado. (Lodge 381)

STANKO SE UČI SLOVENSKO

Dragi urednik!—Upam, da boste priobčili moje slovensko pismo v Mladinskem Listu. Star sem 12 let in sem v 6. razredu v šoli. Sedaj pa je šola za letošnji konec. Pričela so se šolske počitnice. Vsi se jih veselimo. Jaz menda najbolj.

Pri nas v Coverdalu so ustanovili mladinsko pevsko društvo. Prav dobro se učimo petja na pevskih vajah. Poleg tega pa sem se naučil tudi slovensko pisati. Seveda gre težko naprej. Upam, da boste vse moje napake popravili. Hvala!

Želim vam povedati, da govorim slovensko mnogo bolje kot pišem. Moja mama mi vedno pravi, naj nikar ne pozabim materinega jezika. Zelo sem vesel, da sem prava slovenska korenina. Moj oče in mati sta oba Slovenca, četudi ima naš priimek italijansko končnico. A to nič ne de—Slovenec sem in Slovenec bom ostal dokler bom živ!

Vsi rudarji v drugih krajih so se že vrnili na delo. Tukaj pa so imeli nekaj sitnosti radi plače. Upam, da se bodo kmalu poravnali.—Pošiljam pozdrave moji teti in stricu v Youngstownu, Ohio, in Miku

Nemcu, mojemu bratrancu. Upam, da mi bo še kaj pisal. Pozdrav uredniku in vsem čitateljem M. L.—Stanley Nuncijs, Box 493, Coverdale, Pa.

CRESTED BUTTE IS BEAUTIFUL

Dear Editor:—I am writing these lines to let you know something about our beautiful town, Crested Butte, Colorado, which is located high in the mountains. But we all like it here because it is so nice. Colorado is known for its natural beauty and its scenery.

Our winters are very long. Some say that they last nine months. But although they are long with lots of snow, we finally got some nice spring weather. Everything is nice and green which makes our town and the mountains very beautiful.

We also have a juvenile circle in our town. Our last meeting was held on Mother's Day, May 14. The juveniles gave a short playlet for the Senior lodge and a fair number attended. We hope to have more parties in the near future. We would like to have our near-by lodge members come to our affairs. In the circle column of this issue I am giving the program which was presented on this occasion.—Martin Tezak, Box 581, Crested Butte, Colorado.

INTERESTING M. L.

Dear Editor:—I have been wanting to write to the Mladinski List for some time, but I never got "around to it." And this is my first letter to the ML Our Pen Pals Write column. I hope to write oftener from now on.

I am thirteen years old and belong to the SNPJ lodge, Juvenile Circle No. 19, which was organized several months ago. There are about one hundred members in the circle.

I have been reading the Mladinski List every month and I think it is very interesting. I have enjoyed all the stories and articles in it. I wish the ML would continue with its good work.—E. Chesnic, Box 203, Strabane, Pa.

VACATION TIME

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 8 years of age and go to Minnequa school. I am in the second grade. I find my schoolwork very interesting. I have a brother who is five years old; he goes to the kindergarten. I think that next year he will go to the first grade. I will be in the third grade next year, I hope.

Our summer vacation began on June 2. I like to play baseball, especially after school. And now I am learning to swim. I enjoy this sport very much.—I like to save all copies of the ML so that I can look at them when I grow up. I find many good things to read in this magazine. And I hope to hear from some of the pen pals. Best regards to all.—Marion Marich, 1708 E. Abr., Pueblo, Colorado.

MORE PEN PALS WANTED

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List and I hope it isn't my last. Of course, that's really up to me.

In my last letter I asked for a pen pal and I got one, Mary Podnar, from Kentucky. I would like to have about two more pen pals.

At school we have a paper which is published every month, called the Ju. Yo. Crier. It costs three cents a copy. I am on the feature staff. Our editor is Louise McCracken. Our assistant editor is Julia Seneta. We have a new staff, and we also have reporters.

I wish the boys and girls of Ambridge would get busy and write to this wonderful magazine of ours, the Mladinski List. Best regards.—Agnes Hertneky, 317 Merchand Street, Ambridge, Pa. (Lodge 699)

POMLAD IN POLETJE

Dragi urednik!—Tudi v Minnesoto je prišla pomlad. Zima jo je dolgo zadrževala. Zadnje dni v maju je postalo toplo. Drevje zeleni, rože cveto in ptički veselo prepevajo. Tudi ljudje so veseli, bolj kot pozimi.

Zunaj, na vrtu, je vse zeleno. Tudi solata je pregrnila s svojimi listi zrahljano gredo. Mi dečki pa rajamo in se igramo. Tekamo po bregovih in gričih. Ob jezeru je zelo lepo. Tudi ribe gredo lovit. Pomlad je res lepa in poletje tudi. Največ veselja imamo mi otroci. Moj brat Johnny gre rad ribe lovit in jih mnogo obsodi na smrt. Potem se pa mi z njimi gostimo. Ribe so jako dobre. Tudi solata je dobra. Vse je dobro, kar naša mama skuha. Nihče ne zna tako dobro kuhati. Menda znajo vse mame dobro kuhati za svoje otroke.

Tukaj je kratka pesmica: Janezek je šel na jago, dal je puškico na ramo, a srečala sta ga dva medveda, ki sta Janezka ujedla. Micka pa je štrene prala, kar rdeča kri priplavala. Ona k temu nič ni d'jala, kar k nji zelen klobčič priplava. Ona šopek je poznala, saj ga sama je zvezala. In tako dalje.

Upam, da bom prihodnjič spet kaj napisal. Pozdrav vsem!—Louis E. Perkovich, 304 East Oak Street, Chisholm, Minnesota.

POMLAD HITRO MINE . . .

Dear Editor:—Pomlad se je hitro poslovila in že so nastopili vroči poletni dnevi. Čas gre res prehitro naprej. Posebno pomladni čas. Vse je bilo tako lepo, pa je šlo. Samo par dni je bilo vse v cvetju. Na sosedovem vrtu raste lepo drevo. Bilo je kot en sam cvet. Ljudje so se kar ustavljali in ga občudovali. A to je bilo le par dni. Zapihala je lahka sapica in cvetje se je osulo.

Zakaj? Kako to, da vse, kar je lepega in dobrega, kmalu izgine? Ne vse—mnogo je lepih stvari, ki so vedno med nami. Tudi dobrih ljudi je mnogo. Naš Mladinski list nas redno obiskuje. To je tudi nekaj lepega.

Nam clevelandskim Slavčkom tudi cvete pomlad. Veseli smo in pojemo kakor slavčki. Kdo bi ne bil vesel? Za 11. junija smo se pripravljali, da gremo v Pittsburgh na veliki mednarodni koncert. Čitala sem, da nam je v ta namen naša napredna organizacija SNPJ poklonila lep dar. Iskrena hvala za to dobro delo na polju kulture slovenskega naraščaja. Saj pa smo brezmalaj vsi člani SNPJ.

Upam in želim, da se bomo videli tudi v Chicagu

na koncertu. Obilo uspeha želim SNPJ v njeni letošnji kampanji!—Violet Vogrin, 19515 Kildeer Ave., Cleveland, O.

A LETTER FROM CANADA

Dear Editor:—Once again I wake up and write to the M. L. The reason I didn't write before was that I was too busy. But I was very glad to see that there are at least two Canadians among us who were represented in the M. L.

We received our report cards on the 1st of June. I was promoted to 4th grade. Our school was scheduled to close late in June. And then—vacation time for all of us.

I have five pen pals: Martha Sitar, Rosie Zaube, Gladys Bartol, Margie Bartol, and Mary Klevisher. I am making a scrapbook of the royal couple's visit to Canada. I am quite busy these days with school-work and other things, so don't mind if I don't write every month. Best wishes to all SNPJ members.—Nellie Rogel, 231 Kathleen St., Sudbury, Ont., Canada.

POČITNICE NISO ZA VSE!

Dragi urednik!—Juhej! Šolske počitnice so tu! Šolarji se jih veselo bolj ko kdo drugi. Odrasli ljudje se ne morejo veseliti počitnic, ker jih nimajo. Ako imajo delo, tedaj delajo. Če ga nimajo, je pa gorje.

Moj oče pravi, da pot življenja je strma. Vodi nas čez hrib trpljenja. Delavci se morajo boriti za svoj vsakdanji kruh. Delajo od zore do mraka. Za plačilo dobijo prav malo.

Ampak poletni čas pomeni za nas šolarje lepo prostost. Zopet hodimo ribe lovit. In kako lepo je ob potoku ali jezeru. Zjutraj zažari zlato sonce. Narava se prebudi iz spanja. Ljudje gredo na delo. Mi pa gremo lovit ribe. In ko grozi nevihta, se boječe oziramo v oblake, ki se podijo po nebu. Naglo odveslamo s čolničkom k obrežju v varni pristan. Ribe pa se nam menda smeji, ker smo jih pustili pri življenju—zaradi nevihte. Nekaj ribic pa le ujamemo. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem M. L. in uredniku!—Joe Rott, 18815 Chickasaw Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

HURRAY, SCHOOL'S OUT!

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading this magazine because it is very interesting. I wish it would come more often.

Our school was out in May, and weren't we glad! We held a picnic at Lincoln Park in Pittsburg, Kans. We enjoyed the park very much. There are many nice trees and many acorns on the ground. In the trees we saw squirrels and they were eating the acorns.

My brother Rudy graduated from Cockarill High School on May 19.

Our last two circle meetings were held at Franklin and the third one was also scheduled to be held there. Before the meeting we played cards, "Old Maid," which our adviser brought. She brought games for the smaller children. Then the boys and girls were prepared to play ball but were rained out. I will try to write to the ML soon.—Frances Kumer (age 11), R. R. 1, Mulberry, Kansas. (Lodge 65)

SUMMER AND TREES

Dear Editor:—Our school was out May 10, and I was promoted to the eighth grade. Now, I miss school very much.

I wish Mary Podnar would wake up and write to me. I have been waiting to hear from her for a very long time. I hope she reads this letter and writes to me. And here is a nice little poem about summer:

I like summer best of all
Because the trees grow nice and tall.
They spread their limbs so very high,
Until they see the beautiful sky.

I will write more next time. Until then—regards and best wishes to all.—Mary Ostanek, 124 Vine Street, Forest City, Pennsylvania.

JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg



This month we also extend our congratulations to the winners of the M. L. contest, for I am sure we all appreciate their endeavors to make our magazine a most interesting publication. It wasn't possible to offer prizes to all of our active participants. Many of our most active Juvenile Members are in our Circles, we know. That's why we're dedicating our page to those worthy institutions this month.

Some Circles haven't names and are known by numbers. Unfortunately, we couldn't include all of these in our ditty. If any circles with names are omitted, it is because we fail to have that information.

Can you guess the name of the Juvenile Circle at the end of each rhyme? For example:

The first to unite for good-will and fun
Was Walsenburg's Circle—No. One.

1. We're not so sure about the Man from Mars
But Milwaukee can boast of the Junior
"-----."
2. It's hard to beat these Cleveland youngsters;
They've vim and pep—The
"-----."
3. Out in the West there's a Circle of bustlers;
Known by a long name—"-----"
4. A prominent man was late Will Rogers
But we are proud of the Cleveland
"-----."
5. Out in the state of the prairie lands
There's youth and vigor in the
"-----."
6. Hard work does not these Juniors phase
Because they're Milwaukee's
"-----."
7. In a large city, only one Circle gleams
It's just a new one—The
"-----."

8. They chose a name meaning freedom, equal rights;
They are Cleveland's—
"-----."

9. We'd travel far and wide with planes or cars
To visit and chat with Strabane's
"-----."

10. We don't know how good they are as ball players
But for good sportsmanship they're No. 1, these
W. Va.—-----.

Each of the following rhymes is incomplete. Can you supply the correct last line, selecting one from the three at the end of each rhyme?

1. A Society that has organized
Its younger members in work and play
Into what is known as CIRCLES
 - a. Has proclaimed a Slovene holiday.
 - b. Is our own S N P J.
 - c. Had a party in the month of May.
2. There are large stars in the heavens
That twinkle large and bright;
Among the biggest stars in S N P J
 - a. Are those believing that might is right.
 - b. Are the Pioneers with vim and vite.
 - c. Shine the circles with their light.
3. To hear from friends of different states
Read stories, enter contests too;
Is all made very possible
 - a. Through the M. L. sent to you.
 - b. By the flowers blooming blue.
 - c. When you dance the Suzy—Q.

(All answers to riddles on Just for Fun page are found on the back inside cover page)

WHEN WE PLAY

Compiled by Ann K. Medvesek



What satisfaction they get out of play will determine the length of time children will play.

Who Are Your Neighbors?

The following game is played in the dark. The players are seated in a circle, and "It" stands in the center with a flashlight. As he flashes his light on one of the players he asks, "Who are your neighbors?" He then flashes the light on the neighbors. If the player who was asked the question cannot name his neighbors, he becomes "It." But if the player names his neighbors correctly, "It" asks, "How is So-and-So?" naming the neighbors. If the reply is "All right," the players remain seated, but if the answer is "Not so good," the players change seats. While this moving is going on "It" tries to get a seat. If he is successful, the one without a seat becomes "It."

Obstacles

A circle is formed. "It" and the player who is to be chased, stand on the outside of the circle. Just outside of the circle, two obstacles, exactly alike have been placed. These obstacles may be barrels, one for the runner and one for "It" to climb through. Whatever the obstacle may be, the one being chased cannot run back to his place in the circle until he has gone over or through the obstacle, nor can "It" tag him before he also has jumped over or through the obstacle.

A rope which must be jumped or any other obstacle which is awkward to climb over or through may be used.

Kick Baseball

This game is played exactly like Indoor

Baseball except that a football is used instead of a baseball, and that no pitcher is needed. The football is placed on the ground at the home plate and is kicked by the "batter." The "batter" is not permitted to pick up the ball off of the ground to kick it. It must be kicked right off the ground. Foul lines are the same as for regular Indoor Baseball.

If the batters are too big and husky, and they kick the ball too far away to make the game interesting, a rule may be made that all kicks be made with the left foot.

Water Dash

The players seat themselves on the beach in their bathing suits. Two of the players stand in front of them, one of which holds a glass full of water. The other player decides upon some flower and whispers it to the one holding the glass of water. The remaining players begin guessing the name of the flower.

Suddenly one of them gets the water dashed in his face because he has guessed the right flower. The guesser then becomes the one who must decide upon some flower; while the one whose place he takes becomes the water thrower, and the water thrower becomes one of the guessers.

Birds, animals or colors may be used instead of flowers.

Under Cover

One swimmer is "It" and tries to tag some other swimmer who must get under water to be safe. Anyone who dives and gets under cover is safe from being tagged—for the time being.

Introducing Book Friends

Reviewed by Betty Jartz



The explorer, Richard E. Byrd, in his most recent book *Alone*, tells about the harrowing experiences he lived through during the four and one half months he spent at Advance Base, in the South Pole.

Little America is the main weather station, in the South Pole, located on the edge of the great Ross Ice Barrier. Bolling Advance Base was an inland weather station situated on a line between the South Pole and Little America. Advance Base was the outcome of four years of planning and developed out of Byrd's interest in polar meteorology. The idea had occurred to him that weather observations made at an inland post, when correlated with data obtained at the same time at Little America, would possibly reveal the atmospheric conditions in the Southern Hemisphere.

It would be well, before we go any further, that we attempt to understand the term meteorology. Meteorology is the science dealing with the atmosphere, especially in reference to the variations of climate and weather.

The extent to which the North and South poles influence the weather has not yet been determined. Some authorities have ventured to say that each pole is the weather maker for its respective hemisphere.

The plan for establishing Advance Base had originally included three men to man the base—two weather observers and a radio operator. However, by the time Little America was reached the polar winter was drawing near, and the increasing cold and darkness made it dangerous to travel inland; because of this it was impossible to transport supplies for three men. Because of the risks involved, Byrd could not bring himself to appoint any one man—so, he went alone.

It may interest you to know that the snow found in the antarctic is altogether different

than the snow you kids form into balls to toss at each other. The reason for this is that the snow has been fused by cold, rather than heat. The snow there is hard and brittle—like sandstone. It can't be formed into snowballs, because the icy particles won't hold—they separate and crumble. The snow is a pure white and transparent as ice. To attempt to dig this snow would be like digging into rock; footprints leave as much an impression as they would on rock.

I never before realized just how cold it can get in the regions situated at the remotest extremities on either end of our globe. Many a time, Byrd and his men left the flesh from their fingertips sticking to cold, metal implements. Canned liquids froze and shattered their glass containers. A flashlight would dry out at 50 degrees below zero—at 60, the cold would penetrate to the remotest drop of oil in an instrument and disable it.

Byrd says, "If there is the slightest breeze, you can hear your breath freeze as it floats away, making a sound like that of Chinese firecrackers."

The crisis, in the drama being enacted at Advance Base, was reached when Richard Byrd was made seriously ill by carbon monoxide fumes escaping from cracks in the poorly fitted stove-pipe joints of his oil-stove. Fumes also accumulated from the engine used to generate electricity to be used in his radio contacts with Little America. Some intimation of Byrd's serious condition must have reached his men at Little America, through his messages which were, at times, incoherent.

Before leaving for Advance Base, Byrd had stressed that no attempt be made to reach him under any circumstance, till the polar night had passed. The hazards were

too numerous. But a group of three men did set out before the scheduled time and reached him safely. I can imagine what a relief it must have been to Byrd to have his fellowmen about him once more.

Two months lapsed before Byrd recuperated sufficiently to return to Little America. And so—Richard E. Byrd lived to tell you and me about his experiences.

Interesting Hobbies

Stamp Collecting

The first collector collected whatever stamps that came his way—collected them for whatever interest he could derive from it, and for the pleasure that it would give other people. That is the basic idea of every sound hobby.

Nowadays, in looking over collection after collection, one finds a huge quantity of stamps, page after page of mint singles, mint blocks, mint sheets. Were the postoffice to issue larger sheets than the usual size, these collectors would covet them, too. Perhaps it's just as well that no enterprising wallpaper manufacturer has issued a wallpaper with stamp designs. We're sure if he did, these collectors would have mint sheets (or even rolls) of wallpaper stamps in their collections.

For the collector, or rather, we should say, for the business man who desires to invest his idle cash in another venture, the collecting of mint stamps, sheets and other novelties is more than welcome by the dealers as well as Mr. James Farley. It's business; but it's NOT collecting.

The real honest-to-goodness collector is the person who collects stamps in moderate albums with his moderate means, and collects 'em used! After all, the entire story of philately is told in the cancellation on a used postage stamp. It has done its part in the parade of progress. It helped someone to receive a letter, perhaps a vital message of help, or just a cheery word.

This talk of positions, plate numbers, cracks and so on are very interesting and take a world of knowledge to understand, but only a few of the masses can become interested in it. It's too technical, too specialized.

One may argue the fact that a mint stamp is really an unborn stamp, for it hasn't done the duty to which it was born. One may grant the fact that an uncanceled stamp is a miniature painting, yet a clean cancellation will give the non-collector a further insight in the duties of a stamp and will tell him from what town that particular stamp has been sent. There are many stamps in the catalog which have a far greater value if cancelled than in original condition. Some such items are not to be had for love nor money.

Several weeks ago it was mentioned in the news that a collector had won a medal or ribbon for a beautiful collection of USED stamps, whereas his

rival for the same ribbon or medal had the same collection entered in mint condition. Naturally, the mint collection was by far the more valuable one as far as actual worth in dollars and cents can be measured, yet the used collection—with a fraction of the cost of the mint investment—won.

One wonders what the average collector thinks of this question of what to collect. Shall it be mint or unused?

JOKES

1. Why does the Statue of Liberty have an eleven inch arm?

Answer: Because if it was twelve inches it would be a foot.

2. Constantinople is a big word. Can you spell it?

Answer: It.

3. Thirty white horses upon a red hill, now they go, now they stand still. What are they?

Answer: Teeth on gums.

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

FOURTH OF JULY

By Sylvia Zupancic, age 13,
4745 Modac Way,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Listen! From that yard . . . what do you hear?

Why, of course, they're all celebrating the Fourth this year!

*Look! Our black cat jumped up with fear
She has never heard such noise so near.*

"Bang!" There's a firecracker. What a noise you make!

Doesn't this all get you excited too?

Whoops! Watch out! Didn't you see that?

Why, a firecracker almost blew off your hat!

Look! There's a sparkler, and a sky rocket, too.

See that Roman candle with the flame so blue.

Don't miss a thing and keep your eyes open wide.

It's Fourth of July on every side.

Our Beautiful World

By Elsie Mihelich, age 11,
602 S. 26th St.,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Our world is a beautiful thing

With all the birds to sing

With flowers growing at our feet

With their scent so sweet,

With the sun to keep us warm

And houses to cover us from the storm.

We should be so happy to live on this earth

And be so glad because of our birth

Be so glad because we dwell here

Be glad because of our parents so dear

Our brothers, sisters, neighbors, friends—all that be,

What a happy world to live in for you and me.

"DIZZIE DOTS"

YOU COMPLETE THE PICTURE

"Boys," says Timmy Tiger, "we better not go swimming today—What do YOU say?" . . . Let's draw a line from dot to dot and see the reason why.



ANSWERS

to

35TH ANNIVERSARY PUZZLE

By Frank Zupon

ACROSS

2. Curb. 5. Sp. 8. En. 10. Sari. 12. Lar. 14. Ran. 16. Pollute. 18. Omni. 19. Otoo. 20. EE. 21. VH (given). 26. To. 28. Site. 30. Seme. 32. Polygon. 35. AAA. 36. Ana. 37. Poem. 39. RS. 40. SB. 41. Dean.

DOWN

1. Aero. 3. U. S. 4. Rap. 6. Pluto. 7. Tree. 9. Name. 11. Il. 13. Atom. 15. N NE. 17. Lo. 23. Lion. 24. Atlas. 26. Tea. 27. Omar. 28. Span. 29. Ey. 31. Easy. 33. GP. 34. Nee. 38. Ma.

Answers to Circle Rhymes:

1. All Stars. 2. Jolly Jesters. 3. Spanish Peak Hustlers. 4. Dodgers. 5. Jolly Kansans. 6. Violet Rays. 7. Integrity Teens. 8. Liberalites. 9. Juvenile Stars. 10. W. Va. SNPJers.

WRITING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT

It is believed by philologists (people studying origin of languages) that the earliest writings run from right to left. The ancient Egyptians wrote this way and so did the Phoenicians. As a consequence, all the Semitic languages with the exception of the extinct Assyro-Babylonian and modern Ethiopic were or are written from right to left. All other written languages used in the world read from left to right with the exception of Chinese and Japanese which read from top to bottom and in columns from right to left.

Diner: "There is something wrong with these hot dogs."

Waiter: "Well, don't tell it to me; I am only a waiter, not a veterinarian."

ANSWERS TO ORIGINAL PUZZLE

of Frank Zupon

ACROSS

1. Fob. 3. Bi. 4. Et. 6. Sob. 7. Lao. 9. Relay. 13. Blest. 17. Oval. 18. Mph. 20. Date. 21. B A. 22. Paean. 23. An. 24. Odor. 27. Pew. 28. Hare. 30. Tenor. 32. Cadet. 33. Day. 35. Fat. 36. Ma. 37. It. 38. Mat.

DOWN

1. Fib. 2. Bel. 3. Boy. 5. Tab. 6. Sal. 8. Old. 9. Robot. 10. Evade. 11. La. 12. Speed. 14. Ea. 15. Stare. 16. Tenet. 18. Map. 19. Haw. 25. On. 26. Rod. 28. Hat. 29. A. D. 31. Ram. 32. Cat. 34. Yam. 35. Fit.

Answers to riddles on Just for Fun page:

- 1.—b. Is our own S N P J.
- 2.—c. Shine the circles with their light.
- 3.—a. Through the M. L. sent to you.

RIDDLES

Why does time fly?—Because so many people are trying to kill it.

Which vowel has the jolliest time?—U, because it is always in the midst of fun.

What grows smaller when you add to it and larger when you add nothing?—A hole in a stocking.

Who was the first whistler and what was his tune?—The wind when he whistled "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Why is "B" like a fire?—Because it makes oil boil.

Why must a physician keep his temper?—Because if he doesn't he will lose his patience (patients).

Why is a coal stove like an artist?—Because it is no good unless it draws.

What is the difference between a farmer and a seamstress?—One gathers what he sows and the other sews what she gathers.

We Have Another Campaign

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To work—all of you!

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