



## JUVENILE SECTION OF "NAPREDEK"

CLEVELAND, OHIO, DECEMBER 21st, 1938

### GREETINGS TO YOU ALL

Members! Friends! Wherever you may be,  
 Be it north or south, east or west;  
 Upon the plains, beside river or sea,  
 Some place you love the best  
 May your Christmas be as happy  
 As Christmas ever could be,  
 And may all the things the New Year  
 brings  
 Be just exactly what they should be.

### Christmas Festivals

CHRISTMAS, as it is celebrated in our country, is a mixture of all the Christmas festivals ever celebrated throughout the world. The customs have come, bit by bit, from the old countries of Europe and we can not claim any one of the customs as our very own. Most of the customs, as celebrated in the United States, were brought here by the Dutch, but the Slavonic, Teutonic, Anglo-Saxon and Latin peoples, all contributed and are still contributing of their heritage to our Christmas festivities.

Among the people across the sea, CHRISTMAS is a season surrounded by a wealth of traditions, colorful ceremonies, processions and pageants. These for the most part, are not suited to our American life, but in their homes, churches, lodge rooms and clubs, many of the old world customs and rites are reproduced to bring to their American children a deeper realization of the beauty and spiritual significance of their Christmas heritage. None deny that these usually tend to broaden and enrich the cultural life of our American friends and neighbors who may be present as participants or visitors.

President Roosevelt not long ago pointed out, "We in the United States are amazingly rich in the elements from which to weave a culture. We have the best of man's past on which to draw, brought to us by our native folk and folk from all parts of the world. In binding these elements into a national fabric of beauty and strength, let us keep the original fibres so intact that the fineness of each will show in the completed hand-work."

### Thoughts on Santa Claus

Is there a Santa Claus? Why, of course, there is and don't let anyone tell you different. Not just one, but millions of them, everywhere. When TIMES are good there are one or more in nearly every home. He may not always be the same fat, jolly, bewhiskered old fellow that you have had pictured in your mind,

# With Our Juniors

By MICHAEL VRHOVNIK,  
 Director of Vrtec and English Speaking Lodges



but he does exist. He exists in spirit, something you can't always see—the spirit of giving, of wanting to help someone in need. That's the real Santa Claus! Your father, mother, sister or brother may actually give you your Christmas pres-

ents, but it was the spirit of giving, their thoughtfulness that prompted them to remember you.

Christmas, when I was a youngster, how well I remember . . . For weeks before, we (my brothers, sisters and I)

thought of things we'd like to have for Christmas (just as many of you are, today)—How we schemed and worked for them in every way our eager minds could think of . . . Those were days when no one had to be told twice what to do—It seemed we knew by instinct . . . In the mornings, before leaving for school, we'd never fail to ask Mother if she needed anything from the store, and if there was snow on the walks, it was soon cleared away and everything left spic and span . . . After school, the kindling wood was chopped and the coal brought in (the coal and wood were kept in the shed on the alley about a hundred feet from the house), more errands were run and even the dishes done . . . Boy! Were we good! Plenty of Santa Claus spirit there and a reason for every bit of it . . . Catch on?

And when Christmas Eve finally arrived and it was time for us to toddle off to bed, we did so, reluctantly . . . We pretended to want to stay up late to see Santa Claus come down the chimney. Not having a fireplace, we often wondered (usually presense) how Santa was able to squeeze through the stove pipe. Just a trick of ours, YOU KNOW. We knew all along who the Santas were in our house and we were smart enough to know that the older folks got a big kick out of thinking we didn't know . . . But off to bed we went thinking and hoping until we dropped off in the land of dreams, where we spent the

(Continued on page 3 of regular issue)

## SSPZ Junior Literary Champions 1938

### ACHIEVEMENT TROPHY WINNERS

Valeria Artel .....	Outlookers, Cleveland, Ohio
Frank Mivec .....	Jugoslavs, Indianapolis, Ind.
Marie Ermence .....	Balkan Jrs., Milwaukee, Wis.
Frederick Bashel .....	Outlookers, Cleveland, Ohio
Andrew Elersich .....	Spartan Juniors, Cleveland, Ohio

### ACHIEVEMENT GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

Florence Kmet .....	Hiawathans, Nokomis, Illinois
Julia Kosmach .....	Kingsters, White Valley, Pa.
Josephine Kovic .....	Outlookers, Cleveland, Ohio
Elsie Ohojak .....	Balkan Juniors, Milwaukee, Wis.
John Obat .....	Spartan Juniors, Cleveland, Ohio

### OUR JUNIOR WRITERS

Congratulations, boys and girls, on your literary achievements of the past twelve months. I'm sure your writings have been an inspiration to everyone who has read them and we're very proud of you, ALL OF YOU, whether your name appears among the winners or not, and we thank you for your share of progress which has helped to place our Vrtec Section right up there among the leaders of similar publications throughout the country.

VALERIA ARTEL, editor-in-chief of the OUTLOOKERS CORNER and third place winner in last year's contest, was awarded a beautiful loving cup, emblematic of the HIGHEST LITERARY ACHIEVEMENT in 1938 . . . Gifted with talent, a prolific writer with style both attractive and original, Valeria maintained a leading place all through the contest. No matter what subject she chose to write about she did not fail once. So, hail to the LITERARY CHAMPION of 1938, VALERIA ARTEL.

ACHIEVEMENT TROPHIES were awarded to FRANK MIVEC as the BEST SHORT STORY WRITER of the year (Incidentally, Frank won the highest literary award in 1937); to MARIE ERMENCE (another repeater) for her variety of NEWS ARTICLES, POEMS and DESCRIPTIVE NARRATIVES; to FREDY BASHEL for his BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, entitled "Our Personalities," and to ANDREW ELERSICH for his excellent REPORTS on MEETINGS and ACTIVITIES of his Vrtec Unit.

GOLD MEDALS, appropriately engraved, were awarded to FLORENCE KMET, JULIA KOSMACH, JOSEPHINE KOVIC, ELSIE OHOJAK and JOHN OBAT for having contributed two or more outstanding articles or poems during the contest. Members receiving HONORARY MENTION are . . . JULIA KRAMZER, TILLIE MLADENICK, HELEN MAREN, ANGELINE PEVC, WILLIAM PEVC, HELEN PREVIC, JOSEPHINE BARBER, MARY MILLER, JOHN VADNAL, DOROTHY PREBIL, HELEN POKLICKY, IRENE ROVAN, MARY KLEVISHER, WILMA GRATCHNER and LILLIAN KOSMACH.

RANDOM NOTES: More than fifty different Vrtec members submitted contributions to the Vrtec Section in 1938 . . . The most consistent contributor was Marie Ermence, who didn't miss a single issue all year. Runner-up in this respect was Valeria Artel, who, on the other hand, submitted more material than any other writer . . . Best incognito writers were: Flash, Slam, Bang and Duck (and sometimes "One More") . . . Perhaps, the funniest news article was "Whatta Game" by TWO NUTS & A BOLT . . . In the more serious vein, "A Tribute" to the founders and 30th Anniversary of the Society, written by Valeria Artel, was very good . . . Taking the Vrtec Units as a whole, the most prolific were the OUTLOOKERS, JUGOSLAVS, KINGSTERS and BALKAN JUNIORS in that order . . . The most interesting page was the OUTLOOKERS CORNER . . . And that's all until next month when we hope to meet you again through the columns of the Vrtec Section . . . Keep your eyes peeled for news of the 1939 literary contest. Rules will most likely appear in the January issue.

## LITERARY HONOR ROLL

### MONTH OF NOVEMBER

Valeria Artel .....	Outlookers
Irene Rovon .....	Budgets
Fredy Bashel .....	Outlookers
Marie Ermence .....	Balkan Jrs.
Andrew Elersich .....	Spartan Jrs.
Wilma Gratchner .....	Roznik Jrs.
Lillian Kosmach .....	Challenger Jrs.
Elsie Ohojak .....	Balkan Jrs.
Stanley Previc .....	Kingsters
Josephine Kovic .....	Outlookers



# Miklavž v predmestju Madrida

Za "Vrtec" napisal A. Zaitz



Anton Zaitz

Sani so bile napolnjene z raznimi darili in spredaj so bili upreženi jeleni. Vse je bilo pripravljeno in stari Miklavž je čakal samo povelje za obhod. Prišel je ukaz od zgoraj: "Miklavž, sedaj pa le pojdi na zemljo in obdaruj vse, kateri so darov potrebni. Miklavž je pogнал in zvončki so zacingljali v mrzlo sneženo noč na zemlji.

Dobre volje je bil Miklavž nočoj. Prijetno službo ima, katera mu nalaga, da samo enkrat na leto poseti male na zemlji in jih obdari. Premišljaj pa je besede ukaza: pojdi in odaruj vse! Kako neki mu bo to mogoče storiti samo z enimi napoljenimi sankami? In ker v tem ukazu ni bilo naročeno, ravno kam mora iti, se je odločil, da bo izbral le one, kateri so v resnici najbolj potrebni. Vozil je skozi bogata in velika mesta, kjer se ni ustavil. Lansko leto se je ustavil v nekem bogatem mestu ter bil razočaran. Prišel je v razkošno stanovanje, kjer je imel sitnosti z raznimi strežaji, predno so ga pustili v notrajnost do otrok. In ko je slednjič do njih prišel, je videl, da sta se mala dva že igrala z vsemi mogočnimi novimi modeli železnice i.t.d. Teh bi ne mogel razveseliti, če tudi bi jih hotel, ker sam ni premogel dragocenosti, s katerimi so razpolagali ti otroci. Vprašal je nališpano damo, kako in kaj o Miklavžu, pa je malomarno odvrnila, da zanje je Miklavž vsaki dan in ne samo enkrat na leto. To je Miklavža tako poparilo, da je sklenil, da se bo takih hiš v bodoče izogibal. In prav zato se letos v resnici ni ustavljal v teh mestih. Drvel je ven na deželo, izbirajoč male skromne vase, ali pa se ustavljal le v tistih delih predmestij, kjer so živeli ubožni delavci. Mnogo je že izdal s svojih sani in bal se je da mu bo stvari zmanjkalo.

Daleč na vzhodu je zažarelo nebo. Kaj pa je tam za ena slavnost? si je mislil Miklavž in usmeril svoje jelene v to stran. Dolgo se je vozil, in ko so sani pričele odskakovati na cesti, je ustavil, stopil s sani in pogledal, ka je s cesto. S svojimi škornji je brskal sneg iz velike luknje na cesti. To je pa res čudno, si je mislil, kako da so ljudje v teh krajih tako grdo cesto razkopali. Pogнал je naprej in prišel do zagrajene ceste. Velika žična ograja je bila čez cesto, Miklavž ni mogel naprej. Poskusil je odstraniti bodečo žico in ko se je dotaknil je štrbuknil na tla.

Kaj je pa to za ena novotarija na zemlji? si je mislil, ko se je pobiral. Kedaj so ljudje iznajdli tako žico, da vrže človeka na tla in da mu ni Bog o tem nič povedal? Še predno se je dobro pobral, je že stal vojak poleg njegaja ter mu nastavil na puški nasajeni bajonet na prsa. "Kdo si," je zaklical, "da si upaš tipati naše žične ovire? "Kdo?" je jecljal Miklavž. "I no, Mi-

klavž sem. Saj me moraš poznati." "Miklavž!" se je začudil vojak. "To ime pri nas že tretje leto ni več znano. "Kje pa sem?" se je v zadregi popraskal Miklavž po bradi. "Povej mi, kje sem, da ne poznate Miklavža." "V lojalistični Španiji si, tik pred Madridom, kjer se bje boj že tretje leto. Kje pa si vendar prespal, Miklavž vsa ta leta?"

"Prespal nisem," je odgovoril Miklavž, "a sam sebe gospodar nisem bil nikoli. Toliko tisoč raznih stvari je na zemlji, ki mi to niso dovoljevale. Bog pa mi tudi o kaki vojni na zemlji ni povedal. Pravil mi je sicer o neki svastiki in o nekem možu čudnega imena, ki se prične z M, no, o vojni pa mi res ni nič povedal. Vseeno te prosim, dobri vojak, pusti me naprej. Povej mi za bližnje vasi, da najdem otroke."

"Bližnje vasi ne boš našel, ker jih ni več, če pa ravno hočeš, pojdi v mesto; tam morda najdeš kje pod zemljo skupino, katera iščeš."

Odprl je velika vrata in Miklavž je drčal po razbiti od strani vsej zakriti cesti. Čez čas je zmanjkalo ceste. Barikade so jo zapirale. Miklavžu ni kazalo drugega, kakor da zapelje na stran ceste, pobaše stvari v vrečo in nadaljuje pot peš. Mesto je bilo vse v razvalinah in v temi. Sprva je mislil, da so ljudje toliko napredovali, da so odpravili dimnike s streh. Kmalu pa se je prepričal, da so poleg dimnikov zginila tudi vrata, okna in da so od nekdanj krasnih poslopij ostale le še razvaline golih sten, ki so kakor k nebu dvignjene roke pričale o groznem razdejanju.

Nikjer ni srečal žive duše, zato je pričel kar na glas kričati: "Hej, ljudje božji, Miklavž je prišel! Slišite Miklavž — Miklavž! Nihče se ni oglasil, prestrašil pa je veliko podgano, katera je smuknila iz podrtije pre-



ko ceste. Sedaj šele se je spomnil, da bo moral ljudi in male iskati pod zemljo, kakor mu je pripovedoval vojak. Dolgo je iskal v temi razdejanj ulicah, dokler ni prišel do male odprtine, katera je vodila pod zemljo. Po daljšem tavanju v temnem hodniku je prišel do nekaj iz desk skupaj zbitega na strani hodnika, kar je služilo nekemu za posteljo. Postelja je bila pokrita z veliko vojaško plahto. Miklavž jo je narahlo odgrnil ter videl malega dečka, ki je v spanju držal kos odeje preko glave.

Toda deček ni bil sam. Cela kopica otrok je ležala skrita pod odejo. Miklavž je narahlo pocukal dečka in z njim vred zamajal vse ostale, kateri so se oklepali drug drugega. Deček se je ustrašil ter hitro potegnil odejo preko glave. Miklavž pa bi se bil rad izdal, zbudil otroke ter jih vprašal po starših, zato je zapiskal na piščalko. Tedaj pa je prvi deček pošepnil drugim pod odejo: "Pokrite se! Zopet so tu! Ste slišali sirene?" Trupelca so se zgenila pod odejo. Privili se še tesneje drug drugemu ter pridrževali sapo. Miklavž je zapiskal ponovno. Takrat se je klopčič pod odejo še bolj skrčil in čul je pritajeno ihtenje in klicanje na pomoč. Klicali so svoje očete in matere: "Pomagajte — pomagajte!" Miklavžu je bilo hudo, ker ni jih mislil prestrašiti. Spravil je piščalko ter prav na tiho in ljubeznjivo šepetal nad odejo: "Ne bojte se, otroci moji, nič hudega ni. Miklavž sem, kateri vam prinaša daril, Miklavž, razumete?" Pod odejo se je nekoliko umirilo. Slišal je posvetovanje ali bi odgrnili odejo ali ne. Nekdo je svetoval: "Pa odkrijmo. Po glasu sodim, da mora biti blag mož." In so narahlo odkrili odejo. Sedem shujšanih malih obrazkov, pet dečkov in dve deklici, se je prikazalo izpod odeje in mencalo oči.

"Miklavža je zazeblo v dna duše. Ubogi otroci, pripuščeni samim sebi! Vprašal je prvega dečka, božajoč ga po laseh, kje mu je oče. "Na fronti, ako je še živ," je odgovoril deček. Vprašal je drugega. "Ni ga več; dve leti je že, kar je padel na bojišču." Tretji: "Nimam ne očeta ne matere. V ofenzivi smo bežali skupaj iz mesta in ko smo prišli na varno, je zmanjkalo očeta in matere." Po vrsti je spraševal vse, odgovor je bil: Ga nimam, padel, ubit, ali morda ujet.

Nazadnje je prišel do dveh deklic, kateri sta bili sestrici. "No, punčka, kje pa je tvoj oče in mati?" "Moje mame tudi ni več," je zaplakala. "V trgovino smo šli preko ceste, ko je neki pošastni ptič krožil nad mestom ter nekaj vrgel pred mojo mamo. Počilo je, in ko se je razkadilo, je najina mama ležala mrtva na cesti. Dobri ljudje so se naju usmilili ter naju prinašajo

## Mankind Needs Christmas

SYGAN, Pa. — In the annals of our SSPZ., the year 1938 is a momentous one, for in looking back over the past twelve months, more members were enrolled, our Vrtec grew stronger through cooperation, and the successful Olympics were held in Bridgeville. But what will the year 1939 bring? Will our Vrtec reach the goal of success that we have been striving for? Will we all meet again in Indianapolis in 1939? Will U. S. remain a neutral country or will she engage in another murderous war?

Although nations are in midst of civil strife, others are shouting threats of war at each other, there is an urgent need for a day universally dedicated and accepted by all to bring joy and happiness to other men.

Such a day is Christmas. And coming as it on Sunday, Dec. 25, let us hope that the spirit it portrays shall soften the hearts of hatred, and that it shall make man more conscious of his duty to the welfare of mankind. Let us hope that the greed for territorial expansion, for trade, and for power shall be suspended long enough during Christmas holidays to enable cooler heads to prevail.

If ever there was a need for Christmas holidays, the year 1938 can lay just claims as one in most urgent need. "Peace on earth" and "Good will toward men" should be shouted to the European nations.

Christmas with its centuries of tradition—Christmas with its memories of childhood, when the whole world depended upon the arrival of Santa Claus—the joy felt only by those who are unselfish with their gifts—that is what makes life worth living.

From all of us here,

To all of you there,

A very Merry Christmas and —a Happy New Year.

Julia Kramzer,  
Sec'y, Vrtec 72

po noči v ta hodnik, kjer smo varni pred bombami."

Miklavž je izložil iz svoje vreče vse, kar je še imel. "Vzemite, sirote! Ni veliko, rad bi vam dal več, ako bi imel. Tolikšne potrebe nisem videl nikjer pod solncem." Več ni mogel govoriti, zavrelo je v njem. Civilizacija dvajsetega stoletja! Na eni strani toliko razkošja, na drugi tako v nebo vpijoče krivice. "Pokrijte se zopet, otroci. Enkrat pride žarek solca tudi do vas," je rekel in odšel.

Zunaj mesta ni več našel sani in jelenov. Fašistična straža je izvohala ter zaplenila sanke z jeleni vred. Peš jo je mahnil Miklavž domov in potožil svojemu gospodarju: "Na zemljo ne grem več, dokler ne posežeš z svojo roko vmes Ti in napraviš konec barbarski civilizaciji . . ."



# White Valley Kingsters Report



## THE CAROLS WE SING

DELMONT, Pa. — One of our customs which has made Christmas beautiful is the singing of carols. Their name in France is noels, in Italy, pastorelles and in Germany Kristlieder. They began probably in the early church, where nativity plays were given which told the story of Christ's birth, and carols were sung. A carol is a song of rejoicing which forms a part of the celebration of the great festivals of the Christian Church, but associates most commonly with Christmas. The first Christmas carol recorded in Luke II, 13-14, was sung by the heavenly chorus of angels over the plains of Bethlehem, and some of the most beautiful carols ever written, such as Nahum Tate's "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," and Charles Wesley's "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," were inspired by this old, sweet story. Carol-singing was very popular in Europe during the Middle Ages where bands of men and boys would go about the streets for several nights before Christmas, singing in the open air. Many new carols were added, some sacred and others concerned with feasting and drinking.

The first authorization for a collection of carols was issued to Thomas Trynsdale in 1562, just three hundred and seventy-six years ago.

One of our greatest carols ever written, like Christ, had a humble birth—"Silent Night." This serene hymn was written hurriedly when all was not calm and all was not bright. For outside the wind howled terribly, a sign of a blizzard, and inside the tiny Church of Arnsdorf, Franz Gruber discovered on the day before Christmas Eve that his organ was broken.

Desperately the organist rushed to the assistant priest Joseph Mohr, and begged him to write something so simple that it could be played and sung without even one rehearsal.

That evening Fr. Mohr, who had just returned from administering the last rites to a dying woman, paused in the snowy heights overlooking the town. The blizzard was ended. Over all was the vast stillness of nature on a winter evening. It occurred to him suddenly that it must have been much like this upon

that holy night in Bethlehem. Tremendously moved, he hurried home and wrote the verses of what we now call "Silent Night."

That midnight the congregation listened to the first playing of that hymn. The members never dreamt that they were listening to one of the greatest hymns ever to be written.

The origin of "Silent Night" was re-enacted in part for radio listeners on Christmas Eve in 1936. From Gallein, a village near Salzburg, Austria, the hymn was sung by Felix Gruber, using his greatgrandfather's original guitar.

"O Little Town of Bethlehem" was written hurriedly also, and to be used only once. The renowned minister, Phillips Brooks, jotted it down to describe to his Sunday School class the town of Bethlehem as he remembered seeing it in his travels one Christmas Eve. Little did he think, as he read it casually on a Sunday morning back in 1867, that it would wing its way into the hearts of everyone who heard it, until celebrated composers would vie to set it to worthy music; and that, of all their versions, the most famous would be the one which came in a dream on Christmas Eve to the organist of his own church in Boston—Lewis H. Redner.

Nor did any anonymous author have any idea when he composed "Away in a Manger," merely for his own children to sing one Christmas Eve, that it would afterwards be sung by children all over the world.

Although it's the type of song Martin Luther might have written, still that lover of music didn't write it—even though he is almost universally given the credit.

Martin Luther strongly felt that music should begin at home, organized his own children into a small choir, wrote many simple compositions and would have been overjoyed, had he lived four hundred years, to hear "Away in a Manger" sung by the Star-Boys of Sweden.

## Errand Girl's Christmas

Helen Mladenick, Vrtec 103, White Valley, Pa.

*As Christmas time rolls round  
each year,*

*There's always much to do; —*

*Trees to trim, and gifts to give,*

*And all the folks to please;*

*A cake to bake, potica to make*

*And some delicious bread.*

*"Helen dear," I seem to hear,*

*"Come help me in the kitchen;*

*I will make the candied fruit*

*And you can wash the dishes."*

*Were it not for Christmas time*

*Oh Mother, I'd complain.*

"O Come All Ye Faithful" is often called the Portuguese Hymn because it was sung so frequently during the first half of the nineteenth century by the choir of the Portugese Chapel in London, which at that time was conducted by the noted Catholic composer, Marcos Portogallo.

This Christmas as we sing the loved carols or hear others sing them, let us be reminded of their humble significance!

Theresa Kastelic,  
Recording Sec'y, 103

## A REVIEW OF THE YEAR

DELMONT, Pa. — "Where there a will there's a way." And so have the Kingsters progressed toward making the year of 1938 a successful as well as an enjoyable one. Our officers, assisted by many of our older members, have worked diligently at our dances and other affairs in order to make them a benefit to our organization. We can easily make a review of the year's activities.

We welcomed the new year by having our second anniversary dance January 16. A one-act play, "Angeline Bakes a Cake," was presented. Brother Kvaritch gave us a talk concerning the progress of our fraternal organization.

During the month of February several of the Kingster girls attended the Progressor's dance. They tell us they had a swell time!

The three SSPZ lodges of White Valley, Senior Lodge, No. 142, Evening Stars No. 200, and Kingster Vrtec 103, had a dance August 27, in commemoration of the Society's thirtieth anniversary. Once again we acted, in two plays: "Orville's Big Date" and "Baby je Bolan." Miss Previc must be complimented for doing her part so well for she had but a short time to learn it. Our guest of honor, Brother Vrhovnik showed movies after the plays, some of which were taken in June of the previous year. We saw many friends that night, if not at the dance, we saw them in the movies.



We spent one day at Presto Park during the Sixth National Athletic Meet, Sept. 4.

October 16 was the night of our fall dance with a "cake walk." One of our White Valley friends won the cake.

Once again we went to Bridgeville on Nov. 5 and attended a "Harvest Dance."

During several months, especially during the summer, many members practiced playing mushball. The girls' team was well under way, although we didn't play any other teams.

Our monthly meetings were well attended. We are happy to say we didn't have any deaths among our Vrtec members. Two of our members, Helen Previc and Tillie Mladnik were transferred to adult lodges.

Our Christmas party is scheduled for Dec. 26 at the White Valley Hall. Parents of Vrtec members are invited to this party also, and we hope to see many there. We can well say that this affair is going to be one of our most outstanding of the year. I hope everyone has a Merry Christmas and a New Year full of good cheer.

Helen Kastelic,  
Vrtec No. 103

WHITE VALLEY, Pa. — I wish to take this opportunity to thank the contest judges for the check I received for my last contribution to the Vrtec page.

**About People You and I Know**  
Helen Previc is visiting her sister at Bobtown.

Theresa Kastelic is the only girl in our Vrtec who drives a car.

Rose Cappa keeps going to M'Cullough for a certain reason. Who is he, Rose?

Verna Kosmach was seen wearing a beautiful man's ring. I bet I know whose it is Verna.

Teanie Previc was seen having a good time with a Lenny. It looks bad Teanie (for the gang).

Mary Lavrich is taking guitar lessons. When will we hear a tune from you Mary?

Stanley Previc keeps going to Export every nite. Who is she Stanley? (Esther?)

The brunette was not seen in WHJZ studio with Martin Serro.

Two fellows from Sygan were seen upon Pedora hill in a Park. I didn't give you away did I Herky and Frank?

(Continued on page 7)



# Balkan Juniors' Page



## Wanting to Wait for Santa Claus

*All over the world the stockings  
Are being hung tonight  
By all the little children,  
Before the fire-light.*

*For Santa will soon be coming,  
Down the chimney big and wide,  
To fill those little stockings,  
That are hanging side by side.*

*The children will be sleeping,  
The house will be all still  
But Santa will be watching,  
For every Betty, Jack and Bill.*

*Oh how I wish I could see him,  
But I'm afraid that can not be  
For when he comes and I am  
watching,  
He won't leave any gifts for me.*

\* \* \*

### BALKAN JUNIORS

MILWAUKEE, Wisc. — Saturday, Nov. 12, Vrtec No. 33, had a Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving program. We started our meeting at 3:00 which ended at about 4:15. Then at 4:30 we had our program. Some played instruments, some sang and one girl tap-danced. When our program was over we started to dance. Herman Jerkich played his accordion.

The boys were quite bashful, but the girls kept on dancing. What was wrong with Herman, Frankie and Edide and the other boys? Frankie and Eddie were taught a little about dancing and after a lot of coaxing they danced a little. Well you can give credit to the boys.

We had refreshments between our dancing, then we continued to dance for a while and then we went home.

Margaret Ohojak (12)  
Vrtec No. 33.

### A BIT ABOUT EVERYTHING

Milwaukee, Wisc. — Variety is the spice of life. Every season of the year brings new changes into our lives. The summer season with its warm breezes, heat, lovely songs of the birds, beautiful flowers, is a thing of the past now. The winter season is here. The month of December brings snow for sleighing and skiing; we also go ice-skating. As the happiest season of the year approaches, we are reminded that there is so and so many days till Christmas; our hopes and wishes are rising; young and old are full of gay Christmas spirit; presents are given and received in turn. Decorations and pretty hollywreaths appear everywhere, we gather around the Christmas tree, with the tinsel and decorations reflecting the multicolored lights. It is all a very thrilling, enjoyable time.

This month's significance is



MARIE ERMENCE

two-fold. All active Vrtec lodges have Christmas celebrations, with varied programs, the adult members and the public, admiring and commenting on the young talents at their performance, thus creating good will and friendly feelings for Vrtec, and the whole SSPZ.

Secondly: We will have another special edition of the Juvenile Vrtec Section, which I hope will be full of interesting reading again.

Now I want to tell you some secrets which I held back so long, but eventually must come out "in the wash," with apologies to the boys and girls whom it concerns:

These incidents took place in the summer and fall.

The present and former Vrtec president, and "Giggles Ed," the treasurer, up and went fishing in the forbidden waters of Jackson Park Pond.

But like out of a clear sky, a huge man of Law appeared on the scene. Tony and Ed ran, Herman had his back turned to the cop. The Law thundered at the poor boy. Well, it all happened like in a flash. Herman took it on the "lam," the huge cop after him but the boy was the fastest racer that day; he won the race.

Leaving the big girls Norma, Elsie, Virginia and poor me tending the fires, roasting marshmallows and weiners. Some of the boys, Johnny Marn, the three Zainer brothers, R. Smola were feeding nuts to the squirrels. I can't figure out who had more fun, the boys or the squirrels. Well, if by a prank or accident, but it just so happened that the squirrel dropped a nut from the tree on Roland's head and believe it or not, Roland had a bump on his head.

Virginia Reigel had a most enjoyable time, but her tastes run contrary to mine. She roasted marshmallows pitch black and spread mustard on them. Thanks to her cast-iron constitution, she didn't have a "tummy ache."

I will try from time to time to give a brief description of various members of our gang,

their characters, and hobbies, and get the readers of the Juvenile Section acquainted with the boys and girls of Vrtec 33.

Our administratrix and the Vrtec committee, as is rumored, will arrange for new quarters for Vrtec meetings for the coming year.

Our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Frank Peric, at whose place our Vrtec meetings were held until now, were so good to us. They let us have the meeting place the first six months free of charge and thereafter for a very low fee. They are always first, ready to help at all adult or Vrtec lodge doings.

Speaking in behalf of all boys and girls of Vrtec 33, our hearty thanks and appreciation to you Bro. and Sis. Peric, for all your favors.

Thanks to the judges for my award for the past months.

Before closing my lines, I wish all of the boys and girls that are Vrtec members everywhere in every state, and especially our own gang, Vrtec 33 the most Merry Christmas and a very happy New Year in 1939.

That's my fraternal wish and love to you all!

Marie Ermence,

### OLGA'S FIRST LETTER

MILWAUKEE, Wis. — In my first article I want to tell you all how much I like our Vrtec. We have a lot of nice boys and girls whom we regard as brothers and sisters. Our meetings which are held in my grandfathers house are more like parties to us, and even the business part is a lot of fun. We have a very nice president. His name is Herman Jerkich. He is learning all there is to know of how to run a meeting. My sister Norma is the secretary and she collects the dues. Edward Ermenc who is always laughing is our treasurer. Maybe we should have someone good-natured because he pays the bills. Edward's sister Marie Ermenc is our recording secretary. She is our best article writer. My mother is our administratrix and all the children like her, and they are very happy because she is going to be for another year. We have some one who is very nice and that is always present at our meetings and that is John Maren. We call him Uncle Johnny. You may think it is funny that we call him that, but it's because he gives us candy, and because he always smiles that we gave him that name, I guess.

I wrote a lot today, more than I ever did. But I promise to write again when we have our new, or maybe old officers.

I wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May the Vrteces all grow nice. — Olga Stampfel, Age: 9.



ELSIE OHOJAK

### OUR CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

MILWAUKEE, Wisc. — The children of Vrtec No. 33 gave a Christmas program on Sunday, Dec. 18.

Bro. Vrhovnik was here and showed us moving pictures in the afternoon. Also in the afternoon, the Vrtec children put on a program. The program consisted of many solos on different instruments, singing, tap-dancing and other entertainments.

In the evening some of our Vrtec children put on a play called "The Lights of Christmas." Santa Claus was also present in the evening.

\* \* \*

### CHRISTMAS PLAY

(Written before the performance)

#### I.

*Our Christmas spirits are filled  
with the happiest joys,  
When we think of the Christmas  
program given on Dec. 18 by  
the Vrtec girls and boys,  
In the afternoon the program  
will consist of movie pictures,  
music and singing  
And the play, "The Lights of  
Christmas," shall be in the  
evening.*

#### II.

*Herman Jerkich, Norma and  
Olga Stampfel are the Adams's  
in the play,  
They are excited because for  
Christmas they are having  
company.  
Eddie Ermence and Margaret  
Ohojak are the Masons, the  
guests visiting the Adams's  
on Christmas night  
They are rich and expect every-  
thing to be perfect and to be  
happy and bright.*

#### III.

*Frankie Velatich and Jeanette  
Gaber are the Kellys; they are  
poor but on Christmas they  
get gifts unexpectedly.  
They also visit the Adams's and  
then every one is gay and  
happy,*

*Those are the Vrtec children  
who will take part in the play  
So everybody, young and old,  
all remember the joyous day.*

Elsie Ohojak (Age 13)



# Sygan Vrtec No. 72

AN INVITATION

From our lodge  
To your lodge  
Comes a yuletide invitation,  
Which reads:  
Join us in laughter, dancing and  
all  
On December 26th at the Sygan  
Hall.

\* \*

SYGAN, Pa. — Since the Christmas spirit is very evident among our lodges, we are holding a Christmas Party on Dec. 26 at 8:00. All friends and members are invited to attend.

Sygan, a small Slovene town, has many talented youngsters, who are all members of SSPZ. Folks, these children will entertain you on Dec. 26th.

We have written to Santa Claus, asking him to drop Brother Vrhovnik at Sygan on the night of our party to display his movies, which were taken at Bridgeville during the 1938 Olympics.

The dance on Nov. 19 was a great success. We want to thank all those from Strabane, Bridgeville and Midway for attending our annual dance.

Our cute, little, blond Hilda Dolence is recovering nicely from her appendix operation. Gee, was Bobby worried, Hil!

This is Station SSPZ broadcasting from Sygan, telling you it's time to sign off and remind you members to attend this annual party.

Julia Kramzer.

## SYGAN VRTEC A SUCCESSFUL PROJECT

SYGAN, Pa. — "Frankie, you've got to write an article for December's issue of the Napredek!" After being reminded so many times, (even by our director) I have to write.

In view of our success during the past two years, it really isn't hard to write about our Vrtec, which was organized in a small mining community called Sygan. "They're all 'Granishers' on that hill." So what? We have more to boast about and show than many other towns put together.

Sygan has been an outstanding town for the past two years on account of the success of our Vrtec and the winning of the 1938 Softball Championship. Mere curiosity has brought in many new members. With all these new and cooperative members, more successful social affairs were held.

We give thanks to our administratrix, sister Kramzer, sister Vishnikar and brother Kvartich for their excellent cooperation through the year 1938. Our hope is that their help will make 1939 equally successful.

My one resolution for 1939 is, "I will write an article for Napredek every month."

Frank Dolinar,  
Pres., Vrtec 72



FRANK DOLINAR

## Christmas

SYGAN, Pa. — Just after the shortest day in the year, when the earth begins to turn its northern hemisphere toward the sun, more than half the nations of the globe celebrate Christmas — the birthday of Jesus Christ. No other festival brings so much happiness to so many persons, and no other holiday is so widely observed the world around.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men," is its inspiring message.

\* \* \*

## December

Well, here it is nearly Christmas and it doesn't seem long since the National Athletic Meet which was held at Bridgeville, and I can't forget it, having had such a nice time with all you friends from distant cities.

When December comes it always reminds me of our Vrtec, because we organized our Vrtec 72 about two years ago. I will never forget the first meeting we had, being initiated by sister Christine Kvartich (Mrs. Rudolph Lisch). Since then we held dances, had parties, saw movies, which were shown by brother Michael Vrhovnik, played mushball and won the softball championship of the Vrtec units. In the past year we have increased our membership. It is surprising how much you can learn in a few years. We have our meetings every third Friday of the month. The younger members are learning to be quiet and attentive. I never thought there would be so much energy and fervor among the members to do something for our organization, to make it a more worthy one.

By belonging to such a worthy organization, you gain many privileges, namely, writing for the "Napredek," and receiving honorary mention. And since I have been in this lodge, I have met many nice friends.

Now I wish to conclude with wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Margaret Erzen, many gifts. Whether there are  
Vrtec 72 many gifts or not they share

## Christmas In Many Lands

A few more days and Christmas will be here. Did you ever stop to think how the children in other countries spend Christmas? Let's go back a few years and take an imaginary trip to a few of the countries.

First let's go off to Old Russia. Here we learn that the older women do not eat from the time the morning star is out until the evening star appears. The children are allowed to eat because their bodies are not as strong. When the evening star comes out everyone puts on his best clothes and goes to a room where a Christmas tree is lit with candles. All around it are small tables covered with white cloths on which lie the gifts. The Christmas tree will be lit with fresh candles every night until New Year. After they have opened their gifts they go to attend church services.

As we go off to Spain we learn the legend which has lived for many centuries. When the Christ child was born in Bethlehem many years ago, three kings rode to Him on camels bearing gifts. When they left him they promised that as long as there were children on earth they would ride on their camels every Christmas eve and bear gifts to every child in memory of the Christ child. In Spain they have remembered what the Christmas kings promised, and when Christmas eve comes each child put his little shoe between the grating of the window that they may know a child is in that house and leave gift. Often the shoe is filled with grass for the camels, and a plate of dates and figs is put beside it, for the children know the kings have far to go and may be hungry.

As we go to Germany we learn that everyone exchanges gifts. If they cannot afford to buy something they make something by hand. A few days before Christmas a temporary market is made which is called a Dom. It is out in the open-air just like those they used to have in the Middle Ages. On Christmas eve they have a large tree on a table with the gifts under it. After supper they go and open their gifts, then they gather around and sing Christmas carols.

Now let's go down the Elbe river into the North Sea to the small island of Helgoland. There are no Christmas trees, so we'll have to take one along with us. Here we learn that the inhabitants take their gifts to the light-house where they gather on Christmas eve. If the fisher folk have had a good season there are many gifts, if the season was poor there are not

## The Comets Column

AMBRIDGE, Pa. This column may come as a surprise to you, for during the latter part of this year our Vrtec hasn't been very active. During this past year our meetings were very poorly attended. I wonder why?

The annual meeting will be held on Sunday January 1, 1939 at 3:00 p.m. at the Slovene Hall. It is the duty of every member to attend this very important meeting. At this meeting the important task of choosing capable officers for the year 1939 will take place. We will also discuss many other subjects of importance. Don't forget, I'll be looking for you, and I do mean you, at this meeting.

We haven't seen very many articles in the Vrtec section of the "Progress" from Comet members. I know that many of our members have the ability to write interesting articles which other members would enjoy reading. I know that it took me quite a spell to wake up, but it's really fun once you get started. Why don't the rest of you wake up and start that pen scratching?

### Song Hits

Two Sleepy People — The whole Comet gang.

Angels With Dirty Faces — The Comet lads after football practice.

You're As Pretty As A Picture — The Comet girls.

Be A Good Scout — Do your duty and attend all meetings.

So Help Me — To build a better and bigger Vrtec.

Stop Beatin, Around the Mulberry Bush — and start writin' to the "Progress."

Well, so much for this time. Don't forget to look for this column in the near future. In conclusion, I wish to extend my wishes to the Editor and all readers for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Jane Gaspersic,

### STANLEY'S FIRST

White Valley, Pa. — This is the first time I am writing to "Vrtec" and it's going to be a short letter. We are going to have a party on Dec. 26, in the evening. All members, fathers and mothers, are welcome.

Stanley Gerlosky,  
Vrtec 103.

### JANUARY MEETING

The annual meeting of the year comes in January and is the most important meeting of the year. Officers must be elected and a program of activity mapped out. Be sure to attend!

their joys and sorrows together.

So it goes from country to country. Christmas is a season of good wishes, good cheer, and happiness expressed by people for each other. May you all have a Merry Christmas and the best of luck in the coming year!

Lillian Kosmach,  
Sec'y, Vrtec 10





# The Outlookers Corner



"Outlookers' Corner", published as a section of the Napredok's Vrtec page. The Junior Editors are:

Editor-in-chief - Valeria Artel  
News Editor - Josephine Kovic  
Feature Editor - Fred Bashel

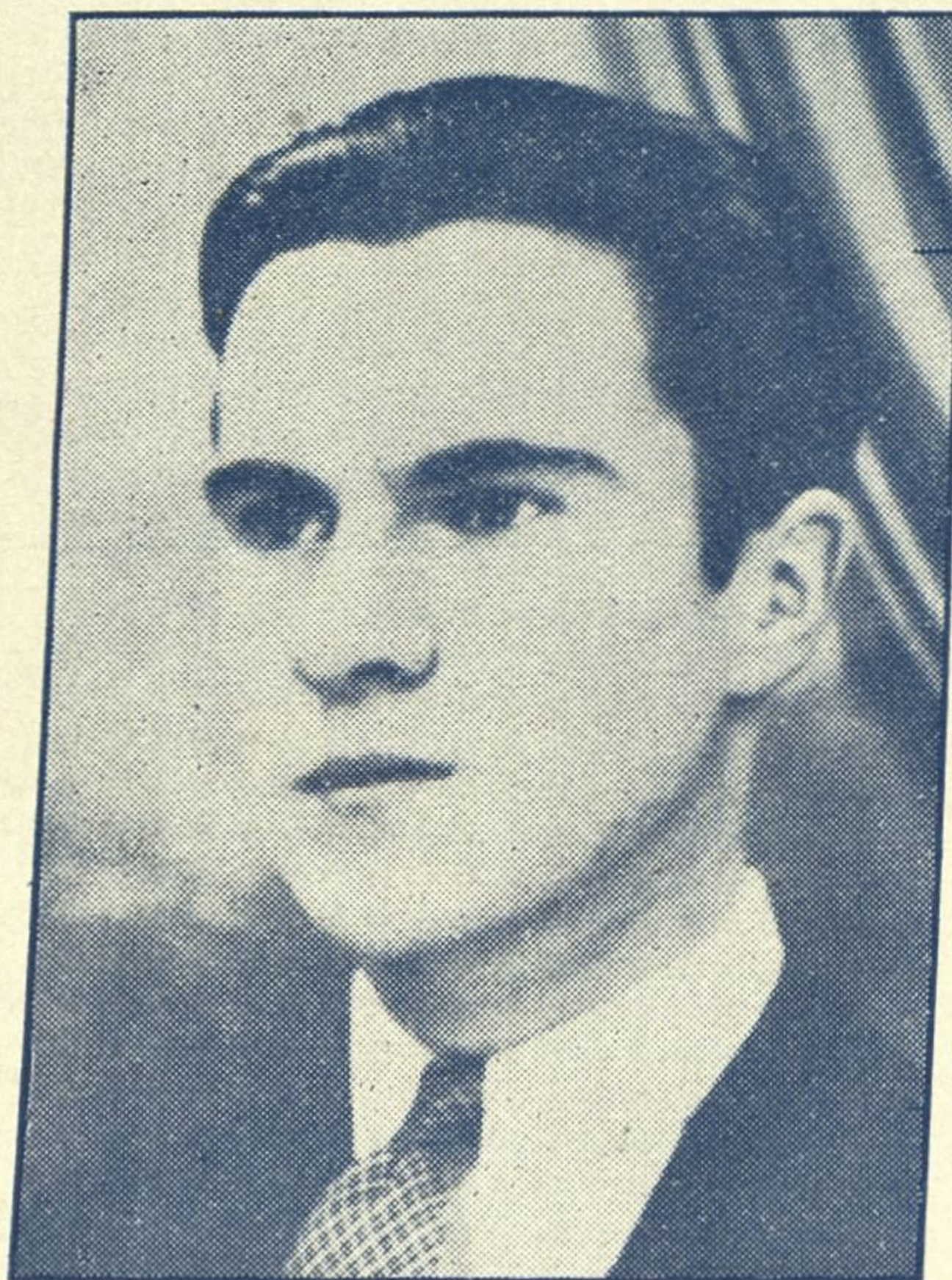
"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

## THE YEAR IN REVUE

By Fred Bashel

With 1939 just around the corner, I must say that this year has been quite successful in the long run.

With 1938 just beginning, our present office-holders were elected: Eddie Slejko, Josephine Kovic, and Valeria Artel. Nothing happened of great importance until May, when we organized our baseball team with Joe Zorman at the helm. In July we gave our own picnic at Stusek's farm where we all had a wonderful time. July 24 marked the date of our combined yearly outing at Zurtz's farm, which was a success as



FREDERICK J. BASHEL

usual. At our July meeting also, two new editors, Josephine Kovic, news; and Fred Bashel, feature; were added to our editor-in-chief of the Outlookers' Corner, Valeria Artel. Sometime in August, we appointed a committee to write out a skit for the 30th Anniversary Celebration of the SSPZ. You all know what a grand performance the Barrymore group gave on October 9. In September, our baseball team had the honor of carrying our colors to Bridgeville, Pa., to appear in the Athletic Meet. As you know, the team, after playing a long, hard, game, had to be eliminated, as they bowed their noble heads to the victors, Sygans. As October rolled along, the month of goblins, spooks, and witches, we had a Halloween party, planned and directed by Josephine Kovic, assisted by Olga Zaubi. Now we are recuperating from our Christmas party, which eighty of our members attended, with music provided by our orchestra.

Taking the highlights only,

## OUR PERSONALITIES

By Fred Bashel

JOHN ZAMAN, SR.,

Administrator of Vrtec 11

Well, well, dear readers, (I hope you take an occasional glance at the articles that I attempt to write; I know I do) here I am again in my original column, or didn't you notice that wonderful column that our secretary, Valeria Artel, wrote about yours truly. I suppose they were afraid that I wouldn't describe myself thoroughly enough, such as my pleasing personality, my Clark Gable looks, my 6 ft., 185 lb. stature (ahem—ahem) — aw shucks, there I go bragging again. Enough said.

On December 8, after our meeting, we had our annual Christmas party. With the rest of the members dancing, eating, and having a merry time, your feature editor moped around with an expression on his face as long as a dying calf's. Who should discover me in this condition but our administrator, Mr. Zaman. Taking one look from an angle, he tapped me on the arm and told me to follow him. On the way, he explained what I needed was a drink. "Now don't get me wrong," he said as I stopped in my tracks, stupefied, for the strongest beverage I ever drank was water (H<sub>2</sub>O to you Chemistry students) and soda pop, "nothing strong, only a glass of beer." Arriving at a table, we ordered the drinks. This gave me an idea (I seldom get these) why not get an interview? So over the beer suds, I started popping questions at him.

On July 16, 1895, in a quaint little town on the outskirts of Ljubljana, Jugoslavia, our administrator had his first peek of daylight. The following eighteen years he spent a peaceful and quiet life among his native hills, until the traveling bug caught up with him. In 1913 he arrived in America after a safe voyage across the Atlantic on the the good ship, Ocean. Arriving in America, he traveled to Pittsburgh, Pa. With only a few American words to his vocabulary, he had difficulty in getting about his new surroundings. In one restaurant, all he ate for a week straight was stew, for that was the only word he knew in ordering a meal. In 1917 he found the "girl of his dreams" and soon after was married. The following year he moved from Pittsburgh to Cleveland, Ohio. At his present residence, 797 E. 156 St., were born his three children: Elsie, 20 years of age; Johnny, 17 years; and Bobby, 13

(Continued on page 7)

you can see that this was a year of many interesting events, and we hope that 1939 will bring as pleasant memories as has 1938.

## OUTSIDE VIEWPOINTS

By FRANK MIVEC, former president of Indianapolis Jugoslavs, and at present, member of the Hoosier Pals. You will probably remember him for his superior stories in the past. Here's hoping he will continue them in the future. He has decided this month that he has

## NOTHING TO WRITE ABOUT

When I think about it, how easy it seems to write something. Why, I say to myself,



FRANK MIVEC

when I find time I'll sit down and dash off a poem, short story, or maybe just an essay. Yes, but when I do sit down, I can't find a thing to write about. All the ideas I seemed to have had are scared away by the glaring whiteness of the empty paper before me. And so it stays.

Now, I'd write about that "D" I received in English recently; however, that is something to cry about rather than to write about.

Or I could dash off a few lines on the subject of music, but that subject is a trifle touchy, I mean the teacher is; that's why these lessons have terminated rather abruptly.

Politics is a good subject, large, and open for much debate. However, I don't care to start an argument either way, for I don't know much about them; except that they are just a bit underhanded.

Then again, I could write about school in general, but I hate it all. The tough Physics class, the miles' walk between classes, and even the good-looking English teacher.

I played "hookey" several times this year already. That would make pretty good reading material. But my parents might hear of it. That would never do.

Football is another thing I go in for. But it's not much fun to play the game on the bench, and that's where I spent most of my time, so that couldn't be so terribly interesting.

As for dancing, I'm still wishing I can learn some day. Lately, the dances I have gone to have been so few and far between, I forget what I learned and have to start all over again at each dance.

So you see, my dear Outlook-

## A Christmas Wish

By Valeria Artel

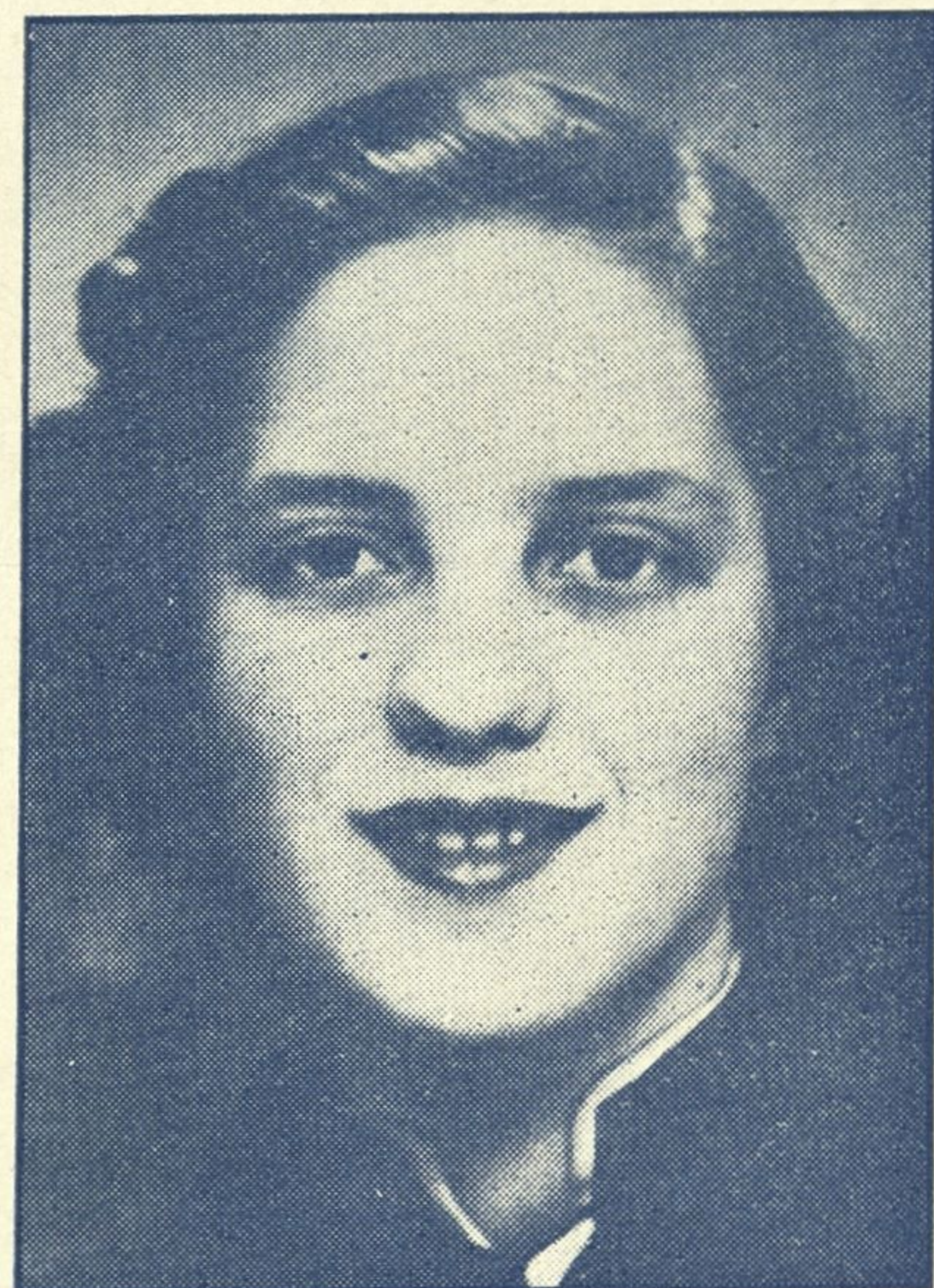
*My heart is so light  
That no more can I write  
About death, or of war, or  
Of sadness;  
For Christmas is nigh,  
And my spirits soar high,  
While my heart bubbles over  
With gladness.*

*Three cheers of St. Nick,  
Who's a truly gold brick,  
With his fun, and his jolly,  
Gay laughter.  
O'er the world he will dash;  
Then away in a flash;  
But his voice we remember  
Long after.*

*Away with you tears!  
Measure age not in years —  
You're as young as you feel,  
So they say.*

*So — if you're ninety or two,  
Here's my one wish to you:*

*A perfectly grand  
Christmas Day.*



VALERIA ARTEL

## PENNSY VISITS OHIO

Cleveland in general, and Josephine Kovic in particular, were honored by the visit of two Ambridge Comets last weekend: Bill Kanfelc and Bill Sopirak, of the Comet team during the recent Athletic Meet. Had we known they were coming, we would have prepared some Vrtec brother to brother entertainment; as it was, our vice-prexy, with a bit of aid from our secretary on Sunday afternoon, entertained them, we hope, satisfactorily. We were pleased to see them again, and hope they enjoyed their brief stay with us.

ers, I simply cannot produce an article worthy for publication on your page. I won't give up, though, and if you care to give me another try about six months or so hence, I will try to think of something worthwhile in the meantime.

Wishing you all holiday cheer,  
I remain

Your fraternal brother,

Frank Mivec



## WHITE VALLEY KINGSTERS

(Continued from Page 3)

Johnnie Previc, better known as "Penner," is still telling us his jokes. Keep it up "Penner."

Shorty seems to miss her Romeo.

Helen Kastelic said she would not miss Frank's Trio program. Why, Helen?

It's time for me to close but I'll be back again with "People You and I Know." Until then, I hope Santa will treat you good.

Josephine Barber,  
Vrtec No. 103.

WHITE VALLEY, Pa.—Here I am again with a few words concerning our Vrtec of White Valley. Last month it was increased by two new members, namely, Kathleen Fisher and Sally Beltz. Members keep up the good SSPZ spirit and try to enlarge our Vrtec!

Last month, reading the Vrtec Page I certainly was surprised to see the contribution by Stanley Previc. This being your first article, you did very well. Try to induce the other fellow members to write also.

This month is very important to our Vrtec. The assessments will be paid out of our treasury. The only thing you members have to do is to bring your books to the meeting; no money is needed.

On the 26th we are having a Christmas Party at the White Valley Slovene Hall beginning at 6:00. Parents should bring the junior members to this affair and join in with us. A good time is assured for all, dancing to those snappy polkas. We will also have plenty of eats and drinks.

January is coming around the corner which means election of officers is to take place. All members: Come! It is the most important meeting of the year. Also plans will be made concerning the Anniversary Dance.

Julia Verna Kosmach,  
Sec'y, Vrtec 103

WHITE VALLEY, Pa.—Here I am again. As you all know my article was small last time, and it won't be very long this time. First I want to say we had a well attended meeting last month and are hoping to see the same this month. We are hoping to see all our Kingsters at the Christmas party on the 26th of December at the Slovene Hall, starting at 6 bells and lasting to ??? And members don't forget to bring your parents along. They are sure to have a swell time. We will have music that will make you want to dance.

We are wondering what happened to Irene Arbore. She hasn't come to our meetings lately. And now my time has come to say So-Long, but before closing here are some jokes and riddles. Have you heard these?

Visitor — My Word, I am thirsty!

Hostess — Wait a moment, I'll get you some water.

Visitor — I said thirsty, not dirty.

\*

Old gentleman — Why are you crying my lad?

Small Boy — I got a licking.

Old Gentleman — Why?

Small Boy — Crying.

\*

### RIDDLES

1. When suns are hot and gardens grey,

What kind of clothing saves the day?

2. Not a writer, it appears,  
Yet he used a pen for year.

3. Not a horseshoe or a hall,  
Yet they pitch it every fall.

4. Part's a laundry, part's a weight,

Both make a name we celebrate.

5. If hours were sold like hats and shoes,

What time of day would Adam choose?

Answers:

1. Hose.

2. Pig.

3. Hay.

4. Washing-ton.

5. Eve.

Edith Barber,  
Vrtec 103

## Outlookers Corner

(Continued from page 6)

years. With hard work and patience, he reached the position of supervisor of the tool room in Metal Stamping and Manufacturing Company in Cleveland. With the aid of Mr. Pucel, president of the Trial Board, he was admitted into the SSPZ organization where he has been a member for 20 years. In 1936 he was appointed the administrator of Vrtec No. 11 where he is to this day doing a wonderful job. I may state for the rest of our members that we congratulate him for his wonderful performance as our leader and administrator and for the progress that we have made in the last two years.

Adios.

### OUTLOOKERS' PARTY IS SUCCESS

The officers and the members who are always present at all the meetings were surely overwhelmed to see such a crowd of members at our December meeting. I don't know whether it was the party after the meeting or what but there really was a crowd.

The meeting was called to order but with difficulty because of all the gifts that were piled up high on the table. All that could be seen were the curls on the girls' heads and the extra strand of hair on the president's head. The meeting went on as usual, and it was also adjourned in great haste. With the meeting over, we exchanged gifts. Some were received with smiles, grins, and disappointment.

After the exchange of gifts we had refreshments of all sorts: weinies, (buns of course),

pop, ice cream, candy, popcorn balls, etc. The members were so full with good old St. Nick's goodies that they couldn't even dance to our well-known orches-



JOSEPHINE KOVIC  
tra, with the exception of our faithful jitterbug dancer, Alice Bashel, who always responds to all kinds of music. That goes to show you that we teach all kinds of steps at our dancing classes after the meetings. So be sure to come to our next meeting, to elect officers and learn to dance.

Our next meeting will be January 6, 1939.

Till next time,

Josephine Kovic

### BACKSTAGE RETURNS

By Valeria Artel

I have tied my hands, destroyed all my pencils, burned the paper, but I cannot conquer my desire to tell you about our high school's latest dramatic venture. Our newest attempt was Maxwell Anderson's "Star Wagon," and believe me, it was plenty to attempt, too.

Everything went off perfectly until dress rehearsal, when, as usual, Bedlam reigned.

It all began with the breakfast scene, when the stagehands became playful, and poured pepper in the bran, and catsup on the eggs. Result: our dramatics instructor was left in a state of double prostration, while our eccentric actor, Hanus, conveyed to an in-existent audience his disgust and his refusal to continue in the role.

Next, the dimmers blew out, and the sunshine kept coming on and off, as if the angels in Heaven were toying with the fuse boxes up There.

The next sentimental scene appeared when Martha played the organ and Stephen sang a very touching hymn called "Jerusalem the Golden." Someone off-stage had to play the organ, for the one on the stage was merely a fake. Well, Martha looked into Stephen's eyes, and said, in a voice dripping with tears, "Do you mind if I play it again—to see if it all comes back again?" And, as from a distance, we heard the beautiful chords of—"Gorgie Porgie!" Well, we continued our rehearsal while the stage hands carried our instructor to the nearest ambulance.

Hanus caused the next riot in

the picnic scene when he lay on the ground and put his feet against a so-called tree. The foliage fell and dealt him an awfully mean blow, leaving him covered with green paint. Hanus says, "You can't get away with stealing a scene; the scenery'll hit right back at you." The question before the house was what we were to do if that happened on the night of the performance, and Davy, always the bright spot in any dark circumstance (he has a clever way of enlarging all his lines. — "He's just a fool!" becomes "He's just a plain, ordinary, ignorant, stupid fool!" if Davy has the part.)

Anyhow, he replied we were all to roar "Earthquake" and dash off the scene. He was sure this would "bring down the house."

Well, our assistant director suddenly remembered a very pressing appointment after that, and dashed off—probably to avoid the fate of his predecessor.

Our three-night run was a grand success, and a new page in the dramatic history of the world has now been recorded—so, having done my good deed for the day, I shall say 'bye 'till you see me on Broadway (as watergirl—if they have them).

### OUTLOOKERS ENJOY "FREDDY, THE BULL"

Who was the bee? There was no bee. That all happened at the Christmas party of the Spartan Jrs., of which we were guests, on Dec. 9.

Now about the bee. The two present secretaries (recording and financial) of the Vrtec No. 5 dramatized the play, Ferdinand the Bull. Helen surely knows how to smell flowers. And Danine played the part of the great Matador.

On with the play.

The bull comes out in civilian clothes. While the narrator reads the bull smells all his surroundings. And then comes the fight. Ferdinand is waiting in the Arena for the Matador, and at last here comes the Matador in his thrilling costume (in a dress). The Matador waves the red velvet paper, but Ferdinand doesn't seem to move (I wonder why). Well the plot was that Freddy wouldn't move because (well that's for you the people that didn't read this fairy tale to find out).

All that I can see that was wrong with their play was that there was no BEE. But who could have taken such a heavy part? They could have had a real bee and then maybe there would be a little more action on the part of the bull.

To change the subject, food was excellent. We displayed their candy on the streetcar by passing it all around to all the better half of the passengers.

The Spartan Jrs., I hope will excuse the remarks.

One of the audience,

Josephine Kovic



# Hiawathans' News

NOKOMIS, Ill. — "Peace on earth; good will toward men," this comes from the hearts of all the braves and maidens, the children of "Old Nokomis" extended to all our fellow Vrtec members, and friends. Never was there such need of expressing these words and never have they been so sincerely spoken. As I look out of my window I see a blanket of pure white snow, giving everything its pure, serene look and I feel our prayer shall be answered.

Life out here has been very interesting, especially for the Hiawathans. Unfortunately it seems that all good is followed by the bad and so had happened to us.



FLORENCE KMET

The Hiawathans gave a party several weeks ago and invited over thirty guests. The party, a huge success, was given at the home of our administrator bro. Frank Strazar. Everyone accepted his invitation. Soon we persuaded bros. Andy Strazar and John (Hup) Hauptman to play their accordions for us. Then one by one couples drifted on the floor and soon everyone was dancing, and singing. Refreshments of sandwiches, pickles, cup-cakes, pop-corn, candy, soda-pop and "vino" (for adults) were served. After the dancing began, time was forgotten and we danced and danced, everyone parting reluctantly and thanking us most sincerely for a wonderful time. We all hope to have another one very soon.

And as good is followed by bad and vice-versa our bad was most extreme, for nothing is sadder than death. The death came to a very dear old friend and brother of ours, Sebastin Posebal. Bro. Posebal was one of the oldest and best loved members of our lodge. He was born in Jugoslavia and came to

this country as a young man. He joined the SSPZ soon after arriving. As a young man he traveled over this country a good deal and later moved here where he lived until his death. He was well liked by all children and especially favored our Vrtec and aided us both morally and financially. He was laid to rest on November 7. The funeral was under the direction of the SSPZ lodge with the Hiawathan girls serving as flower girls.

## TO SEBASTIN

Dean of the Indian lodges,  
Old and palled and gray,  
You lived a life worth living  
And gladly went away.

You were loved and honored  
by all,  
And comrade true to man,  
But now you've gone to heaven  
Forgetting life of the land.

Father in heaven protect you,  
Angels herald your death,  
We knew God gave you all this  
But sadly we laid you to rest.

F. F. K.

\* \* \*

Questions from the question box:

What was to blame for Rosella's gloominess at the party? Was it because he wasn't there? Who is the actress who can take the role of a gracious hostess? Anyone in need of an able salesman see "Chick" Rak? He's "tops" at selling "pop." Did Virginia have two reasons for getting Betty and Billy to join or did she really want to increase our membership? Did Betty have a good time at the party? Ah-h Bro. Kek (adm.) it was a grand party wasn't it? She does have beautiful blue eyes and blonde hair. Chick it's O. K. for you to dance with my mom but do be careful. Please note that Chick is older than I, get it?

Hiawathan honorary member, Virginia Kmet. During our four years of existence we had no new members until Virginia brought in Betty and Billy Pechnik, who are good friends to all our members and whom we were glad to accept. Virginia gave us much inspiration and now an application has been filled by Mary Maretti brought in by sister Amy Hauptman. Won't the rest of you get busy? You know we lost (in a sense) two of our good members. Chick Rak and Frank Lesnik were transferred to the adult department. We hated to see you go and will miss you "Chick."

## WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER? What Do You Want for Christmas?

Chick Rak — Permission to stay in the Vrtec.

Ann Strazar — Something to fill two men's socks.

Betty Pechnik — A gun to go hunting with Virginia..

Albin Blazich — A clarinet.

Betty Blazich — A lot of toys and candy.

Vicky Lesnik — Plenty.

Virginia Kmet — A gun so I can go hunting.

Billy Pechnik — Santa Claus.

Paulie Blazich — A baseball.

A my Hauptman — Some more weight.

Justine Hauptman—A week's vacation.

Rosella Blazich — Permission to forget my music lessons.

Florence Kmet—I don't want to get, I want to give.

To brother Michael Vrhovnik, our able director, our administrator brother Frank Strazar and to all my fellow Vrtec members I extend my personal greetings for a "Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year."

Florence

## Eddie Is For Fun

Milwaukee, Wis. — Dear fellow Vrtec brothers and sisters! As time rolls by so quickly I realize that it's some time since I've written an article for our paper. But you know how busy a fellow always is. One thing and another. I admit I'm not in the mood of writing much. Now my sister, she can sit and dream of something to write about.

I have a hobby collecting stamps, and funny papers. Every Saturday I walk three miles to the museum. That's something a fellow never tires of.

I also have some pigeons. "Shorty," my carrier pigeon, is a pretty green-blue and a smart bird too. The mother pigeon disappeared several days ago. I don't know what happened to her. So Shorty must mother and feed the two tiny ones. And they are growing fine.

I've been trying hard to win one of your valuable prizes but I haven't had any luck so far.

Our Vrtec had a combined Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving party Nov. 12th and boy oh boy, did we have fun! I laughed till my sides ached. Elsie dragged me out on the floor and insisted that I learn to dance. I resisted but the girls outnumbered me. Such commotion. I got the giggles so bad I couldn't stand on my feet. And they expected me to dance.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all. I hope

## Girard Budgets

GIRARD, O. — Before I go on any further I wish to take this opportunity of thanking the contest judges for the \$1.00 prize I received for my November contribution to the Vrtec Page of the "Napredek." Gee, I was so surprised! I sure received the prize with great appreciation.

Looking through the issues of the Vrtec section every month, I think the girls and boys are taking more interest in the SSPZ. Every month I can hardly wait until it comes. I read every line of it.

Now, the meeting of January 8 is important. Every Vrtec member should attend the meeting. Be sure to mark January 8th on your calendar, so you won't forget. Please come because we are going to elect officers for 1939. Are you all coming? Yes! That's fine. There will be a surprise at that meeting. A birdy whispered in my ear. That's all I can tell you now. So come because you may feel sorry if you don't come. We want our Vrtec to become bigger and better.

Now I want to thank each and everyone of you for selling those tickets for the Christmas basket. The basket went to Mike Smith, 109 Townsend Ave., Girard. (Fortunate, aren't you, Mr. Smith?)

Before closing I want to wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Mr. Michael Vrhovnik and other officers of the SSPZ and to all Vrtec members.

Irene Rován

## Roznik Juniors

CHICAGO, Ill. — Members and friends of Vrtec 160, Roznik Juniors, come one and all to our Christmas Party which will be held December 25, 1938, at Berger's Hall, 2653 So. Lawndale Ave., at 3 p. m.

We have prepared an entertainment which will consist of a short play and other numbers which will be performed by members. Refreshments will be served. Gifts will be given to all members of Roznik Juniors and each child present will receive a filled stocking from Santa Claus. Brother Vrhovnik will again spend an afternoon with us and will show us some new movies.

After the program when Santa has started back to the North Pole, we will have music to which we can dance a few polkas and sing a few songs. I hope to see all our members and their many friends present so do not forget the date, Dec. 25 at 3:00 p. m.

Wilma Gratchner,  
Sec'y, Vrtec 160

Santa fills your stockings to the brim.

To show what good boys and girls you've been.

Yours for fun,

Eddie Ermence,  
Age 11, Vrtec No. 33.

### LITERARY CONTEST RULES

January's issue of the Vrtec Section will carry rules of the 1939 contest. Be sure to read them. Also, all of the January's contributions will be eligible for the final awards at the close of the year as well as cash prizes awarded for the month.

## The Season's Greetings

