

# MLADINSKI LIST



A Magazine for SNPJ Juveniles

**NOVEMBER**

**1941**

# MLADINSKI LIST

## JUVENILE

*Editor* - - - - - IVAN MOLEK

*Business Manager* - - PHILIP GODINA



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(Vsebina novembrske številke)

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JUVENILE

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## Slutnja

Jože Božič

Po tratah in livadah  
sence se pode,  
po nebu trudno  
oblaki se love.

Pride bliže,  
vidim mu v obraz;  
kdo je to, se vprašam  
na ves glas?

Zaspano gleda luna,  
skriva svoj obraz;  
veter se lovi v drevesa  
in ječi na glas.

Oh, saj to je slutnja,  
ki tako se ji mudi,  
že je mimo,  
nemo v dalj hiti.

V tej tihi noči  
nekdo sam po polju gre,  
kdo je to, ki v nepokoju  
lajša žalostno srce?

Luna gleda trudno,  
veter tiho veje,  
oblaki kakor preje  
se pode.



## Beda

V raztrgani bajti pet otrok ječi.  
Kruha prosijo, lačni so hudo.  
Materi po licu solze teko,  
kruha pa ni in ni.

Oče išče zaslužka, dela,  
išče dela za kruh svojih otrok.  
Povsod so lepih besed — praznih rok,  
nobena hiša ga ni sprejela.

Pogled mu je ves obupan, strt.  
Slednjič se odloči za sladko smrt.  
Doma ga čaka pet otrok, žena blede.

On pa sanja v naročju valov.  
Nikdar več ne pojde domov.  
V bajti kruta beda poseda.

Škerl Ada.

## Tako mi je . . .

Tako mi je,  
ko da se nadme spušča  
rakve pokrov —  
zelo z visokega in na široko,  
da z mano lahko v grobu bi ležalo  
vse, kar objemala sem s toplo roko,  
vse, kar me nase živo je vezalo.  
Kdo je zastrupil moje čiste gore,  
da kot osteklenelo so oko,  
kdo skozi duše rije si predore  
da ugrabil bi ponosa jim zlato?  
Kri je še živa! V zemljo vre pomlad!  
Dvignimo roke kakor plamenice!  
Pokrov zgori naj! in če brat ni gad,  
kateri vrag nam vzeti sme pravice?  
Pravice, ki zapisane so živim:  
Besedo, lastne zemlje kruh in strd  
in svobodnih ponos, ki sodbam krivim  
pokaže svoj poštene, sveti srd!

Ruža Lucija Petelinova.

# Museum Sent "The World, Cut Open," To Children

By John R. Millar

Curator, N. W. Harris Public School  
Extension

Concepts of the nature of the earth, the solar system, and the universe are taught in every elementary grade under the spiral course of study in science now in use in the Chicago Public Schools. (Under the "spiral" system the same subjects recur in each grade, but the treatment is adjusted to meet the growing knowledge and intelligence of the children.) In furtherance of the desire to provide exhibits definitely related to the subject matter of the curriculum, a diagrammatic model showing the supposed structure of the interior of the earth has recently been made for addition to the portable school cases circulated by the N. W. Harris Public School Extension. It is an adaption of a larger model which has been on display for some time in Clarence Buckingham Hall of Structural Geology (Hall 35).

At first one might think that the subject is too difficult for grade school pupils, and that the findings of scientists are none too conclusive about the matter. However, the value of the exhibit lies not in its summary of present day theories about the structure and composition of the earth interior, but rather in the appeal the subject makes to the imagination of most people, young or old. Education in science consists of more than the acquisition of a body of cold facts. It also means the development of an inquiring attitude of mind. Speculation as to the origin and development of the earth has perplexed mankind for generations. The problem is still worthy of study by possessors of the best intellects.

The new school exhibit is also of interest as an example of the successful modification of a more formal, large-sized museum model to fit the limited space available in the portable school cases. The small model, done in relief only two inches high, conveys a feeling of the roundness actually present in the prototype. A deliberate attempt to attract attention from a distance was made through the bold use of color.

Further than this, the new case is the first of series of exhibits for school use in the study of geology—a series which, when completed as planned, will illustrate all the important concepts and principles properly included in an elementary survey of the subject.

The models in the new cases circulated by the Harris Extension, and the more elaborate model on exhibition in Clarence Buckingham Hall, both represent the earth with parts cut away to show the interior. Instead of a thin crust over a molten interior, as the earth's structure was once conceived, the models show three concentric shells of rock of increasing density enclosing a core of hot metal.

Obviously, the features shown have not been directly observed, since the earth's diameter is 8,000 miles while the deepest excavations for mines have penetrated only into the outer crust, and that for less than two miles. Yet, despite impossibility of direct observation, the major structural features have been determined indirectly by study and measurement of geological and physical phenomena at the surface.

## Find the Slovene Names

The list of six "American" names which appeared among the twelve in the October issue of Mladinski List, and which were Slovene originally, is as follows:

McClautz—Miklavc  
Savage—Savič  
Busyjack—Bizjak  
Clair—Klarič  
Swan—Žvan  
Small—Smole

How many have you picked correctly? Evidently, not many or none at all if we judge by the fact that none of you ventured to send us a solution.

Maybe you'll have more luck with the following set. Watch closely. There are six more Slovene names among these twelve. Which are they?

Hill,  
Reynolds,  
Evans,  
Smithson,  
Fox,  
Clemens,

Rock,  
Church,  
Phillips,  
Perkins,  
Clarkson,  
Meyer.

# JANKO IN METKA

Tone Seliškar

(Nadaljevanje.)

Trije proti enemu! Ali naj zbeži? Ne, preponosen je bil, da bi tekel in zato si je spotoma skoval svoj bojni načrt. Trem ne bo zlepa kos, zato je bo previden in se boril z zvijačo.

Snežilo je. Zdaj pa zdaj so srečali posameznega človeka, vedno manj hiš je bilo ob ulici, zdaj zdaj bodo pred gmajno. Toda zgodilo se je, kar so najmanj pričakovali. Hoteli so ga pognati na samoto, kjer bi lahko nemoteno obračunali z njim—pa jih je prehitel. Bliskovito se je okrenil in še preden so se zavedli, je že treščil mednje. Dva sta od silovitega sunka padla v sneg. Miha je dobil s pestjo v nos, da je zagledal tisoč zvezd in se je kar zvijsal od bolečine, onadva na tleh pa je pošteno natrl s snegom. Ko se je tako ruval z nasprotniki, mu je padel kos kruha iz žepa. Miha ga je prvi zagledal. Naglo ga je pobral in pri priči pogoltnil.

“Ali si lačen?” ga je vprašal Janko ves zasoplen.

“Pa kako!” je dahnal Miha.

“Na, najej se!” je rekel Janko in mu pomolil nekaj odrezkov.

“Daj še meni!” ga je zaprosil drugi in poželjivo strmel v jed.

“Še meni!” je prosil tretji!

“Prepovedali so nam po mestu beračiti!” je pojasnil Miha.

Vsi trije so otepali Jankove odrezke, Janko pa jih je gledal in je vse razumel in prav nič ni bilo jeze v njegovem srcu. Saj so mu bili tovariši.

“No, Miha, ali si še jezen name?” je vprašal.

“Nič več!” je dejal Miha. Toda že se je hlastno ozrl. Od nekje so zaslišali mijavkanje.

Da, tamkaj ob hiši se plazi mlado mače in mijavka, kajti sneg je visok, muca pa bi rada prišla v hišo.

“Muc, muc, na meska!” je zagodel Miha ljubeznivo in se ji približal.

Že so jo pograbili. Miha jo je zmagoslavno potlačil pod jopič in vsi trije so jo ucvrli nazaj v mesto. Janko je stekel za njimi in ko

je dohitel najmanjšega, ga je popadel za vrat in vprašal hudo:

“Kaj boste z mačko?”

“Snedli jo bomo!” je dejal fante in stekel naprej.

Glad . . .

Hodil je po zasneženi gmajni in nikamor ni mogel videti. Debele snežinke so padale neslišno izpod neba in če je pogledal skozi zrak, se mu je zdelo, da je zašel v nekak čudovit svet, kjer ni ne lakote ne ničesar hudega. Sama, zgolj sama prostranost in vse je čisto, belo, neoskrunjeno. Tišina tolikšna, da bi jo lahko prerezal. Drevesa so bila kakor okamenela bitja, nobena ptica se ni oglasila, oh, človek bi se kar vlegel v sneg, odel bi se s to prelepo odejo belih ptičic ter zaspal!

Toda glej . . .! Mar ni nekdo hodil pred njim po tej stezi? Janko se je sklonil, da bi videl, kdo li je zašel v to samoto? Tonačeve stopinje niso. Tonač ima veliko nogo! Te stopinje niso obronjene k mestu, ampak proti hišici! In to sled je napravila majhna, otroška noga! Čim dlje je hodil, bolj so ga vznemirjale te stopinje.

Mračilo se je, nikjer ni bilo videti nobene lučke. Janko je postajal utrujen. Ta brezličnost zasnežene ravni se mu je obešala na noge, oči ga slepijo, da niti stezi ne more več slediti, oh, sedel bi! Prav nič več ga ne zebe in če bi ne bilo teh vznemirjajočih stopinj, bi prav gotovo sedel v sneg, da se odpočije.

Hodi, ne, bolj tava kakor hodi, opoteka se in misli so motne. Pred seboj zagleda nekaj temnega ležati na tleh. Žival, ki je od mraza in lakote poginila? Janko se zažene po stezi. Otrok leži na tleh! Otrok . . .? Čigav otrok? Ali je živ ali mrtev? Poklekne in dvigne telesce. Glava omahne in ko jo privzdigne, zakriči:

“Metka, Metka, kaj si ti?”

Njen kožušček je še topel, svoj obraz nagne nad njenega; še diha, še živi!

Nič več ni utrujen. Neka sladka groza, neki nepojmljiv občutek sreče in strahu ga požene na noge in s tem bremenom hiti, hiti, gazi sneg, omahuje in spet hiti in hiti. Težko sope, ne ve, kaj mu je storiti, vse mu je zagonetno, kakor da ni resnično. Toda le na-



glo, naglo! Joj, če umre, če ji kaka žival ni hudega storila? Teče, pada, kliče, kriči . . . Oh, že je zagledal lučko! Tonač je doma. Tonač je slišal njegov krik, urno mu brazda po snegu nasproti, Janko pa mu ves izmučen poda otroka in ihti:

"Metka je! Teci, umrla bo!"

Tonač vzame deklico v naročje in tako zdaj oba hitita. Že sta doma. Položi jo na posteljo. Metka ima zaprte oči. Hitro snega! Potem jo tareta s snegom. Njen obraz je miren, nič ne izraža strahu. Metka hitreje diha, njene ustnice se narahlo zganejo in na njena lica skoči tenka rdečica. Glej jo, že je odprla oči. Oči begajo nekaj hipov po kočici, sprva je njen pogled presenečen, potem pa obvisi na Janku in ves njen obraz zažari od velike radosti.

"Janko . . . Nazaj sem prišla!" zašepeče in spet zamiži.

"Zaspala je. Rešena je!" vzklikne tiho Tonač in šele zdaj se oba oddahneta in se spogledata.

Kaj se je zgodilo?

Janko dene prst na usta, potem sedeta k njeni posteljici. Janko k vzglavju, Tonač k vznožju. Lučka brli, toplo je, neka tiha sreča žari čez vso to skromnost. Oba molčita. Le včasih se pogledata in oba sta prečudno presunjena od veselja.

Sredi noči se nenadoma prebudita. Oba sta bila zaspala . . . Zdaj pa Metka sedi na postelji in ju kliče. Maneta si oči in oba strmita v deklico z vprašanji, kakor neučakana otroka.

Ampak ves ta dogodek je bil tako enostaven, da ni kaj povedati. Kajpada, prve dni ji je bilo vse novo in lepo in gospa je bila dobra . . . potem pa ji je postalo dolgčas; po Jankotu, po Tonaču, po svojih pajacih.

"Čakala sem te, pa te ni bilo!" je dejala Janku in mu požugala. "Sama sem morala spati v oni veliki sobi."

"Živio! Ah, ti si naša mala čarovnica!" je zaklical Tonač. "Ampak jutri navsezgodaj moram tja, da ne bodo v skrbeh!" je dejal zaskrbljeno.

"Da, le pojdi in jim reci, da je ne damo nazaj za nič na svetu!" mu je dejal Janko in ugasnil luč.

Proti jutru se je Janko spet prebudil in se naslonil na komolec. Poslušaj, vleče na uho. Da, nobenega dvoma ni, to je Metka, ki težko

diha in hrope. Prižge svetilko in pogleda. Metka je nenavadno rdeča v lice, nemirno se obrača po postelji. Neutegoma vzdrami Tonača in zašepeče:

"Metka je bolna."

Tonač je takoj na nogah. Ko ji potiplje čelo in roko, pravi zaskrbljeno:

"Vročina jo kuha."

Takšna skrb! Kakor tihotapec je planila v izbo in zdaj ne vesta ne kaj ne kako. Tonaču se je dozdevalo, da je dobro imeti pri roki lipov čaj, suhe bezgove jagode in kdo ve kaj še vse, tu v njihovi kamrici pa ni nič takšnega, kajti nihče ni nikoli mislil na bolezen in na take reči se razumejo le ženske.

"Dobro kuri, da bo toplo!" de Tonač. "Jaz pojdem v mesto v lekarno in bom prinesel čajev vsake vrste in tudi pri trgovcu bom opravil." Že je v škornjih, kapo si potisne čez ušesa in gre skozi jutranji mrak.

Metka pa stoče, bolno gleda okoli po izbi in nič ne ve povedati, kaj ji je prav za prav hudega. Le težko diha, kadar zakašlja, jo zapeče v prsih. Mirna je in potrpežljivo prenaša vročino, kajti Janko kuri, da je železna plošča na ognjišču vsa žareča. Kadar se Metka umiri, ji Janko bere iz starih knjig, ki jih je Tonač kdo ve kje pobasal v svojo vrečo. V neki knjigi je našel tudi star zemljevid. Tega je pritrdil na steno in ji pravil prav tako, kakor je slišal učitelja:

"Vidiš, tu pa je konec reke. Združila se je z morjem in vse te silne vode se nenehoma s hlapi dvigajo v zrak, z oblaki potujejo po vsem svetu in se spet vsipljejo nazaj na zemljo. Iz zemlje pa izvira studenec. Majhen, neznamenit izvirek ali pa mogočen slap in voda drvi v dolino, kjer narašča v potok in vse dlje hiti, hiti; manjši potočki se družijo z njim, na, pa je že reka, vedno večja, globlja, širša: manjše reke se izlivajo vanjo, potem pa je veletok, dokler se ne spoji z morjem. In tako dan za dnem, leto za letom, kajti tak je ukaz zakonov narave. In tudi človek je najprej dete, potem otrok, fant in mož in vse je umno urejeno na zemlji."

Janko se smehlja predse, skrb ga muči, kajti Metka ga včasih tako čudno pogleda in kakor da zmedeno govori. Ko se je vrnil Tonač z lipovim čajem, je bila vsa orošena od potu in je govorila besede brez vsake zveze.

(Dalje prihodnjič.)

# LOV NA JAZBECE

Katka Zupančič

Jazbec vam je čudna žival. Nikoli ga ni na spregled, da bi si ga pošteno ogledali in se z njim seznanili in nikoli še ni bilo slišati, da bi bil koga sprejel v svojo jazbino. Sploh si jo izkoplje na takem mestu, da je človeško oko zlepa ne najde.

To bi vam potrdil moj oče, ki sicer ni bil posebnost družaben človek, a si je navzlic temu nemalo prizadeval, da bi našel samotarjevo bivališče. K temu so ga silili nujni, neporavnani računi.

Jazbec je namreč hodil na naše njive obdovajati. Pritaknil se res ni ničesar drugega, razen koruze, ki se je pa jedva ozrnila in bila še vsa mlečna. Zanj je imel tak zob, da je mati nad napravljeno škodo sklepala roke in si je oče ogorčen slinil prste pa iskal po pratiki luno. Toda luna se je tisti čas mladila in se ji ni mudilo nikamor.

Zažigali smo kraj njive kupe žaganja in cunj, tako da smo zakadili in zasmradili ves naš konec, a jazbeca to ni oviralo. Odlomljenih in zbrzdano oglodanih mlečnih koruznih storžev je bilo že na koše. Menda so bili i zanj še prezeleni, a je vztrajno lomil dalje iščo zrelejših.

Naposled se je težko pričakovana luna le zopet pokazala na nebu, čeprav samo v podobni skopecta srpca.

Oče je snel s stene puško, ji odpihal prah, pa jo še malo odrnil in nabil. Pogrozil se je nekam v kot in dejal: "Ne bo dolgo, ko te bom imel. Plačal boš s svojo kožo . . ." Nato se je pokrnil s kapo in se odpravljaj.

Prej pa je še stopil na vežo in se vrnil z močno koničasto palico v roki. Izročil jo je meni, rekoč: "To bo pa tebi orožje. Obuj se, pa greva!"

Sapa mi je zastala. "Z vami? Jaz z vami?"

"Z mano. Ti boš na spodnjem koncu pazila, da mi ondot ne uide; jaz ga bom čakal na zgornjem."

Vkljub temu, da sem se čutila takorekoč odlikovano, bi se bila rada odkrižala te časti na ljubo bratcu ali sestri. Toda bratec je že spal in sestra je pomagala materi. Vsako moje puntanje bi bilo zaman.

Ne rečem, da nisem bila za mojih devet let pogumna, toda pogumna le pod nevi.

Ko pa se je solnce poslovilo in je ugašal dan, je z njim vred ugašala moja srčnost.

Za očetom capljajoči se mi je vendar nekako izvilo: "Ali mene bo strah . . ."

Oče se niti ozrl ni. "Strah . . . Strah, ki je znotraj votel, zunaj ga pa nič ni!? Ne bodi otročja!" In je zavil po bližnjici skozi lozo. Jaz v pete za njim. Zaslutivši, da mi je treba bodrila, se je znova oglašil.

"Bi se bala svinčeta, če bi ga nenadoma ugledala?" je vprašal in kar sam tudi odgovoril z "ne." No vidiš! Jazbec pa tudi ni večji od narednega svinčeta. Nevaren je le, če je obstreljen. To bo pa moja skrb, da bo zadet, ko ga dobim pred cev.

Nič več ne bom štedil z drugim nabojem. Lisica, ki mi je ušla z rame, me je naučila. Prvi strel jo je obdrsil vrh glave med ušesi. Pa je menda omedlela, ali se je le potajila in padla po tleh ko snop.



Jaz si jo vesel vržem na ramo in hajdi z njo domov. A ona? Sredi pota se zlod zgane in — švrc! preden bi naštel do tri, jo je vzelo grmovje."

Ali misli so se mu zopet vrstile k jazbecu. Zmajal je z glavo pa omenil, da bi bilo bolje, ko bi mi dal v roke gnojne vile namesto palice . . . S tem je nehote razpihnil zadnji ščepec poguma v meni. Saj so mi že ob sami misli, da bom morala sama samcata stati tam na koncu njive, zašklepetali zobje. Zdaj pa je pripomba o vilah pretvorila jazbeca v pravega, ogenjbruhajočega zmaja.

Končno sva dospela do njive in oče se ustavi. "Ti stopi todle po strnišču dalje in se mi nikar ne tresi!" je dejal komaj slišno ter me podrmal za ramo. "Jaz pa krenem po oni strani. Pozovi me le, če bi šinil mimo tebe. Drugače pa zacetaj in potolci s palico tamle ob mejnik, če bi blizu tebe kaj zašušljalo . . ."

Zašušljalo . . . Na vseh koncih in krajih je

šušljalo. Večerna sapa se je pojačala in skrivnostne sence so se lovile ob gosto zaraščenem omejkju.

Kakor hitro sem očeta izgubila z oči, so sence rastle, se poosebile, popošastile. Bile so jih same roke, dolge, strašne roke — in brez glav so bile vse. Zamižala sem in tiščeč si ušesa sem vroče želela, da bi bila vse to le huda sanja, pa da bi se zbudila doma pod odejo in na varnem. Ali črički so mi pričali, da ne spim, takisto veter, ki se je zaletaval v moje krilo, kakor da bi nevidne roke frfotale z njim.

Ne na levo, ne na desno se nisem marala ozreti in da bi se zamotila, sem pričela šteti sekunde ter jih sproti spletati v minute. Vsaka minuta se je vlekla kakor ura. Znenada sem prenehala šteti. Ne, uho me ni varalo. V koruzi se je nekaj močno zgibalo, razločno zašumelo in celo pohrkalo. V meni je vse zastalo.

"Potolci s palico, zacepetaj . . ." sem se spomnila očetovega naročila, a sem stala kakor pribita in okamenela. Zasuštelo in zaškrtalo je znova, visoka koruzna betva so se udajajoče zazibala in potresavala. Ko pa je nekaj potegnilo za bučevo rozgo, ki se je bila razbohotala ob kraju njive, tedaj meni lasje pokonci, palica iz rok, pa beži jaz čez drn in stran proti domu . . .

Drla bi bila nevzdržema skoz do doma, da

se ni oglašala mučna misel na očeta. Če bi ne bil imel vere vame, bi me ne jemal seboj. Kako me bo pogledal? Čuteč se za vse čase osmešeno in osramočeno, sem obstala, pa ključovalno dvignila pobešeno glavo. Nazaj grem! sem odločno sklenila, pa če me zverina na mestu raztrga . . . Izbrisala sem si vlago iz oči ter se res obrnila . . .

Toda en sam pogled je zadoščal, da me je neslo proti domu kakor piš.

Šele, ko sem vsa iz sebe zaloputnila večna vrata za seboj, sem vlovila sapo in se mi je razvezal jezik. "Mama, mama! Jazbec je za menoj . . ."

Zdajci se je pred hišo zaslišal prav domač glas: ui, uii . . .

Mater se je polotila neka domneva. Mene tudi. Rdečico sem čutila skoz do las. Mati mi je muzaje se pomežiknila in odprla vrata. Pred pragom je uikal naš črni pujsek, pa vihal z rilcem, kakor da bi opozarjal na kos buče, ki si ga je prinesel seboj.

Takoj mi je bilo jasno, kaj je vleklo za rozgo, pa me prvič kakor drugič pognalo v beg.

"Po sledi je šel za vama. Ali kako zaboga se je mogel izmuzniti skozi pregrado?"

"Mama, kaj ne, da je prav, da sem pritekla . . ."

Mati me je razumela in mi prihranila nadaljnje besede, ki sem jih rada udušila v sebi z jokom vred.

"Pa da," je rekla mirno in kakor samo ob sebi umevno, "saj ga bi bil oče nemara še ustrelil, misleč, da ima opravka z jazbecem." S tem je spustila kap blagodejnega olja na moj grdo razdrapani ponos.

Poslej je hodil oče sam nad jazbeca. In ni potekel teden, ko ga je privlekel domov. Ubitega, kakopak.





# Sin butalskega župana

Da, imenitna je bila tista stvar, imenitna. Namreč, ko je Florjan Gorjan — sin župana v Butalah in v devetem kolenu sorodnik župana v Pukšah — dovršil let enajst in sta oče in mati uganila, da bi bil zelo sposoben za šole mestne in gospoda gosposkega.

Florjan Gorjan je postal dijak; v šoli je kmalu dobil ime divjak in ko je postal lastnik — pomislite, lastnik, pravcati magnat torej — cvekov. Ker je bil torej lastnik cvčkov, je kot dober gospodarstvenik mnogo potoval — od inštruktorja do inštruktorja.

O, pa je bil Florjan Gorjan odprte glave! Ne-koč ga vpraša profesor, koliko je ljudi na svetu. "Ja," pravi nadebudni dijaček, "moj oče, moja mati, vi, jaz . . . Je pa naš hlapec še!" Tako je ta reč. In je dejal Florjan Gorjan še nekoč drugič, da se noč zato imenuje noč, ker je takrat noč, dan se pa imenuje zato dan, ker takrat ni noč.

Profesor Hlačman je videl vse te mnogo obetajoče talente v svojem dijaku in mu je dal zato dva din, rekoč mu, naj gre v trgovino in kupi pameti.

Gre Florjan Gorjan počasi v trgovino in si misli: profesor Hlačman je pameten človek in zna vse, a si še vseeno kupuje pameti. Meni vedno pravi, da sem bedak. Kaj, ko bi si je še jaz kupil?

Pride v trgovino in pravi: "Dajte, prosim, za profesorja Hlačmana za dva din pameti, meni pa za deset!" Trgovski posli so se mu smejali nekaj časa. Nato so ga pa vprašali, kako in kaj je s to stvarjo. Florjan Gorjan je vse odkritosrčno povedal: profesor Hlačman da ga je poslal v trgovino, naj kupi za dva din pameti. On si je pa mislil po poti, da če profesor Hlačman potrebuje pameti, ko zna vse, jo bo tudi on, Florjan Gorjan. Saj mu profesor Hlačman vedno pravi, da je bedak. Prav za prav je rabi on še več, kot profesor Hlačman. Zato pa jo je tudi kupil za profesorja za dva din, zase pa za deset.

Posli so postali naenkrat čudovito ustrezljivi. Gospod z zlatimi naočniki, ki so ga klicali za gospoda šefa, mu je lastnoročno prinesel pamet za profesorja Hlačmana, in sicer je bila to precej velika steklenica likerja. "Le reci profesorju, naj krepko nagne!" je dejal. Nekdo drug je pa prinesel nekaj v majhnem ličnem zavoju; bila je majhna škatla, ovita z rdečim papirjem.

"To je pa pamet za tebe!" je dejal zopet gospod z zlatimi naočniki. "Namaži si s tem glavo takoj, ko prideš v razred. Razumeš?"

Florjan Gorjan je modro pokimal. "Tule je pa denar!" je dejal.

"Ne!" je dejal gospod z zlatimi naočniki. "Denar le kar obdrži. Mi imamo pameti toliko, da jo damo lahko tudi zastonj."

Florjan je odšel zopet v šolo.

"I, lejte si no, lejte si no!" Tako je dejal profesor Hlačman, ko je stopil Florjan Gorjan zopet

v razred. "I, lejte si no! Pamet si je kupil, pamet. Prav je tako in dobro je tako. Da si si je kupil pamet. Vidim, da razumeš, vidim . . ."

Snel si je naočnike, si jih brisal, tehtno kimal in raztegnili sta se mu ustci na smeh, oziroma nekaj podobnega. In po nekih hidravčnih procesih so se mu pokazale v očeh solze, od ginjenosti seveda nad nadebudnim svojim dijakom.

"Kako pa to?" je dejal profesor Hlačman, "kako pa to? Kaj si mojo osebo zamenjal s svojo?" Nataknil si je naočnike, se useknil in dejal zopet: "Kdor visoko leta nizko pade, fant moj, nizko pade!"

Karajoče je zavihn timer nos.

A Florjan Gorjan je dejal, da nima časa govoriti kaj več, ker si mora s pametjo namazati glavo. Odprl je zavoj in opazil v njem polno škatlo kolomaza. Hitro je vtaknil prste vanjo in se drgnil po glavi, dokler ni izpraznil vse škatle.

Slučajno je bil takrat v mestu oče. Ko je zagledal svojega sina, počesanega po najmodernejši frizuri in zvedel imenitno storijo o pameti, je dejal: "Sin moj, srce moje! Kupoval pa ne boš pameti, nak! Za Butale imaš dovolj pameti, ki ti kar tako pade v glavo, kar z menoj pojdi!"

Šla sta domov. Med potjo sta opazila kmeta, ki je s kolomazom mazal kolesa. "Oče!" pravi Florjan, "ta pa s pametjo maže kolesa!" Oče je modro pokimal in dejal:

"Se vidi, da sva že blizu Butal. Butalci imajo toliko pameti, da še kolesa na vozu mažejo z njo."

In gospod butalski župan, ki so jim škornji na nogah mogočno in veljavno škripali, so ponosno dvignili glavo in se ozrli okrog, češ, kdo se gre meriti z nami, Butalci. Ker pa gospod župan iz Butal niso opazili nikogar, razen svojega nadebudnega gospodiča sinka, so mastno pljunili predse in dejali: "Če ni to gola resnica, si pojem glavo!" In modro so pokimali svojim jedrnatim besedam. — D. R.

## SCHOOL

The players all sit in a circle and each is given the name of some article found in the schoolroom, such as ruler, blackboard, desk, eraser, map, etc.

One of the players stands in the center and spins a plate or disk on end; as he does this, he calls out the name of one of the articles.

The person who has this article must jump up and catch the plate before it stops spinning. If he fails to catch it before it flops over, he must pay a forfeit named by the spinner of the plate. After he has paid his forfeit, it is his turn to spin the plate.

Father—Troubled with dyspepsia in school today? Why, that's a strange thing for a boy to have.

Son—I didn't have it. I had to spell it.

## THE MOVING LIGHT

By Mary Jugg

Far away from the hum of the busy city, away from the main highway with its whizzing, streamlined cars and its heavy trucks, stood the white two-story farmhouse where Donald lived.

There was a long lane with a border of trees—a lane that made a slice right through the center of rich wheat fields. Then off to its right, as though it were entirely disconnected from this pathway, and upon a slight elevation was the house, with its adjacent barns and silo and windmill.

Donald found a great deal of delight in his surroundings. He was happy that he could run down the long lane every school day morning to meet the big bus that took them to school in town. Then, on rainy days, his father brought out the family car and took Donald all the way, right up to the school building. Of course, Donald was only in the second grade now, but he was already looking forward to the time when he would be older and taller and perhaps in high school. Then his father might let him take the car all by himself.

Donald was happy, too, that he could enjoy himself after school hours. He had chickens and a saucy billy goat and a pony. He liked them all. And from many different ways of their behavior, he felt that the animals liked him, too.

Of late, however, something had happened to disturb Donald's state of happiness. It occurred for the first time late one night, and since that time it had happened again and again.

Donald slept by himself in a room on the first floor of the house. It was a back room from which he could see the barns and other structures that surrounded the home.

One night Donald did not fall asleep as soon as usual, and as he lay with his face towards the wall he became conscious of a light suddenly appearing upon it. The light came through the windows of his room, and it moved! He knew it moved, because outside of his room there were some small trees. And the light cast the shadows of their branches upon the wall of his room, and it moved.

Donald lay so still that he feared the sound of his own breathing. The light had appeared but briefly, moved, and then was no more. He waited for its return, but it did not come. Then he listened. All was very, very still. Even the house was still. No doubt his father and mother were in the parlor, reading; or perhaps they, too, had already retired.

This was not like Donald. Why had he become startled? He had never known himself to be afraid, and he had never even heard of the word from his father. Some of the children at school had talked of being afraid, and Donald asked his mother what they meant. She said, "We are afraid only when we don't know." Donald did not question her further at that time, but he remembered her words now. What did she mean? How did that apply in his case now? Well, perhaps he had just better forget about the incident. It might have been only a case of imagination, after all.

The next night Donald prepared for bed as usual. He had no thoughts of the previous night. At school that day he had played strenuously, and he was very tired. But what was this? After he had darkened the room and climbed into bed, he could not sleep. He opened his eyes wide and stared at the wall. He rolled over and closed his eyes. Then he opened one eye and turned his head ever so little towards the wall. But all was dark. There were noises from the front of the house, where mother and father were finishing up the work of the day, but nothing else. He tossed. He could not sleep. After a long while the entire house became quiet. It must be very late, he thought. He adjusted the covers once more, fell back, and then—The light appeared! There it was again—moving across the wall, casting the shadows of the tree branches before it.

Donald could hear his heart thumping. He did not move and felt that he could not if he wished to do so. It was very, very late that night before he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

As Donald approached the breakfast table next morning, he had no appetite for food. He was troubled. He had been thoroughly

frightened last night, and yet he did not want to reveal his worries to father and mother.

Donald's father had just finished his meal and was talking to mother with an animated manner. Donald sat down quietly and listened to the conversation.

"Yes, sir," said father. "Old man Strong laughed at his little son's fears, when what he should have done was to investigate."

"What happened, father?" asked Donald.

"Well, son," said father, "I've told the whole story to your mother, but I guess it'll bear repeating. It might come in handy for you some day."

Father poured himself another cup of coffee and continued.

"To make it short," he said, "Mr. Strong and his son, Ray, were out in that pretty old car of his yesterday. As they were riding into town, Ray said, 'Daddy, there's a funny noise in this car somewhere.' But Mr. Strong brushed him aside. 'Nonsense,' he said, 'that's only your imagination.' 'But, Daddy,' cried Ray, 'it's there, and I'm afraid.'"

"What did Mr. Strong say to that?" eagerly asked Donald.

"Mr. Strong laughed", answered father. "He said to Ray, 'Only babies are afraid. Brave, grown-up people are not.' And he no sooner had said that than the car gave a terrific swerve sideways—so strong that he could scarcely control the wheel."

"What had happened?" asked Donald, excitedly.

"The whole back wheel rolled off," said father. "Such an old car it was anyway. Mr. Strong should have been on the look-out for danger."

"And then?" said Donald.

"And then," finished father, "there would most certainly have been a very bad accident if he had been driving only a bit faster. As it was the car only skidded part way into the ditch, and luckily hurt no one."

Mother interrupted. "And what's the lesson you're pointing out for Donald?"

"Yes," said father, rising. "Only this. That fear is Nature's way of telling us that something unusual has happened. It's a warning signal. And there's only one way to overcome it, and that's not by trying to laugh it off. The only way," father emphasized this remark, "the only way to combat fear is to

set right in and investigate what the unusual happening is that made us be afraid."

"You mean," said Donald, "that if Mr. Strong had stopped the car when Ray said he was afraid he would have discovered the cause of the knocking and so would not have been in such a dangerous spot?"

"Exactly, my boy," said Donald's father, patting him on the shoulder. "You've got a good head there. I hope you can use it as well when circumstances arise to demand it."

\*

Donald remembered his father's explanation.

**"Investigate the cause of the unusual happening that makes us afraid."**

That night when Donald entered his room and crawled into bed, there was one firm decision in his mind.

He would lie awake and wait for the moving light. If it did appear once more, he would arise and run to the window and try to find what causes it.

Donald did not have to wait long. It did appear. And just as quickly Donald jumped from his bed and rushed to the window.

There, only a short distance away, and walking past the barns was a man, swinging a lantern. Donald looked as hard as he could, trying to recognize the face of the man. But the lantern light was too dim for that. The man walked until he came to the low barbed wire fence that separated the barnyard lot from the fields. Then he stepped across it, and walked far down across the field.

So that was it! Only a lantern that shone through the window and cast the shadows of tree limbs upon the wall of Donald's room. Donald was not entirely satisfied. He did not know who the man was or what he was doing in their premises at this hour of the night. But he had solved the greater part of the mystery.

The next morning at breakfast, Donald turned to his father.

"Father," he asked, "does anyone walk through our place in the nighttime—after I go to bed, I mean?"

"Oh, yes," said father. "I forgot to tell you that I gave Farmer Biddle permission to walk through here on his way home every evening. You see he works that ground 'way over on

(Continued on page 11)



# JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg

This is the month with two great holidays—Armistice and Thanksgiving. So we are going to start right off with

## THANKSGIVING DAY PUZZIERS

1. Thanksgiving was first celebrated in a) 1600, b) 1621, c) 1776, d) 1812.
2. The celebration was held in a) Plymouth, Mass., b) New York, c) Boston.
3. To help celebrate, the Pilgrims invited the a) Italians, b) Mexicans, c) Spanish, d) Indians.
4. We still observe Thanksgiving holiday by, a) visiting the Indians, b) eating big dinners, c) working as usual.

## FATHER QUIZ

From the following names, can you answer the following questions?

*Hippocrates, Chaucer, Washington, Dionee, James*

1. Who was father of his country?
2. Who was father of English poetry?
3. Who was father of psychology?
4. Who was father of the famous quintuplets?
5. Who was the father of medicine?

## BRAIN TEASERS

Here are your real sticklers for the month; however, if you can't get them right off the bat, don't think you're a dumbunny. Try again and then look at the answers to see if you're correct.

1. Billy drove a car 40 miles per hour for an hour. He remembered that he forgot something at home and as he got into a traffic jam, he only averaged 10 miles per hour. What was his average speed for his trip?
2. Tommy traveled 600 miles in 10 days and traveled 10 hours per day. How many miles can he travel in 5 days by walking 5 hours per day?
3. If a person told you that he had just bought a Gladstone, he would have bought 1) an auto, 2) kind of stone, 3) traveling bag.
4. "Big Bertha" is the name given to: 1) long range German guns, 2) tractors, 3) new streamliners, 4) fat ladies.
5. If someone gave you "Mocha," you would 1) wear it, 2) drink it, 3) plant it, 4) keep it.

\* \* \*

## "A TUFFIE"

Here's a real stickler—If you take a number and divide it by 2, then turn it upside down and divide it by 3, then right side up and divide by 2, then turn it upside down again it's 911. Can you tell the original number? It's easy if you're just a little careful.

## MISSING LETTERS

These are some garments worn by a school girl, and if you supply the correct letters, you will not only figure out what she wears but find that the following letters are missing: 1 w; 4 e's; 2 a's; 1 t; 1 k; 2 e's; 2 r's; 2 s's; 1 h; 2 o's.

s — — — — r  
s — — — t  
d — — — s  
s — — — s  
h — — e  
h — t  
p — n  
\* \* \*

## THE AMERICAN FLAG

You see an awfully lot of the Flag these days, but how much do you know about it? For instance, how many of the following true and false questions can you answer correctly?

1. The flag is made of seven red and six white stripes.
2. These stripes represented the original colonies.
3. Red color signifies warfare.
4. White signifies peace.
5. Blue signifies perseverance and justice.
6. Each of the 48 stars represents a state of the Union.

\* \* \*

## THE SUGAR PLUM TREE

This is a poem by Eugene Field, but it seems that someone forgot to copy down all the words. Can you finish the poem?

Have you ever heard of the — plum — ?  
'Tis a marvel of great — !  
It blooms on the shore of the — sea  
In the garden of — town.

\* \* \*

## IMPORTANT NAMES IN THE NEWS

If someone mentioned to you

1. Prince Fumimaio Konoye—you would immediately know he is: 1) America's ambassador to China, 2) China's ambassador to U. S. 3) Japan's Premier.

2. John L. Lewis—1) Former C. I. O. President, 2) President of the A. F. L. 3) Member of the U. S. Defense Board.

3. Paul Collette—was 1) a prominent pro-nazi, 2) young Frenchman who shot Pierre Laval, 3) A Russian spy.

(Answers on inside back cover page)



## STAMP COLLECTING

### *Stamps Bearing the Statue of Liberty*

Liberty Enlightening the World is the official name of the colossal statue on Bedloe's Island in New York harbor which has greeted the immigrant and the returning traveler for the last 55 years. It is commonly called the Statue of Liberty and was the gift of the people of France who raised about \$700,000 by popular subscription to pay for the bronze statue itself. The stone base was paid for by the people of the United States who raised \$300,000 for that purpose.

The entire idea was the conception of Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, an eminent French sculptor, and an appeal to the people of France, in 1874, for funds met with a cordial support. Early in 1877, President Grant received a memorial from a group of New York citizens who wished to co-operate with the French committee in the erection of the statue. This memorial was transmitted to congress on Feb. 9, and on March 3, 1877, that body voted to accept the gift and to set aside a site for the statue on either Governor's Island or on Bedloe's Island.

The castings for the great bronze statue were completed in 1884 and the official presentation was made in Paris on July 4 of that year by Count de Lesseps of Suez and early Panama canal fame, acting for the Franco-American union. The statue was received in behalf of the United States by the American minister to France. At the presentation De Lesseps stated that 100,000 French people had contributed to the cost of the statue.

While it appears from the congressional acts relating to the statue that no other site except New York was considered, it is a fact that some difficulty arose during the 10 years' preparatory period which resulted in the offering of the statue to Boston. However, everything ultimately was arranged and President Cleveland on May 11, 1886, requested congress to appropriate sums of money for the proper dedication ceremony and for the permanent care and preservation of the statue, all as contemplated in the joint resolution on March 3, 1877.

It was suggested in President Cleveland's message that the ceremony of dedication might well take place on Sept. 3, the anniversary date of the Treaty of Paris, a document which purported to recognize and secure the independence of the United States from Great Britain. The construction was far from complete on that date and the statue was not dedicated until Oct. 28, 1886.

About a dozen foreign stamps show a view of the Statue of Liberty. In the case of half of these the source of the view is no doubt the colossal statue itself, but in the case of the other half it is very likely that the small scale model in the Luxembourg museum in Paris provided the en-

graver with the necessary design. The tablet of the model in the Luxembourg bears the date "15 de Novembre, 1889," and the indication from this seems to be that this is not a working model as popularly believed, but a small copy made more than three years after the dedication of the original statue.

—Richard Mc P. Cabeen.

## THE MOVING LIGHT

(Continued from page 9)

the other side of the road, and he lives up on that hill beyond our place. If he walks past here, it's a short-cut. Otherwise he'd need to go all the way around by way of the highway."

Donald was content—and happy. The moving light was a perfectly sensible and reasonable occurrence. It was nothing mysterious at all.

"If I ever become afraid again, I shall immediately try to find out the cause of my fear."

## OUR FRONTISPIECE

The front cover illustration of this issue of the Mladinski List was drawn by Dorothy Dermotta, age 17, Avella, Pa., a member of Lodge No. 292 SNPJ.



YOUNG ARTIST

Drawn by Dorothy Dermotta, age 17, Avella, Pa. Lodge 292.

# Birthdays of the Great Men

By Louis Beniger

## FRANC MIKLOŠIČ

Franc Miklošič, most famous Slovene philologist, was born at Radomerščak near Ljutomer in Spodnje Štajersko (Lower Styria), Slovenia, on Nov. 20, 1813. Favored with a good elementary education in Ljutomer, he completed his secondary education in Maribor, where he showed exceptional ability especially in the study of classical literature.

Miklošič completed his philosophical studies at the university in Gradec and obtained his degree as doctor of philosophy. He then went to Vienna where he received his degree as doctor of law at the Vienna university. During his studies, however, he was more interested in philology—the study of languages—than in law or philosophy. Soon after he was appointed rector of the state library in Vienna. The following year he became the first Slovene professor of languages at the Vienna university. A year later he was honored by being named dean of philosophy at the university, and four years later its rector. Miklošič also was president of the state board of education.

While he was studying at Gradec—then the cultural center of Slovenes in Styria—he took great interest in Slav languages, and soon mastered all of them. He became the leader of the Slav students. Here his lifelong friend and schoolmate was Stanko Vraz, another Slovene writer. It was in Gradec that Miklošič began to write his early critical analyses of the origin of languages, dialects, and their relation. Naturally, Slavic languages predominated his studies.

Thus Miklošič went to Vienna with a wealth of knowledge of Slavic and other languages. He also mastered Sanskrit (ancient language of India) and Latin. In Vienna he collaborated with Jernej Kopitar, his Slovene contemporary and teacher in Slav literature. The two succeeded in placing Slav literary works in the Vienna library. Thus Vienna, with Miklošič and Kopitar as leaders, became the center of Slav literature. After Kopitar's death, Miklošič took over his position as state rector for Slav and classical languages.

With his research into the deep past of the languages, Miklošič easily overshadowed his worthy predecessor, Kopitar. His critical mind, thorough knowledge of languages, his exactness, diligence and resourcefulness gained him universal recognition. He achieved this by publishing a number of scientific articles on the subject. His first work in this category was a short dictionary of etymology consisting of comparative old Slovene and Slav languages.

Miklošič wrote the first Slovene readers for gymnasium (high school and college). He also published many other analytical works and text books and essays on Slavic and other languages. In all, he published more than 30 books of scientific study, but the entire works from his pen number over one hundred. These cover almost all phases of Slav philology, grammar, phonetics, syntax, history, texts, discourses, archeology, etc. In addition, he wrote on the origin and development of the Albanian, Rumanian and Hungarian languages, also on the gypsy dialects and others.

Franc Miklošič first attracted attention by his review of Bopp's "Comparative Grammar." From then on he climbed upward rapidly. His productivity was enormous and his scientific career was remarkable for exactness of research. Miklošič is not only the founder of modern Slavic philology, but also greatly promoted the historical study of other languages. The most important of his works include: "Grammar of Slav Languages," "Study of Old Slovene," etc. In short, his works revolutionized the study of all Slav languages.

Miklošič's influence on the development of the Slovene language, both written and spoken, was tremendous. His text books served as a standard to many writers and scholars. His comparative Slovene grammar is even today considered a monumental work, for it contains minute details of all Slavic languages. His contemporaries called him the greatest grammarian of the 19th century, and his scientific research is of lasting value to all students of languages.

Franc Miklošič died on March 7, 1891.

## Kaj je pripovedoval samovar

Ura nad kuhinjsko omaro je tiho in zaspalo tiktakala. Skozi orošena stekla oken ni bilo videti ničesar. Ljuta zima je okovala vso zemljo.

"Da začnem: — reče samovar loncu — "zgodilo se je to pred leti, ko še nisem porčnel od ognja in sem smel v gostinski salon, kjer sem sedel na čipkastem prtu, s katerim je bila pogrnjena miza, in hranil goste.

Nekoč je gospodinja povabila mnogo ljudi na čaj. Toliko jih je bilo prišlo, da je za enega zmanjkala čaša.

"A zdaj?" se zasmije ona. "Čakajte, nekaj posebnega vam bom dala!"

Po teh besedah je odprla vratca majhne jedilne omarice in vzela iz nje prekrasno čajno čašo iz svetlordečega porcelana.

Ta čaša ni bila podobna nobeni drugi, zakaj bila je od vseh manjša in nežnejša in okrašena z zlatimi cvetovi. "Oh, kako lepa je!" so zapovrstjo vzklikali gostje in si jo podajali iz roke v roko. "Da," je ponosno odgovorila domačinka. "Iz Kitajske je! Prej sem jih imela šest, pa sem jih že pet razbila, ostala mi je samo še ta."

Rdeča kitajska čaša je romala skozi vse roke, potlej pa so jo postavili pred debelega gospoda, ki je začel kihati nad njo, kajpada ne iz kakšnega spoštovanja, temveč preprosto zaradi tega, ker je bil prehlajen.

Da ti povem po pravici, vse do tistega dne nisem mislil na ženitev. Majcena čajna čaša pa je bila toli nežna in mila, da sem si deljal brž ko sem jo ugledal: "Glej, to je neversta zate!"

Seveda so tudi nekateri drugi predmeti na mizi bili istega mnjenja zase. Še preden sem ji nalil čaja, so me prehiteli ščipalke, ki so spustile kar tri sladkorčke vanjo, limona pa se je kakor povsem slučajno potočila do čaše in jo pred vsemi pobožala.

Toda ljubezen se ne kupuje s sladkorjem niti ne s kislim božanjem limone-rumenke. Prekrasna rdeča čaša je gledala samo mene in čakala, da jo segrejem s pravim kitajskim čajem, ki jo bo spomnil njene daljne domovine. Delal sem se, kakor bi ničesar ne opazil, šel sem od čaše do čaše in jih polnil, gostje pa so jih dvigali z mize in jih nosili k ustom.

Nazadnje sem prišel tudi do male kitajske krasotice. In nenadoma sem začutil toli vročo ljubezen do nje, da sem se ves izpremenil v plamen in je čaj v meni postal strašno vroč. In v tem trenutku se je zgodila nesreča, zakaj nežna porcelanasta čaša ni mogla prenesti vročine. Že pri prvih kapljicah je vzdihnila po kitajsko — rsk! — in razpadla v koščke.

Gospodinja je zastokala in vsi gostje so ji izražali sožalje. Le debel, prehlajen gospod ni rekel ničesar in je skočil s stola. Čaj ga je polil in poparil, zato je vzel iz žepa robček in si vneto brisal hlače.

Od tega dne pa sem se znova zaklel, da ne bom nikoli več mislil na ženitev, temveč ostanem raje vse življenje samec, ker nikakor nisem maral zlomiti še druge čaše.

"Klo-klo-klo! Uboga porcelanasta čaša!" je vrel star lonec. "O, ko bi mogel tudi jaz koga vzljubiti, da bi hitreje zavrel ta bob — dovolj mi je že sedenja na peči!"

Samovar je molčal. Zamislil se je v tisti davni čas, ko je bil še ves nov in svetlomod kakor nebo. In zdelo se mu je, da kakor nekoč sedi na čipkastem prtu v gostinskem salonu in rdeča čajna čaša, porisana z zlatimi cvetovi, se mu smehlja nasproti.

Vrč iz gline se kajpada ni vtikal v pogovor samovarja in lonca, zakaj bil je neumen in nadut, ko vsi glinasti vrči.

Znal je samo svoje:

"Brrrrr!"

In izpuščal je visoko v zrak gosto paro.

Iz bolgarščine Atanasov in K. Špur.

### MARSHMALLOWS YUM-YUMS

Is your mouth just watering for something good to eat? Well, then, try marshmallows this nice and different way. You will smack your lips and say "Yum, yum!"

Marshmallows do not have to be toasted over an open fire or fireplace. They toast just as well over a burner of the gas stove. Turn the burner low and be careful the marshmallows do not drip. Have a dishful of cornflakes near you, and when the marshmallow is all soft and melting, dip it into the cornflakes and let it gather up all it will of the crisp flakes. Eat them off and then dip again. You're sure to like these dressed-up marshmallows.



# Bombaževe plantaže v Združenih državah Amerike

Stotine milijonov ljudi naše zemlje se oblači v perilo, ki je narejeno iz bombaža, doma iz daljnih, širnih polj v Združenih državah Severne Amerike. O tej državi in njenem bogastvu ste gotovo že slišali. Tako je obsežna, da se razprostira od mogočnega Atlantskega oceana do silnega Tihega oceana. Na jugu se približa vročemu pasu, kjer se razprostirajo neizmerne nizine, ki so poleti zelo tople, pozimi pa krotke in mile.

Prebivalci teh pokrajin pridelajo ogromne množine sladkornega trsa, riža in predvsem bombaža. Da, vsa ostala zemlja pridelava komaj eno dobro četrtino te prekoristne rastline, vse ostalo pa zraste tam in oblači malone vse ljudi.

Bombaž pa zahteva dobro obdelano zemljo in farmer — veleposestnik — jo mora orati pozimi in še enkrat nato spomladi. Šele v mesecu aprilu poseje seme, iz katerega zraste do en meter visok grm. Številni popki začno poganjati iz pecljev. Ko se odpro, se pobelijo neizmerna polja z milijoni cvetov. Toda že drugi dan cveti nekoliko pordeče in po štirih dneh listi odpadejo; ostane pa plod, ki dobiva obliko oreha.

Ko bi videli bombaževa polja, ko ti neštivilni plodovi dozore in počijo! Iz petih celic, iz katerih sestoji vsak plod, pomoli med semenom krasno bela volnena in mehka nitkasta snov. Dasi je bila nižina že med cvetjem lepa, je sedaj še mnogo lepša in v vročem soncu bela, ko da bi jo pokril sneg. Jahaj ure in ure, vozi se dneve in dneve, povsod boš videl samo bela bombaževa polja, a na njih stotisoče črnih glav. To so glave zamorskih trgačev.

Ti zamorci so edini dobri delavci na teh vročih poljih, kjer vržijo belec le kot delovodja ali kot lastnik. Zamorce so v te kraje pripeljali v davnih časih belci iz Afrike. Služiti in delati so morali kakor zatirani sužnji in godilo se jim je slabše kakor živini. Nekdaj je bil bombaž, iz katerega so ljudje delali perilo, oblit s solzami in krvjo, a tudi danes ga obliva pot premnogih stotisočev črnih delavcev. Črnci pa danes niso več sužnji v Ameriki.

Trgači imajo obešeno okoli vratu vrečo in hite z obema rokama obirati neštete grme. Težko si je predstavljati, kako hitro se giblje roke in prsti teh delavcev, ki so tega dela vajeni že od mladih nog. Lahki bombaž stresajo iz vreč v košaro in ga stisnejo v njej, polne košare pa nosijo v skladišča, kjer jih tehtajo. To vam je tekmovanja, kajti trgače plačajo od teže natrganega bombaža. Kljub temu pa je med delavci mnogo belih, seveda močno zagorelih paznikov s širokimi klobuki. Jahajo po širnih poljih, priganjajo lenuhe, vzpodbujajo pridne in imajo oči povsod ter varujejo imetje svojega gospoda. Nekoč je bilo drugače. Tedaj so pazniki delavce straho-

vito pretepali. Le čitajte povest "Koča strica Toma" in ježili se vam bodo lasje! Hvala Bogu, tisti sramotni časi so minili in kjer se je nekoč glasil jok in stok in obupna molitev k Bogu za rešitev, se sedaj mnogokrat glasi pesem. Da, pesem, kajti delo ni ravno težavno, gibčni prsti žensk in otrok so povsod dobro došli. Brema pa tudi ni pretežko in košare odnašajo moške in močnejši bratje. Mnoge žene imajo pri delu celo svoje male dojenčke na hrbtu, a večinoma jih puščajo v kakem kotu polja pod drevesi in v varstvu večjih otrok. Tu je vedno veselo in celo odrasli črnci se mladini prijazno nasmihaajo, se šalijo in pojejo. Vedeti morate namreč, da so črnci izredno dobro in veselo ljudstvo, da, morda najdobrovoljnejše ljudstvo na zemlji. Radi pojo pri trdem delu, posebno, če vedo, da jih čaka dober zaslužek.

Bombaž, ki ga prineso s polja v skladišče, pa še ni poraben za izdelavo blaga. Poln je še semen in s posebnimi stroji ga očistijo vse nesnage. Šele nato ga stiskajo v velike in težke zavoje, ki jih obdajo s surovo žakljevino, a to povežejo s še trdnjšimi železnimi trakovi. To pa mora biti, kajti bombaž nastopi nato daljno pot in največ ga pošiljajo iz Amerike v velikanske predilnice v Evropi, kjer je milijone delavcev zaposlenih z izdelavo najrazličnejše bombaževine, ki gre iznova po svetu, ne samo do nas v naši vasi, ampak celo v globine Afrike in drugih daljnih, daljnih krajev, kjer si celo divjak rad obesi kako pisano ruto ali plašč okoli svojega telesa.

Da, da, preden je marsikatera naša srajca prišla na naše telo, je šla skozi črne roke, po daljnem morju, skozi bržeče stroje, skozi roke trudnih tovarniških delavcev, po železnici, v trgovine, mimo blelih trgovskih pomočnikov in šele nato v roke skrbne mamice.

Toda mislim, da ne smemo zapustiti bombaža prej, dokler si ne ogledamo še nekoliko življenja onih številnih milijonov črnih delavcev, o katerih je sicer tako malo znanega.

Silovite nizine, ki danes oblačijo svet, so bile nekoč porazdeljene med neizmerno bogate veleposestnike. Nekatera posestva so bila tako velika, da niso v enem dnevu prejezdili njihove širine in na tisoče delavcev-sužnjev je zdihovalo na njih. Ko so bili sužnji osvobojeni, so se ta veleposestva, zelo zmanjšana, porazdelila. Marsikateri potomec nekdanjih sužnjev je sedaj samostojen posestnik. Drugi pa so svobodni delavci, ki svojega gospodarja lahko poljubno menjajo.

Po vročem dnevnem delu zapuščajo delavci polja in hite med smeom in petjem na svoja skromna domovja. Res so skromna. V onih toplih krajih so to deloma le preproste lesene kočice z dvema prostoroma. Le dimniki nad ognjišči so zidani z opeko ali pa celo samo z ilovico, ki so jo



ometali okoli palic ali letov. Na preprostih ognjiščih pripravijo žene družini večerjo, ki jo v največji zadovoljnosti použijejo. Kaj pa jedo? Prav nič niso preveč izbirčni in večinoma uživajo koruzo, sladki krompir in pa slano. Sladki krompir uspeva samo v toplih in vročih krajih naše zemlje. Zelo je okusen in je rumen v sredini. Svoja kosila in večerje si izboljšajo črnici tudi s slaščicami iz pšenične moke, ki jih pomagajo v neko omako.

Pa še nekaj je zanimivega. Od svojih prastaršev, ki so živeli nekoč v divjini Afrike, so morda podedovali navado, da skoraj ničesar ne kuhajo, ampak večino hrane le pečejo.

Ko so črnici živeli na velikih plantažah še kot sužnji, sta jim molitev in pesem služili kot edina tolažba. Od tistih časov so se do danes ohranile nekatere krasne zamorske nabožne pesmi, ki jih zdaj poznajo že po vsem svetu. Danes pa, ko je doba solz in zdihovanja minila, so črnici izredno veseli. Po delu in jedi se zbirajo in pojejo in plešejo tako veselo in spretno, da jih moramo kar občudovati. Imajo poseben instrument, neke vrste kitaro, ki jo imenujejo bendžo. Celo omikani narodi so si izposodili ta instrument od črncev in nekateri ljudje tudi pri nas kar radi igrajo nanj. Za črnice pa je tako vablivo, da pri njem pozabijo na vse, se vdajo razposajenemu veselju in ostanejo do pozne noči pokonci. To pa jih prav nič ne ovira, da naslednjega dne ne bi bili spet veseli pri delu.

Še vedno pa pripada precej bombaževih plantaž belcem. Žive večinoma sredi svojih posestev v starih, davno zgrajenih poslopjih. Zgradili so jih tedaj sužnji, ki so morali delati celo opeke za te zgradbe in tesati tramove, kajti gornji del je še vedno lesen. Veleposestnik je bil tako neodvisen gospod, da drugega ni kupil za svoje stavbe kakor le steklo za okna in cevi za vodovod. Te stare, gosposke stavbe imajo spredaj ogromno verando, kjer prebije gospodarjeva družina vroči dan na zraku in v senci. V sredini pa deli stavbo ogromna veža, ki je tudi namenjena za bivanje v vročih dnevih, a na vsaki strani veže sta le po dve sobi, ki pa sta zato tem večji. Kuhinja je bila navadno v posebnem poslopju, poleg nje pa so bili hlevi za konje in mule, skladišča in številne kolibe za sužnje. Sedaj so v teh kolibah, ki pa so popravljene, gospodarjevi svobodni črni delavci. Od poslopij pa vodijo po širnem posestvu pota in ceste. Sedaj so po večini tlakovane ali vsaj utrjene, da vozovi, avtomobili in mule hitro prenašajo bombaž iz nasadov v skladišča. Toda nekdanj! Globoko blato je mnogokrat pokrivalo ta pota, a po hrbtih sužnjev in živine na teh potih, kjer so se kolesa pogrezala globoko do osi, so padali biči in kri je curljala z ljudi. Da, res, hvala Bogu, da je to minilo in da se drži našega perila manj krvi in solza. Toda le zapomnite si: Dolga je pot bombaža od plantaž do našega telesa in mnogo truda človeških rok je potrebnega, preden dospe do mamice, da vam lahko izdela srajco.

Daleč, daleč so dežele, kjer je rasel bombaž naših oblek in perila. Ta koristna rastlina ni le

v Severni Ameriki doma. So še druge dežele, kjer uspeva. In skoro vse so zelo daleč od naših krajev. Za Ameriko pridelajo največ bombaža v Indiji, Egiptu, ruskem Turkestanu in na Kitajskem. Mnogo manj ga pridelajo v Južni Ameriki, v Turčiji, Perziji in na Japonskem. Ta zadnje imenovana dežela pa ga mnogo kupi od drugih dežel in izdela toliko blaga, da ga tudi drugim prodaja.

V poslednjem času so začeli pridelovati bombaž tudi v nekaterih južnih krajih Evrope in celo v Jugoslaviji, vendar je pridelek še razmeroma skromen.

## Kanarček gre v svet

V sobi na omari je stala kletka z rumenim kanarčkom. Vesel ptiček je bil kanarček. Rad je pel svojo drobno pesem. Skakljal je med žicami, zibal je zrnje in kljuval solato. Vsak dan se je kopal v stekleni posodi in tedaj so kapljice rosile naokrog. Tudi na medvedka so včasih padale.

Nekoč je Janko premišljeval:

"Kanarček je v kletki sam. Tudi Dija je sam in še brez lastne hišice je, siromak. Kako dobro bi bilo obema, če bi stanovala skupaj! Prav nič se ne bi več dolgočasila."

K omari je pristavil stol. Z medvedkom v roki je zlezal nanj in odpahnil kletkina vratca:

"Dija, zdaj pojdi h kanarčku stanovat!"

Tiščal je medvedka v kletko. Toda komaj z glavo je mogel skozi premajhna vratca, naprej ni šlo več. Splašen, razčepčen je kanarček frfotal po hišici, zaletaval se je v žice in divje vpil.

"Škoda!" je menil Janko, pa je Dijevo glavo spet izvlekel iz kletke.

Švrk! Kanarček je v tem hipu planil iz odprte ječe. Parkrat je preletel sobo.

Švrk! In že je skozi odprto okno smuknil iz sobe na prosto, v svet, visoko v drevje.

Janko je gledal za njim. Uvidel je, da ni pametno ravnal. Hudovala se bosta nanj oče in mati. Glasno je zajokal. Medvedek mu je padel iz rok. Hotel je iz hiše.

Tam ob vrtu je stal oče, pravkar se je vrnil iz tovarne.

"Kaj se je zgodilo?" je vprašal s skrbjo.

Vse po pravici je Janko povedal. Mamica je prišla z vrta in tudi njej je bilo žal za kanarčkom. Prijazen ptiček je bil, lepo in pridno je pel.

Zdaj ga ni bilo nikjer več videti. Njegova kletka je ostala prazna.

### TELLING FISH STORIES

There are always a few rainy days during autumn that bring the problem of just what to do to pass the time. Here is one suggestion.

Prepare and pass around slips, each bearing the title of a story, such as: "My Biggest Fish," "My Tallest Fish Story," "The One That Got Away," "A Funny Fish Story," "A Sad Fish Story," etc. Each person must tell, briefly, a story suggested by the title on his slip.

# OUR SCHOOL

## AWARDS FOR THE BEST CONTRIBUTIONS

A sum of not more than \$200 is available for the SNPJ juvenile members who will in the last half of 1941 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 December, 1941, and the winners will be announced in January, 1942.

**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.

## ATLANTIC CITY, HERE WE COME!

One of my most exciting and awaited incidents of my school life occurred May 1, 2, 3, 1941.

About January, 1941, my music teacher suggested that the three flutists of the school, of which I am one, should work up a flute trio which would play at the Music Competition Festivals. Mr. Caiazzo, my music teacher, got Tschaiakowsky's Danse Des Mirilions or Dance of the Reed-Flutes. Edna was the third flutist, Norma the second, and I first.

Finally on March 28, we and our accompanist took off for Aneonta. There we did a fair performance and received a 1— (one minus) rating. Thus we were eligible for the state competition.

On April 26 we journeyed to Poughkeepsie, where we played our number and to our surprise received a 1+ (one plus) rating. We were eligible for the National Competition Festival at Atlantic City, New Jersey, on May 2, 1941. Thrilled to the thought of our eligibility, we decided that we would do all we could to go.

We figured up the cost for each person and saw that each had a sufficient amount of money. We had several volunteers for cars and drivers. Much to the opposition of our principal we insisted on going. Three days prior to our planned departure, the principal did not want us to go.

On Thursday morning we had planned to leave. We were all set but waiting for the principal's

approval. Finally we all went down to him and asked if we could leave. He said he would not give us his approval but as we had worked so hard we could go. After disappointments and unassurances and fear, we left Worcester.

About eleven o'clock at night on Thursday, May 1, after a tedious ride, we arrived in Atlantic City. As we were not sure of going we had not asked for reservations, thus we were obliged to look for that first. We finally "turned in" at a beautiful home-like hotel, the Caroline Crest hotel.

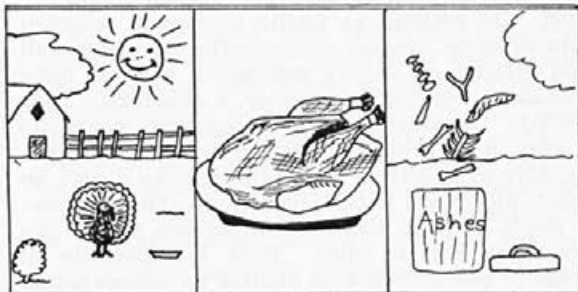
We awoke bright and early Friday morning, despite the fact that we did not retire until one a. m. We spent the morning listening to other music ensembles and soloists in rooms surrounding the largest auditorium in the world. In the afternoon we decided to rest for an hour or two, then explore Atlantic City. We first walked to the famous Boardwalk, as far as our legs permitted. We stopped at every place we desired which was on the Boardwalk. Likewise we went on the beach, went as near the water as we dared to go, as the tide was coming in. One member of our party of ten got his shoes full of water as he tried to show too much courage.

Our flute trio was to perform in the Blue Room of the famous Hotel Traymore at 7:30 p. m. Because we wanted to "look the place over" we went there much earlier. We sat under the palms watching the "debs" go by—the charming ladies in evening dresses, expensive furs, looking down at us "mountaineers" through their lornettes; the men, whom they were clinging to, their husbands, I suppose, had canes, and top-hats, reaching to the heavens. What a sight! I never dreamed I should be able to be near members of the "upper crust."

At last we played and did well as we got a II rating; a two rating is an unusual performance of distinctive quality, whereas, a one rating represents the best conceivable performance which was beyond us. Thus we felt quite satisfied at our rating.

We had planned that we would stay out as late as we wished that night. To our disappointment, it turned out to be a windy and rainy evening. However, we went to every place we had not been in and came to our hotel very late.

On Saturday, May 3, at about 11 a. m. we de-



THE ADVENTURE OF THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY

Drawn by Louise Lekse, age 15, Roundup, Mont. Lodge 700.

cided to "hit" for Worcester. During the forenoon, our happy group clung together to take in all of Atlantic City together and do last-minute shopping. The shopping looked as if we were trying to buy out each place we entered.

At last we started for Worcester.

Before I close I should like to tell you some of our experiences while in Atlantic City. Our clarinet soloist received a I rating, our violin soloist a II— rating and our cornet trio a II rating. Thus we feel pleased over our accomplishments.

The most outstanding scenes were the largest auditorium in the world, which covers seven acres; the smell of the ocean; the Boardwalk, the "upper 400" in hotel Traymare, Carolina Crest hotel and its marvelous service, such as breakfast in bed and interesting points going home, getting lost and winding up in New York City, which we did not intend to see.

We spied sky-writing, which was interesting, the New York Skyline with the famous Empire State Building towering high. One thing I discovered was that there are millions of automobiles in the United States. Going through the five-lane traffic in Patterson, New Jersey, I believe I held my breath throughout the ride through the city— of all the cars!

Tired, safe and sound, weary, full of peanut and candy and taffy, laden with gifts for brother and sister, father and mother, souvenirs of every-place imaginable, we arrived at good old Worcester at 12 o'clock midnight Saturday, May 3.

ANNIE M. BOZANIC, 17, lodge 393,  
R. D. No. 3, Worcester, New York.

### THE WEALTH OF CHILE'S DESERT

About half way down the west coast of South America, in the middle of Chile, lies one of the most barren parts of the Western Hemisphere. It hardly ever rains there. About once every ten years there may be a shower.

The original Indian inhabitants of South America avoided the desert region of Chile. For more than 300 years after the white man arrived, this part of Chile was considered useless.

Yet beneath the soil of this desert lies one of the most valuable resources of the Americas. For here scattered over a region of 500 miles long and 100 miles wide are the great nitrate beds of Chile. This is the most truly American resource of all.

Nowhere else in all the world has nature stored up a supply of this valuable mineral.

Nitrates are valuable because they contain nitrogen. All life-plants, animals, and man himself—need nitrogen.

Plants get nitrogen from the air and the earth. Nitrogen gets into the earth by the rain and snow that falls. From air to land to plant to man. This is one of Nature's wonderful circles for keeping life going. It is called the Nitrogen Cycle.

When man interferes with Nature's way, he gets into trouble and must try to repair the damage done to Nature. For example, when man plants one crop of cotton year after year on the same land, the cotton draws out all the nitrogen from the soil.

One way to get nitrogen in the soil is to treat it with manure or fertilizer. But no farm has enough to treat all its crop land. Another way is to fertilize the soil with nitrates. But nitrates are used for other things besides fertilizers. They are used for making explosives: nitroglycerin, TNT, and dynamite, and for making nitric acid, cellulose, and dyes.

The present war in Europe and Asia has increased the demand for nitrates faster than factories have been able to supply it. This means that Chile will sell more of its natural nitrates.

JOSEPHINE VIDMAR, 13, lodge 747,  
2546 N. 37th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

### AUTUMN LEAVES

Autumn is a lovely season of the year,  
With the read and yellow leaves,  
And the cooling autumn breeze  
One always knows that fall is here.

One loves to pick the lovely leaves,  
And put them in a little vase,  
They add color to their place,  
These colorful autumn leaves.

FLORENCE ALICH, 14, lodge 111  
Box 607, Aurora, Minnesota.

### A MAGICIAN OF SCIENCE

Charles Steinmetz

Because Steinmetz was curious and asked many questions, he became one of the world's famous scientists. When he was small, he played odd games and had strange thoughts for a child.

One day Carl's father gave him a toy locomotive that ran on wood alcohol. Ever since that time Carl became quite concerned about machines and power. At the age of five Carl could use figures and sum up fractions. Some of the instructors had never seen a mere child being so good in mathematics.

Steinmetz investigated a statement made by two men. He found errors because these men had not gone far enough. He kept investigating until he worked out a mathematical formula. This formula is very valuable to electrical engineers and is still used to this day. Steinmetz never took anything for granted, but investigated for himself.

His greatest accomplishment was inventing a

### THE SURVIVOR

Drawn by Rose Turkovich, age 15, Walsenburg, Colo. Lodge 299.







AN EARLY COLONIAL

Drawn by Dan Gostovich, age 10, Raton, N. Mex.  
Lodge 297.

machine which produces lighting automatically. Besides this invention he made over 200 other discoveries and inventions. One of them is the arc lamp. This is used for street lighting. When the arc lamp was to be tested for the first time, many professional men and women gathered to watch this sight. Steinmetz turned the switch and the lights shone brightly. This trial proved successful.

Even though he was an inventor and scientist, he had a great love for the outdoor world. Wealth was of no use to him because he believed in a simple life. Leisure time was spent in accommodating rare flowers and bushes which he adored greatly. He was quick-minded, cheerful, and intelligent. Through perseverance and patience he became the world's lighting genius. Charles Steinmetz, the lighting wizard, proved useful to this world.

AGNES SALOUM, 13, lodge 89,  
R. D. 1, Bulger, Pa. (Circle 22)

#### JUST A FEW JOKES

Cowboy: "Getting your saddle on backward, aren't you?"

Dude: "That's all you know about it, smarty. You don't even know which way I am going."

Mother: "That was very thoughtful of you not to throw your orange peels on the floor of the bus. What did you do with them?"

Sonny: "I just put them in that man's pocket sitting next to me."

"My shaving brush is very stiff," complained the husband. "I wonder what's wrong with it?"

"I don't know," said his wife. "It was nice and soft when I painted the bird cage yesterday."

"I don't need none!" said the lady of the house before the agent had opened his mouth.

"How do you know?" he returned. "I might be selling grammars."

FLORENCE ALICH, 14, lodge 111  
Box 607, Aurora, Minnesota.

#### MORE JOKES

##### Court Scene

Judge—"Say, when were you born?"

Prisoner—(No reply)

Judge—"I say, when is your birthday?"

Prisoner—(Sullenly) "Wot do you care? Ya ain't gonna give me nothin'!"

##### Little Lucy

Little Lucy had just returned from the children's party and had been called into the living room to be shown before tea guests.

"Tell the ladies what mama's little darling did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowed (throwed) up," said little Lucy.

##### Animal Story

Willy: It's been raining cats and dogs.

Nilly: Yeah, there are poodles (puddles) all over the street.

##### Fall Guy

John—According to the instruments in the plane, Joe fell exactly 6000 feet.

Gub—No, 6006 feet.

John—Say, how did you figure that?

Gub—Well, he's six feet under now.

##### Disbeliever

Teacher: "If I lay five eggs here and three eggs there, how many do I have altogether?"

Jimmy: "I don't think you can do it."

AGNES SALOUM, 13, lodge 89,  
R. D. 1, Bulger, Pa. (Circle 22)

#### ARMISTICE DAY

Armistice Day, which falls on November 11, marks the anniversary of the cessation of hostilities in the World War (Nov. 11, 1918). On that date an armistice was signed between the Allies and Germany. It marked the end of the World War which raged more than four years.

In London this anniversary is observed by a two minutes' silence in memory of the fallen. The two minutes' silence is generally observed throughout the British Empire. However, since the start of the present World War, the anniversary has lost some of its importance.

In the United States, November 11 is a legal holiday in 23 states and is observed in others by



the governor's proclamation. The day is marked by appropriate ceremonies, including parades and campaigns for the relief of war veterans.

One minute before eleven o'clock in the morning of November 11, 1918, the long battle front still shook with the deafening roar of the great cannon, the hum of countless rifle bullets, and the rattling of thousands of machine guns. One minute after that hour a stillness almost of death brooded over the scene, and here and there could be heard the faint happy song of little birds.

The armistice with Germany, which had been signed early that morning, had gone into effect. It was an armistice that was settled between the Central Powers on the one side and the Allies on the other.

On June 28, 1919, the Treaty of Versailles was signed. This act officially ended the World War which started on July 28, 1914, when the Central Powers declared war on Serbia. Little Serbia was invaded and conquered, but after the defeat of the Central Powers in the fall of 1918, Serbia arose triumphant and was united with Croatia and Slovenia into a new state—Yugoslavia. Today, Yugoslavia is again conquered. Let's hope that it will arise stronger and bigger after the present war.

And after this war is over, which day will be observed as Armistice Day?

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

### LIQUID AIR

Liquid air isn't a very important product, but is a very interesting substance. The reason it is studied is because that it clearly illustrates some of the important principles about heat and cold.

First in the process of production, air is compressed to two hundred and fifty atmospheric pressure. The amount of air pressure on earth is about fifteen pounds per square inch. Then 250 by 15 equals 3750 pounds of air per square inch. This compression heats the air and it must be cooled. This is done by running the compressed air, by the way of pipes into a tank of kerosene, which is cooled to a minus 35° Centigrade by means of an ammonia refrigerator.

Next the cooled compressed air is run into an expansion tank by way of pipes. Upon entering the tank the air is suddenly released, causing sudden expansion which brings the temperature down to -190° Centigrade. Before it was only a minus 39° Centigrade. At the low temperature of 190° Centigrade some of this compressed air turns into liquid. This process takes place in the expansion tank.

As this liquid falls to the bottom, a valve opens at the bottom of the tank and allows the liquid air to drop out into a thermos bottle. The liquid air is put into a thermos bottle because it keeps the liquid from evaporating. The thermos bottle serves as a preserver and admits no warm air that will make the liquid evaporate. If poured into an ordinary vessel, the liquid air would ex-



A SKETCH

Drawn by Bill Baltezar, age 17, Butte, Mont.  
Lodge 207.

tract air from the surroundings and would evaporate so fast it would boil.

One important use of liquid air is to produce very low temperatures in laboratories where experiments being performed require intense cold.

The method of making oxygen from liquid air depends upon the nitrogen in it. If the nitrogen evaporates more quickly it passes off before much oxygen is lost by evaporation. Thus the two principal gasses of the air may be separated.

EMIL KMETEC, 14, lodge 559,  
2414 S. Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### WAS MY FACE RED!

One snowy day my sister Dorothy and I decided to go to the show as we had nothing else in particular to do.

We bundled up good because it was cold and I couldn't decide whether to wear my galoshes. Sister Dot made up my mind for me by saying yes. Much to my regret later I decided to wear them.

When we arrived at the show I removed my galoshes. Everyone probably knows that it is unwise to sit in a warm room for several hours with galoshes on, so I took mine off and put them under the seat.

After we'd seen the picture we went to the rest room where I proceeded struggling with a pair of

very stiff boots. Ah, finally they were on and at last we were ready to go home.

Once outside I noticed that various passers-by kept stealing amused glances first at my legs and then at me. This didn't bother me at first, but after five or six of these stares I became quite irritated.

I looked down at my feet but couldn't see anything wrong; so I put all those stares up to the fact that the people were in an especially happy mood.

But imagine how red my face must have been when we were a block away from home, to have Dot, who was practically doubled up from laughter, turn to me and say, "Vi, you've put the wrong galoshe on the wrong foot!"

That was one time I practically skipped the last block home.

VIOLET MAE MASLEK, 16, lodge 122,  
341 Park St., Aliquippa, Pa.

### SINGING IS MY BUSINESS

Throughout my first five years of school, I was quite well-known by Worcester residents and pupils as an outstanding singer. I, myself, knew very little about singing, but knew enough that I was always singing.

In the fifth grade, the grade music teacher was working up an operetta and needed a little girl to take the part of the goddess of love. This part consisted mostly of singing. I practiced continuously and my solo went over "big."



HUNTING SEASON

Drawn by Bill Baltezar, age 17, Butte, Mont.  
Lodge 207.

When I entered the sixth grade, the music teacher decided to organize a Junior Choir, which was to be made up of voices from grades seven, eight, and nine; however, the rumor was raging that a sixth-grader was to be a member. No one knew who the pupil was until the next music class of the sixth grade.

Mrs. Whitcomb, the music teacher, started the class by telling us of the forthcoming program, which the Junior Choir was going to present to the school and parents. Then she asked me if I should like to sing a solo. I was thrilled to the sky. She said she had heard me singing and humming "The Merry Widow Waltz" and she would like to have me sing that as a special number. ("The Merry Widow Waltz" was the popular song at that time.)

The morning came and the concert was under way. Mrs. Whitcomb turned to the audience and gave them some outstanding good points about the young soloist. (Thank her for telling only good points.) I stepped forward and waited for the first rendition.

"Now and ever and forever, I love you — — —," I sang. The end of the song came and a loud applause burst forth. A member of the audience requested that I should repeat my song, which I did.

After this great moment, I was the soloist for the Junior Choir, a thing which has always thrilled me.

This was another beginning of my singing career. The Senior Choir was changed to include members of grades nine, ten, eleven and twelve, and the Junior Choir to include grades six, seven, and eight. However, when I became an eight-grader, the high-school music teacher said I could join the "big choir", which I was only too glad to do.

In my first year of high school chorus I was a soprano; however, I was an alto the following year and have been the leading alto since.

I have sung solos at many places, clubs and assemblies at school, and have also sung in trios, sextets and the like. For three years I have been singing alto in church choir. I have taken all alto solos and sang soprano when more sopranos were needed.

Because I graduated I am no longer in school organizations but have continued being the soloist in the church choir, besides singing at all weddings and such, and playing the organ.

I have finally decided that the staff and its notes is my password!

ANNIE M. BOZANIC, 17, lodge 393,  
R. D. No. 3, Worcester, New York.

### PILGRIMS IN AMERICA

The Pilgrims decided to try their fortunes in America, where they hoped for the right to worship as they pleased, or not to worship at all. English merchants loaned them money and the government agreed not to trouble them.

The Pilgrims sailed for America on the Mayflower, from Plymouth, England, on Sept. 6, 1620, and late in December of that year they founded

the colony of Plymouth, Massachusetts. A terrible storm tried the bravest hearts, but they saw the shores of Cape Cod on November 9, 1620.

On board, in the cabin of the Mayflower, the Pilgrims drew up and signed an agreement called the Compact. They agreed to make only "just and equal laws for the general good of the colony."

They chose Plymouth Harbor as their home. At their landing place lay a great boulder, afterwards named Plymouth Rock, which is still kept in the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Their log cabins did not protect them well against snow and cold. They did not know how to make their huoses warm, nor how to catch the wild animals for food and clothing. By spring half of the Pilgrims were in their graves and the rest were broken in health. But when the Mayflower went back to England not a man or woman returned.

Within a few years the Pilgrims repaid the money they had borrowed from London merchants. Their courage and patience overcame the hardships of the wilderness. The Pilgrims were very democratic and the most tolerant of New England colonists, except those of Rhode Island.

Plymouth was the first permanent white settlement in New England, and dates its founding, as stated above, from the landing there from the Mayflower of the Pilgrims. The colonists called the place New Plymouth, because they had sailed from Plymouth, England, and possibly because they were aware that the name of Plymouth had been given to the place six years before by Captain John Smith.

ANNIE CRETNIK, 15, lodge 24,  
Rt. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.

### THANKSGIVING

The Pilgrims had been in the new world for nearly a year. The springtime sowing had taken place and all the summer the fields had been watched with great anxiety, for all knew that their lives depended upon the coming harvest.

The summer crops came to a richness of fruition beyond all expectation. Late one day in the fall, Governor Bedford sent four men into the forests to shoot wild birds. "We will hold a harvest feast of Thanksgiving," he said and invited the Indians who had been friendly to the strangers to rejoice with the white men. The Indians came bearing gifts of venison, and the harvest feast lasted for three days.

This was the first Thanksgiving Day celebrated in America and little by little as new colonies settled the land, the custom of a yearly Thanksgiving spread throughout the country.

President Washington perfectly expressed the spirit of the day in his Thanksgiving Proclamation in 1789: "I do recommend and assign Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next to be devoted by the people of these United States . . . for all the great favors conferred upon us" as an annual Thanksgiving Day.

For a long time the celebration of Thanksgiving in the South was considered a relic of puritan bi-

gotry and it was not until 1857 that the day began to be observed there. Until the Civil War the celebration of the day was merely a state affair. During the Civil War it was suspended for a time, but in 1864 President Lincoln issued a proclamation appointing the fourth Thursday in November thereafter as a National Thanksgiving Day.

When Lincoln was assassinated it almost caused this rule to pass out of existence, but the succeeding Presidents took it up and since then Thanksgiving Day has been regularly observed throughout the United States. An exception to this rule was made during the past few years when it was observed on the third Thursday in most states plus the fourth Thursday in November in the rest.

ZITA BOZANIC, 14, lodge 393,  
R. D. 3, Worcester, New York.

### ARMISTICE DAY

Our boys who went a-fighting,  
More than a score of years ago;  
They fought so brave, and steady,  
Not knowing how far it would go.

And just like a bolt of lightning,  
Out of a clear, blue sky—"Stop fighting!"  
The boys have won, and stopped to fight.  
Armistice day came to everyone's delight.

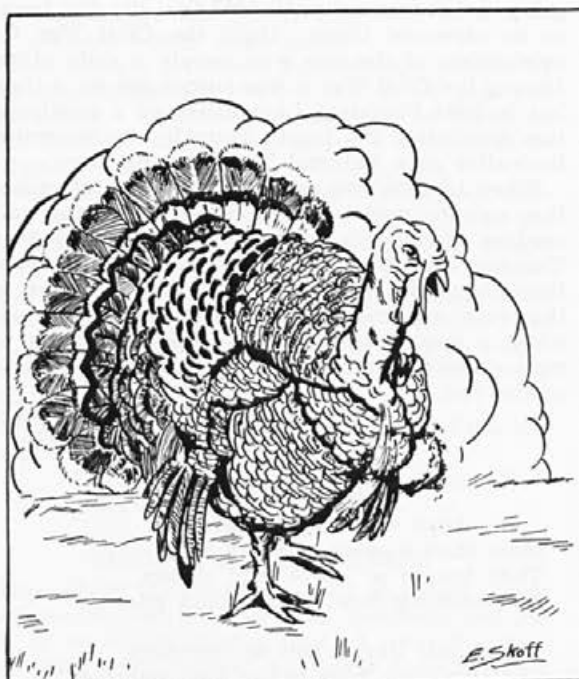
But alas! that was in the year 1918,  
When Democracy triumphed over brute force.  
And now a great struggle is being fought  
To crush aggression on all fronts.

MARGARET POLONCIC, 14, lodge 124,  
R.F.D. 2, Union Dale, Pa.



THE DEFENSE MOTIFF

Drawn by Virginia Campbell, age 13, Midway, Pa.  
Lodge 89.



THE PASSING GOBLER

Drawn by Eugene Skoff, age 16, Cicero, Ill.  
Lodge 559.

#### THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving, everyone's favorite day,  
Some splendid dishes to make us gay.  
Chickens, turkeys, and what not,  
Just the stuff to hit the spot.

In the country in which we all live,  
Thanks for what we get and do and give.  
In a land of plenty, of peace and quiet,  
We must all realize it, as we all try it.

MARGARET POLONCIC, 14, lodge 124,  
R.F.D. 2, Union Dale, Pa.

#### JUST TWO JOKES

Moses: "Boy, what'd you do if you had all de money in de world right now?"

Rufus: "Well, Ah reckon Ah'd pay mah debts—fur as it'd go."

"Can you serve company?" asked the housewife when she was hiring the servant.

"Yes, mum; both ways."

"What do you mean?" asked the puzzled one.

"So's they'll come again, or stay away."

MARGARET POLONCIC, 14, lodge 124,  
R.F.D. 3, Union Dale, Pa.

#### WE ARE THANKFUL

In November comes Thanksgiving day,  
We are thankful for many things we say;  
Thankful for the food we eat,  
Thankful for our light and heat.

We are thankful for our free country,  
Thankful for our freedom and demoracy;  
We are thankful for Nature's many gifts,  
For peace and quiet and for our Liberty.

VIRGINIA BARTON, 13, lodge 231,  
R.D. No. 4, McDonald, Pa.

#### THE PROUD TURKEY

The turkey is so very proud,  
His gobbling is so very loud;  
His feathers are a beautiful sight,  
He struts and struts wit hall his might.

But when Thanksgiving comes around,  
You'll find his head upon the ground,  
A wonderful meal he sure will make,  
So don't be proud, for goodness sake.

VIRGINIA BARTON, 13, lodge 231,  
R.D. No. 4, McDonald, Pa.

#### WINTER WINDS

In winter we are so bold  
We venture out into the cold;  
We gather up the cold snow  
To make snowballs for us to throw.

And though we all get lots of chills  
Still we slide down all the hills;  
But winter holds a lot of fun  
For you and me and everyone.

VIRGINIA BARTON, 13, lodge 231,  
R.D. No. 4, McDonald, Pa.

#### I HATE SCHOOL?

School! School! every day,  
What's the use of going, there's no pay;  
Wasting pencils, paper too—  
Nothing else they'll let you do.

Study, read the funny old books,  
All a-torn with hardly any hooks;  
Learn how to subtract, do a little add,  
Then try to cheat, but that'll be bad.

I hate school? No, I am not a fool!  
Many a days I wish it was cool—  
But on second thought, it's okey to say:  
"Go to school, learn and play all day."

Yes, school's okey in every way,  
No matter what others may say;  
What on earth would children do  
If there were no school work to do?  
MILDRED HOTKO, age 16, lodge 95,  
226 Main St., Oglesby, Ill.

#### NEW MEXICO

I am writing on New Mexico and its history  
because we are studying about it in school. After  
we finish we are going to make a New Mexico  
Scrap Book. I am just writing what we studied  
thus far.

New Mexico was once known as the land of  
"Poco Tiempo", as it was first called by Charles  
Lummis. New Mexico was first found by the



Spaniards, and Fray Marcos was the first Spaniard who set his eyes on the people and their pueblos. Before the Spaniards came here Indians lived in this territory. Their chief food was corn, but the Spaniards introduced the irrigation system and they raised wheat, cotton, and apples, also other fruits. Then gold and silver was discovered by the Spaniards.

The State of New Mexico has an area of 122,634 square miles, but 131 square miles is water. The territory was first explored by the Spaniards in 1536, and they opened mines and earnestly tried to civilize the natives. New Mexico became a state in 1912. It is less than half the size of Texas, but it is ninety-eight times the area of Rhode Island. About 28,000 Indians live in this state, some of the tribes of Indians are Apache, Moque, Navajo, Pueblo, and Zuni. There are 14 per cent Mexicans and few Spanish, but there are many other white people.

There are many schools and colleges in New Mexico, also universities. Children from 6 to 16 years old have to go to school. Some of the colleges in New Mexico are located in the following cities: East Las Vegas, Silver City, Las Cruces, Albuquerque, Cacorro, El Rita, Portales, and Roswell.

There are many hospitals. The hospital for the blind is in Alamogordo, insane hospital is in Las Vegas, the Old Miners' Hospital is in Raton, and the deaf and dumb in Santa Fe. New Mexico has become a popular health resort especially for those suffering from lung troubles.

The important rivers of New Mexico are the San Juan, Gila, Rio Grande Del Norte, and the Little Colorado. The cactus and yucca are abundant in the arid southern valleys. The climate is dry, healthful and invigorating. The winters are pleasant and the summers are not oppressive.

New Mexico is the state of mining and cattle raising. Cotton, corn, hay, and wheat are raised, also peaches, apples, pears, and grapes. In the first quarter of the century they mined gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc.

We have many forests in New Mexico. Some of our trees are groves of cedar, juniper, pinon, cottonwoods, willows, and box elders. About 8,000,000 acres of these trees are protected under the government. Some of New Mexico's National Parks and Monuments are: Carlsbad Caverns, Gila Cliff Dwelling, Puye Cliff, and Toas Indian Village.

New Mexico is called the "Sunshine State", and the state flower is the Yucca. Santa Fe, the capital, is probably the oldest city in the United States.

MILKA MILETA, 13, lodge 297,  
Box 175, Brilliant, New Mexico.

#### OUR SCHOOL

School is here again and we are all glad. We started school on September 2. Promptly at 8:30 the first bell rings, at 8:55 the second bell rings, and at 9 the last bell rings. Then we get in line and the teachers tell us to pass in the room.

Then we have arithmetic and spelling. At 10:30



"WOW! IT'S A WHOPPER!!"

Drawn by Dorothy Sedey, age 17, Eveleth, Minn.  
Lodge 69.

we have recess. When the recess bell rings we get in line again and the teachers tell us to pass in the room. Then we have English and reading. At 12 o'clock we go home and eat dinner. At 12:30 the first bell rings, and at 5 to 1 the five-minute bell rings. That means we have to wash our hands. At 1 o'clock the last bell rings and we get in line and the teachers tell us to pass in the room. Then we have penmanship, history and geography. At 3:30 we go home.

We have all of our books free except our Young Citizen. We study about the present war. My sister and I take it together. She is in the 7th and I am in the 5th grade. My teacher's name is Miss Allen. She teaches the fourth and fifth grades.

ZITA MILETA, 10, lodge 297  
Box 175, Brilliant, New Mex.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

What bird, besides the parrot, can be taught to speak? A.: Raven.

About how long is the Great Wall of China? A.: Seventeen hundred miles.

What spring flower has the name of two things we generally use with our meals? A.: Buttercup.

What is the correct name of lead in the pencils we use ordinarily? A.: Graphite.

What city is known as the city of brotherly love? A.: Philadelphia.

Who is the youngest person in Who's Who of America? A.: Shirley Temple.

Does a camel's backbone run up into his hump? A.: No.

What makes a rainbow? A.: The sun shining on raindrops.

HELEN BOZANIC, 15, lodge 393  
R. D. 3, Worcester, New York.



THE FALL FEAST

Drawn by Margaret Blazina, age 15, Roundup,  
Mont. Lodge 114.

### THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day is here, Oh my!  
With rows and rows of pumpkin pies  
And dishes full of cranberries  
Plus pans of gingerbread, so merry.  
But that isn't all that's for you and me,  
Just think hard and you will see—  
It's something good and big and gay  
That's usually eaten on this day.  
Haven't you a memory—Little Murkey?  
Why, of course—it's tasty turkey!

ZITA BOZANIC, 14, lodge 393,  
R.D. 3, Worcester, N. Y.

### BRIGHT SAYINGS

One day when a child, age 5, was visiting her grandmother, she noticed that the child was rubbing her arm. When she asked her why she was doing it, the little girl replied, "Because I'm the only one who knows where it itches."

Johnny and Sally, age 3 and 4, were given suckers for good behavior. In a little while Sally burst out crying, saying that Johnny had stolen her sucker. Upon questioning Johnny, he replied: "I didn't take it. I was only licking it for her."

A neighbor's daughter, 3 years of age, visited us one day. As she saw the marbles in the bottom of the fish bowl, she asked: "Did the fishes lay those eggs?"

When I asked Johnnie why didn't he eat the crusts of the toast, he replied: "Oh, those are the toast's bones."

The other day Mary, age 6, was telling me about her father's ability as a pianist. I asked her if he ever played any blue notes. She said: "Oh no. Our piano has only black and white ones."

DOLORES UDOVIC (age ?), lodge 573,  
R. 1, Box 90, La Salle, Illinois.

## Important Dont's

### Read Them Twice, Thrice

**DON'T** address your mail intended for publication in the ML to the Main Office of the SNPJ, to Slovene National Benefit Society, or to some person. The mail so addressed may be delayed and will be late for the intended issue. Address all such mail to Mladinski List, 2657-59 So. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**DON'T** write with pencil; use pen or, still better, typewriter.

**DON'T** write on both sides of the sheet. Paper is cheap.

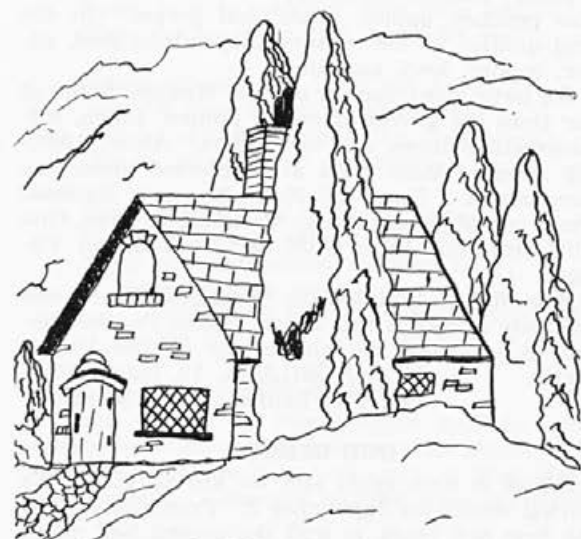
**DON'T** draw your picture with ordinary ink. We cannot use such drawings. Draw only with the India ink.

**DON'T** draw in colors! It's a waste of time because we cannot use it.

**DON'T** fold your drawings! Send them between two card-boards in a large envelope.

**DON'T** omit your name, address, age, and lodge No., together with the parent's signature on the back of every piece of drawing or beneath any writing.

And most important of all: **DON'T** copy any rhymes or pictures! Be honest with yourself and us! You can't get away with it very long! We are checking on that.



A DREAM ABODE

Drawn by Florence Alich, age 14, Aurora, Minn.  
Lodge 111.

# 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 "VOICE OF YOUTH" REPORTING

MIDWAY, PA.—This is Juvenile Circle No. 22 "Voice of Youth" reporting its news again. I say "again" because our Circle has been in the news constantly in recent months. The main reason for this is that the Circle is sponsoring numerous activities of various nature.

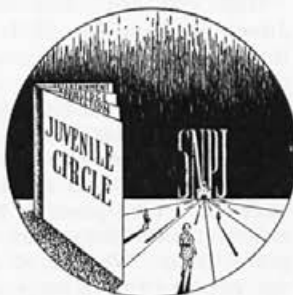
Recently we had the honor of entertaining delegates of the 12th regular convention of the SNPJ and their friends at the Slovene Home in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. That was on September 13. This was one occasion which will remain in our memory as one of the most pleasant events in our existence.

We also had the pleasure of meeting a grand group of talented members of the Sharon Juvenile Circle No. 21, who also presented a program for the delegates. We are indeed grateful for having been able to make such fine acquaintances.

Our adviser, Mrs. Joseph Janeshek, was one of the delegates chosen for the convention, and we can really be proud of this fact.

At the annual Harvest Dance of the Midway SNPJ Lodge, we had a drawing for a quilt which was made by members of our Circle as well as by members of the Ladies' Club. The quilt was won by Peggy Ann Lukan, one of the youngest members of our Circle.

In conclusion I wish to add that I am glad that



the two fraternal societies, namely, the SNPJ and SSPZ, have merged and that the name—Slovene National Benefit Society—of our grand organization will continue in the future.

VIOLET MACHEK, age 14, Circle 22  
R. D. 4, McDonald, Pa. (Lodge 231)

## "MONTANA STARS" JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 28

ROUNDUP, MONT.—The regular September meeting of Juvenile Circle No. 28, "Montana Stars," was held on September 7, the first Sunday of the month. It was called to order in regular form by President Rudy Jancic.

The roll call showed that eleven members were present at the meeting, and eight members were absent. Our total membership, as of meeting date, was nineteen; however, we hope to get more new members in the near future. Four members, namely, Kathleen, Adeline, James, and Eddie Hilderman, have dropped out.

At this meeting Bobby Bedey, our new member, was initiated. Welcome into our midst, Bobby.

Bobby Zupon was appointed to read the happenings of our meeting at the Senior lodge meeting next month. This is an important part of our business, to keep in direct touch with the adult membership.

Plans were discussed for a Halloween Masquerade Party to be held on Sunday, Oct. 19, at the home of Mrs. Oset, our supervisor, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. (By the time this letter appears in the M. L. the party will be over.)

Various committees were appointed by President Rudy Jancic, so as to make our party more enjoyable and successful. Those on the luncheon committee are Josephine Oset, Ruth Glotch and





Members of the Detroit (Mich.) SNPJ Juvenile Circle No. 29, "Juvenile Spirits of Detroit."

Carl Kerzan. Frank Lekse, Albina Finco and Charles Meznarich are on the entertainment committee. It was decided to make invitations and send them to the members. These committees were to meet October 14 in the evening to make further plans.

A motion was made, seconded and passed that we give a short entertainment for the adult members. This will take place in December.

The auditing committee is to have the books audited by the next meeting.

The jackpot for this month was won by Frank Bedey and for last month by Louise Lekse.

The meeting was adjourned in regular form.

Come on, members, to the next meeting, Sunday, November 2. (For the October 5 meeting, members were urged to come dressed in costumes as witches, bums or ghosts, in order that everyone may have lots of fun.)

LOUISE LEKSE, Secretary  
Box 465, Roundup, Mont.

#### ACTIVITIES OF CIRCLE NO. 20

AGUILAR, COLO.—The Juvenile Circle No. 20, Aguilar, Colorado, is continuing with its activities very favorably. Our regular meetings are fairly well attended and interest in the Circle among both the young and old is steadily increasing.

This is as it should be. We need both young and old to make the Circle more interesting. Our growth and progress depends on the guidance of the older group, and its popularity depends on the work and interest displayed by the younger group. We are confident that if both work together, cooperatively and collectively, we are bound to succeed and prosper.

Our Circle had a party on August 24 and invited Walsenburg and Delagua Circles to attend. Members of the Delagua Circle were present, but

those from the Walsenburg Circle were not present.

We spent the afternoon mostly by dancing. During intermission periods, refreshments were served. Everyone attending had a good time.

Our Circle was invited by the Delagua Circle to pay them a visit in October at their regular monthly meeting. We accepted their invitation enthusiastically. Next month, along with other Circle 20 reports, we will report also in this visit to Delagua.

I am once again sitting at the same old desk at school. It's great to be back in school, in spite of the work involved with school. I trust that most of us realize the importance of going to school. We are in school now, it's true, but not for long. Soon we will have to go out in this world and earn our living—because nothing is free. It is not more than right that every person should earn his living by honest work either at home or at some occupation.

All members of Circle 20 are urged to attend the next regular monthly meeting on Sunday, Nov. 9, being second Sunday of the month, our regular meeting day.

MITZI KOSERNIK, Circle 20  
Aguilar, Colorado.

#### PRESENT PLAY FOR DELEGATES

BULGER, PA.—Reporting on the activities of Juvenile Circle No. 22, I wish to say at the outset that our Circle is progressing very nicely. Why, even during the summer season we've held parties and meetings. So believe me when I say that—

Our Circle has been having an enjoyable time this past season. We have gone to many places. Just lately we had a wiener roast at Barington, which is a nice place to have such an affair. The entire membership was present and we had a grand time. We played games and danced; later we went to the wiener roast. It really was lots of fun roasting the wieners. Of course, marshmallows were also on the menu with the wieners, for without them no wiener roast is "complete." After this was over, we went back to dancing and the playing of games.

We are happy to report that on Saturday, Sept. 13, our members presented a play at Pittsburgh on the occasion of the 12th convention of the SNPJ. The affair was very interesting to all. Other Circles also staged their programs, and a great success was achieved. The delegates enjoyed the presentation.

ROOSE MARIE KOSTELICH, Circle 22  
Box 117, Bulger, Pa.

#### OLGA GREET'S JUVENILE CIRCLES

CHICAGO, ILL.—Greetings to all juvenile members of the Slovene National Benefit Society. Once more I make an appearance in the Mladinski List after an elapse of time. I sincerely hope that your Circle is doing its part to keep the good ship sailing on top of clear water.

Many Circles thus far organized have gone



through the hardships that face every organization especially during the first year of its existence. Likewise, many know that cooperation and understanding keep the ship sailing. The many affairs, outings, skating parties and celebrations, all spell Success for them.

As a rule, boys and girls of their own Circle understand each other and get along with their officers. On the whole, our Circle have done much in their own sphere for the organization. The past four years have shown to the SNPJ world that the Circles are a valuable asset to the Society.

The year 1942 will mark the fifth anniversary of our Juvenile Circles. Will this milestone be observed? Nothing would be more appropriate than a National Circle Day where the juveniles and advisers would get together. Something fitting must be done, and now is the time to be thinking about such a celebration.

I am sending in a picture of the Juvenile Spirits of Detroit, Circle 29, which was taken one Sunday afternoon after the meeting. The Detroit Circle is very active and during their first year of existence they gave a number of programs, the largest affair having been on Mother's Day. In December the Circle will mark its first birthday. I wish them much success and progress in future years.

Since my first connection with the Circle movement goes back several years to the Jolly Kansans Circle, No. 11, I wish to state that I attend two of their meetings this year, also their annual Kansas Circle Day at Lincoln Park this summer. The boys and girls are eager to come to each meeting. They have the pep and spirit that keeps them going on. They have good leaders. At the August meeting it looked like a family reunion. The meeting was held in good order and President Henry Jelovchan announced his parting with the members. Henry has been president of the group

ever since its organization in 1938, which proves that he has been well liked. Carl Ulepich was elected as president to succeed Henry. We wish him every success. Adviser Mary Shular will continue to help the unit, although her position in Parsons, Kans., will not permit her to devote as much time to the Circle as before.

I am also sending in a picture of the Jolly Kansans group which was taken at their Kansas Circle Day at Lincoln Park. In the background the SNPJ pennant flies high. The little maestro of the accordion is none other than the 11-year-old Johnnie Zibert. (I trust that both pictures will be published in the M. L.)

This concludes my article. Next month I will make a report on the Young Slovenes, Circle 26, of Chicago. Let's all put our hearts and souls to work for our Slovene National Benefit Society.

OLGA MARIE KNAPICH, Lodge 559  
2122 W. 23rd St., Chicago, Ill.

### POSTAGE STAMP HUNT

The leader tells the players to assemble around him. He then tells them that he is going to hide a postage stamp in plain sight by sticking it on someone's clothing. The players are to shut their eyes (while he is hiding the stamp) and open them at the leader's word and start the hunt. As soon as the player spies the stamp, he is to sit down quietly and not say a word.

The leader should tell the person upon whom he intended to place the stamp to circulate on the outer edge of the group. It is better to stick the stamp on someone before explaining the game, then after the explanation, the leader may make believe he is putting the stamp on several other people. Those who peek will thus be thrown off the track.

### Daddy Knows

Jackie—My Dad must have been into all sorts of mischief when he was a boy.

William—What makes you think so?

Jackie—He knows exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to find out what I've been up to.

Freedom has a thousand charms to show  
That slaves, howe'er contented never know.

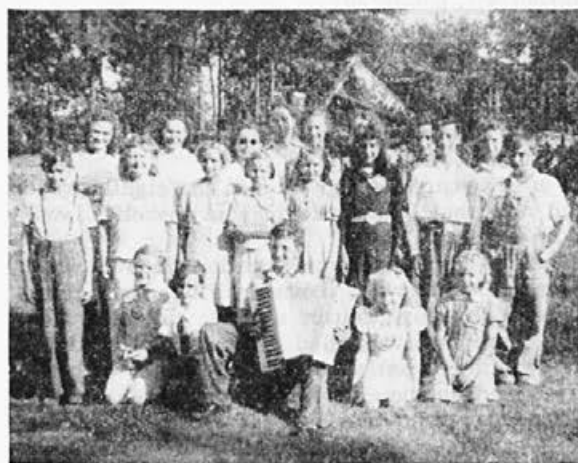
Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.—Emerson.

"Who was the first man?" asked the teacher of Billy.

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

"Oh, no," said the teacher, "Adam was the first man."

"Oh, well, Teacher, if you want to bring foreigners in on it, you may be right," concluded Billy.



Members of the Kansas SNPJ Juvenile Circle No. 11. This photo was taken at their annual "Kansas Circle Day."

# Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

## HAS 81 ML COPIES



Drawn by  
Zita Bozanec, 14,  
Worcester, N. Y., lodge 393

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to this fine magazine. I have written to this magazine several months ago; that was my first letter.

One of my hobbies is saving the Mladinski List magazines. I have now 81 copies. I started to save ML magazines in 1935. I have them all from 1935 up till now.

Another of my hobbies is collecting picture post-cards. I would like to exchange cards with some of you pen pals. I have a collection of 33 post-cards. I want to thank Rosie J. Matko from Washington for the beautiful card she sent me. I would like to get a letter from you, Rosie.

I would like to hear from Mary Zdunich from Bingham Canyon, Utah. She never answered my letter. I am still waiting to hear from her. I want to say hello to the following pals: Rose Sinkovich from Aguilar, Colo.; Mildred Hotko, Oglesby, Ill.; Eleanor Snidarsich, Pueblo, Colo.; Mildred Bercic, Ohio; Erna Marie Biston, Woodward, Iowa; Diane M. from Ohio.

I noticed Daisy Pichulin's letter in the Mladinski List for September. Keep it up, Daisy.

My other hobby is corresponding. I have six pals that I write to now. I still would like to have more pen pals. I will answer all letters as soon as I hear from you. I will be glad to hear from my new pen pals from different states. My best regards to all.—Frances Jean Kroper (age 16), P. O. Box 384, Yukon, Pa.

## "A HAT CHASE"

Dear Editor:—I am sending a drawing, "A Hat Chase," which I would like to see printed in the Mladinski List. If there is something wrong with the drawing, please let me know. (Use drawing paper and India ink.—Ed.)—Agnès Saloum (age 13), R. F. D. 1, Bulger, Pa. (Lodge 89)

## FREE BUS TICKETS

Dear Editor:—I guess it won't be long and we'll have some bad cold weather again. I think most of the children like it, especially those who go sleigh riding and ice-skating.

School is going on fairly good so far. In our school we are pretty lucky this year because we all get free bus tickets. Before only the freshies got them, but not now. It helps a great deal for those who are poor and can't afford it.

Our Slovene Dom Boosters Club is going to give an amateur show at the Dom in La Salle, Ill., on Nov. 2. We hope all of our friends will be there and have a good time. It will start at

2 o'clock in the afternoon. After the program, dancing will be held in the lower hall.

I wrote a poem which I am submitting for publication. It's called "I Hate School." I hope it'll be printed in the Mladinski List.

Wishing everyone a very nice Thanksgiving day. Best regards.—Mildred Hotko, 226 Main Street, Oglesby, Illinois. (Lodge 95)

## "IT'S GREAT TO GO TO SCHOOL"

Dear Editor:—I am once again sitting at the same old desk at school, even as all other juvenile members of our lodge are likewise doing. It is great to be back in school in spite of the studying and other things we have to do.

Very few of us realize how great it really is to go to school. Just think how great it would have been if our forefathers could have gone to school or had any of the opportunities we have today.

We are in school now, but not for long because we will have to get out in this world and earn our living. As we all know, nothing is free. Every man should earn his living.

Juvenile Circle 20 of Aguilar had a party on Aug. 24 and invited Walsenburg and Delagua Circles. Members of the Delagua Circle were present, but those from Walsenburg were not here. We spent the afternoon mostly by dancing. During intermissions refreshments were served. We are to visit the Delagua Circle in October at their meeting place.

Being that I am a sophomore at Aguilar High School, I will tell you what we did on the day we initiated the freshmen. We made them go upon a hill above our football field and build the letters A. H. S. in commemoration of Aguilar High School. We made them dress up in silly clothes and attend the football game against Walsenburg "Hi Seconds." And Aguilar won, 44 to 12, at the end of the game.

I must say goodbye to all my friends now. Best regards to all.—Mitzi Kosernik, Aguilar, Colo. (Lodge 381, Circle 20)

## WILL WRITE MORE OFTEN

Dear Editor:—I am a member of the SNPJ lodge 142. I have never written to the Mladinski List before, but I hope to write often in the near future.

I am 13 years old and I am in the eighth grade. And now that I have "told about myself," I will go on with my letter.

I came home from my vacation about a week before school started. I was in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, by my Cousin Jennie. I had a good time there but was glad to get home. At the present time I am sitting on the grass with my girl friend Jackie.

My favorite hobbies are stamp collecting, post-cards, reading books, bike riding and swimming.

Two months ago our dog Tootsie had puppies. There are two males and one female and they are almost all black and white except for a little bit of brown. They are very cute—but next week

we have to give them away because we have two dogs besides the pups.

Now for a bit about myself again. I am 5 feet 4 inches tall, have brown hair and brown eyes. I would like to have some pen pals and I promise to answer all letters promptly. Well, since I don't know what else to write about, I will say good-bye, hoping for pen pals. A hopeful member—*Pauline Tomsich*, 21201 Arbor Avenue, Euclid, Ohio.

### HER FIRST TRAIN RIDE

Dear Editor:—I am very sorry for not writing to this fine magazine for such a long time. It seems as though I just can't sit down to write. But I read the Mladinski List every month.

I am going to tell you about my trip to Milwaukee on Labor day. My Dad and I went there by train. Of course, you know that I can't tell you every single thing we saw and did. I will only tell the important things.

I enjoyed riding the train very much for it was the first time I ever rode a train. My Dad has relatives in Milwaukee and we visited them. They were all very nice to us. We stopped at the place where my Dad's cousin lives, that is, Mr. and Mrs. Weinkopf. Their son Eddy and their daughter Esther took me around to see the place. They also took me to see Lake Michigan. It's a very beautiful lake. We walked on the pier and while we were walking it made me dizzy. It seems as though I was moving around.

Then they took me around to see some beautiful parks and buildings, and then we went to town. Eddy bought me some pretty souvenirs to take home with me and give them to my friends.

Later on we went to see Mr. Jack Oblak and Mr. and Mrs. Demshar in West Allis, a city right next to Milwaukee. The next day we went to see my Dad's uncle and aunt. I believe their place is about one hundred miles out of Milwaukee. Their name is Mr. and Mrs. Terzan. They were very nice to us. My Dad's aunt went swimming in the lake below their house, and My Dad and I went also. I liked the water, but I did not like the bottom in the water. It was of soft mud and stones and grass, and it would just tickle your feet. I couldn't stand in it, so I got an inner tube and I floated around while the wind was blowing.

My Dad's uncle—my great uncle—then took us for a boat ride which I liked very much. The wind was blowing hard that day and we got splashed while riding the boat. We went around to see their place and he (uncle) took us to see different lakes and the big farms out there. He also took us to a place or house where they also live by a lake. These people have a large collection of antiques; these things were very interesting to see. They showed us all kinds of glasses and pitchers and irons that were used in the olden times.

I liked it there very much. We stayed overnight at our uncle's place. The next day we went back with Mr. and Mrs. Weinkopf and their son

Eddy and stopped at their place. We were going to go home that night but they asked us to stay so that we can see some more interesting things.

That evening Esther and Frank Dumphroff said if we wanted to go to a place where they dance. I don't know the name of the place any more. Anyway, we went there in a group. They had a large orchestra in the hall. The people danced, and then they had a floor show. A boy and a girl danced, and oh boy! could they dance and whirl and do all kinds of things in dances. I enjoyed watching them very much.

Esther told the orchestra that we were from out of town and they announced our name over the microphone. We didn't know she did that until we heard our name and we were very surprised. We were dancing and had a swell time there.

I could hardly leave for home the next day, that's how much I liked it out there. I have to thank the Weinkopfs, their son Edward and the Dumphroffs for everything.

I am 15 years old and go to Snowden Township High School. Best regards to all.—*Anna Grobin*, Box 17, Broughton, Pa. (Lodge 52)

### STEVE LIKES MANUAL TRAINING

Dear Editor:—Since my brother Dan, sister Zora and I received the prizes from the SNPJ, I was thinking every day when I would write to you and heartily thank the SNPJ. I was very happy because it was the first prize I ever won in all my life. I also hope that some day some of my pen pals who belong to the SNPJ and receive the fine magazine, the Mladinski List, will win a prize, too, and be as happy as I was.

I would like to say to you and to all the SNPJ juveniles that in the September issue of the Mladinski List, my sister Zora's picture (drawing) of New Mexico was published with my name under it instead of hers. My fingers are so stiff that I can't draw a good picture like that. Maybe I can be a good carpenter or ball player, but I just can't be an artist.

A pen and pencil is surely heavy for me. That is why I am taking manual training in school this year, so the teachers don't bother me so much with lessons. But I was thinking wrong. The teachers make me do my lessons first and then I can take manual training for an hour. But my manual training teacher said that even if I don't need my pencil so much to be a carpenter I can't be one without going to school.

I go to the seventh grade, and have three male teachers and three female teachers. I hope that all boys and girls that don't like school very much like me, would enjoy it more this year because if we do not learn anything while we are young we might be sorry when we are older, but then it will be too late.

Now I would like to say "hello" to all my pen pals, and tell them that I am sorry I did not answer all of their letters. But today I will drop each one a postcard of New Mexico.

Best regards to all Mladinski List readers and



writers.—*Steve Gostovich Jr.* (age 11), Box 531, Raton, New Mexico. (Lodge 297)

### SHE LIVES IN BRILLIANT

Dear Editor:—I haven't written to this magazine for a long time. In fact, if I remember correctly, this is the very first letter I wrote to the M. L. I live in a new camp now, and I sure do like it. My new camp's name is Brilliant. My father is working here now. He works almost every day. I would like you to sent my magazine here from now on. I belong to SNPJ lodge 416. Best regards to all ML readers and writers.—*Eleanor Durakovich* (age 12), Box 163, Brilliant, New Mex. (Lodge 416)

### ANNIE'S "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. I have three sisters and one brother, and we are all in the SNPJ lodge.

Now we are back in school again. I like my teacher very much. Her name is Miss Glavano. She is a good teacher.

I will close now and will write more next time. I would like to have some pen pals. Best regards to one and all.—*Annie Milavec*, Box 302, Delagua, Colo.

### TAKES TIME OUT TO WRITE

Dear Editor:—Although school has started I still think I can take time out to write to the Mladinski List.

The Mladinski List is a magazine which is interesting to every person.

Our Juvenile Circle has been having an enjoyable time this season. We have gone to many places. Just lately we had a wiener roast at Barington, which is a swell place to have such an affair.

The entire group was present and we had a wonderful time. We danced when we came there and played different games, then later went to the wiener roast. It really was fun roasting the winners. Marshmallows were also served with the wieners. After this was over we went back to dancing and the playing of games.

A few members presented a play at Pittsburgh on Sept. 13 at the SNPJ convention program. The affair was very interesting to all. There was a large attendance at this program at the Slovene Home in Pittsburgh. Most of the delegates—about 340—and many guests and visitors attended. There was a number of other programs staged during the convention, and all of them were presented at the Slovene Home on 57th and Butler streets in Pittsburgh. Also there was a convention banquet program which took place on Sept. 20 at the Fort Pitt hotel.

Reports have it that the banquet radio broadcast over station KDKA was a huge success. It was heard in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Ohio. Also, many people heard it in Indiana, Michigan and Illinois. Ann J. Beniger, dramatic soprano, of Chicago, sang two Slovene songs very

beautifully; Vincent Cainkar, President of SNPJ, delivered a brief address, and the Cleveland group and Duquesne Tamburitza added to the program considerably.

I'll say goodbye to one and all. Best regards to all ML readers and writers.—*Rose Marie Kostelich*, Box 117, Bulger, Pa.

### LIKES HIGH SCHOOL

Dear Editor:—There isn't very much time to write to the Mladinski List, because of the homework that I have. But I always find time during the weekend. So here goes.

I am going to keep all the issues of the Mladinski List and will probably make a large book of them. I have a few from 1938. I look through them many times, particularly at the pictures printed in them.

School is well under way now. I believe I am going to like my last years of high school more than my grade school years. We had tryouts for school cheerleaders and now we have four cheerleaders.

The football season is here and I will be listening to the University of Minnesota football games. I enjoy these games immensely.

There are many popular songs that I enjoy. Some of them are "I don't Want to Set the World on Fire," "Any Bonds Today," and "A City Called Heaven." My favorite orchestras are Glen Miller, Freddie Neagle, and Sammy Kay.

I have two little kittens which I think are very cunning. I like kittens very much. I took a few pictures of my kittens also.

I would like to say "hello" to the pen pals I have left. A happy school year to one and all. My best regards to all ML readers and writers.—*Florence Alich* (age 14), Box 607, Aurora, Minn. (Lodge 111)

### THANKSGIVING DINNER

Dear Editor:—Thinknig of November reminds me of a good turkey dinner and many other good things to eat. I guess most of the children enjoy Thanksgiving because on that day there is no school and because they can eat good things.

Thanksgiving this year will be celebrated on November 20 in most states and on November 27 in some states. I think we should all celebrate it on the same day.

They are now building a factory in Oglesby, in which many people will be working. Many married women and young girls and boys will be working in the factory. The factory will cost \$30,000.

Here are a few jokes: Mother (on bus): "Hush, if you're not a good boy, I'll slap you." Boy: "Huh? You smack me and I'll tell the conductor my real age!"—Nurse: "Sir, the stork has just brought you a new son." Absent-minded Prof: "Great. But don't tell my wife. I want to surprise her!"—My best regards to all ML readers and writers.—*Ann Hotko*, 226 Main Street, Oglesby, Illinois. (Lodge 95)



# WHEN WE PLAY

Compiled by Ann K. Medvesek



November, the eleventh month of the Gregorian calendar, having 30 days. Among the Romans it was the ninth month at a time when the year was composed of ten months. Originally it consisted of 30 days; Julius Caesar gave it 31; but in the reign of Augustus the number was restored to 30.

\* \* \*

Nearly all Indian tribes played games. Many of the games were of a sacred character and were played for other reasons than pure amusement. They were used to heal the sick, to bring rain, to increase fertility of animals and plants, to avert disaster, or as part of the ceremonials to amuse and entertain distinguished guests. Others trained men in the use of weapons and strategy of war.

\* \* \*

## SNOW SNAKE

This game is played with specially shaped spears or poles which are made to guide along the snow or ice. The snakes are thrown along the surface of the snow or in straight, smooth shallow grooves made by drawing a log through the snow. In the contest the players throw for distance and the snake which goes the farthest wins a point for the owner. In team games there were usually six on each side. In addition to the point given for the snake that went the farthest, an additional point was given if a second snake went farther than all those on the other team. Single points were given in this way for each snake which had passed all of the ones belonging to the other team.

Indian snow snakes were as long as ten feet, but for the average boy or girl a good size is from four to six feet. Cut the stick of hickory or ash about an inch to two inches in diameter. Remove the bark and very carefully smooth the stick with a plane. The head should be curved. It should be rounded and turned up slightly on the under side.

The plane should again be used to trim the stick down to half its original thickness, except for the head. The bottom surface may be left round or slightly flattened. The head may be

inlaid with lead to give it extra weight. When finished it should be decorated and the snake's head painted on the front.

In throwing the snake, the index finger is placed against the tail end, with the thumb away from the body and the three remaining fingers opposite. The player stoops over, holding the snake parallel with the ground, and hurl the stick forward with a long sweeping throw.

\* \* \*

## WEAVING RELAY

This race will be much fun. The players are divided into two teams. Each team forms a line, the players stand one behind the other. Allow an arm's length of space between the players. At a signal, the leader of each team starts to run to the end of his line in a weaving manner. He goes around the left side of the player in back of him, in front, and then to the right to the next player, in front and then to the left of the next player, and so on. When he gets to the end of the line, he taps the player in front of him, who does likewise until the signal reaches the player now first in line. When he gets the tap, he starts to run the weaving race, as did the leader. The team to finish first wins.

\* \* \*

## NUTS TO CRACK

Have the following questions on paper to be passed to the players to be answered.

1. A Dairy product.
2. A Vegetable.
3. A Country.
4. A Girl's Name.
5. A structure.
6. A name often applied to one of our presidents.
7. Every Ocean has one.
8. That which often holds a treasure.
9. The name of two boys.
10. A letter of the alphabet and an article made of tin.

Answers: 1. butternut; 2. peanut; 3. brazil nut; 4. hazel nut; 5. walnut; 6. hickory nut; 7. beech-nut; 8. filbert; 9. pecan.

# Introducing Book Friends

By Betty Jartz

## DEFENDING DEMOCRACY

At the convention in Pittsburgh, last month, the SNPJ delegates sent President Roosevelt a note advising him that they favor and endorse his foreign and domestic policies. Now, that was a wise and the proper thing for our representatives at the convention to do. And when such a resolution is passed it is well that we support it with all our strength in order to keep respect.

We all know that our president can't go to Mr. Hitler and say, "Look here, you naughty man, don't make any trouble in South America for us, or I won't like you." Nor can the president say to Mr. Mussolini, "Stop fighting and disturbing the peace of the world, or else I'll be mad at you." This form of behavior wouldn't work, and our president, who is a very wise man, knows that. He knows that neither Hitler nor Mussolini, care what is said as long as it isn't said with guns, planes, and ships.

We know that our delegates as well as we and the president hate war, the preparation for war, and the monkey business of going to war in order to settle differences. We also know that the dictators hate democracy; and that they will try to wipe out all democracy so that they can rule according to their own brutal schemes.

Now that the greatest experiment of democracy in history is met with a force which wants to destroy it, it seems that we, the people—every man, woman, and child—ought to think seriously about what is waiting in store for us if this evil force succeeds.

Today we are all talking defense. With each turn of the dial the radio blares, "Defense first." The newspapers are constantly reminding us that more effort must be put into defense. The well-meaning people, who have been the friends of the humble of our country, warn us that this is a mighty battle against a force which wishes to enslave all mankind. Now, don't you think we should all try to learn something about the instruments of war; and perhaps with that knowledge we can more effectively defeat Hitler's purposes?

## THE WAR-BIRD

**The Wonder Book of the Air**, by C. B. Allen and Lauren D. Lyman.

This book tells all about flying, from recorded history to recent times. The book is illustrated with conveniently placed photographs which help to give us a very exact picture of the events depicted in its chapters.

We read that Leonardo da Vinci—artist, poet, sculptor, and general all around genius—designed complete plans on paper for a flying machine before a motor to fly it was invented. The authors tell about the Montgolfiers brothers, of France, who experimented with balloons; and how they developed the balloon until it was able to ascend

with a human passenger. Perhaps I ought to tell you about it:

For their experiment with human cargo the French king offered them two criminals, on the condition that if these criminals made a successful descent with the balloon they would be given a pardon. A young noble by the name of de Rozier appealed to the king not to disgrace man's first attempt to fly in that manner, but that he, de Rozier, should have the honor of being the first man to fly. He was granted the honor, and so was the first man to successfully ascend and descend in the air.

There are many other interesting accounts of experimenters in the field of aviation, but none are as intriguing as the story of two Dayton, Ohio, bicycle mechanics who built the first successful airplane. Wilbur and Orville Wright were skilled mechanics with a great deal of creative ability, for they also designed an excellent bicycle which was favored by the gay young ladies of that time.

Perhaps the Wright brothers would have just continued to make better and better bicycles, if Orville had not been stricken with typhoid fever. While he was convalescing Wilbur brought him all kinds of books dealing with man's attempt to fly. The two brothers would discuss flying and would point out the mistakes made by the unsuccessful pioneers of aviation. Orville was hardly well when the brothers decided to build a machine that would finally make a successful flight. The brothers spent years of work creating the machine which made the historical flight at Kitty Hawk, in North Carolina.

From that day to this, the flying-machine has gone far. Now it has been developed as a destroyer of man by the dictators. It seems that the only way a democracy can save itself is to build more and better airplanes than the dictators.

## THEY'RE IN THE ARMY, NOW!

**The United States Army**, by Lt. Col. Earl C. Ewert.

This book is illustrated and written for the purpose of acquainting the reader with the reasons for maintaining an army, and how it functions. It begins with the recruit as an individual and ends with the recruit as a part of a smoothly functioning army.

## HOW MANY?

This is a simple game that can be played at any time. Hold a full blown rose up where all can see it. Then tell them to write on a slip of paper how many petals they think are in the rose.

After the papers are collected, have some one count the petals. The one who has guessed the nearest, receives a prize.

Any flower with many petals may be used for this game.



Mary Jane has a half-pint of milk for her Cat. But, there are a number of other Cats in the picture. Just how much milk would she need if she fed them all?

#### Answers to Puzzles on Just for Fun Page.

##### Thanksgiving Puzzlers:

1. a
2. a
3. d
4. b

##### Father Quiz:

1. Washington
2. Chaucer
3. James
4. Dionne
5. Hippocrates

##### Brain Teasers:

1. 16 m. p. h.
2. 150 mi.
3. traveling bag
4. (1)
5. (2)
6. True

##### The Sugar Plum Tree:

1. sugar—tree—renown—lolypop—shut-eye

##### Important Names:

1. (3)
2. (1)
3. (2)

##### Missing Letters:

1. Sweater
2. Skirt
3. Dress
4. Shoes
5. Hose
6. Hat
7. Pin

##### A Tuffie:

1938

##### The American Flag:

1. True
1. True.
3. False
4. False
5. True

##### No License

Mother: "If you won't be a good little boy I'll call a policeman."

Jackie: "If you do, I'll tell him we've got a dog and no license for it."

\*

##### Venetian Blinds

Teacher: "And who were the Phoenicians?"

Tommy (after great deliberation): "Early makers of blinds, miss."

\*

##### Too Tight

Customer: "I simply couldn't wear this coat. It is too tight."

Clerk: "Pardon me, madam, but I've shown you all of our stock. That's your own coat you have on."

\*

##### Big Things

Recruit: "I suppose you used to do big things in civil life?"

Chum: "I did that, I used to wash elephants at zoo."

##### Feathers, Too?

Guest: "Hey waiter, this chicken is nothing but skin and bone."

Waiter: "Yes sir, did you want some of the feathers, too?"

#### TRUTH AND KNOWLEDGE

It is noble to seek truth, and it is beautiful to find it. It is the ancient feeling of the human heart—that knowledge is better than riches; and it is deeply and sacredly true!

—SIDNEY SMITH.

#### NATURE

Nature gives to every time and season some beauties of its own; and from morning to night, as from the cradle to the grave, is but a succession of changes so gentle and easy that we can scarcely mark their progress.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

# 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?**