

MLADINSKI LIST



A JUVENILE MAGAZINE FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES
JUNE **1940**

MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

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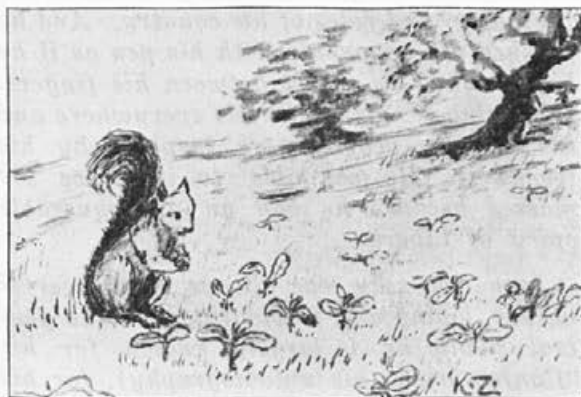
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Veeverica

Katka Zupančič



Naj le bodo, naj le bodo
prazne shrambe po duplinah,
saj me čakajo drugod še
sladka jedrca v lupinah.

Pol igraje, pol stikaje
našla bodem vse po vrsti;
je zabavno, je prijetno
stikati po prsti.

Haj, hej, tukaj sem! Jedra ven!
Toda—jojme!—kaj je to?
kopljem, iščem vse zaman . . .
Z jedri—vidim—nič ne bo.

Jamice sem tod kopala,
vanje sem želod poskrila;
a vse kaže, prav vse kaže,
da le hrastke sem sadila . . .

Evo vam dokaz, ljudje:
upi vsi ne zvodene.
Naj mi prav je, ali ne—
upi moji zelene . . .

Darilo materi

Katka Zupančič

Sem deklica majhna, nikamor ne smem,
kljub temu za mamo po rožice grem.

— Vrtnček za hišo, oj, dober dan!
Mi cvetke ponujaš—ne bodo zaman.

Tu, novčič ti dajem in bodi vesel:
za cvetje dobiš kaj, nič za plevel.

Nikar ne žalujte, rožice mile,
saj boste od mame poljubček dobile.

In lomi in puli, sred grede vrti se;
utrgano cvetje pa v krilcu tišči se.

Razmršeni vrtec ji tiho kriči:
— Trda je šola, ko skušnja uči!

O dete nevedno, pomisli, kaj bo —
ko mamica mene ugledala bo . . .



Birthdays of the Great Men

By LOUIS BENIGER

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

This is the birthday month of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the great French philosopher and revolutionary writer whose works have had a great influence on modern thought. He was born on June 28, 1712, in Geneva, Switzerland, where his parents established themselves at the time of the religious wars. His father was a watchmaker and a lover of good books. It was through his father that young Jean received his early education.

Rousseau's mother died soon after his birth and when he was 13 his relatives apprenticed him first to a notary and then to an engraver from whom he ran away two years later. Then began a series of wanderings and adventures. Through the aid of his friends Jean began to study literature, music, chemistry and religion. In his early 20's he became a private tutor. At this time he lived mostly in Paris and Geneva and in 1743 he became secretary to the French ambassador in Venice.

When he returned to Paris he met such prominent writers as Voltaire and Deroit. Voltaire's writings on philosophy inspired him to continue his studies and stimulate him to write. In 1749, at the age of 37, he suddenly made his mark as a great writer when he won a prize for his first essay on "The Discourse on the Arts and Sciences." His essay was an immediate success and took the artificial society of his day by storm.

Rousseau continued writing and produced several more "Discourses" on such important subjects as "The Origin of Inequalities Among Mankind," on "Political Economy," on "Social Contrasts," "Education," etc. It is said that his brilliant "Discourses" more than anything else brought about the French revolution. Rousseau was also an eloquent orator.

Jean Jacques Rousseau became a tremendous power in social life. He had been exceptionally placed to perceive the social

unease which was brewing at this period. With one stroke he uncovered the evil—the corruption and inequity of society. Public opinion seized upon it and gave it a revolutionary meaning. His flow of ideas increased by the unprecedented triumph and poured forth.

Rousseau was full of scorn for the morals, prejudices and rules of his country. And he crushed his opponents with his pen as if he had crushed an insect between his fingers. His biting sarcasm was felt everywhere and the common people were inspired by his teachings. He was able to influence the masses because he had an unconquerable spirit of Liberty.

Jean Rousseau was always of a cheerful nature, loving and fascinating. To the general public he is largely known for his "Confessions" (his autobiography), for his "Emile," "Julie," "The Village Soothsayer" and "The Reveries of a Solitary Walker." It was the "Confessions" more than any other of his works, however, that had the greatest influence on the French and world literature of the following century.

It is interesting to know that Rousseau was a student of Man, and that his master was Nature, even more than books. It was this fact that helped him to discover the great truth that all men are created equal and that all should have an equal share in society. He bitterly denounced the owning classes by saying that the wealthy reduce the human race to slavery.

Rousseau died on July 2, 1778, at the age of 66. His reputation increased after his death more than before. The common people regarded him with something like idolatry.

*

Romain Rolland, the well-known French writer and winner of the Nobel Prize for literature in 1916, last year wrote: "The most extraordinary fact about Rousseau is that not only did he not foresee the consequences of his fame and genius, but that both of these came to him despite himself."

The Clock That Stopped

By Mary Jugg

Have you heard about the weary clock
That said it would stand still?
That things may never older grow:
The clock in the house was still—was still.

And so there passed the days and weeks—
How long it was the clock knew not;
Its watchful eye saw all things stand
Just where they were when it had stopped.

The kitten slept upon the rug;
The little children were upstairs;
No door did open; none did close—
No one paid heed to its vacant stares.

No wind did stir outside; there were
No clouds, nor even moon in sight,
For worst of all for the silent clock
Was that it had stopped at night.

How weary then became the clock
Is more than any lips can tell,
You know the answer: tock, tick, tock—
Began the clock—and all was well.

THE GAME OF STILL POND

This is a good outdoor game. A leader is chosen and blindfolded. The other children go walking around the blindfolded person until he shouts, "Still Pond." No more moving. Each child must stop where he is and must not move. The blindfolded one moves about and reaches out until he touches some one. He feels of the person's hair, dress or suit and tries to guess who it is. If he fails, the person says, "Don't you know who I am?" If the blindfolded child can not then guess from hearing the voice he must give up, and choose some one else to take his place, and the game continues.

Overheard

The following conversation was overheard at the meeting of newly-elected officials of the City Council: "Let us," said one of the aldermen, "put our heads together and make a concrete road."

THE BIRD FAMILY

Birds destroy great numbers of insects, devour so many seeds, and save us millions of dollars. If they did not exist, the world would be overrun by hordes of insects, and we would all be very uncomfortable.

Now let us see how many groups we know—scratching birds: quail, the grouse, the turkey. Shore birds: the plover, the woodcock, the snipe. Perching birds: the thrush, the kinglet, the nut-hatch, tree-creeper, dipper, wren, wagtail, warbler, waxwing, swallow, tanager, finch, blackbird, crow horned lark.

Among the swimming birds are the pelican, darter cormorant, gull tern, duck, goose, swan, albatross. The divers include the loon, grebe, auk, murre, penguin. Birds of prey are the eagle, owl, vulture, condor and hawk. Flightless birds are the ostrich and the cassowary.

JANKO IN METKA

Tone Seliškar

(Nadaljevanje.)

"Pri zdravniku na Bregu!" je dejal Janko presenečen in je pričel pripovedovati zgodbo o utaplajoči se deklici in o dobrem zdravniku.

"Ta je bosa! Kar z menoj na policijo, tam ti bomo vest izprašali!"

Naj se je Janko še tako zagovarjal, moral je iti s tujim možem, ki je bil v policijski službi.

Janko Smola, prav zares, Janko Smola! je mislil zagrenjeno sam pri sebi. Kaj pa sem zdaj? Klen...? Mrena...? Skobec...? Oh, le ubogi človek!

In stopila sta skozi velika vežna vrata.

3

Najsi je bil Janko še tako prepričan o svoji poštenosti, malce ga je le zaskrbelo. To ni navadna hiša. Že na cesti imaš velik strah pred stražnikom, kaj šele tu, kjer so kar v trumah gomazeli po stopnicah. Le kam ga bodo vtaknili? Že si je slikal ječo, verige in druge strašne reči, o katerih so govorili dečki med seboj.

Tako sta prišla v prvo nadstropje. Ječe so vendar pod zemljo? Mož je potrkal na vrata in porinil Janka v sobo, kjer je sedel za pisalno mizo star gospod z naočniki. Počasi je dvignil glavo, odmaknil naočnike in se zagledal v fanta. Mož z naočniki je bil seveda vaje takšnih prilog, saj so se ponavljale dan za dnem in čim hujši časi so bili, več so imeli opravka z mladostnimi tatiči. Mož, ki ga je bil semkaj privedel, je poročal gospodu, kako ga je zasačil na starini in kako da si je malopridnež izmislil bajko o utaplajoči se deklici in zdravniku, ki da mu je podaril suknjič.

"Zgodaj si pričel!" je dejal gospod z naočniki. "Namesto da bi skesano priznal, si izmišljaš zgodbe in si najbrže prepričan, da ti bomo verjeli?"

"Res je, gospod, nisem se zlagal!" je vzkliknil Janko in pogum se mu je vrnil, ker ni bil nikjer opazil nobenih okov in mučil. "Če ne verjamete, vprašajte zdravnika! Saj ima telefon in tudi vi ga imate, kar pozvornite!"

Oba moža sta se spogledala, kajti fant ni neumen. Najlaže se bosta na ta način pre-

pričala. Ko je dvignil gospod telefonsko slušalo in zavrtel zdravnikovo številko, ga je še enkrat hudo pogledal in zarohnel:

"Ampak gorje ti, če si nas potegnil!"

Janku pa je šlo na smeh, kajti že je videl, da se je gospodov obraz razjasnil. Precej časa sta se pogovarjala po telefonu. Torej se je resnica le izpričala! Samozavestno si je pričel ogledovati pisarno in potrpežljivo je počakal, da je gospod odložil slušalo.

"No, prav! Nisi nas potegnil!" je dejal gospod. "In prav junaško in srčno si se obnašal, sem slišal."

Nato je odslovil moža, ki je privedel Janka. Ko sta bila sama v pisarni, ga je potrepljal po rami in je bil kar človeški, dober in mil. Kdo bi si mislil, da so tudi gospodje na policiji tako imenitni ljudje. To mu ni šlo v glavo. Mar tiči za to prijaznostjo spet kaka zvižgača? Janko je postal nezaupljiv in rad bi bil spet na cesti.

"Takšen fant si torej? To že... Toda čemu si hotel suknjič prodati? Zdravnik je videl, da ga potrebuješ, ti pa ga hočeš še isti dan zamenjati za denar! Kaj pa si mislil z denarjem?"

Janko je bil v škripcih. Ali mu naj pove vso resnico, ali naj se zlaže? Kdo ve, če bi ga zaradi očeta ne obdržali? Hud boj je bojeval v sebi, toda želja po očetu je bila le premočna, da bi ga mogel zatajiti. Zato se je razodel prav tako, kakor je zares občutil v srcu.

Gospod je zdaj natančno spregledal vse življenje tega dečka in četudi je že osivel v tej službi, kjer je imel dan za dnem opravka s samimi nesrečniki, ki so po tej ali oni krivdi zabredli na slaba pota, je vendarle vselej živo občutil žaloigro posameznika. Težak je ta poklic. Zakon je strog, zakon ne pozna usmiljenja, zakon pozna le kazen in to je hudo, silno hudo!

"Očetu ničesar ne manjka pri nas. Lačen ni, posteljo ima—le prostosti nima. Na, pojdi mu kupit nekaj tobaka, tega najbolj pogreša! In kmalu se vrni!"

Janko je zdirjal v najbližjo trafiko in ko se je vrnil ves vesel in poln pričakovanja, je že našel v sobi svojega očeta, ki ga je ta čas na gospodovo povelje privedel stražnik iz celice. Navzlic temu, da je oče sedel v zaporu zaradi

(Dalje na 31. strani)

LETTERS FROM THE BALTIC



Alfred Kaer

(Editor's Note: One of the interesting hobbies of *Valentine Pakis*, vice-president of Circle 13, Cleveland, O., is corresponding with pen pals in foreign countries. Valentine has shared his hobby with readers of the M. L. by sending us the letters received from his Estonian friend, *Alfred Kaer*. Here are included only excerpts of what we considered the most interesting sections of Alfred's letters.

It might be added that the letters required very little correction of the English language; in fact, most of the statements here are quoted word for word. It should prove an inspiration to some of our own M. L. correspondents in seeing how one whose mother-tongue is one of the most difficult has mastered the English language.)

1

Parnu, Estonia
Nov. 19, 1938.

Dear Valentine:

I am an Estonian boy 16 years old. I am 169 centimeters tall and weigh 56 kg. My hair is blonde, and my eyes, blue. My hobbies are: stamp collecting, geography, sports (swimming, fishing) and in winter, skating.

I live in the town of Parnu, which is situated on the shore of Parnu Bay. Two rivers flow through the town. Parnu is a seaside port. In the summer many people from Sweden and Finland come to Parnu. The population of the town is 24,000.

I suppose you do not know much about Estonia, because it is a small country. It is a free state; the population is 1,130,000; the capital, Tallinn. The president now is Konstantin Pats. Before 1918, Estonia was under Russia, but after the war with Russia (1918-1920) the Estonians were free.

The Estonians like the sports of wrestling and shooting very much. In these two branches of sports, Estonia has produced many world champions.

... I will be very thankful for all the information you can send me of your native land, U. S. A., and Ohio. I attend the third "form" of Parnu Commercial School. If you collect stamps, I should like to trade some with you. Your pen pal, *Alfred Kaer*, V-Toome 3a, Parnu, Estonia, Europe.

2

Parnu, Estonia
January 4, 1939

Dear Valentine:

... I will write you a little about myself and my

family. We had a little farm near Parnu, but when I was about 10 years old, my father sold the farm and then we came to the town. I attend the Commercial School, in the third "form." The elementary schools in Estonia have 6 "forms." I am taking up Estonian (the Estonian language), German, English, mathematics, commercial arithmetic, geography, bookkeeping, typing, chemistry, gym, shooting, and some commercial subjects which I cannot translate.

In Estonia we speak the Estonian language, which is very like the Finnish, because the Estonians and the Finnish are brother-nations. Estonian is one of the most difficult languages in the world, I think. There are fifteen cases in Estonian. I will give you some Estonian words: letter—*kiri*; friend—*sober*; river—*jogi*; lake—*jarv*; bay or gulf—*laht*; bird—*lind*.

How many lessons have you to study in school every week? We have 36. The lessons begin at 8 o'clock in the morning. We have four classes for boys and four classes for girls. There are 200 students in our school. We have two clubs. One is a shooting club.—*Alfred Kaer*.

3

February 13, 1939.

Dear Pen Pal:

... This year the resort of Parnu has its 100th anniversary and a book about it will be published. In the summer there will also be a great song-festival in Parnu.

... Of course, we do not have such skyscrapers here as you have in America. Do you also live in one of those "gigantic" houses? In Parnu, most of the houses are one and two stories. There are only a few with three and four stories.

On the 24th of February is the 21st anniversary of Estonia's independence. It was on that day in 1918 that Estonia declared its independence. The Estonians had to fight for their freedom against Soviet Russia, and afterwards against Germany, which wanted to conquer Estonia. The war with Soviet Russia broke out on Nov. 28, 1918, and with Germany on June 5, 1919. But already on July 3, 1919 the war with Germany was ended and on January 3, 1920 the war with Russia was ended. Your Estonian pal, *Alfred Kaer*.

4

March 25, 1939.

Dear Valentine:

I want to thank you for all those beautiful post cards and that unusual ring you sent me. You surprised me very much with that nice compass and burning-glass. I have never seen such a one. Many thanks also for those magazines.

... We have paper and metal money; the unit is a kroon (100 senti). Your dollar now equals 3½ kroons. Some years ago I collected coins and

I have some rather old ones from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

... Last week I sent a letter to a Chinese boy in Sarawak (in Borneo) and one to Ceylon. I hope that they will answer me. It takes almost 4 weeks for a letter to reach Borneo from Estonia.

What kind of career do you like? I want to become a seaman. My parents wish that I would be a bookkeeper or an accountant, but I do not like bookkeeping, and the salary of a bookkeeper is poor. They earn only \$35 a month on the average.

What do the Americans think of Czechoslovakia and the German situation? The Estonians think that it was unfair of Germany to occupy Czechoslovakia. The Germans are our historic enemies, and the Estonians think they would rather die than be ruled by the Germans. We do not like war, but when anyone wants to conquer our fatherland, we also know how to fight for our freedom. In Estonia 88% of the people are Estonians; the Germans number only 1.4 per cent; the largest minority is the Russians—about 8 per cent; and there is also a Swedish minority.

Alfred Kaer.

(We wonder what Alfred will write to Valentine now that Russia has his native country under control.—Ed.)

5

April 28, 1939.

Dear Pen Pal:

Thank you for your interesting magazines and pictures. Cleveland must be a fine city . . . We do not have printed newspapers in our schools, because the schools here do not have as many students as those in America.

The Estonians very often attend the cinemas. We have two cinemas in Parnu, and these get new films (movies) twice a week. We have mostly German, American, and English films. Of American films I have seen such as "The Hurricane"; "Marie Antoinette"; "Kentucky"; "The Great Waltz." The movie star in this one is Miliza Korjus. Her father is an Estonian. I have also seen movies with Gary Cooper, Robert Taylor, Wallace Beery, Nelson Eddy, Shirley Temple, Sonja Henie, Loretta Young, Dorothy Lamour, Dick and Doff, etc. I usually go to the movies once or twice in a week.

In Estonia especially such American songs are sung as are heard in the movies: songs from the films, "A Girl from the Golden West"; "May Day"; "Rose Marie" and "The Great Waltz."

On week days we have radio programs from 7:00 in the morning to 9:30; and from 4:30 p. m. to 12 at night. On Sundays and holidays there is a program from 7:00 in the morning to 2:00 p. m. and from 4:00 p. m. until 1:00 at night. We also have advertising on our programs, but only about 10 minutes every day. We have much music and drama for children and grown-ups. On Saturdays and Sundays there are opera and much dance music.

... In Estonia bikes are used very much. There is only 1 car for every 150 inhabitants, but there is

1 bike for every 8 inhabitants. Only rich people have their own car. Bikes are also used a great deal in Denmark and Holland.

Do you read story books? I read a great deal. Of the foreign writers I like best Dickens and Knut Hamsun (a Norwegian). In English I have read Stevenson's "Treasure Island," Dumas' "Monte Cristo" and some more. Of American writers I have read Sinclair Lewis and others. I am sorry there are no Estonian books translated into English; some of them are translated into the German.

With best regards,

Alfred Kaer.

6

June 11, 1939.

Dear Friend:

Our school vacation begins today. The girls and the younger boys got their certificates on the 26th of May, but the boys in the upper class had ten more days of military drill. We worked six hours every day. We had rifle-shooting matches there and our school got the first prize of all the schools in Parnu.

... I intend to spend my holidays in the country. School begins again August 28, and if I am a good student, I can finish next spring.

On the 23rd of June we will celebrate our Victory Day. There will be fireworks all over the country, and in every town and village victory fires are burned. The first fire is kindled by the President, and then motor-bicyclists carry the fire with torches to all the towns and villages. This year the fire-lighting ceremony will be in Parnu. On the 23rd and 24th will be the song-fest, when many choruses will come to sing in Parnu.

Could you write something about agriculture in the U. S.? Are there still such cowboys as I have read about in adventure stories? And about Indians?

With best regards,

Alfred.

7

July 30, 1939.

Dear Valentine:

... Excuse me that I am answering your letter so late. I was in the country at my uncle's farm, and I received your letter today. I spent a jolly time in the country. My uncle has two sons—one of them 16 years old, and we went swimming and rode on horseback. We also helped the older people with their work. Today I was riding to Parnu on my bike and when I was only three miles from my home it began raining cats and dogs, as the Englishman says. I was quite wet when I reached home.

During my month in the country I have almost forgotten my English.

The people in the Baltic states are afraid of the war, and they are buying supplies of salt, sugar, etc.

We plan to go camping in August. Have you made any camping trips this summer?—Yes, I got a letter from my pen pal in Borneo. His name is YiMiSin. He is 19 years old and is working as a draftsman computer.—*Alfred Kaer.*

Trije brezposelni

V. Winkler

Lisica pride k volku:

"Stric, kaj je sreča!"

Volk zagodrnja:

"Sreča je čreda ovac brez pastirja in psa."

Lisica bi rada spoznala tako srečo. Gresta, prideta do črede. Pasla se je brez psa, toda za grmom je ležal pastir, skočil je in jima naložil polno mero sreče po hrbtu.

"To ni prava pot!" sta se odpravila v grmovje.

Lisica ni imela miru in je šla z volkom k medvedu.

"Stric, kaj je sreča?"

"Sreča," je zamomljal medved, "sreča je čebelnjak brez varuha."

Lisici so se pocedile slinice in šla sta po med. Pa v čebelnjaku je dremal stari čebelar s pihalnikom v rokah. Zbudil se je in pobrala sta pete ko tepena psa.

Zdaj so se zbrali v gozdu vsi trije, kislo so se držali ko slabo vreme in tehtali, kam bi krenili.

"Zadovoljna bi bila, če bi dobila službo pri kakem trgovcu z mešanim blagom," se je obližnila lisica.

"Jaz bi bil rad čebelar," je momljal medved.

"Meni bo dovolj, če me postavijo za pastirja," je vzdihnil volk.

Urezali so drenovke, privezali si bisage ter odšli po svetu in spotoma jokaje prepevali:

"Smo trije brezposelni brez sreče, brez doma, kriza nas je hudo prizadela, dajte nam kruha, dajte nam dela."

Ljudje so zapirali vrata pred njimi. Tako čudnih brezposelnih še niso videli. Otroci so kričaje bežali v hiše. Le včasih jih je ustavil kak star skopuh.

"Kakšno delo se vam pa poda?" je bil radoveden.

"Jaz sem izučena trgovka s perutnino," se je pobahala lisica.

"Jaz sem čebelar!" se je priklonil medved in mlasknil z jezikom.

"Jaz pa čisto navaden pastir," je pohlevno dostavil volk.

No, enega samega bi že še kje sprejeli. Vseh treh so se pa bali. Medved, lisica in volk se pa niso hoteli ločiti. Zanašali so se drug na drugega, najbolj pa na lisico. Zato so jim povsod kazali naprej.

Nazadnje so prišli v Kukmanovo. Tam ljudje niso tako natančni. Dobro besedo vzamejo za zlato. Zasmilili so se brezposelni županu in občinskemu možu pa so jih vzeli v službo. Kjer je prostora za eno zverino, ležeta lahko še dve. Umrla je bila stara potovka Urša, izpraznili so njeno kočjo in v njej se je naselila lisica. Odslej naj bi vozila v bližnje mesto kokoši, jajca in pošto. Medveda so prizanesljivo postavili za čebelarja, volka pa za pastirja.

Pomlad se je prevalila v poletje, poletje se je umaknilo jeseni, v Kukmanovem se pa ni zgodilo nič posebnega. Medved, volk in lisica so opravljali svojo službo z veliko spoštljivostjo in ponižnostjo. Lisica je vsak dan ropotala z nizkim vozičkom v

bližnje mesto, bila je kot prava potovka, tudi pisano ruto je nosila. Znala je govoriti, zlahka je vse prodala, le to se je zdelo Kukmanovcem, da se je v zadnjem času perutnina hudo pocenila. Nezaupljivejši so oprezovali potovko. Niso je mogli zalotiti pri prevari. Tudi medved je pridno čebelaril in volk je bil dober pastir. Kukmanovski župan in občinski možje so se prevzetno bahali drugim vasem: "Nismo mi hudobni ljudje, še živali nas imajo rade. O, tudi volk in lisica se dasta udomačiti."

Sredi jeseni so pa prišli ljudje iz sosednjih vasi.

"Zdaj pa zapik!" so rekli. "Že vse leto nam neki spak krađe kokoši. Ali ni to vaša potovka? Tudi čebele nam nekdo premetava. In ovac je vsak dan manj."

Kukmanovci razburjeni, župan se je pridušal, možje so kazali pesti. Nazadnje so se pobotali, da je gotovo kaka pomota. Šli so oprezovat za lisico. Pravkar je nakladala kokoši v voziček.

"Vidite!" so zakričali ljudje. "To so naše kokoši."

In že so vlekli vsak svojo z vozička.

Lisica je nedolžno in na pol začuden pogledala župana in občinske može. Ko pa je videla, da ne iščejo ne gorjač, ne polen, temveč kar s pestjo, lop! po njej, je stisnila rep med noge in jo pocedila čez drn in strn.

Pa je Kukmanovce prišlo, da so šli gledat še za medvedom. Našli so ga, ko je ravno razbijal velik panj. Z gorjačami in cepci so ga pregnali in tekli na pašo. Tam se je pastir volk mastil z najlepšo ovco. Tisto je pač priznal, da ni kukmanovska, ukradel jo je bil pri drugi čredi.

"Zapik!" so rekli ljudje in pljunili v roke. Volk jih je nesel polno mero.

Spet so se sešli na križpotju sredi gozda medved, volk in lisica.

"Bridka sreča, komaj sem se privadil čebelar," je godrnjal medved.

"Dvakrat bridka," je razkladal volk. "Po dolgem izbiranju najdeš pošten kos in ga moraš pustiti."

Spet so začeli brskati po cestah in prepevati:

"Smo trije brezposelni brez sreče, brez doma, kriza nas je hudo prizadela, dajte nam kruha, dajte nam dela!"

—Naš rod.

Scarkljanček

Zakaj me pa, mama, pošiljaš na vrt?

Na vrtu me zebe, je sapam odprti.

Si rekla, spominčice naj ti sadim,

se rajši pri tebi na stolčku držim.

Si rekla, gredičice grabiti naj grem,

sem rajši pri tebi in štrukeljčke jem!

Si rekla, naj travci bi mladi zalili,

bi rajši pri tebi malinovčka pil.

Nikar ne pošiljaj me mama na vrt!

Na vrtu me zebe, je sapam odprti.

Ni travce mi mar, ne gredičice, ne rož,

bom rajši pri tebi, da sama ne boš!

Naš rod.

Spring Stirs Mother Nature to New Life

CAST:

Mr. Johnson, mature, warm, friendly
Elizabeth, interested and interesting

MR. JOHNSON: Good morning, Elizabeth. Today we'll take a trip to a fascinating corner of the world of natural science. Last week I left you with a statement that fishworms do not "rain down," as many people suppose.

ELIZABETH: Then how do the fishworms get up on our roof when it rains?

MR. JOHNSON: (Chuckling) That's right. Well, Elizabeth, it's like this: the worms that crawl out of the ground during a storm are often picked up by hungry birds, carried to rooftops and other out-of-the-way places, and accidentally dropped. This has led many people to believe that earthworms rain down.

ELIZABETH: (Laughs) Is that all there is to it?

MR. JOHNSON: (Chuckles) That's all there is to the fishworm story, but here are some other interesting facts. The warm spring rains stir Mother Nature to new life and vigorous activity, and that's what April means—it is derived from the Latin word "Aprilis" and signifies an opening period of life. The word April, has also come to mean a state of emotional inconstancy, because of the frequent alternation of showers and sunshine in April, which bring forth the beautiful spring flowers—so how would you like to explore the woodlands with me now, to see what we can find?

ELIZABETH: Oh, that'll be fine! Let's go!

MR. JOHNSON: All right, I am ready, and we'll start to explore right from the start. We'll go to the nearest woodland which is only a few blocks away.

ELIZABETH: I'm ready—let's go.—

MR. JOHNSON: Here we are, out in the open and already approaching the woods.

ELIZABETH: It's so beautiful out here.

MR. JOHNSON: It is. While we are roaming the woods here, let me call your attention to something beautiful under foot.

ELIZABETH: Oh—hepaticas!

MR. JOHNSON: Yes, that's what it is.

ELIZABETH: But why are the leaves all dead?

MR. JOHNSON: Those leaves aren't dead. . . Hepatica leaves live for two years—they are evergreen.

ELIZABETH: Evergreen? Why, they aren't green, they're brown!

MR. JOHNSON: They turn brown in the winter to protect themselves from the sun.

ELIZABETH: Why? The sun isn't hot in the winter.

MR. JOHNSON: When cold weather comes, the hepatica leaves are dormant, and even though they become frozen, they still live. If the leaves would remain green, they would attract the warm rays from the sun, and this would

cause the cells in the leaves to burst and kill the plant.

ELIZABETH: Then why doesn't the plant die in the spring?

MR. JOHNSON: In the springtime, hepaticas grow up right through the middle of a cluster of old, brown leaves, but soon after, the plant produces new leaves. In the fall—after the trees have shed their leaves, it produces a second crop of leaves—and they make food which is stored in a bud at the top of the plant. As soon as the first frost comes, the plant draws upon this reserve store of food, and that is why the hepatica is among the first of the spring flowers.

ELIZABETH: What an odd name—hepatica.

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

ELIZABETH: (Laughing) Of all things.—Say, aren't those white dogwood blossoms beautiful over there?

MR. JOHNSON: Yes, they are—it's always a joy to see the flowering dogwood trees in bloom, but have you heard that the so-called white petals of the dogwood blossoms are not petals at all? They are leaves or bracts, and surround the real dogwood flowers, which are tiny and unattractive.

ELIZABETH: White leaves? Why are they white?

MR. JOHNSON: To attract the bees that pollinate the flowers; for bees are very fond of white. They probably would not notice the tiny, inconspicuous blossoms of the dogwood tree if it were not for these white bracts.

ELIZABETH: Ha—I didn't know that before. Let's gather up some to take home with us.

MR. JOHNSON: Don't you like to see the flowering dogwood in bloom?

ELIZABETH: (Puzzled) Of course, I do. That's why I want to—

MR. JOHNSON: If you do like them, then don't break the branches off the trees.

ELIZABETH: Why not?

MR. JOHNSON: Because the sap of the tree escapes where the branches are torn off, just as blood escapes from a wound.

ELIZABETH: Oh—

MR. JOHNSON: Yes, and then parasites, fungi, and insects attach themselves to the wounded spots, and ultimately kill the tree.

ELIZABETH: I am glad you told me that. I don't think most people realize this.

MR. JOHNSON: I am sure they don't, or they

wouldn't carry off great arm-loads of branches in the springtime. The dogwood is useful as well as ornamental. The bark of the flowering dogwood is used in making a medicine similar to quinine, and the bark of the roots will produce a red dye.

ELIZABETH: Well! (Sighing) Oh—I love to visit the woods in the spring, when the flowers are starting to bloom, and the trees are in bud.

MR. JOHNSON: Have you heard that most of the trees prepare in spring to shed their leaves?

ELIZABETH: What? Prepare to shed them in the spring?

MR. JOHNSON: They make preparation in the spring to shed their leaves in the autumn.

ELIZABETH: But how? I thought that frost and the wind made leaves fall.

MR. JOHNSON: That's a common, but mistaken belief. While the leaves are yet in bud, they are forming at the base of their stem, what is known as an abscission layer.

ELIZABETH: Abscission! What does that mean?

MR. JOHNSON: It means to cut off or remove.

ELIZABETH: And that makes the leaves fall?

MR. JOHNSON: Yes. You see, the leaves absorb the waste materials from the food the tree draws up through its roots. By the end of summer, the leaf is clogged with waste matter, which cuts off the oxygen from the tiny cells in the abscission layer, permitting the leaf to float to the ground. That is the tree's way of getting rid of waste.

ELIZABETH: Oh, I never knew that. But why do many trees bloom in the springtime before the leaves come out?

MR. JOHNSON: I'll tell you about that—and many more interesting things about trees sometime later—now I want to call your attention to these flowers. Do you know what they are?

ELIZABETH: The three-petaled white ones are trilliums, but what are the red ones? They look like trilliums, but I never saw red trilliums before.

MR. JOHNSON: They are called wake-robins.

ELIZABETH: Is it all right for me to pick some of these flowers?

MR. JOHNSON: No, because when you pick trilliums all of the leaves, the organs in which the food for these plants is made, must be taken with the flower in order to have stems long enough to make a bouquet. When you pick a trillium, you are killing the entire plant.

ELIZABETH: Can't I pick any flowers?

MR. JOHNSON: If it is absolutely necessary for you to pick flowers, it is less harmful to pick violets than most any other kinds.

ELIZABETH: Why?

MR. JOHNSON: You can pick violets without taking the leaves of the plant, and anyway, (chuckling) have you heard—the violet is really only a decoy?

ELIZABETH: A decoy?

MR. JOHNSON: Yes. The violet plant uses its brilliant purple, yellow and white flowers as decoys to protect the real flowers which produce its seeds. You see, the violet plant bears two kinds of blossoms. The seed-producing blossoms are not often noticed, because they are very tiny, green in color, and inconspicuous.

ELIZABETH: How interesting. Are there other kinds I can pick?

MR. JOHNSON: You can also pick buttercups, cowslips, daisies, and similar hardy plants, because they are plentiful, and it is not necessary to take all the leaves off the plant in order to have a bouquet. But the majority of native flowers should not be picked. If our native flowers could only be left alone, think of the beauty our countryside would soon possess. You wouldn't think of breaking off the head of an animal and carrying it around—now, would you?

ELIZABETH: Oh! (Horried) No!

MR. JOHNSON: Well—flowers are living things, too. Why can't you leave the heads on flowers and allow them their full span of life?

ELIZABETH: I'll be more careful after this!

MR. JOHNSON: And now our time is up and we must go back to school. I think this was a nice little trip.

ELIZABETH: I think it was very interesting and I hope we'll make another one soon.

(THE END)

The Dream

By Mary Jugg

I dreamed I walked upon
A street of solid
Chocolate bar;
And then there stretched anon
The limbs of trees—all
Chocolate bar.

And where the moon had been
I saw a dark, round
Chocolate cake;
I ate it, too, unseen,
And woke up with—a
Stomachache.

The Joyous Month of June

The garden is one of the greatest joys of the joyous month of June. The late tulips are out or have just passed, the peonies are in bloom, great, gorgeous, delightfully fragrant flowers, and the roses are at the height of their beauty. As Lowell expressed it: "And what is so rare as a day in June? Then if ever come perfect days."

Muc na veji

Stana Vinšek

Deca moja, to je žalostna povest. Kdor ima mucke tako rad kot jaz, naj jo zato raje kar ne bere. Hočem vam povedati, kako smo mojega ljubega mucka našli in izgubili.

Kako smo ga našli? Na malo čuden način: Miconja, naša kravja dekla, je šla ravno z golido čez vrt do hleva, da pomolze, ko je začula rahlo tožeče glasove. Ženska ima ušesa kot ris in oči kot sokol, pa vendar je trajalo dokaj časa, predno je zagledala v kupu suhega, orumenelega listja pod bukvo nekaj drobnega, kosmatega, kar se je gibalo in milo mi-javkalo. Miconja golido na tla, pa kepico v roke: bil je majhen, čisto majhen, čudno srčkan mucek, ki ji je koj začel oblizovati in sesati prste. "Revše, ti si gotovo lačno" je rekla pristrčno. Miconja je nebolgljenčka skrbno zavila v svoj predpasnik. Potem sta šla v hlev in ker je bil mali muc še preneroden, da bi sam pil mleko iz skledice, ga je po kapljicah lizal z Miconjinega prsta — bradica pa mu je po tej južini ostala vsa vlažna in bela — saj se ni še znal sam očediti, njegove kosmate mamice pa ni bilo od nikoder.

Ko je Miconja takole ogledovala ta kupček nesreče na svojem krilu, ji je bilo takoj jasno, zakaj ga je tako težko našla: mucek je bil ves rumen od drobnih prosojnih ušes do kratkega repka, rumen kot jesensko listje. No, in ker ga je pač našla, mu je kar rekla "Naško," in to ime se ga je prišlo kot klop.

Ko sta prišla nazaj v kuhinjo, sta bila Miconja in Naško že velika prijatelja. Pa tudi hišna in kuharica se kar nista mogli nagledati malega nebolgljenčka, čeprav smo imeli ta čas že tri zastavne zastopnike mačjega rodu: sivo Mamico, Belčka in trobarvno Pikico.

Naša mama sicer za novi prirastek naše domače menažerije ni bila ravno navdušena, toda, ker je bila živalca res čisto izredno ljubezniva, pristrčna in zaupljiva, jo je še ona imela rada — četudi je to vedno tajila.

Našku se je godilo v naši kuhinji kot v sedmih mačjih nebesih—to si lahko mislite. Tako ni čudno, da je zrasel v zdravega, lepega mucka z značilno četverooglato glavo in gostim kožuhom, katerega je bilo zlasti pozimi užitek pobožati. Oči je imel zelene kot gorsko jezero in kljub temu, da je v teku let zrasel v orjaško žival skoraj šestih kilogramov in izgledal kot majhen lev, je bil najdobrodušnejša žival pod solncem. Dobrikati se je znal mojstrsko in predel je kot boljši parni stroj. Imel je vse dobre lastnosti, ki si jih le morete misliti pri predstavniku pristne mačje pasme in tako ni čudno, da smo ga vsi složno razvajali. Muc pa je muc in se v tem loči od psa, da nikdar ne izpremeni svojih nazorov in simpatij. Prva v njegovem srcu je ostala vedno Miconja, čeprav je tudi mene vedno burno pozdravljala, kadar sem prišla domov na počitnice.

Moji ljubi bratje so mi seveda stalno nagajali in me jezili, da ga bo sigurno kdo ukradel in si naredil iz njegovega krasnega kožuha topel ovrtnik. Vse

to so bile objestne šale—kdo bi si bil mislil, da nas bo res človeška sebičnost in dobičkaželjnost oropala našega ljubega Naška!

Pa se je zgodilo, da sem prišla na počitnice in rumeni muc mi ni skočil na ramo. Žalostno so dekletke povedale, da ga že tri tedne ni bilo na spregled. Še smo upali, da se povrne. Naše mucke so namreč res popolnoma svobodne, pridejo in gredo, kadar se jim zljubi in tudi spijo vedno izven hiše, v senu—in tako tudi ni bilo nič nenavadnega, da je Naško, priznan poglavar vseh muckov daleč nakoli, po več dni izostal. No, pa topot ga ni bilo nazaj. In ko sem prišla na prihodnje počitnice, sem za sigurno vedela, da nikdar več ne bom zagrebla svojih prstov v njegovo mehko, gosto dlako.

Nekega dne pa—bilo je že dobrega pol leta potem—pride brat zdravnik sredi popoldneva ves razburjen domov. "Čujte," pravi, "kaj se mi je danes pripetilo: zjutraj sem bil klican k staremu Klančarju tam pod Šmarjetnim vrhom. Miško je bil seveda z menoj. Začnem preiskovati, pes pa ves čas renči in zavija in sili na omaro. Parkrat sem ga nahrulil, pa ni nič pomagalo, zato sem šel pogledat, kaj vendar to nesrečno zverino tako razburja. In pomislite: na omari je stal naš Naško, nagačen, kako v bojeviti pozi pleza po veji. Naš Naško! Seveda sem starega Klančarja koj prijel in mi je povedal, da ga je kupil za trideset dinarjev od Pogačarjevega Naceta."

Vedeti morate, da je Pogačarjev Nace, poklicni lovec—sramotni madež tega stanu!—srečal našega mucka na jutranjem izprehodu in ga ustrelil. Nesrečnež ga je namreč smatral za divjega mačka(!) in hotel napraviti z njim dobro kupčijo. V Celju ga je pustil nagačiti in potem ga je ponujal raznim šolam za učilo—vsi gospodje upravitelji pa so se mu seveda smejali v obraz, ko jim je hotel domačega mačka obesiti kot divjega. No, in zato ga je naposled prodal staremu Klančarju—in ta je zelo ponosen na ta izredni okras svoje skromne sobice.

To, deca draga, je povest o našem Našku. Nisem ga šla pogledat k očetu Klančarju; mogoče leži na njem že debela plast prahu, mogoče so se že molji zajedli v njegov lepi kožuh. Raje se spominjam Naška, kako je hodil po našem vrtu v toplem soncu, prožen, močan in samozavesten — po svoje brezhibna in popolna stvar mačja.

Summer Time

By Margaret Poloncic, age 13,
Union Dale, Pa., R. F. D. 2,
Lodge 124

*Summertime is here again,
And the flowers bloom again,
And the birdies sing with cheer;
I am glad that they are here.*

*Let us smile and happy be,
Let us dance, with joyful glee,
Summertime is here again;
Let us all be friends again.*

Stamp Collecting

Stamps Honoring Croatia

Jugoslavia has issued a set of five stamps, as shown in the accompanying illustration, for the benefit of the Union of the Public Officials and for honoring autonomous Croatia.

The denominations, colors, and designs of the set are as follows: 50 Para, orange, immigration of Croats; 1 Dinar, green, king Tomislav with the crown and insignia; 1 Dinar 50 Para, red, death of Matija Gubac at the stake; 2 Dinars, violet, the Radich brothers; 4 Dinars, dark blue, map of Yugoslavia.

First Negro on a U. S. Stamp

The Famous Americans Postage Stamps issue of the United States now appearing includes also Booker T. Washington, an ex-slave, who became the first Negro to be honored on a United States postage stamp. Booker T.



Courtesy of Mr. Jurica Bjankini, Chicago.

Washington founded Tuskegee Institute in 1881 in Alabama for his colored people, and died in 1915.

Vacation Day

What will your boss say,
When you won't come to work some day?
You'll say, "Oh, I was away,"
"But where I say?"
"I was having fun that day,
Because I never get away;
Not even for a day."

Now I hope that I'll get a vacation day,
So I won't have to run away
From work some day.

Emil Kmetec, 11, Lodge 559,
2309 S. Central Pk. Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Fisherman

*A fisherman a-fishing went,
Down to the creek, you see.
The sun was shining brightly
He thought he'd lucky be.*

*The hours went by very fast,
And then he got a bite.
Fof sometimes luck comes very late;
Just wait and hang on tight.*

Margaret Poloncic, 13,
Union Dale, Pa.,
R. F. D. 2, Lodge 124.

Srečni čevljar

Bogataš je imel veliko hišo in razkošno urejeno stanovanje. Na dvorišču pa je stanoval siromašen čevljar. Delal je od ranega jutra do poznega večera in ves dan je veselo prepeval. Vsa okolica ga je poznala; vsi so ga imenovali srečnega čevljarja.

Med tem ko je čevljar vesel opravljal svoje delo, je sedel bogataš v eni izmed razkošnih sob in pre-mišljeval, kam naj da svoj denar, da ga ne bi izgubil ali da mu ga ne bi kdo ukradel. Vse noči je predsedel za pisalno mizo in računal. Ko se je zdani-lo, je postal zaspan in legel v posteljo. A spati ni mogel, kajti z dvorišča se je razlegalo veselo čev-ljarjevo petje.

Bogataš je poklical svojega slugo in ga poslal k čevljarju z veliko vsoto denarja. Obenem mu je sporočil, da ga prosi, naj ne poje več, ker ne more spati.

Siromašen srečni čevljar se je seveda zelo razve-selil velike vsote denarja. A ko je zvečer legel v posteljo, ni mogel zaspiti. Vso noč se je bal, da ga ne bi kdo okradel. V strahu so mu minevali vsi dnevi in vse noči. Odslej ni več prepeval, a tudi delati ni mogel več.

Nekega dne pa se je napotil k bogatašu, položil denar predenj na mizo in dejal:

"Gospod, vzemite svoj denar in sročja se bo spet vrnila v mojo hišo!"

Tako se je tudi zgodilo. Odslej je čevljar med delom spet prepeval, ponoči pa mirno in zadovoljno spal.

WHEN WE PLAY

Compiled by Ann K. Medvesek

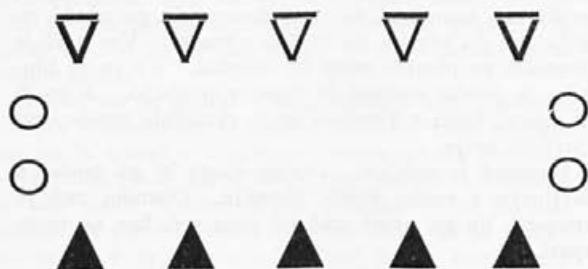


OLD SAYINGS RACE

The players stand in two rows about ten feet apart as in the illustration. At the end of each row a basket or just a sheet of paper may be placed. A handkerchief is placed in the basket or on the paper.

Each player is given a name which is the last word of an old saying such as "Snow" from "White as Snow" or "Lemon" from "Sour as a Lemon." The two players of each team who stand opposite each other have the same name.

The leader calls out the first part of the old saying, such as "Sour as a——." Each of the players who hold the word "lemon" calls out the word, and runs to the handkerchief at the end of his line, takes it to the basket at the other end, and returns to his place. The one who reaches his place first scores one for his side. The team scoring eleven first wins. The sayings should be called at random, in order to keep all the players alert all the time.



TIN CAN STILT RACE

For this race it is best to use cans with both top and bottom intact as in case of soup and juice cans from which the contents have been removed by holes punched in the top. The ends of the rope are tied together so that when a player stands on the can the rope will reach about to his knees. Two cans are needed for each player.

The two contestants mount the cans at the starting line, take a rope in each hand and pull on it, thus holding the cans to the feet. At the signal,

they race to the turning line on the opposite side of the ring, then back to the starting line.

If a player falls over, as is very possible, the cans must be adjusted before further progress is made.

HAT BOXING

Two farmer's straw hats are needed. The two contestants place the hats on their heads but are not permitted to jam them down on their heads so that they are difficult to knock off. They box with open hands attempting to knock each other's hat off. They are not permitted to touch their own hat either to restore it if partially knocked off, or to shove it down to a more secure position.

The winner is the one who knocks off the other's hat, provided his own is still on his head. If both go off at once, as is often the case, the bout is played again.

*

CLOTHES PIN JUMPING RELAY

Stretch a clothesline tightly across the turning line and opposite each team hang a clothespin on it for each member of the team. The pins are hung so that the head points down and should be high enough so that the players have to jump off the ground to grasp the clothespin, in the mouth. Arrange the teams at the starting line in parallel files. In front of each team place a container for the clothespins.

At the signal the first player of each team runs to the clothesline, jumps and grasps a clothespin in his mouth, runs back and drops it in the container, then touches off the second player who repeats. This continues until all have had a chance. The team finishing first wins.

Had to Figure Closely

Returning from the dentist's, where he had gone to have a tooth pulled, little Henry reported as follows:

"The doctor told me 'fore he began that if I yelled it would cost me seventy-five cents, and if I was a good boy, it would be only fifty cents."

"Did you yell?" asked his mother.

"How could I? You only gave me a half a dollar."

JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg



Here are some names of vegetables and fruit.
Can you unscramble them?

Vegetables

teeb
uttecel
yreele
bbrrua
seap
rrcasto
pseottoa
rako
ebnas

Fruit

earp
lappes
caehpes
qmuukats
raosnge
nnaaasb
lumps
heierres
rgespa

* * *

Some of the following names are those of generals or commanders, others are artists and others are noted singers. Can you place each in the correct column?

Generals

Raphael
Hals
Nelson Eddy
Martenelli
Foch

Artists

Robert E. Lee
Zinka Milanov
Pershing
Lily Pons
Picasso

Singers

U. Grant
Rockwell Kent
Rubens
Geo. Washington
Helen Jepson

* * *

Did you ever get in with a group of other kids and wonder what you could play that's new. Here is just a little game that will provide quite a bit of merriment. Count out a number of small objects like pins, beans, small grain, or other similar objects and place them in a container. Count out at least 200 of them or more, and then see who in the group can guess the number of objects in the container.

*

GUESSING GAMES:

I have two arms and four legs
I'm made out of a tree;
And when the people are so tired,
They always sit on me.
I am a _____.

Perched high on top of ladies' heads
I'm trimmed with flowers and frills galore;
But when I sit atop men's heads,
I'm plain forevermore.
I am a _____.

They place me up on a shelf or hang me on a wall
I can be very, very large or very, very small;
And in the mornings when waking time is near

I tick and tock and call so loud so everyone can hear.
I am a _____.

There may be deep within you
Thoughts of things you think
And when you want them down in black
I'll write them for you in ink.
I am a _____.

* * *

Here is a list of foreign words that are sometime used commonly in everyday speaking. You've seen or heard them, but do you know what they mean?

Manana, a Spanish word.

h. d'oeuvre, a French word which means something good.

vive l'empereur, a French word but rather outdated.

coiffeur, another French word which has something to do with hair.

littera scripta manet, a Latin word, which if you study closely you'll be able to decipher.

(Answers on inside back cover page.)

Volk in jagnje

(Stara angleška pravljica)

Mlado belo jagnje se je paslo na travniku. Zdaj pa zdaj je veselo pomežiknilo v solnce in zazdehalo. Solnce je začelo huje pripekati in jagnje je postalo žejno. Počasi se je napotilo proti robu gozda, kjer je tekel bister potok. Jagnje je veselo sklonilo glavo in začelo piti v dolgih požirkih. Precej više od njega je stal lačen volk. Ko je zagledal mlado jagnje, mu je želodec zakrutil od lakote. Mogočno je vrgl glavo vznak in zakričal:

"Zakaj mi kališ vodo? Ali ne vidiš, da pijem?"

Jagnje mu je pohlevno odgovorilo: "Gospod, motite se. Ne kalim vam vode. Saj teče voda od vas proti meni in ne narobe."

"Pusti čenče! Vodo mi kališ, sem rekel. Sicer se pa tudi spominjam, da si lani zelo grdo govoril o meni."

"O, gospod," je reklo jagnje, "gotovo se motite. Lani še sploh nisem bil na svetu!"

"Če me nisi ti opravljal, me je pa tvoj brat!" je zarenčal volk.

"Nimam brata, gospod."

"Potem je bil pa kdo drug iz tvojega rodu! Rekel sem, da je bilo tako in zato se hočem maščevati!" S temi besedami se je pognal proti jagnjetu, ga zgrabil za vrat in mu izpil kri.

OUR SCHOOL

AWARDS FOR THE BEST CONTRIBUTIONS

A sum of not more than \$100 is available for the SNPJ juvenile members who will in the first half of 1940 contribute to the Our School section of the Mladinski List:

1) The best letters, according to quality as judged by the Editor, on the subjects as suggested from time to time in this column;

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

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

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

The next distribution of awards will be made in June, 1940.

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

CONTEST LETTER FOR JUNE

Since all the material for the August issue must be in the hands of the editor by June 30, no contest letters on the topic suggested below will be considered after JUNE 30, 1940.

SUMMER VACATION

Think about the following topics and compose a letter that will include them:

What does a vacation mean to you? Does it mean simply taking time off to do nothing but sit around idly?

Is a vacation necessary?

What would you consider a profitable way to spend a vacation?

Have you ever spent what you consider an ideal vacation?

Consider the above questions and use them, together with any other ideas of your own for your next contest letter.

REMEMBER: the closing date for writing on this subject is June 30.

FLAG DAY

At the beginning of our country nearly every state or colony had its own flag, which usually had

the similarity of always having either a pine tree or a rattle snake as an emblem. This was found to be very impractical, so that on June 14, 1775, the Continental Congress resolved, "that the flag of the 13 United States be 13 stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be 13 stars, white in blue field, representing a new constellation." George Washington, the commander-in-chief of the army, Robert Morris and Colonel George Ross were appointed the committee to design a flag and to get a sample made.

Col. George Ross recommended his niece, Mrs. Betsy Ross, to do the job. She owned an upholstery shop on 239 Arch Street in Philadelphia, Pa., which is still standing today.

It is said that when George Washington designed the flag, he used his family coat-of-arms for a model, but there is little authority behind this statement. When this design was shown to Betsy Ross, she noticed that the stars were six-pointed. She recommended a 5-point star and showed the committee how easily it could be made, and then they changed the plan. The flag was soon completed and on June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress accepted the plan and it was adopted as the official flag of the 13 United States. Thus our flag was born. Betsy Ross was given a contract to make all the flags for the 13 states and she held it for many years, her daughter continuing the business till 1857.

While the United States is the youngest of the great nations, its flag is the oldest of those in use today—being 8 years older than the flag of Spain, 17 years older than the tri-color of France, 23 years older than the present British flag—and preceded the national flags of Italy (1848), Japan (1859), and Germany (1871).

The American flag was first saluted abroad by France. That was to Captain Paul Jones' ensign on the "Ranger" at Quiberon Bay, Feb. 14, 1778.

It was first seen in a British port on the "Bedford," Feb. 3, 1783.

It was first carried to the Chinese sea by Capt. John Green, on the "Empress of China," Sept., 1784.

Captain Robert Kendrick was the first to carry the flag around the world, Sept., 1787, to Aug., 1790.

Great Britain's first salute to our flag was at Boston, May 2, 1791, by Captain Isaac Coffin commanding H. B. M. ship "Alligator."

Japan first saw the flag on the ship "Franklin," Capt. James Devereaux, July, 1799.

In 1800 the Stars and Stripes were first seen in Constantinople, on the frigate "George Washington," Capt. William Bainbridge.

In 1839 the flag was carried to the Antarctic seas by the schooner "Flying Fish," a pilot boat of 90 tons, with the Wilkes Exploring Expedition.

In 1871 Henry M. Stanley carried the Stars and Stripes on his search for Dr. Livingstone in the heart of Africa.

It was reserved for Commander Robert Peary to plant Old Glory at the North Pole in 1909.

The inspiring name of Old Glory was given by Captain William Driver of Salem, Mass., in 1831. The words were his salute to a beautiful new flag presented to his ship when starting on a voyage around the world.

Here are some of the most important rules which one should follow when he uses the flag:

Do not permit disrespect to be shown to the flag.

Do not let the flag touch the ground, deck, or water.

Do not place any emblem or object of any kind on or above the flag except the authorized headstuffs.

Do not drape the flag over the hood, top, sides, or back of a vehicle, train, or boat. When displayed from an automobile, train or vehicle, it should be properly affixed from a staff.

Do not display the flag on a float in a parade except from a staff.

Do not use the flag as a covering for a ceiling.

Do not carry the flag flat or horizontally, but always aloft, free.

Do not use the flag as a portion of costume or dress.

Do not put lettering on the flag of any kind.

Do not use the flag for any purpose lacking in dignity and respect.

Do not use the flag for any form of advertising nor fasten any advertising to the pole from which the flag is flown.

I hope that through this article, I have widened the knowledge of Our Flag to some of you.

VALENTINE T. PAKIS, 15, lodge 147,
976 East 77th Street, Cleveland, O.

DAY DREAMS

Sitting by the window and looking at the backyard within sight, reminded me of the numerous times I did the same thing for my art course. I sketched any time and any place; later from my sketches, I turned out a (presentable) water color painting in class.

Our art class at school was an informal gathering, as we talked, walked around studying other

works of art, and gathered information regarding technique.

All the class members longed for warm weather so that we could go outside scouting for material. A few times, loaded with camp stools, art material, and the like, we sketched on the alley behind the school grounds. On another trip, a few of us separated purposely from the main group to sketch on a hill overlooking railroad tracks and a small station. While sketching this, the old gentleman in charge of the station ambled out to make an offer of a chair.

Perhaps none of us will forget the sound lecture delivered by an old history teacher for sketching on the stair landing and for disturbing her class.

How the memories returned as I looked out of the window!

ANTONIA SPARENBLEK, 16, lodge 575,
746 North Haugh St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

THE DISCONTENTED SCHOOL BUS

Here is an account of what could have happened April 8, 1940, while my girl friend and I were eating our lunch behind the garage. At first we heard the bus starting all by itself, the doors broke open and the bus went across the road and into the ditch. Here is the story:

"I'm tired of staying in the same old garage," said the bus to himself. "I think I'll go for a trip. It's so dark and stuffy in here, and the children are having a good time—so why can't I?"

"But how will I get out of here? and where will I go? I'll just push the doors open even if they are locked. I'm going all by myself and there's no one to boss me around, no one here to steer me—but I'll try to go straight."

Then the bus continued: "I'm starting and I hope there's no one around here to see me get out . . . It was a job to get the doors pushed open, but anyway I got out. But all of a sudden I felt hurt. No wonder the back wheels are in the ditch. What a journey!"

"Why did I go out? And what are the people going to think of me? All the kids are coming to see me. It feels so funny to have them all stare at me, but my tears are flowing so fast that I can't see them very well.

"The paint is melting and cracking off. Now I would rather be in the dark stuffy garage than out here in the hot sun. If I could fly, I would fly right into the garage and stay there. Here comes a boy bringing me a big red handkerchief. Boy, I'm lucky 'cause I can use it as a fan."

Here the bus is personified, of course. If he were alive he could have spoken the above lines.

ROSIE J. MATKO, 13, lodge 560,
R. 1, Box 244, Hoquiam, Wash.

A YOUNG FARMER'S VACATION PLANS

With the 1940 school term coming to a close and my sophomore year being completed, I have to start planning for my vacation.

We agriculturists or farmers, not having the playground facilities, swimming pools, mushball



"MY PAL"

Drawn by Jennie Braddey, age 14,
R. F. D. 4, Smethport, Pa., Lodge 391.

fields, and other recreational facilities that the urban or city boys and girls have, are required to adjust ourselves accordingly.

At present I spend most of my evenings fencing a pasture field and building a cottage for my six sheep that I have chosen for my agricultural-class-project. By the time this will be finished, the sheep will be ready to clip and the wool marketed. After that the sheep will feed themselves all summer.

In June the Future Farmer of America (FFA) of which I am a member, is taking about five days' camping trip. During these camping days I expect to swim, ride the boat, hike, and do my own cooking.

When these days are over, my dad will be ready to cut alfalfa hay (two alf's and an a make the best kind of hay), corn hoeing will also make its annual debut, and other crops will have to be harvested.

With the mooing of the cows, the baaing of the sheep, the cackling of the chickens, and the musical notes of the songsters—I will toil and sing.

For my principal food I'm going to eat dandelion, lettuce, fresh eggs, radishes, potatoes, turnips, sweet corn, apples, strawberries, cherries, grapes, and peaches.

In September I expect to return to school as a happy junior.

Lasting success is achieved by doing the usual things *unusually well*.

EDWARD ROZANTZ (age?, lodge?)

R. D. 1, Ruffs Dale, Pa.

OUR WORLD HAS CHANGED

The telephone, telegraph, radio, airplane, steam engine, motor, and movies have shown to us how modern business serves us.

The radio designates the transmission through space, without wires, by means of telegraphic messages. The development of radio communication began in 1895. In 1933, radio apparatus, capable of receiving and sending messages had been installed on ships, trains and airplanes. Most of the telephone and telegraph systems of the world had been connected by radio-telephony. Radio broadcasting has already overcome time and space. All nations are neighbors. The Eskimo, the Chinese, and Mexican can tune in and get the world news.

Since the airplane can travel twice as fast as an express train, it promises to play a great part in rapid transit. A trip to Europe may be a week-end pleasure, and family planes will soon be as common as automobiles. Air routes will be established all over the world in a few years.

The divisions of railroads are: the operating, the traffic, the engineering and the mechanical. The operating department is in charge of running trains, the traffic department solicits business, freight and passenger, the engineering department is in charge of construction and upkeep, and the mechanical department has in charge the physical upkeep of locomotives and cars. These departments are in charge of vice-presidents of the operating corporation . . .

All these inventions—radio, telegraph, steam engine, etc.—tend to produce more or less understanding between peoples. Most people like these

services. If we did not have any of these services our country would be out of luck. We couldn't ship things from one place to another, couldn't hear broadcasts from foreign countries, and wouldn't know what was going on, only by the newspapers. We couldn't telephone to our friends, we couldn't do this and many other things without these modern inventions. And it was science that made all this wonderful progress possible.

MARY AMBROZIC, 17, lodge 88,
R. D. 5, Box 424, Crafton Branch, Pa.

TREES OF THE UNITED STATES

Sugar Maple

This favorite of the New England forest grows rapidly. It often attains a height of 100 feet or more. Its pyramidal form and foliage, changing in autumn to brilliant yellow, orange and crimson makes it one of our most beautiful trees. In the winter its branches tipped with sharp conical buds have a lonesome sort of charm.

"Tapping the sugar bush" occurs when the sap starts running upward in the trees. This is generally in late February or early March, when the days are warm and the nights are still freezing cold.

MARY VIDMAR, 13, lodge 29,
Box 55, Coketon, W. Va.

A SOURCE OF INFORMATION

It so happened that in this particular school, about which I am writing, there were only nine children. It was a little country school. But even though there weren't many, they had to study hard and prepare their lessons daily. Of course, they had subjects just like any regular school has today.

It happened that there were only three pupils in the seventh grade. There were two girls and a boy. They were Betty, Mary, and Tony. Quite often they had to look for articles and stories about famous writers, composers, poets, and inventors. (Keep in mind that quite often interesting stories appear in the Mladinski List.) These articles, "Birthdays of the Great Men," tell the most important facts about their lives."

Betty was a little Slovene girl, and the other two

Jimmie Spendal, age 12,
560 N. 11 St., Clinton,
Ind., Lodge 50, who sent
us Pinocchio, writes:
"Oldsters may have difficulty identifying this youngster because they remember him mostly as a long-nosed fellow, but the children will spot him immediately as Pinocchio, given life on the screen by Walt Disney, a master creator of cartoon people."





ON THE FARM

Drawn by Donald R. Stith, age 15,
218 N. 12 St., Clinton, Ind., Lodge 50.

of her classmates were English. Betty belonged to the SNPJ and each month she received a magazine called the Mladinski List.

One day they were asked to write a description about Louisa M. Alcott, a very well-known story writer. They were to write about her life and how she became to write so well. Little Betty had no trouble of doing this kind of lesson. She just looked in the ML and found her material. This was the only way she could do this, for there were no libraries to get details. But when it came to Mary and Tony, it was different. They had no way of getting information and were lost. The only way they found a little was by asking their parents for information. Most of the times, however, the parents didn't know either.

When it was time to turn in the papers, Betty was the only one that ever seemed to have something worth while. She always received higher marks. One day, Tony, although a little bashful, gathered enough courage and asked Betty where she finds all the information about lives of famous people. Just that day she was taking three Mladinski Lists home. She was glad to tell him. Tony looked through the copies and said they were very interesting. Betty offered to give the three numbers of the Mladinski List to him, if he wants to read them. He gladly accepted the offer and promised he would return them as soon as possible.

Ever since that day, Tony had no difficulty finding the required material for his school work. Even though he wasn't a Slovene, he received his Mladinski List regularly.

MILDRED HOTKO, 15, lodge 95,
226 Main St., Oglesby, Ill.

*
NAMES OF CARS

In the following nine questions you are to find the names of nine well-known automobiles:

1. Famous rock.
2. What would you do if someone started to throw something at you?
3. An explorer.
4. City in California.
5. Famous river in North America.
6. To cross a river with no bridge, what would you do?
7. Intoxicated bread-maker.

8. If last night was Johnny's night, whose night is it tonight?
9. In buying a hen, what is the first thing you would ask?

ANSWERS: 1. Plymouth. 2. Dodge. 3. De Soto. 4. Oakland. 5. Hudson. 6. Ford. 7. Studebaker. 8. Willies. 9. Chevrolet.

HELEN MATKO, 15, lodge 560,
960 N. Thornton Street,
Aberdeen, Washington.

*
ADVERTISING AND SELLING

Advertising within the last thirty-five years has been responsible for the great strides that business, industry, and commerce have experienced. But like gunpowder or poison which are also useful things, it is the abuse of advertising which has brought people to grief. No one who uses gunpowder or poisons correctly will come to any harm.

It is estimated that there are at least one thousand advertisers of fraudulent schemes now operating regularly with the aid of certain newspapers and magazines. An example of a fraud is in this: two boxes of noodles, one in clear colored cellophane and the other in yellow colored cellophane. The contents in both boxes are exactly alike but the noodles in the yellow cellophane seem to be heavily loaded with eggs. This is a fraud because it fools people.



THE GRADUATES

Drawn by Elsie Polonic, age 10,
Uniondale, Pa., Lodge 124.

An advertisement of "Wonder Yeast" claims that it will make a woman grow thin and another advertisement claims that it will make a woman grow fat. Can anyone imagine one kind of yeast making fat woman thin and another making thin woman fat?

Auction sales are dangerous. Very few people are skillful enough to buy to advantage at an auction sale. This is because most people do not know values, especially the value of second hand goods. Anything sold at auctions requires spot cash with no privilege to return. At nearly all auctions of household goods, most articles sell for as much, or more, than the same articles cost when new. Auctioneers often bring in other furniture when selling furnishings from a home. People buy these believing them to be the property of some wealthy people and therefore pay a high price for an ordinary article.

Here are some rules for buying:

1. Deal with an established buyer (firm).
2. Be wary of bargain sales.
3. Let no one tell you what to buy.
4. Always ask the price before you pay.
5. Always study labels carefully. High grade articles have attractive labels while inferior articles have cheap labels or none at all.
6. Look out for substitutes.
7. Never be afraid to say "no."
8. Don't let anyone sell you anything over the telephone.
9. Learn to shop around.

HELEN MATKO, 15, lodge 560,
960 N. Thornton Street,
Aberdeen, Washington.

KITCHEN NEEDS

1. An industrious insect.
2. A conceited ladies' man.
3. A game of cards.
4. A baseball player.



OUR JUVENILES

Drawn by Mildred Hotko, age 15,
226 Main St., Oglesby, Ill., Lodge 95.



BUSYBODIES

Drawn by Eugene Skoff, age 15,
2841 So. Kilbourn Ave., Chicago, Ill., Lodge 559.

5. What you receive when you fall?
6. What you look like when you get up?
7. A part of a fish.
8. A term in music.
9. A term in golf.
10. What do lovers do in the moonlight.
11. An implement in the hay field.
12. A means of transportation.

ANSWERS: 1. Spider. 2. Masher. 3. Poker. 4. Pitcher. 5. Jar. 6. Bored (board). 7. Scales. 8. Do (dough). 9. Tee (tea). 10. Spoon. 11. Fork. 12. Boat.

HELEN MATKO, 15, lodge 560,
960 N. Thornton Street,
Aberdeen, Washington.

A JOKE IS A JOKE

Mr. Jones: "I want to buy a hat."
Salesman: "Fedora?"
Mr. Jones: "No, for myself."

Third Term

Oliver—I've named my bicycle third term.
Jerry—Why did you do that?
Oliver—I don't know whether it will run again or not.

Sure Death

Betty—What are you doing to that fish?
June—I'm holding his head under the water so he'll drown.

No Fire

John—Does your face burn?
Joe—No. Why?
John—It doesn't look so hot!

MARY VIDMAR, 13, lodge 29,
Box 55, Cokton, W. Va.

A Joke Is a Joke

Once a farmer had a Negro working for him. Every day he stole something. Then the farmer said to him, "You better quit or you will lose your job." The Negro was sorry and went out in the back of the house, fell on his knees and prayed to

God: "Oh Lord, if I steal anything from the farmer again, throw this house on me." The farmer heard him from the second story of the house.

The next day the farmer found out that he was short of something and told the Negro again what will happen to him. Again the Negro was very sorry and went back to the corner of the house, fell on his knees and prayed to God for the house to fall on him if he stole anything again.

The farmer heard him again, ran up to the second story of the house, took a big rock with him and threw it on the Negro's head when he was praying to God. When the rock hit him on the head, the Negro caught his head with both hands and said: "Oh Lordie, Lordie—can't you take a joke sometime?"

DAN GOSTOVICH, 9, lodge 416,
Box 5, Raton, New Mexico.

THE MONTH OF JUNE

June is a month that everyone likes,
The people all see the most beautiful sights.
If you are out and see something fly by,
Don't be afraid for it might be a butterfly.

The birds are all here, from the great South
and are sure to stay here, for there's no doubt.
The birds have a chance to now take their rest,
For they have no worries of making their nests.

This is a time you find a good and warm day
For the busy farmers to gather their hay.
When taking a walk, never forget to take time
To go up a big hill and take a good climb.

The bees are a-humming, the flowers a-blooming,
The birds are a-chirping, the cricket a-chirring.
This is a month all filled with glorious tunes;
How could this be—for it is Great June.

MILDRED HOTKO, 15, lodge 95,
226 Main Street, Ogleby, Ill.

COMMUNICATION AND TRANSPORTATION

Here is my contest letter for May: What made us a fast progressing nation?

The telephone, telegram, radio, railroad, and airplane—all have made us a fast progressing nation.

The telephone makes possible quicker means of communication with other people near and far. Among the first ways of communication of spreading news was by fast-running messengers who took the news around. Smoke was used for giving certain signals. During the War of 1812 with England, there was an unnecessary battle at New Orleans. For a treaty was signed but the news reached the generals too late. If the telephone could have been used, there would have been no "Battle of New Orleans."

The telephone makes us get more acquainted with others. Such people as the storekeeper, doctor and a number of other professionals make full use of the telephone to a good purpose. At once the invention of the telephone was a great thing, just as it is now. The telephone is now used in every country.

Radio, a wireless invention, helps us to get more knowledge and keeps us informed as to what is going on in the world. It is a very useful invention.

Airplanes give us fast service by taking us to our destinations. They help explorers to reach their goal much faster. Admiral Byrd is using airplanes on his Antarctic Expedition. He has more changes of exploring the land around the South Pole with the help of an airplane than without it.

Movies take away troubles (sometime) from our minds. In the early days the people used to knit, because there were no modern amusements. Movies, like other modern inventions, are very helpful when they are put to practical and useful work. But movies, like other inventions, are often used for private gains.

Modern communication and transportation bind nations together and make them progressing. But both of these means are also used for destructive purposes. Let us hope that the time will soon come when all inventions and scientific discoveries will be used for the advancement of human progress.

JUSTIN MARTINCIC JR., 14, lodge 138,
Box 684, Canonsburg, Pa.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Here are a few questions and answers I would like to see printed in the Mladinski List:

1. When do teeth do the tongue's work?—When they chatter.



VACATION TIME

Drawn by Milton Laurencic, age 16,
973 Addison Rd., Cleveland, O., Lodge 5.

2. What fruit grows on telephone wires?—Currents.
3. When is a slap like a hat?—When it's felt.
4. What dog wears flowers?—Dogwood.
5. What never asks questions but must always be answered?—Doorbell.
6. What cord can't you tie with?—A cord of wood.
7. What coat never loses its buttons?—A coat of paint.
8. What key is harder to turn?—Don-key.
9. What has a mouth but never eats?—A river.
10. Why does a chimney sweep like his work?—It suits (soots) him.

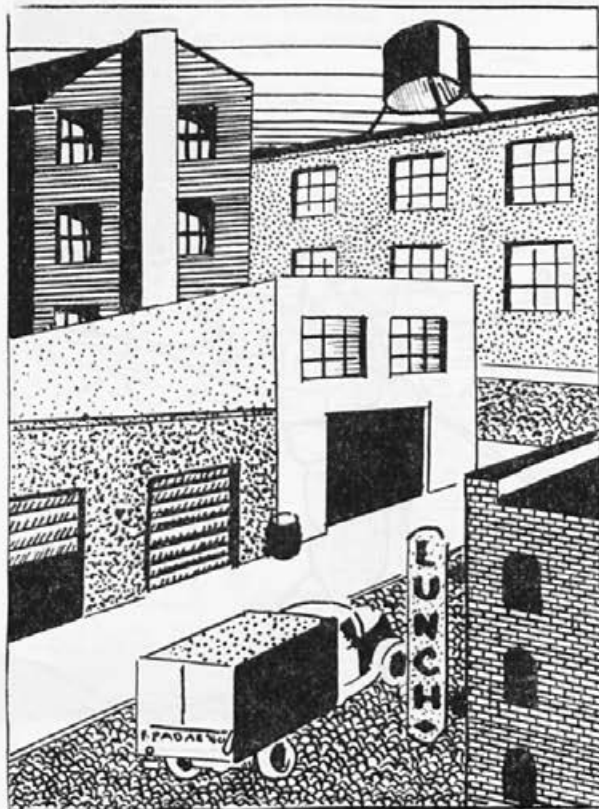
I wish to add that our school was out May 24. I was promoted to the fifth grade. Our picnic was scheduled for May 25. Fun for all and then vacation time.

LUCAS GARM, R. R. 1, Sheldon, Wis.

PADAR'S FAREWELL

Dear Editor:

I regretfully conclude my monthly letters to you as also my contributions to the great "Mladinski List." I have reached the age at which all good little juveniles suddenly become strong, important adult members of the SNPJ. This letter and the enclosed India ink drawing represent my last connection, active connection, with the magazine which has become a very important part of my progress in the literary and artistic fields.



IT'LL BE SEEING YOU JUNE 23
THE SNPJ DAY

Drawn by Dorothy Dermotta, age 16,
Box 101, Avella, Pa., Lodge 292.

The enclosed drawing is an actual representation of a scene a few blocks from my home, although it is slightly modified. In an endeavor to bring out the gray tones and shades which a street scene must, of necessity, contain, I have used every trick of the artist in this respect. India ink drawings are usually battles between the artist and the ink; the ink seems to fight to be applied in cold, forbidding black streaks, the artist strives to get grays. I have been stumped in choosing a title for the drawing and therefore leave the picking of the name solely to you.

Permit me to take this opportunity to thank you heartily for reproducing my past literary inspirations so exactly and in addition printing so many of my drawings within the covers of the "M. L." These monthly issues will be preserved so that my immediate and personal posterity can awe at the work of their now youthful ancestor.

Frank Padar, Jr.

P. S. I am seventeen, a member of lodge No. 580 in Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE—You should continue your contributions of drawings to the ML. Although the adult members cannot compete in any contest with the juveniles, you will be welcome to write or draw for the readers of the ML whenever you desire.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

It is estimated that more than 90% of the fabrics used in the United States are bought by girls and women. Every girl should learn as much as possible to buy intelligently. She should know about the fabrics and the ready-made garment. For that is to her advantage.

Girls and women are indirectly responsible for the conditions under which garments are made. Manufacturers try to meet the demands of the public and we follow changing fashions rapidly. That goes for inexpensive as well as real expensive clothing. We force the workers to work overtime and the employers are paying them very low wages.

If a good grade garment of more conservative style were demanded, this rush for rapid production would be avoided and it would be more economical to both purchaser and producer. If a certain style goes out of fashion quickly, a merchant may not



"FISHING FOR TROUBLE"

Drawn by Joseph Zupancic, age 17,
4745 Modac Way, Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge 118.

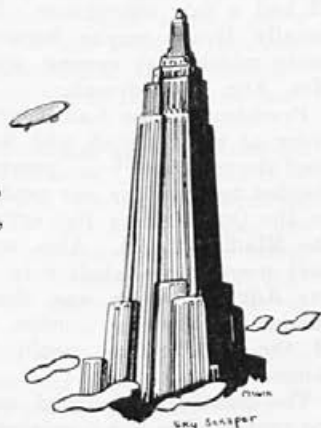
sell all the garments of that style. This way he will more likely lose money on this left-over stock. As a results the customers must help pay him for this loss on left-over merchandise by paying higher prices for other purchases they make.

Formerly many manufacturers in their efforts to produce inexpensive garments which the people demanded, allowed the workers to do the sewing in their home. Conditions in those tenements were often a menace to the health of the workers and to the person using the article. The garments were frequently made in the room where people had contagious diseases. The National Consumers' League is largely responsible for the improvement of these conditions.

FANNIE GALICICH, 16, lodge 206.
R. R. 1, Box 137, Arcadia, Kansas.

SKYSCRAPER

Drawn by Mary Volk,
age 16, 702 E. 160 st.,
Cleveland, Ohio,
Lodge 312.



Moj stari očka

Vladko Kos

Veš, moj stari očka
pipico kadi,
vsak dan k ptičkom hodi
v park in se smeji.
Ptički ga pozdravljajo: očka naš, ci, ci!

Karte zna igrati,
durek in tarok,
pravljuje ve čudne,
le za vnukov krog!
Kdor pa z njim igra, primojdun, zgubi!

Pa zbolel je očka,
legel v posteljo,
ali, kako je v parku
tiho zdaj bilo . . .
Ptički kot iz kamna, nič več pesmi ni!

Ptička priletela
k njemu k oknu je,
trkala nanj s kljunčkom,
stresla v mrazu se!

"Ci, ci, očka Kosov,
zdravi bodite!
čakamo vas ptički,
Kmalu pridite!"

Veš, moj stari očka
žalosten leži,
pa čeprav bolan je,
pipico le kadi!
O, da bi spet peli ptički mu: ci, ci!

Summer Fun

*Summer is the time to play;
We stay out-of-doors all day;
Everything is sunny and bright;
Summer is a beautiful sight.*

*Children are all happy and gay
In summer time as they play;
They sing and dance, jump and run,
All day long they have lots of fun.*

*But when school days come at last
And beautiful summer time has past
We wait until next summer comes
Then we repeat all this fun.*

Sylvia Zupancic, 14,
Lodge 118.

A Joy in June

The roses make the world so sweet,
The bees, the birds have such a tune,
There's such a light and such a heat
And such a joy in June.

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.

CIRCLE NO. 10 SHOWS PROGRESS

AGUILAR, COLO.—Once again I am writing to the most wonderful juvenile magazine I know—the Mladinski List of the SNPJ.



First I wish to thank Circle No. 1 of Walsenburg, Colo., and their Manager Ed Tomsic for inviting us there to attend their Circle meeting on April 21. After the meeting delicious refreshments were served. I enjoyed myself very much and I am sure the other mem-

bers of our Circle who attended the meeting, enjoyed themselves very much also.

Our Circle No. 20 and Lodge No. 381 are progressing rapidly. On May 26, the Federation of SNPJ lodges will hold a meeting at Pueblo, Colo., and the nearby circles will present a program consisting of songs, recitations, speeches, etc. I intend to sing one American song and a few Slovene songs which I have learned from my parents and Slovene friends. Since I play the piano, I am learning to play Slovene pieces from the Slovenska Pesmarica. I hope the program after the federation meeting turns out well.

School's almost out, which is too soon for me. But I don't want school to end too soon because it is my last year in grade-school, and next year I will enter the Aguilar High School. Next reason is this, that I like the eighth grade class in which I have many friends.

This year the Aguilar 8th grade is giving a play instead of graduation exercises. The play is called "Calm Yourself," and I am the leading lady in the

play. I am Mrs. Frances Smithie, and my husband, Fred, is always doing as I say. The play was scheduled for Wednesday, May 15, that is before this issue of the ML will be out. After the play the graduates will receive their diplomas.

This year I am graduating from grade school with the highest average, which is 95%. I wish I could keep this average as I enter the high school.

On Saturday night, April 6, I was invited to the Dentists Convention which was held in Trinidad, Colo. There I sang, "Melancholy Baby" and "The Little Fox." Then on Tuesday night of the next week, I sang for the Citizenship Class at a program consisting of Steven Foster's compositions. (I received a card of thanks for my singing there.) I will write more about our Circle next time.

MITZI KOSERNICK, Circle 20,
Box 199, Aguilar, Colorado.

ACTIVITIES OF JUVENILE CIRCLE 13

CLEVELAND, O.—Our Circle meeting on March 22 had a fair attendance. The meeting was unusually lively, maybe because of the unexpected party which was sprung upon us by our adviser, Mrs. Ann K. Medvesek.

President Milton Laurencic called the meeting to order at eight o'clock and Secretary Elsie Vidmar read the minutes of the previous meeting. We then decided to have for our next meeting, a discussion on the Our Melting Pot articles that appeared in the Mladinski List. Also, we decided, that at the next meeting we shall vote on the suggestion of our Adviser, which was, that we should collect, during the summer months, "insects or something of the kind." This would keep us busy during summer.

The meeting adjourned and we proceeded with the contest. The test consisted of 20 questions about

the books reviewed by Betty Jartz in her column, "Introducing Book Friends," in the ML. I came in with flying honors, by winning 1st prize of 50c. For second prize there was a tie between Prexy Milton and Anna Surlina, each getting 12c, the extra cent going to our treasury.

We then had a little "quiz" about the human body, on questions such as this one, "What part of the body is a scholar?" Answer: Eye (pupil). Then the unexpected party followed. Our adviser had baked a delicious nut cake for this party, and boy! was it good. We also had ice cream and jelly beans. After our snack we cleaned up the club-room and went home, wishing that we could have this kind of meeting every day.

Our next meeting was called for April 26, and our May meeting was scheduled to take place on May 24. Well, I'll be back next month to tell you of the happenings of Circle 13, "The Dodgers," and about our past two meetings. Until then I remain your correspondent.

VALENTINE T. PAKIS, Vice Pres. Circle 13,
976 East 77th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

FROM CIRCLE NO. 11

MULBERRY, KANSAS.—In my last letter I promised to write soon, so I am writing now.

Our last meeting was held at Franklin in the SNPJ hall. The day was cool but we had a large attendance at the meeting. A pie social was discussed, which took place at Yale on April 13. One present was won by John Kozjek and the other by Annie Ales. A very interesting program was prepared by our committee. Our next meeting was called for May 12 at Yale—on Mother's Day. We planned to invite all mothers and to have a special program in their honor. Our April meeting adjourned as usual, with refreshments served after the meeting.

On April 27, the SNPJ films were shown at the Frontenac hall. That was at the annual Federation of SNPJ lodges affair. I will write more next time.

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

CIRCLE NO. 5 REVIEWS ACTIVITIES

LUZERNE, PA.—Well, here comes Juvenile Circle No. 5, reporting about their annual party held on March 24. We all had a swell time and all the members were present, also a few outsiders who, I hope, will join our Circle in Luzerne later on.

At our last Circle meeting, the boys have decided to have a team and play mushball. We girls have not yet decided, but we will also have a team or something. It is necessary that ALL member are present at meetings. Our meetings are interesting. It is true that we girls are somewhat bashful during our meetings, but after the meeting is over we are "regular jitterbugs."

I wish to say that I am sorry for not writing to my pen pals but I will answer soon.

The best sports of the season are just ahead of us. I like swimming, hiking and baseball, even if

these sound like boy's sports. It is beautiful now all around. And at this point I should like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Ofack for letting us members use their home for the party on March 24. I also wish to thank Angeline for all she has done for us. The committee were Caroline Rovinson, president; Frank Vratovic Jr., vice pres.; Angeline Ofack and Cecilia Bolah, committee. A sincere "Thank you" goes to all of you for your work.

This will be all for this time. Next month we will have another write-up about our Circle. Best regards to all ML readers.

"JUST A MEMBER," Circle 5,
Luzerne, Pennsylvania.

(Editor's Note: It is necessary that the Editor knows the name of every contributor. Unsigned letter cannot be considered. However, for the above letter we made an exception.)

CIRCLES NO. 21 SPORTS TEAMS

SHARON, PA.—I have been putting it off for so long that already it is a month since the basketball season closed. (I am writing this on April 26.) Anyway, here it is, a report of the Slovene Junior Basketeers of the All-Around Juvenile Circle 21. Starting too late in the season, we only played four games, winning two and losing two. Here is how we finished the season:

Our opponents scored 149 points to our 139. Our points were divided thus:

| | F. G. | F. | T. |
|-----------------|-------|-------|-----|
| Glavan | 25 | 7-16 | 57 |
| Macek | 11 | 1-3 | 23 |
| R. Zickar | 10 | 0-3 | 20 |
| O'Korn | 8 | 1-1 | 17 |
| L. Zickar | 7 | 3-7 | 17 |
| Cimperman | 1 | 1-5 | 3 |
| F. Zickar | 1 | 0-0 | 2 |
| Zager | 0 | 0-0 | 0 |
| Zager | 0 | 0-0 | 0 |
| Blazich | 0 | 0-0 | 0 |
| Robich | 0 | 0-0 | 0 |
| Totals | 62 | 13-35 | 139 |

That's all for basketball.

We are planning to have a softball team also. We have played together for two years and we compiled a record of 26 wins to 2 defeats. Here's hoping we have just as fine a record this year.

JACK GLAVAN, Sports Mngr., Circle 21
987 Cedar Ave., Sharon, Pa.

ALL-AROUND JUVENILE CIRCLE

FARRELL, PA.—It certainly is time for the All-Around Juvenile Circle members to write and to be heard from again. Spring is here and with Spring come various outdoor activities.

As you might expect in Spring, all the boys are enthusiastically looking forward to a successful mushball season. And so it is with the Slovene Juniors. I might also add that after viewing a bit of practice, I can safely say that they certainly look good.

A scrapbook was bought by the All-Around Juve-

niles. That scrapbook will carry all articles written to the ML by the members of our Circle. So come on, girls and boys, and see how quick we can fill it up, by writing to the M. L. more often.

Let this be enough for the present. With wishes for success for all Juvenile Circles, we promise that more will be said in the future.

MARGARET CIPPERMAN, Circle 21,
Box 167, Farrell, Pa.

FROM "JOLLY KANSANS" CIRCLE

MULBERRY, KANS.—Our Circle meets each 1st Sunday of the month at a place decided upon at the previous meeting. Our April meeting was held on the 7th at Franklin. There was a large attendance, although there were more girls than boys present. I think that it would be nice to have more boys at our meetings. Mr. Shular taught us to read Slovene and we sang several songs. After that refreshments were served. For the May 5th meeting some of us decided we'd sing a May song, most likely this one:

I say hello to First of May,
I say hello to happy day.
Lots of roses in the bloom
Make happy every home—
I say hello to First of May,
I say hello to happy day.

I say hello to blooming May,
I say hello to happy day.
Happiest birdie it can be,
Mocking birdie on a tree
Singing a song to blooming May,
Singing a song to First of May.

I say hello to my brother and sisters and the rest of my relatives in far away places. They are in Chicago and in Cleveland. (See my letter in Pen Pals section.) I will write more next time.

CARL ULEPICH (age 11), Circle 11,
R. R. 1, Mulberry, Kans. (Lodge 65)

CHATTER

By Chit and Chat

This column will concern some inside information of the Cleveland circles and their doings.

Dots and dashes and lots of flashes—here we go—It seems that most girls think that Joe Puntar of Circle No. 13 is a stupendous dancer.—Let's get together, boys, and do something about it.—Still on the subject of dancing—at the George Washington Party of Circle No. 2 it was evident that F. B. of Circle 3 was trying to teach us boys how to dance when we could have taught her some steps.

More chatter from Circle No. 3's Easter party. Tony Smith finally overcame his bashfulness and asked Ann Cebul to dance. How did you like it, Tony? Wanna dance some more?

Marian Tratnik and Eugene certainly went to town trying to jitterbug at the Easter Party. Thinking of starting a dancing school, Eugene?

Say, Joe, have you heard that you have been christened "Official Bottle-Opener" since a certain party in the past?

"In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to

love." Is this true in your case, Leo N. and Dot T.?

Frances Suhadolnik isn't as shy as she pretends to be. Holding out on us, eh, Fran?

Seems that most of this news is from Circle No. 3's Easter party but that was the big event just before the making of this column.

Something different at this party was a Grand March led by Ann Cebul, Marian Tratnik, and Eugene Terbizan. They certainly can swing it, can't they boys?

We wish to hear of your opinion of this column. So in your future letters to the M. L. will you kindly put in a word or two concerning this column and also whether you want it to continue.

Mačka

Lili Novy

Mačka, mačka,
mehka ti je tačka!
Na blazino sedeš,
kadar se ti zdi,
volne si napredeš
za obleke tri.

Mačka, mačka,
mehka ti je tačka!
Daj, prodaj mi volno,
kadar se ti zdi!
Mojo punčko bolno
venomer mrazi.

Mačka, mačka,
mehka ti je tačka!
Bova barantali,
kadar se ti zdi,
jajčka ti izbrali,
lepa jajčka tri.

Mačka, mačka,
mehka ti je tačka!
Jajčka boš dobila,
kadar se ti zdi,
goske si zvalila,
bele goske tri.

Mačka, mačka,
mehka ti je tačka!
Goske boš pojedla,
kadar se ti zdi,
volne spet napredla
za obleke tri!

Naš rod.

Nasty Look

First Motorist: Aw, what's the matter with you?

Second Motorist: Nothing is the matter with me, why?

First M.: You gave me a nasty look.

Second M.: I did not. But now that you mention it, you certainly do have a nasty look.

Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

MY THREE CLASSES OF HOBBIES



Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List and it surely isn't going to be my last one, I promise. Since I have last written, I have started to attend East Technical High School, and boy! do I like it there. At the present I am in the 10A and I am taking up the following subjects: English, geometry, speech, gym, machine shop, and mechanical drawing. I enjoy all these subjects, especially chemistry.

Most of my spare time goes to my hobbies, that is, time left over from chores and homework. My hobbies run into three parts or classes, which are sports, collecting, and corresponding.

In sports, I have a sport for each season such as: baseball for spring, swimming in the summer, football for the fall, and ice-skating for the winter months. I can major all of these sports fairly well. I participate in these sports on days which are suited for them. In sports there are many chances to develop one's self, so I advise any growing boy to participate in a sport every season.

In collecting, I have advanced the farthest, maybe because of my pen pals. I collect many things such as, war relics, Indian relics, coins, post cards, medals, license plates, paper money, bullets, skins, and skulls. Here I receive much help from my pen pals. They send me many articles in trade for something they want. This form of trading is usually called "swapping" by boys who make use of it. I would like to hear from boys who have any of the afore-mentioned things and those who would want to "swap". I will answer all the letters that I get.

In my third and last hobby, I spend the most time. It is my most liked hobby, maybe because I get to learn about the cities and states in which my pen pals live. I correspond with boys my age in Texas, Arizona, Missouri, Alabama, Idaho, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Africa, and Estonia. From them I have received countless articles for my collections. As I said before, I would like to hear from boys who would want to "swap" and I hope that through the Mladinski List, I will be able to get some more pen pals.

Well, vacation is nearly here and that'll mean more time for my hobbies and much more time to draw pictures, and write letters for our magazine, the Mladinski List.—VALENTINE T. PAKIS (age 15, lodge 147), 976 E. 77th St., Cleveland, O.

CHARLES COMES FROM KANSAS

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Pen Pal Page of the Mladinski List, although I have been one of the regular contributors of the past in

crossword puzzles and essays. I have also won awards in the various Our School contests in the past. I think I received from the ML in cash awards somewhere near \$13 or more. I also want to thank the ML staff for the consideration given to me in the past. Due to the lack of time, I had to give up crossword puzzle making.

My favorite sports are bowling, swimming and board diving, and boxing. At the present I am a member of the Eveleth Amateur Boxing Club. We have 16 active members. I am in the welterweight division. We have bouts booked with cities of Central and Northern Minnesota. I am going to the Eveleth Senior High School and I am in grade 12B. I am 17½ years old.

We have a newly organized SNPJ Booster Club here in Eveleth, and we had a dance here April 20. It was a greater success than we thought it would be. This is my fifth year in Minnesota and I surely miss my old home town Franklin, Kansas, where I was born. I also lived in Gebo near Arcadia, and my brother was graduated from the Arcadia High School about two years ago. Some of you probably are intimate friends of my brother. His name is John Potochnik. I left Kansas five years ago to live with same people in Minnesota and I write to some of my old school mates and friends there. But I am sorry to say, they don't reply. I know Henry Jelovech, my former neighbor in Franklin, Kans. And I know the Nolimals and Podpechans and the Karlinger family. I suppose most of you don't remember me any more, but I want some of you who still remember me, to write to me, because I like to hear how my old friends and pals are getting along.

Just a hint, old-timers! I might come back to my home town Franklin and visit all the nearby towns—Arma, Mulberry, Arcadia and Pittsburg. I might come for a brief stay. I'll be hoping to see you there and I hope I don't pass any of my intimate friends up. I wish all my friends and readers of the ML a lot of joy and fun during the spring and summer months. I hope my Kansas friends will drop me a line or two in the near future.—CHARLES ANTHONY LA SAKER, 309 Fayal Road, Eveleth, Minnesota. (Lodge 60)

MY FAVORITE HOBBIES, SPORTS

Dear Editor:—I am 15 years old and in the tenth grade at the East Conemaugh Borough High School. This is my first letter to the ML and I hope to write many more. My dad, sister, brother, and I all belong to SNPJ lodge 168, and are very proud of it. Dad is secretary of Lodge 168.

My hobbies are collecting movie star pictures, and listening to cowboy music. I also like to save western pictures. I have been saving movies stars for at least two years, and in that time I have saved and collected quite a collection. I also like to go to the movies. My favorite actor is Roy Rogers and my favorite actress is Jane Withers.

Basketball season has come and gone but the Iron Horses of Conemaugh have something to be proud of. This is the first time in the history of the school that a team has gotten so far. We got

as far as the finals and were stopped by Libanon High School, with a score of 37-32. Even though we didn't get the state championship we received our share of trophies—for West Central League, District 6, Western part of State, runners-up to the State, and southwestern trophies. I hope our team has just as much success next year as it had this year.

I would like to receive letters from other members. I like to read letters and will answer each one promptly. Boys as well as girls are welcome. So please write to me, and each letter will receive quick attention. Best regards to all.—NITA NALDI BREZOVSEK, R. 239 First Street, Connemaugh, Pennsylvania.

ON THE HONOR ROLL

Dear Editor:—I read the Mladinski List every month. Now I decided to write to this magazine. I am 13 years of age and am in the seventh grade. There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge 10.



Our school is very interesting and nice. They have some very nice teachers up here. I like the music teacher best. Her name is Miss McDermott. I was on the "H" honor role this quarter and hope to be on it next quarter. I was on the baseball and

volley ball teams this year. We lost both tournaments but I think they were both fair games.

I like to play the accordion very much and am sending you a picture. I hope it will be published, and I also hope the ML readers will like it. I wish some of the members would write to me for I want some pen pals.—ELSIE OBLOK, 414 Tisdell Street, Rock Springs, Wyo.

MY DOG "SMUGGIE"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am nine years old. I live on a farm and I read the ML every month. Do I enjoy it? I like to read every letter, and I like the pictures, too. I have a dog and two cats for pets. It is fun to play with them. My dog's name is "Smuggie". It's a collie dog. She shakes hands with me. We had our spring vacation and went back to school on April 1st. I like school. Drawing is my favorite subject. My teacher is Miss Moe. She is a good teacher. I will write more next time.—MARGARET GORYUP, Box 460, Buhl, Minnesota.

WE WENT TO CHICAGO

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 11 years old and in the 6A grade at Washington School in Oglesby, Ill. The school is a mile from my home.

On March 3, my mother, father and I and two ladies went to Chicago to attend the 35th Anniversary celebration of the Proletarec. We heard Professor Maynard C. Krueger and Etbin Kristan speak, and heard Eddy Udovich sing and play.

On Easter Sunday the Mohawk Lodge, No. 573, SNPJ, gave a play, "All a Mistake". They celebrated their anniversary and had a very big crowd at the affair. My father and I belong to the Mohawk Lodge. This will be all for this time, but I will write again soon.—DOLORES UDOVIC, Route 1, La Salle, Ill. (Lodge 573)

WON SPELLING BEE CONTEST

Dear Editor:—I decided to write to ML again, for the second time. I am sending two pictures in and hope they are good enough to be printed in the Mladinski List. I won the grade spelling bee in the 7th grade. The reward was a dictionary with my name on it, inscribed in gold. I am twelve years old. The weather in Detroit is cold for April. I have made up two lines that rhyme with the weather. Here they are: April freezing brings May sneezing. Best regards to all.—Alice Volk, 16047 Manning Ave., Detroit, Mich.

ON KITE FLYING

Dear Editor:—I am very glad that two of my letters were published in the Mladinski List. Thank you. I like the ML very much, especially jokes. Easter has passed, and I have my onions planted. I made a kite, too. I worked all winter on it. One day it was snowing and the wind was blowing, and I went outside to fly it. But when the wind started to blow harder, it nearly took me away with the kite. I caught my kite half way up the hill which is right next to our house.

My heart jumps so much that I can't write my letter very well. I think and think when May 17th will be here. I am counting the days, hours and minutes—because on that day our school will be out. We are learning and studying how to write letters. I wrote one to my father.

I am still thinking of being a cowboy, but I do not know when I will be one. Best regards to all.—DAN GOSTOVICH (age 9), Box 5, Raton, New Mex. (Lodge 416)

PICNIC TIME IS HERE AGAIN

Dear Editor:—I am 11 years of age and in the sixth grade. There are five people in our family. May dad, mom, sister, brother, and I. I play the violin. My hobby is writing letters to pen pals. This is a very interesting hobby. Of course, it is lots of fun when you receive letters.

Each year we have a picnic in our orchard. We roast lambs. There are usually 100 or 200 people at these picnics. Last year's picnic was a surprise party on my mother and father. We always have lots of fun.

I like the Mladinski List very much. Boys and girls, please write. I will answer all letters promptly, and I will also send post-cards of Berea. Best regards to one and all.—ZORA PERIS, 74 French Street, Berea, Ohio.

EIGHT MONTHS OF SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. After a few months of sleep, I thought I would write again, because school is out now and I have more time. We only have eight months of school because we live in a poor district and they haven't enough money for another month of school.

Our last Circle meeting was held on April 7 at Franklin. There was a large attendance, but there were more girls than boys. So wake up, boys, and start coming to the meeting so there will be more boys than girls at our next Circle meeting. At our last meeting Mr. Shular taught us how to read Slovene. We sang songs before refreshments were served. At the May meeting we may sing a May song, which goes like this: "I say hello to First of May, I say hello to happy day . . ." (See the entire song in the "Our Own Juvenile Circles" section.)

I say hello to my brother and sister, to my nephew and niece in Chicago. They belong to the SNPJ. I also say hello to my aunt and uncle, to my niece and nephews in Cleveland, Ohio. I don't know if any of them belong to the SNPJ or not. I hope they do. Best regards to all.—Carl Ulepich (age 11), R. R. 1, Mulberry, Kansas. (Lodge 65).

SCHOOL'S OUT!

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. It has been quite long since I wrote my last letter. Our school is going to be let out May 10, so we only have about four more weeks left of school before vacation starts. I will be glad when school is out. I was very glad to see someone from our SNPJ lodge write in the ML and hope

more will write in the future. I would like to have some pen pals. Best regards to all.—Emma Der-novsch, R. R. 1, Sheldon, Wis.

SUCCESSFUL SOCIAL AFFAIR

Dear Editor:—I read the March issue of the Mladinski List and decided to write. I am 13 years old and attend Polk School. I am in the eighth grade. I attended the Crawford County Spelling Contest at Girard on March 30 and had a good time.

Our pie supper and social at Yale was an interesting affair. Music was furnished by the "Harmony Hicks" and a good time was had by all. Our last Circle meeting was held at Franklin. Plans for the pie supper were made, our Slovene School was held, and pop and wiener sandwiches were served as refreshments after the meeting.

I will write more next time. Our school will soon be out, and then vacation time will start. I hope everyone of you will have lots of fun during the summer months. Best regards to all.—Dorothy Yoger, R. R. 3, Box 1612, Girard, Kans.

"ALL IS PEACEFUL NOW . . ."

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. My first letter appeared in the ML very long, long ago. I think I better tell something about myself.

I am 14 years old and in the ninth grade in the Smeley Junior High School. There are six in our family, all of whom belong to the SNPJ. My father is secretary of SNPJ lodge 40. I live out here in South Western Colorado, which once upon a time was a wild place inhabited by Indians, cowboys, and tough, ragged gold diggers. It is really very interesting to read about some things that happened out here in the West. I especially like to read about Indians that were kind and the ones that were on the warpath and killed people to scalp them. But that was long, long time ago—and it was war. It really was a wild place. Now, however, it is the most peaceful country you ever saw. Gosh, do things change!

I am very interested in writing and receiving letters. I would like to have some pen pals both boys and girls. I promise to answer all letters. Best regards to all.—Louise Jakshe, R. F. D. 1, Box 40, Durango, Colo.

GLORIOUS SPRING

Dear Editor:—I think spring is a nice season. In spring the children go in the woods and play games. They pick many beautiful flowers. They dance around the maypole, while the gay little birds sing in the air. After they are all through playing, they go back home to eat their supper. After supper, they go to sleep. When the next day comes, they go out to play again. Don't you like Spring? I do.—Marie Culpak, 1610 S. Throop St., Chicago, Ill. (Lodge 8).

WANTED: PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the ML. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. I have

four teachers: Miss Hunter, Miss Chuchick, Miss Collins, and Mr. Caston. My two favorite subjects are spelling and history. I wish some pen pals would write to me. I promise I will answer each letter promptly. Best regards to all.—*Frances Strazisar*, R. D. 3, Box 307, Valley Ave., Johnstown, Pennsylvania.

A LETTER FROM DIAMONDVILLE, WYO.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. Spring is here, and so is track meet. I am going out for baseball playing and pole-vaulting. I like to go to school. I have three teachers and six subjects: English, history, civics, arithmetic, reading, and spelling.

I saw one of my friend's letter written in the Mladinski List. But let's go back to sports. We received ninth place in basketball, because we were the only school that had players who were ninth-graders, and there are only nine grades. We did pretty good for the small number of boys that we have. We have very few big ones.

My brother plays the harmonica, and he plays the popular songs. He has about three different harmonicas. The weather was nice for about two months, then on March 21, it began to snow. We thought that we would have nice weather in early spring, but we were fooled. Mr. Stratford gave a play called, "Troubles of a High School Editor." Those that had parts in it were Rose Kosack, Harold Aitkens, Mildred Stupar, Olga Turk, Bertha Motoh, and myself. I guess I will quit writing because I can't think of anything else. Best regards to all.—*Frank Shray*, Diamondville, Wyoming.

NATURE IN JUNE

Dear Editor:—I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I enjoy reading the Mladinski List, and I am a member of SNPJ lodge 680, "Veronians of Verona."

June is the most important month of the year. It marks the beginning of summer. In school we are studying about nature. Mother Nature makes the trees green, the flowers bloom. The birds sing, and the swimming season is here, now, too. Our school is going to be over May 29, and then we are going to have three months of vacation instead of two months.

During the summer months we will have lots of fun playing outdoors. The boys will enjoy playing mushball now, too. The girls will enjoy roller skating, play with dolls, and have picnics or hikes. Best regards to all members.—*Matilda Doles*, 110 West R. R. Ave., Verona, Pa.

MARGARET'S FIRST LETTER

Dear Editor:—I am writing my very first letter to the Mladinski List. I have been reading the ML for sometime and found the poems and stories very interesting.

I am sixteen years of age and in the tenth grade. I hope I can finish school. I only go part time to school, anyway, because my mother is an invalid. She has been an invalid for twenty-six years. Mother

can't walk or do anything, but hear, talk and eat. In fact, we have to feed her. Mother, Dad and I are the only ones home.

I'll close for this time and will write some more next time. Best regards to one and all.—*Margaret Godnick*, P. O. Box 122, Murray, Utah. (Lodge 12).

PRAVLJICA O MUHI IN PAJKU

Dragi urednik!—Lepo ste uredili moj zadnji dopis, zato se vam tudi lepo zahvaljujem. Sedaj je res že vse zeleno po vrtovih in zunaj na deželi. Sedaj je šele prava pomlad. Vse je tako lepo!

Tukaj je kratka povestica o pajku in muhi. Pajek je rekel muhi: "Čuj, sosedka moja! Pridi me obiskat v sobo. Danes sem nanovo preplel vse kote. Po mostičku stranskem stopaj. Tisti mostiček drži naravnost v sobo. Tam ti pa pokažem vse najlepše stvari." Muha pa je zabrenčala: "Jaz ne grem!" Zviti pajek pa nadaljuje: "Pridi k meni na večerjo in jedla boš kar boš hotela." Muha je hvalno odgovorila: "Hvala lepa, sosed dragi, ampak danes nimam časa, morda se oglasim prihodnjič." In res se je muha gizdava oglasila prihodnjič. Hotela se je prepričati na lastne oči, kako se pajku godi. Pajek zviti pa jo je hvalil, da je ona kraljica vseh muh. Čim pa je nališpana muha stopila malo bliže, je slastno planil nanjo pajek in jo ugonobil ter požrl.

Ta zgodbica je v svariilo vsem nam, da napuh se rad kaznuje britko tudi pri ljudeh. Naj povem, da jaz nimam rad ne muhe ne pajka, vendar pa muhe in pajke večkrat opazujem, kako pridno delajo. Pozdrav vsem čitateljem!—*Joe Rott*, 18815 Chickasaw Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

MISSED APRIL M. L.

Dear Editor:—I did not receive the April edition of the Mladinski List and missed it greatly. I did not see my picture in it but would surely enjoy to see it. I will be looking forward for the next edition. (All drawings must be in India ink and on standard paper.—Ed.)

I think there are many fine pictures contributed to the ML and I hope mine will compete with them. I really think the pictures contributed by Eugene Skoff are very fine. Keep up the good work, Eugene!

I wish someone who reads my letter will become my pen pal. I would like to write to someone far away, in some distant city of the United States. So please some distant member write me a letter. I wish the ML would come sooner because I enjoy reading it. I have a lot of time each evening and read many books. After I come home from school I feed my thirteen rabbits, then I feed our cow Babe, then I milk her. That's all I have to say and that I wish the best regards to all.—*Marilyn Zdrasky*, Box 315, Parkville, Minnesota.

PEN PALS WANTED

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, and I hope I will see it printed in this wonderful magazine. I have been reading this

wonderful magazine for quite some time. I started to write to ML many times but I never finished writing. I am 11 years of age and in the sixth grade. I wish to have some pen pals and I promise to answer their letters promptly. Well, I haven't much to say for the first time, but I will write more the next time. Best regards to one and all.—*Rose Marie Ofack*, 280 Luzerne Boulevard, Luzerne, Pa.

A VISIT TO CAPITAL CITY

Dear Editor:—I am writing about the trip that our two seventh grades took, and about the interest in places we visited. That was on March 23, 1940.

On that day, the two seventh grades accompanied by our principal, Mr. McCusker, and teachers Mr. Morby and Mr. Peterson, went on a trip to Salt Lake to see some of the main points of interest. We have been studying the history of Utah, and so this trip was educational as well as entertaining.

As soon as we arrived in Salt Lake City, we went up to radio station KSL. There we were shown how sound effects were produced. We were taken through the studios and were shown how the news is gathered for the daily broadcasts. Next we were taken on a sightseeing tour around the city, through Federal Heights, the modern residential part of the city, where we saw many prominent people's homes. Also, we saw several of Brigham Young homes, his burial place, and many other interesting places. To end the sight-seeing tour we rode through Liberty Park, and up to the Tabernacle, where we heard one of the famous noon day organ recitals.

We returned to Liberty Park where we ate our lunches, with the many gulls helping themselves generously. We stopped to look at the birds and animals in the park, but we stopped longer than we should have, watching the ostrich eat oranges, which disappeared entirely in one grand gulp. Then we went to the Desert News Building. There we were given a pamphlet besides being taken through the building. Anyway, we saw where the Desert News is printed. Our guide told us about the stories (news) being brought in by the reporters, and he showed us the machine where the wire-photos are received, where the copies of papers are made, and then where the paper comes out of the machines all folded and ready to be delivered. We were told that it comes out of the machines all folded at the rate of more than six hundred per minute!

As our time was limited, we hurried right up to the Capital. The first thing that catches your eye as you enter is the bronze statue of Massasoit, which was given the state by a Utah sculptor. An especially interesting bit of news was given us by the guide when he drew our attention to the seven thousand pound chandelier which hangs suspended from the dome. We were told not to worry about this chandelier falling on us but if it ever did fall it would be the end of Massasoit.

The most beautiful thing on the main floor, we thought, was the gold room which was furnished

to serve as a reception room for the governor, at the cost of sixty-five thousand dollars. Next we were allowed to go through the museum and art galleries.

Although we had done quite a bit of walking, and went around a quite a bit during the day, the only ones that wanted to go home were our driver, Mr. Kimball, and teacher Mr. Morby.—Coming up to Canyon quite a few deer were sighted which caused much excitement. On the way home everyone was singing and enjoying the ride. We all joined in on Roll Out the Barrel, God Bless America, Spring Time in the Rockies, and many others.—*Betty Vedic* (age 13, lodge 639), Box 80, Park City, Utah.

A CORRECTION

Dear Editor:—I wish to call your attention to an error in the May issue of the M. L. The picture on page 21 was not drawn by Angeline Zager, my mother, but by me. It was merely signed by her. I am enclosing a drawing for the June issue. Yours sincerely,—*Dorothy Zager* (age 16, lodge 61), Box 312, Gilbert, Minn.

VACATION TIME

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the Mladinski List. I received many letters from different places, especially from Pennsylvania. I want to thank all the members that sent me some letters. I like to read the letters, which my pen pals send me.

Here in Toledo, Ohio, the schools will close May 31. That will be soon, and then—vacation time will come. Most of the children will have lots of fun during the summer months. I hope I will have plenty of fun too.

I know some children who don't belong to the SNPJ. I think they would like to be our members. I would like to try to get them in the SNPJ. They are of a different nationality. I am in the seventh grade. My teacher is Miss Carnes. I will write more next time.—*Tony Valencic*, 1224 Myrtle St., Toledo, Ohio.

POTOVANJE Z LETALOM NA ZAPAD

Dragi urednik!—Iskrena hvala za moj lepo urejeni dopis, ki ste ga priobčili v majski številki Mladinskega lista. V tem dopisu bom še nadalje opisala potovanje z letalom na zapad, ki sva ga napravili moja teta in jaz.

Zadnjič sem omenila, da Portland, Oregon je bila naša zadnja postaja. Tako je tudi bilo, četudi se bi jaz rada še kar naprej peljala. Saj pa je bila vožnja z aeroplanom ali letalom tako prijetna. Bilo je gorko in solnce je sijalo skozi okna našega letala. Prav nič pa se mi ni dopadla vožnja čez coloradske hribe. Tako je ropotalo po ušesih, da nisem nič slišala. To pa zato, ker smo se vozili tako visoko, kjer je zrak bolj lahak. Vožnja čez druge države pa je bila dovolj prijetna.

V nekaterih krajih je naše letalo plavalo po zraku tako nizko, da smo videli živino, ki se je pasla na travnikih. V nekaterih krajih pa je bil sneg. Mislija sem, kako mrzlo bo v Oregonu, ki je na za-

padu. Pa sem se motila. Ko smo dospeli v Portland, sem pa videla kako lepo je bilo. Iz Portlanda sva odpotovali ob 6.30 zvečer z busom in ob 7.30 sva dospeli v Cornillious, Oregon. Predno sva prišli do tiste hiše, kjer sva prenočili, se je že zmračilo. Vsled tega se mi ni nič dopadlo.

Naslednji dan sva vstali in zunaj je bilo prijetno. Bolj se mi je dopadlo v Cornelious kot v Portlandu. Solnce je prijetno sijalo, rože so cvetele že takrat, namreč v drugi polovici meseca marca! Tako se bile razcvetene, kakor so pri nas v Pennsylvaniji v maju ali juniju. Lahko si mislite, kako lepo se človeku zdi, če pride iz zime v cvetočo pomlad v nekaj urah.

Sedaj bom pa zaključila ta dopis. Prihodnjič bom še kaj več napisala o vtisih najinega potovanja z letalom na zapad. Pozdrav vsem čitateljčkom Mladinskega lista!—*Mary Zupančič*, Box 246, Library, Pa.

HELEN WILL WRITE AGAIN

Dear Editor:—I am 14 years old and in my first year in high school. I take five subjects: general science, arithmetic, English, civics, and home economics. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List.

There are six in our family: Mother, Father, brother Matt, sisters Mary and Elsie, and I. We all belong to the SNPJ. I have two pen pals, Agnes Spek from Absher, Montana, and Hilda Kropushek from Frontier, Wyoming. I would like to have more pen pals both boys and girls. Please write. I promise to answer every letter promptly.

I enjoy cowboy music very much and I would like to live out West on a ranch. I am going to close now, and even if this letter is not published, I promise to write more often to the M. L.—*Julia Pentarek*, Box 28, Blawnox, Pa.

THEY ARE TEN—SEVEN IN SNPJ

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, and I hope it is not the last. I am 10 years old and in the fourth grade. Miss Paull is my teacher and she is very good. My subjects are reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and language.

My favorite sports are baseball and basketball, although I am not so good at it. I took part in the Physical Education Exhibition which was held Friday, May 3, in the High School Gymnasium.

There are ten persons in our family and seven of us belong to the SNPJ. I like the Mladinski List very much, and I would like to have some pen pals, promising to answer each letter promptly.—*Helen Mikulich*, Trenary, Mich. (Lodge 387).

POZNA POMLAD; KROŽEK NAPREDUJE

Dragi urednik!—Gotovo ste opazili, da opisujem pomlad že dva meseca, a šele sedaj, to je 28. aprila, lahko rečem, da je prvi pomladni dan. Na noben način se ni hotela zima posloviti. Prihod pomladi je zadrževala zelo dolgo. In ker je bila pretekla zima tako dolga, upam, da bo kar naenkrat vse v cvetju in zelenju. Narava bo menda letos vzela za

vzгляд diktatorja Hitlerja—nastopila bo s svojo zeleno odejo z bliskovito naglico.

Naš mladinski krožek "Jolly Jesters" št. 2 zelo lepo napreduje. Lansko poletje smo priredili več izletov na lepo urejene prostore naše federacije društev SNPJ. Pa smo me deklice tega krožka prišle na lepo idejo. Naredile si bomo namreč lepe kostume—modre hlače in bele jopice. Na jopice bomo našile ime našega krožka—"Jolly Jesters." O, to se bomo postavile! Živela naša organizacija SNPJ!

Prihodnjič bom kaj več napisala, kajti nocoj, ko to pišem, je že pozno. Kadar je pozno, sem vselej zaspana in treba je k počitku. Iskren pozdrav vsem deklicam in dečkom, ki bodo to čitali!—*Violet Vogrin*, 19708 Shawnee Ave., Cleveland, O.

OUR INTERESTING MLAD. LIST

Dear Editor:—I am sixteen years of age and belong to SNPJ lodge 312, "Vipavski Raj." I go to Collinwood high school here in Cleveland. I am quite busy doing homework these days. My hobby is drawing and designing clothes.

I belong to a Slovene singing club, directed by Mr. Louis Seme. I have attended singing rehearsals for the past four years, and I am still attending them. Last year we presented a concert in the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial hall in Pittsburgh, Pa. We hope to make more trips this year.

I enjoy the ML very much. It is very interesting and amusing. Whenever there is a copy of the ML around—I always "go to town." That's why I have decided to write, and I hope to continue writing every month. I also hope that you will accept my letters.

I am closing now, looking forward to seeing my letter and picture in the Mladinski List. My best regards to all.—*Mary Volk*, 702 E. 160th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTS TO BECOME A COWBOY

Dear Editor:—I have just returned from our little place where we raise our baby chicks. While I was watching them, I just thought about the ML and so I am writing this letter.

I surely like to live on a farm, and would like to be a cowboy. But I think I have to wait a long time. And another thing is that my mother doesn't let me be a cowboy. She wants me to be a tailor. That's because there are ten of us in our family and we surely need one. Well, I am going to wait and see whether I'll be a cowboy or a tailor. There is plenty of time for this.

My sister would like to be a bookkeeper. She likes school very much. As for my brother, who is older than I, he wants to be a ball-player. In my next letter I will tell you about my other brothers and sisters. I am very tired now and will write more as soon as school is out. Here are two jokes:

"How is your radio, Joe?"—"Why, I got Italy so loud last night I could pick spaghetti off the aerial."—Mother: "Why, did you give Tommy Smith your new ball, Bobby?"—Boy: "He promised to let me be Secretary of the Navy when he becomes

President of the United States, that's why."—
Best regards to all the ML readers.—*Dan Gostovich*
(age 9, lodge 416), Box 5, Raton, New Mexico.

VACATION DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. I would like to continue writing to this magazine, and I will try very hard.

Well, it looks like we are getting summer after all. I wish this weather stays nice because I enjoy going on hikes, picnics and outings. Our school will be out on May 31, then our vacation days start again. I would like to receive letters from girls and boys from different parts of the country. I enjoy reading the jokes and riddles that the girls and boys send in. I was sorry I could not write for last month's issue.

I'll close now, promising to write more next time. Best regards to all the juvenile members of the

SNPJ. I hope to hear from pen pals now and then. Please write to me and I will answer promptly.—
Pauline Percha, R. F. D. 1, Box 111, Derry, Pennsylvania.

LIKES CONTESTS AND PUZZLES

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading this magazine very much. I am a member of SNPJ lodge 333 of Blaine, Ohio. I am 13 years old and in the seventh grade in school.

I can hardly wait until the Mladinski List comes because I like to read it. I also enjoy the puzzles and contests in it. It's lots of fun.

I wish to tell the readers of the ML that I would like to have some pen pals. So please write to me and I promise to answer every letter that I receive. Until next month, I am—*Diana Bradley*, Box 115, Blaine, Ohio.

JANKO IN METKA

(Nadaljevanje s 4. strani)

pregrehe, se je vendarle zdrznil, ko je zagledal Janka v teh prostorih. Kaj neki je zgrešil? Tako je bil presenečen, da je kar strmel vanj in ni mogel besedice spregovoriti.

"Le brez skrbi bodite za fanta, Kolar!" je dejal gospod. "Imeniten deček je, tobaka vam je prinesel. Mirno se razgovorita!"

Gospod je odšel v sosednjo sobo, saj je vedel, da bo njuna beseda bolj prisrčna, če bo sta sama med seboj. Zunaj pred vrati je stal stražnik, okno je previsoko, da bi skočil na cesto, čemu bi ju motil?

Kolar je sedel na stol. Potegnil je Janka k sebi in ko je tako držal v svojih rokah sina, s katerim je tako čudnaško živel zunaj na gmajni, je začutil, kako zgrešeno je bilo njegovo življenje. Zgrešeno, prav nič veselo, čudnaško, kakor da bi ga neko nevidno zlo na konopcu vodilo skozi same pustinje. Glej, zdaj pa se je to življenje ustavilo v tem poslopju. Zdaj bo obsojen in življenje, kar ga bo še ostalo, bo žalostno potekalo v mračni celici. Tu pa je njegov sin in ničesar drugega mu ne more zapustiti . . .

"Kmalu bo minulo, oče!" mu prigovarja Janko, ko vidi, kako je strtl. "Sodniki bodo usmiljeni, morda niti tako hudo ne bo, kot si misliš!"

"Kar molči o tem! Vsega tega ne smeš razmišljati!" odgovarja oče. "Sam bom moral, saj bom imel dovolj časa . . . Le kako boš ti, ko si čisto sam na cesti? Nikdar nikoli nisem mislil na to. Zdaj pa je prepozno. Ko bom tako čepel za debelimi zidovi, me bo

pekla vest, da nisem nikdar ničesar dobrega storil zate . . ."

"Saj nisi mogel, vedno si bil brez dela, no, živela pa sva le!" ga tolaži Janko. "Ko se boš vrnil, si bova spet kaj pametnega izmislila!"

"Da, ti si kakor tvoja mati! Prav takšen si. Korajžen, pameten in dobro srce imaš. Meni pa je vsega tega vedno manjkalo. In čeprav mi je silno težko, ti moram zdaj, ko se bova ločila za kdo ve koliko časa, le priznati hudo, hudo stvar."

"Oče, nikar! Povej mi raje kaj o materi! Ali je umrla? To mi vendar lahko poveš, ali ne? Vsak otrok ve kaj o svoji materi, le jaz nič, kakor da ne bi smel vedeti, ali je živa ali mrtva!" In ko tako govori, gleda bistro v očetove oči, ki se potemne.

"Saj to je tisto najhujše, Janko," de oče. "Prav to je vedno ležalo v meni kakor strašna zavest velike krivde, in vselej, kadar si me izpraševal o tem, sem hotel z jezo potlačiti ogenj, ki me je izžigal. Da, tvoja mati živi!"

Janko ga je svetlo pogledal, kakor da ni mogoče tega verjeti, v očeh mu je vzplamtel žarek nekega notranjega vznemirjenja, ki pa ni bilo veselje ne nič določnega. Zavedal se je le, da je lepo imeti svojo mater in da je mati nekaj veselega in dobrega. In še je vedel, da so se njegovi tovariši v vseh težavah vedno zatekali le k materam. Da, mati je bila zanj, po vsem tem, kar je videl in slišal, nekaj silno dragocenega. Zato mu je srce zagorelo od veselega pričakovanja. Torej le ni sam na svetu! Toda kje je mati? Kako da se je oče ni nikdar spominjal?

(Dajje prihodnjic.)

Introducing Book Friends

Reviewed by Betty Jartz



Movies and Stories

It is interesting to note the trend in the movies today to convert stories into talking movies. Let's see. Some of them are: "Grapes of Wrath," based on John Steinbeck's poignantly realistic social novel about the life of dispossessed sharecroppers migrating to California; and "Of Mice and Men," also by Steinbeck, which portrays the loyal friendship between two bindle stiffs, George and the giant, Lennie; and their dream of an independent and abundant life. There is pathos in the sudden cessation of hope and faith in this dream after the death of Lennie.

The movie version of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" was a disappointment, because although Victor Hugo's story was an attack and a challenge aimed at the clericals, the movie does not convey this sentiment, but removes the starch of truth and although it is a source of entertainment it is without the meaning.

We mustn't forget "Pinocchio" based on that popular children's classic of the same name which was written by C. Collodi. This is real artistry for, with this movie, Walt Disney again delights children, young and old, with his splendid treatment of this story. I understand that at the present time he is working on his version of Felix Salten's *Bambi*.

Join the Summer Honor Roll

There are just a few more days before classes will be suspended for the summer vacation and you will no longer be disturbed by the routine of reading, and 'riting, and 'rithmetic. You may say to yourself, "Good riddance. I'll not open a book all summer." Ah, but you are mistaken. Before long you'll be haunting the book shelves and libraries. I know that I did. My summers, just as yours, were always crowded with many activities, but I always had some time left over in which to read.

I used to belong to the Summer Honor Roll. Each member was required to read ten books during the summer and present an oral review to the librarian. They had a chart, with our names listed in fancy print, posted in a conspicuous place and for each review a star was placed after our names. At the close of the season those who participated one hundred percent received a certificate. My, how proud I was of my "diplomas." I remember show-

ing them to my English teacher and I can almost feel the beating of my heart the way it beat that day when she praised my efforts and industry to the whole class. Little did she know that I was rewarded two-fold for something that I enjoyed doing.

Why don't you join the Summer Honor Roll at your local branch library? It's fun and is also something worth-while accomplished.

An Indian Book

E-Yeh-Shure' (Blue Corn) tells something about the philosophy and the mode of living of her people in the book *I Am a Pueblo Indian Girl*, in simple lucid style. Poetic ability is evident in the two lovely poems which conclude the book. The illustrations are water colors by Navajo, Apache, and Pueblo Indian artists. The combining of words and pictures to express ideas make this a truly Indian book.

Great Stockholders

Johnny: "Dad and I are great stockholders on a big cattle ranch."

Frankie: "Is that so?"

Johnny: "Uh-huh! I hold the stock and Dad milks them."

Except in the Middle

Teacher—Frankie, what is an adult?

Frankie—An adult is a person that has stopped growing except in the middle.

Peanuts

Mike: "Some men thirst after fame, some after love, and some after money."

Ike: "I know something they all thirst after."

Mike: "What is that?"

Ike: "Salted peanuts."

Spells Atrociously

They were discussing the new typist.

"What do you think of her?" asked the manager.

"Well, I don't know," said the chief clerk. "But she spells atrociously."

"Really," said the manager. "She must be pretty good. I'm sure I couldn't spell it."



"WIGGLE-WAGGLE"

"Let's take this one home, Mother!" cries Willie Wantzitt, "he can sleep on the rug in front of my bed!" - - Let's take a pencil or a colored crayon, and start drawing a line through the Wiggle-Waggles where the black arrow shows us to start. If we are extra careful to go through open spaces only—and not cross any black lines we will soon see a picture of the pet that Willie wants. The drawings of a giraffe and a whiffle-bird will, show you how it is done.

EDITOR'S NOTE

A. V., Detroit, Mich.—The reason that you have not succeeded thus far to have your drawings appear in the M. L. is that your work lacks neatness, which is the least requirement. Anything drawn to be published must at least be neat.

V. L. S., Pueblo, Colo.—The above note applies to you also. Lack of neatness!

A. B., H. B., and J. B., Worcester, N. Y.—Your contributions pertaining to Mother's Day and Memorial Day came too late for the May issue, and cannot be used now. Some of your drawings are on a small piece of paper—too small for legible reproduction. Don't save on paper and ink!—

I'll Say So!

Friend—I hear your son is getting on quite well.
Crabshaw—I'll say so! Two years ago he wore my old suit. Now I wear his.

Yes, Where Is It?

Jackie—Say, Dad, can I ask a question?
Dad—I suppose so. Let's have it.
Jackie—Where is the wind when it doesn't blow?

They Could Lick Him

Mother—Robert, if you are always kind and polite to all your playmates, what will they think of you?

Robert—Some of them would think they could lick me.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON JUST FOR FUN PAGE

Vegetables

beets
lettuce
celery
rubarb
peas
carrots
potatoes
okra
beans

Fruit

pears
apples
peaches
kumquats
oranges
bananas
plums
cherries
grapes

Generals

Robert E. Lee
Pershing
U. Grant
Geo. Washington
Foch

Artists

Raphael
Hals
Picasso
R. Kent
Rubens

Singers

Nelson Eddy
Martenelli
Zinka Milanov
Lily Pons
Helen Jepson

GUESSING GAMES:

1. chair—2. hat—3. clock—4. fountain pen.

FOREIGN WORDS

Manana—to put off till tomorrow.

h.d'oeuvre—A relish.

vive l'empereur—long live the emperor.

coiffeur—hair-dresser

littera scripta manet—The written word remains.

Cold Lady

Usher (at wedding to cold, dignified lady): "Are you a friend of the groom?"

The Lady: "Indeed, no, I am the bride's mother."

What About Your Circle? Is It Active?

Am I a Worthy Juvenile of the SNPJ?

I, a member of the SNPJ Juvenile Department and a recipient and regular reader of the Mladinski List, want to ask myself as follows:

- Do I write letters to the Mladinski List or otherwise contribute something I think I am able to? If not why not?
- Do I care to join an SNPJ Juvenile Circle in my town knowing that one exists? If not, why not?
- Do I care to work for organizing an SNPJ Juvenile Circle in my town knowing that none exists as yet? If not, why not?
- Am I prone to show my Mladinski List, after I am through reading it, to my closest friends with the wish that they, too, may enjoy reading it? If not, why not?
- Do I talk in praiseworthy terms about the SNPJ Juvenile Department to my boy friends and girl friends, not members as yet, in order that they, too, may join and be as happy about it as I am? If not, why not?

Yes, Why Not? What Am I Doing to Be a Worthy Juvenile

of the

Slovene National Benefit Society?