

# JUNIOR RED CROSS

## NEWS

*May 1923* "I Serve"



*"In the Flower Garden," from a painting by the Czechoslovak artist, Frantisek Dvorak*



Photo by Guggenberger Mairovis

**F**ROM PRINCESS ILEANA, of Roumania, who has been actively interested in the organization of a Junior Red Cross in her country, comes the following message written across her photograph: "The children of Roumania send their greetings to the children of all other countries and will work with them for the high ideal of the Junior Red Cross." Last summer a large meeting of Roumanian girls and boys was held in the office of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in Bucharest, at the instance of Princess Ileana, and the Roumanian Junior Red Cross was started amid much enthusiasm. Many nice things were said by the speakers about the American Junior Red Cross, and its representative in Roumania, for assistance given Roumanian schools and their Junior organization

# JUNIOR FIELD EXPANDS

By Arthur William Dunn

National Director, American Junior Red Cross

IT IS unfortunate that the NEWS cannot continue its regular monthly visit during the summer. But while this is impossible, it should not beguile us into thinking that Junior activity takes a vacation between the closing of school in May or June and its opening in September. If you will turn to the last page of the Junior Calendar for 1922-1923, which, I hope, hangs on your schoolroom wall, you will see that there are plenty of things for Juniors to do during the summer months. Though the Junior Red Cross is closely woven into school life, it is a year-round organization.

It might be appropriate, in this last issue of the NEWS for the school year, to take stock of what has been accomplished. This will, in fact, be a wholesome exercise for every Junior Auxiliary and every Junior member. It would not be a bad idea, toward the close of school, to have a Junior Red Cross Day with exercises that would review the achievements of the year, as well as give inspiration for continued service in the school-less days of summer. But the space available for this article is limited; and, moreover, the spirit of the Junior Red Cross is a forward-looking spirit. Therefore, instead of a backward look, helpful as it might be, let us glance at plans that are even now under way, and that will actively go forward during the summer, to make next year a bigger and better year than the one that is almost past.

The first thing to be mentioned is the 1923-1924 Junior Calendar. It is now in preparation and will be ready in time so that every schoolroom that is enrolled and is a subscriber to the NEWS will receive a copy with the very opening of school. It will be a good idea for every school to be sure, *before school closes this year*, that its enrollment and its NEWS subscription do not expire this spring; or, if they do expire at this time, that they are renewed *now* for next fall. This will insure the receipt of the Calendar as well as of the NEWS. Every effort is being made to improve, if possible, upon the Calendar of this year, both in its contents of suggested activities and in its appearance. Among other things, it will contain among its illustrations some of the results of the Junior



Encouragement is being given to youthful citizens in different parts of the United States to acquaint themselves with the affairs of Government by allowing them to hold office for a short time. The City of Minneapolis was turned over to school children for two hours. Children served as Police Chief, Fire Chief, and so on. Here is Robert Plummer, as the boy Mayor of Minneapolis

artist's work, during the past three months, among the Indians of the Southwest.

Through the suggestions in the Calendar and in the NEWS, it is hoped that next year the Junior Red Cross will realize more fully even than this year the aim of "every Auxiliary an active Auxiliary." While it is expected that new opportunities will be found for service to local Chapters, schools, and communities, it is planned to develop increased opportunities for *national service*. It will be the aim to have Juniors in every part of our country—in city and in rural districts, in mountain and plain, on mainland and in remote islands—to become acquainted with one another and to work together for the fulfilment of our national ideals and purposes. This may be accomplished, in part, through the common study of the NEWS and through school correspondence, but also through general participation in projects of national importance.

One new development in this direction, in which all Juniors will have an interest and in which they may have a part, is the extension of the Junior Red Cross organization and its service to the Indian schools of our country. Thanks to recent

MAY! MAY! MAY!

By ETHEL BLAIR JORDAN

All a-flitter and a-flutter  
Is the old oak tree.  
There's a whirring and a stirring  
And a trill of glee:  
Where the meadow grass is springing  
There are little birds a-winging.  
And a bobolink is swinging  
On a lilac spray:  
And all of them are singing:  
"It is May! May! May!"

work of Miss Upjohn, the Juniors' artist, among the Indian reservations of the Southwest, and to the deep interest of the Office of Indian Affairs in the United States Department of the Interior, Junior Red Cross will become quite generally, next year, a regular part of Indian school life. Without doubt Juniors in every section of our country will have opportunity for a variety of service for these Indian children whose conditions of life are often difficult, and thus of working directly with our National Government in its efforts to fulfill our national obligation to the Indian.

Another objective for next year is the development of more intimate and widespread relations of friendship and mutual service between Juniors on the mainland of the United States and those of its outlying territories. Already there are hundreds of thousands of Juniors in these territories. Service for them, and service with them for the best interests of the islands and of our common nation, are among the high purposes of the Junior Red Cross in the future.

Then there are plans afoot to make the Junior Red Cross more useful, through its publications and through activities that will be proposed, in helping the multitude of children of foreign parentage in the United States to understand our ways and the ideals of American citizenship, and to find a place of happiness and usefulness in their adopted home. But while doing this, the Junior Red Cross will try to help its members to understand that "Americanism is not a matter of birth or ancestry, for the American is self-made, not born. Americanism is not a birthright privilege, but a lifelong responsibility. America is not a place, not a religion, not a locality; America is an atmosphere, an ideal, a vision not yet fulfilled. No man is an American who does not place America first, before himself. He must serve America; America

must not serve him. . . . This is only another way of saying that an American is a conscious, vigilant, fraternal, unwearyed creator of America. . . ." It is worth knowing that the American who uttered these words was born in Budapest.

Another thing that American Juniors may look forward to next year is correspondence with schools in South and Central America. First contacts for such correspondence are now being established in Honduras, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Brazil, Argentina, and Chile. Perhaps other contacts will be made before our schools open in September.

In one of the publications of the American Junior Red Cross, about two years ago, the statement was made that the American Junior Red Cross hoped to be instrumental in hastening the time when its services would no longer be needed in Europe. This hope, in the sense in which it was intended, is rapidly being fulfilled. Most of the European countries in which we have been working now have Junior organizations of their own, which are carrying on the work which American Juniors began. Nevertheless, American Juniors will have their workers in Albania, Poland, and Jugo-Slavia, and possibly in other countries, for at least another year, and will probably continue to give financial assistance to several new Junior organizations where the need is urgent.

But in countries where American Juniors have "finished" their active operations, as well as in those where they will still be in the field, permanent relations of mutual service have been established that will continue through the exchange of school correspondence, if in no other way. A "world-wide league of children" has been founded under the banner of the Red Cross, and next year much is planned to strengthen it. Every American Junior should have some share in this larger responsibility of the Junior Red Cross.



*Red Cross Life-Saving Corps of Schurz School, Chicago. Twenty thousand members are being sought for the Junior Corps in 1923*

# WHY CZECHS SING

REMEMBER, they'd rather visit an art gallery than a circus!"

This warning note and compliment for the forty Czechoslovak children, comprising the Bakule Chorus (which is spending the months of April and May giving concerts in the United States), came to national headquarters of the Junior Red Cross from an American college president who visited the children in Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia.

Many of these children have experienced hardships that the average American boy and girl of today has not known, partly, it is true, because their native land has but recently come out from under foreign domination of an oppressive type, and has been "finding itself" even as the United States was doing in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. However, the establishment of the Czechoslovak Republic has been effected in the seat of ancient dynasties of Bohemian kings and not in a western wilderness such as the founders of the United States of America encountered. Certain numbers on the unusually varied programs of songs being rendered by the Bakule Chorus are religious hymns of the thirteenth century.

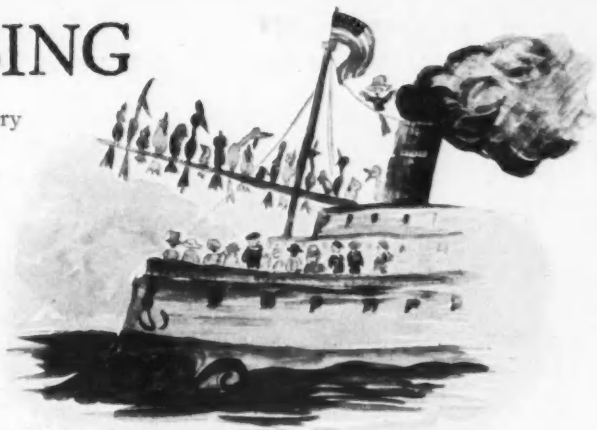
Juniors who wish to refresh their memories about the origin of the now famous Bakule School for Crippled Children in Prague, which was helped in the beginning by the American Junior Red Cross, may turn to the December, 1922, number of JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, and read the little article called "Following a Star." Four years after the founding of this school, a trained chorus of forty girls and boys is visiting the United States under the joint auspices of the American and Czechoslovak Red Cross associations.

Writing of the musical talents of the Czechoslovaks, a Czech student, at Vassar College, says:

"We do not call a nation musical merely because it has some prominent composers of its own, but because it has a natural richness of musical spirit spread all over the nation and handed down from generation to generation; because it has a creative power so spontaneous that the music enters into the life and the life into the music. We call it 'to have a musical soul.' That is what the Czechoslovaks have. . . . ."

"Where do you get words for your songs?" once asked a stranger (of a Czech girl). "Oh! How could I know?" answered the girl. "They come through my heart and pass away from my lips with the melody. Do you ever ask the birds who taught them to sing?"

The language of music is



"Sarkan," a boy cartoonist of the Bakule School, likened the visit of the Bakule Chorus to the United States to a flock of birds earning their passage by singing for passengers while roosting on a spar of the ship

reflected in the ordinary conversation of the members of the Bakule Chorus. One of the group, a young Czech named Vojtech Suk, who came to the Bakule School physically handicapped, writes of his joy in discovering, through Professor Bakule's interest, that he could be a useful member of society.

"From that day my life ran in a *quick tempo*," he declares (Vojtech is now an expert lithographer). "I worked with all energy because while I was working I at least had no time to think of the things which had made me unhappy before, and I knew, too, that I could be independent and no burden to anyone, only by means of work. . . . I did in two years what the other apprentices did in four years.

"The greatest moment in my life, the moment which touched and delighted me most of all, was when my master handed to me my apprenticeship certificate. . . . I had to go out, to run, run somewhere, no matter where, only to run. So I went along the Vltava (river) and saw before me my childhood, my youth, and for the first time I did not weep about it.

"I should like to learn always to be more and more perfect, and would like to go to foreign countries to learn something new. That is now my only wish and I believe that it will be realized."

Vojtech's dream of a visit to foreign lands has come true in the tour of the United States by the Bakule pupils, on invitation of the American Red Cross and with the backing of the Czechoslovak Red Cross.

The Bakule Chorus is scheduled to visit Poughkeepsie, New York, Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Indianapolis (in April); St. Louis, St. Joseph, Omaha, Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Duluth, Detroit, Syracuse, Boston (in May).



Bakule Chorus, beneath United States and Czechoslovak flags, visiting the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. (Cartoon by "Sarkan")

# A LITTLE VISIT TO PETESCIA

With Florence Van Sickler

**P**ETESCIA is a little village in Italy of perhaps a thousand people, perched on a hilltop in the mountains of Perugia. Its winding streets are very steep and narrow, and often very dark and it is very, very old. In the distance it seems only a turretted rocky hilltop so like a part of the mountain are the gray-brown houses.

The school of this village was one of those which were to receive the "Bibliotechina Rurale di Zia Mariu," or little libraries for rural schools. When the American Junior Red Cross was deciding how the fund for libraries was to be spent the "Bibliotechine Rurali" was one of the organizations to whom a gift of 6,500 lire was sent to purchase books. The director of the school in Petescia had written that he would also be glad to have the health game and international school correspondence started.

In order to know something of this first little school which was to have a library and to explain the health game and school correspondence program, I decided to visit the village. And so a visit was made, with Signorina Elena Cavalieri, a former Red Cross war nurse. She had already been interested in the struggling little school and had given a small collection of books.

Our train started before five in the morning, a little third-class train full of peasants returning to the country after a visit to Rome. We were rather crowded and the seats were hard, but everyone was friendly and kind. After we reached Tivoli the train climbed up past tiny villages clinging to the side of the mountains where the streets seemed almost perpendicular. For protection against marauding bands, the people centuries ago built their towns in high, inaccessible places, crowding themselves into the least possible space, and then built a wall all about. And today when all danger is passed, when the walls are moss-grown and crumbling and the gates of the city no longer closed, they still live, as did their ancestors, in these dark, crowded houses and streets.

After three hours on the train we got down at a

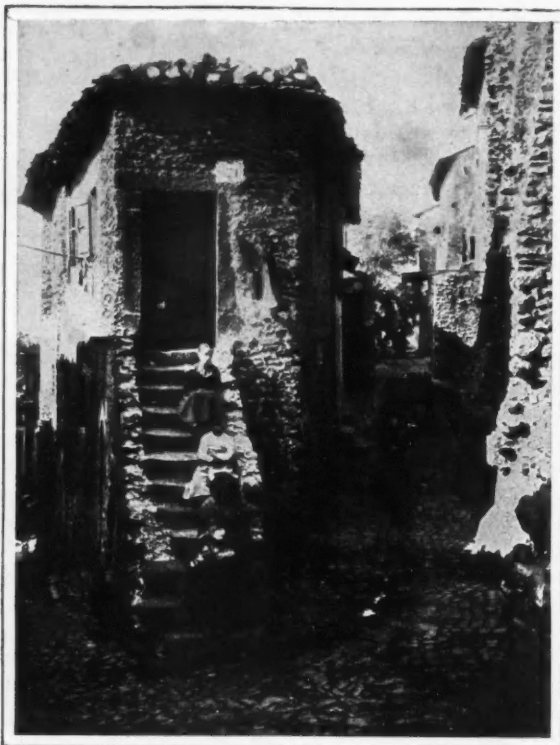


Photo by Anderson

*A street in one of the villages in the Alban Mountains. In these hill towns there is scarcely a level spot and the inhabitants live as they did in the middle ages when it was necessary to band together and fortify themselves*

little wayside station and took a motor bus. Here were more peasants; women with the yards-and-yards skirt and petticoat, and the laced corselets which they wear over their bodices, the bright woolen head handkerchiefs, and the inevitable plaid cotton bundle. In this bundle were the shoes and petticoats and bread all mixed together, but what else was a mystery. Our bus ran through high valleys where the gray-green of the olive trees formed a contrast to the vivid green of the grape orchards where the great long-horned white oxen plodded down the lanes or over the fields. After an hour we again changed, for Petescia is off the beaten track, and as we got off the bus, bidding farewell to our travelling companions (as one always does when travelling with peasants) there was the master of the Petescia school awaiting us.

But what a vehicle! A little two-wheeled mountain cart drawn by a patient little pony and driven by a beaming small boy! The body of the cart was balanced over the two wheels and as our seat was extra (a board put across from side to side in the back of the cart), when we were in and we started up the mountain side, I had visions of sliding out and being left in the road below. Signorina Cavalieri was rather robust, but for me, the strain of "There was a young lady from Lynn, who was so exceedingly thin" kept running through my head. For an hour and more we drove up the mountain, hearing the schoolmaster's tales of difficulties (for he had other country schools under his direction, too), torn between our desire to do justice to the lovely valleys and mountains and our fears of sliding out. In the midst of it came a sudden shower of violent, pelting rain, very upsetting for a time as it made our way seem dangerous, but over in a few moments. Just after this I noticed a little girl of perhaps twelve or thirteen years climbing along behind us half hidden by the basket she bore on her head. She swung along the road, vigorous and easy, the basket as secure and steady as if it were on the ground, her cheeks rosy and her eyes dancing. She had been

two or three miles down the mountain to take her father his dinner and was returning for the "festa."

"The festa?" said we.

"Ah yes," said the master, "it is a village festa, your visit."

And how true this was we only realized a little later, after our first little girl had been joined by another one with a basket of strawberries on her head, she, too, bound for the festa. Our cart turned a sharp corner and the astonished little pony lurched to a sudden stop, almost spilling us in the road, for drawn up before us were two smiling lines of children. There were perhaps 100 and in each little hand were bunches of mountain flowers, roses and daisies, their welcoming tribute to "La Croce Rossa" (the Red Cross). With their "saluti's" and our "buon giorno's" and "grazie's" we found our arms heaped with

flowers and thus we marched up the road to the village, at the head of the little procession. Every inhabitant who was not out working in the fields or in the vineyards, was leaning from a window or was lined up along the way welcoming us with smiles.

Half way up the village we were met by the mayor, who formally welcomed us, and how proud he was to speak a few words of English, for he had lived in Boston for two years and had not quite forgotten it all.

We then went to the house of the schoolmaster to rest a few minutes and we sat in the living room that was also the kitchen, before the stone fireplace where all the cooking of the family is done. There we met the young school mistress, a pretty girl from Rieti in the Abruzzo Mountains and, in a few minutes, all went to the school.

I think even the most primitive little mountain school in America would have failed to recognize this sister seat of learning.

Up a narrow dingy flight of stone steps on the second floor of a village house, was the schoolroom. Once inside one saw the same benches, the same blackboards, the maps. As we, with the mistress, the schoolmaster and the mayor, climbed the stairs we could hear the children's voices, for they had preceded us and were awaiting our arrival.

As we stepped into the room the children rose as a body and shouted "Viva il re," "Viva il re" (Hail to the King), at the top of their voices. It was the



Photo by Anderson

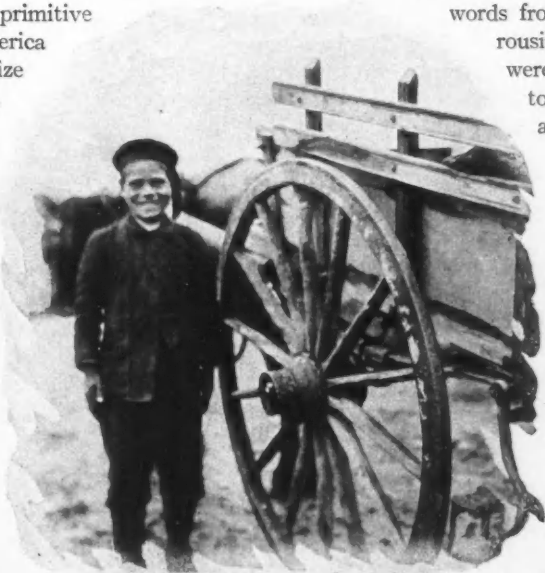
"After we reached Tivoli the train climbed up past tiny villages clinging to the side of the mountains where the streets seemed perpendicular"

only time I had been mistaken for royalty, but they told us later that the children had debated among themselves how best to welcome us and decided this was the only proper greeting.

Signorina Cavalieri, who was the official speech-maker and interpreter, made a very happy talk about the American Junior Red Cross. We told of our library and they proudly showed us the books they had and loved; worn and tattered and finger-marked.

The master then replied, thanking us, thanking the American Junior Red Cross for what they would do for his little school. And then, as this was a festa, he put his scholars through their paces. Where was America? Ah, they knew that and almost shouted back! Who discovered it? What Italian child does not know an answer? And then after a few words from the Mayor and a rousing, rousing cheer for us, the children were dismissed only to lurk about to look at the visitors from afar after the fashion of children over all the world.

And then dinner at the schoolmaster's, with the Mayor also present. Such a feast! All cooked and served by the schoolmaster's quiet little wife, and all cooked, too, over the coals of the fireplace, for in all the village there was no such thing as a kitchen stove! With dinner over we were conducted in state to our mountain cart and started down the mountain road with children and schoolmistress running along beside us for a way, loath to see us go.



We asked our beaming driver the price of the trip. "Oh, but it is nothing," he said. "That much I can do for those who have done so much for us"

# THE HOUSE ON THE SHELF

**K**LISSY KLONNY (many goats) lives at the foot of a conical hill

in a hogan or hut of the same shape and color as the hill.

With him live Klissy Klonny Begay, which means, "son of many goats" and Nonalahr (returned from war). But since the Indians do not like strangers to use their real names, and take English names when they go to school we will call them Bill and Nona, as they are known among their school friends.

Bill is tall and strong, as most Navajo boys are. He speaks English because he went through the Indian school at Chin Lee. He was just beginning to enjoy what he read when he was sent home in order to make room for others. It was his sister Nona who went in his stead. There are no books in the hogan, in fact very little furniture of any kind. Some handsome saddles of embossed leather, studded with brass, hang from the beams, a few jars and bowls of painted clay and the piles of soft sheep skins which serve as seats and beds are the only things of beauty or comfort. But Bill, though he misses the clean bed and the shower bath which he had at school, the playground and the orderly classroom, yet leads a life to his taste. For besides goats his father possesses many ponies, black and buckskin. Mounted on one of these Bill ranges the sunlit country, herding sheep, hunting coyotes, and racing the jolly tumbleweed which goes wheeling across the desert like the wind. At night he drives the sheep home, hungrily sniffing from afar the mutton broth which his mother is cooking over a fire on the floor. Then lying on a heap of skins he watches the stars blinking through the smoke-hole in the roof.

On top of the hill above the house are two pillars of flat stones which tell shepherds far and wide that there is water

By Anna Milo Upjohn  
Illustrations by the Author



"On top of the hill are two pillars of flat stones which tell shepherds far and wide that there is water near." Scene in the picturesque country of the Navajos, where Nona and Bill live

near. Most Navajos have no settled home, for they are nomads searching water and pasture for their flocks. But Klissy Klonny has placed his house wisely. The water hole is never dry and though the desert is bare of trees and grass, it is tufted with sagebrush on which sheep fatten. The wash issues from a beautiful canyon (Canyon de Chelly) walled on one side with purple shadows, on the other with golden rock. At each turn of the

canyon there are pockets of soil left by the rush of the stream in ages past. Here, deep down on the floor of the canyon, secure from the frosts of winter, grow grass and corn; peach and cottonwood trees. This is the picnic ground loved by Bill and Nona. Here the family goes out to gather crops in summer, wading up stream on horseback, camping for months under the towering cliffs, finally leaving their corn in some hidden rock chamber until needed. But it is not the awful beauty and silence of the canyon which draw Bill and Nona. It is the weird mystery of the cliff dwellings niched here and there in the rocks, and the strange drawings traced by an unknown race. What kind of paint did those people use to withstand

the weather for a thousand years or more? Here are men such as children draw on slates, stags and turtles, the sun, moon, and hands both large and small, red and white, all painted on the walls of shallow caves high up from the stream's bed. The houses seem an outgrowth of the cliff for they are built of the same stone. The roofs have fallen, but the walls are good, the rooms small, almost windowless, smoothly plastered, home-like.

But there are houses perched so high that few have ever reached them. The Navajos might but they fear these dwellings in which an unknown people lived and died, leaving

## WAGTAIL AND BABY

By THOMAS HARDY

A baby watched a ford, whereto  
A wagtail came for drinking;  
A blaring bull went wading through,  
The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,  
The birdie nearly sinking;  
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,  
And held his own unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot  
A mongrel slowly slinking;  
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not  
In dip and sip and prinking.

A perfect gentleman then neared;  
The wagtail, in a winking  
With terror rose and disappeared;  
The baby fell a-thinking.



no name. Not so Bill and Nona. Their ambition is to reach some day the "White House," for that is the most mysterious and beautiful of all. Far up in the glowing rock where the wall of the canyon is highest, there is a long dark cleft, and there, wedged into it like a martin's nest is a line of stone houses the color of the cliff. Behind them tucked away back on the shelf, safe from rain and burning sun, its two creamy-white towers gleaming against the velvety shadow of the cavern, stands the mysterious White House. Above the rock wall looms appallingly. Below it drops a sheer 50 feet, as smooth as though chiseled by a stone cutter. From below a cedar beam is discernible spanning the narrow distance between two adjacent houses. Did the Cliff Dwellers fasten a rope ladder to it? That has been done. Douglas Fairbanks, with the aid of his cowboys, shot a rope over it and pulled himself up. Some day Bill will do the same. In the meantime he and Nona learn what they can of the vanished people from the ruined houses at the base. There are marks on the rocks which show that houses were built against it, one above the other in skyscraper style. Perhaps the people who lived there climbed to the upper buildings in the cave by ladders placed on the lower pile. The doorways are low but that does not mean that the people were small. The weapons used in these days needed a free arm movement, bows, darts, clubs. These could not be used by a man entering a low door which was perhaps a defense. The walls are spread with a hard, smooth plaster and here and there is the imprint of a delicate hand. It was the women who did the plastering then as they do it in many an Indian village. Here the walls are blackened with smoke as though the apartment house had been destroyed by fire. Poking about in the ruins Bill and Nona find reeds like those in the canyon, embedded in the floor. They pick up flint arrowheads, and round pieces of tufa which they know to be "meal-stones" for the grinding of corn. They find small bone beads too, and pierced turquoise and shards of



*This is neither Bill nor Nona, of the Navajos, but Alfredo, a Pueblo Indian of Taos. Junior Red Cross teaches that all boys and girls, of whatsoever race or tribe, are brothers and sisters*

buff and red pottery, some decorated with slanting black and white lines, others gray clay marked with a pattern by the impress of the thumb nail.

Down in the canyon near the ruins a spring bubbles out of the sand. Here Bill one day found a beautiful water jar almost intact. The people who made such pottery and built the solid stone houses found in Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona must have done many other things well. Who were they, where did they come from, and where did they vanish to before ever the Navajos came into the country? Some think they were the ancestors of the Hopi and Zuni Indians, and of other tribes who live in pueblos, that is, villages, and that they came from the south. But as yet nobody really knows and the question is waiting for some boy or girl who reads this to find its solution.

### From a Florentine Student

God bless you, who want to make us useful henceforth to our fellow-creatures, and to ourselves; you who encourage us to love our neighbors not only in words but in deeds, you who show us the way of doing good!

And what good! The good is so high and so immense that we are afraid of it, but it attracts us irresistibly. Instead of death and sorrow, you promise us life and joy as the reward of our social work. What work? Helping each other—youth for youth! Helping educate

for the preservation, for the conquest of health, supreme good!

We young ones have loved this magnificent symbol of charity

(the Red Cross) for a long time . . . because the Red Cross signifies love in the struggle of hatred: it seems the song of the nightingale after the thunderbolt.

To love our neighbor as the Red Cross wants us to do means educating our fellow creatures in the healthy life, accustoming them to universal solidarity, mutual respect, mutual tolerance; giving comfort and assistance with simplicity of heart, serenity of mind, and firmness of resolution.

This is what we feel we must do, and *can* do!

—*Youth for Youth (Italian Junior Red Cross.)*

EDITORIAL CORRECTION.—In the March News, on The Little Folks' Own Page, a group of Navajo Indian children of Chin Lee, Arizona, was erroneously identified as Pueblo Indians. Navajo Indians do not live in villages, or pueblos, but are nomadic.

# JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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*Love like a child around our world doth run,  
Happy, happy, happy for all that God hath done,  
Glad of all the little leaves dancing in the sun.  
Even so say I:  
Even so say I.*

—Alfred Lord Tennyson.

## Lavinia, The Red Cross Doll

The above quotation introduces the story of "Lavinia, The Red Cross Doll," by Caroline Stetson Allen (The Stratford Company, Boston), and before one knows it he is lost in the wholesome and lively experiences of a flock of little cousins, and their children—yes, their *children* (some persons might call them dolls and display their lack of understanding). The children do some entertaining talking and letter-writing, or rather, their *mammas* do it for them, for these *mammas*, it should be known, are members of the American Junior Red Cross and are thoughtful and active little citizens. Unique among the dolls is Lavinia, in a Red Cross uniform.

There is a visit to Scarecrow Alley where the cousins meet Katy with her string doll. It is Christmas and snowy, and the glorious Lavinia is thrust into Katy's hands and the cousins rush away. Later Katy is encountered in an orphanage, with her Lavinia, and is adopted—Lavinia, too—and taken to England. Katy unfolds in an atmosphere of love like a fragrant and beautiful flower. She comes back to the United States and enters into Junior Red Cross work with fine spirit. One day she is overheard talking to her Lavinia in this fashion:

"Don't say you are too small, darling! Nobody is too small to try to help! I know of something right now you can do. You can wear your Red Cross dress often, and that will remind me of the Junior Red Cross."

The story of Lavinia is written in a style easy for child reading, and reflects throughout a spirit of helpfulness and love.

[142]

## Summer Materials For Portfolios

The development of School Correspondence as an integral part of the American Junior Red Cross program has been natural, inasmuch as letter-writing is a most effectual means of "getting acquainted," and getting acquainted is a necessary step in promoting understanding and good will. "Good understanding makes up for the lack of knowledge of each other's language," writes a student in Hungary to a Junior school in the United States.

Letter-writing has grown into portfolio-making, and portfolio-making has become an art. It would delight all Juniors to see many of the beautiful portfolios which have passed through national headquarters of the Junior Red Cross in Washington. These amplified and beautified "scrap-books" of pictures and letters portray very vividly the life of the regions from which they come, and certainly carry better understanding of those regions wherever they go.

All schools interested in School Correspondence, and that should mean all schools enrolled in the Junior Red Cross, are requested to keep this activity in mind during the summer vacation—when on trips or outings, to gather attractive souvenirs of their sections of the country and to press flowers to put in portfolios in the next school term; to lay aside especially suitable pictures that may come into their possession, for such use, and to think up original ideas for portfolios.

## What a Lesson Is the Forest

BY NORMAN GALE

On the ivied house the starling  
Clapped his beak as we went by,  
And the chaffinch, homeward flying,  
Slipped in loops across the sky.  
Here and there a hermit poplar  
Musing on his stature stood,  
And we heard, advancing farther,  
Unseen wings within the wood.  
What a lesson is the forest  
For a brotherhood of life!  
What a green rebuke for nations  
Ever ready for the strife!  
Here within a space no longer  
Than a blackbird floats unfanned,  
Oak and elm and beech, the chieftains,  
Spire in peace above the land.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

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# FATHER WORLD'S PARTY

By Yetta Klein

Public School 188-G, New York

ONCE upon a time, not very long ago, Father World gave a party and invited all the children of the world. Father World sat at one end of a great big hall and watched his children pouring in.

After all the children had arrived, Father World told them to begin to play. But the children did not start to play. They were afraid of one another as they did not know one another and they thought themselves so different because they were dressed differently and spoke a different language.

Father World stepped right in amongst the children and placed them in a great big circle. Then the music began to play and all the children began to march, and they found that they could all march. Then Father World told them to skip and every one of the children skipped. Then he told them to run and the children found that they could all run.

After that, Father World took all his children to a great table that was set for them to have some ice cream, for no party could ever be complete without ice cream. At first the little Japanese girl was afraid to sit at the table, for she was wondering what she was supposed to do with ice cream. Was she to eat it? Soon she saw that the little American girl and all the other children were eating the ice cream, and so she sat down, too, and soon all the children were enjoying their ice cream and found they could all eat and that they all ate the same way.

After the children had rested a little, Father World told them that they were going to play some game. He showed them a ball, threw it way up in the air and all the children ran to catch it. The little German child ran just as fast as did the little Italian child; and the little Dutch girl was just as eager to get the ball as was the little Japanese boy. And so they saw that they could all play ball. Then Father World told them to play tag and all the children played tag, and soon all the children were laughing and giggling in their play as if they had been friends all the time.

And now Father World told them that it was time for them to go home, so he called them together and this is what he said:

"My dear Children of the World:

"I have invited you all to come together today because you did not know one another. At first you were afraid of one another; you thought you were so different because you were dressed differently and spoke a different language. But now you know that you can all run, you can all skip, you can all eat, you can all laugh, you can all play, and I know that in every one of your lives there is thoughtfulness, kindness, joy, cheer, helpfulness, and love. Perhaps the little Chinese girl shows her love for her mother and her friends differently from the little English girl, and perhaps the little German boy shows his thoughtfulness not the way the little Spanish boy does, but it's there all the same.

"Think of your own little family for a moment. You don't all look exactly alike; you don't all dress exactly alike. Your mothers wouldn't want you all to dress alike. And yet, because you belong to one family, and because you are brothers and sisters and because you know one another, you love one another. Well, you are all *my* family, the World family—you all belong to me and you are all brothers and sisters. I don't want you all to dress alike, neither do I want you all to look alike. Try to know one another better, my children, trust one another, do not be afraid of one another, and then you'll find that there is something fine and good to love in every one of you."

Father World paused a little, and then he said, "Before you go I want you to look up straight above you."

And the children looked, and right above their heads there floated a flag—no, it wasn't the Russian flag, it wasn't the Dutch flag, it wasn't the American flag, it wasn't the Chinese or Japanese flag, but it was a great big white flag with a red cross in the center. And the children looked and looked and smiled, for every one of them knew and recognized the flag, for the Red Cross flag belonged to them all as it floats over every country in the world. And now the children knew more than ever that they were one great family and they went away feeling much richer and happier because they had found a billion and a half brothers and sisters.

THERE is a map on the wall of the office of School Correspondence of the American Junior Red Cross in Washington that shows how the

United States and Europe have been linked together by an exchange of letters, portfolios, and handwork between the school children of the countries on either side of the Atlantic Ocean. Brightly-colored silken threads run from points in the United States to points in Europe, indicating clearly the places engaged in correspondence. The two hemispheres are bound with many ties of friendship that grow stronger with each school year.

A new development in School Correspondence now appears—the beginning of an interlacing of friendships between the children of the United States and the children of Latin America. It is the beginning of the fulfillment of a prophecy made by the Secretary of the American Red Cross in an address of welcome to a group of representatives of Latin-American Republics, delivered in April, 1922, when she said in part:

"Every country and every nation has its own flag, but there is one flag that belongs to us all, and that is the flag of the Red Cross. So here you are more than welcome—you are at home. You traveled a long way to help to bring between the peoples of the Americas a better understanding of each other, and that is what we are trying to do through the Junior Red Cross; to bring a better understanding among the children of all the world. The motto of the Junior Red Cross is 'I Serve'—I serve others, not myself—and their slogan is 'Happy Childhood the World Over.'

"If the children are educated with that thought in mind and grow into men and women, they will translate that into 'happy manhood and happy womanhood the world over,' and that means a world at peace. Therefore, we build here foundations for the future that mean a relationship between the men and women and the children of all the world. This has never existed before and I shall hope to see the time when you will see those little silken threads (on the map) lacing back and forth between North and South America, as you see them today stretching between the United States and Europe, showing where the

children in schools on both sides of the Atlantic are in correspondence with each other; that we shall see the same little silken lines binding the Americas

ever closer and closer together through their children—silken lines of rainbow colors, but lines that are stronger in binding nations together than any treaties that may ever be written."

Argentina, Chile, Costa Rica, Venezuela, and Bolivia have formed Junior Red Cross organizations, but preparations are under way for Juniors of the United States to correspond with school children of a number of other Latin-American countries as well, regardless of whether they have yet entered into the world-wide children's "league of friendship" called the Junior Red Cross. Schools in Panama, Honduras, Ecuador, Costa Rica, and Brazil have expressed a desire for an exchange of portfolios of pictures and letters with school children of the United States.

Children of Brazil should have much to write about, and many beautiful and interesting things for portfolios, for 1923 marks the one hundredth anniversary of Brazilian independence and a great Centennial Exposition at Rio de Janeiro will continue through most of the summer. The Mexican government has appropriated 40,000,000 pesos for education during the present calendar year, this being 5,000,000 more than it appropriated for military purposes.

It will be interesting for Juniors of the United States to know that the school terms of South and Central America begin in March, April, or May, and continue to December. December, January, and February are the principal harvest months of these countries. Thus it will be understood that school children of these southern regions will be at work on portfolios and letters while Juniors of the United States are having their summer vacation. Juniors of the United States, on the other hand, will be busy in the heart of their school term while their Latin-American school friends are perhaps in the fields and woods.

Gradually the big idea of the Junior Red Cross—good-will, based on understanding begun in childhood and to last for all time—is spreading among the republics of Latin America!

## SOUTHWARD, HO!



*The Mexican government has appropriated 40,000,000 pesos to aid education in the Mexican states in 1923, and this sum is more than is allowed for all military purposes. It is hoped that correspondence between schools in the United States and schools in Mexico will develop through Junior Red Cross. Two sisters of Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico*



An outdoor children's theatre is a big attraction in Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina. Argentina has organized a Junior Red Cross



Bread boy in Caracas, Venezuela, where a Junior Red Cross has been organized



A sunburst of glory over Brazil's famous harbor and Centennial Exposition, at Rio de Janeiro. Brazil wants School Correspondence



Upstanding boys of Chile, where a Junior Red Cross is under way; also a great peace conference at Santiago, the capital



Bolivia's representative on this page is a handsome llama of the high Andes. A Junior Red Cross has been formed in this country



Elaborate school gymnastics in San Salvador; a bright scene which shows progress in education in Central America



An Indian girl of Guatemala beside a great home-grown fan. She could teach others how to make baskets



Modern playgrounds are to be found in Costa Rica, where there is a Junior Red Cross and a desire for School Correspondence



A Tapachula Indian maiden, of the State of Chiapas, Mexico, wearing a Junior Red Cross smile

# SERVICE IN ALL QUARTERS



Photo by R. W. Heck

*Harmony in the Great Outdoors! A beautiful float in a summer pageant given by school children of Burns, Oregon*

**H**OPI INDIAN boys and girls on their reservation, Orabai, Arizona, are enrolled as Juniors this year. They raised their service fund by selling bows and arrows.

**T**HE FIRST service act of 227 boys in the State Industrial School at Chehalis, Washington, recently enrolled in the Junior Red Cross, is the making of jigg-saw puzzles for "wonder bags" which the Red Cross Chapter is preparing for ex-service men at Cushman Hospital.

**M**EMBERS of the Junior Red Cross in Hamilton County, Indiana, have packed eleven gunny sacks and one box full of clothing for refugees at Athens, Greece. Their goal was to have every article in perfect condition, and they worked faithfully and enthusiastically until this was accomplished. A local merchant donated thirty-eight dolls and the Juniors dressed them.

**O**VER 4200 toys and other gifts consisting of rag and paper dolls, cloth cats, dogs, and other animals, jumping jacks, and the like, were made by school boys and girls of Manila, Philippine Islands, and given at Christmas time to children of the Culion Colony, to orphan homes, and needy children of Manila.

**T**HE American Junior Red Cross of the Chicago schools is a big army in itself, 174,581 children in 165 schools. Recent reports of the Chicago Chapter

disclose a long list of Junior service achievements, showing originality, inspiring leadership, and resources. Here are a few of them: Concerts for soldiers at hospitals; picnics for delicate children; games and scrap books made and sent to Cook County Hospital; Junior Red Cross plays given for the benefit of the Red Cross roll call; phonograph records to hospitals, and garments for destitute children in Europe.

**T**HE GRADE and Junior High schools of Williston, North Dakota, are planning to circulate from one school to another school correspondence portfolios they have received from Spain, Holland, Italy, Belgium, England, and the Philippines.

**S**ITKA, ALASKA, Juniors visited a hospital on Valentine's Day and brought with them heart-shaped cookies which they made themselves and boxes of candy decorated appropriately for the occasion. These Juniors are also exchanging correspondence with Juniors in King City, Missouri.

**H**AND-PAINTED calendars have been made for three wards in a local hospital by Central Grammar School Juniors of Alexandria, Louisiana. Every Wednesday these Juniors send either cut flowers or magazines to the hospital. To raise money to help one of their fellow students, these Juniors got a wholesale merchant to donate a ham, some of the children donated cake and bread, others made candy, and they sold sandwiches, cake, candy, and coffee from a decorated booth on the City Square.

# LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGE

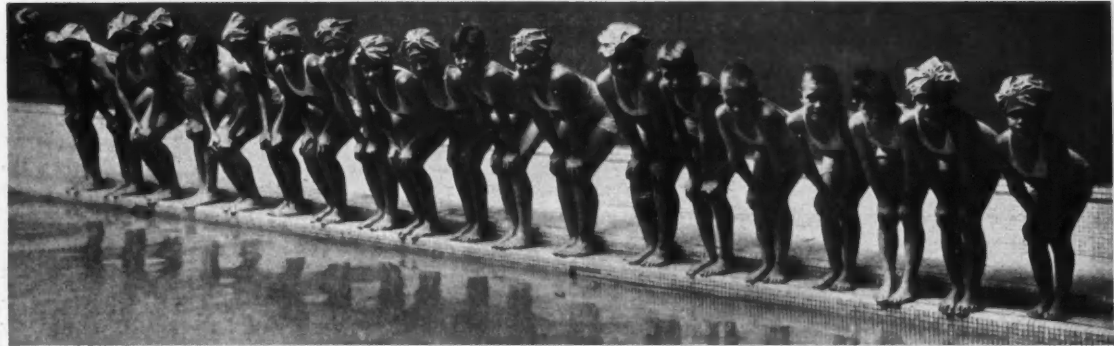


Photo by International

Ready to splash! Members of the fast-swimming, fancy-diving Red, White, and Blue Troupe of the United States Canal Zone

## The Red, White, and Blues

THERE is a troupe of girl-and-boy swimmers in the United States Canal Zone, called the "Red, White, and Blues," which is one of the fastest and cleverest groups of swimmers in all the land. Do they not look the part, at the top of this page?

The instructor of the Red, White, and Blue troupe is the United States Government Swimming Director for the Canal Zone, Mr. H. J. Grieser, who is an official examiner in life-saving methods for the American Junior Red Cross Life-Saving Corps.

"Cooperate your exercises with recreation," Mr. Grieser advises. "The exercise which cooperates with recreation is swimming. One who cannot swim may not only be a danger to himself but to his fellowmates. Children at the age of three may learn to swim."

Among the members of the Red, White, and Blue troupe is Roberta Johannas, 3 years old, who not only swims but can turn a front somersault and swing on traveling rings in the big swimming pool at Balboa, and Helen Bernardi, 8 years old, of this troupe, made a high dive of 70 feet at Madison Square Garden, New York, during a visit to that city. Helen Reynolds, 12 years old, swam 100 yards in 1 minute and 14 seconds. Alma Mann, 12 years old, dives from a height of 70 feet and holds the Ladies' and Girls' Breast Stroke title for the Canal Zone.

The Director of the American Red Cross Life-Saving Corps has announced a drive to train and enroll 20,000 members of the Junior Life-Saving Corps during 1923. This does not seem a large

figure when it is known that there are 16,000,000 girls and boys in the mainland of the United States alone who are eligible, the ages being 12 to 17.

## A Word to the Wise

By LOUISE M. LAUGHTON

Little owlet in the glen,  
I'm ashamed of you;  
You are ungrammatical  
In speaking as you do.  
You should say "To whom! To whom!"  
Not "To who! To who!"  
Your small friend, Miss Katydid,  
May be green, 'tis true,  
But you never hear her say  
"Katy do! She do!"

## A Double Pleasure

A duck came with her ducklings up to the side of a clear pond.

"You are all covered with dust," she said, "jump into the water and clean yourselves."

"We should like to," they said, "this dust troubles us horribly. But it would never do . . ."

"What! . . . Why not?"

"Don't you see that pig on the other side. He would laugh at us if we wash ourselves."

"All the better. It will be a double pleasure instead of one. You'll have the pleasure of a bath and the pig the pleasure of a laugh!"

—Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross Monthly.

## THE SUNBEAM

By DORIS KENYON

A sunbeam woke one dewy morn,  
And through its curtains, white and blue,  
Peeped out and said: "This day I'll see  
If there's some good that I can do."

It nestled in a dewy flower;  
Shone on a butterfly's bright wings;  
Hung gorgeous rainbows in the shower,  
And sowed the grass with fairy rings.

And where a seed slept in the ground  
It knocked and said, "Oh, sleeper, rise!"  
It chased the whirling water round;  
Winked in a fish's startled eyes.

It frolicked through the fields all day;  
It climbed the tree and scaled the hill;  
And with the dancing leaves at play  
It lingered round the mossy mill.

At even, when the day was done,  
On the far mountain's utmost height,  
Tiptoe the smiling sunbeam stood  
And bade the world a glad "good night."

# The Editor's Letter to You!

DEAR JUNIORS:

*"When children's friendships are world-wide,  
New ages will be glorified."*

These two lines from a poem published in your JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS in November, 1921, come forward as the work of the present school year is reviewed. Evidence is rapidly accumulating of a world-wide growth of children's friendships resulting from the activities of your league of good will, the Junior Red Cross.

With but a single program of helpfulness, including domestic and foreign work for children, your organization has established itself and held its membership most commendably.

American Junior Red Cross projects abroad have brought outbursts of praise from casual American travelers who have happened upon them, as well as countless expressions of gratitude from the foreign countries.

"The most thrilling thing in Rome is the American Junior Red Cross playground recently opened."

So begins a letter from the wife of a New York clergyman, written in the capital of Italy to a friend in the United States. Continuing, the letter says:

"We went out to see it and marvelled at what plucky little Miss Van Sickler has accomplished. To see a young woman (unfamiliar with the language) come alone to Rome representing the Juniors of America, win her way with the city officials and have the ground made ready and equipped like all other playgrounds we have in Europe, teach the Italian women who are to take over the work at the end of the year (Josephine Garibaldi is one), and provide the first circulating library for Italy—! Well, I bow before the American woman who is here for a purpose."

Miss Van Sickler may be mentioned as but a type of the American Junior representatives in foreign fields. A further impression of her work in Italy may be found in the article, "A Little Visit to Petescia," elsewhere in this magazine, which was not formally written as an article, but is taken from an official report. The

beautiful ways in which the children of Petescia, high among Italian mountains, displayed their gratitude for an American Junior Red Cross library is part of the general proof that "children's friendships" are becoming "world-wide."

You hardly need to be reminded that forty Czechoslovak children, called the Bakule Chorus, are visiting the United States today really as a diplomatic mission of good-will—child ambassadors, they are! How did this happen? Why, the

American Junior Red Cross extended a helping hand to a group of homeless, so-called cripples and their faithful teacher, in the new republic of Czechoslovakia four years ago. So wonderfully have they advanced and so consecrated is their purpose that their government has given official support to their tour of the United States; and they bear a letter of cordial greetings and gratitude from President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia to—to whom? One guess only: The American Junior Red Cross.

As a file of your JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS for the nine months, from September, 1922, to May, 1923, will show, American Junior Red Cross activities have extended to Albania, Rumania, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, Italy, Hungary, Austria, France, Belgium, and Poland, while at home they have been distributed from coast to coast and to all outlying territories of the United States—to Porto Rico, Virgin Islands, Panama, Hawaii, the Philippines, and other islands of the Pacific, and to Alaska.

Of all this you can be content to say with Bliss Carman:

And so, if I have wrought,  
Amassed, or conceived ought  
Of beauty or intelligence or power,  
It is not mine to hoard:  
It stands there to afford  
Its generous service simply as a flower.

AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM.



*"Kiddie Campers" in Kern County, California, guests of Juniors*



