

# MLADINSKI LIST

*A JUVENILE MAGAZINE FOR AMERICAN SLOVENES*



MAY DAY'S EVE

(See page 15)

**MAY**

**1939**

# MLADINSKI LIST

## JUVENILE

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JUVENILE

LETO XVIII.—Št. 5

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VOL. XVIII.—No. 5

## The S. N. P. J. Primer

Short Stories of Our Society  
in the Making

Compiled by I. M.

4

It is a mining town in Minnesota.

The "locations" on the outskirts of the town are teeming with Slovene folks. Men and boys are digging ore in the bowels of the earth, and women are busy in the cottages preparing meals, washing and mending the men's working clothes, and tending their children.

Evening. The men, back from work and all cleaned up and fed, are getting ready to go out, to town. Important business. They must go to the lodge meeting.

The wife speaks to her husband. "How's that lodge of yours? You never tell me what are you doing in that lodge. Don't think I, too, am interested in that important business of yours?"

Of course, she is interested. She is a human being; therefore, she is interested in everything that makes up the economic and social life.

But her husband thinks differently. "The women cannot belong to a lodge, and why should you butt in that business?"

That settles it. The fraternal lodges were made for men only, and the women should not "butt in!"

Then something happened.

In 1909—ten years before the American women in general got their right to vote—the delegates of a fraternal society assembled at Cleveland, O., and they, all men of course, decided unanimously that their society should be open to women as well as men with equal rights and duties to both.

Back to that Minnesota town.

The miner's wife is complaining to her neighbor about her curtailed rights. Why shouldn't the women be equal with men in fraternal organizations?

"What do you mean?" the neighbor's wife wanted to know. "I belong to a lodge and I go with my husband to the meetings at which I make motions and vote the same as men do. I can't understand what are you talking about."

The other wife is amazed. "And what particular lodge do you belong to, my dear? This is the first time I ever heard of such a thing."

"Why, I belong to the SNPJ lodge! Why don't you join, too?" — —

# MATI, MOGOČNA BESEDA

Angel Karalijčev

(Prosto iz bolgarščine pripoveduje Ivan Vuk)

V dimniku skromne hišice je zaigral veter na pihalnik-dimnik, kakor gajdaš na svoj pihalnik. V starem gozdu je začelo pokati vejevje dreves. Slamnata streha te osamljene gozdne hišice, ki je čepela pod starim, mogočnim hrastom, na katerem je bilo orlovo gnezdo, se je našopirila kakor petelin, če zagleda razdražljivo barvo. Vrata hišice so se srdito zaloputnila. Otroci so se vzbudili. Oklenili so se svoje mamice in naslonili svoje nežne glave na tople mamičine grudi kakor jagnjeta in začeli šepetati:

"Oh, mamica, lačni smo!"

"Daj nam kruha, mamica!"

"Od lakote bomo umrli!"

Kakor bič so bile te prošnje mamici. Kajti otročki že tri dni niso imeli grizljaja v ustih.

"Ne boste umrli, piščeta moja," je tolažila mamica. "Mama vam poišče hrane. Samo potrpite."

Rekla je in vstala s postelje.

S ponjavo je skrbno zavila svoja tri piščeta, da jim bo toplo. Samo glave so gledale svobodno, ena poleg druge, vse tri na enem vzglavniku. Lučka tam na mizi je mežikala in jim s svojo svetlobo božala čela.

Ogrnila se je mamica s starim volnenim šalom. Poljubila je majhne, nežne otroške glave, eno za drugo, in jim govorila:

"Naj vas čuva ljubezen moja, otročki, piščeta moja draga!"

Odšla je in stopila v črno noč. Veter jo je sprejel kakor razbojnik. Zmešal ji je lase. Poskušal ji je strgati ruto s pleč. Suval jo je s svojimi ledenimi pestmi.

Obrnila se je in kriknila:

"Bodi proklet, zloben duh! Kaj mi zopet slediš?! Potopil si ladjo, v kateri je sedel najdražji človek mojega srca! Odvlekel si v morje očeta treh lačnih otročičkov. Kako srečno smo živeli na morski obali! On je lovil ribe z mrežo, zaslužil je vsak dan za kruh in prinašal je s trga mleko in kruh in najine piščance. Zvečer pri ognju so otročki jezdili njegova kolena, kakor da jezdi jo konja. Pel jim je mornarske pesmi, dokler ni zaspal... Nič več ni našega zaščitnika. Ti, zloben duh, ti si ga ubil! Česa hočeš še? Beži, zločinec!"

Tako je kriknila mati in oči so ji zasijale kakor oči volkulje.

Nočni veter se je umaknil. Zažvižgal je besno v bičevju, se prerekal in odletel nekam v neko pusto dolino.

\*

Mati je korakala dalje. Dolga je bila pot, ali bila je močna. Piščanci doma v hišici, misel na nje, ji je dajala moč.

Ustavila se je najprej pred divjo gozdno jablano-lesniko in zaprosila:

"Če je na tvojih golih vejah ostal vsaj še eden sad, daj mi ga! Kajti lačni so moji otročki!"

Lesnika je odgovorila:

"Davno že je popadalo moje sadje na zemljo in kdo ga je pobral, ne vem. Morda je strohnelo. Ne morem ti torej pomagati. Ali tam, v pečini preko pota, tam spi medved. On ve kje je skrit med. Pojdi, zbudi ga in vprašaj, kje je med!"

Mati je šla. Prišla je do pečine. Sklonila se je nad njo. Mračno je bilo v njej. Otipala je zaspanega medveda.

"Povej mi, kje je med!" je vprašala.

Medved je molčal. Mati je vprašala drugič. Medved ni odgovoril.

"Najbrž je zmrznil, da ne govori," je vzdihnila mati in šla na travnik, kjer je bila čreda ovac. "Poprosim tiste, ki imajo jagnjeta, da mi dajo čašo mleka za moje otročiče. Namolzem ga in siti bodo moji otročki..."

Prišla je do ograje na travniku in pogledala. Hud pes se je zagnal v njo. Raztrgal ji je ruto, ki ji je zagrinjala pleča. Komaj se je rešila. Zbežala je k reki, vijugajoči se pod stoletnim drevjem. Vsa je bila pokrita z ledenim pokrivalom.

Mati je zaprosila:

"Ribice se igrajo v tvoji strugi in njih rdeči repovi se kosajo z valovi. Dovolj, o reka, da jih vlovim. Samo tri vzamem, da bodo za moje lačne otročičke!"

Reka je odgovorila:

"Vzemi, vlovi tri ribice, da nasitiš otročičke. Vendar, pogled, led je na meni. Razbiti ga moraš, kajti pod njim so ribice."

Mati je pokleknila in začela razbijati debel led z rokami. S pestmi je udarjala po njem, z nohti ga je grebla. Roke so ji zmrzovale,



rdeče kaplje so padale izpod nohtov — ali zagrinjalo se ni razdrobilo, se ni raztopilo.

Utrujena in premražena je ogrevala otrple roke in jokala:

“Kdo joka?” se je oglasil z nekega hruškovega dupla glas verice.

“Nesrečna mati joka,” je odgovorila mati. “Otročički mi umirajo od lakote! Ali imaš kaj, da mi lahko daš, da jih nasitim?”

“Kup želodov in tri lešnike imam,” je odgovorila verica.

“Daj mi lešnike, verica!” je zaprosila mati. “Z njimi bom utešila lačne otročičke!”

Veverica je vrgla materi tri lešnike. Mati jih je pobrala in govorila:

“Hvala ti, verica! Vsak večer, preden bodo moji otročički zaspali, ti bodo želeli lahko noč. Z drugim nimam s čem, da ti plačam tvojo dobroto!”

Vso noč je nesrečna mati blodila po temi in iskala svojo hišico. Ko se je zdanilo, je zagledala stari, mogočen hrast, na katerem je bilo orlovo gnezdo. Vsa je vztrepetala. Hišice, njene hišice z otročički — ni bilo!

“Kje ste, otročički moji, kje si, hišica!” je zakričala.

Hrast je odgovoril:

“Silan metež je bil nocoj. Zasul je tvojo hišico z otročički vred. Pod snegom spe sedaj!”



Nesrečna mati je pokleknila na sneg in glava ji je klonila. Iz oči so ji lile solze. Padale so, vse vroče, padale, padale . . . Razstopile so sneg. Zapenile so se reke in potoki, vzbudile so se od tega joka ptice. Mlada trava je pogledala iz tal. In glej, tam, kjer je mati zapustila svoje lačne otročičke in šla,

da jim poišče hrane, so se pokazale tri lepe, nežne in bele glavice — trije zgodnji zvončki. Mogočna je beseda: MATI!

\*

ENGLISH SYNOPSIS. In this Bulgarian tale a poor widowed mother lives in a lonely old shack in the forest with her three small children. The shabby thatched roof of the shack can hardly withstand the strong wintry wind. Near-by stands a giant oak tree on which there is an eagle's nest. The wind slams the door of the shack and the children nestle around their mother whispering to her that they are hungry, very hungry. Their pleadings hurt her for she knows they have had nothing to eat for three whole days. She assures them they shall not die from hunger, then she wraps them warmly and goes out in the dark cold night in search of food.

The wind is blowing fiercely and she reprimands it severely. For it was the cruel wind that sunk the ship on which her husband, her children's father, was drowned. He had earned enough for them, and in the evenings they would sit on his knees by the fire while he sang songs of the sea. But now he is gone. Their breadwinner was killed by the merciless wind. The mother goes on and comes to a crab-apple tree which tells her she might get some honey from the bear sleeping in the nearby crags. She finds the bear frozen. Next she comes to a herd of sheep and hopes to get some milk, but the mean watchdog jumps at her and tears her shawl. Then she runs to the near-by frozen river in the hope of catching some fish for her hungry children. She scratches the ice with her fingers until they bleed and then gives up.

All exhausted and half-frozen, she cries bitterly. “Who is crying?” asked a squirrel sitting on a hollow pear tree. Mother tells the plight of her three little children; could he help her? The squirrel has a pile of acorns and but three hazel nuts which he gives her. All night long she trudges in the darkness searching for her little house. At daybreak she beheld the old oak tree, but the little shack was gone. She is trembling. “Where are my children and my house?” The oak tree told her how a terrible snowstorm buried the house and her children with it under the snow. The unfortunate mother kneeled on the snow crying and her warm tears flowing freely melted the snow. The rivers and streams were churning, the birds were awakened, and new grass came out of the ground. On the place where the little house stood in which had been her three little children, appeared three dainty white heads—three snow drop flowers . . .

#### A LA HITLER!

Dub: “Every time I dance with my girl, she keeps saying, all through the dance, that I am like Hitler.”

Cab: “Like Hitler?”

Dub: “Yes, she says that I have a habit of stepping on other people's property.”—Steven Kerro, Cleveland, O.

# Birthdays of the Great Men

## WALT WHITMAN

May is the birthday month of Walt Whitman, the best known American poet here and abroad. He was a freethinker and a true democrat—the poet of the people.

Walt Whitman was born at Huntington, Long Island, New York, on May 31, 1819. He was a farmer's son and his education was gained partly in the printing shop where he worked and partly in country-school teaching. His family moved to Brooklyn when he was four years old but he remained a country boy in spirit, haunting the shores of the island winters and summers. Between the ages of twenty and thirty he was in and about Greater New York, a printer, reporter, and editor on daily papers, and contributing to at least one important magazine. He was constantly absorbed in lively contemplation of a great social idea, and always mingled with the common people. In 1849 he wandered to New Orleans to further acquaint himself with the people, and from there, after working awhile on the *Daily Crescent*, back to New York by way of the Great Lakes and southern Canada. He was now ready to do the work which made him famous—*LEAVES OF GRASS*, which he published in 1855. Both Waldo Emerson and Henry Thoreau, his two contemporaries, greeted Whitman's work as "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet produced."

Whitman rightfully considered himself the poet of the people, and his deep love for nature and democracy was revealed in his works. His conception of democracy was the denial of superiority of any man to any other man. His poems are filled with references to the dignity of the individual man. In nature he found objects of beauty, and the wonder of the simplest growing thing in fields and forests stir his heart. He sees the same law in them and in himself.

Whitman's works have their eminent admirers throughout the world. It is interesting to know that many Slovene writers were influenced by his writings, particularly Ivan Cankar, our greatest writer, who often mentions him in his works.

During the Civil War, Whitman served as a soldier-nurse and it was during this time that he was partly disabled, but he survived to a ripe old age and achieved a wide reputation. Out of his war experiences came his *DRUM TAPS*, and later his prose volume *DEMOCRATIC VISTAS*. Meanwhile, new editions of his *LEAVES* continued to appear as long as he lived.

Walt Whitman never aimed to accumulate riches. He gave his time and help to others freely, and associated always with the common people. The main theme of his poems was "democracy carried far beyond politics." His *LEAVES* certainly radiate democracy as no other modern literary work does. He was democratic because he was not in any way detached from the common people, and he was a freethinker because he practiced what he preached. He firmly believed in nature and its forces.

In 1873 Whitman suffered a paralytic stroke and remained an invalid till the end of his life. He died nineteen years later, on March 27, 1892, in the arms of his friends in Camden, New Jersey.

## Be It Ever So

By Steven Kerro, Cleveland, O.

I longed, forevermore, to view

My place of birth, and endless joy,  
When I was but a youngster small,  
In Illinois.

Today, this wish is mine at last!

Like days of yore, I now may go  
And trod the rough cow-path with tunes  
I'll whistle slow.

Then, too, I'll scale the mountain's brink,  
In placid waters swim with ease  
Like fish quite free of angler's hook,  
In summer's breeze.

I'll be once more the thoughtless child  
I used to be ; I'll hail and hold  
That life is great and full of bliss,  
Though I be old.

# A League of Nations

By Mary Jugg

**CHARACTERS:** Milton, Franz, Albert, Emile, Giuseppe, and Lukas. The boys are of Jewish, German, English, French, Italian, and Yugoslav parentage, respectively.

**SCENE:** A vacant lot, strewn with sticks, horseshoe pegs, and other vestiges of play equipment.

**TIME:** A Saturday afternoon in May.  
(Enter **Emile**, carrying a catcher's mitt, and **Lukas**.)

**Emile** (calling offstage): Hurry up, guys. It'll be sundown if you don't hurry.

**Lukas:** Yeh. Sun always sets earlier on Saturday afternoons.

**Emile:** And comes up too early on weekdays.

**Lukas:** Yeh.

**Emile:** Some god driving his chariot across the sky—that's what the ancients thought.

**Lukas:** Yeh. Wonder if they didn't think it got pretty hot for him day after day.

**Emile:** They weren't supposed to think.

**Lukas:** No?

**Emile:** No.

**Lukas:** Some people don't have to think today.

**Emile:** Who?

**Lukas:** My pa—he never thinks.

**Emile:** G'wan. You're bugs!

**Lukas:** Ma says so. Ma says ever since he's come over from the old country he's never thunk once.

**Emile** (waving aside his first remark): That was from Austria, wasn't it?

**Lukas:** Naw!

**Emile:** You—your folks are Austrian, ain't they?

**Lukas:** That's all you know. Slovene, that's what. Slovene.

**Emile:** Aw, bugs!

**Lukas:** I betcha! I betcha my new pair o' boxing gloves, Frenchy.

**Emile:** Aw, keep your gloves. (Looking offstage) Lookit! Lookit, those guys got held up with something.

**Lukas:** Looks like another argument to me.

**Emile:** Yeh. (Calling loudly) Hey, guys! Can the squabblin'. It's gettin' late.

(**Milton, Franz, Albert**, and **Giuseppe** enter. Their hands are in their pockets, and they stump about the vacant lot, looking upward and about as though they were appraising it for the first time.)

**Emile:** What's the big idea? Prospectin'?

**Milton:** You mean—surveying.—Wish we were!

**Giuseppe** (sadly): Yeh.

**Emile:** Jumpin' jeepers, Giuseppe. Your face is as long as the neck of that wine bottle your old man brought over from his old country.

**Giuseppe** (stops short): It's a good-looking wine bottle. Made in the glass factories of Florence.

**Milton:** Aw, nobody ain't sayin' nothin'.

(The studied trudging continues.)

**Emile:** Say, what's on your minds.—Squirm-in' around like a gang of pirates lookin' for pieces of eight.

**Franz** (stopping): You said it, boy. There will be pirates here.

**Lukas** (steps towards him): No kiddin'?

**Albert:** No kidding, Lukas.

**Lukas:** When they comin'?

**Milton:** Pirates don't tell no secrets, Lukas.

**Emile:** Cut the mystery, fellows. What's eatin' your minds?

**Albert:** Puttin' you out of your misery, Emile: they're takin' away our vacant lot!

**Emile and Lukas:** This lot?— You mean **this** lot?

**Albert:** The same. The only vacant lot we got left to play on.

**Lukas:** Why?

**Franz:** Why do they take away any vacant lot—to put up a new building.

**Milton** (reflectively): Sometimes they take away people's belongings without any reason at all. And it's not just vacant lots, either.

(The group looks at him, uncertain whether they understood.)

**Emile:** Well, let's not mope about it. Let's get to our ball game. There won't be many more.

Giuseppe (still sadly): No, we can't. It wouldn't seem right.

Albert: It—it would seem sort of—disrespectful.

Lukas: Well, what'll we do?

Milton (brightly): I've got it! Let's build some sort of memorial to this place. Something to be a happy reminder of all the swell times we've had here. Over here—in this corner. Then it can stay even after the building is put up.

Albert: Great idea!

Franz: That's it!

Giuseppe: Swell!

Emile: Okay with me!

Lukas: When do we start?

Milton: Let's start right now.—All of us go home and fish up something that we enjoyed playing the most for the past few years on this—this playground of ours. I'll get some cement or something to make it stick together. We'll do it somehow.

Franz: What we don't get done today, we can finish tomorrow. There's no puttin' up buildings on Sundays.

(The group voices blend in: "Okay. Let's get goin'." "Look through all the shanties and the backyard." "And hurry back!")

## SCENE 2

(When the curtain goes up, the boys are grouped around their construction project. Emile is standing up, holding a catcher's mitt, and Franz has a pair of horseshoes in his hands. The odd-looking structure already consists of a sled as a base, a large number of building bricks piled atop this, a pair of skis crisscrossed above the bricks and two tennis rackets as the topmost layer. The boys have been engaged in conversation as the building progressed so that the excitement of the venture is no longer uppermost in their minds.)

Albert (to Milton): Boy, your Pa has a right to be furious, I'd say.

Milton: Yeh. His brother's family had to leave everything and go out the country.

Giuseppe: Imagine the United States saying every nationality had to go back to its own country.

Emile: Yeh. The land 'ud be free for the coyotes and the bison—if they'd wanta move back in.

Albert: You said it. (Referring to the project again) Milt, I'm still wonderin' how we can make this thing hold up.

Milton: Just let me worry about that.

Emile: Yeh. The only thing to worry about now is how we'll put my catcher's mitt on top of that pile.

Franz: And don't forget my horseshoes. Guess they'll have to come on the very top.

Albert: Seems to me we'll need a tent or some kind of cover for this affair. We gotta make it permanent, you know.

Lukas (as if just comprehending the meaning of the previous conversation): "Where'd your uncle have to run away from?"

Emile (to Lukas): Wake up, big boy. Wake up.

Milton: From Germany.

Lukas: Why?

Milton: 'Cause he's a Jew, that's why.

Lukas: Just 'account o' that?

Milton: Just on account of that.

Giuseppe: My Pa says the same thing was happenin' over in Italy.

Franz: What's got the matter? Everybody gone crazy?

Albert: They just haven't learned to work together, that's all.

Lukas: Like us?

Albert: Yeh. Like us.

Franz: Boy, none of us could 'of made a thing like this by ourselves.

Albert: No. it wouldn't have meant anything if we did, either.

(By this time the mitt and the horseshoes have found their place. The boys adjudge and admire their creation.)

Emile (proudly): A happy reminder of all our happy days here! This is **some** creation.

Albert: We gotta make it permanent.

Milton (arising): Yep, this is our own invention. Our very own.

Emile: Oh, come, now, Milt. You're not letting on like it's your job, are you?

Milton: Well, a—well, —

Franz: As a matter of fact, I had something like this in mind a long time ago.

Albert: You did?



Franz: Yes, I.  
 Emile: Ha! Ha! Ha! Make me laugh!  
 Milton: O, come now. It doesn't matter.  
 Emile: It doesn't, if some guy won't always be bringing it up—  
 Lukas: It's mine, too.  
 Emile: Listen, who's talking!  
 Lukas: It is! It is!  
 Franz: Don't butt in on this. You're too young, Luke.  
 Lukas: I wasn't too young to let you use my building bricks. (Begins to simmer.) And I won't stand for you bigger boys poking fun at me like this. (He advances towards the construction.) I want my bricks back.  
 Milton (restraining him): Luke, use your sense.  
 Lukas: I want them back. I want them. I won't play with you big bullies any more. (He hurls himself at the pile, knocks it down, and proceeds to gather up his bricks.)  
 Emile: Well, if it's like that, I'm taking my mitt before someone else cops it. (Takes it.)  
 Franz: Me for my horseshoes!  
 Albert: Me for the skis!  
 Lukas (leaving): And I'm tellin' my Pa on you guys. Always pickin' on the little fellow.  
 (Emile, Franz, and Albert follow him out, trying to attach the blame to each other: "It was your fault!" "It was yours!" "Aw, forget it!")  
 Giuseppe (after a time, sadly): All our beautiful structure—walked away by pieces.  
 Milton (picking up his tennis rackets): You might as well take your sled, too, Giuseppe. It'll go to waste, lyin' out here.  
 Giuseppe (with outward courage): Aw, we don't need to feel so bad about it. Maybe we can build another one some day.  
 Milton (as if he had not heard him): And they don't seem to understand why nations fall . . .  
 Giuseppe: Maybe we're too young to know how to work together. We're just kids, you know.  
 Milton: Yeh.

(Curtain)

## Pregovor o miškah

V votlini pred hrastom je srečno živel Miškolin. Nekoč je sklenil, da se oženi. Vzel je torbo s kruhom in šel po svetu iskat neveste. Hodi Miškolin in si domišlja, da bi ga bila vredna kvečemu žena iz cesarske hiše.

Obhodi ves svet. Pleza po skalovju, po planinah, dokler ne pride do oblakov. Tam zagleda samo sonce.

Pozdravi ga in vpraša, ali bi mu dalo svojo hčer za ženo.

"Vzeti hočem za ženo hčer najmočnejšega cesarja in ti, Sonce, si car nad vsemi carji, kraljuješ vsemu svetu."

Sonce se mu nasmehne in pravi:

"Jaz kraljujem le tako dolgo, dokler mi oblak ne prekriža poti ni mi ne zasenči svetlega obraza. Oblak je močnejši od mene."

Miškolin se poslovi in se napoti k Oblaku. Tam se prikloni najmočnejšemu vladarju in reče:

"Daj mi svojo hčer za ženo. Mislim, da ni silnejšega vladarja od tebe. Moja žena pa naj bo hči prvega vladarja na svetu."

Oblak mu ježno odvrne:

"Ne, jaz nisem najmočnejši vladar. Močan sem le tako dobro, dokler ne zapiha Veter. Takrat pa zbežim. Ne morem se meriti z Vetrom."

In Miškolin se napoti k Vetru. Ko ga najde, ga začne prositi:

"Mogočni Veter, poslušaj mojo prošnjo: Vsak dan mislim na tvojo hčerko, na hčerko najsilnejšega vladarja. Daj mi jo za ženo."

Veter pa zapiha:

"Najsilnejši vladar na svetu nisem jaz, temveč tistile hrast: ne sonce ga ne more sežgati, ne jaz; tudi oblak mu ne more škodovati. To bi morala vedeti vsaka miška!"

Miškolin se vrne k svojemu hrastu. Prosi ga za hčerko. Hrast pa ga poškropi z roso in pravi:

"Zmotil si se, dragi moj. Res, silen in močan sem. Ne bojim se ne sončnega žarka, ne deževnega oblaka, ne gromonosnega vetra. Ti me nikoli ne porušijo. Toda gorje—porušil me bo najsilnejši vladar sveta—majhna Miš! Pregrizla mi bo korenine. Vsak dan bolj slabim. Kmalu bom ležal na zemlji mrtev in suh. Najsilnejši vladar sveta je Miš!"

Miškolin se je nasmehnil. Stopil je pred vladarja svojega rodu in ga prosil za hčerko. In vendar mu jo je dal. Bila je prav tako majcena in siva kakor on.

Takrat se je rodil pregovor: Miška se vedno povrne v svojo luknjo.—Iz bolgarskega.

### POINT OF VIEW

Sil: "You know, Sie, the more I hear you tell your stories, the more I'm convinced that you had worked in a rubber factory."

Sie: "What makes you think so?"

Sil: "Well, because you're always stretching it!"

—Steven Kerro, Cleveland, O.

# Andrew's Travel Talk



The visits to my father's native village Studeno, near Postojna, which is now in Italy, were very interesting. The road from Kranj led through Verhnika, which is the birthplace of Ivan Cankar, the greatest Slovene writer. My mother said that this great man was ill-treated during his life by his enemies. His statue stands in Verhnika. It is covered with dust because it stands by the main road which is unpaved.

We drove through Logatec, and Planina which is located on the Yugoslav-Italian border. The border officials were friendly. Every time we went to Postojna we took a sack of flour across the border and on our way back some fruit, and we were never bothered. It is only a few miles from the border to my father's native village. We were there in no time and found ourselves in front of his birthplace. My grandmother was very happy to see us. She has been ill in bed for the past three years. My father told me that she knew little happiness in her life but plenty of hardships. She was left a young widow with a family of six small children to support. She is now 76 years old, and very religious. Now and then she would scold my father for not going to church, and so my mother told him to tell her, in order to make her feel better, that we do go to church, which was true in a way as we did visit many churches on our long journey through Europe.

My aunt Anna, my father's sister, was very good to us. She was forever worrying if we children were hungry. She, too, is a widow, her husband having been killed in the world war. Her son, my cousin Leo, just passed his military aviation examinations. I had many rides on his motorcycle. He was shocked at my parents' opinions about dictatorship. We had a good example in him what fascism does to an otherwise good and alert young man. Leo took us to see the big Balila exercises in the city of Gorica (Gorizia). This city was completely demolished during the war and has since been entirely rebuilt. The battles here were terrific and the Soča river (Isonzo) flowed red with blood, according to aunt Anna. Balila is a fascist juvenile military organization. Small boys at the age of four join Balila, which means "the sons of the wolf." Girls, too, have a similar organization. They are preparing even small children to be ready for the future wars. We were told that about 75 per cent of these children in the occupied territory are of Slovene parents. They have to drill very hard and obey orders. They have no chance to en-

joy the carefree life that belongs to childhood. Instead of playing with toys, they have to learn how to use guns. It isn't compulsory to join this organization, but those that do not are considered as outcasts.

In Gorica we visited the old castle in which we saw very old furniture, fireplaces, brass kettles, copper and pewter dishes. On the walls hang old portraits of nobles. In the state room hang portraits of Mussolini and king Emanuel. It was interesting to see the old jails above and under ground, which are horrible. The torture chamber is also well preserved with all the implements of torment hanging on the walls. The castle also had an amphitheatre, and the cages for wild beasts are still visible, but the theatre itself now serves as the main hall. It's very quiet there; except for the ticket seller, the only living creatures were two peacocks. Whenever we passed them, the male spread his beautiful tail showing his nice plumage and hiding the female.

During one of our visits to Postojna, we drove south-west to the blue waters of the Adriatic Sea, into Trieste, which is the principal seaport on the eastern side of the Adriatic. Trieste is situated at the north-east angle of the Adriatic and is picturesquely built on terraces at the foot of the Karst hills, but its seaport is almost idle. About four miles north-west of Trieste on the very edge of the sea is the famous castle Miramar, built in 1856 for the Austrian archduke Maximilian, the ill-fated emperor of Mexico.

At another time we visited the famous Postojnska Jama (Grotte di Postumia), which is about a mile from the city of Postojna. Postojnska Jama is the largest and most magnificent stalactite cavern in Europe. A miniature train took us from the entrance of the cavern about half way in and the rest we walked. The cavern is divided into four grottoes and the total length of the passages is now estimated at over six miles. It has numerous rock formations hanging from the top and others standing upright from the ground. The cavern is noted for the beauty of its stalactite formations, some resembling transparent drapery, others waterfalls, trees, animals or human beings, the more grotesque being called by various fanciful names. In some places we could hardly walk through, while others opened before us as great shining halls. The most imposing is Paradise hall, the formations resembling saints and angels. Below this is the inevitable Hell, which of course, is very dark. There is also a lake in the cavern and the Pivka river which is heard murmuring in its recesses. In this river live quaint fish which in Slovene are called "človeške ribice" (human fish) because their skin resembles human skin. One could never imagine so many beautiful things as are found in this cavern.

We also visited the Castle of Predjama, in which many years ago (1485), lived Erazem Predjamski (Erasmus Lueger), a robber knight. The castle carries many anecdotes, but the best known is about

him and his escapades. The rooms of the castle are cut into solid rock and it is damp in there. From this castle a tunnel leads through the mountains into the Vipava Valley. It is hard to believe that anybody ever wanted to live in this spooky castle. Its history, however, is very interesting but too long to be told here. We must hurry on.



*Andrew with his sister Valeria playing with the lamb in the Old Country.*

Every time we visited my grandmother in Studeno, we stopped in the city of Postojna, but we didn't like it because there were too many soldiers. Every time we entered a restaurant we were followed by a couple of soldiers who would sit at the next table. Even while we were at grandmother's home the patrol passed by every half hour. We felt that we were being watched. Yugoslavia is not nearly as swarmed with soldiers as Italy is. In Yugoslavia we were able to move about freely. Only the famous summer resort at Lake Bled is closely guarded in summer when the royal family vacations there. My parents took a trip also to Rome and other distant cities in Italy, while we remained at home.

Next month I'll take you with me on a trip to Vienna and Prague.

## Lonec bi šel pa nima nog

(Belokrajinska)

Lojze Zupanc

V Radovici sta živelja mož in žena, ki sta bila brez otrok. Za dvojce ust ni treba mnogo jela, zato je imela ženska same majhne lončke, v katerih je kuhala sebi in možičku. Nekoč pa so ju obiskali sorodniki. Žensko so pričele pestiti skrbi, ker je imela lončke premajhne, da bi mogla za vse goste skuhati obed. Odšla je k sosedovim, kjer si je sposodila velik lonec. V njem je skuhalo obed, da ga je bilo dosti za goste, pa še za njo in za moža je ostalo.

Pod večer, ko so gostje odšli, sta ženska in možiček sama ostala v bajti. Ker nihče ni hotel nesti sposojenega lonca nazaj, sta se pričela prepirati. Hudo sta se prerekala, kmalu bi se stepla.

"Hej, možiček, nesi lonec nazaj!" je zakričala ženska.

"Hej, lahko se je z drugim blagom dičiti!" se je posmehoval možiček. "Ampak jaz si lonca nisem sposodil. Kdor je šel ponj, tisti naj ga nese nazaj!"

Lep glas se sliši daleč, a grd še trikrat dlje! Mo-

žiček in ženska sta kričala, da je vsa vas priletela na kup. Ko sta zagledala pod okni sosede, ki so prodajali zijala, ju je minila jeza. Umirila sta se in se sporazumela, da bosta drug drugemu govorila: "Lonec bi šel, pa nima nog!" Kdor se bo prvi zmotil in spregovoril kaj drugega, tisti bo nesel lonec nazaj.

Domenjeno.

"Lonec bi šel, pa nima nog . . ." je pričel možiček.

"Lonec bi šel, pa nima nog! Lonec bi šel, pa nima nog . . ." je zajekala ženska.

Oba sta hitela žebrnjati, kakor da bi predivo navijal na vreteno.

Mrak. Mimo bajte je prišel tujec. Namenjen je bil v Metliko, zgrešil je v temi pot, vstopil je v bajto in vprašal:

"Kod naj grem, katero pot naj uberem, da pridem v Metliko?"

"Lonec bi šel, pa nima nog . . ." je kakor v litinjah ponavljal možiček in se ni pustil motiti od neznanca.

"Lonec bi šel, pa nima nog . . ." je kar naprej brbrala ženska, mimogrede pa je le iztegnila roko in skozi okno pokazala tujcu smer proti Metliki. Neznanec se je zahvalil in stisnil ženski v roko svetel groš.

"Lonec bi šel, pa nima nog!" je ženska kar naprej drdrala, vmes pa se je možičku nagajivo posmehovala in mu pomolila groš pod nos . . .



Možiček se je ujezil in vzkipek: "Hej, ženska, groš boš dala meni, da si kupim tobak!"

Tako je izgubil stavo. Moral je nesti lonec nazaj k sosedovim. V temi pa se je pred bajto spotaknil ob pajčevino, da je telebnil po tleh in zdrobil lonec.

Razbil se je lonec — pripovedke je konec!



# Siromašni Andrej in njegov mucek

(Narodna)

Andrejevi so bili siromašni ljudje. Ko pa sta umrla Andreju še oče in mati, so upniki prodali še koč. Andrej je moral sam samcat po svetu. Lačen, raztrgan je blodil po neznanih cestah in prosil usmiljenja pri dobrih ljudeh. Nekoč pa se mu je spotoma pridružil star berač. To in ono mu je pripovedoval: o bogatih gradovih, ki leže za deveto goro, pa o čudovitem mestu, čigar ulice so s samim zlatom tlakovane. Od tega dneva je Andrej kar samo o tem premišljeval. Kje je to mesto?

"Pojdi venomer proti zahodu!" mu je dejal berač. In Andrej pot pod noge in hajdi za zlatimi cestami . . . Od ranega jutra do trde noči je hodil, dan za dnem in teden za tednom. Spotoma ga je dohitel voz. Šest konj je bilo vpreženih vanj. Ponižno zaprosi Andrej kočijaža, da bi ga vzel na voz. Bržkone je namenjen v tisto čudovito mesto!

Odslej je šlo še hitreje. Vasi so kar bežale za njima. Po treh dneh in treh nočeh zavijejo konji v mesto. Andreju je zaigralo srce: Če pobrem en sam kamen iz zlata, se vrnem domov bogat. Ko pa je stopil na tla, ni bilo nikjer zlata. Take, prav take so bile ulice in ceste kakor povsod. Tudi ljudje so bili popolnoma enaki tistim, ki jih je bil na poti srečaval: siromašni, zamazani in raztrgani. Postajali so na križiščih blatnih cest in prosjačili za miloščino. Nekateri so posedali po pragovih siromašnih hiš, buljili predse in nerazumljivo mrmrali. Andrej je zaslutil prevaro. Utrujen od dolge poti je legel na prvi prag in zaspal. Ponoči pa se mu je približal iz teme mlad, črn mucek in pred njim mlo zavajkal. Andrej se je zbudil in zasmilil se mu je mucek. Vzel ga je v naročje in ga tolažil:

"Siromak si kot jaz, bova pa skupaj žive-la in skupaj trpela. "Pogladil ga je in mucek je razumel. Stisnil se je k njemu in prijazno zamijavkal. Ker je bil še mlad, se je hitro udomačil. Čez dan ga je Andrej vtaknil v žep, le glava je molela iz njega, in tako sta lahko oba gledala okrog sebe. In če je Andrej prosjačil, je prosjačil še mucek, seveda po svoje.

Ko sta tako že nekaj dni tavalja brez cilja po svetu, sta se nenadoma znašla na obrežju velike reke. Tu je bilo mnogo parnikov in še več ljudi. Tudi Andrej je postajal tod nekaj časa kar tako. Potem pa se je nekega dne skrivaj vtihotapil na veliko ladjo, ki je kmalu nato odplula s tovorom in ljudmi nekam daleč na odprto morje, morda v Afriko ali pa v Ameriko. Andreju je bilo vseeno, mačku tudi.

Sredi morja pa so ju zasačili. Kaj sedaj? Andrej je poprosil usmiljenja. Ker je bil kapitan dober človek, se je izteklo vse še kar po sreči. Še jesti sta dobila. Andrej je moral na ladji delati, pa tudi maček ni držal križem nog. Venomer je stikal za zaboji in vrečami in se mastil z miškami, ki so se bile doslej tako brezskrbno vozile po vseh morjih sveta. Kako prav pride včasih takle maček! Razen miši so ga bili vsi veseli. Ker sta bila oba z novim življenjem zadovoljna, sta odslej ostala kar na ladji. Andrej je postal mornar, tudi njega so imeli radi. Ob večerih sta včasih sedela z muckom na krovu in molče gledala v sivo daljo. Ladja pa je plula okoli vseh dežel sveta, različne ljudi sta srečavala: črne, rumene in bele, le miši so bile povsod sive in so še dandanes.

## MAČICE

Katka Zupančič



Doli ob povirju  
mačic polno je.  
Majhne, mehke debeluške  
so na šibje splezale —  
z viška da bi klicale  
in dražile kužke . . .  
A zaman, zaman je vse,  
kužkov ni k močvirju.



# "They Still Draw Pictures"

I have before me the book by this title. On every page of it is a picture drawn by a Spanish child. I think you will agree that children draw pictures of things they see about them day by day. The pictures may not be outstanding as to the way they are drawn, but the idea is there.

Here is a picture by Francisco Pedrell, age 12. It shows a line of men with guns over their shoulders. A row of shells has already reached two of them. The inscription says: "This drawing represents that sometimes when the militia went to the front, on the way the enemy airplanes machine-gunned them and they have wounded some of them."

Here is a picture by Manuel Alemani, 6 years old. It shows three armored cars and many figures with arms outstretched. Some of them are lying on the ground. This is because overhead is a line of bombing planes raining death upon them.

Here is one by Dolores Alonso, 10 years old. On one side is a very simple structure with the inscription: "Hospital de Sangre." Before it is a nurse and two soldiers—one of them on crutches and with only one leg. He is hobbling towards a tree. The picture says: "The wounded distract their sorrows contemplating nature." On the topmost part of the picture is an airplane.

Juan Jose Martinez, age 11, draws a very barren scene. On one side two children are huddled together. Lying on the ground near them are two others. The explanation says: "The child during the bombardment sleeps in the subway."

Manuel Garcia, 12 years old, draws a shepherd lad, hiding his eyes, with a flock of bewildered sheep. Over their heads are a number of planes dropping bombs. Below this one appears another picture, where Manuel pictures himself on the hospital cot after he was wounded.

Placida Medrano, 11 years old, shows a group of people under trees. Above is a bombing plane. The inscription says: "We seek shelter under the trees." This is some shelter, indeed!

Carmen Huerta, 9 years old, draws a

picture of her home destroyed by the bombs. Bricks are flying through the air. On the ground lies a dead child and a Red Cross motor truck is going toward it.

Pepa Alonso, 12 years old, shows a train filled with children, leaving their country. Two peasant women are waving their hands at the children. One child stands with them, crying.

Theodoro Pineiro, 13 years old, shows how he escaped from the burning town of Irun. The town is in flames. It is beside the water. Inhabitants are escaping in rowboats to the shores of France.

And so each page the horrors of the war as seen through the eyes of the children.

How many of these children survived? And what will be their destiny now that there is "peace" in Spain by Franco's seizure of it?

The Spanish people have been victims of a cruel butchery. Who will atone for it?

—Mary Jugg.

## Spring Gardeners

—Ernestine Jugg

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho  
For lovely May;  
My garden I  
Will hoe today.

And Polly Ann  
Will plant the seeds,  
And clear the ground  
Of grass and weeds.



The flowers soon  
Will bloom so gay;  
They'll banish all  
Our cares away.

It's lot of fun  
Out gardening  
With sun and flowers—  
In the Spring.

# MATERINA ŽRTEV

Ivan Vuk

(Kitajska pravljica)

V pokrajini Čiu-vi-ang je živel nekoč ugleđen mandarin Ču-si-un. Imel je sina Tam-ču-lija, na katerega je bil ponosen. Če ga je mati, žena mandarinova, včasih za kakšno nelepoto posvarila, ga je oče mandarin vedno brnil:

"Ti si ženska. Dečko se mora razdivjati. Ko bo odrasel, mora biti cel človek, da se ga bodo podložni bali. Zato mora že zdaj pametno misliti. Pametno misliti pa se pravi, če ga ne oviramo v mladostni živahnosti."

"Ali," je ugovarjala mati, žena mandarinova. "Mati sem in ljubim ga. Za porednost, ki je izliv mladosti, ga ne svarim. Ali glej, on lovi ptice in jim pristriže peruti, da ne morejo več letati. Potem se norčuje iz njih in jih muči. Loteva se siromakov, ako jih sreča in jih biča s svojim bičem. To, mandarin in moj, ni porednost, izliv mladosti, to je surovost, izliv hudobnosti."

Mandarin pa je rekel:

"Molči žena. Jaz sem mandarin in vem, kaj je prav."

Žena je molčala. Sinko pa je še bolj predrzno nastopal in pretepal siromašne otroke, še huje strigel pticam peruti in jih mučil. Ko je nekega dne naščuval hude pse na siromake, ki so šli po cesti, je njegova mati vzela vrečo denarja in rekla:

"Ne maram biti več s teboj. Ta denar bom razdelila med siromake, ki se jim ti posmehuješ in pretepaš. Potem pa grem in bom sama prosjakinja. Konfucij bo tako morda izprevidel, se te usmilil in dal, da se spreobrneš."

Rekla je in storila.

Ko je mandarin izvedel, da mu je žena odšla, mu je bilo hudo. Kajti ljubil jo je. Rahlo je sinu rekel:

"Resnično, Tam-ču-lij, nisi dobro naredil, da je mama odšla."

Sin pa se ni žalostil. Še smejal se je. Ali ne dolgo. Začelo ga je nekaj skrbeti. Mame pač ni bilo in tako mu je bilo, kakor da mu nekaj manjka. Ni mogel najti miru. Hodil je iz sobe v kuhinjo, na vrt, na cesto . . . gledal v daljavo, če morda ni kje mame, ki bi prihajala . . .

"Si morda bolan," je vprašal oče, mandarin nekoč sina ves v skrbah.

Sinko je povsili glavo. Ustnice so mu dregetale.

"Kdaj se vrne mama?" je vprašal in zajokal.

Mandarinu je bilo hudo.

"Iskati sem jo dal," je rekel, "pa še ne vem, ali so jo našli."

Sinko je pomislil:

"Niso je našli. Sam jo bom poiskal. Odpuščanja jo bom prosil in priden bom."

In nekaj se mu je v srcu pojavilo kakor jeza na očeta in mu govorilo:

"Oče je kriv! Zakaj ni dovolil mami, da bi me svarila?"

Tiho, na skrivaj je odšel z doma. Prišel je v gozd. Tam je pel slavček lepo pesem. Tam-ču-liju se je zdelo kakor da poje pesem o materi: Poslušnil je. Slavček je pel:

"Mati, ti si kakor sonce,  
kakor luna tiha, jasna,  
si kak zvezda migljajoča,  
pozdravljajoča,  
v tihi noči vsa bedea,  
mati, roža pravljeno cvetoča!

Kdo ima te, ne pozna te,  
ko te ni — je že prekasna  
vsa zavest pekoča.  
Mati, ti si dragocenost  
nekupljiva,  
nenadomestljiva,  
ti vsakdanja nevsakdanjost.  
Mati, ti si kakor sonce,  
greješ, svetiš, božaš,  
žrtev tvoja,  
ljubav tvoja  
vsem je nepojmljiva.  
Mati, ti si kakor zvezda  
v noči tihi vsa bedea,  
za mladike svoje  
vsa skrbeča . . .

Slavček je za hip utihnil, kakor da zbira strune. Ali Tam-ču-lij ga je poprosil:

"Slavček, daj odleti, mamico mojo poišči!"

Slavček pa je odgovoril:

"Rad bi, ali ne morem."

"Zakaj ne moreš," je vprašal Tam-ču-lij.

"Vidiš," je rekel slavček in razprostrl peruti. "Porezal si mi jih in ne nosijo me."

Tam-ču-lija je prvič zbolelo, ko je videl porezane peruti. Spoznal je, da je bil res hudoben. In zopet mu je nekaj v prsih, tako se mu je zdelo, govorilo:

"Vidiš, oče te pa je zagovarjal!"

Ali Tam-ču-lij je stresel z glavo in rekel sam pri sebi:

"Proč od mene, izkušnjavec!"

In zajokal je. Jokajoč je šel dalje in srečal berača. Berač je spoznal mandarinovega sina in se mu je hotel izogniti, kajti nerad bi bil bičan. Ali Tam-ču-lij ga je poklical:

"Ne ogiblji se me. Vem, krivico sem ti delal, ali žal mi je, zato odpusti. Na, vzemi to moje suknjo in čevlje."

Slekel je suknjo in sezul čevlje, da se je berač čudil. A ko mu je oboje dal, ni vedel, kaj bi rekel. V njegovih očeh je zasvetila zahvala in blagoslov, ko je rekel:

"Naj te, Tam-ču-lij, blagoslovijo bogovi, da najdeš, kar iščeš."

Tako gredoč, je Tam-ču-lij prišel globoko v gozd. Naenkrat je zaslišal, kako nekdo za nekim grmom vzdihuje:

"Oh, kako boli, kako boli,  
trn v moji nogi kak skeli.  
Kako, kako ga izdreti,  
kam se mi, oh, kam ozreti,  
ki ta trn izdrl mi bi?"

Mali Tam-ču-lij je stopil bližje.

"Trn se ti je zaril v nogo," je rekel in gledal velikega tigra. Videl je, kako je dvigal nogo in stokal, a v nogi je tičal velik trn. "Počakaj, izdrl ga bom!"

Prijel je tigrovo nogo in izdrl trn. Tiger, ves hvaležen, mu je obliznil roko in rekel:

"Če me boš potreboval, samo pokliči me!"

Rekel je in odskakljal v goščavo.

Ko je Tam-ču-lij tako iskal svojo mamo, je nekoč srečal tri jezdece.

"Poglej malega Kitajca," je rekel eden izmed jezdecev. "Odpeljimo ga k našemu gospodarju, potreben mu bo."

Rekel je, zagrabil Tam-ču-lija in ga posadil k sebi na konja. In vsi trije jezdec so s Tam-ču-lijem odjezdili k svojemu gospodarju Ču-bu-habi.

Ko je drugo jutro Ču-bu-haba poklical k sebi Tam-ču-lija, mu je zapovedal:

"Na mojem travniku se pase goveja čreda. Ena krava ima srebrne rogove. Pojdi in pomolzi kravo. Ali nikomur ne smeš dati, da bi pil to mleko. Gorje ti, če to storiš in daš samo eno kapljico. Zakaj to mleko je samo za mene."

Tam-ču-lij je vzel posodo in šel na travnik. Dolgo je iskal kravo s srebrnimi rogovi, kajti velika je bila čreda. Pomolzel je kravo in pazljivo nesel mleko gospodarju.

Ob robu ceste pa je stala neka beračica.

Vsa zgubančena je bila. Zaprošila je:

"Fantiček, prosim, daj mi požirek mleka. Tako sem lačna in trudna."

"Oh, ne smem," je rekel. "Ču-bu-haba bi me pretepel."

"Usmili se me," je mlo prosila beračica in dvignila roke.

Tedaj se je Tam-ču-lij spomnil svoje mame in dal, da se beračica napije.

Ko je prinesel Tam-ču-lij posodo z mlekom, ga je Ču-bu-haba vprašal:

"Kje je požirek, ki manjka? Komu si ga dal?"

"Neki beračici tam na cesti. Tako uboga je bila in se mi je smilila. Moral sem ji dati."

"Ču-bu-haba je vzel bič in pretepel Tam-ču-lija.

Drugo jutro je moral Tam-ču-lij zopet na travnik, da pomolze kravo s srebrnimi rogovi. Zopet mu je Ču-bu-haba zabičil, da ne sme niti kapljice mleka komurkoli dati. Ali zopet je stala tam na cesti beračica in zopet ga je prosila. Ni ji mogel odreči. Tako ga je Ču-bu-haba zopet pretepel in še strašnejše kakor prvič.

Tretjo jutro je rekel Ču-bu-haba Tam-ču-liju:

"Če danes komu mleko daš, te bom ubil!"

Tam-ču-lij se je vračal s travnika, v rokah s posodo z mlekom. Ves je trepetal. Zakaj tudi danes je stala tam ob cesti beračica in že od daleč stegovala roke in prosila:

"Pomagaj mi, usmili se me, žejna sem in lačna!"

Obotavljal se je Tam-ču-lij. Ali ko je videl, da je beračica res vsa onemogla, je rekel:

"Na, pij kolikor hočeš. Kaj mi je do življenja. Svojo mamico sem izgubil in jo razžalil, da me je pustila in nekam odšla in ne vem kje je. Iskal sem jo, ali našel je nisem, pač pa sem prišel v roke gospodarju, ki me bo ubil. Zaslužil sem, da umrem. Naj me Ču-bu-haba ubije. Samo prosim te, bodi tako dobra, pojdi k mojemu očetu in mu reci, da sem umrl, ker sem razžalil mater."

Tedaj je beračica odkrila svoj obraz. In v tem milem obrazu je Tam-ču-lij spoznal svojo mamo. Zavriskal je in poskočil, objel mamo in se razjokal na njenih prsih. Nato je zbežal na travnik, vjel iskrege konja, posadil mamo poleg sebe in oddirjal proti domu.

Ker se Tam-ču-lij dolgo ni vrnil, je šel Ču-



bu-haba pogledat, kje tiči. Ker ga ni našel, je uganil, da mu je ušel. Tako je poslal za njim svoje tri jezdece in jim zabičal, da morajo Tam-ču-lija pripeljati živega ali mrtvega. Bliskovito so drveli trije jezdeci za Tam-ču-lijem in njegovo materjo. Malo še in zgrabili ga bodo. Tedaj se je Tam-čulij spomnil kaj mu je naročil tiger.

Poklical je:

"Tiger, tiger, kje si?"

In glej, tiger je skočil iz grmovja v jezdece in jih odgnal.

Tako se je Tam-ču-lij srečen vrnil z mamico k očetu in bil priden in vesel deček, tako priden, da ga mama nič več ni mogla svari. In zahvalila se je Konfuciju, da je blagoslovil njeno žrtev.

ENGLISH VERSION. This is a Chinese story about Chu-Si-Un, a reputable mandarin (high public official), his humble wife and their spoiled son, Tam-Chu-Lee, who tortured birds by clipping their wings and radicated and even whipped poor defenseless people. His mother reprimanded him severely, but his father encouraged him saying that in this way their son would grow up into a real man whom his subjects would fear. One day, when he turned his dogs on the poor people, his mother decided to leave. She took a bag of money and told him she would give it to the poor, and she herself would become a common beggar, which she did.

At first Tam-Chu-Lee, her cruel son, was glad that his mother went away, but soon he began to miss her. He couldn't find peace anywhere, he became sad and cried continuously. His father, seeing that the boy must have his mother back, immediately sent his men out to search for her, but they couldn't find her. Finally, the boy set out himself to find his mother. He went into the woods, but there was no sign of his mother. He heard a nightingale singing happily a sweet song about mother. He asked the nightingale to help him find his mother, but the nightingale answered that he couldn't because his wings had been clipped. Tam-Chu-Lee realized for the first time his extreme cruelty. Then he came upon a beggar who recognized him and tried to avoid him, but to his great surprise the boy offered him his coat and boots. Next he met a tiger who was in a miserable condition with a big thorn in his paw. The boy pulled out the thorn and the tiger in return offered him his help whenever he needed it. He next met three horsemen who took him to their master who made him milk his silver-horned cow in the pasture and bring every drop of milk to him. As the boy was returning from the pasture, he met an old beggar woman who begged him for some milk. He remembered his dear mother and gave her some milk. For this his master whipped him. The next day the same thing occurred, and his master threatened to kill him if that is repeated the third day.

On the third day, as he was returning from the pasture, the poor woman again begged him for milk. He trembled but saw that she really was hungry. He gave her some milk and told her he didn't care what happens to him now. He had lost his own mother because of his cruelty. He asked her to go to his father and tell him that he died for disobeying his mother. At this moment she uncovered her face and the boy recognized his mother. He was overjoyed, embraced her and cried. Then he put her on a horse beside him and galloped away. His enraged master sent three horsemen after them and they were nearly captured when they boy remembered the tiger's promise of help. He quickly called the tiger who came at once and chased the pursuers away. Thus the happy boy returned home with his dear mother and from then on he was so good that his mother never had to scold him again . . .

## It's A Fact

That air sometimes is visible. When thrown into agitation by heat, it may be seen rising from a stove or from the heated ground.

That a regular twenty-four page newspaper consists of from 80,000 to 100,000 words, exclusive of advertisements, or as many as the average novel.

That the total brightness of the moon is reckoned as equal to a 100 candle power lamp at a distance of 22 yards.

That corundum ranks next to the diamond in hardness, the relative degree of hardness being nine to ten.

That less than one two-billionth of the sun's energy is intercepted by the earth, since its energy radiates in all directions.

That recent experiments conducted with airplanes have found insect life 20,000 feet, or nearly four miles in the air. This space fly is practically colorless. What it lives on has not been determined.

That young robins consume as much as three feet of angleworms in one day.

That ocean water off the coast of Cuba is a foot lighter on the western tip than on the eastern tip. The Gulf Stream, piling water against the coast, is responsible for the difference.

That elevators in New York City carry 15,000,000 passengers a day and travel 120,000 miles every twenty-four hours.

That sixty-three kinds of standard times are being used in the world. The majority of the world's population uses one of the 24 scientific systems. India, New Zealand, and several South American countries use a half hour separation while some small countries use strictly local time.

That a man, in 1898, carried on his back, for eight steps, side stepping, 2,250 lbs.



# Have You "What It Takes"

Only yesterday I read a story about a little dog, "Wiggles." He was the companion of a four-year-old boy in Erie, Pa. The boy's family moved to Pittsburgh, 140 miles away. They left "Wiggles" behind.

Naturally the boy was very lonesome for his friend. He thought about "Wiggles" for a long time and then decided to forget the dog.

But exactly *six months* after the family had moved to Pittsburgh, the little boy awoke one morning to some pawing he heard at the door. He opened it, and found "Wiggles" there! For six months "Wiggles" walked and sought the new home of his master—and finally found it!

This is an excellent example of *perseverance*.

Not long ago I heard a learned professor giving rules for successful thinking that will bring you a successful solution of any problem or any goal you aspire to. He stressed *perseverance*. This means keeping at it with hard work.

There comes a time in every person's endeavors when he has met with so many failures that he is ready to give up. But this exactly is the critical time! If you can overcome it, you will enter a period called "getting your second wind." After you have relaxed and again tackled your problem in this "second wind" the probability is that the solution of your problem will come to you—sometimes almost like a flash.

If you don't believe it, look at the life story of any great person—inventor, writer, architect.

If you have the ability to *work* and *persevere*, you have "what it takes" and in all probability will advance further than one who boasts of talent, or genius, or natural ability, or what have you.—*Mary Jugg*.

## MAY DAY'S EVE

The illustration on the front cover of this issue is the work of FRANK PADAR, JR., Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge 580.

# Ma Knows Best

By STEVEN KERRO  
Cleveland, O.

*I went a-shoppin' with my ma,  
To buy myself a suit—  
The tweed kind just like my pa  
Wore when he played the flute.*

*We made the rounds from store to store;  
My suit I did not buy;  
'Twas ma who bought me that; I'm sore,  
But I'm too big to cry;  
I'm sore because for my own frame—  
My ma picks all my dress  
What pleases her, and I (yes, tame)  
Must wear 'em with a "yes."*

# Belokrajinska

Katka Zupančič

— Oha, je Peter doma?  
— Ni. Šel je na vrt,  
in videl je smrt.  
— Kaj mu je rekla?  
— Da bo za tabo tekla  
po brzici, po stezici  
doli do Kitaja.



Ti nad zmaja,  
zmaj nad smrt,  
smrt pod škrlil;  
škrlil zabij;  
trto zviij  
zmaju okrog vrata;  
zmaj na vrt čakati smrt,  
čuvat kupec zlata —  
meni nos . . .

## Priprava

Deček pride v lekarno in hoče imeti kakšno sredstvo za lajšanje bolečin.

"Kaj te pa boli?" ga sočutno vpraša lekar-nar.

"Zdaj še nič," odvrne deček, "toda opoldne bo oče pogledal moje izpričevalo."

# OUR SCHOOL

## Labor Unions

The first important labor union in America was the Noble Order of the Knights of Labor which was organized in 1869 by Uriah S. Stevens and some fellow garment workers. Like all labor unions it was organized primarily to improve working conditions of its members. The Knights of Labor advocated many things considered radically socialistic at the time, but widely adopted since—an eight hour day, income and inheritance taxes, postal savings banks, and workingman's compensation. They also tried to get the public ownership of railroads, gas works, water works, etc. This organization was very weak for it interfered in politics and it had very inadequate leadership.

Many labor organizations were dissatisfied with the policies of the Knights of Labor, and so they formed the American Federation of Labor in 1886. Samuel Gompers was elected president and he held that office until he died in 1924, with the exception of one year. The A. F. of L. is different than K. of L. because it is organized mainly upon craft unionism rather than industrial unionism. Unlike the K. of L. the A. F. of L. has in general avoided political action. But they have "unofficially" backed candidates in state and federal elections. They have been, and still are, very conservative in politics in all the years, only once backing a progressive presidential candidate, that in 1924 when they supported the late Senator La Follette of Wisconsin.

I have tried to trace the main union groups which have arisen since the Civil War. In the last decade a few more have sprung up, particularly the progressive CIO which became very powerful within a very short time and today boasts of several million members, about equal in strength with the membership of the A. F. of L. The CIO caters to industrial unionism and the A. F. of L. to craft unionism, and their leaders are now trying to bring these two strong unions together. This is necessary because only through one big union can labor win its struggle.

JOHN POKLAR JR. (age 16),  
Milwaukee, Wis. Lodge 16.

\*

## BEAUTIFUL BEE

Beautiful bee; a good worker you are,  
From morning till evening you travel so far,  
From flower to flower you fly all day.  
I love to watch you; please don't go away.

You start very early, 'way down on the farm  
If no one bothers you, you do them no harm.  
Over garden walls and down near the grass,  
You leave bits of pollen wherever you pass.

Sylvia Zupancic (age 13), 4745 Modac Way  
Pittsburgh, Pa. Lodge 118.

## WILL YOU BE MY FRIEND?

Play fair with your truest friends  
For sometime your happiness on them depends.  
They will watch you through thick and thin  
And even share their victory if they win.

They may ask favors of you  
Which may be very hard to do.  
Return them and they will be  
Friends to both you and me.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.  
You can have plants if you have no seed.  
Friends will be true in all their ways.  
Keep these friends for it always pays.

John Drager (age 15), 528 Fairfield ave.,  
Johnstown, Pa. Lodge 3.

\*

## Thirty-Fifth Birthday of SNPJ

This year marks the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Slovene National Benefit Society. This great organization was brought into being in the year 1904 by a few men who got together and conceived their own idea of a free fraternal organization. Most of these original founders have passed away but their main ideas are expressed in the by-laws and in the everyday actions of the Society. These founders of our Society had much courage for their actions were opposed to the narrow-minded doctrines of the church. This was a progressive step and the men found themselves out in the cold. The 'rebels' in the old catholic organization were cut off from sick and death benefits because they defied their dogmas, but they didn't want to go to the other extreme—to the private insurance companies, and so they organized their own fraternal organization based on liberal principles.

This new organization, the SNPJ, has sprung up from a very small group of far-sighted men to the very large and influential organization it is today. Year after year improvements have been affected for the good of the membership. This organization is built on democratic principles, free thought, free speech, free personal belief. Sick and death benefits were the first things considered when the Society was organized. In most large cities Slovene national homes were built by the members. In the last ten years we have seen the increasing activity going on in the formation of English speaking lodges, and more recently of juvenile circles. There have been about twenty of these circles organized within a short time throughout the country.

Everyone is getting valuable training for their future role in the older lodges. Two important factors in these improvements are the Prosveta and the Mladinski List. They have promoted the principles of the Society in their writings. Such educational features as have been printed in these official organs have served to educate the members. Hearty congratulations to the SNPJ on its thirty-fifth birthday!

JOHN POKLAR, JR. (age 16), 613 W. Virginia  
st., Milwaukee, Wis. Lodge 16.



SERENADE

Joseph Zupancic

Serenade. Drawn by Joseph Zupancic, Pittsburgh, Pa. Lodge 118.

\*

### SNPJ Must Be Preserved

The value of the Slovene National Benefit Society to our people is so great and important that the organization must be preserved and never destroyed. It must have new blood in its lodges. New members must be added if we want the organization to grow. It must always look for new things, new ideas and new members. It must have new officers to take place of those who have departed. And after the pioneers of one generation are gone, others must strive to continue the work of the Society. That's why our juvenile circles are being formed so that the juvenile members may also get ready for the hard task ahead of them.

JUSTIN MARTINCIC (age 13), Box 684, Canonsburg, Pa. Lodge 138.

\*

Sent by Frank Ulyon, Lodge 378, Sheffield, Pa.

Teacher: What is a cannibal, John?

John: I don't know.

Teacher: If you ate your father and mother, what would you be?

John: An orphan.

\*

Sent by Justina Lovsin, Lodge 240, Bentleyville, Pa.:

1. A man is on a building and he had a quarter and a nickel. He dropped them both. The nickel fell to the ground, but why didn't the quarter? Because it had wings.

2. John stopped at car-stop sign and asked a boy where is Washington. Say, bud, answered the boy, Washington died long time ago.

3. Two men on a building were fighting for the same job. One suggested that the one who jumps off the building first would have the job. Who got the job? The ambulance.

4. What can you put in a barrel and still have nothing in it? Hole.

\*

### Intelligence of Dogs

Dogs often appear to be intelligent. Again and again the newspapers relate heroic deeds of these

animals. If a dog has brains enough to go to the rescue of some helpless individual almost in the clutches of certain death in a burning house, or in an angry sea, it must possess some cleverness. By saving the life of some unfortunate being from death in the frozen heights of the Alps, the husky St. Bernard verifies its intelligence. To the blind, dogs serve as eyes. Their understanding is brought out by cautiously and safely leading their masters across a busy street. "Beware the dog" is a warning often posted up at the gate of a lonely farmhouse. The bulldog prohibits the trespassing of unwelcome visitors. The occupants of the house rely upon his intelligence for protection especially at night. Sometimes just one look at the tenacious, angry, threatening look on the dog's face scares anyone away. The busy housewife often trusts the dog to carry home the groceries. It does this successfully if a stray cat does not venture to come in its sight. When you reluctantly sit down to tackle your homework, your dog perhaps comes up beside you, makes a sad face, and in the best way tries to show you that it understands. To man the dog is an indispensable creature; it is his companion, protector, and rescuer. In fulfilling these three positions it shows a great deal of intelligence.

HELEN NAHTIGAL (age 16), 33 Heintzman st., Toronto, Ont., Canada. Lodge 648.

\*



"Tipka," Our House Cat. Drawn by Joseph Zupancic, Pittsburgh, Pa. Lodge 118.

\*

### Importance of Labor Unions

To be organized in a labor union is very important for all the workers. This is of special importance now because there are many millions of workers out of work. The production of necessary things controlled by the capitalists, has reached the highest point but the employment of workers is very low. The curse of this present misery suffered by thousands of the unemployed, is blamed on the capitalists because they want more and more profits by installation of new machinery which produces more and throws the workers out in the street. The best remedy for this is found in shorter working hours and in increase of wages. That would take care of the problem. More workers would be employed and at the same time they would earn enough money with which they would be able to buy what they produce. But the workers of the world will



never get this without a strong labor union. The workers have to be organized if they want to win the battle against organized capital. The good labor unions are far more necessary to the workers than anything else; they are just as important as their political education which helps them to know how and whom to elect. The main duty of the workers is to send their own labor representatives to legislative bodies where they would make laws to protect them. It is necessary for the workers to be organized in unions and politically.

JOSEPH VIDMAR (age 10), 2027 W. Garfield ave., Milwaukee, Wis. Lodge 747.



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

### Socialism

Socialism applies to a philosophy of history and methods of interpreting social phenomena and to a cooperative social organization where the means of production and distribution of wealth are the collective property of the working class, while the goods which are to be consumed become the private property of the individual workers. Socialism has furnished an outlet for those workers who desired political action and who were dissatisfied with the slower process of the American labor movement. Socialism is based on democratic principles. Many peoples say that socialism gave to each age the basis for its political and intellectual development.

Under socialism all labor saving inventions and machinery are owned by the government and the benefits derived would be applied to all the working class. Under this plan of production for use rather than profit, exploitation will be replaced by cooperation. Socialism aims to achieve its purpose by social democracy and collective security.

It is our duty to inform the people so that they understand and accept the changes that economic and social forces are imposing upon them and to cooperate with these forces to bring in a better social order. Most of the socialistic principles are progressing very slowly.

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

### SNPJ Forever

Do all non-members, who read the Mladinski List and hear about our juvenile circles, realize the fact that the SNPJ is of lasting value to each and every juvenile member?

Any white person of sound health and good moral character may become a member of this Society, regardless of nationality or religion. Children can join our Society at birth and up to the age of sixteen years. Application for children must be made by parents and the child must be examined by the lodge physician witnessed by lodge secretary or administrator, and the application sent to the Supreme office.

After the age of sixteen to eighteen years members are to be transferred to the adult class and they receive a credit depending on the age of admittance. A member can be insured for 500 dollars. The SNPJ is particularly interested in us juveniles because a circle can be organized in every community where there are seven or more juvenile members, with the approval of the senior lodge. Thereupon, an active lodge member is usually selected to act as circle adviser. Our circle meetings are conducted by our juvenile members who act as circle officers—president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and recorder, also publicity and other committees. Circle meetings are held regularly and the members are asked to observe the rules. After-meeting socials and entertainments are also held. When you are asked to take part in a program, please don't turn them down, give them your best cooperation for a bigger and better program. Invite other circle members to be present at your meetings and in this way we become more closely bound and more interested in our Society as well as our circles.

When we are old enough to join the adult class, we will already have some experience and will be prepared to carry on the work in our lodges. Therefore, it is of vital importance that we juvenile members everywhere attend all meetings and give them our best cooperation. Let's take part in all circle activities and programs, and let's boost the SNPJ everywhere and every day. This will result in better circle meetings and bigger juvenile circles of the SNPJ. Then the motto, "Cooperation Makes Success," will finally be proved by our actual work. And then we will not ask why people say: "SNPJ Forever!"

OLGA KNAPICH (age 16), R. R. 3, Box 714, Girard, Kansas. (Lodge 225).

### One Big Union

I should like to write a few words on the subject of labor unions. This is a very important topic for discussion. I think it would be of great benefit to all workers if they would get together and form one big union for all workers. Most of the workers realize this fact, but some of the leaders do not. We know that the A. F. of L. and CIO are fighting against each other. That is, their leaders can't agree to come together. If this struggle continues the fight will spread so that even the workers belonging to these two unions will be fighting among themselves. This already happened in several



cities. But if all the workers would stick together, like the capitalists, then they would be much more able to get what they want and what belongs to them: decent working conditions and decent wages. There is still time to bring the two opposing unions together. Then the workers would be strong because they would be under the protection of One Big Union.

STANLEY VIDMAR (age 10), 1129 So. 15th Pl., Milwaukee, Wis. (Lodge 16).



A sketch by Dorothy Dermotta, Avella, Pa. Lodge 292.

A sum of not more than \$200.00 is available for the SNPJ juvenile members who will, in 1939, contribute to the Mladinski List:

1.) The best letters, according to quality as judged by the Editor, on the subjects of our Society (including Juvenile Circles), freethought, labor unions, social justice and hobbies;

2) The best letters, according to quality as judged by the Editor, dealing with the most unusual experience of the writer;

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

Every month, beginning with this issue, the best letter of those deserving awards in each division or one drawing will be published on this page. (Others, also deserving awards, will be published elsewhere.)

The awards, based on the quality of material received, will be distributed twice a year—at the end of each six months.

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

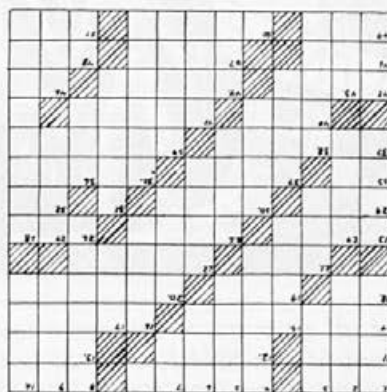
**RULES:** 1) Every contributor must be a member of the SNPJ Juvenile Department. 2) State your age and lodge number of the SNPJ lodge to which you belong. 3) Every contribution must be signed by either parent. 4) Every contribution must be in the hands of the Editor by the first of the month if intended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

**NOTE:** All work which is intended for reproduction, such as puzzles, cartoons, etc., must be in India

ink or we cannot accept it. This is because the work must be sent to the engravers before it is ready for the Printery.

### ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Boris Bruce, 9807 Avenue L,  
Chicago, Ill. Lodge 610



### ACROSS

1. In addition to. 4. Refrain from inflicting injury or punishment upon. 8. To scatter seed upon the ground. 11. Short for Leopold. 12. Organ of smell. 13. Narrative poem. 14. Slippers bound to the foot by straps. 16. Name given to ancient singing minstrels. 18. Conjunction. 19. Second person present singular of verb *to be*. Piece of land covered with trees. 21. Any metal in natural state. 22. Sheds feathers. 23. Pointed geometrical figure with round base. 25. A feathered animal. 26. Strike gently. 29. Imitate. 30. Most excellent. 32. A note of the scale. 33. To exist. 34. Convulsions. 35. Estimate. 37. Slow creeping mollusks. 39. Tropical bird with bright plumage. 40. Sick. 41. One-edged curved sword. 42. Matron. 44. Construct. 45. Before noon. 46. Organ of sight. 47. Girl's name; form of Anna. 48. Period of existence. 49. Article of furniture. 50. Throws. 51. Distress signal.

### DOWN

1. In a like manner. 2. Close. 3. Put on (as clothes). 4. Trap. 5. Each of the ends of the axis of the earth. 6. Beast of burden. 7. Note of the scale. 8. Most painful. 9. Difference in favor of one against another. 10. Quarter where the sun sets. 15. Challenge. 16. Daring. 17. Skill as a result of knowledge and practice. 20. Small fortress. 21. A number. 22. Title of unmarried woman. 23. Taxi (pl.). 24. Not shut. 25. Wagers. 27. Likewise. 28. Amusements. 30. Beak of a bird. 31. Healed. 34. Tool with sharp-edged furrows used for smoothing. 35. Vertical triangular pieces of wall at the end of ridged roofs. 36. Be mistaken. 38. Calculated the direction of anything to be launched at an object. 39. Coloring substance. 41. Exposes oneself to get benefit of rays from the sun. 42. Short for young girl in society. 43. Affirmative. 44. Sheep's cry. 45. Since or past time. 48. In the same way.

# 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.*

## FROM STRABANE "JUVENILE STARS"

STRABANE, PA.—I am grateful to the SNPJ "Pioneers" of Lodge 589 and the Senior Lodge, No. 138, for organizing a juvenile circle for us children of this vicinity. The first meeting was held on Feb. 17 at which 48 members were present. It was suggested that every member should think of a name for this circle, the one who selects the best name to receive 50 cents.

At our second meeting we elected the following officers: Carl Podboy, president; Vincent Batista, vice-president; Agnes Koklich, secretary; Henry Mavrich, recording secretary; Frank Delost, treasurer. Publicity committee: Mildred Chesnic, Mary Ludvic, Stanley Krulce.

There were 96 members present at the second meeting, and I hope more will join. After the elections, members submitted various names for the circle and the judges chose the best name, namely—"The Juvenile Stars," suggested by Walter Frank, who later received the fifty cents.

The Juvenile Stars meet each first Friday of the month. I wish that every member would be present at each and every meeting of our circle. After the meeting a light lunch was served.

AGNES KOKLICH, Secretary.  
(Box 163, Strabane, Pa.)

## "W. VA. SNPJers" SPEAK

COKETON, W. VA.—We, the "W. Va. SNPJers" Juvenile Circle, have finally come to the realization that we have been too hasty in trying to have the circle numbers changed so that we would be No. 1. I speak in behalf of the members of our circle, and we wish to apologize for our conduct over this matter. We owe special thanks to Anne Urban of Colorado who really brought us to this realization by her letter in the Prosveta "Juvenile Circles" column.

She states that the fact that we were organized first is not important. It is the activity that really matters, and we know that we were not very active after we were organized for about four months.

We were informed by our administrator, Bro. George Belinc, that the circle numbers are to be omitted from all the juvenile circles. This is really unfair to all the other circles since we caused all the trouble. Will you please accept our apology in regard to this matter? We would especially appreciate a letter from the Colorado circle as a final assurance that they have accepted our apology.

We congratulate the Juvenile Circle No. 1 on their wonderful membership. Keep up the wonderful work, Colorado! We are patiently awaiting a reply from you.

JENNIE VIDMAR, Treasurer.  
(Box 55, Coketon, W. Va.)

## "JOLLY KANSANS" MARCH ON!

GIRARD, KANS.—As "Miss Mumps" and I decided to part forever, I will write about our juvenile circle meeting. It is hard to do anything when you are in bed two weeks with your face as large as a basketball. Let's forget the past and think of the future!

Our February meeting was held in Arma at the home of Bro. and Sis. A. Shular. On our arrival there we were warmly greeted by our hosts and our Adviser Mary Shular. Such genuine hospitality is found only in a real Slovene home. The Shulars escorted us to the dining and living rooms and Mrs. Shular helped take off our wraps. While we waited for the meeting to open, we were entertained by fine swing music that almost made us start doing the Big Apple. The rooms were decorated with pretty flowers. We had a few guests at this meeting. At last Vice-President Mary Nolimal called the meeting to order and we were ready for business. Among

other things we planned to hold a party in the summer and also to help the Kansas SNPJ Federation with the program at their May celebration. All members were willing to help and cooperate in every way possible. The next meeting was set for March 5 at Edison.

After the meeting we were entertained by the Program Committee. The members, of course, liked the jokes and riddles best of all. Betty Jean Ales' name was drawn, but since she wasn't present the 75c award was set for the next meeting. The meeting adjourned, a delicious lunch was served "fit for a king." This was really one of the best meetings we have had. In behalf of the Jolly Kansans it gives me great pleasure to thank Mr. and Mrs. Shular for their fine hospitality. All of you members who were absent should know that you really missed out on a lot of fun and that you better be present at our next meeting. We have a lot of new business concerning our summer activities.

I want to take this opportunity to thank one and all for their compliments, especially Alice Popotnik of Cleveland, also Mary Ann Matekal of Michigan. I am glad that you like to read my articles and I sincerely hope that I can write better letters for your benefit and mine. I am also grateful to John Louis Ujeich of Pittsburgh, Pa., for his words of praise. I know that our circle is a fine organization and that we will go on with our work for a bigger and better circle and the SNPJ. I also want to remind all members on the Publicity Committee to write to the M. L. and boost our circle. Come on, Kansans, on to victory!

OLGA KNAPICH (age 16),  
R.R. 3, Box 714, Girard, Kans.

#### MILWAUKEE "JUNIOR ALL STARS"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Our March meeting was held at Ripple's hall and quite a few members were present, but there were also quite a few that were absent. We want all of those to attend our meetings every month. Everyone should come because this training in circle affairs is necessary for the future. Most of us will join the adult department of the SNPJ lodges and some of us may even become officers of these lodges. We have refreshments at every meeting and some form of activity after the meeting.

We are thinking of having a singing club, but that depends on the members. If enough of them want to sing we can have this singing club, but if there is not enough interest shown, then we naturally will not have it. Mr. Schweiger, our adviser, is taking this matter into consideration. We discussed this matter at our meeting and a large number of members were willing to join the singing club.

I read in the Prosveta that our adviser, Bro. Schweiger, won fifty dollars and an SNPJ gold ring for bringing in forty-five new juvenile members during last year's campaign. We were very glad to see him get this prize. He was one of the men to help us start our circle. He went to his friends and induced them to send their children to our lodge.

Bro. Schweiger is always willing to help us with his suggestions and otherwise.

My letter in the March issue of the M. L. brought many pen pals from different states. This shows that more and more people, especially juveniles, are reading the M. L. every year. This is very encouraging. This interest has taken place in our family. There are five in our family and we all read this magazine. I hope many of you will correspond with other juvenile SNPJ members. I'll see you in the next issue of the Mladinski List.

JOHN POKLAR JR.,  
613 W. Virginia st., Milwaukee, Wis.

#### CIRCLE NO. 12 REPORTING

CLEVELAND, O.—This is Circle No. 12 reporting! We held our sixth meeting in March and finally decided on a name for our circle, which is "Liberalites." We had a report from President Jean Jersin, who reported that Circle No. 13 has already joined in with another circle to form a baseball team. Too bad for our boys. But we'll increase the number of members and then we'll have a baseball team.

In April, our Senior Lodge 126 is going to hold its Spring Jubilee, and they would like to have us join them in carrying on the campaign. I believe we'll be very happy to help make it a success. Then Bro. Terbizan, President of the Senior Lodge, told us the history of our good lodge and organization. And he also stated that we circle members could earn some money for ourselves by bringing in new members. For each member we will receive a dollar. For further details, he said, we should read the Prosveta. The only requirement for being a member of our circle is that you have to be at least eight years old, but anybody can become a member of the lodge and the organization at birth. All new members must be examined by a doctor.

Our meeting was very interesting, educational and entertaining. I hope that more circle members will attend all future meetings.

IRMA YURETIC,  
1378 E. 52nd st., Cleveland, O.

#### From New Circle "Violet Rays"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—On Feb. 26, we organized a Juvenile Circle and a fair number of juveniles of Lodge 747, SNPJ, attended. We named our circle 'Violet Rays.' Our circle meetings are held on the last Sunday of each month and they are getting more and more interesting every time. What interested me most at our last meeting was discussion of baseball, and all the boys present had signed up. All of you that did not sign yet, please do so at the next meeting, for spring is here and summer will soon be here also. Baseball is lots of fun. I read in the Prosveta that the Junior All Stars of Milwaukee are planning to have two baseball teams. So I think that we should have one too.

The biggest and most important news is the entertainment of our Lodge "Vijolica" which will take place May 28 at the S. S. Turn hall. This is going to be the biggest event at which we will celebrate the 35th anniversary of the SNPJ. Two plays



will be presented, one in English, called "Next Door Neighbors," and one in Slovene. There will also be other numbers on the program. The biggest attraction of the day will be a balloon dance. This will be something new and can be played by all juveniles for prizes. So don't miss this big event on May 28 for I know you will all have a good time.

JULIUS AMBROZICH, 2802 N. 33rd st., Milwaukee, Wis. (Lodge 747).

### CIRCLE NO. 2 MEETS REGULARLY

CLEVELAND, O.—Our circle meetings are held on the first Thursday of each month, and also on the third Friday, and they are all very interesting.

I wish to let you know that we started to sew already. If you did not come to the last meeting, be sure to come to the next one which will be held May 4 at the usual place and time. We are having a lot of fun sewing, and the boys are working with wood; they will also do some art work.

I am appealing to mothers to please send their children to our meetings. If they are not members yet, please have them join our circle where they can learn to do some sewing.

MARIAN TRATNIK, President,  
Circle No. 2, Lodge 137.

### New Circle in Milwaukee

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I am happy to announce that Lodge 747 succeeded in organizing a Juvenile Circle here in the North Side of Milwaukee. That was done under the supervision of the Federation President and Lodge Officers. Sister Helen Ambrozich, Treasurer of Lodge Violet 747, was appointed adviser of our circle. The meeting was very interesting. Bro. Vidmar gave a talk about the juvenile circle and its officers.

The following officers were elected to lead our circle: President, Stefania Clarini; vice-president, Julius Ambrozich; secretary, Vincent Starich; treasurer, Anna Clarini. (The secretary was elected temporarily for only one month because we are expecting to elect an older person for that position at the next meeting.)

The name of our circle is "Violet Rays," as our parent lodge bears the name "Violet." After the meeting we had a little entertainment which was enjoyed by all. This new circle here in the North Side of Milwaukee was very necessary because there are many children who do not belong to any organization and who wish to join. And now watch us grow!

STEFANIA CLARINI, Pres. of "Violet Rays."  
2039 N. 21 Lane, Milwaukee, Wis.

## ROSTER OF JUVENILE CIRCLES AND OFFICERS

Circle No. 1—Walsenburg, Colo. (299)—Joseph Strovac, President; Victor Tomsic, Vice-President; Ann Urban, Secretary; John Zorman, Treasurer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Circle No. 12—Cleveland, O. (126)—Frank Peternel, President; Josephine Jersin, Vice-President; Irma Juretic, Secretary;

Josephine Cukojne, Treasurer.—Meetings every 2nd Friday of the month at 7 P. M.

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

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

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

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

Circle No. 17—Chicago, Ill.—William Wilke, President; Helen Wilke, Secretary; Dorothy Gabriel, Recording Secretary; Agnes Mejash, Manager.

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

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

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

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



# Our Pen Pals Write

## FROM A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

Dear Editor:—I really hate to admit it but this is only my third letter to the M. L. I am 13 years old and am in the eighth grade at the Franklin Jr. high school. Among my favorite teachers are Miss Batz, Mrs. Neilson, and Mr. Blaney. I am a member of the Mathematics Club which is sponsored by Miss Batz. It is called the Third R Club and is a very interesting pastime. And the name of our paper is "Math Club News."

Our family consists of two brothers, one who has graduated in the 1933 class, and the other is now attending the eleventh grade. I have a sister who is married, and a seven month old niece named Patricia Ann. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 122.

My favorite sports are bicycle riding, roller skating, basketball, mushball, sled-riding, skiing, marble playing, swimming, hiking, and horseback riding. My favorite pastimes are reading books (written by Dickens, Shakespeare, Stevenson, Alcott, and Tarkington), writing plays, cooking, knitting, and sewing. We have six pets at home: two dogs, Peggy and Jack, two cats, Sleepy and Jiggs, and two canary birds, Fritzie and Dick.

My hobbies are stamp collecting and collecting post cards. I would appreciate it very much to have some pen pals. I would like them to send me post cards to increase my collection, and I shall send out a card to all those I receive. I would like to get a card from every state in the Union and Canada. Best regards to all.—Alice May Lampich, 1592 Jackson st., Aliquippa, Pa.

## LODGE 275 FORMS SOFTBALL TEAM

Dear Editor:—Here I am writing to the wonderful magazine the Mladinski List again. I just love to read this interesting magazine. I think that the letters written by John Ujeich and Louis E. Perkovich should encourage us all to take an active part in the M. L. I wish that someone from Maynard would write to this wonderful magazine.

Now I am going to write some of the names of the male passengers that came to America on the Mayflower in 1620. Here they are: John Alden, Isaac Allerton, John Allerton, Wm. Bradford, Wm. Brewster, John Billington, Peter Brown, John Carver, Francis Cook, James Chilton, Richard Clarke, Francis Eaton, Thomas English, Moses Fletcher, Samuel Fuller, Edward Fuller, John Goodman, Thomas Rodgers, Miles Standish, Edward and John Tilly, William White, Thomas William, Edward Winslow, Gilbert Winslow, and others.

We are going to play baseball this summer. Mr. Anton Skoberne, the Secretary of our SNPJ Lodge 275, is trying to organize a softball team this season. If he succeeds, it will be called the SNPJ Softball Team. And later, when we the smaller boys of Maynard grow up, we will be able to play on Mr. Skoberne's softball team also. I wish Mr. Skoberne will succeed.

Come on, members! I am awaiting some more letters from pen pals. I also wish that more members would write to this magazine to make it bigger, so that our M. L. will be the greatest magazine in the world. Good luck to everyone.—John Sikora Jr., Box 123, Maynard, Ohio.

## FANCY WRITING

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, but I hope it isn't my last. I am 14 years old and a Freshman at the North Tonawanda high school. I belong to Lodge 405 in Buffalo, which is ten miles from where we live. I like writing, especially fancy writing, which is my hobby. I am sending with this letter some of my work so that the editor can see it. I also like fancy roller-skating. I hope some day to be as good a roller-skater as Sonja Henie is on ice-skates. I would also like to have one or two pen pals.—Benjamin Volk, 17 Second ave., North Tonawanda, New York.

## PEN PAL LETTERS

Dear Editor:—I am 11 years old and this is my first letter to this magazine. I am in the sixth grade at Oakmont Public School. My father, two brothers and I are in the SNPJ Lodge 472. I have a pet cat, Beauty. My father works in the mine. I am sending my best regards to Violetta Topic; she was my schoolmate at Luzerne Public School. I saw her letter in the M. L. and I was very glad to see her letter. I didn't see her for a long time and I would like to hear from her. Best regards to all.—Helen Stimac, 377 Virginia ave., Oakmont, Pa.

## FROM LODGE 412

Dear Editor:—I am fifteen years old and in the ninth grade in high school. This is my first letter in a long time in the M. L. I think I was too lazy to write to this wonderful magazine. I am a member of SNPJ Lodge 412 and I enjoy being a member very much. The weather out here is very changeable, one day it is warm and the next day it is cold. I am very interested in sports, and if any other members is interested too, I'd appreciate it if they'd write to me and I would gladly answer every letter. I would also like to have some other pen pals. I will write more next time.—Tony Slavec, Box 153, Louisville, Colorado.

## HEAVY SNOWFALL

Dear Editor:—In the February number of the Mladinski List I read a letter written by Eileen Brunovich. She asked that more members of Lodge 21 of Pueblo would write. So I decided to take out my pen and scratch a line.

I am 15 years old and attend Central High School. There are five members in our family, and do we feel proud being SNPJ members. Our Lodge has just completed a new hall. We celebrated its grand opening on Feb. 12. In the afternoon they presented

a Slovene play and in the evening they held a huge dance. Drinks and refreshments were sold.

It has been rather cold in Pueblo during the past winter. On Feb. 27 we had a two-foot snowfall. It was said it was the worst we've had for 26 years. And so I'll close this letter before it gets too long. Best regards.—**Onn Strumbel**, 937 Spruce st., Pueblo, Colorado. (Lodge 21.)

#### BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List for the year of 1939. It is a little late to thank the SNPJ for the prize I received. But I think it is better late than never. You may be sure it was very unexpected.

In school we had a Junior Speech Class, conducted by Miss Jenkins. The Senior Class had a contest on Feb. 28. I was very anxious who got the highest score. The Junior Speech Class were taken as chairman and pages, and I was chosen as chairman.

It was nice to see more children writing to the M. L. We have not all received gifts for writing letters, but if we try we will accomplish much. I am sure more children of the SNPJ received a gift for writing letters. So let's hear from them. I should like to know how the letters have started to be published in the M. L. (At first, by invitation, and thereafter spontaneously.—Ed.)

We hear a lot about the Juvenile Circles. I hope that our town will organize one also. The children of Lodge 240 should get together and start one. I am sure it could be organized. I think that circles are very important and interesting. So—let's try and organize our own Juvenile Circle in Bentleyville. The Senior members will, no doubt, help us so that we will succeed. I see no reason why we should not have one. Will you all cooperate in this endeavor?

The suggestion about boys and girls having their snapshots in the M. L. was very good. I hope this will be possible very soon. (The jokes will be found elsewhere in this issue.—Ed.) I will answer the following pen pal letters: Helen Vidmar, Anne Stebly, and Genevieve Tazuly. They have been very faithful pen pals. I hope to hear from the rest of my pen pals soon.—**Justina Lovsin**, Bentleyville, Pa.

#### FATHER WORKS TWO DAYS A WEEK

Dear Editor:—It is a long time since I wrote my last letter to the Mladinski List, but I didn't forget the \$7.50 that I won last year. I am in the fifth grade and I am eleven years old. We had very bad weather during the past winter and lots of snow. I have seven sisters and two brothers. My mother and the entire family belong to the SNPJ Lodge 416. Our Lodge has many picnics but I never go to any. The mines aren't working very well, only two days a week, but I wish they would work more than two days. Best regards.—**Milka Mileta**, Van Houten, New Mexico.

#### CONGRATULATES THE M. L.

Dear Editor:—After having enjoyed reading the Mladinski List for a long time, I finally decided to write a letter. Writing is my pet aversion. It is

very seldom that I gather enough energy, a pen, ink, and paper and settle down to write a letter.

I might put in a few words about the magazine itself. I am particularly interested in the page "The Birthdays of Great Men," "Tree Rings Tell Age and Weather," and other such articles which are most educational. I delight in solving puzzles. The jokes that are printed are really humorous. Through the letters to the editor I learn much about the members of the SNPJ across the friendly border. I am only sorry that I am unable to translate the Slovene articles published in the M. L.

My sincere congratulations for turning out a juvenile monthly magazine which is interesting from cover to cover! (Your article on dogs appears elsewhere in this issue.—Ed.)—I am 16 years old and belong to SNPJ Lodge 648.—**Helen Nahtigal**, 33 Heintzman st., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

#### PROUD AND THANKFUL

Dear Editor:—I am very proud and thankful to the SNPJ Lodge "Pioneers" and the Senior Lodge 138 for starting a juvenile circle for us children in Strabane. I have five sisters and one brother and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge in Strabane. My father is the President of Lodge 138.

This is my first letter to the wonderful Mladinski List. I am fourteen years old and a student at the Trinity High School, located in Washington, Pa. I like school very much and hope to continue as long as I can.

I guess this will be all this time and hope to write more next time. (The rest of your letter will be found in the Juvenile Circle department in this issue.—Ed.)—**Agnes Koklich**, Box 163, Strabane, Pa.

#### M. L. IS MORE AND MORE INTERESTING

Dear Editor:—Since I haven't seen a letter from Midway in the M. L. for a long time, I decided to be the first to wake up. I want to ask some of the juvenile members of Lodge 89 to wake up and write. Remember that we have the same opportunity to write as any other town.

The Mladinski List is getting more and more interesting every month. My brother and I patiently wait for the magazine to come each month. On March 8, the SNPJ films of Slovenia were shown by the President of the SNPJ. We were very excited to see the movies and also the president of such a large organization. The pictures were very interesting and I advise everyone to see them if they possibly can. I never expected to see Slovenia such a nice country. A light lunch and a dance followed the program, and everybody had a good time.

I am 15 years old and a member of the SNPJ Lodge 89 of Midway. I would like to have pen pals and I will answer all letters promptly.—**Margaret Petach**, R. R. 1, Bulger, Pa.

#### ENJOYS CIRCLE MEETINGS

Dear Editor:—I am seven years old and in the second grade. This is my first letter to the M. L. but I hope it will not be my last. I like to read the interesting stories and letters in this wonderful mag-

azine. There are six in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ Lodge 225. My sister and I both belong to Juvenile Circle No. 11. I enjoy going to circle meetings very much. I live on a big farm and have two miles to walk to school every day. I will try to write to the M. L. soon again.—Joe Cizerle, R.F.D. 3, Box 3420, Girard, Kans.

#### THEY ARE SEVEN SNPJERS



Dear Editor—I am nine years old and am in fourth grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Kresock. I go to the Fox Hill school. This is my first letter to the M. L. I like to read this magazine but I do not know how to read in Slovene, but there is enough to read in English. We receive the M. L. every month. There are seven in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ lodge No. 432

in Miners Mills. I have one sister and three brothers. My sister's name is Stella and my oldest brother's name is Stanley. They are twins and they are going to be seventeen years old on June 13. The other two brothers are: John, 14 years old, and Allen, 12 years old. My oldest brother is going to transfer to the adult class. My father works in the mines, Pine Ridge Colliery. The mines are not working very well now. The place where we live is also called Fox Hill. I am enclosing my photo which I would like to see in the M. L., if it is possible. And I would like to get the picture back.

This letter is rather long for my first one. I am sending my best regards to all the juvenile members Pollyana, John, Ernest, and to their parents, the Pouseks in Cheswick, Pa. Best regards from all of the SNPJ everywhere, especially to my friends our family. I must mention here that I had trouble with my eyes and was not able to write to the M. L. any sooner. But now my eyes are getting better every day. I have to thank the School Nurse, Miss Powells, and Dr. Buckman.—Virginia Olga Kogoy, 51 E. Thomas st., Fox Hill, Plainsville, Pa.

#### SLOVENIA THE BEAUTIFUL

Dear Editor—I am fourteen years old and in the ninth grade. This is my first letter to the M. L. I am a brunette, have blue eyes and am five feet four inches tall. I would like to hear from some pen pals. I have three older brothers. We all belong to the SNPJ Lodge in Midway. Recently, we saw pictures of Slovenia shown by Mr. Cainkar. I think Slovenia is a beautiful country and I hope to visit it some day. I enjoy reading the M. L. and think it is a wonderful magazine.—Wilma Kosem, Box 26, Midway, Pa. (Lodge 89.)

#### LIKES PUZZLES

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade in school. I have brown hair, brown eyes and weigh seventy-six pounds. My brother and I can hardly wait until the M. L. comes because we like to read it. We

enjoy the puzzles and contests in it also. I would like to write every month to this wonderful magazine. Until the next month, I am—Donna Nagode, R.D. 2, McDonald, Pa. (Lodge 231.)

#### OUR SPORTS

Dear Editor:—Here in Buhl, Minn., in mid-March it was still cold, the wind was blowing and it was snowing. It looked as if winter would pay a return visit. But finally, winter had to make way to Spring. There isn't much to be said, because Buhl lost in the district tournament, although we never expected them to get that far. They won only two season games, first and last. Grand Rapids team had the pleasure of being the first one to play against Buhl in the new gym. Chisholm is quite lucky; this year they won for the Curling, the city team, and the school team won the district contest.—Mildred A. Panyan, Box 339, Wooldridge ave., Buhl, Minn.

#### WANTS MORE PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am 10 years old and in the 5th grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Kehoe. I study arithmetic, geography, history, English, and spelling. There are seven in our family and four belong to the SNPJ Lodge No. 387. My pen pal's name is Elsie Mae Mihelich of Colorado Springs, Colo. I also have a good friend I write to in Eveleth, Minn., Jennie Mikolich, whom I hope to visit this summer or early part of fall. I would like to have more pen pals. I will tell you all about Traunik and my hobby which is collecting pictures of movies stars and putting them in scrap books. I promise to answer all letters promptly and also promise to write to the M. L. more often.—Gladys Bartol, Traunik, Mich.

#### BEAUTIFUL SNPJ FILMS

Dear Editor:—In March, SNPJ President Cainkar showed some very interesting and educational films from Slovenia at the Moon Run Slovene hall. Bro. Cainkar also delivered a speech in Slovene and English telling the purpose of the films and of the SNPJ. The talk was very interesting. Then four women of the SNPJ lodge sang "Kje je moj mili dom," after which the films were shown. These brought back the recollections of the days of the beautiful country to the ones who spent their childhood there. These films proved to us that the houses in Slovenia are nice and neat. Some children here always thought the opposite. After the first film, Dorothy Skvarcha said a poem, The SNPJ, which she did well. I sang a song, "Lipa zelenela je," and my sister said a poem, "Društva znak." After the second film I sang another song, "Prišla bo pomlad." An orchestra consisting of four Moon Run children also played between films. The pictures were interesting to young and old alike. They reminded the older folks of their homeland. The film also showed that the people came here because there was no work. There is only one large coal mine in Slovenia, while here in Pennsylvania there is a coal mine almost every three miles. The children there are just as clean as the children here. I saw the film in Imperial the week



before, and I wish I could see it again. It was very interesting to see the children sing, and we wished we could hear them, too. More next time.—**Victoria Ambrozic**, R.F.D. 5, Box 188, Crafton Branch, Pa.

#### PREPAREDNESS

Dear Editor:—I am glad I decided to write again to the M. L. I want to thank Johnny Tutra and his cousin Anna Mutach for their encouraging letters. I received an interesting letter recently from cousin Yance from Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, which is the capital of Slovenia. He wrote that troops by the thousands are being rushed to the frontiers, although the government doesn't fear an attack from Hitler in the near future. In case they are attacked, the people, he writes, along with the army of a million soldiers, will fight to the bitter end. We are peace loving people, he says, with hate toward no nation, wishing good will toward all.—**Anthony Prince**, 5436 Harrison str., Pittsburgh, Pa. (Lodge 118.)

#### MARY'S PEN PALS

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I have heard from four pen pals since my first letter appeared in the M. L. But I am asking for more pen pals, both boys and girls. Spring is here already, and I hope our Lodge 162 will have another big party soon. We usually have one every year. I am enclosing a poem, composed by one of my little girl friends, Lorena Whitlock. She is twelve years old. (Thanks for the poem.—Ed.)—**Mary Deblock**, Palisade, Colorado.

#### From Lodge 475

Dear Editor:—I enjoy reading the M. L. very much. This is my first letter to this department. I have been in the SNPJ Lodge 475 for quite a long time. I am 14 years of age and am a freshman at Washington Irving high school. On May 6, three or four small lodges are planning a dance at Mt. Clare. Music will be furnished by the Bergant Sisters of Lisbon, O. I am sure everyone will have a good time at this dance. We are inviting all members to come and bring their friends with them. The Bergant Sisters are very popular at Slovene dances. Everytime you look in the Prosveta you see their orchestra mentioned that they are going to play at this or that affair. I can hardly wait to see them and hear them play and sing. I hope I can get acquainted with many new members at this dance.—I would like to have some pen pals and I will answer any letters sent to me. And hope that someone else in West Virginia will wake up and write to the M. L.—**Lowiska Mankoch**, Route 2, Box 55, Clarksburg, W. Va.

#### SPRING IS HERE!

Dear Editor:—Spring is here again and I surely enjoy it. We are planting vegetables in our gardens and soon we'll be eating fruit from the trees. My mother's lettuce garden is very nice and the lettuce is very good, that is, when it is big enough to eat it.—As soon as the M. L. comes I sit down and start to work out the crossword puzzles and the dots on the back cover. I can hardly wait till it comes, and

when it does come, it is a pleasure. I like to read the poems and jokes in the M. L. (My mother wanted me to write this letter in Slovene, but I told her that I will some other time.)—**Mary Ostanek**, 124 Vine st., Forest City, Pa.

#### OBSERVE SNPJ's BIRTHDAY

Dear Editor:—Last month I promised I would try to write to the M. L. every month, and I intend to keep my promise. I read in the Prosveta that Mary Prelec was in the hospital in Vermont, Va. I hope she is well again. I had a part in a play which the school gave at the Parent-Teacher Association meeting. I had a long part in it, in fact, the longest in the play. My favorite sport is baseball. At school we have a basketball team. We played only a few outside games. I am in the 7th grade and Mr. Morgan is my teacher. I rank third in the class. Our Lodge 503 held a dance in celebration of the 35th anniversary of SNPJ on April 15 in Jerome. I hope Jake Strell would wake up and write to the M. L.—**Joe Tursich**, Box 37, Jenners, Pa.

#### Interesting Letters

Dear Editor:—I am a constant reader of the M. L., although, I am sorry to say, this is my first letter to this magazine. I am fifteen years of age and am a proud member of the Jolly Kansans Circle. I attend the Community High School at Arma and am taking the commercial course, besides English, literature, bookkeeping, home economics, and general business training. In the M. L., almost every month I read Olga Knapich's very interesting letters about our circle. I was pleased to see her picture in the April issue. I wish to tell the readers of the M. L. that I would like to have some pen pals. I will write more next time.—**Anna Ales**, R. R. 3, Box 810, Girard, Kansas. Lodge 92.

#### "April M. L. Even Better"

Dear Editor:—I thought I would write to the M. L. sooner, but I had too many other things to do. I was very glad to see my letter in the magazine. The March M. L. was very good, but I think that the April number is even better and more interesting. Dorothy Zagar's drawing was very nice. I have one pen pal, Gladys Bartol, but I hope to get more pen pals. When I saw so many letters in the March issue, I thought those Canadian champions would not stay champions. So come on, Canadians, write and write some more to this wonderful magazine of ours! I wish Norma Stanich was my pen pal, and many others, too. No one should think that we Canadians are lazy because there aren't many letters from Canadian members in the M. L. In my schoolwork, I got a very good percentage in my report. I can play Hawaiian guitar and sing, and I can write stories and even poetry. My hobbies are collecting movie star pictures and health pictures, health stories. Here is a little poem, called 'In the Forest': In the forest I can see, a little birdie in a tree, making music all the day while we people pass our way. Best regards to all members of the SNPJ.—**Nellie Rogel**, 231 Kathleen st., Sudbury, Ont., Canada. (Lodge 752).



*Kdor ne uboga, ga tepe nadloga*

Dragi urednik!—Veseli me, ker ste moje dopise tako lepo popravili. Sedaj sem precej zaposlen v šoli in tudi doma. Večkrat moram iti v prodajalno kupit razne stvari za kuhinjo. Ko pridem iz šole, reče mama: "Lojzek, pojdi v 'štor' in prinesi dva 'dozna' jajca." Takoj sem šel po moj bicikelj in se z njim odpeljal v prodajalno. Jajca in grocerijo sem dal v košarico, ki je pritrjena na biciklu in pognal mojega konjička proti domu. Komaj pa sem se peljal dva bloka, se je moj 'hors' pokvaril tako, da se je zvrnil, in jaz z jajci in grocerijo vred z njim. Bil sem namah oškropljen z jajci. Pristopili so hudomušni dečki in se smehljali. Jaz pa sem bil v skrbeh, kaj bodo rekli doma, kajti mama ni vedela, da sem se peljal z biciklom, ona je mislila, da sem šel peš v trgovino po jajca. Tako, vidite dečki! Kdor staršev ne uboga, ga tepe nadloga.—Pozdrav vsem bratem in uredniku!—*Louis Ferkovich*, 304 E. Oak st., Chisholm, Minn.

*Wanted—Pen Pals*

Dear Editor:—I have been intending to write to the M. L. for many months, but until now, I have not carried out my intentions. I am 14 years old and attend Willson Junior High School, which, by the way, won the basketball championship of all junior high schools in Cleveland, and I am proud to say so.

There were five in our family who belonged to the Lodge 129, SNPJ, but now there are only four since my father passed away. I have two brothers who would like to have pen pals write to them, and they will gladly answer their letters. Their names are Frank, age 16, and Edward, 12. I would like to have a few pen pals write to me, too. I'll try to keep up my spirit and write to this wonderful magazine again next month. I wish Jennie Cech of Canton, O., would write to me.—*Deanna Mahnic*, 1130 E. 68th st., Cleveland, O. (Lodge 129).

*Likes Snapshots*

Dear Editor:—I have read so many interesting letters in the M. L. recently that I decided to write, too. I'll introduce myself. I am 5 ft. 1 3/4 in. tall and weigh about 105 pounds. I have brown hair, gray-green eyes and medium complexion. I am 15 years old and a sophomore in high school. I am a member of SNPJ Lodge 220. I am asking for pen pals. I will answer promptly all letters I receive and will exchange snapshots with all. I collect songs and 'snaps' for my hobbies. Why don't other SNPJ members in Arkansas write to the M. L.? Wake up! Best luck to the editor and all members. And you pen pals fill my mail box. I promise interesting letters to all. (May Stemberger, why don't you write to me?)—*Rita Supan*, Han, Arkansas.

*Pomladno veselje*

Dragi urednik!—Tudi v tem dopisu se moram najprej zahvaliti za lepo urejen dopis v zadnji številki M. L. Približuje se nam lepa, krasna pomlad, ki je že tukaj in nas je že objela s svojim zelenjem in cvetjem. Na vrtovih bo lepo vso pomlad in vse poletje tja do pozne jeseni. Vsakdo, ki ima pri

hiši svoj vrt, ga pridno obdeluje. Tam na oni gredi v kotu rastejo rože, tu bolj na sredi solata in druga zelenjava. Vse lepo uspeva, dokler je dovolj mokro in dovolj gorko. Na sadnem drevju veselo prepevajo ptički. Ko bo ta dopis priobčen, bo že med nami prekrasen mesec maj, ki nam prinese pravo spomlad in obilo veselja. Metulji in čebele se bodo spreletavale z rože na rožo. Zato pa lahko veselo zavriskam tudi jaz, ki sem mladi vrtinar!—*Joe Rott*, 18815 Chickasaw ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

*Proud SNPJ Members*

Dear Editor:—I read the Mladinski List every month because it is so very interesting. This is my first letter to this magazine. Now that the Jolly Kansans Circle is organized and pepping up things, I will start to write also. I have four sisters and three brothers and all are members of this great organization. My mother and father have been members of the SNPJ for thirty years, and they are very proud to be members of such a fine organization. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade. I participated in the Spelling Contest and we won first place. Now I am going out for armoyball, and I wish we'd win first place in it, too. I hope to write more next time.—*Dorothy Karlinger*, Box 45, Franklin, Kansas.

*Vigred se povrne, vse ozeleni!*

Dragi urednik!—Ko to pišem—4. aprila—brije zunaj mrzel veter. Toda to nas prav nič ne plaši, kajti jutri bo morda že lep pomladni dan. Zima je za letos premagana in na vseh krajih se kažejo znaki prijazne pomladi. Drevje je začelo poganjati, v zatišju sem že videla razcveten tulipanček, ponize vijolice pa so menda že tudi pripravljene, da dvignejo svoje glave. Vijolice imam zelo rada, saj nosim celo njih ime!

Priroda se prebuja iz dolgega zimskega spanja. Vse se je veseli. Tudi ptički so začeli žvrgeti svojo pomladno pesem. Ker smo tudi mi euclidski Škrjančki njihovega rodu, bomo tudi mi zapeli vigredi v pozdrav svojo pomladno pesem 30. aprila na našem koncertu. Obenem bomo pomlad pozdravili tudi s primerno igro "Vesna." Clevelandski mladinski pevski zbori zelo lepo naredujemo. Dne 28. maja bomo namreč priredili veliki mednarodni koncert v Pittsburghu. Naši tamkajšnji rojaki nam gredo v vseh ozirih na roko in nas že težko pričakujejo. Naš prvovodja Louis Šeme se zelo trudi z nami, zato, da bo koncert uspešen.

Zadnje čase se veliko čita v Prosveti in Mladinskem Listu o mladinskih krožkih SNPJ, ki se ustanavljajo po nasebinah. Želim obilo uspeha vsem krožkom in tudi vsem čitateljem M. L.—*Violet Vagrin*, 19515 Kildeer ave., Cleveland, O.

*ENJOYS READING PAL LETTERS*

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the Pen Pal Page, but I have submitted several articles to the Circle Page before and I hope to continue as long as I remain in the juvenile department of the SNPJ.

I am sixteen years old and attend Jane Addams Vocational High school. Only girls with a certain

percentage are eligible to enter this school.—I like dancing and baseball. And I enjoy reading letters but do not like to write them often. In my spare time I like to sew and read.

In my last article I mentioned that we would join with Lodge 147, and we did. At our last circle meeting, about 40 members were present. I hope we can always have such a large attendance. We elected new officers and after the meeting we exchanged valentines and also played games. If any other circle members would like to write to me, I would appreciate it very much and would gladly answer all letters received.—Alice Popotnik, 6219 Carl ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

### SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

Dear Editor:—I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. I have a good teacher; her name is Miss Bonney. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. There are five in our family and we all belong to the SNPJ. My sister is Secretary of our Juvenile Circle No. 1, and we all attend the circle meetings regularly. We have had lots of snow last winter and big snowdrifts, but now it's springtime even in the Rockies. Every member of our family likes to read the jokes and letters in the M. L. I hope to write more often in the future.—Helen Urban, Box 31, Walsenburg, Colorado.

## JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg



Billy and Betty are sitting at their desk doing homework. Billy yawns, stretches and speaks: "Gee, this homework gets me tired. I'd much rather listen to G-Men on the radio and I had to miss that tonight."

"Well, I've only got one more problem then we can play games," said Betty.

"O. K. what'll we play?"

"Let's play M. L. riddles."

"What's M. L. riddles?"

"You know—all the stories you read in the M. L. and then see how many you remember, then you ask me and we'll see who wins."

"O. K. Gee, that'll be fun—let's start now. I've got my pencil and paper all ready."

"Here's a story in the January M. L. telling of the birthdays of great men. Who was the young Slovene poet whose life and works can be compared to that of John Keats? He died at the early age of 23 and his first name was Dragotin."

"That's easy. I guessed that one. I could also tell you that his poems were classified with Preseren's and Goethe's and that he died of tuberculosis."

"Well, here's one not so easy. It's about postage stamps. Do you know how many stamps are issued every year by the United States?"

"Oh, you can't catch me there. Don't you know my stamp collection is one of the best in our school and that stamp collecting is my hobby?"

"I bet you can't guess this one—answer true or false. Some Sequoia trees in California have reached the age of 4000 years."

"I know that too. That's in the play named 'Three Rings Tell Age and Weather.'"

"I'll say you passed the test 100%—now let's see how many things I remember."

"All right—now here's the February M. L. and the first story tells about the beginning of our Society. Do you remember what year it was organized?"

"Why, of course I do. And the month was April and the place was Chicago."

"Yes, that's correct. Here's question No. 2. You know what great President's birthday is in February, a great humanitarian and statesman who said 'and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.' Would you say that at times he also had a sense of humor judged from reading some of his life's incidents? Also who wrote 'Abe Lincoln Grows Up'?"

"I got that one—next."

"Here goes—Can you grow plants or vegetables without soil, merely by using chemicals?"

"Next question."

"All right. This is the last one. By the count in the last M. L. how many Juvenile Circles have been organized in our Society?"

"I think I got 100% also. Here's my answers you can grade."

"Yep. All perfect. But I bet next time I'll catch you on some."

"Maybe, but you see I read all the lessons in our M. L. so you'll have a hard time."

"Boy, now I feel hungry. Were's that piece of pie mom promised us? Then I guess it's time for bed and I'm pretty tired too."

"Me too—Boy this pie is swell! I like to play riddles. Let's play again soon."

(Can you answer the question of Billy and Betty? The correct answers can be found on the back cover page.)

# WHEN WE PLAY

Compiled by Ann K. Medvesek

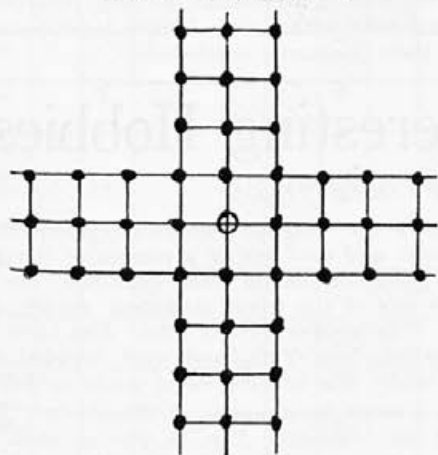


*Play is of essential social value as it develops competition, then leads to self-sacrifice and the habit of sharing.—FORBUSH.*

## The Garden Maze

The players stand in two lines of equal lengths. Ten Indian clubs are placed in front of each of the two lines to look like rows of flowers. When the signal is given the first one in each row runs through the row of flowers, passing one club at the right, and the next one at the left, and so on down the line of clubs. If one of the clubs falls down the player must stop and put the club back in place before he can continue.

## Marble Hop-Scotch



A board or heavy cardboard about ten or eleven inches square with 45 holes, 7/16-inch in diameter is needed for this game.

Forty-four marbles will be necessary. A marble is placed in each hole except the center one. (See diagram.) The player who starts the game jumps a marble to the open space in the center, taking the marble

jumped. The other players follow in turn, taking all marbles that they jump. No jumps can be made diagonally; all must be made in a straight line.

The game continues until the last move leaves the last marble in the center space. The one to make the last move, is the winner.

## Hoops

A very jolly game with hoops is "Turn-pike." For this game an open place is needed; any number of players can play, but only half of the players need hoops. Two large stones or bricks are placed side by side about six inches apart at regular intervals in a circle or along a road. Each pair of stones or bricks should be guarded by a "pike-keeper." The bowlers, who all stand in a row, start at some little distance off and drive their hoops between the bricks. If they succeed in doing this, they steer round and go through again; but should anyone miss, he takes the place of "pike-keeper" whose gate he missed, and the "pike-keeper" becomes a bowler.

## Tops

Many different games may be played with tops, among them "Pag in the Ring." A circle about three feet in diameter should be drawn. One of the players throws his top into the circle, and while it is spinning, the other players peg their tops at it. If the top gets out of the circle or stops spinning, the owner may pick it up and peg it at any of the other tops spinning in the circle.



# Introducing Book Friends

Reviewed by Betty Jartz



## What Do You Know About Snakes?

There are many tales about snakes that are not true, the following being among the most popular.

It is commonly believed that a snake will not cross a horse-hair rope. This is a "fact" that has never been proved and is held in disrepute by all herpetologists (one who studies snakes).

Then, there is the story of snakes charming birds and small animals. Birds are sometimes caught by snakes, but usually in a surprise attack, or when the bird gets too close to the snake when attempting to drive it from the neighborhood of its nest. The power of hypnotism is attributed to snakes mainly because it regards all objects with a steady gaze, or a "stony stare," however, this is only natural as it has no eyelids and therefore cannot change its expression.

Just recently I have heard a story about a snake that is supposed to suckle a cow dry. There are even snakes called "Milk Snakes," for this very reason, but it is physically impossible for a snake to milk a cow. They do visit stables and barns, but only in quest of mice or rats.

Have you heard the story of the "Hoop Snake" that puts the end of its tail in its mouth and rolls down an incline after its victims? The story goes on to the effect that should the intended victim dodge behind a tree, and the snake strike the tree with the poisonous barb on its tail, the tree will die. This story has never been scientifically proved.

One of the most popular tales is that when a snake is killed, it does not die till sundown. It is true that the tail of a snake, however badly mutilated it may be, will still move for sometime after death has claimed it for its own. This movement of the tail, when the snake is unquestionably dead, is called reflex action and occurs because the nervous system is constructed in such a way that the nerves of the tail act independently from the head.

Many people will argue that snakes lay eggs from which are hatched the young; while others argue that snakes bear living young. They are both right. Most snakes lay eggs, but there are some that bear living young.

Did you know that snake poison can be swallowed without causing any ill effects, providing that the tissues of the mouth and the stomach are in a healthy condition? The reason is that most snake venoms kill by working on the blood, while the digestive juices render the venom harmless. Snakes

themselves are not immune from their venom and yet are able to eat the prey that they have obtained by killing with their poison. They can eat their prey with impunity simply because the venom, having passed through the system of its prey, is diluted to the extent where it becomes impotent.

One hears snakes referred to as "dirty and slimy," but this is hardly fair, as snakes are one of the cleanest of clever Mother Nature's creatures. They have a hard, scaly skin which is very glossy, giving them that mistaken "slimy" appearance.

You've heard of snakes referred to as Satan, or the devil, but the Hindu and Buddhist people worship snakes as gods.

The above facts and repudiations of misleading snake tales were obtained from the book *Snakes and Their Ways*, written by C. H. Curran and Carl Kauffeld. The book contains abundant information not generally known about snakes. It defends the many common snakes as being a boon to man. It hopes to teach man that snakes should not be killed indiscriminately, as these creatures help to rid us of mice and rats. Reading this book has helped me to rid myself, somewhat, of that inherent disgust and fear with which I have been inclined to regard these creatures heretofore.

## Interesting Hobbies

### STAMP COLLECTING

Recently the earliest American postmark was discovered, and even seeing a picture of it makes a certain philatelic feeling creep upon you. The cover itself is one of the usual stampless covers of the period. The written date is 1756. The front bears the imprint, New York, and went forward at the 9-cent rate. The address on it reads as follows:

"Col. George Washington at Winchester. To the care of Benj. Franklin, Esq., in Philadelphia."

It is a real cover few of us could ever hope to see, let alone own. The reason this letter was sent through Benjamin Franklin was possibly because in 1753, Benjamin Franklin was appointed as one of the deputy postmasters of the colonies. In that year the delivery of letters by the penny post was begun.

The letters for all the neighboring counties were sent to Philadelphia and they lay there until called for.



In 1756, the first reference rates to ocean post were noticed. Thus it would seem that the real birth of the American postal service took place in 1753 with Benjamin Franklin at the head.

We feel sure that many of the covers now resting in the collections of the stampless cover collectors show many addresses and autographs of those who were active in the handling of affairs of the colonies at that time.

What a thrill one would get if he found one of these stampless covers!

### ERROR IN AIRMAIL STAMPS BRINGS REWARD TO BUYER

A 6-cent air mail stamp, part perforated, is the latest rarity to be added to American stamp collecting. Announcement was made by the Economist Stamp Company that they had purchased full control of a lot of thirty sheets of fifty 6-cent air mail stamps each.

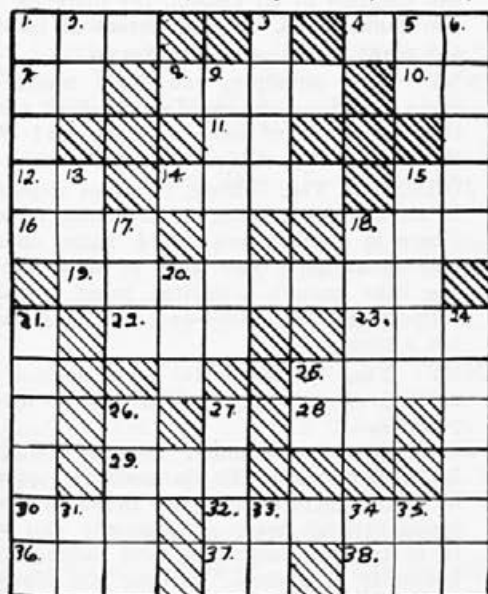
The stamps were originally purchased by Charles Demuth in the Brooklyn postoffice and are valued at \$2,500 per sheet. These sheets originally cost the purchaser, a stamp collector, \$3 each.

This is the first major error of United States air mail stamps to appear since the famed air mail inverts of 1918.

These stamps purchased in Washington at 84 cents each are today valued at \$3,000.

### CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charles La Saker, 309 Fayal Road, Eveleth, Minn.



### ACROSS

1. An insect. 4. Juice of plants. 7. Second note in musical scale. 8. Satisfactory quality. 10. Abbreviation for this magazine. 11. Post meridiem (abbr.). 12. Forenoon. 14. To enclose. 15. Grand Chancellor. 16. To confine. 18. Before. 19. To save. 22. To perceive by the eye. 23. To devour. 25. A preposition. 28. Mountain (abbr.). 29. A small insect. 30.

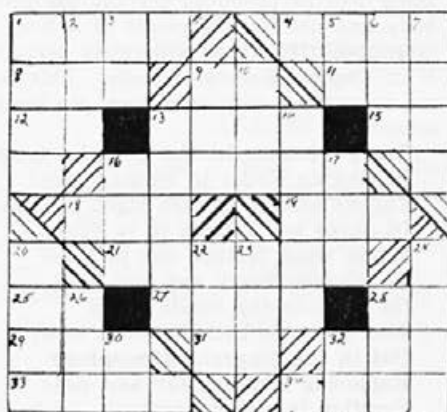
A word expressing denial or negation. 32. To secure aid of. 36. Short for Mother. 38. Code signal of distress.

### DOWN

1. Food made of grain. 2. Electrical Engineer (abbr.). 3. A certain portion or number. 5. Antemeridiem (abbr.). 6. To put something somewhere. 9. To resist. 13. A plan showing countries by earth, sea, etc. 15. Something large. 17. Mistress (abbr.). 18. An occurrence. 20. A snake-like fish. 21. Placid. 24. Acts of drinking in honor of someone. 25. Contraction for I am. 27. A single entry. 31. A conjunction. 33. Scottish "No." 34. Island (abbr.). 35. Correlative with as.

### ORIGINAL CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Submitted by Frank Zupon, 546 Forest ave.,  
Johnstown, Pa.



### ACROSS

1. Supreme, utmost reach. 4. Egg-shaped. 8. To regret or repent. 9. Company (abbr.). 11. A suffix used to form some compounds. 12. Neuter pronoun. 13. British India weight for gold and silver. 15. District Attorney (abbr.). 16. To revolve on; to move round. 18. Headgear, covering for the head. 19. Metal in mineral state; metalliferous mineral. 21. A navy of a nation. 25. Court (abbr.). 27. Distance between two points. 28. Form of to be. 29. Thigh of an animal prepared for food. 31. Paid (abbr.). 32. A fruit containing a kernel enclosed by a hard shell. 33. Extreme limit (pl.). 34. Precious stones.

### DOWN

1. Southwestern state in U. S. (abbr.). 2. To cleave with a sharp instrument. 3. Myself (pronoun). 5. A group of islands (abbr.). 6. Sum up; total. 7. Soft heavy ductile bluish-grey metal. 9. A small single bed. 10. A palm leaf. 13. Whole; entire amount. 14. Reconcile; make satisfaction for. 16. Aries, in the sign of the Zodiac. 17. Before; sooner than. 20. To be in pain. 22. A wicker basket for fish. 23. Any person or animal that is fondled. 26. A shade (color) nearest to brown. 28. A loafer. 30. Doctor (abbr.). 32. New England (abbr.).

# Tree Rings Tell Age and Weather

## CAST

Mr. Johnson, young, energetic, congenial

Johnny, bright and very interested

(Continued)

JOHNNY: If that serving of trees to man were only collectively controlled and collectively owned!

MR. JOHNSON: Yes, indeed! The progress of collective ownership is very slow because the forces now in control for private benefit are very strongly entrenched politically and economically. But the producers of our goods are slowly awakening and in the years to come will realize more and more that their salvation is in their own hands and everything will be produced for the use of everybody and not for the profit of a few. Then trees, beautiful trees will really serve man!

JOHNNY: There is beauty in trees. This reminds me of another childhood poem we learned in school:

There's beauty in the graceful trees—  
In singing birds; in buzzing bees;  
There's beauty in each sight and sound  
In parks and forests to be found—  
Enjoy what Nature has to give!  
To gladden every day you live!  
Go out into the woods today  
And down the little by-paths stray,  
Out in the fragrant atmosphere  
Exploring beauties far and near  
Creation is a symphony—

Nature made it all for you and me!

MR. JOHNSON: Yes, we all thrill to the words and poetry of trees, and that's why we should all do our share in protecting them from their numerous enemies—from the fires, insects, diseases and—from exploitation by selfish men. The people through their government will have to do much more in the future to protect their interests in every field. All natural resources belong to the people, or they should belong to them, and not to a few private individuals who exploit them for their own personal gain, while millions of workers toil for bare existence.

JOHNNY: I hope that the day isn't far off when the people will realize that through their political power they could change the entire system of production and distribution democratically, as my father often says.

MR. JOHNSON: Yes, that's the word: democratically . . . The main trouble with the people is that they are very slow to think. If they would only start to think, then more than half of the entire problem would be solved. But we must go back to trees . . .

JOHNNY: That's right; we've gone away from our subject, but I think these discussions are important.

MR. JOHNSON: Of course they are, but each one requires much time by itself if we are determined to discuss it clearly.

JOHNNY: Well, thank you for another most interesting talk. I don't know which programs I like best—the ones on plants, like today's—or the ones on animals, like last week's.

MR. JOHNSON: You have heard that there is no difference between plants and animals, didn't you?

JOHNNY: I have, but the whole thing is rather puzzling to me. I would like to know more about it.

MR. JOHNSON: After all, there is no real distinction yet suggested by anyone wherein plants and animals differ, that can be used as a true distinction all the way down the scale of life.

JOHNNY: No difference between plants and animals? But there must be some difference in some respects.

MR. JOHNSON: But there isn't. In other words, I mean that there is no characteristic you can mention in an animal, for instance, that you cannot find, to some extent at least, in the plant world—and vice versa.

JOHNNY: But certainly, you don't mean that there is nothing one could name about a plant that isn't true of some animals, too? Why, that's hardly possible—it's unbelievable.

MR. JOHNSON: Yes, Johnny, it seems impossible to an average person, nevertheless, it is so. There is nothing you could name about a plant that isn't true also of some animal. We have enough scientific proof which is supporting this fact—and this is a fact—not a theory.

JOHNNY: Yes, it's wonderful how science aids us in proving things which seem to us impossible.

MR. JOHNSON: Yes, Johnny. Science is built on facts. Every scientific statement is supported by actual facts as they are found in laboratories through many experiments and tests. It is through education and science that humanity progresses. Science and education are the arch enemies of superstition and religious dogmas which are based on fear and ignorance. Science seeks the truth—superstition and religious dogmas are constantly at work to suppress the truth.

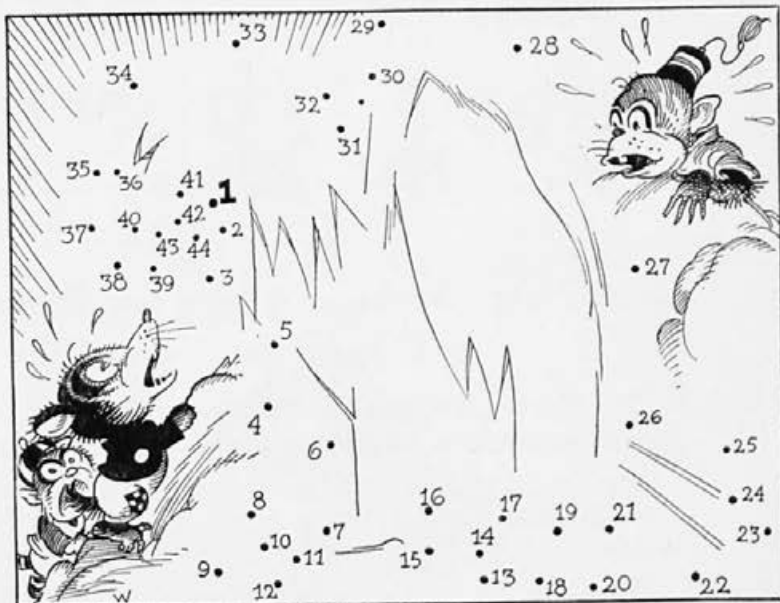
JOHNNY: Yes, that's why it is so hard for the people in general to understand things which could be helpful to them.

(To be concluded.)

## "DIZZIE DOTS"

### YOU COMPLETE THE PICTURE

A mountain climb is a dandy thing if you don't run into unexpected surprises . . . Let's draw a line from dot to dot and try to decide if THIS is a pleasant one.



### ANSWERS TO PUZZLE of Charles La Saker, Eveleth, Minn.

#### ACROSS

1. Bee. 4. Sap. 7. Re. 8. Good. 10. M. L. 11. P. M. 12. A. M. 14. Open. 15. Grand Chancellor. 16. Dam. 18. Ere. 19. Preserve. 22. See. 23. Eat. 25. Into. 28. Mt. 29. Ant. 30. Not. 32. Enlist. 36. Ere. 37. Ma. 38. SOS.

#### DOWN

1. Bread. 2. E E. 3. Some. 5. A. M. 6. Place. 9. Oppose. 13. Map. 15. Great. 17. Mrs. 18. Event. 20. Eel. 21. Serene. 24. Toasts. 25. I'm. 27. Item. 31. Or. 33. Na. 34. Is. 35. So.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLE of Frank Zupon, Johnstown, Pa.

#### ACROSS

1. Acme. 4. Oval. 8. Rue. 9. Co. 11. Ide. 12. It. 13. Tola. 15. D A. 16. Rotate. 18. Hat. 19. Ore. 21. Marine. 25. Ct. 27. Line. 28. Be. 29. Ham. 31. Pd. 32. Nut. 33. Ends. 34. Gems.

#### DOWN

1. Ariz. 2. Cut. 3. Me. 5. V. I. 6. Add. 7. Lead. 9. Cot. 10. Ola. 13. Total. 14. Atone. 16. Ram. 17. Ere. 20. Ache. 22. Rip. 23. Ind. 24. Pets. 26. Tan. 28. Bum. 30. Md. 32. N. E.

### WHO MAKES BUBBLES?

Here's a good way to blow bubbles without any bubble pipe or soap suds. Just take an empty spool, a cake of toilet soap (laundry soap is not so good), and a little saucer of soft water. Dip one end of the spool into the water, then rub it over the cake of soap. When there is a film over the hole, blow very gently into the other end of the spool. It takes a lot of practice, but soon a small bubble will appear, and before long you will be able to blow bubbles as large as a football.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLE OF Boris Bruce, Chicago, Ill.

#### ACROSS

1. And. 4. Spare. 8. Sow. 11. Leo. 12. Nose. 13. Ode. 14. Sandals. 16. Bards. 18. Or. 19. Are. 20. Forest. 21. Ore. 22. Molts. 23. Cone. 25. Bird. 26. Tap. 29. Ape. 30. Best. 32. La. 33. Be. 34. Fits. 35. Guess. 37. Snails. 39. Parrot. 40. Ill. 41. Saber. 42. Matron. 44. Build. 45. Am. 46. Eye. 47. Anne. 48. Age. 49. Bed. 50. Casts. 51. S O S.

#### DOWN

1. Also. 2. Near. 3. Don. 4. Snare. 5. Pole. 6. Ass. 7. Sores. 9. Odds. 10. West. 15. Dare. 16. Bold. 17. Art. 20. Fort. 21. One. 22. Miss. 23. Cabs. 24. Open. 25. Bets. 27. Also. 28. Pastimes. 30. Bill. 31. Cured. 34. File. 35. Gables. 36. Err. 38. Aimed. 39. Paint. 41. Suns. 42. Deb. 43. Ale. 44. Baa. 45. Ago. 48. As.

### Answers to Billy and Betty questions on Just for Fun page

1. Dragotin Kette.
2. Fifteen billion stamps issued yearly in the U. S.
3. Some California Sequoia trees are 4000 years old. True.
4. SNPJ was organized April, 1904, in Chicago.
5. Pres. Lincoln's sense of humor is expressed in his speeches and writings. Carl Sandburg wrote "Abe Lincoln Grows Up."
6. Plants and vegetables can be grown without soil.
7. According to the April issue of the M. L. 17 juvenile circles have been organized.

# We Have Another Campaign

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To work—all of you!

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