



JUVENILE SECTION OF "NAPREDEK"

CLEVELAND, OHIO, AUGUST 17th, 1938

Vrtec Section A Valuable Influence

What a prominent paper our Vrtec Section has turned out to be! Month by month it has shown steady improvement until, today, it is on the lips of every reading members of the Society. It has, literally speaking, captured their hearts like nothing else ever has. It has inspired not only the ten thousand SSPZ members with new hope and courage in the younger generation, causing them to renew their fraternal relationship, but likewise the thousands of Slovenes in other similar fraternal societies throughout the country.

Where once, not so many months ago, we sometimes wondered and often worried if enough contributions would be sent in to fill four pages of the regular Vrtec Section, now we are wondering if eight pages will be sufficient to fill the needs of our Vrtec writers. A few years ago, the Vrtec Section was just another paper trying to get ahead, but, today, it is being pointed out as an example of what a juvenile fraternal paper should be and the members, whose contributions have made the Vrtec Section what it is, whose meetings have received more than favorable comment and whose intermittent social affairs, cultural and educational entertainments and sports events have brightened the community life in which they have established themselves as organized groups, are being looked upon as leaders in the new YOUTH MOVEMENT among the Slovene Societies everywhere.

With Our Juniors

By MICHAEL VRHOVNIK,

Director of Vrtec and English Speaking Lodges



Surprised? — Me Too

I'll bet a lot of you boys and girls were surprised when you saw July's Vrtec Section with its eight full pages of news, poetry, short stories, history and adventure—a variety that must have satisfied every literary mood and fancy. I know I was surprised and I make no secret of the fact that I thought it a big improvement over June's issue even though it was not as attractively printed and decorated with pictures.

There were many outstanding contributions to choose from—There was Frank Zaitz's "For the Love of Sophie" written, of all places imaginable in a county jail, a story so interesting it has everybody, except Sophie, wondering who this "bird" Zaitz is . . . Only the other day a member wrote inquiring if he is related to Frank or Anton Zaitz of Chicago and if I would be so kind to send Her his address . . . What would you do in a case like that?—It's got me puzzled for this fellow Zaitz may like it and then, again, maybe not and fellows who get themselves into jails and that sort of thing are usually pretty dangerous, stopping at nothing and shooting off something fierce like . . . "Who is this dame—Where does she live—How can I reach her—Is she a member of the Vrtec?" . . .

and boy, when they start popping-off like that, they've got me "dead-cinch." Won't someone suggest something—How about you, Frank Zaitz? The next time you write for the Vrtec Section include your address at the bottom of your article and all you other writers might do the same—Perhaps, through correspondence, you will become better acquainted with each other for that, you know, is one of the main purposes of your membership in the Society.

Did you enjoy Angy Pevc's "My Trip To Washington, D. C." — It carried me back some twelve years ago when I made the same trip with my high school classmates and Angy's description of what she saw was so vividly portrayed I could not resist living those days over again. I felt my self walking to the Capitol building, taking a seat in the senate balcony, listening intently to a speech by Robert La Follette, then to the House of Representatives, the White House, Washington Monument, Mount Vernon, Lincoln's memorial, etc. — Five days full of wonder and joys came to an end once more. Someday, I hope to make another visit there and if you ever get the chance, don't miss it for the things

you will see will stay with you as long as you live.

Valeria Artel's prose and poetry, filled to the brim with rare gems of expression (how that girl can write), give the Outlookers' Page a touch of brilliance — And that very, very "something different" article which, I'm sure, everyone must have enjoyed, entitled "Whatta Game!", was just the thing to tickle one's sense of humor on a hot summer afternoon — "Whatta game! — No runs! No hits! No errors! Whatta game!" — Whatta story! . . . And Florence (wish you weren't stingy with the rest of your name) of Nokomis, where Hiawatha one marked trails with his tomahawk, made friends with man, bird and beast and sang Indian love songs, wrote an exceptionally fine opening article. Helen Maren and Marie Ermence sent in choice selec-

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National Softball Tournament At Bridgeville September 3-4-5

It'll soon be a year ago . . . While the Progressors were handing the Challengers a sound trouncing to clinch the Senior softball championship for the third straight year, another game, and what a thrilling and exciting game it was, was being staged on a nearby diamond between the Cleveland OUTLOOKERS and the Ambridge COMETS for the first Vrtec softball title.

Going into the fifth inning with the Comets leading by a score of 11 to 4, the Outlookers suddenly came to life and before the Comets realized what it was all about, a barrage of hits, combined with a few walks and a couple of costly errors, pro-

duced 8 runs and gave them the lead for the first time in the game. The sixth inning ended with each team scoring twice leaving them still one run apart, and in the seventh and what was supposed to be the final inning, the Comets banged the tying run across the plate throwing the game into extra innings.

And now for the fatal eighth . . . The score was tied at 14 all with the Comets coming to bat first . . . Cekada on the mound for the Outlookers— First man up first man down— Second man up reached first on an error and then up to the plate strode Charley Kerzan, Comet's great little catcher and a whale

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LITERARY HONOR ROLL

Month of July

Frank Mivec.....	Jugoslavs
Valeria Artel.....	Outlookers
Angy Pevc.....	Pioneers
Helen Maren.....	Vrtec No. 23
John Vadnal.....	Outlookers
Marie Ermence.....	Balkan Jrs.
Andy Elersich.....	Spartan Jrs.
Elsie Ohojak.....	Balkan Jrs.
John Kunstel.....	The Buckeyes
John Obat.....	Spartan Jrs.
Josephine Kovic.....	Outlookers
Julia Kosmach.....	Kingsters
Mary Klevisher.....	Mout'neers
William Pevc.....	Pioneers
Andy Artel.....	Outlookers
Tony Kogovsek.....	Buckeyes
Florence.....	Hiawathans

* * *

CAMPAIGN PRIZE WINNERS

May - June - July Quarter

Challenger Jrs.	\$10.00
Progressor Jrs.	3.75
Vrtec No. 12	3.75
Trail Blazer Jrs.....	2.50
Vrtec No. 85	2.50

Note: There were two ties, one for second place and another for third.

NATIONAL SOFTBALL ENTRY DATE

Vrtec Administrators are urged to send in their softball entries without further delay. August 19th, this coming Friday, is the final entry date. A fee of \$5.00 per team must accompany each entry before it can be accepted and filed. Let's have those entries right away so that the committee can go ahead with the work of arranging the schedule of play. Your cooperation is necessary for a successful tournament.

One Night In A Barred Room

By Frank Mivec

People will soon start calling me a regular bum if I don't stay out of jail. But no sooner do I get out when they put me right back in. This was all Prap's fault again, I'll tell you how it all came about.

They let us off on probation on our last offense. You see the big shot of the club, which was giving a play we were in, had a little pull with the judge.

As I was saying everything went well until Prap started telling Sophie how we happened to get in jail the last time. It might have been all right, but the darn fool started telling the truth. Now I always say, "Why tell the truth when a lie is so much more interesting." And as I had already told her my version, you can guess what happened.

Everybody pitied me to some degree. I must admit it WAS a pretty good match. I was a bit broken up about it but I found ready consolation in Ann.

She was a pretty little thing. Very delicate and shy, her blue eyes and white skin contrasting her raven black hair, curled in the latest fashion. Nature put special emphasis on her eyes, and I just go for those big helpless eyes that flatter your every act. That's how it happened. I was drinking and dancing with Ann on the night of the play. And I am putting special emphasis on drinking; not that I object to drinking, anyone who knows me can tell you I don't, but too much is too much. Honestly I spent more time at the bar than on the dance floor. Maybe it was my dancing, but I have my doubts. Anyway she drank and drank, and of course I drank too. I get sick now that I think of it.

"Frankie, I'm getting thirsty again, will you get me another drink?"

"Let's finish this dance, it's not every day that I hold as pretty a girl as you in my arms, and—

"I don't think you need a drink when you talk like that Frankie, but another sip will help you to forget Sophie completely, and maybe get some one else into that handsome head of yours."

"How can I help but forget when I am with you?—Here—Two beers."

"Oh, make mine a whiskey, and a beer for a chaser."

Well! I wasn't going to be outdone by no girl so, "Make mine the same." I could hardly get the whiskey down so I rushed the beer to the rescue, but she drank as if she enjoyed every drop. Then and there I solemnly swore that was the last time I had anything to do with a girl that drank. But this was not the last of it.

"Frankie, let's go for a little walk. There is so much smoke in here, and it's so crowded."

"Certainly Ann, I'd love to." Boy, I thought, now for some fresh air. We walked slowly

down the dark street, arm in arm. As we started to cross, with a screech of tires and a blowing of the horn, a car came to a halt, and out jumped a policeman.

"Don't you drunks know better and stay home. I got a mind to lock you up."

"Now of-of-ficer," I started, but that is as far as I got.

"Feeling tough hey! Come on along," and with that he dragged me into the car, leaving Ann there, wondering and bewildered.

Well! This morning I awoke wondering and bewildered; aching all over from the hard bed, and a hangover from last night. All I can say is I'm going to reform. I'm not going to touch a drop, nor look at a girl for some time to come. I like to look through windows but I don't like inch bars obstructing the view.

—Frank Zaitz,
Merry County Jail

Look For The Covered Wagon

Hi ho Silver, we're on our way to Bridgeville, or are we?

That was the main theme at our last Spartan Jr. meeting. It seems that of all the bus lines operating in and around Cleveland, (about twenty I believe) not one solitary company is willing to buck the traffic on the highways and by ways heading to Bridgeville, Pa., during

the Labor Day holidays. To all appearances it seems as though the recession is over and the transportation moguls care not for the few paltry dollars the job would net them. I wish somebody would tell me how to make some money. (Right now I have seven cents and a Canadian dime between myself and a life of crime.)

When we found out the way the wind was blowing with just three weeks left to settle things in and no meeting scheduled before then believe you me we all did a heap of fancy thinking. Some bright lad had a brain child and suggested renting a truck and going in style. Once more everybody got excited, that is everybody but I. Maybe I'm just a wet blanket and a pessimist but I don't think I'd enjoy riding in a picnic truck in the black of the night for some five or six hours and then arriving at our destination cramped, sore and cross because of lack of sleep and space. There would be some thirty-five to forty of us, beside luggage and baseball equipment. Well, there you have our situation here in Cleveland in a nice tidy nutshell so don't be surprised if we come in a covered wagon drawn by pink elephants, for nothing is going to stop us and as Mr. Stokel suggested if we start walking next Friday we'll be there by the third.

Helen Marie Poklicky,
Spartan Jrs.

LOOK FOR THESE IN BRIDGEVILLE!



Clara Chuck, secretary of Vrtec No. 126, Power Point, Ohio, sent the above picture of its officers. She also writes: "At our regular meeting, July 24, we decided to attend the sixth National Athletic Meet at Bridgeville, Pa., and hope to meet a lot of Vrtec members from other places there. If nothing unexpected happens in the meantime, our entire juvenile group will visit Bridgeville."

It Was A Grand Outing

We members of Spartans Jrs., Vrtec 5 were awarded a swell day for our annual outing on July 24 when a large number of us assembled before the Slovene National Home. We all piled into Sedmak's truck and proceeded to Waterloo road, where we picked up the Outlookers.

Gosh, was the truck crowded! Bodies to the left of you, bodies to the right of you, bodies all around you, etc. Cries of, "Gimme back my leg," were heard from persons evidently buried alive or so it seemed.

We finally bounced, bumped our way to Surtz's farm about 24 miles out of Cleveland. Some of the Collinwood group immediately set out for a swim in the exclusive swimming facilities found near the farm. (Sh-Sh-h—It was only a small creek, but don't those two words exclusive and facilities sound good or should I say look good?)

Daniella Homovec and Frank Lube challenged Eddie Stokel, Andy Elersich and myself to a fast and furious game of balina. They beat us by a mile but all I know about the game is "ima" and "nima." (Can't I even alibi a little.)

Later we joined the group at the creek and was that water cold and I don't mean maybe! Br-r-r-r, I still shiver whenever I think of it!

Did you know Daniela Homovec is afraid of caterpillars, especially nice, big green ones? Well, she is! Ask anybody and they'll tell you.

I wonder where Gladys Mohorich and her girl friends were all afternoon?

The only casualty of the day occurred when Dorothy Lucia and Charley Komin both fell as he was attempting to throw her into the creek. They weren't hurt seriously. I hope.

The ball game between the Utopians and Spartans was won by the latter team after five innings. But no one seems to know the score! The second game between the Outlookers and Spartan Jrs. was called off because the majority of the Spartan team could not get out to the farm till quite late. Not that we were afraid of the Outlookers or anything like that!

Boy, oh, boy, was Millie Scrub hungry! What's the matter, Millie, don't they feed you at home? (No offense meant.)

My life long ambition was to ride on the roof of the driver's cab. Going home in the truck in the cubby-hole about the driver's seat and was that fun!

Oh, yes! Will the Outlookers who took my babuska please return it to me as soon as possible? Sorry no reward offered! It only cost a dime!

Did you ever hear of "Flat-Foot Flbogie?" Well, Eddie Stokel and I certainly killed that song Sunday night. Didn't we, Ed? Don't answer the last question.

Dorothy Lou Prebil
Spartan Jrs.



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."

ON CHEWING GUM

Have you ever been mistaken for a cow? No wonder. Oh — don't misunderstand me — it's not your figure, or the way you roll your big brown eyes, it's merely the manner in which you chew your cud.

This subject was first introduced to me by a member of the male species (naturally) who insists, with a tenacity characteristic of men, that only morons chew gum. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth, for (as you will be informed in a latter part of the lecture) there are six sane reasons for indulging in this, the all-American pastime.

There are two methods of chewing gum:

a) Nonchalantly, with a vacant, dreamy expression;

b) Emphatically, with extensive muscular activity, (guaranteed to build up your muscles in twenty-four days.)

Either method will eventually produce the same result — you will become the pride and joy of high society, thereby gaining a reputation enviable by all.

Even more pleasant is the habit of chewing tobacco. A fistful of "chaw" protruding from either cheek will make even a wad of five sticks of Dubble Bouble feel cheesey. If any of you girls find yourselves classed as a Lonely Heart, take the advice of Mother Experience, and make "chawing" a daily habit. Inside a week, you will need classify yourself no longer as a Lonely Heart, for you will by that time be labelled as a full-fledged, completely isolated Hermit.

To return, however, to the original subject (before I commence expatiating on the virtues of tobacco), — after extensive research, six beneficial gains from gum-chewing have been compiled:

- Cleanses teeth(?)
- Prevents halitosis(?)
- Straightens jaw(?)
- Irritates enemies, thereby
- Creating a friendly atmosphere for all concerned
- Provides music(?) which can be easily carried about.

So, if you've ever been mistaken for a cow, don't let it get you down, for, after all, what would we do without them?

And so goodbye,

Valeria Artel.

HERE AND THERE

Well, another combined outing of the Spartan Jrs. and Outlookers' Outing has passed. I can assure you everyone had a good time. To the members that did not come, I can say certainly missed some fun. There were plenty of refreshments. Boy, that ham sandwich certainly was good that Mrs. Pucel gave me.

I noticed: "The Three Comrades" forgetting their bathing suits. Johnny Vadnal doing a somersault dive, and Alice Bashel enjoying her "water-fight".

The Spartans and Utopians were playing just-for-fun baseball. Bye the bye, Bill Raya, one of the Utopian players was injured sliding into second base. I'm sorry to hear of that, Bill, and I hope you hurry and get well. The Outlookers and Spartan Jrs. did not have a game, but in the meantime they had a game for the following Saturday.

Millie Ryavec and her tall, not dark, but he is handsome, boyfriend Bob — disappearing from the crowd. What happened, Millie?

Josephine Kovic and Mildred Krasovec getting lost in the woods. What happened to their escorts?

Here's hoping that I see this in the paper waste basket, for it's my first article.

"Big Bertha".

OUR PERSONALITIES

By Fred Bashel

Edward Slejko

Pres. of Vrtec 11.

Edward Slejko, born on June 11, 1922, passed his sixteenth birthday not so long ago. (Took me a half hour of multiplying and dividing before I found out that a process called subtraction would give me sixteen. Blankety blank blank. Boy, am I getting smart.)

The Spartan Jrs. (No. 5) lost a good member when Edward Slejko moved from way down 61st St., to his present residence 16203 Arcade Ave.

From the bottom of his size 9 shoes to the top of his brown hair he reaches the height of 5' 10". Over this massive height is distributed 155 lbs. of corpuscles, arteries, and what-not. (On the sly I took a glance at his manly chest(?), and was I embarrassed when I found out he carried a toupee.)

His ambition is to become a musician in a symphony orchestra. By the way, yours truly found out that he won second rating in the clarinet solo division in the all Ohio band contest. (That's going places, kid.)

Besides being Pres. of Vrtec 11 he is band leader of the Vrtec orchestra and also is a music teacher. For recreation he prefers baseball and good ol' Lake

OUR PAGE

The Vrtec Page is our page,
And our page it'll be;
In here we'll write an article
One — two — or maybe three.

Some will write—some will not,
Then others just for fun;
Come one—come two—come all,
let's write,
Until the task is done.

A few lines here; a few lines there,

'Twon't give you writer's cramp,
And ere your brow gets filled
with sweat,
The job is done and away you tramp.

Prizes are given every month.
To those who write the best;
Now don't get discouraged if
you don't win,
Next time a dollar may fill your nest.

Fred Bashel.

AN OPEN LETTER TO VRTECES

To the Vrteces who have their hearts set on a trip to Pennsylvania and their eyes set on a Softball Championship Trophy:

In less than three weeks, one of our teams is going to feel the thrill of national victory. We Outlookers have that goal in view, just as I know the rest of you have. And yet, I feel, that underneath all the enthusiasm and ambition, our team has been inspired to attempt another conquest — that of making our fraternal chain all the stronger by adding the link of personal friendship.

We're going out there with the idea of making friends, and if you're willing to meet us halfway, we're bound to succeed.

To all the teams, — and especially to Martin Brogan of Indianapolis — I want to say that we most certainly will be "looking out" the best we know how. We came too close to the taste of victory last year to let it escape by carelessness this time.

To our team — I just want to say that, although I'm afraid I myself cannot inspire them very far towards victory, I can tell them that what I've seen of their playing, and what I've heard of their possibilities from others, makes me feel that there's no reason at all why they shouldn't get quite close to the top. All I ask, is that they try to get just a little closer than last time. And we'll be there with all our soul and body rooting to help them on. Try to repay Joe Zorman for all

Erie. Stamp collectin' falls under the title of hobbies.

Not being able to think of any more question to ask him, I bid him a good day, thus ending interview No. 1.

LET'S PRETEND

(Please note: These are news flashes on news that never happened. They are not to be taken as honest-to-goodness facts.)

Our weinie roast was really a success. It rained all day. Ha! He! Hi! Ho!

Boy, was Olga Zaubi glad, because she couldn't go anyway.

The weinie roast was started and concluded in Artel's basement. Everybody had cooked weinies and unbuttered corn. (The cheap skate). Boy, what a weinie roast! Everbody was there except the officers, the weinies, and the best all-round members.

Well, so long until the next weinie roast.

"Jo" Kovic.

NEWS OF YESTERDAY

Did you ever dress and undress eight times in one day, or go to such a distance to eat your measly lunch, that by the time you got back to your friends you were twice as hungry as when you started? Well, that's just what happened at our outing on Zore's Farm.

Is Frankie Gacnik really going to become the Outlookers' Hermit?

Another thing that I learned Sunday was that the Slejko boys can do other things beside playing instruments.

We really had a swell time, and I'll meet you again next month

with

"The News of Yesterday"
by Alice Bashel.

BEHIND THE SCENES

July 24.

Did you see John Vadnal's sensational cannon ball dive (a super colossal twisker with a half flip, etc.)? It was a wow! Where was your bathing suit, Frankie?

Stanley Slejko seems to be quite sweet on Josephine Kovic and vice versa. (Ain't love grand?)

Frankie Gacnik has a lot of souvenirs from the ol' swimmin' hole (a mes of scratches). It seems to me he forgets to come up to the top until he scrapes the bottom.

"Cousin Valeria" spent quite a lot of time trying to get some pictures of us fish trying to swim. Maybe she'll let you see them.

Some of the girls were trying to get me into throwing one of Alice Bashel's garments in the water. Tch! Tch! such gals!

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the time and help he's given to you.

So — 'til September 3, when we come hopping off the Greyhound, full of vim, vitality, ambition, and what have you, to greet our new friends—

Goodbye — and good luck.

Valeria Artel.

National Softball Tournament

(Continued from page 1)

of a hitter . . . The first ball pitched was a ball—The second a strike just nipping the outside corner—Ball two and ball three followed and with the count three and one, Cekada let go of a "peach" right for the middle of the plate and Charley sensing this, drew back his bat as far as he could and leaned against the ball with all the force he could muster . . . C-R-A-C-K and away it sailed over the middle fielder's head for a home run putting the Comets ahead by a score of 16 to 14; and that, boys, and girls, is how the first Vrtec championship game ended.

Whatta game that was! . . . Runs — hits — walks — errors GALORE! . . . Thrills and cheers for hundreds of spectators! . . . Action from the first pitched ball to the last and that is exactly what you can expect at Bridgeville when the boys from Indianapolis, Chicago, Cleveland, Ambridge and other towns challenge each other for the 1938 Vrtec softball title at Presto Park this coming September 3-4-5. At this writing, six teams in each Class are virtually assured of participation... Beautiful trophies will be awarded to the champions and runners-up and each player on the championship teams will be presented with a token of merit. Are you planning to be there? Only two more weeks and two days remain before the big event opens . . . Be there and give the boys a nice big hand as they trot out on the field . . . Cheer them on to victory and fraternal sportsmanship . . . Till we meet at Bridgeville, so-long and pleasant journey to you all . . .

Vrtec Director

Girard Vrtec Went Hiking

GIRARD, O. — The hike was held Wednesday July 27 in the woods at Avon Park. Now I will tell you what we did at our hike.

First we played cards, such as rummy, old maid, and war. After we got tired of playing cards we ate lunch. After lunch we picked blackberries and then we walked to Liberty Dam. There we sat down and watched the waves in the water. Before we went home the boys played horseshoes. That was all we did at our hike. We had lots of fun.

I wished all of the Vrtec members would have joined us that day, and so goodbye and good luck to all the Vrtec members.

Joseph Leskovec, President Vrtec No. 30

More Vrtec Contributions will be found on page 3 of regular issue.

SSPZ Day At White Valley, Pa.

White Valley, Pa. — This year we celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of our Slovene Progressive Benefit Society — the society that plays an important part in the Slovene group. During these thirty years our SSPZ has been accepted in many Slovene homes.

Thirty years ago in the city of Chicago, Ill., a group of men gathered to organize a society which would be of great value to men and women. With the help of Mr. Martin Konda, an intelligent man, the meeting was successful. Discussion on sick benefit, death, etc., took place. Being a Slovene gathering, they named the society "Slovenska svobodomiselna podpora zveza". Honor should be paid to the pioneers and also the members of the supreme board and various local lodge officers for their splendid cooperation and valuable service. With the help of the members this Society is progressing rapidly.

Twenty one years ago this idea traveled way out to White Valley, Penna. organizing Lodge No. 142 by Mr. George Previc and Mr. John Rupnik. Mr. George Previc is also the organizer of Evening Stars Lodge No. 218 and our Vrtec No. 103.

About five years ago they have organized "Vrtecs" for us juvenile members. The first Vrtec was organized in Forest City, Penna. by Mr. Anton Zaitz. At the present time he is Assistant Supreme Secretary.

It was five years last fall that our society sponsored its first "National Athletic Meet". In March the National Bowling Tournament was held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Many attended these meets as contestants and others as spectators. This year the sixth National Athletic Meet will be held at Bridgeville, Penna. on September 3, 4 and 5.

The year 1938 marks the thirtieth anniversary of our society. Every Junior and Senior lodge should celebrate it in some way or other. Our Vrtec Kingsters No. 103, Senior Lodges No. 142 and Evening Stars No. 218 are having a joint affair at the White Valley Slovene Hall on Saturday August 27. This affair will begin at 6:30 p.m. (EST) starting with a Vrtec program followed by moving pictures shown by our Juvenile Director Bro. Michael Vrhovnik. Dancing will begin at 8:30 to ??? Music will be provided by the "White Eagle Orchestra", playing both American and Slovene tunes. Admission is 35c for adults and 10c for children. All neighboring lodges are cordially invited to attend this affair. We assure you all a good time.

Sunday August 20 at the Slovene Hall at 10:30 a.m. is our Vrtec meeting. All members must be present. Following the meeting the committee is to meet

With Our Juniors

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tions as did John Vadnal, Mary Klevisher, Elsie Ohojak and all you other HONOR ROLL members. CONGRATULATIONS and may you continue your self-expression of SSPZ glory, loyalty and cooperation forever!

Challenger Juniors Win First Prize

The Vrtec membership campaign for the first six months of the year, which were divided into two periods of three months each, is closed and with its conclusion comes the announcement of prize winners for the second quarterly period of May, June and July. . . Three widely separated districts figured in their division — Pennsylvania, with three out of five winners to her credit (Strabane, Bridgeville and Meadowlands), copped the biggest share of prizes, while the remaining two were taken by Chicago's Trail Blazer Jrs. and the Vrtec at Palisade, Colorado.

The third campaign period will extend through July, August and September. Prizes of \$10.00, \$7.50, \$5.00 and \$2.50 will be awarded to the Vrtec units enrolling the four highest number of new members. In addition to the collective prizes, the proposing member is entitled to fifty cents in cash or goods for each new member. Enroll your friends niw!

and discuss plans for the anniversary dance.

Julia Kosmach, Sec'y Kingsters 103.

White Valley, Pa. — Reporting to you again so that you won't forget the big day at White Valley, Pa. on August 27, 1938.

Perhaps some of you are asking, "What's going to take place on this particular day?" Well here's your answer: The three SSPZ lodges of White Valley (which includes the Kingsters Vrtec 103, The Evening Stars 218, and the Seniors 142) are going to hold a joint picnic beginning at 5:00 p.m. continuing with two short plays, one in American and the other in Slovene. There also will be moving pictures shown by Bro. Michael Vrhovnik. At 8:00 p.m. dancing will begin to the White Eagles orchestra, which will play the tuneful melodies of today and the polkas we all love. (To Mr. Kvartich and Mr. Erzen: Slovene singing will be plentiful, with your help!)

Now folks, there you have an idea as to what's going on. This may not satisfy you, so if it doesn't why not plan to attend and see for yourself. A great time is in store for you, you, and you. We are inviting all distant and neighboring lodges to come and help celebrate the 30th anniversary of the SSPZ.

The SSPZ has long existed

Andy Had An Interview

Well, today I write from my bed due to a slight accident. (I got my eyes blackened and my head knocked all over creation.) But, I'm a little ahead of myself and I'll tell you how it happened. (If you're a little touched already and try real hard you may believe it.)

I was on the truck when it left Zorc's farm. I decided to interview some of the boys and girls. I espied a likely-looking lad in the crowd. I then approached him boldly. (He was just half my size.) I ask, "Well, lad. What's your name?— Pardon me, but you'll have to speak louder. I didn't hear you, yet. Louder (shouting and still a feeble muttering). Oh! You say your name's Sonny and I should not shout at you because that's your big brother over there. All right, Sonny, not that I'm afraid of your brother but I wouldn't want to hurt him. (Of course, his being twice my size didn't have a thing to do with it, I tried to convince myself, to keep up my courage.) Glancing over at his brother I got a sudden liking for Sonny. "What do you like best about the picnic?" I asked. "What say, Sonny. Didn't get it, oh! The baseball game. Do you understand the game? You say all but one thing. And what may I ask is that? Oh." (A lone moan started deep in my throat. Big brother or no big brother. I was about to bop him.)

He didn't understand why one team made fielders of the other teams chase all over. (Clever little rascal. Yes? — No?) After the kid told me about his snake, his sore toe, his wart and other such dumb things, I bopped him.

His brother came at me like a bat out of — Ah! Er! I mean —well-l he came plenty fast anyway.

I've got my head in a cast. (It feels so big I can't tell where it begins and the plastered ended.) Well I feel a little drowsy so I hope I'll recover sufficiently to write next month. So I'll say Au Reservoir— or something.

Andrew Elersich, Spartan Jrs.

OUTLOOKERS CORNER

(Continued from page 3)

Rudolph (John Hall) Bratina had fun carrying girls on his shoulders, and doing some fancy diving. (The dives looked like tidal waves.)

Harold (Webster) Tavzel climbed half way up the tree just to take a dive. Yes! He's still alive.

Did you see Alice (Eleanor Holm) Bashel swinging on that vine? Ah, what grace... what charm...

Signing off, Growin' Pains.

and may it for many more years to come.

So long until August 27, 1938. I'll be seeing U, U and U.

Shorty.