

MLADINSKI LIST



A Magazine for SNPJ Juveniles

MARCH

1942

MLADINSKI LIST

JUVENILE

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(Vsebina marčeve številke)

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JUVENILE

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Skopo solnce

Katka Zupančič

*To solnce pozimsko,
kako ti skopari,
ko se po cesti
nebesni vozari.*

*Vse ulice polne
so sape strupene;
na šipah cvetejo
nam rože ledene.*

*Ko pernate kepice
ptički čepijo,
ker jih od mraza
nožice bolijo.*

*Šolarjem lica
in noski goriijo,
a prste premrle
si v usta tiščijo.*

*Solnce skopuško
pa sije in sije,
a žarkom toplote
prav nič ne prilije.*

*Ah, solnčece drago,
tako si hladno,
da greti še tebe
bi treba bilo!*

Ne vem kako . . .

Vladko Kos

*Včasih, ne vem sam kako,
ugasne na ustih mi smeh
in žalost se v srce prikrade . . .*

*Tedaj si potegnem čez lice roko,
kot da zavesa na mojih očeh
bile so mi sanje in pesem in nade!*

*Zdaj se za hip mi svet zatemni,
kakor prepad, brez sna, brez luči,
in jaz se vanj slepo pomikam . . .*

*Uživam, v opoju mi srce drhti,
nejasno pa čutim, da tu ni poti,
in vem, da zaman se pomikam!*

*Preveč mi je strupa, ki v meni gori,
vedno bolj, vedno bolj, vode pa ni,
Le kupe so nove uteha . . .*

*Včasih, ne vem kako,
mislim na smrt.
Saj vendar takrat se vse neha!*

Nekoč je živel...

Nekoč je živel v daljnji Jutrovi deželi ob Evfratu ubožen ribič z imenom Aki. Ob vodi mu je stala samotna koča, v kateri je ležala njegova bolna mati z imenom Hatasu, v vodi pa se mu je vsakdanji kruh veselil belega dne. Uganili ste, da so bile to ribe, s katerimi je preživel sebe in mater.

Dogodilo se je, ne boste mi verjeli, da je pridrl iz divjih elamitskih pokrajin sam Raks na čelu svojih trum, s katerimi je premagal vojsko za vojsko. Ob večeru je stal ob bregovih Evfrata ter je zaukazal, razpeti šotore, da se mu vojska čez noč odpočije in krene ob zori naprej proti rodovitnim amoritskim deželam.

Ko mu služabniki razprostrejo šotor, se zlekne na pisano preprogo, da bi zaspal. Toda nocoj ne more spati.

"Zahotelo se mi je, da bi slišal zgodbo, ki nima konca. Pripoveduj mi jo!"

Tako zaukaže služabniku.

Služabnik mu pripoveduje dolgo, dolgo, dolgo zgodbo, toda brez konca le ni in naenkrat se mu beseda pretrga. Tedaj dvigne mogočni Raks svoj meč in mu odseka glavo.

Strah in trepet gre po šotorih. Na vse strani se razprše sli, da razglasijo, kaj si je zazelel mogočni Raks, zlató sonce z elamitskih višav.

Pa pride glasnik tudi do Akijeve koče.

"Vodi me k tvojemu gospodarju!" pravi Aki. Stara Hatasu zajoče.

V šotoru najdeta Raksu vsega v oblasti jeze in temnih misli. Aki stopi pred njega, se prikloni do tal ter pravi:

"Želel si slišati večno zgodbo, o Raks, zlato sonce z elamitskih višav! Kako naj ima sonce, ki je večno, dopadajenje nad minljivimi stvarmi? Glej, povedal ti bom zgodbo, ki res nima konca!"

"Če me prevariš, si ob glavo," pravi Raks ter ukaže ribiču, naj mu sede k nogam.

"Majcena, čisto majcena ribica je zaplaval po vodi," začne Aki svojo pripoved. "Toda čim se zgane, se požene za njo nekoliko večja ribica, ki jo požre. Sedaj zaplaval po vodi nekoliko večja ribica, toda za njo se požene velika riba in jo požre. Nato zaplaval po vodi velika riba, a tudi to požre še večja riba. Sedaj zaplaval po vodi prav ista večja riba. Toda čim se zgane, se požene za njo orjaška riba in jo požre."

Mogočni Raks posluša Akijevo zgodbo. Ali se ne bo nit pretrgala? Kdo naj pogubi orjaško ribo?"

"Tedaj pa," nadaljuje Aki, "se je majceni, čisto majceni ribici v trebuhu nekoliko večje ribice naenkrat zahotelo, da je pomigala z repom. In glej, večjo ribico, ki je bila v trebuhu velike ribe, na mah popadejo toliki krči, da se začne zvijati. Tisti hip popadejo krči veliko ribo, ki je bila v trebuhu večje ribe, da se začne tudi ona zvijati. Prav tedaj začuti krče večja riba v trebuhu orjaške ribe in se začne zvijati. Naenkrat se zvije v obupni krčih orjaška riba sama."

Raksu se čelo stemni. Kaj bo sedaj? Ali pozvame:

"In glej, orjaška riba se zvija dalje in dalje, a krči ne popustijo. Kaj je hotela? Začne se daviti in izdavi iz sebe večjo ribo, potem ji odleže. Sedaj se zvija in davi večja riba, dokler ne izdavi iz sebe velike ribe, potem ji odleže. Tedaj se zvija in davi velika riba, dokler ne izdavi iz sebe nekoliko večje ribice, in končno se davi še ta, dokler ne izdavi iz sebe majcene, čisto majcene ribice, potem ji odleže."

"To je konec?" vpraša temni Raks.

"Ne, narobe," odvrne Aki. "Ko je bila majcena, čisto majcena ribica svobodna, je zopet zaplaval po vodi. Toda čim se zgane, se požene za njo nekoliko večja ribica in jo..."

"Dovolj! Tvoja zgodba, o Aki, res nima konca, večno se ponavlja, kakor življenje samo..." pravi mogočni Raks in se zamisli.

"Samo to mi še povej," povzame čez hip, "kaj bi bilo, če bi ena izmed teh ribic ali rib naenkrat omagala in padla?"

"Tudi to se je zgodilo," odvrne Aki, "toda glej čudo, čim je omagala ena, je stopila druga na njeno mesto."

Mogočnemu Raksu se temno čelo le še bolj zmrača. Ko se sredi noči prebudi iz misli kakor iz sna, poišče s pogledom Akija, ki mu sedi pri nogah, in ga vpraša:

"Resnično je vse, kar razodeva tvoja zgodba. Le to mi povej, zakaj sta potrebna ta večni boj in trpljenje? Mar sta komu v korist?"

Aki odgovori:

"Zakaj? Vidiš, to je najbolj čudno pri vsej zgodbi. Zakaj? Tudi jaz se vprašujem tako. Toda odgovora ne vem, samo zgodbo znam."

Mogočni Raks se je pogreznil v svoje misli. Ko se je zjutraj ob zori predramil iz njih, je stopil z bregov Evfrata k mrzli vodi in se umil. Potem je ukazal svojim trumam, naj podero šotore in se dvignejo na pot. Odvedel jih je, ne boste mi verjeli, ne nad rodovitne amoritske dežele, ampak nazaj med divje Elamite.

In kaj je bilo z ubogim ribičem Akijem?

Vrnil se je v svojo kočo. Ne vem, če se je vrnil z bogatimi darovi ali brez njih. Hatasu ga je z radostjo sprejela.

RIBNIŠKA STRAN

Janko Tanič

O, kako lepa je ribniška stran, posebno poleti, ko jasen je dan. So gozdi zeleni, so trate cvetoče, dekleta prezala, kaj še se ti hoče? Če dosti denarja pri sebi imaš, za vino presladko še lahko nam daš. Če pa le nazadnje ne veš kam djati, se moreš k Senjorju na hribe podati, Zato pa le hitro na ribniško stran, dokler je poletje in jasen je dan!

Bi Nikolai Vasilievich Great Men

By Louis Beniger

Nikolai Vasilievich Gogol

Nikolai Vasilievich Gogol, one of the greatest of Russian writers, was born on March 31, 1809, at Soročinski in South Russia (Ukraine), where his father was a government official. Young Nikolai received his elementary education in his home town, and in his spare time enjoyed listening to his grandfather's stories of Cossack everyday life which he later used in his literary works. He received his secondary education at the Nyežin Lyceum. It was here that he started a manuscript periodical, "Zvezda" (The Star), and wrote several pieces including a tragedy, "The Brigands."

After Gogol completed his course at Nyežin, he went to Petrograd where he tried the stage but failed. Then he became a clerk in a government office, but he soon gave it up to devote himself to writing. He published a series of stories under the title of "Evenings at a Farm Near Dikanka." In these he exploited his personal knowledge and his grandfather's stories. These sketches attracted immediate attention and introduced the young author into the select circle of writers (Puškin, Žukovsky, etc.), through whom he was appointed professor of literature and history in the university of Petrograd. However, this latter position he soon resigned for purely literary work, for it was in literature that he found his true vocation.

Meanwhile, Gogol published his "Arabesques," a collection of romantic stories. Also, at this time, his second series of Ukrainian sketches, "Mirgorod" appeared, containing among others, "Old World Proprietors," "How the Two Ivans Quarreled," and "Taras Bulba," the latter a glowing picture of Cossack struggles with the Catholic Poles and Mohammedan Tatars in the 16th century. It is an epic in poetic prose and the best historical novel of the time. The other two sketches are minute studies of the picturesque life in Ukrainian villages. "The Cloak," a description of the miseries endured by an ill-paid clerk in a government office, is another of his many novelettes, which mark his transition from the romantic to the realistic school of fiction.

In 1836, at the age of twenty-seven, Gogol wrote his celebrated comedy, "Revizor" (Inspector General) which held up to ridicule the ignorance, corruption, trickery, and arbitrariness of provincial officialdom. The play was staged the same year and achieved a full success in spite of the opposition attempted by the official classes whose malpractice it exposed. Gogol's "Revizor" is not only the greatest of Russian comedies; it is a brilliant satire of bureaucracy the world over. In fact, it ranks among the best of its kind; it is recognized as pure and universal comedy.

Five years later Gogol published his great novel, "Mertvuiye Duši" (Dead Souls), describing an adventurer who travels all over Russia in pursuance of a scheme to become an estate holder by purchasing the dead serfs (souls of the dead), who are officially counted as living until the next census is taken. The aim which Gogol had in view when writing the "Revizor" he truly attained in "Dead Souls."

Gogol is considered the founder of the Natural school, and the father of realism and the modern period of Russian literature. By temperament, imagination and intellect a true son of the steppes, Gogol's works are assured of a permanent place in the literature of the world. Most of his works were translated in a number of languages.

Nikolai Vasilievich Gogol died on March 3, 1852, at Moscow, at the age of 43.

* * *

It is interesting to know that most of Gogol's works were translated into Slovene. His "Revizor," translated by Ivan Prijatelj, was presented in Chicago by a Slovene dramatic group under the direction of Etbin Kristan some twenty-five years ago. Gogol's "Mrtve Duše" is also well known to Slovenes. And of his "Taras Bulba," Anton Aškerc, the Slovene poet, writes that "this is the most famous of Gogol's works." It is also interesting to know that in 1909, when a monument commemorating Gogol's 100th birthday was erected in Moscow, the Slovenes were also invited to participate at the ceremonies, according to Ljubljanski Zvon for 1909.

General brez vojske

Katka Zupančič



V očetove čevlje se Stanko obuče,
ob pas pa priveže leseni si meč.
Po ulici gori in doli potuje —
"Vojaki! Na vojno!" ponosno kričeč.

Zaman se napenja; vse hiše molčijo ...
In Stanko odjenja; tovarišev ni —
Nemara le njega tako se bojijo,
ker pač z generali igrati se ni.

Nazadnje ogorčen domov ropota —
za čast generalsko več ficka ne da.

"Čarobna steklenica"

Živela sta dva potepuha, Miha in Jaka. Oba sta bila debelušasta in dobrodušna, a obenem tudi prekanjeni buči. Nista marala za delo, pač pa sta oba naravnost oboževala jedačo in pijačo. Z beračenjem pa sta le redkokdaj toliko zbrala, da jima je zadostovalo za pošten prigrizek.

Ob neki priliki pa sta le nabrala pri dobrih ljudeh toliko, da je bilo za dobro kosilo in ostalo jima je še nekaj za vino.

Pri vinu je imel Jaka posebno dobre ideje. Tudi tokrat se je domislil neke zvijače, ki bi z njo lahko zaslužila lepe denarce. Povedal je to idejo svojemu tovarišu Mihi, ki je zvito in razumno prikimal. Toda ko je vino izpuhtelo, sta na vse to pozabila.

Minilo je nekaj dni od te dobre pojedine. Dobrežljivih ljudi je le malo na svetu, zato sta naša znanca Jaka in Miha kmalu začutila lakoto. Molče sta tavalja po samotni cesti. Prvi je prekinil molk Jaka rekoč: "Ti, Miha, veš kaj, strašno sem lačen!" "Misliš, da sem jaz sit?" mu prav tako žalostno odgovori tovariš. In kakor bi se nečesa spomnil, doda: "Čakaj no, kaj si mi že oni dan

dejal?" "Dobra ideja je bila to!" "To nama bo pomagalo iz zadrege," pristavi Jaka in v novem upanju sta pospešila korake. Tik pred vhodom v vas je stala samotna hiša. Po videzu je moral biti njen gospodar precej premožen. Pred to hišo se ustavita Miha in Jaka in si nekaj tiho prišepetavata. Jaka potrka na vrata.

Znotraj se oglasi debel glas: "Naprej!"

Jaka vstopi in pozdravi: "Dober večer!" "Bog daj!" mu odgovori gospodar in ga zvedavo ogleduje. Pri hiši so ravno večerjali in gospodar ga povabi, naj prisede. Jaka se je zelo rad odzval temu vabilu.

Ko je bila večerja končana, je Jaka privlekel na dan steklenico vina in dejal: "Sedaj ga bomo pa malo spili." Ko so prinesli kozarce, je nalil vsakemu, nakar je bila steklenica prazna. Jaka jo postavi na odprto okno. Gospodar vpraša Jaka, zakaj jo je dal na okno. Jaka pa mu odgovori: "Boste že videli!"

Medtem ko je Jaka druge zabaval z raznimi kratkočasnimi zgodbicami, je steklenica kar nenkrat izginila iz okna, toda ne za dolgo. Zopet se je pojavila na oknu, toda ne več prazna, temveč polna. Miha je namreč vzel steklenico in jo napolnil. Jaka, ki je dobro pazil na steklenico, je stopil k oknu, jo vzel in nad njo mrmral neke čudne besede, ki jih nihče ni mogel razumeti. Jaka pa je mrmral samo zato, da bi lahkoverne ljudi temeljiteje prevaril. Pristopil je zopet k mizi in v brezmejno začudenje okoli sedečih vsakemu nalil poln kozarec. Vsi so ga začeli povpraševati, kaj to pomeni, Jaka jim skrivnostno pojasni, da to ni navadna steklenica, temveč čarobna steklenica.

Ko je bila steklenica zopet prazna, jo zopet postavi na okno.

Zopet jih je zamotil, da niso utegnili pogledati na okno. Čez nekaj časa vzame steklenico in jim zopet nalije.

Gospodar je bil zelo navdušen za to čarovnijo in vpraša Jaka, če mu hoče prodati to steklenico.

Jaka se je navidezno branil in se delal kakor da mu je strašno hudo za steklenico. Nazadnje se je le vdal. Gospodar mu je dal zanj 400 dinarjev.

Pove mu tudi besede, ki jih mora spregovoriti nad steklenico. Potem je odšel.

Pred hišo je čakal Miha, s katerim sta si razdelila plen.

Miha še reče: "Pa sva jih le!"

In potepuha se široko nasmejeta in odideta v noč.

NAJSTAREJŠA DREVEŠA

Nekatera drevesa dočakajo ogromno starost. Poznamo celo taka, ki so stara po več tisoč let. Nekateri libanonske cedre, ki še zdaj zelenijo, so rastle že ob času Kristusovega rojstva. Še starejše so nekatere sekvoje v Ameriki, ki merijo v višino do 100 metrov in so spodaj tako debele, da so skozi njihova debela izdolbli odprtino za pot, po kateri lahko vozi manjši avtomobil. Sekvoje, seveda mlade, imajo tudi v Mariboru v mestnem parku pred vinarsko šolo.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD

By R. McMillan

A PRELIMINARY CHAT

The other day I received a letter from a correspondent saying that "an old friend of mine, a genuine 'stalwart,' has been trying to explain to his granddaughter, aged twelve, the origin of the world, and he does not think she quite understands it. He has appealed to me to tell him of a book he can give her which would adequately impart this information. I do not feel competent to advise him as to the best book for the purpose, but would ask you kindly to confer a favor on him and myself by forwarding such a book to him direct. Please send him a book that will contain the elementary information regarding the origin of the world."

That letter set me thinking. The man referred to is a friend of mine, and I stayed at his farm with my wife before the grandchild in question was born. In fact, the marriage of her parents was about to take place at that very time; so I am interested in the girl I never saw. I am glad that a child has grown up in the family who asks questions about the world. If you care to notice it, you will find that not one-half of one per cent of our people ever ask any questions about the origin of the world. They have too much to do in regard to bread and meat to bother about how the world came to be; but it strikes me as rather shocking that there are so many people who never give a thought as to the meaning of the world. They cannot understand yesterday, and they know nothing of tomorrow. They are like sheep; all they are interested in is the grass and water for today. But this little girl asks—and her question sets me a puzzle.

I know of no simple book about the origin of the world. The only one on the subject that I am acquainted with is Edward Clodd's **Story of Creation**. I obtained that at once; but when I looked over it I saw that it was of no use for my old friend, to say nothing about the twelve-year-old girl. Edward Clodd has given a splendid account of the origin of the world; but to a man who has never studied the subject at all the book is useless. It compresses the story into 124 pages of an

R. P. A. reprint, and he gives you in that space physics, chemistry, geology, biology, astronomy, paleontology, and all the other 'ologies that are concerned in the history of the world. Certainly he gives it all as clearly as it can be given in the space, but he assumes a good deal of knowledge on the part of his readers. And what knowledge of science has the average man? He is the one who appeals to me all the time; and the picture that Essex Evans draws of him is pathetic:—

Shadows follow him everywhere;
Grim want and worry and dread are there;
For life is not on a gorgeous plan—
Far, far from it—to the average man.

What if I tried to translate some of Edward Clodd for the "average man"? What if I tried to tell the origin of the world to the men who have had nothing but want and worry and dread all their lives? Do you think there are enough readers who would care for such a story? I have an idea that a lot of people want to know something about the world, but they do not know how to get at the information; so that if I were to tell the story from the beginning, they would be grateful.

But the question arises as to my qualifications. Well, for the last thirty years or more I have been struggling for information. For five years I had a good chance as a young man, for I worked as a bookkeeper from eight in the morning until seven at night, and I was hungry for knowledge. (I could not keep books, by the way, but I was such a steady man, and swept the floor so well, that the manager forgave me for my bookkeeping faults.) I had the whole of every night and all Sunday, week after week, for study; and I devoted myself to geology and chemistry and physiology. After I had become a journalist I went to a great university, where I studied biology through the day for my pleasure, and wrote about it at night for my living. I have read Spencer and Darwin, and other great writers, and have thought and written a good deal on the subject; and I ought to be able to tell the story. Nevertheless, I hesitate to begin it, because I doubt

my ability to deal with it reverently and honestly and fairly. It is such a wonderful subject—so vast, so incomprehensible, so appalling—that I stand awed before it.

It was only during last century that men began to study geology scientifically, and all they have learned about it so far is wonderfully little. They are so small, and so helpless before the great works of nature, that the wonder to me is that they have found out as much as they have. Men are marvelous little creatures; they have weighed the sun in their balances, described the stars, and analysed the light and beauty of the rainbow, and sounded the depths of the oceans, and learned how and when the mountains were born, and the rivers were laid in their mighty beds; they have learned how the seas became salt, and what the stars are made of, and which stars are old, and which are new. They have measured the velocity of light, and they have learned of the fathomless abysses of space. They have learned so much, so very much; but when it comes to matters of time and space, and law and motion, they know so little. They say with Herbert Spencer: "The explanation of that which is explicable but brings into greater clearness the inexplicableness of that which remains behind." And that is true, for it seems that the more you know the more you realize you do not know. The only man who is fully conscious of his ignorance is the man who has learned a good deal.

Knowing all this, am I willing to tell my friend what I know, so that he may teach his granddaughter; or shall I write it for her? I feel as if I ought to tell the story; but before starting I want to make it very clear for whom I am writing. It is not for a great scholar, nor an unkind critic, but for a simple Scotch farmer's granddaughter. If I can teach her, I shall have done well; and if the wiser people sneer at my simple teachings, I shall not be troubled. I shall tell only what the wisest men say is true, and I shall tell only what I have learned from the great scholars. My own opinions you can take for what they are worth. I shall make the attempt; and if I succeed in giving one little child a wider outlook and a desire for a deeper knowledge, I shall not have worked in vain.

CHAPTER I

Our World

There was a Greek named Aristotle who lived some centuries before Christ. He said that man was a "hunter of the truth." When you asked your grandfather as to the origin of the world, I felt as if you were also a "hunter of the truth." Very few people have time to hunt for anything except the material things that perish. When you manifest a desire to know how the world began, I am filled with the desire to tell you, and the first thing I have to do is to ask if you have any idea of what the world is. Do you know how large it is? Or how pitifully small it is? Very few people know, or care; but I feel that the generation which is growing up is much more intelligent than the one that is going out. The world is never the same for two years together—no, nor for two minutes, or two seconds. It is always changing. Life is forever sweeping and flowing, never resting or pausing, but always and ever changing:—

Linked like a river

By ripples following ripples, fast or slow—

The same, yet not the same—from far-off fountain

To where its waters flow

Into the seas.

Life and the world flow on together, living their little span and then ceasing to be. But the world lives so much longer than we do that we think it is eternal, and before you can understand how brief is the time that the world will last you will have to change all your ideas about time and space, and life and death, and being and becoming. It seems odd to say this to one so young, but I am not going to "talk down" to you as if you were a baby. I am going to tell you what I know, and if you do not understand it today you will understand it tomorrow, or later still. You will never learn by clinging to simple things, so I am going to tell you, as clearly as I am able, how the world began.

(Continued.)

Heh, Heh!

Mother: "Did you give the penny to the monkey, dear?"

Joan: "Yes, mama."

Mother: "And what did the monkey do with it?"

Joan: "He gave it to his father, who played the organ."

JUST FOR FUN

By Ernestine Jugg

A NUTTY QUIZZER

If you mention the name of some kind of nut, you invariably think of a certain person or certain features. For instance, if someone said "cocoa-nut," you'd know he was referring to the head. What is the name of the nut you would use to identify the following:

1. A girl's light eyes.
2. The color of a girl's hair.
3. The girl's complexion.
4. If you're referring to a hard, tough man, you'd say he was tough as a _____ nut.

* * *

HISTORY DATES

How many of us dislike remembering history dates? Probably most of us do. Yet here are some interesting things that happened in March, quite a long time ago—

On **March 4, 1791**, Vermont (the Green Mountain Commonwealth) was the first State admitted to the Union after the original 13.

On **March 5, 1770**, the first clash occurred in Boston, Massachusetts, that later became the Revolutionary War. This clash was known as the Boston Massacre.

March 6, 1806 was the birthdate of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose poems "The Cry of the Children" and "Sonnets from the Portuguese" are familiar to all of us.

* * *

FIND THE HIDDEN WORD

This seems like a complicated problem in arithmetic, but it's quite simple after you've solved it. Be sure to follow all steps closely and you'll find the name of a game you play at school.

Start with the word **Basket**—add **bee**—subtract **ee**—add **ant**—subtract **nt**—add **leg**—subtract **eg**—add **log**—subtract **og**. Did you guess it?

* * *

SPRING

*No one told me she had come
This laughing lady with golden hair;
No one saw her enter the door
Yet I knew she was there.*

*I saw the flowers peep from their beds
And heard the bird's sweet song;
And when her gentle breath I felt,
I knew I was not wrong.*

TRICK FOR THE MONTH

Do you know how to make an egg float in a tumbler of water? Well, it's quite simple, and we'll tell you the secret. You can then try the trick on some of your friends.

Fill a glass almost $\frac{3}{4}$ full with water and drop in an egg. It will sink to the bottom. Then tell your friends you are using a magic powder which you will sprinkle in the water, but sprinkle in ordinary salt. The egg will then rise to the surface.

SONG TITLES

These are song titles of songs with which you are all familiar, but there is something wrong with each title given below. Can you supply the correct words?

"Chattanooga Motorcycle"
"Concerto in F# Major"
"Silver Hairs Among the Gray"
"The Blue Cliffs of Dover"
"Dear Dad"

* * *

HOW MANY HATS

Put on your thinking cap and try to solve this one.—In a small town of the U. S., a kindly old lady, Mrs. Jones, decided to buy hats for all the girls and women in the town that would wear them. The population of the town was 3200 and half of residents were men. Of the women $\frac{1}{4}$ of them preferred "babushkas", and half of the rest of them went bareheaded. How many hats did Mrs. Jones have to buy?

* * *

V as in VICTORY

s a V e
g I v e
a C t
s T a m p
b O n d s
e v e R y
d a Y

We have here a word-builder constructed with watch-words for Victory. See if you can find other words and make an entirely different list of words.

* * *

DEFINITIONS

Below is a list of words but the correct definition is given to only one word. Can you tell which one it is?

Swarm—A group of lions
Seige—To discontinue
Marital—Warlike
Grovel—Coal like substance
Ferret—A weasel like animal
Ibis—A goat

* * *

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE

A lady went to a grocery store and bought a pound of cottage cheese. "There's a splinter in it," she said. "What do you want for 10c, the whole cottage?" inquired the grocery man.

(Answers on back inside cover page)

Quick Thinking

Constable: "Take it easy down here; don't you see that sign, 'slow down here'?"

Motorist: "Yes, officer, but I thought it was describing the town."

Kjer je goveda kakor listja in trave . . .

Podajmo se v mislih na drugi konec sveta, v Avstralijo. Ta del sveta je skoraj tako velik kakor Evropa, je zelo redko naseljen — komaj sedem milijonov ljudi biva na njem, kajti velik del tega sveta je puščava ali pustinja. Polovica Avstralije se razprostira na vročem pasu naše zemlje in sonce tam neusmiljeno žge z neba, posebno na njenem severnem delu, kjer je tako malo dežja, da niti gozdov ni in se razprostirajo le velikanske travnate nižave, ki jih imenujejo "savane". Tam pač ni mogoče ustanavljati velikih mest, ni mogoče zemljo orati in pridelovati na njej žita in drugih koristnih rastlin, kakor je to mogoče bolj na vzhodnem delu tega dela sveta.

A vendarle koristijo tisti vroči neizmerni travniki, po katerih rastejo le posamezne drevne skupine, mnogim milijonom ljudi v velikih mestih Evrope. — Malone neobljudena dežela je namreč odlični, silovit pašnik, po katerem je mogoče pasti mnogo milijonov goveje živine! Če ima pri nas kdo devet glav v hlevu, pravimo, da je že dober kmet. Toda če seštejemo vse repe po naših vaseh, pa bomo ugotovili, da jih ni več, kakor nas je vseh skupaj kmetov, obrtnikov, otrok, hlapcev, dekel. — Tam na avstralskih pašnikih pa pride včasih po več tisoč glav goveje živine na enega posestnika. Pri nas bivamo na gosto, tam pa včasih lahko dneve dolgo jezdiš, pa ne boš srečal žive duše. Zato je bilo lahko zastoj ali pa za najnižjo ceno dobiti zemljo in oblast je bila še vesela, če se je hotel kdo naseliti tam!

Živina pa je bolj prepuščena sama sebi. Pase se, kjer se ji poljubi in potuje v velikih čredah iz kraja v kraj posameznih posestev, okrog katerih se vlečejo na stotine kilometrov daleč žične ograje. Mirno in svobodno se pasejo ogromne črede in se vznemirijo le, kadar se hudi vročini pridruži predolga suša. Tedaj živina nemirno bega preko posušenih pašnikov do vedno bolj sušičih se luž in vodnih jam. In gorje, če ne pride dež v pravem času! Tedaj se grudijo pred pastirji cele črede v smrt. K sreči se to zgodi le po redko. Večinoma vlada na teh silnih pašnikih veliko zadovoljstvo, kajti silne črede so pravo bogastvo in posestniki so premožni ljudje. A to bogastvo ne izvira od mleka in sirarskih izdelkov, kajti v teh oddaljenih krajih goje živino le zato, da jo po večini živo prodajo velikim prekupcem, ki jo odpeljejo drugam.

Posestnik velikih avstralskih pašnikov si postavi svoje bivališče navadno kje sredi svojega posestva, kjer so kake večje skupine dreves in kjer je v bližini rečica ali vsaj kaka kotlina, v kateri voda izvira ali pa se po nalih v deževni dobi zbira v večji množini. Kajpada si izvirajo tudi vodnjake, da imajo kolikor mogoče dobro vodo pri roki za življenje ljudi, saj jim je voda najvažnejša pijača poleg neobhodno potrebnega čaja.

Hiše teh posestnikov so drugačne od naših kmetijskih hiš! Zaradi vročine stoji na kolih, da more veter pihati pod njo in jo hladiti v suhem, vro-

čem času, v deževni dobi pa je varna pred veliko vlago. V sredini je običajno poleg spalnice samo en velik prostor — v katerem je vse obenem — kuhinja, jedilnica in soba. Okna pa morajo imeti zamrežena s finimi mrežicami, da nevarni komarji — moskiti — ki prenašajo mrzlico, ne morejo ponoči v stanovanje. Okoli in okoli hiše se razprostira zelo široka streha, veranda, da daje dovolj sence ljudem, posebno malim otrokom in ženam, ki so vedno doma.

Vse priča v teh hišah o mirnem življenju, ki ga žive posebno moški, dečki, fantje in možje. Po stenah vise različne puške, kajti po divjini žive še one zanimive živali, kenguruji, ki imajo zadnji dve nogi daljši kakor prednji in ki delajo do 9 metrov dolge skoke, ko beže. Njihove kože pokrivajo tla po sobi in leže pred posteljami. Drugod vise na kavljih biči s kratkimi ročaji, a z več metrov dolgimi jermeni. Obesili so jih tja možje, ki so se ravno vrnili z dolgih pojezdov. Tja so obesili tudi ostroge z žvenketajočimi, bodičastimi kolesčki, a drugim svoje silne, širokokrajne klobuke, ki jih varujejo vročih sončnih žarkov. Drugod so stene pokrite s slikami iz raznih časopisov. Tja ne prihaja časopis vsak dan! Včasih ni poštnega sla kar po ves mesec, ker po več stotin kilometrov loči nekatere take farme od omikanega sveta.

Še nekaj besed o bičih. Včasih poka okoli farme, da bi človek mislil, da je tam bitka ali pa da streljajo lovec vse križem. Pa ne! Je to posebna spretnost in dečki se je uče, še preden znajo čitati, kajti važna je ta spretnost, ko mora posamezen človek na svojem konju obvladati cele trope živine. Z bičem znajo pokati, da grmi, z njim znajo nepokorno žival ošiniti, da zaboli, kakor da bi jo zabodel, a ravno tako zna gonjač daleč v gruči zadeti prav narahlo žival, ki ji je treba le malega opomina. In konec tega biča, svojega pustinskega žezla, zna jezdec oviti okoli noge katere koli bežeče živine. Z njim ravno tako lahko v daljavo boža, kakor kaznuje. Pri svojem nevarnem delu ga mora popolnoma obvladati; tudi ne sme biti premehkega srca, če ne, podleže ogromnim čredam!

Okoli glavnega poslopja se vrste še druge manjše stavbe. Tam je ena, v kateri so fantje, ki se morajo šele priučiti življenju na farmi in ravnanju s poldivjo živino. Drugod je jedilnica za številne živahne pastirje, ki se s svojih pojezdov vračajo vedno lačni k svojim mizam. Toda to niso naše mize, lepo izstružene in položene — to so iz tramov iztesane mize s prav takimi klopki, ob katerih po truda polnem delu z največjo slastjo uživajo ljudje, kar se postavi prednje.

Ker smo že pri jedi, moramo omeniti še, kaj na teh farmah jedo. Ker imajo živine toliko, da preskrbujejo cela mesta v Evropi z mesom, se seveda tudi sami hranijo v veliki meri z izbranimi kosi govejega mesa. Toda zalivajo ga predvsem z velikimi množinami čaja, ki ga uvažajo v te kraje iz Indije. Čaj je pri neprestani mesni hrani tudi nujno potreben za zdravo prebavo. Le

včasih znamenjajo govejo meso z ovčjim, kajti tu ni mnogo ovac, dasi jih je malo dalje proti vzhodni strani Avstralije, kjer je nekoliko bolj vlažno in gorato, ogromno! Da, okoli sto milijonov! Velik del sveta zalagajo od tam predvsem z volno! — Iz mest privražajo, pa tudi na kamelah prinašajo na posestva vkuhanu sadje, sladkorni sirup in celo konzervirano sočivje.

Kaj pa kruh? Tudi kruh pečejo na farmah; toda vsakdo si mora znati na dolgih pohodih, ko ostane tudi po več dni zunaj v divjini pri živini, narediti kruh sam! To je kar lahko narediti tudi tam zunaj na prostem. Če pastir ve, da bo šel za dalj časa zdoma, vzame s seboj tudi moko, sol, sodo in vinski kamen. Ko pride zvečer ali čez dan čas počitka, zmeša v loncu moko in navedene dodatke — a vse, kar se je učil na farmi. Testo prav dobro prenete, da ni preveč mehko. V tem, ko je pripravljalo testo in ko je to vzhajalo, je v bližini dreves zakuril močan ogenj in poskrbel, da je nastalo mnogo žerjavice, cel kup! V ta kup izkoplje globoko luknjo in v njo vlije testo, ki ga nato pokrije z žerjavico. Ti pastirji žive še bolj preprosto, kakor naši Črnogorci, ki pokrijejo testo nad žerjavico vsaj z veliko ponvijo. Toda lačnemu človeku, ki na konjih dirja ves dan za živino, tekne tudi tako pečen kruh, s katerega z nožem obreže sežgano skorjo.

Kako se pa godi razmeroma malemu številu otrok na teh daljnih posestvih? Pa z njihovimi mamicami? Za šolo je kaj malo časa. Saj je tudi ni morda v daljavi več sto kilometrov. Domači sami nauče trdoglavčke nekoliko brati in pisati in računati. Vse drugo je postranska stvar. Tam je le tisočroglava živina in njeno zdravje in prospevanje v glavi in na jeziku vseh, tudi otrok, ki se čimprej privadijo ježi na konju. Ker si morajo, posebno dečki, kmalu sami pomagati v divjini, znajo kaj kmalu nastavljeni pasti divjačini in puška jim je kmalu dobra prijateljica. Kaj hitro znajo ločiti strupene kače od neškodljivih in prav nič se ne boje, če jih zajame noč kjer koli na savanah ali v goščavi, kajti hrano si znajo priskrbeti sami, poznajo vse luže in vodne jame ter izvire in po zvezdah si znajo najti pravo smer in izračunati dnevni čas!

Večje revice so njihove mamice, ki jih je prav malo na onih farmah. Res da jim ne manjka slug in dekel, a ti so vsi drugega plemena. Kuhar je skoraj brez izjeme Kitajec, sluga in dekle pa so črnici. Četudi so pridni, se je le malo mogoče z njimi pogovarjati. Zato pa je radio nad vse priljubljena naprava v onih krajih, saj jih veže z omikanimi središči sveta in prinaša naglo kakor misel novice, navodila in zabavo in glasbo. Sedaj imajo marsikje na večjih farmah tudi oddajne postaje in po njih pokličejo tudi letalo na pomoč, če je kdo od družine nevarno zbolel. Zdravnik pride z letalom in z letalom tudi odnesejo bolnika, če mu je potreba pomoč v bolnici.

Največji in najvažnejši dan na teh farmah je dan, ko iz daljnih mest prijezdijo ali pa se pripeljejo na avtomobilih kupci. Že prej je farmar določil posebno spretno pastirje, ki jezdi na posebno vztrajnih in hitrih konjih. Pastirji so oblečeni v ozke jahalne hlače in pokriva jih klobuk

z ogromnimi krajci. Njihovo glavno orodje in orožje je bič z mnogo metrov dolgim jermenom. Njim so znani vsi kraji po velikanskem posestvu, ki sestoji iz ogromnih pašnikov in drevesnih skupin. Posebno dobro poznajo večje studence, luže in najbolj sočne pašnike. Ko torej pride čas nakupa, odjezdijo ti pastirji k čredam, ki se pasejo kdo ve kje. Pričenjajo obkroževati čredo in jo spretno siliti in gnati v gotovo smer, na kraj, kjer bo za nekaj dni imela vsa ogromna čreda dovolj vode in pašne. Seveda to ne gre kar tako lahko, ker živali niso nič kaj voljne zapustiti pašnike in hoditi po več dni. S tem je združeno za toliko glav živine mnogo truda in tudi živali zelo trpe. Posebno hudo je za vodo, ki se je po deževju nabrala v velikih lužah in kotanjah. Sonce je silno vroče in živina na dolgem pohodu si zelo želi hladilne pijače. Če bi zavohala vodo, bi predrla vse ovire in pogazila pastirje ter plnila v vodo. Toda posledice bi bile težke. Voda bi se skalila in živali bi poginjale od žeje. Zato pa že več kilometrov pred napajališči porazdele čredo v manjše skupine, ki jih ločeno ženo k vodi, da si vse živali polagoma in brez škode za druge pogase žgočo žejo.

Končno so na zbirališču. Kupci in pastirji in lastniki so na konjih. Jezdi ob skupinah živine in kupci kažejo na najlepše živali. Tedaj mora pastir na konju v največji dren in med bodeče robove. Tega bi nikdo od nas ne zmogel, že od samega strahu ne. Toda ti pastirji so neznansko pogumni in spretni in konj in jezdec se vijeta med glavami živine in ženeta pred seboj izbrane živali do posebne nakupljene skupine goveda.

Na stotine glav najizbranejših živali nastopi nato na dolgo pot! Paše je še dosti, toda voda! In zopet je treba posebne pažnje in previdnosti, da se ne zgodi nesreča. Previdno izbirajo pastirji tako pot kakor tudi studence in počivališča. Pastirji mnogo trpe tedaj, a so junaški in spretni mladenci, ki prenesejo mnogo naporov. Ko živina zvečer lepo počiva, morajo oni zaporedoma na stražo, kajti nihče ne ve, kaj bi moglo živali splašiti. Zgodilo se je že, da je med živalmi nastal poplah in so se razkropile po silni, prazni deželi in tudi največji trud ni več zbral vseh skupaj. Ta straža je težka. Na konju sede morajo budno paziti, pa če je še tako soparno in jih pikajo roji moskitov ali pa če pozimi iz ohlajene puščave brije strupeno mrzel veter. Toda vztrajajo in končno dosežejo silna mesta ob obali in velikanske klavnice. Velike ladje nato odhajajo v tuje dežele nesoč v svojem trupu na tisoče ton najboljše mesa v zmrznjenem stanju in tisoče in stotisoče ustrojnih kož. Pastirji pa na svojih iskrih konjih nastopijo zopet dolgo pot do samotne farme v notranjosti Avstralije.

Yes. They Do

"Every time I pass your house I see you sitting in the window."

"Well, someone has to look out for the family."

Courtesy brings friends, advantages and opportunities.

V KINU

Skoraj plazil sem se skozi temačen hodnik, počasi se porival ob steni, ki je bila vlažna in velike, okrogle lise so bile na njej. Pred mano je brlela rdeča luč, in v tla je bila obrnjena, na poribani pod; nisem vedel, koliko metrov je pred mano: morda samo korak ali dva, morda pa se bom še minuto plazil ob hrapavi steni, se spotikal in iskal rešnje poti, da bom prišel do rdeče žarnice, do vhoda.

Končno, prispel sem. Mladenič, drobne brke je imel pod nosom in iz las mu je kapljalo orehovo olje, mi je pretrgal karto; spotaknil sem se na pragu, toliko, da nisem padel, in bil sem v dvorani. Nizka je bila, da bi lahko z roko segel do stropa in v njej so bili sedeži, stisnjeni in brez načrta postavljeni. Vodnik me je povedel na kupljeni sedež: hodila sva, hodila mimo strmečih ljudi, se bližala platnu in končno obstala tik pod njim.

"Prosim," je dejal in se umaknil v temi. Sedel sem. Tik pod platnom sem bil; na njem se je nekaj spreminjalo in obrazi so se rezali prav vame, nato izginjali v daljavi in ozadju. Iz nič so se ustvarjali griči, hiše, sobane in oboroženi ljudje. Ozrl sem se naokoli: sama tema, le črne glave so nepremično strmele navzgor, strmele, oči gorele v začudenju in slasti, usta nehoti odprta in poteze na ustnicah so jim bile težke in trde. Platno je metalo pošastno svetlobo na te glave in dovolj mi je bilo. Pogledal sem na platno; skoraj za pet in štirideset stopinj sem moral dvigniti glavo, da sem vsaj približno mogel spoznati, kaj se premika na belem kvadratu spredaj ob steni. Prah je pokrival vso sliko in peketanje konj sem čul. Vmes pa žvižge, klice in kletvice. "Naprej, naprej! Bij, kolji, sipaj!" Ko se je razkadilo, je bila bitka v najlepšem trenutku. Cowboyi so se klali, ta je privlekel samokres, oni nož, tretji bič. Vsi na enega. Pet, šest, sedem jih je bilo. In na enega. Kar zbal sem se zanj. Ali ga bodo! Toda le on je nje. Padali so kakor snopi ob žetvi, valjali se po skalnatih tleh, se kotalili drug preko drugega in končno negibni obeležali. Tedaj je junak (brez skrbi, vreden je bil tega naslova!) stopil pred občinstvo; zdelo se mi je, da bo dahnil vame in trčil ob moj nos, tako blizu je bil.

"Servus, kolega!"

Začuden sem se ozrl: na moji desnici je sedel, poleg pa še trije, štirje. Nisem ga poznal in ne spoznal, pa tudi njegovi tovariši so mi bili tuji.

"Ali vidiš, kolega? Še Zevaccov Pardaillan, kakor se pač piše tisti, da, še niti on ni bil tak junak, heroj, ki jih pobije kar šest, sedem z enim samim zamahom! In taki bomo mi, taki! Boš videl, ko pride naš čas! Policaj, dva, magari deset, in tedaj z boksarjem v roki, in ležali bodo na tleh, boš videl! In tedaj..."

"Kdo pa si, junak," sem ga prekinil in premeril. Raztrgane hlače je imel in pisana srajca je molela iz njih. Suknjič pa, posvaljkan in poln mastnih madežev. Temno me je meril; nepravilne poteze na obrazu, posebno v tej temi, so ga delale grozovitega, in brazgotina na bradi, ki jo je

morda dobil pri kakšnem pretepu, tako v temi in z zamahom pipeca, je kazala, da verno sledi naukom, ki jih pridigujejo pri cowboyskih filmih. Sedaj se je začudil, dobro sem opazil, zakaj platno je pravkar vrglo svetel šop svetlobe v dvorano.

"Vrag s teboj, kdo pa si? Nisi naš? Čudno. Ni mogoče," je zmajal z glavo.

Prijel sem ga za besedo: "Pusti me, nisem vaš. Motiš se, motiš."

Razočaran se je obrnil od mene in čul sem, kako je s svojim tovarišem na desnici šepnil:

"Ta, da ni naš? Beži, beži. Sram ga je, da bi priznal. Hoče biti malomeščan. Tepec pa tak! Le pogledj mu v obraz in na obleko ne pozabi! Pri-segel bi, da je naš!"

Nevolja me je zgrabila v srcu. Jaz, da sem enak "typhosom" iz predmestja, njim, ki nimajo ne očeta ne matere ne strehe in ne poštene obleke, njim, ki je predstava o cowboysih vsakdanja jed, kakor za navadnega človeka kava in kruh? In njim, ki denar, ki ga naberačijo ali nakradejo, morda celo zaslužijo pri poštenem in dvomljivem poslu, ta denar zmečejo za kino in rede modre podjetnike, ki jim "servirajo" takšno primerno in okusno duševno hrano?

Razburil sem se; drugače sem spodoben človek, ki ve, kaj sme delati in kaj ne sme... Sklenil sem, da jih pustim na miru, kakor da sem sam v dvorani. Čisto sam. Nisem se ozrl na čudno družino, ki je glasno mislila in glasno izražala svoja čustva ob pogledu na živo platno. "Ti, vidiš, kako ga bo, vidiš; suni, suni, cowboy, suni, prav do kosmate duše mu ga zasadi!" je kričal nekdo blizu mene. Dva sta se borila, dva viteza, cowboya, dva tik prepada, pod njima pa skala. In prepad, globok in skoro razločiti nisi mogel dna, tako globok je bil. Dva nad prepadom. Občinstvo je žvižgalo. "Tempo, tempo, cowboy! Pazi, zadaj te hoče! Umakni se! Tako, sijajno. 'Štihni' ga, v rebra ga 'štihni'! Tempo!" Postalo je soparno; duh po potnih telesih mi je silil v sapnik; toliko da sem dihal! Zadaj so ropotali, pribijali s čevlji v prašna tla, v tesnobi in pričakovanju krčevito stiskali ročaje stolov, ki so bili motni in brez barve, obenem pa kričali, žvižgali in vzpodbujali glavnega junaka, širokoplečega cowboya, ki se je tepel za življenje in smrt s poglavarjem banditov in podzemlja. In vse nad strašnim prepadom. Herojski pogled. Še Homer bi občudoval in sam Zevacco bi prijel za pero in pisal, pisal... Končno, med navdušenim tuljenjem množice, se je zrušil sovražnik, zakotalil po tleh, obstal ob prepadu, in... Vsem je zastal dih. Bo ali ne bo? "Se boš zvrnil v brezno ali ne?" je nekdo rekel. Tedaj je zabingljalo telo v svoji nemoči v zraku in padalo, padalo, padalo... Pisana množica se je oddahnila, kakor da bi se težko breme zvalilo s hrbta tlačnih. "Prav mu je, ko pa se ne zna biksati. Ne zna se, pa ne zna. In poglavar roparjev je. Še jaz bi bil boljši. 'Fej!' je pljunil moj sosed in okolica se je prijetno hihitala. "Takšen slabič, fej; saj ne rečem, cowboy je bil pač junak, toda tako šolarsko se pustiti, ne, to pa

ne. Slabič, še jaz bi ga," je modroval dalje, ko je opazil, da so vsi prisluhnili, "obrneš se okoli njega, pa ne bo vedel, kje bo utekel, he-he!" Smeh je spremljal ta izvajanja. Tedaj sem se ozrl k njemu: bedasto se je smejal svojemu dovtipu in oči so se mu zmagoslavno svetile. Ta pa ni eden izmed navadnih izpred mestnih barak: ta je hodil v šolo, v latinske šole, saj ta dovtip je pobral iz latinskih bukvic. Morda je naredil razred ali dva, nato pa so ga "vzdignili", ali pa ni mogel več dalje v šolo zaradi revščine. Vse je mogoče. Prav vse.

Konec. Le nekaj so se še topli in konec. Zmagal je on, cowboy. Mladina je skakala v navdušenju in drug drugemu je dopovedoval, češ, vedel sem, kako ga bo "fermajzla" in vrgel v prepad, njega, roparja iz podzemlja. In sedem z enim samim zamahom. Resnično, to ni šala, sedem z enim samim zamahom. Da, kaj takega je zmogel samo cowboy. Navaden zemljan ni zmogel enakega dejanja, on lahko samo občuduje in glasno izraža svoja čustva. Toda samo v kinu; na ulici te primejo policaji in ženejo h "Grafu", češ, razgrajaj si, pijanec in še baraba povrhu, hajd h "Grafu", kjer je tvoj dom mehka postelja! Kričanje je dovoljeno samo v kinu, ob herojskih prizorih; še Cyrano de Bergerac ni delal takih junaštev in podvigov.

Težak zrak je planil vame, ko sem odhajal, zagvozdjen v množico razcapancev in ljudi drznega pogleda. Ves prepoten sem bil in srajca se me je prijemala, kakor da bi jo "prilimal". Še ves pod vtisom predstave sem bil. Cowboy, jezdec, roparji... in dvoboj nad prepadom. Puška, strel, pum, pum, pum, krogla žvižga: pum, zadetek...

"Čevelj je stopil v blato na robu ulice in bil sem na cesti. Avto je švignil mimo in curek me je poškropil. Umaknil sem se.

Tisti pobalin, ki je sedel poleg mene, me je pomenljivo pogledal in siknil:

"Servus, kolega!"

Čutil sem, da sem prebledel in jeza me je obšla. Ozrl sem se: nobenega znanih v bližini, ne krilca, nikogar. To me je nekam potolažilo in pljunil sem.

"Baraba!"

Zableščale so se svetiljke na pločniku, prekoračil sem asfalt in se umaknil predrznemu kolesarju in stopil proti domu. A v duši so se topli cowboys po prerijah, metali kopja, streljali iz zased, se umikali skozi goreče vasi, ugrabljali dekleta in mladostne žene, ubijali druge in končno še sebe, ko so uvideli, da je zaman njih borba za življenje...

Ko sva se čez štirinajst dni zopet srečala v neki temni ulici pod Kalvarijo v pozni noči, sem se sprva začudil in bilo mi je, kakor da srečam znanca.

"Servus, kolega!"

"Servus, hm, kolega! Kdaj se vidimo?"

Odzdravil sem mu. Saj spodobi se in v "Bon tonu" je pisano. In kadar sva se srečala, sem mu odzdravil; pa tudi drugim, mnogim, enakim, kakor je ta, ljudem s predrznim obrazom in raztrganimi hlačami in posvaljkanim suknjičem nisem odrekel pozdrava. Ko pa smo vsi enaki.

ZLATA URA

Stanko Pahič

Neodločno je obstal Mirko pred ograjnimi vrati. Majhna hišica je bila za njim. Okleval je, ali bi vstopil ali ne. V žepu je stiskal majhen, okrogel predmet, kot bi se ne ločil rad od njega. Zlata ura je bila. Mirku je postalo bridko, če se je spomnil nanjo. Ni ga vezal nanjo vesel spomin. Ukradel jo je bil. Zdaj ga je bilo strašno sram že ob misli na to, takrat pa je mislil čisto drugače. Zlata ura, ki jo je prav iz hiše odnesel, mu je bila zaklad, toda prehitro so jo odkrili. Saj se mu to dejanje ni dozdevalo tako strašno. Pri nogometnem klubu, kjer je bil Mirko najvnetejši igralec, je zmanjkala žoga. Nihče ni vedel, kako je izginila, le Mirko je vedel, da po njegovi krivdi. Na tistem je sklenil, da kupi novo. Namen je bil lep, imel pa je edino napako, da Mirko namreč ni imel denarja. Kje bi ga tudi bil dobil. Nazadnje pa si je le pomagal...

Koren je bil upokojen železničar in je že več let užival svoj pokoj. Zunaj v predmestju je preživljal stara leta, gospodinjala pa mu je odrasla, že ovdovela hči. Moža ji je ubilo pred kakim letom pri železniški nesreči. Ko je Koren to zvedel, jo je povabil k sebi, kajti svojo ženo je bil že pred dnem pokopal. Dobro je storil, kajti siroti, ki je bila brez vsega, je priskrbel dom, sam pa si je zagotovil mirno življenje. V največje veselje pa mu je bila vnukinja Berta. Z Mirkovim očetom sta bila prijatelja, zato je Mirko večkrat zahajal h Korenu. Ali ga je na to hišo vezal starec sam, ali pa njegova vnukinja Berta, ni bilo znano, sam pa tudi ni nobenemu povedal. Tako je nekoč opazil v predalu starinsko, toda zlato uro, ki jo je bil Koren pred več ko pol stoletjem dobil pri birmi. Bila je velike vrednosti, toda starec je bil očitno že pozabil nanjo. Mirko ni nikoli z zlemi mislimi mislil na to uro, ko pa je v klubu izginila žoga, je storil obupen sklep. Hotel jo je vzeti, nesti v prodajalno in z izkupičkom kupiti novo, lepo žogo. Nekega popoldneva je prišel k upokojencu na obisk. Bila sta sama; hči in vnukinja sta odšle na pokopališče. Lep, topel jesenski dan je bil, s starcem sta sedela na vrtu in se živahno pomenkovala, zakaj Mirko je bil zgovoren fant. Koren mu je zaupal. Proti večeru je že šlo, ko ga je starec poslal v hišo po neko malenkost. Mirko se je precej vrnil, toda bled ko stena. Koren ga je začudeno vprašal, kaj mu je. Da je padel, se je Mirko izgovoril in se kolikor mogoče hitro poslovil.

Toda ni se zgodilo, kot je pričakoval. Ni še utegnil nesti ure k zlatarju, ko jo je opazil oče. Bila mu je znana. Mirko je moral priznati svoje dejanje. Nič mu ni oče storil žalega, dejal je samo: "A tako!" Obrnil se je in pozno zvečer se je vrnil domov—pijan. Vest, da je sin tat, ga je strašno zadela. Drugi dan pa, ko je za sinovo tatvino zvedela mati, je prišla Mirku ura plačila. Oštela ga je, da je bilo veselje, nazadnje mu je velela, naj nese Korenu uro nazaj in ga poprosi odpuščanja. To je bilo najhuje. Karanja se ni (Dalje na 32. strani)

OUR SCHOOL

EDUCATION FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE

It is correctly said that the American School is a citadel of freedom, guided by teachers and pupils, each of whom is entrusted with the sacred privilege of defending the ramparts of Liberty.

It is important to know that Democracy is a form of government which originated in man's desire to be guided by reason. In the face of the great revolutionary processes now at work in the world, the thread of Democracy will weave through the history of the world, and will survive any storm.

Also, we must realize that Democracy is the strongest form of government because it is the only one which reserves to its citizens major elements of free choice. But there is a higher form of patriotism than the mention of Americanism and flag-waving—the students discover a more genuine basis for loyalty to their country after they weigh the values and privileges of American Citizenship. The students, this year more than ever emphasize American Values.

In a democracy, youth must be both ready and willing to defend their country from attack, wheth-



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



"TO THE AMERICANS WHO FOUGHT SO GAL-
LANTLY OVER PEARL HARBOR"

Drawn by **Bill Baltezar**, age 17, 1246 Short St.,
Butte, Montana. Lodge 249.

er from within or without. Love of country demands more than ever before, that pupils do their part in the national defense program by devotion to duty in the classroom, and in the extra-class activities of the school. They should build high the walls of national defense, by more concentrated thinking and more talk about true Americanism.

In a democracy, the morals of people come first. It should be the foremost aim of the students throughout the country, to have clear in their minds the goals of Democracy; what they have meant in the past, what they mean to us at the present, and what they will mean to everyone in the future.

In short, youth must be determined, with Patrick Henry, that liberty is worth defending; youth must be confident, that the power and strength we are mobilizing shall prevail; youth must be proud, that the cause in which we are enlisting is Liberty and Equality—Democracy for ourselves and for all peoples, regardless of race, color or creed.

MARY STRIMLAN, 15, lodge 386,
Box 24, Library, Pa.

OUR OWN AMERICA

We all know the hardships of our forefathers who made America what it is today. We know we are in the same trouble as our forefathers were in at the time our country won its independence. But in some ways we think now that we are very much smarter, and we live in a modern world.

America is at war. The war was forced upon our country, and we must do everything possible to help defeat the enemy. No one knows when the war will end. But if it ends this or next year, or even later, we will know that we owe it to the young men and boys in the Army and Navy and the Air Corps. It is they, along with all the peo-



WINTER LANDSCAPE

Drawn by **Alva Krizay**, Salem, O. Lodge 15,
Circle 7.

ple back home who work in the various industries, who will win the victory for us.

All of us Americans should cooperate with our boys in the armed forces. We should do our part in the defense program. In all elementary schools they are doing a fine work by selling Defense Stamps. In addition, they are knitting and sewing for the boys. We can help in many ways. We must be ready to lend a hand whenever it is needed. This is our duty. We must help our country in her time of need.

We will help best by doing our utmost for our country, now! We must buy Defense Stamps and Bonds. This is but one way to help our country win this war and smash the dictators and hatred which they spread. By doing this we will help make this world a better place to live in.

We must keep our chin up—always! Our boys who gave their lives for their country and who will yet lose their lives before the war is over, shall not have died in vain. They are fighting for a noble cause.

This is Our Own America. We are proud of our country and proud of our beloved President—Franklin D. Roosevelt. Long live our President!

FRANK ZUPANCIC Jr., 13, lodge 131,
2111 S. Harding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT MATCHES

Not long ago while working on my science assignment I came across some interesting facts about matches concerning the consumption, method of production, etc.

A match, such a little thing, but we all know about the good they give us.

It now takes approximately 840,000,000 matches

per day to supply our nation. When we take into consideration that the population of the United States is 130,000,000, this means that an average of seven matches per day for each man, woman and child is used.

It was only a little over a hundred years ago that the friction match was first used. It consisted of a short, slender piece of pine wood dipped in oil and then covered at one end with a mixture of sulphur, phosphorus, and glue. The phosphorus ignited when the match was scratched on a piece of sandpaper or another rough surface. These matches were more convenient than those of flint or steel, but were also very dangerous. The phosphorus which was poisonous caused the workers in the factories to get a terrible disease of the skin in which the bones of the face wasted away. The disease was caused by the white phosphorus. Another difficulty was that the matches ignited too



"SAILORETTE"

Drawn by **Sylvia Ravnika**, age 18, Roundup,
Montana. Lodge 700.

quickly. Something had to be done because of these difficulties.

It was discovered that when a mixture of sulphur, phosphorus and tetraphosphorus trisulphide were used the difficulties of too quick ignition and the contraction of the bone disease were eliminated.

Today the so-called safety match is coming more and more into use. These matches are made of a compound called antimony sulphide instead of the tetraphosphorus trisulphide. This compound is difficult to ignite by friction so a specially prepared surface on the sides of the match box is used to ignite the match. The surface contains ground glass and a much less dangerous form of phosphorus known as red phosphorus. With a little twist of the hand on the rough surface of a match box a flame is produced to work its magic for us. (Information obtained from Senior Science.) **VIOLET MAE MASLEK**, 17, lodge 122, 341 Park St., Aliquippa, Pa.

INDIAN ARROWHEADS

Have you ever wondered how the Indians made those neat little arrowheads for which they found many uses many, many years ago? To most white people it is a mystery, and among the present generation of Indians in this country, it is a lost art.

And yet, people who are making a study of old-time Indian life have ferreted out our certain methods by which arrowheads and many other implements of stone must have been fashioned.

On ancient Indian village sites in some of the Northern States, peculiarly rounded stones with grooves that fit the thumb and finger have been found, together with many arrowheads, axe, and spade heads, both finished, and incomplete. Whitened bones, too, worn smooth by use and rounded at the edges have been picked up. There is no doubt that the stones which fit the hand so well are hammerstones with which arrowheads and other weapons and tools were made. These whitened bones of special shape came in handy for some other part of the work.

Making arrowheads and other implements by hand was fairly simple when the knack was learned. First, a piece of flint rock of suitable



SONG of Spring

Drawn by **Violet Machek**, age 15, R. D. No. 4, McDonald, Pa. Lodge 231.

size was chosen. Then, the edges were shaped with the hammerstone, just the right amount of slanting, downward pressure being used. A deft, rotary movement made the grooves at sides and end. It took a somewhat sharper stone or piece of bone to make the wavy touches which you always see in a perfectly finished arrowhead. Quite likely a stump was used as a convenient surface on which to work.

Stone axes and spades and other tools were fashioned with the same hammerstones, and bone used for fashioned arrowheads. They could be pounded out as quickly and skilfully as the smaller implements when one had learned the proper "twist of the wrist." (Information from books as part of school work.)

VICTORIA AMBROZIC, 14, lodge 88, R.F.D. 5, Box 424, Crafton, Pa.

OUR CANDY SALE

When I was in the fifth grade and attending the Logstown School, our class wanted to take a trip to the nearby city of Pittsburgh to visit several buildings such as the Heinz Factory, Airport, etc.

We were going by bus and the price of the trip was to be \$1 per person to and fro. Many of the boys and girls wanted to go but since most of them couldn't afford to pay that much, we decided to have a sale of home made candy to help pay for the fare.



EARLY BIRD

Drawn by **Benjamin Volk**, age 16, N. Tonawanda, N. Y. Lodge 405.



ATTENTION!

Drawn by Olga Vidmar, age 15, 2225 Bott Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo. Lodge 94.

Each girl was to make some candy such as fudge, taffy, butterscotch, etc., and bring it to school the next morning. Two other girls and I were to take charge of selling the candy.

I did my best to help by making light chocolate fudge with nuts. I was a little frightened that the fudge wouldn't turn out so well, but I'm happy to say that it did turn out well.

Home made candy usually tastes swell and the candy we girls made was no exception.

We sold every single piece we made and were even asked to make more. The candy sale turned out swell and we made plenty of money and we were all able to take that trip to Pittsburgh where everyone of us had a marvelous time.

VIOLET MAE MACHEK, 17, lodge 122,
341 Park St., Aliquippa, Pa.

JUMBLED CAPITALS

1—gotnorymme; 2—nagslin; 3.—coulsbum; 4—saletahlas; 5—hixpone; 6—carsmoneat; 7—sacrnocy; 8—males; 9—molypia; 10—tatnala; 11—lacumobi; 12—higerat; 13—mondich; 14—pailmanso; 15—vedor; 16—torentn; 17—ribshargur; 18—poke-ta; 19—kaalhoom yict; 20—vender; 21—foresjenf icty; 22—satinu; 23—sed inmeos; 24—thardorf; 25—natas ef; 26—satl keal ctyi; 27—soebi; 28—abntogorue; 29—sockjan; 30—tillte kore; 31—hivlansle; 32—daimsno; 33—lahnee; 34—soobnt; 35—roncdoc;

36—napanidisoi; 37—cenenhye; 38—msrackib; 39—ncoiln; 40—tugausa; 41—peelirtomn; 42—lay-nab; 43—farnkofrt; 44—ripsfinled; 45—rovepidenc; 46—hareclonts; 47—ripere; 48—ts lapu.

ANSWERS: 1—Montgomery; 2—Lansing; 3—Columbus; 4—Tallahassee; 5—Phoenix; 6—Sacramento; 7—Carson City; 8—Salem; 9—Olympia; 10—Atlanta; 11—Columbia; 12—Raleigh; 13—Richmond; 14—Annapolis; 15—Dover; 16—Trenton; 17—Harrisburg; 18—Topeka; 19—Oklahoma City; 20—Denver; 21—Jefferson City; 22—Austin; 23—Des Moines; 24—Hartford; 25—Santa Fe; 26—Salt Lake City; 27—Boise; 28—Baton Rouge; 29—Jackson; 30—Little Rock; 31—Nashville; 32—Madison; 33—Helena; 34—Boston; 35—Concord; 36—Indianapolis; 37—Cheyenne; 38—Bismarck; 39—Lincoln; 40—Augusta; 41—Montpelier; 42—Albany; 43—Frankfort; 44—Springfield; 45—Providence; 46—Charleston; 47—Pierre; 48—St. Paul.

LOUIS NOVAK, 13, lodge 490,
9118 Burley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SOME NEW AND OLD JOKES

Mother—Johnny, you should place your hand over your mouth when you yawn.

Johnny—What! And get bit?

General—What would you do if the corporal was shot dead in battle?

Soldier—Nothing.

General—Nothing! Why not?

Soldier—Because I'm the corporal.

Voice on Stage—Romeo, Romeo, where art thou, Romeo?

Voice from Afar—I'm in the balcony—it's cheaper.

Boss—Say, you should have been here at nine o'clock!

New Employee—Why? What happened?

Beggar—Gatta quarter for a room tonight, mister?

Citizen—No.

Beggar—Gotta dime for a sandwich?

Citizen—No.

Beggar—Well, have you gotta nickle for a cup of coffee?

Citizen—No.

Beggar—Gee! You're in a heck of a fix, ain'tcha?



FAWN

Drawn by Rosie J.
Matko, age 15, Rte. 1,
Box 244, Hoquiam,
Wash. Lodge 560.

TRAFFIC TIPS and QUIPS



*A Loose Nut at the Wheel
Isn't as Bad as a Tight one!*

Kitty—Why are you reducing?
Katy—To cut down expenses.

Traveler—How much are your rooms?

Hotel Clerk—Two dollars up to seven.

Traveler—Fine! I'm leaving at six.

DOROTHY FLIAS, 13, lodge 472,
409 Virginia Ave., Oakmont, Pa.

MORE JOKES

Angry Reader—Look here, you've printed an announcement of my death in your paper.

Editor—We'll fix that up. We'll put your name in the birth column and give you a fresh start.

Recently the following testimonial was received by a patent medicine concern: "For nine years I was totally deaf and after using your ear salve for only ten days I heard from my brother in Europe."

Conductor—How old are you, little girl?

Little Girl—If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare and keep my own statistics.

One night as a messenger from the office of an evening paper was passing along the quays on the banks of the river, he heard the sound of someone struggling in the water.

"Are you drowning?" he shouted.

"I am," replied a feeble voice from the water.

"What a pity!" said the lad consolingly. "You are just too late for the last edition tonight. But cheer up; you'll have a nice paragraph all to yourself in the morning."

"What a big family you have, Mrs. Jones!" said a visitor in an English home.

"Yes'm. And the funny thing is that all the names begin with a haitch (h). There's 'Orace, 'Erbert, 'Enry, 'Ugh, 'Ubert, 'Arold, 'Arriet, and

'Etty—all but the last one we 'ad 'er named Halice."

AGNES SALOUM, 14, lodge 89,
R.D. No. 1, Bulger, Pa.

FROM MINNESOTA WAY

We all know that night falls each day but does not break. And we also all know that the day breaks each morning but does not fall. We also know that goods loaded on a ship are called a cargo. On the other hand, goods loaded on a car are called a shipment.

Teacher—You should let bygones be bygones.

Pupil—Then why do they make us learn history?

Farmer—And this is the cider press, ma'am.

Visitor—How interesting. And when do they run off the next edition?

Eskimo Child—Baw-w-w, I wanna drink.

Eskimo Mother—Be quiet, it's only six months till morning.

Sign in a restaurant: "We know it's tough to pay 65 cents for a steak, but if you pay 35 cents, it's tougher."

Customer—Listen, barber, I'll never make the train at the speed you're shaving me. Suppose you hold the razor still and I'll wiggle my face.

MARGARET SOSTARICH, 16, lodge 130,
514½ Hayes St., Eveleth, Minn.

OUR DUTY

Our duty calls, collects each day,
As we approach the month of May.
Let's hope the new year brings
Victory and happiness on his wings.

But hoping alone cannot win the war,
We must work and fight to defeat our foe
Wherever he may be, on land or sea.
Work and fight for freedom and liberty.

Let's hope that peace'll be restored,
So that people'll build not destroy.
Let democracy win, dictatorship fall,
So that peace'll come to one and all.

EDWARD MARINSEK, age (?), lodge 120,
Box 1042, Gallup, New Mexico.



Drawn by Violet Ma-
chek, age 15, R. D. No.
4, McDonald, Pa.
Lodge 231.

SCRAMBLED CITY NAMES

Here are some names of important cities. Unscramble them:

1—gursbtitph; 2—iahlpedaliph; 3—wen orky;
4—goacich; 5—nevred; 6—lasadla; 7—falofub;
8—eukewamil; 9—mondrih; 10—tanatla; 11—
teletas; 12—dowoyhlo.

ANSWERS: 1—Pittsburgh; 2—Philadelphia; 3—
New York; 4—Chicago; 5—Denver; 6—Dallas;
7—Buffalo; 8—Milwaukee; 9—Richmond; 10—
Atlanta; 11—Seattle; 12—Hollywood.

LILLIAN BRITZ, 12, lodge 232,
Box 28, Export, Pa.

OUR FLAG

Stars and Stripes forever,
Is the motto of our land,
It's been handed down thru
Every heart and hand.

This is your flag, our flag,
And also one—for me!
We will fight to protect it
From the hordes across the sea.

So stand by its side, folks.
And keep on—crying:
“Let's go, U. S. A.—
Keep her f-l-y-i-n-g!”

FLORENCE LIPAR, 17, lodge 393.
R.D. No. 1, Hyndsville, N. Y.

MARCH

March is a merry maiden.
With wind in her golden hair;
In the wind she's singing,
You can hear her everywhere.

March is a merry maiden,
Her laughter's mixed with tears;
But even 'mid rain she's happy,
With her you forget your fears.

March is a mischievous maiden,
She lists not what she says;
Pulls our hair, gives the grass a flair,
And off she is and away so fair.
VICTORIA AMBROZIC, 14, lodge 88,
R. D. S. 5, Box 424, Crafton, Pa.



A SKETCH

Drawn by **Pauline Turkovich**, age 14,
Walsenburg, Colorado.
Lodge 299.

LEARN TO DRAW

1.



2.



HERE YOU ARE BOYS AND GIRLS,
THESE LESSONS MAY HELP YOU TO
CONTRIBUTE TO THE M.L.

BEN VOLK

Drawn by **Benjamin Volk**, age 16, N. Tonawanda,
N. Y. Lodge 405.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

LILLIAN BENIGER, 14, lodge 317,
R.F.D. 1, Export, Pa.

JUST A FEW JOKES

Mother: "Margery, I'm surprised at your putting out your tongue at people."

Margery: "It's all right, mother, it was just the doctor going past."

Ill—I felt terrible today. I ate a dozen oysters last night.

Bill—Weren't they fresh?

Ill—I don't know.

....Bill—What did they look like when you opened them?

Ill—Should I have opened them?

Diz—Do you suppose it's bad luck to have a cat follow you?

Miz—That all depends on whether you're a man or a mouse.

Son—Dad, we learned at school today that the animals have a new fur every winter.

Dad—Sh! your mother is in the next room.

LILLIAN BENIGER, 14, lodge 317,
R.F.D. No. 1, Export, Pa.

RIDDLES

1. Why is a sweater like a banana peel? 2. When is a caterpillar good? 3. What should you keep after you've given it to someone? 4. Why is a caterpillar like a greedy boy? 5. What's the difference between foggy weather and a gentleman? 6. Why is a horse sympathetic? 7. Who always finds things dull? 8. To what question can you answer only "Yes"? 9. Why is a mouse like grass? 10. When is a slap like a hat? 11. Which has more legs, one boy or no boy? 12. What is bought by the yard and worn by the foot? 13. What lions live around city houses? 14. Why is a baker foolish? 15. Why is an orchestra leader a fast runner?

ANSWERS: 1. Both are easy to slip on. 2. When it turns over a new leaf. 3. Your word. 4. Both make the butter fly. 5. One is a mist and the other is a mister. 6. It stops at the sound of woe (whoa). 7. The scissors grinder. 8. That does y-e-s spell. 9. The cat'll (cattle) eat it. 10. When it's felt. 11. One boy has two legs but no boy has three. 12. Carpeting. 13. Dande-lions. 14. He sells what he kneads (needs) himself. 15. He beats time.

WILLIAM NOVAK, 11, lodge 490,
8118 Burley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

GUESS WHO?

We all know who was born on February 12 and 22 and whose birthdays we observed last month. But maybe I can catch you on these, who were also born in the second month of the year:

On the 7th day of the second month of the year in 1812 there was born at Portsea, England, a boy who grew up to be a great writer, as is shown in a biographical sketch by Louis Beniger in the Mladinski List for February. He was poor when he was little and spent many years of bitter hardships. Later, he became a reporter, and then a writer of books which helped people to understand the lives of poor children, and to help them. He wrote about David Copperfield, Tiny Tim, Little Nell, Oliver Twist, etc. Do you know his name? Of course you do—it's Charles Dickens.

A great inventor was born on the 11th day of

the second month of the year in 1947 at the little town of Milan, Ohio. His parents were poor and when he was 12, he started to make his way in the world. He became a newsboy, but his own corner of the baggage-car was also used for the experiments in chemistry which were his hobby. He made other experiments as he grew older and became a great American inventor. He gave us the phonograph, electric light bulbs, and many other useful things. Do you know his name? Most certainly—Thomas Edison.

A famous children's poet was born in Portland, Maine, on the 27th day of the 2nd month of the year in 1807. He had fine schooling and was a professor in Harvard College. He wrote Hiawatha, Village Blacksmith, Evangeline, and many others. Do you know him?—H. W. Longfellow.

In the same month on the 26th in 1846 a famous character of the old West was born in Iowa. He was the first one to ride the Pony Express with mail and served as a Union "intelligence officer" in the Civil War. He was later known to many as "Buffalo Bill." What is his name?—William Cody.

ZITA BOZANIC, 14, lodge 393,
R.D. No. 3, Worcester, N. Y.

A FEW WONDERS OF THE AIR

The air presses on our bodies at the rate of a ton to a square foot, but yet we do not feel it. It surrounds us on every side. We could not live ten minutes without it, yet we do not see it.

If air were to be taken from the interior of even our strongest structures, they would collapse like a house of cards.

The air in a room 20 feet square, 10 feet high, at a temperature of 70 degrees and fairly moist, contains 231 pounds oxygen, 61 pounds nitrogen and about three quarts of water.

The total air pressure on the floor of the room is 400 tons. Ceiling and side walls have a proportionate pressure.

Here is a list of Americans shown on our paper money bills: Washington, \$1; Jefferson, \$2; Lincoln, \$5; Hamilton, \$10; Jackson, \$20; Grant, \$50; Franklin, \$100; McKinley, \$500; Cleveland, \$1000; Madison, \$5000; Chase, \$10,000.

How countries got their names: **Mexico**, named for the Aztec war god Mexilli. **Haiti**, Indian name meaning "the mountainous country." **Honduras**, derived from the Spanish word onda (wave), because of the undulating, forest-crowned hills of the Caribbean coast. **Nicaragua**, named after an Indian chief called Nicarao or Nicaragua who was at one time powerful in the country. **Panama**, an Indian name of uncertain origin. Some scholars derive it from the words meaning "crowned with palm leaves." **Peru**, exact meaning unknown. May be corruption of an Indian word pelu (river). **El Salvador**, Spanish for savior. **Uruguay**, an Indian name that is unknown. It may come from the word uru, a small bird found in the region in great numbers. **Venezuela**, "Little Venice." The



WINTER SCENE

Drawn by **Matilda Krizay**, age 13, Salem, O.
Circle 7. Lodge 15.

houses of the Indians perched over Lake Maracaibo reminded the Spaniards of Venice.

ROSIE J. MATKO, 15, lodge 560,
Rte. 1, Box 244, Hoquiam, Wash.

THE MARCH WINDS

The March winds will blow,
All kites fly high and low.
The March winds will blow
Everywhere you'll go.
The rivers will flow
Gently down the river row,
The March winds blow.

JENNIE KOVACICH, 14, lodge 21,
1236 Bohmen St., Pueblo, Colo.

THE LAND OF LIBERTY

(Author Unknown)

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright, gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her wild storms;
Her rough, rugged rocks, that rear
Their heads in wild, fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, pleasant vales,
Her shady dells of peaceful rest.

I love her forests, dark and lone,
For there the wild bird's merry tone
I hear from morn' till night.
I love my country's beautiful name,
Those words that echo glowing flame:
"The Land of Liberty."

HELEN PETROVIC, 10, lodge 166,
R.D. 5, Box 362, Crafton, Pa.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington, D. C., the capital of the United States, occupies a territory of 69¼ sq. mi. The city is under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Congress. It is situated on the Potomac River, 100 miles above its mouth, 40 miles south by west of Baltimore, 136 miles from Philadelphia, 226 miles from New York, 1,109 miles from New Orleans and 3,118 miles from San Francisco.

The climate of the locality is mild and even, the mean average annual temperature being 55; average summer temperature 75, and average winter temperature 35 degrees. A bird's eye view of Washington discloses a forest-like area, banded from north to south, from east to west by broad thoroughfares. At frequent intervals the wealth of greenery grows compact in park formation. Dome, and spire, and turret, lift through the verdure. And within it there is the glow of gilded roof, the gleam of marble wall and the massed grays and reds of every city's usual architecture.

On a commanding height in the eastern part of the city rises its most notable and magnificent structure, the Capitol. A block away from this are two impressive buildings of white marble, de-

voted to the office use of senators and representatives, respectively. A block to the east of it is the Library of Congress. A mile to the west of the Capitol is the White House, flanked on the east by the Treasury of the United States, and on the west by the State, War and Navy buildings.

This outline sketch summarizes the essentials of the city as the heart of the Federal territory. A line flung westward across the Mall, from the Capitol to Arlington National Cemetery on the Virginia side of the Potomac, includes, besides these two points, Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial. (Taken from "The Americana Encyclopedia.")

ROSE LIPAR, 13, lodge 393,
R.D. 1, Hyndsville, New York.

WHY TOMMY HAD A ZERO

Tommy was a top average student in Science, and a pride to his Science teacher. He came from a typical family of a typical people in a typical town and went to a typical school (no offense).

He had a tough assignment in Science, a complete review of 250 questions, 50 drawings and problems to solve. Well, he knew the matter wasn't easy, and also he knew it would take a long time to do his homework.

As soon as Tommy got home his mother told him to run to the store for a few items, but if he was busy, it would wait for a minute. As he walked to the garage for his bicycle, he remembered that his handlebars needed tightening. As



TWINS

Drawn by Rosie J. Matko, age 15, Rte. 1, Box 244,
Hoquiam, Wash. Lodge 560.

he wheeled it he also noticed that the hose was lying out on the driveway, so he decided to roll it into the garage, which was helter-skelter. So he decided that he would straighten things out in the garage before his father would come home.

A good hour was spent in tidying, and Tommy came home rather late from his errand.

"Where have you been?" asked his mother; "I was beginning to worry for you." And then not waiting for an answer, she added, "Sit down and eat the corncake, while I warm the coffee." Tommy partook of a supper of hot corncake and syrup, sausages and coffee and a slice of warm, delicious cake.

"Where is Dad?" Tommy asked with his mouth full of sausages and legs entwined around the chair-legs. "He is working overtime," his mother replied. "Would you run down to the plant and take him his supper? I'm so busy." And so—Tom's homework laid unheeded on the hall table while he ran his errand. It was almost ten o'clock when he noticed it there. He did it only half-way, and then not even neatly! "Prof'll let me get by," he thought.

When his Science class came around the next day, he saw to his despair, a substitute teacher instead of his regular one. The papers were collected, marked and passed out. Tommy's heart quailed within him as he saw a large "?" on his paper. A notation read, at the foot of his paper, written in bright red ink—"Anything worth doing at all is worth doing your best. Do not make excuses. Make good!"

MARY POTISK, 14, lodge 747,
2713 S. 71st St., West Allis, Wis.

HISTORY OF MUSIC

History of music began in 600 before our era. It started in Greece and Rome where fine arts were practiced. The instruments were poor. The best singing was done in groups without harmony. The scientist, Pythagoras, finally put music on a scientific basis.

Pythagoras organized a staff, using eleven lines and also worked out a few scales. Then the lyres were tuned up. Each lyre had four strings. He said that the first four strings had to be a certain distance apart and would play only a tune of four notes.

From then on music got a foothold. Two kinds of scales came into use, minor and major. Contests in music were held. The one who blew the loudest usually was the winner. Many players died of burst blood vessels.

The next stage in music began in the church. Before this the main instruments were flutes, drums, and trumpets. In 320 A. D. the first choir was organized. It sang in unison. Minstrel singers played a large part in promoting music. They were in existence in the last half of the tenth century.

Between 1300 and 1600, a group of men called Meistersingers in Germany formed a guild or union. Every year they held voice contests, and we have them even today. Richard Wagner

wrote "Meistersingers of Nuremberg" in honor of Hans Sachs, who was the greatest meistersinger.

The first composer was Palestrina, born in 1524, who also became director of a boys' choir. In 1600, which was the beginning of opera, players and singers began to take their place. Mystery plays and miracle plays predominated. The first opera house was built in 1637 and the first composer to have his opera performed was Monteverde, an Italian.

In France at the same time Jean Lully, a cook, who also was an accomplished violinist, became director of the Paris opera. The influence of his music produced a radical change in the style of music. He wrote fifteen operas and originated the ballet for the opera. He died on March 22, 1687.

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

THE COMING OF MARCH

March brings snow and sleet,
You get sniffles and wet feet.
But don't run to the fireside,
For then, a cold you will meet.

Oh! I hate to sneeze and sneeze,
And stay in bed all day long,
Nothing to cheer me but a breeze,
Hoping to hear a melody or song.

WILLIE CRETNIK, 12, lodge 24,
R. 2, Box 425, Ft. Smith, Ark.

MARCH

Before January and February were introduced into the calendar, the Roman year had only ten months. March, named in honor of the god of Mars, was the first instead of the third month.

In the Middle Ages the year was usually reckoned as the beginning on March 25, and England did not abandon this practice until 1752. The last three days of March were once supposed to have been borrowed from April and according to an old proverb they are always stormy.

The vernal equinox falls on March 21, so the month is part winter and part spring. According to the old saying, if it comes like a lion it will go out like a lamb.

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



LIEUT.

FRANK A. KOBAL

Drawn by Eugene Skoff, age 16, 3603 S. 56th Ave., Cicero, Ill. Lodge 559.

THE TRAIL OF MARCH WINDS

The wind is singing,
The sky is white blue;
The breezes blow by me,
Saying, "How do you do."

At times I love the wind,
So I can fly my kite—
That's our pastime—wind,
We stay until the night.

Towards the end of March,
The trees all stand still;
We hear the birds in March,
There on the green hill.

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

THE MONTH OF MARCH

March that comes in like a lamb,
Sunshine bright, thruout the land.
Sometimes calm and simetimes not,
All of a sudden, then comes what?

Out of it goes just like a lion,
Snowing blizzards it's a sure sign.
March is March, it comes that way,
Spring will come and bring nice days.

MARGARET POLONCIC, 14, lodge 124,
R. R. No. 2, Union Dale, Pa.

DEFENSE BONDS

If you want to help Uncle Sam
Buy Defense Bonds today.
Every woman, child and man
Should help in this way.

You can also buy Defense Stamps
And save them up—too.

You can exchange them for a bond,
Uncle Sam will surely thank you.

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

HISTORICAL EVENTS IN MARCH

- March 1—First American Bank chartered 1780.
- March 2—Missouri Compromise Act 1820.
- March 4—U. S. Constitution went into effect 1789.
- March 5—Boston Massacre 1770.
- March 6—Massacre at Alamo 1836.
- March 7—Bell got patent for telephone 1876.
- March 8—Stamp Act passed 1765.
- March 11—Act to found Navy 1794.

**GROVER CLEVELAND**

Drawn by **Pauline Turkovich**, age 14,
Walsenburg, Colorado.
Lodge 299.

**"SWEET SIXTEEN"**

Drawn by **Mary Vidmar**,
age 15, Box 55, Coketon,
W. Va. Circle 16.

March 12—U. S. Post Office established 1789.

March 14—Cotton-gin patented 1765.

March 16—West Point Academy founded 1802.

March 22—Spring begins at 2:21 p. m.

March 24—Washington burned 1812.

March 27—Florida discovered 1513.

March 29—First settlement in Delaware 1638.

March 30—Ether first used 1842.

March 31—U. S. and Japan sign Perry Treaty 1854.

HELEN BOZANIC, 16, lodge 393,
R. D. No. 3, Worcester, N. Y.

MARCH WINDS

March winds are blowing,
As the snow keeps going,
Increasing the cold of the day,
And the animals hid away.

March winds are blowing,
And the trees are lowering.
The children run and play,
As if it had the sunshine of May.
MARGARET POLONCIC, 14, lodge 124,
R. R. No. 2, Union Dale, Pa.

SPRING WILL BE HERE

March means that spring will be here,
That glorious season of the year,
It means the snow will begin to melt,
From which water in your shoe is felt.

Spring means the birds will appear,
From them many songs will we hear,
Later we will find pussy willows,
Which all girls love and even fellows.

Yes, we all like the spring season,
For mirth there is always a reason,
Still spring will bring good cheer,
To all the people far and near.

FLORENCE ALICH, 15, lodge 111,
Box 607, Aurora, Minnesota.

**IN HAWAII**

Drawn by **Maronei Yagnich**, age 15, Flint,
Mich., Lodge 459.

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



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

SPRINGTIME ACTIVITIES

By Michael Vrhovnik, Juvenile Director



M. Vrhovnik

The season of spring, arriving on the twenty-first day of March, brings pleasant and friendly thoughts of warmer weather, of green grass and flowers, of birds singing and trees blossoming—later changing to leaves—of barefoot days, and of outdoor fun and action galore.

Of course, it is more or less understood that the early part of spring is usually too chilly for outdoor activities on a large scale, but as we get farther into the months of April and May, when the warm rays of the sun are felt more quickly, then it is that our winter plans and ideas come out of hibernation and begin to take root.

Can you picture yourself walking along with a group of Circle members through the fields or parks studying nature as you go; or out with a group of boys and girls flying kites constructed with their own hands; or playing the game of mibs or marbles as it is more commonly called; or getting out last

year's baseball, glove and bat and giving them the inspection and care necessary for use in the near future? These are spring activities. Remember? How well I know the happy days that soon will be yours to have and, later, to cherish in your memories.

Don't waste a day of spring. Arrange a program rich in health-builder ideas. If you have not yet done so, propose your ideas and suggestions at the meeting in March. Winter, you know, is almost past and it is time now to start building foundations for spring, and then around the middle of spring for summer, in summer for the autumn months, and in autumn for the winter season, again, thus completing an all year round cycle. With your minds ever to the future, there will be little danger of events passing you by for you will be busy shaping new events for the SNPJ march of time, always a step or two ahead of the present season.

HONOR MOTHER

Some time ago, we read a report in the Prosveta that Circle No. 29 of Detroit is already organizing its plans for a Mother's Day program in May. This Circle, by the way, owes its leadership to Brothers Raymond

Travnik, one of our new Supreme District Vice-Presidents, and to his assistant, Al Pernel. With these two young and aggressive youth leaders to rely upon, we can and do expect many interesting developments, relating to Circle affairs, and events, to emanate from the motor capital of the nation.

Although Mother's Day is more than two months distant, nevertheless, you are being reminded that here is an event for which every active Circle of the SNPJ should begin to make plans, for what occasion is more worthy of celebration than the day set aside in honor of your Mother and mine—everybody's Mother? Who, in almost every family, is more loved and respected than Mother? Of course, father comes in for his share of compliments and pats on the back, for after all we can't overlook the fact that he usually, is the one who earns the money that keeps the home fires burning, but it is mother who feeds us, mends our clothes, shows us the error of our ways, and does a thousand and one other things. That is why the second Sunday in May has become one of our most revered holidays. If you wish to be different, just add father to the honored guests of the day and so make it SNPJ Juvenile Circle Mother's and Father's Day program, two very important people rolled into one very important event, and in that way keep on the good side of both "pops" and "moms."

SPORTS

In the past ten years or more, sports activities have played an interesting and almost necessary role among the young members of the SNPJ, perhaps, not nearly enough among the juveniles as among the members of the adult groups. It was proposed at the last convention to expand juvenile sports on a more extensive scale and for that reason the appropriation for such activities was increased.

Fraternal sports have many good features and benefits if properly conducted. To get the most out of sports for a group, it should be the duty of those, who direct them, to try to gain as many of the good benefits as can be conveniently absorbed by the individual members. SNPJ sports should be promoted at all times for the purpose of building healthier minds and bodies, a friendlier com-

petitive spirit, a greater interest in and appreciation of fraternal organizations both as to protective and benevolent benefits, and a larger membership of the "stick-to-the-SNPJ" class.

Sports, especially in the ranks of the youngsters, can do much to fire the imagination and spirit of the membership, but the best and most lasting spirit comes from groups who are taught right from the beginning that activities of this form should be put on a self-supporting basis. A little financial aid from a national source, it is true, is needed sometimes to start the ball rolling, but after that greater effort should be made by the members, directly benefitted, to raise the necessary funds to conduct the program. We should never lose sight of the fact that the entire membership of a Circle should not be made to bear the burden, over and over again, of supporting the sports events of a minority of members without sharing in the profits in a more equitable manner.

Work and play are partners and one without the other can make life a pretty dull game. You boys and girls just remember that when you start thinking about organizing this year's program of sports activities. Your first thought should be: How can we raise funds for the equipment and other expenses without requesting a donation from the headquarters? If the local lodge has a healthy treasury to draw from, a few dollars to start with might be obtained there, but if it has little and the prospects of raising funds are not very bright, then you might turn to the national headquarters. Our advice to you is to learn to devise ways and means to earn your own way and, if possible, stay within that limit. That policy you will find in the long run, is best.



Drawn by **Dorothy Flais**, age 13, Oakmont, Pa., Lodge 472.

REPORT OF JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 21

SHARON, PA.—This is Juvenile Circle No. 21 reporting its latest activities. To begin with there was our last meeting of the old year at which we elected new officers for the coming year; the results were as follows:

Ed O'Korn, President; Jack Glavan, Vice President; Frank Zaggar, Treasurer; Emma Cvelbar, Financial Secretary; Frances Stambal, Recording Secretary. Miss Frances Novak is our Manager this year and we all really are glad to have her back with us for another year or more, we hope!

After the meeting was adjourned, we had a party. Yule gifts were exchanged, refreshments were served, and Mitzie Anzur, "our accordion friend," furnished the music for dancing. We all had a "swell" time.

On Christmas eve our Circle's Singing Club presented a program for the benefit of the Red Cross. There was a large attendance and everyone enjoyed the program. Thanks to the boys and girls that participated in the program and also to Miss Frances Novak for her help in directing it.

On January 10, the Circle sponsored a dance with balloons and snowballs as a novelty. The crowd was terrific (regardless of the icy weather) and everyone promises to attend our next affair. Let's hope they keep their promises. The next dance was scheduled for February 14, held by the SNPJ Keystoners at the SNH in Sharon. On February 1, our Singing Club went to Sygan and took part in the program for the Tenth Anniversary celebration of E. S. Federation. (More about this later.)

This is about all the news of our Circle for this time. Come on, members, attend the meetings regularly and bring in some new members. They are always welcome.

I would like to thank the Mladinski List for the check I received for an article I wrote to the ML some time ago. I was very much pleased upon receiving it. I am going to try to write more often this year, and that's one resolution I hope I won't break.

FRANCES STAMBAL, Circle 21,
1084 Sherman Ave., Sharon, Penna.

FROM JUVENILE CIRCLE NO. 16

PIERCE, W. VA.—First of all, although rather late, I want to tell everybody about Santa. He came to our town on December 24 and brought candy and oranges to the homes of all the members of the SNPJ and SSPZ lodges, which now is one big organization. Last year we had a dance at which Santa distributed candy to all the members, but I think the members get more excited when he comes to their homes.

I also want to give the report on our annual election. The officers are as follows: President, Frances Komat; Vice President, Ann Pinasky; Treasurer, Angeline Vidmar; Secretary, Helen Vidmar; Recording Secretary, Frances Bozic. The Advisers are Mary Gasser and Louis Royce. Louis Royce was a member of the former SSPZ. Ann Pinasky, our vice-president, was also a member of the SSPZ.

Our Circle was very pleased and proud when the SSPZ lodge from Pierce united with our SNPJ lodge. We hope that our future years with them will be very successful. My best wishes to everybody.

HELEN VIDMAR, Sec'y Circle 16,
Pierce, West Virginia.

ACTIVITIES OF CIRCLE NO. 31

WARREN, O.—I have been reading this magazine for many years, but this is my first letter to the M. L. My only regret is that I haven't written before. I am thirteen years of age and a student in East Junior High School.

I belong to Circle 31, in Warren, Ohio. On Nov. 15, our Circle held a dance at the Croatian Hall on Burton St. It was a big success. We all hope that the next dance that we have will be just as successful as the last one. We would like to thank Girard and Niles for making it a success.

Then on Dec. 31, our Circle had a Christmas party. Each member brought a guest. Everyone had a grand time.

Our Circle meets regularly once a month at a place designated at the previous meeting. We meet on the second Sunday of each month.—I would very much like to have a few pen pals.

FRANCES SMUKE, Circle 31,
2204 Milton Street, Warren, Ohio.

NEW OFFICERS OF CIRCLE NO. 23

UNIVERSAL, PA.—On January 2, several SNPJ juvenile members met at the Universal Slovene Hall. This marked the beginning of Circle 23. Temporary officers were chosen in order that our Circle might get started.

Our officers are: Richard Berg, president; Verna Demshar, vice president; Phyllis Bergent, secretary; Phyllis Demshar, treasurer. Meetings will be held the second Friday of each month. We sincerely hope that our Circle grows rapidly.

On Feb. 6, we had a Valentine party at the Slovene Hall. There was dancing from eight until eleven, then refreshments were served. A phonograph furnished the music. A name was chosen for our unit and a prize was given to the member who submitted the winning name.

Lois Babcock,

Secretary of Circle 18
and co-editor of "home-
made" publication
High - Lights, Milwaukee,
Wis.



All members are urged to attend the next regular monthly meeting, which will be held on Sunday, March 8, at the Slovene Hall.

PHYLLIS BERGENT, Secretary,
Universal, Pennsylvania.

CIRCLE NO. 1 REPORTING

WALSENBURG, COLO.—This is Juvenile Circle No. 1 speaking. We are broadcasting a very brief report about our last affair. It was in the form of a theater party.

On January 4, our Manager, Mr. Ed. Tomsic, treated us to a moving picture show. This was instead of having a Christmas party. We appreciate the "treat" very, very much. We wish to thank Mr. Tomsic very sincerely for his generosity.

Our monthly meetings are still proceeding as usual and I hope we will continue with our good work in the future. Our Circle meets on the third Sunday of each month at Kapusin's Hall. All members are requested to attend the next meeting on March 15.

VERNA MAE DUZENACK, Circle No. 1,
709 W. 6th St., Walsenburg, Colo.

CIRCLE "WEST VIRGINIA SNPJers"

COKETON, W. VA.—The "West Virginia SNPJers," Circle No. 16, held their regular monthly meeting on Sunday, January 11. The meeting was very well attended. At this meeting we elected the following officers for the year:

Frances Komat, President; Anna Pinosky, Vice President; Helen Vidmar, Secretary; Frances Bozic, Recording Secretary; Angeline Vidmar, Treasurer; Mary A. Gassar, Manager.

We now hold our meetings at the City Hall instead of Milkint's Hall. It is much more comfortable here. Another change made was the time. We formerly held our meetings at 9 a. m. They are now held at 3 o'clock in the afternoon on the second Sunday of each month. We hope to make our meetings more successful during the coming year.

MARY VIDMAR, Circle No. 16,
Box 55, Coketon, W. Va.

ACTIVITIES OF CIRCLE NO. 22

MIDWAY, PA.—Our "Voice of Youth" Circle No. 22 held the first meeting of the year on January 30. We elected officers at the meeting and this is the result: Steve Turkaly, president; Anne Saloum, vice-president; Donna Nagode, recording secretary; Margaret Prebeg, secretary; Bertha Kocic, treasurer.

We have sponsored many activities during the past year, the latest of which was at Universal, Pennsylvania, on December 22, where we presented our well-known comedy, "Here Comes Charlie." We have presented this play FOUR times and each time it was a big success.

I will report more about our Circle next time.

I want to thank the SNPJ for the check which I received for my contributions to the M. L. It came in handy for Christmas and I appreciate it very much.

VIOLET MACHEK, Circle 22
R. D. No. 4, McDonald, Pa.

(Continued on page 32)

Our Pen Pals Write

(Naši čitateljski pišejo)

OUR RED CROSS WORK



Drawn by

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

Dear Editor:—I guess it's about time for me to write to the Mladinski List. I haven't written to it for such a long time. I enjoy reading this fine magazine very much.

I am fifteen years old and a freshman in the Orchard Park High School. My subjects are Algebra, Social Studies, English I, and General Science. I like to draw, skii, knit and play sports of all kinds. I am a Girl Scout and proud to be one.

My homeroom teacher started to get girls to knit for the Red Cross, and there are about 33 girls wanting to help. I am knitting and enjoy knitting a sweater. Many sweaters have been finished. Best wishes to all.—Josephine Stubler, Webster Corn. Road, Orchard Park, N. Y. (Lodge 405.)

A GOOD RESOLUTION

Dear Editor:—My resolution is a little late, but I can't help it. It is to write to the ML every month, and I will not try to break that resolution because it is a good one.

My Dad has been secretary of SNPJ lodge 268 for a period of seventeen years and was again elected for the job. I don't believe there was a letter from Ely in the ML in ages. I wish the SNPJ juvenile members would at least contribute one letter to this fine magazine which they get monthly.

We have a good basketball team. One of the most interesting games was the game with Tower, with three overtimes. Finally, a sudden-death Ely sunk a field goal which won the game. I like sports very much, especially fishing, swimming, and many other outdoor sports. My hobbies are: saving stamps, football, scrapbooks, collecting autographs and gathering old coins. And now I have a new one: sending and receiving pen pal letters. I hope you pen pals would write to me, and I will answer all the letters I receive. Until next month, So long!—Stanley Kunstel (14), P. O. Box 523, Ely, Minn. (Lodge 268.)

THE ML HELPS HER

Dear Editor:—I have to apologize for not writing to the ML sooner. And I haven't even a good reason for not writing, either. I guess I was just plain lazy.

The Mladinski List is getting better every month, improving steadily. The ML copies that I saved from the past years are helping me a great deal. Every week we have to make a speech on any living things (biology). I take mine out of

the Mladinski List and I get good marks on it. In fact, that is what saves me from getting poor marks in biology. That's just what I can't get.

Well, here's hoping America wins this war, which I know it will, if the people in the United States stick together. Good luck to you all. I hope you are enjoying the new year.—**Violet Jellich**, Box 124, Marenisco, Mich. (Lodge 323.)

MY THREE HOBBIES

Dear Editor:—I am sending an original drawing, which I hope will be published in the M. L. I am in the ninth grade, and I go to West Junior High School. My homeroom teacher is Miss Wickard. I have six subjects, which are: Science, Mathematics, English, Art, Civics and Study.

I have three hobbies—drawing, collecting samples, and collecting post cards. I draw in all my spare time. I also take art lessons every Saturday at the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center. I have around one hundred and fifty samples of various things. I have just started my post-card collection; now I have only about fifty.

I would like to exchange some post cards with some post-card fans. I would also like to have some pen pals. I will answer all letters or cards. Best regards to all.—**Olga Vidmar** (age 15), 2225 Bott Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo. (Lodge 94.)

GREAT FALLS BLACKED OUT

Dear Editor:—No ML readers, I didn't break an arm or anything. I just couldn't find time to write. My mother was in the hospital and my homework kept me pretty busy. I'd better write oftener, though, because it won't be long before I'll have to quit writing to this magazine. I'll soon transfer into the Adult Dept.

Well, I hope that Santa was good to everyone. Our holidays were just what one would want. We had all the snow we wanted and just too much cold weather. We had below zero weather for a week and I'm telling you, it wasn't very pleasant. This cold weather keeps everybody happy, anyway, and that's what counts a lot. When one looks out the window he can see children making snowmen and throwing snowballs. Every once in a while a car will drive by with the bigger "kids" skiing behind it. So you can see that in Great Falls, Mont., one can have a lot of fun also.

On December 26, Great Falls had its first blackout. It was a trial blackout. Everybody knew there was going to be a blackout but nobody knew when it was going to be. At nine o'clock sharp the sirens blew and everybody turned out their lights. In five minutes one could never tell that there was a city here. The nice part of all was that everybody took the matter very seri-

ously. Nobody refused to turn out their lights and everything turned out fine. We were blacked-out for twenty minutes and all the high officials were quite proud of us. I think this is a very important thing and everyone should cooperate with their air wardens.

Before signing off I want to tell all you readers just why I sent my picture with this letter. I have so many pen pals asking me for a picture and since I do not have enough to go around, I have sent one to you altogether. I sure hope it won't spoil the M. L. too much this month. Best regards to all. I remain a proud ML reader.—**Dorothy Hovevar** (age 17), 415 33rd St. N., Great Falls, Mont. (Lodge 202.)

WILL MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME

Dear Editor:—Since school started, I didn't have much time to write. I am going to make up for it now.

We have four teachers, and they are: Miss Giogia, Mrs. Magnone, Mr. Griffith, and Mrs. Nazaros. They are very nice to me. Not to me only, but to everybody. We play basketball, too. The girls cannot play other schools, because it ruins the girls' health. Mr. Griffith is our coach. He is coach of High School, too, because Mr. Fox quit in January.

Our SNPJ lodge 381 gave a dance on Jan. 25. As I am writing this letter, I thought I might as well answer my pen pals, too. And so I did. I enjoy reading this fine magazine very much. I wish more pen pals would write. Best regards to all.—**Josephine Kosernick**, Box 199, Aguilar, Colo. (Lodge 381.)

ELEVEN SUBJECTS

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the M. L. I am eleven years old, and in the sixth grade. I have eight teachers and eleven subjects. The names of my teachers are: Miss Kozan, Mrs. Nagy, Miss Rosenbloom, Mrs. O'Leary, Miss Kasaine, Miss Locke, Miss Campbell and Miss McQuire. My subjects are: English, Spelling, Geography, Science, History, Health, Music, Art, Reading, Arithmetic, and Physical Education.

I would like to have some pen pals and will answer their letters promptly. Best regards to all.—**Katherine Dujic**, 245 Fleet St., Rankin, Pa.

THE MERGER OF SNPJ AND SSPZ

Dear Editor:—The merger of the SSPZ with the SNPJ has brought something new to us boys and girls. As a member of the former SSPZ, I have attended the December meeting of Juvenile Circle No. 11 of the SNPJ, and liked it very much. I read the M. L. at this meeting, and I met many boys and girls.

At the meeting we had a discussion on the coming annual party. There was also election of officers. Even though this was my first attendance, I was elected as an officer of the publicity committee. Therefore, it will be my duty to report the activities of our circle and other things pertaining to the SNPJ. After the meeting Johnnie Zi-



bert played the accordion while refreshments were being served.

On Dec. 21 we had our "big time" as the Kansas Federation of SNPJ lodges sponsored a yule party for our circle members. Members of our circle participated in a program lead by Miss Shular who teaches at the Mound Valley High School. About fifty members were present. The main speaker was Judge L. M. Resler from Pittsburg. Dorothy Godina and Della Loyd and Anton Shular were also on the program. Gifts were then given to all present, also refreshments were served.

Next time I will tell you about the 44 club, home guards and other clubs of which I am an active member.—**Raymond Ozebek** (age 12), Croweburg, Kans. (Lodge 434.)

FROM CLEVELAND, TEXAS

Dear Editor:—I am nine years old, and in the fourth grade at Cleveland Grammar School, in Cleveland, Texas. I never have missed being on the honor roll. My teacher's name is Miss Dorothy Marshal. I like to go to school. Best of all I like to read the Mladinski List. This is my first letter to this fine magazine.

My Daddy, Mother, Sister, and I are members of the SNPJ lodge 298. My Uncle Tony of Paonia, Colorado, is the Secretary of our Lodge. I am also enclosing a picture of myself. I hope to hear from some of the pen pals. Best regards to all.—**Lillian Frances Majnik**, Box 343, Cleveland, Texas.



OUR TWO CLUBS

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to the M. L. The subject which I am going to write about this time is about our two clubs in school.

First of all, the name of the girls' club is Molly Pitcher Daughters of the Republic, and the boys' is the Theodore Roosevelt Sons of the Republic. We have elected officers for our respective clubs. The president of the girls' club is Anna Mae Smay; vice president, Phyllis Grant; secretary, Millie Hudak; treasurer, Katy Lipitsky. The president of the boys' club is Bert Graham; 1st vice president, Henry Brent; 2nd vice president, Earl Baxter; secretary-treasurer, William Morretti.

The girls are going to learn how to sew, knit, and crochet. The boys wish to buy a jig-saw and motor which will be paid from the dues that are collected. The boys' club have had a skating party on Dec. 12 and the girls were planning to have one either in January or February. For Christmas we exchanged gifts. I received a bottle of perfume given to me by Phyllis Consolaro.

I think we shall have a good time working together. Sometimes there will be parties given by each of the clubs and everyone will have a joyful time. The purpose of these clubs is to teach us to be better citizens.—**Nellie Hwastow**, Box 40, Russellton, Pa.

FROM RUGBY, COLORADO

Dear Editor:—Here I am again writing to this fine magazine. I am writing this letter on January 12 and I hope it'll be published in the March issue.

On January 4, Manager Ed Tomsic of Circle No. 1 arranged a theater party for the juvenile members, free, at the Walsenburg Fox Theater. My sister and I were going to see the show, but to our disappointment it was a picture we had already seen.

I started back to school after our holiday vacation Jan. 2. I was very glad to return. However, it was a great surprise to find that Coach William Fox had resigned from his teaching position, to take a job at his home town in Lamar, Colo. I, for one, certainly do miss his teaching. I wish to say hello to all of my pen pals. Best regards to all.—**Rose Strovass**, Box 153, Rugby, Colo. (Lodge 299.)

FUN FOR EVERYBODY

Dear Editor:—It has been a long time since my first letter appeared in the M. L. But it won't happen again, I hope, since my resolution is to write and contribute to the ML more often. So—this is my second letter to this fine magazine.

Our band went on a "tour" January 2nd. There was fun for everybody. There was skiing, tobogganing, skating and other winter sports. It was held in McGaffee, which is about 20 miles from town. Headquarters were in a two-room cabin in the small resort. The snow was about 2½ feet high. I spent most of my time on the toboggan. We ate dinner and supper there, also.

I am enclosing a poem and several drawings, which I hope will be printed. Best regards to all.—**Edward Marinsek** (age 13), Box 1042, Gallup, N. Mex. (Lodge 120.)

IS PROUD OF HER BROTHER

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to this fine magazine. I am sorry I did not write sooner. I'll try to write every month to the M. L. I enjoy reading it.

I am 15 years old and am attending the Gilbert Senior High School. I am a sophomore in school. I have four brothers and four sisters. My mother is living but my father is dead. One of my brothers is serving Uncle Sam. Boy! am I proud of him.

My favorite sport is football. My opinion of the best team in the nation is the Minnesota Gophers. My favorite football player is Bruce Smith, who was voted best football player of the nation. I am also interested in other sports. Some of my other pastimes are dancing, skating, and bowling. I also like to attend movies.

I would like to have pen pals between the ages

of 15 and 18.* I promise to answer all the letters received promptly. I would like to hear from boys as well as girls. I belong to the SNPJ lodge 61. Best wishes.—**Helen Bozich**, Box 323, Gilbert, Minnesota.

"NICE OLD GENT"

Dear Editor:—I am sending a poem to the M. L. I wish you find it possible to publish it either in the February or March issue of the Mladinski List. Here it is. It was written in a hurry.

It is called Our Inheritance: Valentine was a nice old gent, for to all the prisons he sent tidings of all gladness, to those accustomed to sadness. He made their spirits bright, dark shadows he put to flight. Now we send letters to our dear ones, to our friends, mothers, fathers and so on. That is my poem and I hope you like it.—**Clara Canales** (12), 717 N. Holmes Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. (Lodge 105.)

FROM GARRETT, KENTUCKY

Dear Editor:—This isn't my first letter to the M. L. I wrote once before when I was about eleven years old.

I have brown hair, brown eyes, and I am 5 feet and 6 inches tall. I will soon be sixteen years old. I play all sorts of sports, such as basketball, softball, baseball, etc. The girls go for sports in a big way here in our town. I am one of the first five on the girls' basketball team. We seem to have the best team in our county. Our boys have won seven tournaments in the last four years. We have about twenty-five trophies from basketball, including both the girls' and boys'.

I belong to SNPJ lodge 437. I hope to receive letters from some pen pals and I will answer promptly.—**Florence Bukovich**, Box 4, Garrett, Kentucky.

WILL CONTINUE WRITING TO ML

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the Mladinski List. Since I found out that I may write to this fine magazine until I am 18 years old, I will try and write many more letters.

I am 16 years old, and a junior in Salem High School. I am five feet four, weigh 120 pounds, and have brown hair and eyes. I am taking a commercial course in high school and like it very much. Some of my hobbies are reading books, collecting post cards, and I like all kinds of sports.

I have been reading the letters in the Mladinski List from the pen pals, and I find that many of their schools are collecting sales tax stamps and other articles for our defense project. Our school, as yet, has not done anything like this, but we are planning a collection of paper and magazines



to raise money with which to buy a new stage curtain for our stage. We might even buy several defense bonds with the money.

I belong to SNPJ lodge 476. I was transferred into the Senior class last November. I am also a member of Circle 10 and still participate in some of their activities. Our Circle has been collecting tax stamps for quite a while and we have received a great deal of money for our treasury.

Last December 27 several of the members of our Circle attended a dance in Piney Fork, Ohio. They had a very large crowd and I think everybody had a good time. On December 30, our Circle had a Christmas and New Year's party combined. We exchanged gifts, sang, danced, and had plenty of refreshments. I hope that we may have another party similar to the last one, soon. I would like to have some pen pals, and see more letters in this magazine from Salem. Best regards to all.—**Martha Omaitis** (age 16), R. D. 1, Georgetown Rd., Salem, Ohio. (Lodge 476).

MY TWO MAIN HOBBIES

Dear Editor:—I will start off by describing myself. I have brown hair and eyes, weigh 95 pounds, and am five feet tall. I attend the McCormick School and am in grade 7A. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List, but I am sure that it is not my last.

One of my hobbies is collecting pictures of movie stars. I have about 500 of them. My favorites are Betty Grable, Linda Darnell, Richard Greene, and Stirling Hayden. Another of my hobbies is collecting picture post-cards. I have collected 50 of them.

I think the ML is a fine juvenile magazine. I believe the art work is the most enjoyable feature in it. I would enjoy having some pen pals and I promise to answer all letters. Best regards to all.—**Evelyn Terselic** (age 11), 2714 S. Homan Ave., Chicago, Ill. (Lodge 39.)

BILLY'S FOUR SUBJECTS

Dear Editor:—I am fifteen years of age, and I am in the eighth grade. I take six subjects: English, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Spelling, and Reading. I am a member of the SNPJ lodge 619, and this is my first letter to the M. L. We have coal mines out here. I wish to have some pen pals and I will answer all letters promptly. I live in Washington County. My best regards to one and all.—**William Koren**, R. D. 5, Washington, Pa.

"THE ML MEANS A LOT TO ME"

Dear Editor:—I am 13 years old and in the 9A grade. This is my first letter to the M. L.

This dear magazine has meant a lot to me, but I have been putting it off for years; but now I found the ambition to write. Many a time my sister and I have each made pictures, and thought up poems, but never sent them in. My father always used to urge us until finally—here I am.

I have a sister, Florence, who is 17 years old and in her last year in high school. I have only one pen pal, Greta M. Paulich. I don't know why she

doesn't write to me any more. I would like to have more pen pals. I will try to write more often to this fine ML and send in pictures, poems, and various articles. My best regards to all.—**Rose Lipar** (age 13), R. D. 1, Hyndsville, N. Y. (Lodge 393.)

"THIS BELOVED MAGAZINE"

Dear Editor:—I am sending a picture and a poem which I would like to see printed in the M. L. This is my first letter to this beloved magazine.

I am seventeen years of age and a senior in Cobleskill High School. I hope to graduate this June and go out and find a job. I am taking four subjects; namely, Homemaking A, Ancient History, American History, and English IV. I volunteered for Civilian Defense work in our county to help in first aid, agriculture, sewing, canning and nutrition, and food preparation.

There are four members in our family and we all belong to SNPJ lodge 393 in Worcester, N. Y. It has been very cold here, with mercury down to 26 below zero. However, it has warmed up considerably now. Next time I will try to write in Slovene and submit another contribution.—**Florence A. Lipar** (age 17), R. D. 1, Hyndsville, N. Y. (Lodge 393.)

WILL WRITE MORE

Dear Editor:—I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. This is my first letter to the Mladinski List. Our whole family belongs to the SNPJ. Even though I haven't written before, I like the ML very much. I save all the ML issues month after month. I like to read the riddles and jokes the best. I'd like to have some pen pals and I promise to answer them. I'll try to write more often. With best wishes to all SNPJs, I remain—**Betty Furlan**, 514 3rd Ave. N. W., Chisholm, Minnesota. (Lodge 322.)

MARY'S "FIRST"

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. I am eight years old and in the third grade. I have two brothers and one sister. We all belong to the SNPJ lodge 476. I enjoy reading the Mladinski List. Our Circle had a New Year party. Every month we have a meeting. I like to go to the Circle meetings. I will close now.—**Mary Mozina**, R. D. No. 1, Salem, Ohio.

A WORD ABOUT GAS WELL

Dear Editor:—I am writing again to the one and only wonderful M. L. I want to congratulate Bill Baltezar on his "Keep 'em Flying" spirit, which I think all young Americans should have.—A word about Gas Well:

Gas Well, in Colfax County, New Mexico, burns day and night. The story is that a killer, Black Jack, who was hanged in Clanton, was riding one night and lost his way. Black Jack saw a fire four miles away and went there. When he reached Gas Well, his buddy was sitting by the fire drinking coffee. Black Jack was surprised but his buddy explained that he found the coffee there.

That is the story of Gas Well. But don't get an idea it is a nice place 'cause it isn't, it's a prairie. —I want to say hello to my pen pals. I will answer their letters soon. Best regards to all.—**Elizabeth Rodman** (13), Van Houten, New Mexico. (Lodge 416.)

LIKES JOKES AND RIDDLES

Dear Editor:—I was very glad to see my poem published in the Mladinski List. I hope I can keep on writing to this fine magazine every month. I like to read poems, jokes, and riddles; most of all I like to read the pen pal letters. This is my first letter to this page. Best regards to all.—**Jennie Kovacich** (14), 1236 Bohmen Street, Pueblo, Colorado. (Lodge 21.)

FROM LODGE NO. 166

Dear Editor:—It has been a long time since I have written to the Mladinski List. I enjoy reading the letters, riddles and poems very much. I am ten years old. I am in the fifth grade. I like school very much. I was disappointed because it did not snow for Christmas. But Santa treated me very nicely. I belong to the SNPJ lodge 166. I have been a member for nine years.—**Helen Petrovic**, R. D. 5, Box 362, Crafton Branch, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WE'RE BUYING DEFENSE STAMPS

Dear Editor:—The days certainly are flying. Before I know it, it's time to write to this magazine. The weather has been just beautiful for nearly a week. (Jan. 23.) It seems just like spring and we have hardly any snow. We can't go skiing, sleigh riding or tobogganing. I've been doing a good deal of skating, though.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce of Aurora gave all of us school pupils a 10c defense stamp and a book to give us a start in buying defense stamps. I think this encourages a person to continue buying stamps. There are three more months of school. The juniors in our high school are getting their graduating rings this year because of the probable increase in price next year.

I want to congratulate Bill Baltezar, Eugene Skoff, Zora Gostovich, Dorothy Dermotta and Zita Bozanic for winning first prize in the second half of 1941. Keep up the good work.—**Florence Alich** (15), Box 607, Aurora, Minn. (Lodge 111.)

A CHALLENGE TO THE BOYS

Dear Editor:—This is my third letter to this very fine magazine. I often wondered what would happen to this fine magazine, if all the girls that send their letters and other contributions would just stop writing. Of course, we all know that this will not happen. Anyway, the girls deserve a lot of credit for making this magazine more interesting and enjoyable to read.

Most of the contributions are sent in by the girls. Come on, boys! What are you waiting for? Let's see your letters in the next number of the Mladinski List. Let's show these girls we can write letters also. Don't disappoint me.

I want to say hello to the following pen pals:

Mary Hevalo, Struthers, O.; Stephania Kober, Jenners, Pa.; Zora G., Ann Strubler, Diane Mahnic, Louise Lekse, Roundup, Mont.; Agnes Lillian Spek, Absher, Mont.; Margie Kopina, Marilyn Mills, La Salle, Ill., also all of my new pen pals.

The following are some of my new pen pals: Helen Ashenbrener, Chicago, Ill.; Dorothy Martincic, Strabane, Pa.; Ethel Switko, East Brady, Pa.; Anna Kocki and Nancy Zapolski, Alliance, O.; Stephie Taucher, Power Point, O.; Dorothy Tomazin, Warren, O.; Beverly Lazar, Fontana, Calif.; Annie Nicholas, Thomas, W. Va.; Eleanor Anzel and Martha Gasser, Pierce, W. Va.; Catherine Swalski and Elsie Vidmar, Windsor Hts., W. Va.; Marie Bragozzi, Delague, Colo., and Josephine Lampert, Indianapolis, Ind.

I am sorry to say that it is impossible for me to answer all your letters. It would be very hard to keep up with all of you new and old pen pals. However, if anyone wants to correspond with any of my new pen pals, write to me and I'll send you their address. I hope I didn't miss any of your names. I would like to receive cards from you old and new pen pals, that is, picture post-cards. Perhaps some day I'll be able to answer all of your cards and letters.

According to a card from Elsie Vidmar, she visited some people in Yukon. I would like to know who are the people that she visited. Also, I would like to send my picture in and I want to know if I'll get it back, for I have so many pen pals asking me for a picture. (Send it in and we'll return it to you.—Ed.)

Before I close, a word to Rudolph Bellan: When are you going to write to this wonderful magazine? Also, I am expecting to see one of Frank J. Turkal's long and interesting letters in the Mladinski List. I would like to get an answer to my letter from Rudy. (By the way, did you go to the sophomore party?)

I am running out of words and I'll have to close for this time. My very best regards to all.—*Edward William Kropfer* (age 15), Box 384, Yukon, Pa.

SOMEWHAT DISAPPOINTED

Dear Editor:—I found enough spare time again to write to our good old M. L. a letter. We've had one deep snowfall already, and since it was so cold (early in January) it lasted quite a while. It was fun coasting and skating.

I would like to say hello to Julia Savelji, my pen pal from Michigan.—I have sent in several drawings thinking they would be published, but they weren't. I followed all the rules and the drawings were fair. The first one was of a girl ice skating; the second, a witch, and the third, a squirrel. I was hoping they'd be published, but none of them was printed in the magazine.

I have always sent letters with the pictures; the letters were published but not the drawings. Perhaps I did something wrong. I've sent them to the same address where I send my letters. I certainly would appreciate it to see my drawings in the Mladinski List. (Don't be discouraged, Olga. We receive many drawings from other

members which are not published, either. Try again, and please observe all the rules more closely.—Ed.) My best regards to all.—*Olga C. Wizar*, Box 166, Cornwall, Pennsylvania.

FROM A PROUD MEMBER



Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to the M. L. and I am ten years old, and I am in the fifth grade. My favorite subject is writing. I am very proud to be a member of the SNPJ lodge 650. First, because I receive the Mladinski List each month which I enjoy reading; second, because our local SNPJ lodges (69, 130 and 650) sponsor a Christmas program each year. These are two very good reasons for being proud

to be an SNPJ member.

Mrs. Ursula Ambrozich, our SNPJ district vice president, promised to organize a Juvenile Circle after she returns home from the Supreme Board meeting. I am looking forward to the day when we will be organized. We'll have lots of fun, conducting our own meetings. In our city, in Eveleth, there are about 200 juveniles, so there is a good prospect for a strong circle.

In January, we had very nice weather, something like the weather in California. I wish to extend my best regards to all the juvenile members as well as to the editors.—*Rose Marie Strudel*, Eveleth Minnesota.

LIKES PEN PALS PAGE BEST

Dear Editor:—This is my very first letter to the Mladinski List. I hope it'll be printed. I read this magazine every month and I like to read the Pen Pals Page best. I am 12 years old and in the seventh grade. My favorite sport is skating. I just learned to skate this year. I like to read or listen to the radio. I wish some pen pals would write to me. My best wishes to all.—*Margaret Barbo* (age 12), Box 272, L'Anse, Michigan. (Lodge 753)

PEN PALS WANTED

Dear Editor:—I have been reading this fine magazine for about two years. This is my first letter to the M. L. I never had the nerve to write before. I am fifteen years of age. I would like very much to have some pen pals from Cleveland, Ohio. So to the Cleveland girls and boys—please drop me a few lines. I promise to answer promptly. I will close now hoping and waiting for some mail from Cleveland. Regards to all.—*Mary M. Hevalo*, 111 Park Ave., Struthers, Ohio. (Lodge 277).

Introducing Book Friends

By Betty Jartz

THEY MADE IT A BETTER WORLD

Living Biographies of Great Scientists, by Henry Thomas and Dana Lee Thomas

In this recent book the authors tell you about exciting experiences in the lives of scientists who lived long ago and of scientists today.

This book reveals to us that the great men are not those who put on airs as to how much they know. Rather, they are unaffected, simple, and understanding; and in a group of people they would very likely be the first to admit that as far as learning is concerned they know very little.

Let's skim through the book and jot down a few lines about these great men.

Euclid is known as the "Father of Geometry". In the infant days of science, Euclid was a professor of mathematics at the University of Alexandria, Egypt. Here, he studied and taught his principles of geometry which are retained to this day. On one occasion, at the University, his fellow professors argued with Euclid that there was no possible way to measure the height of the Great Pyramid. Euclid then proceeded to measure the height of the Great Pyramid as follows:

He waited for the hour of the day when the length of his shadow was exactly equal to the height of his person; then he measured the length of the pyramid's shadow. "This, Gentlemen," he said, "is the exact height of the Great Pyramid."

On another occasion, one of his students learning one of his theorems asked Euclid, "Just what practical advantage is there in studying geometry?" Whereupon Euclid turned to his servant and said, "Grumio, give this gentleman a dollar; he can't learn without money." Euclid, like most of the early mathematicians, loved learning for its own sake. He let others run after money and parades. He said, "These things shall pass. But the designs of the heavenly stars shall remain eternally fixed."

Archimedes was one of Euclid's students. He not only learned all that Euclid had to teach, but developed many other mathematical theories. Besides being a mathematician, Archimedes had forty inventions to his credit. A device for raising water to higher levels, invented by him, is still being used in Holland today.

Perhaps you know the story of Archimedes' greatest triumph—the discovery of specific gravity. The king of Syracuse gave his jeweler a certain amount of gold to be fashioned into a crown. When the king received the finished crown he suspected that the jeweler had used only a portion of the gold and had substituted the remainder with silver, a cheaper metal. The gold thus left over would have been the jeweler's clear profit. The king asked Archimedes to detect the probable fraud.

Archimedes was just about to give up the task. Then, one morning, as he stepped into a tub at a public bathhouse, in Syracuse, he noticed the

overflow of water and became inspired by it. Forgetting his nakedness, he ran home through the streets crying, "Eureka! Eureka!—I have found it! I have found it!" And this is what Archimedes had found:

He took a quantity of both silver and gold equal in the weight to the crown. He then submerged each quantity and the crown separately and measured the overflow of water. The amount of water displaced by the crown was more than the amount of water displaced by the gold; and less than the amount of water displaced by the silver. In this way he knew that the crown was neither gold nor silver, but a mixture of both.

Who do you think was the scientist who established the theory that the earth revolves about the sun with the other planets of our solar system? No, it wasn't Galileo. He was persecuted for only believing it. It was Copernicus.

The original name of Copernicus was Koper-nik, which means humble. And this word summarizes both his parentage and his personality. He was a son of a baker in a Polish village, situated on the banks of the Vistula River. Copernicus studied the solar system without the aid of telescopes. He did it by mathematics and just by watching the stars at night. He was the first man to calculate the length of the year, and he miscalculated only by twenty-eight seconds. Mind you, all this without the aid of a telescope and hardly anything worthwhile to work on from the studies made before him! The following is grim irony:

The Teutonic knights of his time used to mock and laugh at his theory. When Copernicus objected, these forefathers of today's "supermen" went on to blame Copernicus for robberies they committed.

The "supermen" of today are aping the "supermen" of Copernicus' time. Today, in our age, they have expelled the great Einstein from his native land just because he happened to be born to a Jewish religion.

Einstein, great scientist of our modern age was shy about divulging his theory of relativity and only confided to his intimates—and to Mileva Marie, his Serbian schoolmate, whom he had made his wife. His theory of relativity is very difficult to understand. It concerns itself a lot with space, time, and the universe. The book gives some explanation of it. But that is not so important at present as is the shameful conduct of these so called "supermen" of Germany, when they tried to make miserable the life of an unassuming, simple, humble, and unambitious scientist. This is most important to us today. The barbarians who have no use for learning except when it can be used to further only their own ugly schemes, have challenged to war the freest nation in the world. So, in the name of scientists, philosophers, and humanity—LET'S GIVE IT TO THEM!

STAMP COLLECTING

STAMPLESS COVERS

Much of the fun and interest in stamp collecting is found in the sidelines which are developed as the collecting goes on. Almost every one who collects has some albums filled with things which are not a part of an ordinary stamp collection. Covers are an example, for the time will surely come to every collector when he will obtain something on the original envelope which he desires to keep in that form and after the first cover has been kept it will be easy to save others.

Perhaps his interest becomes historical and even stampless covers will be included to show how mail was treated before stamps were invented. Such covers show postmarks and rate marks, but nothing which can be classed as a stamp and yet they are very popular among present day stamp collectors. This sideline may be divided into many branches, such as territorial postmarks, early straight line marks, marks of a single state, etc.

Since most of this material passed thru the post before envelopes were invented, and consisted of a large letter sheet folded to about envelope size and sealed with a wafer, the letters themselves have been preserved. Very often a collector turns up something of prime historical value and there is no question but that it pays to read all the letters carefully.

Nearly every collector of such material has found something of interest which he prizes. Here for example is a collection of covers bearing postmarks of the frontier military posts of the United States. These are not postmarked at towns bearing names of early forts, but at the actual forts themselves. One cover bears the mark of Fort Gibson, Ark., June 22, and was written in 1846. Fort Gibson when established was in Arkansas territory, but was left out in the public domain when the territory was reduced in 1828. For want of a better index to its location the postmark continued to show the abbreviation "Ark.," even years after Arkansas became a state and the public domain around Fort Gibson became Indian Territory.

This Fort Gibson cover is addressed to Mr. Spencer, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C., and illustrated one of the methods used at that date to fill the company ranks. In the words of the writer:

"Dear Sir: I take this opportunity to write you a few lines. I am Private Andrew J. Harbison, first regiment of dragoons, Company A, Capt. W. Eustis, commander. Here is my message. I want to get my discharge from the army, the reason why is that I am too young. I am only 15 years old in June. When I enlisted I was made drunk by the sergeant who enlisted me and he told me that the army was easy for a young person, but I cannot half do my duty. I have never been paid yet and if you would discharge me I won't ask one cent. I have never been well since I have been in the army and O! I would be so thankful to you for my discharge. I am very small for my age and the officers think that I am not very useful be-

cause I am so small. I have behaved myself very well and have never been drunk since I enlisted.

"Dear sir, if you would only let me be discharged, how thankful I would be. Maybe you would not read a private's letter.

"Write me a few lines to inform me about it. Your servant,

Private Andrew Harbison."

A portion of the double sheet on which this was written has been removed. It is supposed that the missing part bore the recommendation by the secretary and that an autograph collector had access to the correspondence before the letter fell into the hands of a stamp collector.

Stamp collectors and autograph collectors tread a little on each other's toes at times, snipping signatures and tearing out stamps. The early collectors wanted only the kernel of the nut—stamps or signatures. Now each wants whole documents or letters, but many that are found were mutilated years ago.—Richard McP. Cabeen.

ZLATA URA

(Nadaljevanje z 11. strani)

bratil, ker se je zavedal, da je kriv in so mu šle besede do srca, da bi pa starcu sam uničil zaupanje, ki ga je imel vanj, to se mu je zdelo strašno. Toda mati je bila neizprosna.

Za ograjo je zalajal pes, zvesti Perun. Mirko je nehote odskočil od vrat, kajti trenutka, ko bo dobri Koren spoznal, da je Mirko tat, tega trenutka se je bal. Zdaj, zdaj bo prišel Koren okoli ogla in ga prijazno pozdravil, kot je to delal vedno, le da bo danes zvedel strašno novico. Ne, to se ne sme zgoditi, vsaj še ne! Mirko je hitro krenil po ulici, da le za nekaj minut zakasni tisti usodni trenutek, ko bo moral priznati, da je kradel.

OUR OWN JUVENILE CIRCLES

(Continued from page 25)

PLANNING MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM

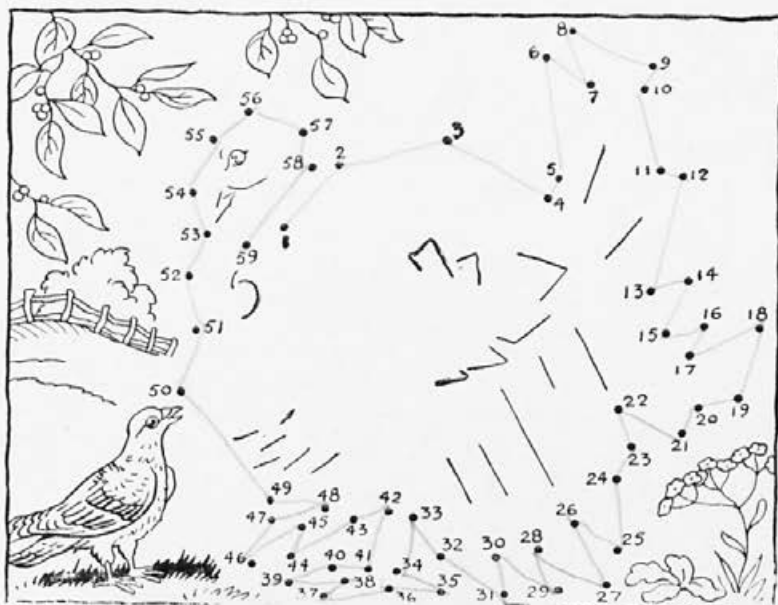
CHICAGO, ILL.—The Young Slovenes Circle, No. 26, elected their new officers at the January meeting. They are as follows: Ruth Medic, president; Angeline Pluth, vice-president; Sylvia Trojar, secretary; Frances Senica, treasurer; Theresa Gasser and William Kovačič, sergeants-at-arms.

Our Circle sponsored a Valentine Party on Saturday, Feb. 14, at the SNPJ hall. The party was very successful. We played games and, of course, we had plenty of valentines at our party. Also, refreshments were served.

We are making plans to have a Mother's Day and Father's Day program combined. Since we usually have a Mother's Day program, we decided to pay tribute to our fathers too.

We hold our meetings twice each month, on the 2nd and 4th Saturday of each month at 10 o'clock forenoon at the SNPJ hall. All juvenile members of the local SNPJ lodges are invited to attend. Well, so long for now and best regards to all.

SYLVIA TROJAR, Sec'y Circle 26
2803 S. Central Park Ave.
Chicago, Illinois.



DIZZIE DOT DRAWING PUZZLES

By HARVEY FULLER

What could the pigeon be discussing? Draw a line from dot to dot and you will find that he is talking to quite a personage in the bird family.

ANSWERS TO JUST FOR FUN PUZZLERS

1. **Nutty Quizzer:** 1—Hazel; 2—Chestnut; 3—Almond; 4—Hickory.
2. **Hidden Word:** Basketball.
3. **Song Titles:** Chattanooga Choo Choo; Concerto in B Flat Minor; Silver Threads Among the Gold; The White Cliffs of Dover; Dear Mom.
4. **How Many Hats:** 200.
5. **Definitions:** Ferret—weasel-like animal.

Foretaste of Spring

March is the month of tricky weather, blustery winds, snow flurries, sudden rains, cold clearness and damp warmth. March is the aftertaste of winter and the foretaste of spring. Signs of new life are seen in the earth and trees. Mother Earth is preparing for new life, and the mothers of the world are preparing for "Spring cleaning." Truly, March is a month of preparedness.

Although the days of March will bring most of you boys and girls outside to play, there will still be many cold and disagreeable days which will keep you inside. There are many games to play indoors while you are waiting for the sun to shine and invite you outdoors again.

Right Out of the Camp

Private Horse was returning to his post from an evening in the nearby town. He was challenged by the sentry:

Sentry: "Halt! Who's there?"

Soldier: "Private Horse."

Sentry: "Advance, Private Horse, and be mechanized."

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Supreme Board of the SNPJ decided at its annual meeting in February to discontinue the Our School contest in its present form. This does not mean, however, that the contributions to the Our School page have been dropped. Only the awards for the best contributions as heretofore given have been discontinued.

Instead, a new plan has been adopted and will be published in the April issue of the Mladinski List. According to this plan, awards will be given at the end of each year instead of twice a year.

Watch for the announcement of the New Plan in next month's number of the M. L. Meanwhile, do not stop writing to the Our School page as this will count in your favor at the end of the year. Also, continue writing to the Pen Pals Page as well as to the Our Own Juvenile Circles section.

OUR FRONTISPIECE

The front cover drawing of this issue of the Mladinski List is by MARGARET BLAZINA, age 15, Roundup, Mont., a member of the Lodge 114 SNPJ.

Smart Boy

Teacher: "Johnnie, you have misspelled almost every word in your composition."

Johnnie: "Yes, ma'am; I'm going to be a dialect writer."

Sissy Food

Soldier: "Say, waitress, this steak is tough."

Waitress: "That's right, sir; we don't serve service men sissy food here."

Help in the Victory Campaign!

FOR DEFENSE



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STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS