





# NEW ERA SUPPLEMENT

Edited by Louis M. Kolar.



## Current Thought.

### CONTRIBUTING ARTICLES

Due to the fact that the semi-annual report of the Supreme Executive Committee was printed in the last issue a number of contributing articles to the NEW ERA SUPPLEMENT were necessarily held over and are published in this issue. Unfortunately, some of the articles were necessarily left out, since the news contained was too late for publication in the Feb. 19 edition.

There is an old saying to the effect that "It never rains, but it pours." The same could be said of submitted articles for this paper. When space could not be had, Fate chuckled at the writer and superimposed upon him news galore. But to no avail, as but one meager column was left over after the report was set up.

The writer sincerely hopes that the contributors will take exception to the fact that some of the articles could not be published, and continue to submit articles. Also it is hoped that the delay necessary in the publication of some will be overlooked. Unforeseen circumstances over which we have little or no control compel us to do many things that we might not do otherwise.

As it has been said before, members should continue to avail themselves of the opportunity of advertising their lodges through this medium. News received from different sections of the country are of great help in living the contents of the paper. This is your paper and is at your disposal, so take advantage of this fact.

Coming back to the semi-annual report, did you notice the membership of some of our lodges? We, the younger element, have to do plenty of sales talk before we can induce as many outsiders to join our ranks in order to swell our membership. But it can be done. Which will be the first English-led lodge to show the greatest increase?

## PITTSBURGHER'S DANCE HUGE SUCCESS

### Many Notables Present

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Our dance, held on Feb. 5 in the Slovenian Hall, was a whale of a success. There is really little need to say it, because most of the members attended and something like 200 people were on the floor dancing—in fact, one of the largest crowds ever to gather in the Slovenian Hall. Of course, many more tickets were sold, as the balcony offered a beautiful view of the entire dance.

There wasn't a dull moment from beginning to end. By the time we arrived at the Slovenian Auditorium a large crowd had gathered. Right here we want to say that the checkers at the dance could teach the hotels plenty.

Frank J. Lokar, president, and his assistants were there to greet you and encourage you to dance. Music played by the "Student Tramps" was all that anyone could wish.

Observed and entered in the notebook used in preparing the manuscript are the following paragraphs on "What the dressed dancier is wearing." A long gown of blue-black embroidered in peach-colored flower petals, minute white and orange butterflies. Now, what the deuce? Oh, excuse me. I'm on the wrong page of that blasted notebook!

In earnest, we must say that the girls looked lovely in their dress-up dresses; seeing them in dark outfits every day one is apt to forget that they are so good-looking. We think the little better known as Miss Frances Lokar looked particularly lovely. So did Miss Rose Golob, who had for her escort the young and husky John Dreshar, better known as Captain of Carnegie Tech football team. But then, if we go on to describe them we would fill up a whole volume.

Besides, we would have to tell how slick the sheiks of the evening looked, such as Tommy and Johnny Antlogar, Frank and George Salamunec. Distinguished guests of the evening were as follows: Supreme president of S. S. C. U., Anton Jankovic, member of the Supreme Board of the S. S. C. U., several members of St. Stephen's Lodge also were present.

You should have seen some of our own Juniors. I sat on the sidelines, trying vainly to memorize some of the latest steps. That same day when I was feeling very brave and heroic I tried to risk my neck in the attempt. So much for the dance. Not least were the refreshments; we had dog sandwiches with pickles and some colored water. When 12:59 came we hurried wearily homeward, wondering whether we should have pressed or instead get new ones for the next dance.

Your aged uncle,  
F. J. Kress.

## BOXING SHOW

The first boxing show ever held in the Slovenian National Home of Cleveland, O., attracted a large crowd of people. The entire show was handled very smoothly and showed every indication of being well managed. Mr. Gornik is attending Carroll University, being very active in the college affairs. He is president of the Slovenian Young Men's Club, S. D. Z., under whose auspices the bouts were held, and is the son of John Gornik, supreme president of the S. D. Z.

## PITTSBURGHER

An editorial in a recent issue of the New Era spoke a few words about entertainment to the effect that "youth must be entertained." The lodge Pittsburgher has realized this maxim before, but since its appearance it was stimulated to experiment. The time of our experiment was the night of Feb. 5, when the lodge held a dance, featuring the finest orchestra procurable to entertain the youth of Pittsburgh.

On this night we saw everybody and everybody's friend making things enjoyable on the spacious dance floor of the Slovenian Auditorium. Music was filling the air with its harsh sentiment in today's vogue of harmonic scales, impulsive acrobatic movements in synchronizing forms, melting warm hearts into rhapsodies of feverish voluptuous enjoyment, gliding youth on soft rounded white billows of some metaphysical medium to some indefinite end ephemeraly surpassing all semblances of positive entertainment.

All members of the lodge were on deck helping out with the work, with Brothers Lokar and Golobic acting as managers. We are proud to announce that Julia Mazer, our new lodge member, was initiated properly by helping Pauline sell sandwiches, tonic and candy. "Ank & Tom," the gold dust twins, disturbed the grape juice. Peppy George Skall saw that the girls fulfilled their duties in the kitchen, even though they enticed trade on the dance floor. Bros. Zigan and Krese sold refreshment tickets. They were forced to promenade up and down the corridor and yell "slips." Bros. Simon and Furar were stationed at the door, watching for bulges in gentlemen's hip pockets.

Our honorable supreme president, Anton Zbasnik, accompanied by John Balkovec, a trustee of our Union, showed by their presence that we had behind us on this big event the select of the S. S. C. U. Messrs. Pogacar, Pavlakovic, Maticic, Antlogar and Sever of our mother lodge, St. Stephen's, and who helped organize our lodge, witnessed our tremendous success with great pleasure.

John Dreshar, captain of Carnegie Tech (Tartans, who beat Notre Dame twice in a row), honored us by his presence. Piccolo was a disappointment. He failed to bring anyone from Verona along. The bachelors were all lucky, as they did not have to entertain any fears of disbanding their group. However, they did give the girls some hope that evening by suspending the stringent by-laws of their club.

The "Student Tramps" did not use the orchestra pavillion, but occupied the stage, since it offered better accommodations. A large sign was suspended above the orchestra and read "Join the Pittsburgher." So appealing was this arrangement that the very music seemed to spell out in every tempo, "Join the Pittsburgher." During one of the intermissions our dynamic president, Bro. Lokar, addressed the jubilant audience, extending a formal welcome to enjoy themselves and thanking all the guests for their presence. He then explained to the

## BRIEFS

Bro. John L. Jevitz Jr. of Lodge No. 66, S. S. C. U., Joliet, Ill., is seeking the nomination for assistant supervisor in the Republican Township Convention, to be held Feb. 24, 1930. He was very active while secretary of S. S. Peter and Paul Lodge. As a pitcher of indoor baseball he has few equals, judging by the write-ups given him in the Joliet Herald-News. He is pitching for the Speed Boys in the indoor league of Joliet, Ill.

Frank Legan, 32, of Cleveland, O., was acquitted of charges in connection with the prison riot that took place at Auburn, N. Y., Dec. 11, 1929, while serving a sentence. Mary Legan, his sister, took the stand in his favor during the trial.

Matt Rom, Joseph Mantel and Adolph Schroeder of Ely, Minn., and Leo Kukar of Gilbert, Minn., are on their way to California via Schroeder's car.

Bozidar Jakac, noted Slovenian painter, will give an exhibition of his paintings in the Slovenian National Home of Cleveland, O., commencing March 10 and ending March 21, 1930.

Bro. Joseph Zelko of S. S. Peter and Paul Lodge, S. S. C. U., is a star on the Joliet, Ill., Junior College basketball team, which is gaining considerable attention with its long string of victories.

Antonio: I'm fed up on talkies.  
Pistachio: How's that?  
Antonio: My wife's mother and three sisters are visiting us.

Mother: I guess that's Tom's honk for you out front.  
Flappy Flo: Let him honk. Willie has his new biplane on the roof.

audience the fundamentals of the S. S. C. U. and urged them to become members of the Pittsburgher Lodge. A tremendous applause was given him and the Pittsburgh Lodge, and as a result we hope to see at least twenty new faces at our next meeting.

Our one great goal is attained. Thanks to our editor, our friends and everyone that helped us out. The dance was a roar, which goes to show what we can accomplish if we but stick together; if we imbibe realistically the spirit that has animated us to this end and hold everlastingly this spirit that gripped the hearts of our fathers and mothers instinctively when they made their fatherland a sacred memory and came here to settle among strangers to rear us; in general, the spirit of our Slovenian fraternal unions, and in particular the spirit of the union we have accepted as our material mother, the spirit of the S. S. C. U.

Next week we will give further details of the dance. The editor of this column would appreciate comment on his work from his readers. If you have any, write to the undersigned.  
Francis J. Sumic (No. 196), 222—57th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

## MANY ATTEND DANCE

Cleveland, O.—Valentine dance held on Feb. 13 by the George Washington Lodge, No. 180, S. S. C. U., was met with success. A large crowd was on hand and danced to the music furnished by Johnny Gribbons and his Radio Boys.

Valentines were sold at the dance. The purchaser was given the privilege of writing a name on the back of the valentine. Miss A. Leustig, treasurer of the Washington, received the greatest number and was given a prize. Julia Bouha, secretary, was the runner-up in the number received.

In Cleveland it is a known fact that dances held on weekdays are not attended as fully as the ones held on a Saturday or Sunday. However, the George Washingtons attracted a fair-sized crowd on Thursday night; the committee in charge should be commended for its splendid work in handling an affair of this kind.

## JOLIET, ILL. BRIEFS

Mix Gregorash, S. S. Peter and Paul star pinster, recently registered a 297 game while rolling with St. Joseph's team in the K. S. K. J. league, a new record on Joliet alleys.

When do we go to Waukegan? is the question steadily and continually laid before the officers of S. S. C. U. No. 66 lodge. What are you going to do about this, Waukegan? (Bring on the Comrades.)

Hub Recreation bowlers, 1929 world champions, set a new season's record in Joliet City Bowling League Feb. 5, when they bowled 1099 in one of a series of three games with Alamo Recreations, who rolled 1029 in the same game.

J. S. K. J. No. 66 bowlers and the Occident Flour team, leaders in the West Side bowling circuit, fought a bitter contest Feb. 6. First game ended in a tie, 872; the second fray went to the flour men by 22 pins, 921 to 899, and the third was captured by our fraternalists on a close margin of 3 pins, 887 to 884.

As soon as 25 non-citizen Slovenes call and enroll with either the president or secretary of our Slovenian Political Club, a Slovenian School of Naturalization will be inaugurated in Joliet. The new club is surely out to do things long neglected. Members displayed a strong enthusiasm at the last gathering, Feb. 2. The next session will be held Sunday afternoon, Feb. 23, the day before the Republican town convention.

## John L. Zivetz Jr. HIGH ATTAINMENTS

Slovenes of Cleveland, O., can point with pride at the attainment of Frank Opaskar and William A. Vidmar at the last Bar Examination held in Columbus, O. Mr. Opaskar made the second highest mark of 86.5 per cent, while Mr. Vidmar made the third highest, with 85.9 per cent; the highest mark registered during the examination was 89.5 per cent.

Out of 365 students taking the bar exam, only 175 received a passing grade, while 190 (more than 50 per cent) failed to pass the examination. Considering the facts in hand, our two Slovenian youths are to be commended for their

## SPORTING BITS

### WASHINGTON'S BASKETBALL TEAM

Girls on the basketball team of George Washington Lodge deserve plenty of praise for their pluckiness. Although they have lost all of their games played to date, they still maintain a spirit to win.

When a group of girls are willing to sacrifice a Saturday night and devote their time for practice one can readily begin to admire such spirit and enthusiasm. This is the first time that these girls have organized a basketball team, and judging by the improvement they have made one can predict that the team will be a strong one next season.

When the Inter-Frat League of Cleveland, O., was organized our girls were not prepared. Not through any fault of theirs. But in one week's time these girls got together and molded a team that has shown plenty of fight in all of the games played.

Such spirit is admired indeed. It goes to show that these girls do not lack courage, and who knows but that a championship outfit may be the result in the next year's attempt.

Members of the Washington team are as follows: Augusta Terbovec, Julia Bouha, Jean Mola, Fanny Jeric, Anna Jaklich and Angela Hlabse.

### COMRADE BASKETEERS WIN TWO

#### Caldwell and Belec Star

Waukegan, Ill.—Comrades Lodge basketball team defeated the K. S. K. J. Boosters to the tune of 43 to 29 in the Waukegan Church League. Caldwell and Belec featured with their shots, the former dropping in 6 field goals and 2 gratis shots, while the latter made 4 field goals and 3 gratis shots. Ogrin was high for the losers with 4 field goals.

In the other tussle our Comrades nosed out the strong American Steel & Wire Co. quintet by a score of 40 to 32 in a fast and thrilling game. Korenin, Belec and Skoff starred for the winners.

An article appeared in a local newspaper recently in which the sports editor picked our Comrades cage squad as one of the strongest aggregations in this district. He also named Capt. Joe Little, Comrades' flash, as one of the fastest forwards. "That's something."

Bro. Frank Zupec, member of our cage team, almost severed the tip of his finger while at work for a local concern. Here's how it happened. Bro. Zupec was all upset when our Comrades nosed out the K. S. K. J. St. Joe's and retained a tighter grip on first place. Next morning Zupec was humming the Comrades' victory march when he suddenly mistook his finger for a piece of pork in feeding the meat grinder. Bro. Zupec, as a result, will now play "left out"—on the bench for a while. Here's wishing for a speedy recovery, Frank.

Here's something that was seen around the corner: Comrades' bowling pin five wearing spats and black jazz-bows. Some class, "Oh, Yeah!"  
Motto: "Say it with Comrades."  
John Petrovic, No. 193, S. S. C. U.

At your meetings listen for thoughts, not words—for ideas not phrases.

achievements.  
We are glad to hear such news, showing that the Slovenian youth of today is sharing the honor and glory bestowed upon honorary students. It is hoped that more of our youth will hold the spotlight.

Mr. Vidmar has his office in the Engineers' Building, while Mr. Opaskar has his office in the Hippodrome Building.

Sunday, Feb. 16, was a disastrous day for the S. S. C. U. teams of Cleveland, O. George Washingtons lost two games to the Progressives; Collinwood Boosters dropped two to the Comrades, in which R. Turk bowled 253 for the Comrades; and Betsy Ross dropped three to the Loyalties. Clairwoods and Spartans are now tied for first place, as the Spartans took three games from the Clairwoods.

## GIRLS, BE SPORTS

Come on, all you Betsy Ross girls and show the world that you are wide awake. Show some pep. Be loyal to your lodge as Betsy Ross was to the flag. Girls! You ought to be proud in belonging to such a lodge. Be patriotic.

A few girls have made mention of organizing a bowling team, but at present it seems impossible, since there are only a limited number present at the meeting. We have been trying to form some plans, but since so few show up at the meetings we had to give it up.

Please, girls, I know the least you can do is give one night of the month to your lodge. Nothing to be afraid of. If you don't know how to play, well, follow the criterion, "Never too late to learn." And speaking of bowling, why not come to the alleys on Sunday afternoon, since it still leaves you time to go out Sunday evening?

Aw, come on, girls! Be a sport and show your stuff. This doesn't mean the girls alone, but the boys also. Before I forget it, if you don't play, come to the St. Clair-Eddy bowling alleys, off E. 123d St. and St. Clair Ave., and give your fellow-members a big hand. Show to the world that we can reach the top and sit pretty looking at the rest of the world go by. Let's show them that Betsy Ross Lodge is very much alive.

Anna Vidmar, Sec'y No. 186, S. S. C. U.

A tailor had a great desire to hear one of his patrons, a famous tenor, sing. So the tenor gave him tickets for the performance of "Tosca," and later asked him how he liked the show.

"Oh, it was awful," replied the tailor.

"Awful? How so?" asked the tenor.

"Your coat!" groaned the tailor, "was too tight under the arms."

# MLADINSKI ODDELEK -- JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

## Andersen: NAVIHANI POBIČ

Nekoč je živel star pesnik, izredno dober, star pesnik. Nekega večera, ko je sedel v svoji izbi, je zunaj besnela strašna nevihta. Lilo je kakor iz vedra. A stari pesnik je toplo in udobno sedel pred svojo pečico, kjer je plapolal ogenj in so cvrčala pečena jabolka.

"Kdor je sedaj na cesti, bo do kože moker," je dejal pomilovalno, ker je imel dobro srce.

Tedaj je zaprosil pred durmi otroški glas: "Joj, odpri mi, zebe me in ves sem moker!" In jokalo je in trkalo na vrata, v okna pa se je besno zaganjal veter in dež.

"Uboga stvarca!" je dejal pesnik, vstal in odprl vrata. Na pragu je žedel nag pobič in voda mu je tekla od dolgih zlatih kodrov. Trepetal je od mraza. Če bi mu ne bil pesnik odprl, bi bil gotovo poginil v viharju.

"Ubogi fantič!" je dejal starček in ga prijel za ročico. "Stisni se k meni, da te pogrejem. Nikar ne jokaj. Vina dobiš in pečeno jabolko, saj si dečko od fare!"

Bil je res lep pobič. Njegove oči so bile kakor dve svetli zvezdi in—dasi mu je voda še vedno tekla od las, so se mu že vili zlati kodrčki. Bil je ko angelček, čeprav je bil višnjeve od mraza in je trepetal po vsem telesu. V rokah je držal krasen lok, ki pa je bil ves skvarjen od dežja. Od pisanih pušic je kapala raztopljen barva.

Pesnik je sedel k pečici, vzlet pobiča v naročje, mu ožel vodo iz las, huškal v njegove premrte ročice, jih grel v svojih rokah in mu zavrel sladkega vina. Tedaj si je pobič opomogel, lička so mu zagorela, skočil je na tla in se vrtil in plesal okoli starega pesnika.

"Ti si pa veseljaček!" se je smejal pesnik. "Kako ti je ime?"

"Ime mi je Amor," je odvrnil pobič, "ali me ne poznaš? Glej, to je moj lok. Z njim znam imenitno streljati.—Ej, nevihta je prešla, luna že sije!"

"A tvoj lok je pokvarjen," je dejal pesnik.

Pobič se je zamislil. "To bi bilo hudo"—in je pregledal lok. "Ne, saj je že suh in nič pokvarjen. Struna je napeta! Ali naj ga poskusim?" In ga je napel, nastavljal puščico, nameril in ustrelil dobrega starega pesnika naravnost v srce.

"Vidiš, da moj lok res ni pokvarjen?" se je veselo zasmel in zbežal. Ta zlobni pobič! Da je streljal na starega pesnika, ki ga je bil tako prijazen sprejel v svojo topla sobo, ki je bil tako dober z njim in mu je dal sladkega vina in najboljša jabolka!

Dobri stari pesnik je ležal na tleh in plakal, kajti zadet je bil naravnost v srce: "Joj, joj, kako poreden je Amor. Vsem dobrih otrokom bom to povedal, da se ga bodo čuvali in se nikoli ne bodo igrali z njim, ker to se ne bi dobro končalo."

In vsi dobri otroci, dečki in deklice, katerim je to povedal, so se ga čuvali, a vendar jih je prekanil, ker je silno pretkan. Ko pridejo študentje s predavanj, jim stopa ob strani v črni suknji, z naočniki na nosu in knjigo pod pazduho. Ne spoznajo ga. Veselo ga primejo pod pazduho, ker mislijo, da je njihov tovariš. Tedaj jim prebode srce. Tudi dekleta niso varna pred njim. Vse ljudi zasleduje. V gledališču sedi med lučkami lestence pod stropom in rdeče, plamenče gori, da ga nihče ne spozna. Neopazen ga izstrelji svojo puščico. Smuka se po sprehajališčih in tihih ste-

## WEENTY HELPS MR. GROUND HOG

"I want most particularly to see a groundhog," Weenty remarked to herself as she turned the pages of her animal picture book. Weenty was sitting up in bed with pillows tucked cozily around her.

It was a blowsey, chilly day. All the days for weeks had been blowsey and chilly and that is why Weenty was in bed. She had a blowsey, chilly old cold and she was trying to make the best of it by looking at her picture book with a pair of dark glasses which Mother Dear had given her to play with.

"Where is that groundhog?" she asked herself, turning the pages. "Where is—" but here she stopped, for on the page in front of her was not the groundhog, but a most friendly little furry face. A face with round bright eyes and long, long ears! And such a whiskery inquisitive nose!

"Mr. Rabbit, I declare!" Weenty exclaimed. "His picture exactly, I do wish he was the real Mr. Rabbit instead of just his picture!" she went on wistfully, wishing and wishing ever so much when suddenly the bright eyes of the rabbit picture blinked and the long, long ears of the rabbit picture twiddled. And goodness gracious! The inquisitive nose began to wiggle in quite the most natural manner.



WEENTY HELPS MR. GROUND-HOG

"I Have It," said Weenty, "Try These Glasses, They Make Every thing Very Gray And Your Shadow Will Hardly Show At All"

Weenty took off her dark glasses so that she could see better and put them in her wrapper pocket.

"Oh," cried the little girl, "it is Mr. Rabbit, how in the world—" But as Mr. Rabbit by this time had managed to hop out of the page and had grown to quite a proper size!

Weenty forgot all about the zah. Tudi očka in mamico je zadel v srce. Le vprašaj ju, če ne verjameš.

Da, Amor je res poreden pobič, čuvaj se ga in ogibaj. A njegovim puščicam nihče ne unide. Pomisli, celo tvojo babico je zadel v srce. A tega je že dolgo in rana se je zacelila. Babica pa tega ne bo nikoli pozabila. Ta navihanec! Zdaj ga poznaš in veš, kako je neugnan.

strangeness of his coming out of the picture book.

"Good day, Weenty," he said in a perfectly unruffled manner as though coming out of picture books was quite an every-day matter. "I am sorry to see you with a cold. I suppose you won't be able to go out at all, will you?"

"Dear me, no," Weenty answered. "I promised Mother Dear that I would stay here as quiet as a mouse. She is busy with folks to tea, so, dear Mr. Rabbit, won't you stay and play with me?"

"Yes indeed, Weenty," Mr. Rabbit said, "but I'm not so sure that you really wanted to see me. I thought you said something about wanting to see a groundhog."

"So I did," Weenty agreed. "You see, it's groundhog day and the weather has been so blowsey and chilly for so long and so long. Nurse says that if the groundhog sees his shadow today he will run right back into his hole and there will be six weeks more of blowsey and chilly days."

"Yes, so I've heard," Mr. Rabbit nodded.

"So I wanted to see if groundhogs looked very timid. Do you think that all groundhogs are afraid of their shadows?" Weenty asked.

"Now, that's an idea," Mr. Rabbit said. "Suppose we find

Groundhog .....page 125  
"There!" cried Weenty and Mr. Rabbit together. They turned eagerly to page one hundred and twenty-five and there, sure enough, was the groundhog, a furry brown, round bunch of a fellow with a most imposing string of names under him, that read like this:  
Groundhog—Woodchuck (arctomys monax)  
"What does the Woodchuck mean?" Weenty asked.

"I'm sure I don't know at all," Mr. Rabbit answered. "Maybe it is his last name. You

"Yes, but nothing like that—"  
"Yes, but nothing like that—"  
"The arc-arc-to-mys mon-ax part," Weenty said, pronouncing the words very carefully.

"Let's ask him, himself," Mr. Rabbit suggested. "He could tell us."  
Now right here the most surprising thing of the whole adventure happened. Weenty will tell you. There was Mr. Groundhog-Woodchuck (arctomys monax) seated on a little mushroom under a tree all in a moment, and there was Weenty and Mr. Rabbit standing under the tree and looking at him. In the tree sat a wise looking old owl.

The groundhog bowed politely and asked what Weenty and Mr. Rabbit wanted.

"Er—" hesitated Weenty a bit embarrassed because the groundhog seemed so brisk and businesslike. "We wanted to know—several things," she began.

"First, why have you such a long name?" Mr. Rabbit chimed in. "You're an awfully little fellow to have such a long name, you know?"

"Well, groundhog is just a sort of pet name of his," the wise old owl explained. "He's really a Woodchuck."

"Oh, yes, a woodchuck," Weenty cried, glad to know something about her new friend.

"How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck would chuck wood?" she quoted.

"That's it, but I don't chuck wood," said the groundhog. "No, you tell the weather," Mr. Rabbit put in.

"Just superstition," the wise old owl said. "Read what it says on the opposite page."

"Weenty and Mr. Rabbit both read the opposite page. They seemed to be standing on one page and on the next page was big type which read—

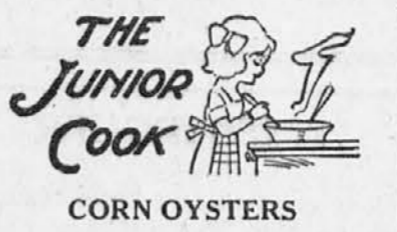
Groundhog—Woodchuck (arctomys monax)  
The woodchuck is a very well-known member of the rodent family. It feeds upon nuts and fruits and makes its burrows in the ground. It is a very brave animal when attacked. In some parts of the country it is called the groundhog. A quaint legend tells us that if he sees his shadow, when first emerging from his burrow, on the second day of February, he promptly retires for six weeks more, during which time winter weather will continue.

Mr. Rabbit read the page through aloud.

"So you are a woodchuck?" he remarked. "How strange! And you are not afraid of your shadow?"

"I wouldn't say that," the groundhog replied. "I do feel a bit timid of it when I first come out. You see, it is so very big and black. It springs out at me and the brighter the day the bigger and blacker it looks. If it were only grayer, I wouldn't feel afraid a bit."

"Poor thing!" Weenty said



CORN OYSTERS  
Fine for Breakfast or Luncheon  
Break two eggs into a bowl. Add one level teaspoon salt. Two tablespoonfuls flour. And two heaping tablespoons corn.

You may use canned corn or dried corn which has been soaked and cooked. Mix together well.

Put one tablespoon meat dripping into a frying pan and make hot. Drop corn batter into fat, one teaspoonful at a time. You should be able to cook at least six separate spoonfuls in your frying pan at one time. Cook until nicely brown on one side.

Turn quickly with pancake turner. Brown on second side and serve at once. This recipe will make enough for four people.

### HUDI ČASI

Lačni vran na golem hrastu mi poseda — drobna miška iz zemljice v sivi dan pogleda.

"Vam je dolgčas, ljubi sosed, črni vran? Kaj se hoče! Spet imamo moker dan.

"Spet je tukaj bleda zima, spet bo stiska. — Vam seveda pač ne zmanjka dobrega prigrizka!

"Ali me smó borne reve pod zemljo ostale — kar dobimo, vse pojemo — pa še vam bi dale . . ."

Vran je od glada in jeze kljun nabrusil, nizko kakor blisk na miško se pognati skulil.

Švignila je urna miška pod zemljico — v dežju lačni vran otresa črno perutnico . . .

(Valjhum.)

### NAGRADE

Za dopise, priobčene v januarski mladinski prilogi, sta bili nakazani dve nagradi po en dolar, in sicer: Mary Rozman in Mary Dragosh, ki sta članici društva št. 114.

and then she remembered the dark glasses in her wrapper pocket. "I have it," she said, "try these glasses, they make everything, very gray looking and your shadow will hardly show at all if everything else looks gray."

She put them on the groundhog's nose and he was ever so pleased.

"They make everything look quite dark. I feel as if I was in my own burrow. I'm sure I shan't be a bit afraid of my shadow in these glasses," he said.

"And if the legend is true after all, about that shadow," Mr. Rabbit added, "these glasses will be a very great help to the weather man."

"Hoot, hoot!" said the wise old owl.

Weenty was quite surprised by the sudden noise. But you may be sure she was even more surprised to find herself cuddled cozily in her pillows and the bright furry little face of Mr. Rabbit looking up at her from the page of her animal picture book.

## THE NIGHTINGALE AND DOVE

The nightingale is supposed to have one of the most beautiful voices of all the woodland folk. Throughout the ages the nightingale's song has delighted its listeners and thrilled the hearts of men. Long ago men invented stories to explain for themselves things that they could not understand. One of the things that puzzled them was why the nightingale who lived hidden in the forest should have such a beautiful voice, while the dove who frequents the haunts of man says only a plaintive coo coo. So our early ancestors satisfied their inquiring minds with this story that has become legend through repetition down the ages.



She heard the shepherds playing his pipe and calling to the sheep on the hillside

In the beginning when all things were made, the animals and the birds like the children had to find their voices and learn to express themselves. The dove was much more interested in her soft gray feathers than she was in her voice, and she spent most of her time flying around showing herself off and listening for admiration. One day as she was preening her feathers in the sunlight the nightingale flew by and stopped to converse with her. In the course of the conversation the nightingale suggested that she and the dove strive to stay awake during the night and learn some new songs that they might sing for the enjoyment of the friend, man. The dove agreed, and they decided that in the morning they would compare notes and see what each had learned.

The nightingale had great hopes of cultivating her voice. She wanted to be a fine singer, and so she exerted every effort to keep awake during the long dark night. She heard the shepherd playing his pipe and calling to the sheep on the hillside. She heard the wind whistle through the tall branches of the trees. She heard the low night sounds of the animals; the barking of the dog, the bleating of the sheep and the loving of the cows. Softly she tried to sing the songs the nightingale had taught her and in the morning she counted many beautiful tunes to her credit.

But the dove. What of her? Alas, she had no ambition. Her only thought was her beauty. As soon as the night shadows fell the lazy little dove closed her eyes and fell sound asleep. All through the night she slept and was only aroused in the morning by the sound of a farmer calling his horse to the plow. When it was light the nightingale approached the dove anxiously to sing the new tunes she had learned. She sang and she sang pouring her whole heart into her songs. When it was the dove's turn she opened her mouth and said: "Coo coo."

She heard the wind whistle through the tall branches of the trees. She heard the low night sounds of the animals; the barking of the dog, the bleating of the sheep and the loving of the cows. Softly she tried to sing the songs the nightingale had taught her and in the morning she counted many beautiful tunes to her credit.

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est of songs all the night long.

## DOBROTNIK

Neki Anglež, ki je živel inoziemstvu, se je hotel vrniti v Anglijo in je prosil Benjamina Franklina, naj mu pošlje nekaj nar.

Franklin mu je odgovoril: "Priložim vam deset zlatih kov. Niti na um mi ne prida bi vam to vsoto podaril, mo posodim vam jo. Ko se boste nete v domovino, se vam bo to tvo kralju posrečilo, da poplačate svoje dolgove in napravite dobro službo. Če srečate tem kdaj človeka v slični dregi, v kakršni ste danes oddolžite se mi s tem, da daste deset zlatnikov z istimi pogoji. Tako bo romal ta nar iz roke v roko, dokler bo tega kroženja prekinil kdo nepridiprav."

Ker nimamo mnogo denarja na razpolago za dobrodelelne namene, se moram poslužiti nekih sredstev. Tako storim majhno vsoto veliko dobrote.

D. Vargazon: POZIMI

Vzel Cirilček je sani, vanje vpregel je konjička. Sultana seveda—psička— zdaj med polji z njim drvi.

"Urno," pravi, "tja pod kilas kjer se sanki otročadi!" Menda bi pred deco rad pobahal se—neugnanec.

Tam ob cesti mož stoji: koš ima na beli glavi, a obraz njegov norčavi nos—korenček mu kazi.

Psička čuden srd prevzame —hav!—zalaja, zarenči, ker pa mož se še reži, k njemu zdajci teči jame.

Divje vanj se zapraši —joj— Cirilček že zavpije in že v snegu ves se skrjuje, da le glavá ven moli.

A sankalcev trop nadležni s klanca se čez polje usuje in se revčku posmehuje: Dober dan, možiček snežni!

D. Vargazon: SNEG IN DEŽ

Jug in Sever—čudna brata. le pozimi se igrata; s sabo Jug pripelje preje, tkalec Sever se mu smeje; —Bratec, niti bo premalo; če s tkanino mehko, belo hrib prekrijem, polja, selska kaj za trate bo ostalo? — Jug poslušaj, če si vrne, vesna cvetni plašč razgrne; tkalca solnčece prežene v kraje temne in ledene. Jug prijadra, čaka, čaka, tkalca od nikoder ni: v svojem gradu truden spola bratec žalosten zaplaka.

D. Vargazon: ZIMSKI VEČER

Odpri, dedek, modra usta, odpri jih, nam kaj povej, spet je zunaj zima pusta, pada sneg naprej, naprej!

V peči za teboj brencijo panjevci kot čmrljev roj, v tvoji glavi pa bliščijo pravljice kot solnčni soj. (J. Muršič)

VALJHUM: OSILICEK O SEBI IN DRUGIH

"Mar me briga, mar me briga, kaj na svetu ne velja — jaz sem osilek!" — Osilek ropal peti pa nikdar ne zna.

"Le čemu učen razgovor — modrovati me je stran — osat zvečim, nosim tovar — kleti pa nikar ne znam."

Z uhiti dolgimi pomig. z gobčkom sklanja se do tla — niti na svetu ga ne briga, zvižgal le bi — če bi znal."

And that is all the dove has been able to say ever since the nightingale sings the best of songs all the night long.

## MLADINSKI DOPISI

## Contributions from our Junior Members

Joliet, Ill.

da vozijo preko njega. Doli pod mostom kjer ni zamrznjeno, ker se voda pretaka, se pa divje race kopljejo. Takrat ko smo bile me doli pri mostu, smo jih videle devet. Ni se niso bale, kakor da znajo, da se jih ne sme streljati v tem času. Dve milji naprej od White Iron Lake je Farm Lake. Tja hodijo zelo ribariti, z avtomobili in peš. Zadnje nedeljo smo tudi me hodile do Farm Lake in po zamrznjenem jezeru do nekega otoka, kjer se dobro ribari. S sekiro izsekajo v led luknjo, da se ribo lahko ven potegne, če se katera vjame. Ko se trnek spusti pod led, se privede vrvice na palico, katero se zasadi v sneg. Ko so ribiči s tem delom gotovi, pa zakurijo velik ogenj, seveda kar na ledu. Tam si kuhajo kavo prav po indijansko. Če malo oglja ali pepela v kavo pade, se nič ne zmeni dosti. Eden meni, da je taka kava še bolj močna, drugi da je bolj zdrava in tretji, da je namesto cikoriije. Ves čas pa pazijo vsaki na svojo palico. Če se palica zamaja, ribič hitro skozi pogledat. Takrat je riba že vjeta ali pa je zraven; včasih jo pa tudi popiha. Če ribe ni, ribič malo zarobantni, nakar zopet nastavi.

Zadnjič, ko smo bile tam, je bilo tam kakšnih 10 ribičev. Nekateri so vjeli 3, 4 do 5 funtov težke ribe. Moj brat je dobil eno 4 in pol funta težko in se še zdaj hvali, kako zna ribariti. Ko smo prišle domov po 14 milj dolgi poti tja in nazaj, smo bile pošteno lačne. Tako mi je šlo v tek vse, kar je bilo na mizi, da sem mislila, da ne bom nikoli več sita. Pa tudi noge so me nekoliko bolele.

O Božiču smo šli tudi k polnočnici. Bilo je zelo lepo, posebno petje. Marsikateri je pohvalil petje in pevec.

Velika nesreča se je tu blizu zgodila 28. decembra. Mrs. Flek se je z "busom" peljala v Duluth. Kakšnih 18 milj od tu, blizu Towerja, je prišel naspoti neki avtomobil tako neredno, da se je moral "bus" umakniti v obcestni jarek. Pri tem je Mrs. Flek padla ven in se močno pobila na glavi in tudi eno roko ji je hudo poškodovalo. Pripeljali so jo nazaj na Ely, kjer pa je kmalu umrla v bolnišnici.

Naj bo dosti za sedaj, pa še drugič kaj. Goodby!

Franccka Korent,  
društvo št. 200 JSKJ.

Export, Pa.

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Franccka Korent,  
društvo št. 200 JSKJ.

## EARLY DAYS

I can clearly remember those days in September when we lived on Chicago street.

It happened one day my sister had strayed from home with her friend. We were looking for her, they were found in tears sitting on the curb stone.

And also at night we went to the store,

To get some milk and nothing more.

Out we came, for home we went,

We noticed someone following us.

We ran and ran and ran away, but still he was in pace;

When we came home, we lost our play

'Cause we were tired from the race.

Katherine J. Chanko,  
No. 66, S. S. C. U.

## A LESSON

One summer day we went on a picnic. By the edge of the cliff we saw a little boy leaning over it. The parents of the boy were standing there, but did not see him. The mother then cried when he almost fell over and started pulling him up when the father said, "Oh, leave him fall off, if it will

learn him a lesson." The cliff was 1,000 feet high.

Josephine Chanko,  
No. 66, S. S. C. U.

## BAD LUCK

Ah waz walkin' down de street, when suddenly Ah slipped ovah mah feet.

De ice am so slippery, Ah got up in a jiffey, Ah hopes Ah don't fall no moe 'Cause Ah gets too much soh When Ah goes to de baseball game, Whehe de ball and bat am tame.

Mary G. Chanko,  
No. 66, S. S. C. U.

## CONSPICUOUS NOSES

In a small village lived two retired brothers. They had journeyed much to get themselves wives. No maiden would marry either of the boys, for both of them had large noses. Operations were dreaded.

As the brothers were talking of their fate, an imp with a red tail brought in two fancy maidens which were wedded to the boys. The couples lived happily for a while, but soon the wives became tired of the noses. They were about to leave the house when the imp came to the husbands' rescue. Its tail touched the two noses. In an instant they became small, while the girls' hearts almost stopped beating.

In this way all were united, but the brothers had to stand hardships, for the girls' hearts turned into ice. Again the imp gave their noses back. When the girls received their hearts back they hated their husbands. The only thing left to do was to live in exile. But as they walked into a forest both stumbled over a rock. Their noses were chipped until they were of medium size.

Elizabeth Pernel,  
No. 129, S. S. C. U.

El Moro, Colo.

Dear Editor: I visited the president of Lodge No. 84, Joseph Smith. He was very glad to see me. I also visited his four children.

I wish some members would write to me.

Mary Marinac,  
Box 37, El Moro, Colo.  
No. 84, S. S. C. U.

Export, Pa.

This is my first letter to the Nova Doba. My teacher's name is Miss Anna Glunt. She is good to us. We don't have many children in our room. At the end of school hours we go for a trip to the woods.

One day we went for a walk into the woods. We saw many trees, which were all large. We saw many flowers, birds and many other things. Once we met a snake that scared us very much. We ran as fast as we could and decided not to take a walk any more.

With best wishes to all,

Anna Kashurba,  
No. 138, S. S. C. U.

## A DRESS

Z—Z—Z . . . Down the banister I slid, for I was in a great hurry to get downstairs, when bang! on my head I landed. After a little rubbing it was all right.

"I haven't anything to do today, mother, so may I make a dress?" I asked.

"There is some extra flannel you can make it out of. If the dress turns out good you can use it as a pattern," replied my mother.

I got the flannel. I cut two pieces and then sewed them together. When I was ready to cut the sleeves, I couldn't find the scissors. Finally, after the scissors were found, I couldn't find a needle. So everybody started to look for the needles, and of course the house was in great confusion.

I was very happy when my dress was finished after many hours of hard work. I took one good look at it and that was enough. It was very poorly made. I had sewed the dress inside out. The sleeves were narrow and round, like sausages, and the hem was almost up to the waistline.

"Ho, ho, ho, not even a fortune teller would know what that is," said my mother laughingly, "but I hope you will have more success with the next one you make."

I can assure you that my next dress was a success.

Annie R. Govednik,  
No. 30, S. S. C. U.

## BETTY

Betty is six years old. One day while her mother went shopping Betty said to herself: "I think I will make some candy." She got everything ready. While she was pouring the mixture into the pan she sensed a fire. Betty ran out and was surprised to see the house on fire.

Just then Betty's mother came from the store and saw many people around the house. Betty was crying. She got a scolding from her mother and was told to keep away from the stove.

Mary Simanovich,  
No. 20, S. S. C. U.

## A SKI RIDE

Ely, Minn.—I am writing a little story of my winter experience. This is the first time that I am writing in the Nova Doba.

I am in the old high school. One day my boy friend and I decided to go skiing. When we came near the place, which we call Stock Pile, I decided to do a daring thing. I went down this steep hill with but one ski.

Just before I went down my friend said "Goodby." He expected me to be killed in the attempt. As soon as I reached the bottom I noticed that all of my buttons were torn off. I decided to go home immediately, and gave my mother a big job sewing the buttons on again.

Albert Lobe,  
No. 1, S. S. C. U.

## SLEIGH RIDE

Ely, Minn.—This is my first time that I am writing to the Nova Doba. I am going to school and am in the seventh grade. I am twelve years old.

The children around here have lots of fun, as they have a chance to do plenty of skating and skiing. One night after school my girl friends and myself went out for a sleigh ride. We came to a big hill. I was urged to go down first as the rest hesitated. I took my sleigh, gave it a good start, and down I went.

On the bottom of the hill was a big stone. I was very excited and managed to stir my sleigh into a bush, going head-first into the snow. Soon I began to scream "Ouch! Ouch! Help! Help!" My girl friends came to the rescue; they picked me up and put me into my sleigh and took me home. I made up my mind then that I would never again go sleigh riding on that hill.

Christina Lobe,  
No. 1, S. S. C. U.

## AMUSEMENT PARK

Last summer, while visiting some of my friends, I went to the Amusement Park. The Amusement Park was a large place. It was very pretty. When the whole place was lighted up it looked like Fairyland. There were many interesting sights. There was a Ferris Wheel, Dip, and all the other apparatus that these parks are noted for.

The thing that most interested me was a large boat. This had been lately installed and my friends hadn't been on it yet, so we all decided to give it a try.

We crossed a gangplank and came up on the deck. Here were many skeletons. Each time a wave splashed over the deck, the skeletons would wink. It sure was a hair-raising sight. From the deck we went into the cabin. We went through a large passageway; it was very dark in here. Hanging from the ceiling were whiskers that brushed by a person and gave creepy feelings. Rollers on the floor made the walking hard.

We walked along until Chuck exclaimed, "Say, I believe that this is the end of the passage."

"Why, it couldn't be," I answered. "Feel around and see if you can't find a knob or something. Gosh, we're not going to stay in here."

So Chuck began to feel around and soon found a knob. She opened the door and it slammed after her before I could get a chance to follow her. Soon we heard her scream and we wondered what it was all about. Then I found the knob and opened the door, and it slammed after me.

When I got in, I almost got frightened out of my wits. The sight sure was ghastly. I screamed. Soon Nat yelled, "Well, for heaven's sake, what's the matter?"

"Wait until you come in," I yelled back.

Soon Nat came in and almost fainted at the sight. For when you came in, you saw a glass coffin and in it there was a skeleton; some apparatus in the door was connected with the skeleton, for when you came in he sat up in the coffin and put a cigaret into his mouth.

We went out of here and came out on deck, being tired we sat down on a chair and as soon as we sat down, the bottom fell out and we fell on a pile of mattresses. While going out of here we tried to get up some moving steps, but failed. After many attempts we stepped over and came out on top. Just before the door there was a revolving cylinder in the floor. We jumped over this cylinder and finally got out.

After our adventures on the boat we didn't feel like going on anything else, so we went home and dreamed about the skeletons all night.

Katherine Skradski,  
No. 114, S. S. C. U.

## VACATION

One morning I awoke to see my father asking me if I wanted to go with him to help him cut the hay. "Yes, yes," I cried in delight, rubbing my eyes as I jumped out of bed.

I dressed quickly and ate my breakfast, and also packed our lunch. It was not long before we were ready to start. Before we walked half a mile I was very tired. After we cut enough hay for about one load three huge birds flew overhead. We were very interested at these birds with their enormous size. We found that they were cranes. Once in a while they poked their beaks into the water and caught frogs.

We watched them as we ate our lunch. Then we began cutting some more hay and started for home.

Martin Govednik Jr.,  
No. 30, S. S. C. U.

## WEST VIRGINIA

I often wanted to go to West Virginia. One day my friends took me along with them. When I went I had a good time. But it is not so nice in West Virginia. One day my friends and I went fishing. I am not a good fisher, but we caught four fish. We were fishing for two hours. I saw a large fish, but could not get it. My friends were making fun of me for not getting it. I was very hurt. We went home after we got through fishing.

We cleaned the fish and prepared it for supper. The next day we got ready to go home,

but decided to remain for three more days. The following Sunday I returned home and told my parents of the time I had in West Virginia.

Anna Kashurba,  
No. 138, S. S. C. U.

## BRAZIL

My father told me about his life in Brazil thirty-two years ago. His parents and his brother boarded a ship at Genoa, Italy, bound for Rio de Janeiro. From there they went to a coffee plantation, where, with other colonies, they formed a colony named Bona Roza.

Many families lived together. The men had to make the beds out of wood. Cooking was done on the floor. Food was very plentiful and fruit was abundant. It was so hot that the people could hardly stand the climate. They wore no shoes, and very thin clothes. All the people had to carry knives and guns because there were all kinds of wild beasts in that part of the country.

I will tell you something about coffee. It grows on small trees. When the berry is getting ripe it is red and very beautiful. Children learn to ride horses and go with their fathers to help pick the coffee. After the coffee is picked it is hauled in carts. The wheels make a loud noise. The more noise the natives like it. About ten oxen are hitched to the cart. Two men drive them with the aid of swords.

The country is ruled by the Portuguese. There are no schools except in the big cities.

Josephine Meze,  
No. 159, S. S. C. U.

## EXPLORING A CAVE

Father had cautioned me many times not to make any effort to explore the cave in the cliffs near the river, but I thought I just had to see what I would find in the cave.

Having everything ready, the boys and I started down to the cliff thinking we would be rich when we came out. Knocking the three big stones away, we started in, half shivering, and John said, "Come, I am going back home," but no one would go home, so he went along even if he was afraid.

We saw bones of dead people and thought ours would soon be there, too. Trying to be brave with our bee-bee guns and clubs we walked slowly through the dark cave. We heard stones rolling and spooky noises. We stopped and wanted to go back when a door closed in back of us. We whispered for some time and then started again.

After walking far we were tired and hungry. Entering a room we saw a table fixed with foods ready to be eaten. We sat down on three chairs and one was left. Something white was on the fourth chair. "Let's eat," I said, "no one is here to eat this."

We each took a spoon and started to carry the soup into our mouth when we heard a voice saying, "If you eat you shall die!" Frightened was the worst part of it, but we were hungry and said no one could make us die just from food.

Eating all the soup, I suddenly felt lonesome. I was left all alone in that room. It was all bare, no table, no chairs, no food—nothing, not even my friends.

I awoke about midnight and started off. In the next room I found John still snoring. I awoke him and we started into the other rooms, where we found Joe. We three walked until it was daylight.

The sun shone on something that sparkled. We all ran for it and saw it was a treasure chest.

Failing to open it, we decided to take it along with us and open it at home. Joe and I lifted it up and as we were

about to move something hit very hard on the chest and down it came on my toes. "Oh," I cried, "how it hurts."

Feeling ready to go we started and in two days we came out of the cave in the cliff all ragged and worn out.

Reaching home safely, we told of our adventure and how we lost the whole treasure chest just because we were frightened and thought we would get hurt again. The end was that we decided never to go exploring again.

Johanna J. Kumse,  
No. 6, S. S. C. U.

## DOPISI

(Nadaljevanje iz druge strani)

nančno in tudi drugače na prav dobrem stališču. Samo nekaj mi pri tem društvu ne ugaja, namreč, da se člani tako malo zanimajo za društvene seje. Kar nekako žalostno se mi zdi, ko pridem na sejo sedem milj daleč, pa opazim v zborovalni dvorani samo par uradnikov. Od časa do časa se prikaže kak član, da plača assessment, nato po smuk iz dvorane! Večkrat se je že pripetilo, da ne bi bili mogli obdrževati seje v smislu pravil, če ne bi bili prišli na sejo člani iz sedem milj oddaljenega mesta Red Lodge. Sobratu uredniku je znana pot iz Red Lodge v Bear Creek, ker je svoječasnno zlatino in "jesih" prodajal tukaj. (Seveda mi je znana. Premeril sem jo večkrat peš, na vozu, na avtomobilu in na saneh. In vsled silnega mraza zledenele solze so se večkrat trkljale po hribu doli v Rock Fork River. Kar se pa jesiha tiče se bova pa že še pomenila s tisto porednico, ki me je titulirala z jesiharjem, če mi bodo bogovi naklonili srečo še kdaj videti moj divni zapad. Recimo ob času ko tamkajšnji rojaki iz regravovega cvetja prešajo "ušivca" in ko ob čistem gorskem potoku najlepše cvetijo divje vrtnice. Op. urednika.) Je precejšnja žrtev hoditi na sejo tako daleč v zimskem mrazu, toda če je nekoliko dobre volje in pa navdušenja za društvo, se to že stori enkrat na mesec. Vedno bi morali vpoštevati, kolikvega pomena so za nas delavce naše slovenske podporne organizacije.

Torej, bratje in sestere, člani in članice društva št. 58, vabljeni ste, da se v bodoče udeležujete društvenih sej v večjem številu. Pokažimo vsi, da se zanimamo za društvo in Jednoto, ki se v slučaju nesreče zana na briga za nas.

Pa brez zamere in pozdravljeni!

K. Eržnožnik, zapisnikar.

## Chicago, Ill.

Da ne bodo čitatelji v drugih krajih mislili, da so nas že vse sloveči čičaški "gangsterji" pobili, se moram zopet malo oglasiti. Na društvenem polju dosti dobro napredujemo, posebno kar se tiče našega ženskega društva Zvezda, št. 170 JSKJ. Na 18. januarja smo imele plesno veselico, ki je bila zelo dobro obiskana in ki se je raztegnila kar do treh jutraj, kljub silnemu mrazu 15 pod ničlo. Prav lepa hvala vsem udeležencem. Pri tej priliki tudi vamim tukajšnje slovenske žene in dekleta, ki še ne spadajo k našemu društvu, da se nam pridružijo. Več ko nas bo, bolj živahno in prijetno bo naše društveno življenje!

Zelo me veseli tudi, ko čitam v Novi Dobi, kako lepo napreduje društvo 66 JSKJ v Jolietu, Ill. Pred leti, ko sem jaz tam živela, ni bilo pri društvu take živahnosti. Ko pa so prišli v odbor možje, kot je na primer sobrat John J. Živetz Sr., sedanjí predsednik in John L. Živetz Jr., večletni tajnik, je v društvu zavladalo zelo bujno življenje. Lahko rečem, da je društvo št. 66 JSKJ danes eno

(Dalje na šestí strani)

