



JUVENILE SECTION OF "NAPREDEK"

CLEVELAND, OHIO, OCTOBER 21st, 1936

France Bevk

Lukec in njegov škorec

(NADALJEVANJE)

"Jaz moram nesti materi pismo," je dejal trdo. In je še ponovil: "Jaz moram nesti materi pismo."

Učiteljica se je naglo razburila, naglo se je tudi pomirila. "Prav," je dejala. "Naj bo. Nesti materi pismo. Jutri naj pride mati v šolo."

Lukec je sedel. Smeje se je ozrl po tovariših.

Danes in jutri tega materi ne pove. Nato bo morda pozabljeno . . . Prišel se je pouk.

Nekaj časa je bil Lukec miren. Učiteljici je bil celo hvaležen za njeno dobroto. Kmalu je pozabil na to. Ure so bile dolgočasne. Besede, ki so bile izgovorjene v tujem jeziku, se niso prijele njegovih ušes. Zazehal je. Dregnil je Petra. Ta mu je vrnil pod klopjo. Šepetanje. Nepazljivost je postajala večja in večja. Šum je rasel. Učenci so dvigali palce, prosili na prosto. Vrata so se odpirala in zapirala.

Učiteljica je tolkla s palico po mizi: "Tiho! Tiho!"

Lukec je segel v žep. Otikal je brnec. Nožič, ki je imel samo eno klino in le pol platnic. Odprl ga je in zapičil rezilo v les pod klopjo. Položil je prst na konec noža in sprožil. Nož je brnel z drobnimi tresljaji.

"Brrrr!"

Nekateri dečki so se začeli ozirati na Lukca. Vedeli so, kaj to pomeni. Kihali so predse. Lukec se je delal neumnega . . . Brnenje je zaslišala tudi učiteljica. Umolknila je.

"Kaj je to? Kdo to dela?"

"Ne vemo."

Tone se je smejal. Po strani je pogledoval Lukca, ki se je držal resno, resno.

"Ti si, Tone?"

"Ne," se je dvignil ta. "Mor-da je Lukec."

Lukec je sunil Toneta pod klopjo, nato se je dvignil. Obraz mu je sijal od nedolžnosti.

"Saj nič ne delam. Sedim in poslušam."

Brnenje je bilo ponehalo. Učiteljica je poučevala dalje. Nekaj časa ni nobena stvar motila pouka. Nenadoma: "Brrrr!"

Učiteljica je pogledala naravnost v Lukca. Ta se je zmagoslavno oziral. Ni opazil, da ga kdo opazuje.

"Luka Brajnik!"

"Saj nič ne delam."

"Šum delaš, da vse motiš."

"Ne razumem."

"Čakaj, razumel boš," se je

dvignila učiteljica.

Lukec je segel pod klop in izdrl nož. Že mu je tičal v hlačnem žepu.

Učiteljica ni ničesar našla. Na njenem drobnem, bledem obrazu je trepetalo ko listje v vetru. Ker je imela v rokah šibo, je Lukec stisnil glavo med ramena. Tudi zamižal je. Ni odprl oči, dokler ni slišal drobno hojo po sobi do mize.

Pogledal je skozi okno. Mislil je na škorca, ki pleše po koči in ga kliče: "Luka!" Nato na pismo, ki ga mora nesti materi . . . Tistega dne se z brncem ni več igral.

3.

Po šoli je letel Lukec na pošto. Dobil je veliko, debelo pismo. Potipal ga je in pogledal znamko. "Oče piše." Poizkusil ga je stlačiti v žep, a ni šlo. Nesel ga je v rokah.

Na koncu vasi je postal in pogledal proti domu. Potegnili je klobuk na ušesa in se spustil v tek, da so ga komaj dohitvale pete. Roke so mu mahale po zraku, torba mu je tolkla ob boke. Srečal je voz. Skočil je v stran in tekal dalje. Pod klanecem, blizu kočje se je ustavil.

Na vrtu je stala mati. Čakala ga je. Zasenčila je oči in mu zaklicala: "Ali si prinesel pismo?"

Lukec je pogledal po sebi, roke so bile prazne. "Pismo. Kje je pismo?" se je prestrašil. Ni poslušal matere, ki mu je nekaj klicala. Izgubil je bil pismo . . .

Obrnil se je in bežal proti vasi. Oči so mu švigale na desno, na levo. Od strahu so se mu jezili lasje na glavi.

Pred njim je clncal voz. Iz kolovoznice je gledalo nekaj belega. Upognil se je in pobral. Pismo mu je bilo padlo v blato, kolo je šlo čezenj. Obrisal ga je v hlače. Vse je bilo zapackano, znamke in naslov.

Vrnil se je. Mati ga je srečala sredi klanca.

"Ali si izgubil pismo?"

"Tu je," je dejal plaho. Materi se ni upal približati, da ga kaj ne doleti. "Lovili so me," se je zlagal, "pa mi pismo padlo v blato."

Mati ga je pogledala z dolgim pogledom. Ni mu verjela. Potipala je pismo tudi ona, pogledala zlomljeni pečat. Pismo je bilo nenavadno. Jasna slutnja jo je navdala. Podvizala se je domov. Lukec je šel za njo.

Iz pisma je padel bankovcu podoben papir. Poleg očetovega pisma je ležala velika pola popisanega papirja. Spodaj so bili pečati.

Marjeti so se tresle roke. Lukec je vrgel klobuk v kot in sedel za mizo. Prišel je tudi škorec in radovedno ogledoval ovitek.

Mati je držala očetovo pismo proti svetlobi in brala. "Draga žena! Preden ti nadalje pišem, te srčno pozdravljam čez široko morje, čez skalnati Kras . . ."

Sprva je brala počasi. Nato so njene oči hitreje in hitreje begale po papirju. Roke so se ji tresle. Končala je, pismo ji je omahnilo. Oči so ji zastrmele skozi okno v daljavo.

"V Ameriko pojdeva," je dejala Lukcu.

Lukec je poskočil in plosknil z rokama. Škorec se je umaknil, zagnal krik.

"Kdaj pojdeva? Jutri?"

"Tepček!" je pogledala mati sina. Njene oči so bile žalostne. "Jutri ne. V enem mesecu. Ne veseli se prezgodaj. Iti v Ameriko . . . ni kar tako."

Deček je začuden gledal. Mati je imela solzo v očesu. Kaj ji je? Vedno je govorila: v Ameriko pojdeva! In zdaj?

Iti v Ameriko — to je bilo za Lukca veselje, ki ga ni hotel

skrivati. Potoval bo, videl svet, morje, tuje ljudi, divje živali . . . Venomer si je želel po svetu . . . Odkar je bral pravljice, najbolj. Ali ni po svetu tako, kot je opisano v bajkah? Očetovo pismo je bila čudežna kapa, o kateri je sanjal. Zdelo se mu je, da mu rastejo perotnice.

"K očetu pojdeva? V Argentinijo? Mati, ali so tam velika mesta?"

"Kaj jaz vem! Ali sem jaz hodila v šolo?"

Brala sta pismo še enkrat. Bešedo za besedo. Škorec je gledal v papir, zmajal z glavo. Zdaj, zdaj je pogledal Lukca. Ujel je besedo in jo ponovil. Lukec je zamahnil z roko po njem. Klepec je bil huč. Zabevska! je kot pes.

Oče je pisal, naj prideta za njim v Ameriko. Bankovcu podoben papir ima veliko vrednost. Lukec je pomislil: "Kaj, če bi izgubil pismo?" Mati naj proda vse, tako je ukazal oče. S tistimi papirji naj gre v mesto. Dobila bo denar in pravice.

"Buenos Aires," je ponovil Lukec iz pisma. To ime mu je zelo ugajalo. "Oče je v Parana."

"Parana," je ponovil škorec. "Parana!"

"Parana, da." Oče dela v tovarni. Ko prideta Marjeta in Lukec tja, se bosta odpočila. Nato pojdejo vsi skupaj v drug kraj. Tam bo boljši zaslužek.

Lukec in mati sta molčala. "V enem mesecu," je razmišljal deček. Vtaknil je roke v žep, se oslonil s hrbtom. V Ameriko hodijo veliki možje, a ne dečki. In Lukcu se je zdelo, da ni več deček, ampak pol moža. V prsih mu je igralo kot najlepša godba.

"Mati, novo obleko mi boste morali kupiti."

"Vsega bo treba," je vzdihnila mati. "Pa si tak. Očetu bom povedala."

"Saj ne bo nič več," je obljubil.

Za škorca se nihče ni zmenil. Postal mu je dolgčas. Popadel je očetovo pismo in ga nesel po mizi. Z eno nogo je stopil nanj, s kljunom ga je trgjal.

"Klepec, pusti to! To je zate!"

Lukec mu je iztrgal pismo in mu vrgel ovitek.

Mati je globoko vzdihnila in odšla v vežo.

Lukec je božal škorca in mu govoril: "Klepec, v Ameriko pojdemo. Tudi ti pojdeš z nami."

(Dalje na 2. str.)

Pesem rudarskih otrok

VLADO KLEMENČIČ

*Mi smo pa od tam doma,
kjer se sonce ne smehlja,
kjer ni tratice nobene,
kjer ni šumice zelene.*

*Tam pri nas je črni dim,
črna fabrika pod njim,
a pod fabriko so rovi,
črni v njih noči in dnovi.*

*Oče naš je pod zemljo,
tam mu duša in telo
v bridkih kapljah krvavita,
dan na dan za nas trpita.*

(Ta pesmica je himna mladinskega zbora Trboveljski Slavček, ki je eden najboljših mladinskih zborov v Evropi. Kopirana je iz njih programne knjižice, izdane za časa turneje po Čeho-slovakiji. Pesem je tipična o nasebini, kjer so premogorovi in tovarne, torej izraža tudi duh tipičnega slovenskega otroka v premogarski nasebini Amerike.)

(Dalje iz 1. str.)

na. Da, tudi ti." Škorec mu je tikal kljun v usta. Lukec se je vgnil in mu odtrgal grozd. Delega mu je vrgel na mizo. — Ptič je od radosti in od objesti poskočil in zavreščal kot sraka.

Lukec je stopil na prag in vprašal mater: "Ali bom še hodil v šolo?"

Mati mu je odgovorila. Sklanjala se je nizko nad skledo in pripravljala obed. Sin je stopil bliže. Videl je, kako so materi vroče solze kapljale na roke. Čemu joče? Ali ji ni prav, da gre k očetu v Ameriko?

Stopil je na prag. Pod bregom je ležala Vipavska dolina. Srebrna voda, pobočja, polja in vrtovi. Tudi Lukecu je postalo tesno pri srcu.

4.

Koča, v kateri sta živela Marjeta in Lukec, ni bila njihova. Pred vojno je bil vzel Ivan Brajnik, Lukčev oče, Marjeto za ženo. Po poroki sta se bila naselila na samotni.

Brajnik je bil dober kovač, vsi so ga hvalili. Iz vasi in iz daljne okolice so mu prinašali dela. Od jutra do večera mu je pelo kladivo po nakovalu. Pri delu ni govoril, ni se šalil. Ves črn v obraz je mršil obrvi, grbančil čelo. Zvečer je zaklenil kovačnico, sedel za mizo. Bil je zgovoren in vesel.

Z ženo sta imela dva otroka. Sina in hčer. Nastala je vojna. Ivan je moral k vojakom. Hodil je po doljnih tujih krajih, pisal Marjeti pisma. Bil je ranjen v nogo. Dolgo je ležal v bolnici.

Marjeta je bila ostala sama v koči. Jokala je za možem, skrbela za otroka. Trpeli so pomanjkanje in stradali. Otroka sta zbolela in umrla. Marjeta je ostala popolnoma sama. Pričakovala je moža.

Konec vojne. Ivan se je vrnil domov. Znova je pelo kladivo v kovačnici. Z Marjeto sta dobila še enega otroka, ta je bil Lukec. Mati od takrat ni bila več zdrava. Tožila je, da jo boli srce.

Lukec je jokal, pil mleko in nagajal materi. Shodil je. Pričapljal je k očetu v kovačnico. Bil je siten, vse je hotel vzeti v roke.

"Pusti! Opekel se boš," mu je dejal oče.

Sinček ni rad ubogal. Ko se je oče ozrl, je zgrabil za gorko železo. Speklo ga je, da je zajokal.

Oče ga je vzel na koleno in mu popihal roko. Lukec je utihnil. Nato ga je oče zgrabil za roke, Lukec je jahal konjička. Oče je pel:

"Hopa, hopa, čička,

Lukec, na konjička!"

To je bilo pa res lepo. Lukec je pozabil, da ga skeli roka. Smejale se je. "Še, še!" Oče se je igral z njim vsak večer.

Lukec je rasel. Vsak dan je prihajal k očetu v kovačnico. V kovačnici je bilo toliko lepih reči. Stal je za vrati in gledal.

"Oče, zakaj pa je to?"

Oče mu je rad povedal. Ne-koč ga je vprašal:

"Kaj bo iz tebe? Ali boš gospod?"

"Ne. Kovač!"

Bil je še majhen, ko je pomagala očetu goniti kovaški meh. Oglje je žarelo, železo je postalo rdeče ko makov cvet. Oče ga je zgrabil s kleščami in tolkel po njem. Svetle iskre so pršele na vse strani.

Včasih sta oče in mati dolgo govorila. Lukec ni razumel vsega. Oče je tožil, da ni zaslužka. Dejal je: "Mislim sem, da bom kupil kočo, a ne gre in ne gre." Mati je molčala in vzdihnila.

Nekega večera je prišel oče domov, povedal materi: "V Ameriko pojdem." Mati je zajokala.

Naslednjega dne se je splazil Lukec v kovačnico. Gledal je očeta, ki je z vso silo tolkel po železu. Zdelo se je, da je hud.

"Oče, kam pojedete?"

"Za morje."

"Ali je to daleč?"

"Tam, kjer zahaja solnce."

Lukec je počenil. Nekaj časa je molče gledal v očeta.

"Ali pojdem z vami?"

"Ne," je odgovoril oče na kratko. "Z materjo bosta ostala doma."

Če je rekel oče, je bilo ko z žebliji pribito. Lukecu je bilo težko.

Oče ni odšel tako naglo. Lukec je že začel hoditi v šolo. Nekega dne je prinesel oče veliko denarja domov. Vrgel ga je na mizo in ga preštel. Mati je zopet jokala.

"Če mi pojde dobro, prideta za menoj."

Mati in Lukec sta spremila očeta v mesto. Na postaji so se objeli. Oče ni jokal, mati pa tako, da ni mogla govoriti. Tudi Lukec je jokal.

Vse večere sta z materjo molila, da bi očeta ne požrlo morje. Prišlo je pismo. Oče je bil že v Ameriki. Poslal je denarja, da je mati plačala dolg. Pisal je: "Potrpita! Prišla bosta za menoj."

(Dalje sledi.)

MAGIC FIGURES

Mathematical curiosities are always entertaining. Here is one that has recently enjoyed wide circulation. Take the figures 142,857. When you multiply this number by two, the result is 285,714. If you multiply it by three you get 428,571.

Again, if you multiply it by four the result is 571,428. By five, result is 714,285; by six, 857,142. In all six of these instances you not only get the same set of figures each time, but the same sequence as in the original number 142,857. Besides, in multiplying by six you get a result in which the two sets of figures are transposed. Now try multiplying by seven.

MAN EATS MANY TIMES HIS WEIGHT IN FOOD

Sometimes it is jokingly said that many of us are living to eat instead of eating to live. As a matter of fact the average person, and it is the average person we are going to deal with, is so busy providing something to eat that he seldom stops to consider which expression applies to his own particular case. Least of all does he pause to consider how big his appetite actually is or how much food he really needs. Some persons are said to eat "like a horse"—referring of course to the amount eaten. On the other hand there are those who are continually dieting as well as those who are said to eat "practically nothing." Yet, even the latter classes would be surprised to know how much food they actually consume.

At the third triennial conference of the Country Women of the World held at Washington recently one of the most interesting exhibits to many was that arranged by the Virginia State Extension Service, dealing with this very subject. There before the eyes in basket after basket, can after can and package after package, was approximately one ton of food. This, it was explained, showed the chief items of food in the correct amounts consumed by the average American in the course of one year.

To begin with the average man annually eats more than his weight in potatoes alone. It is the same with fruits and flour. If given the potatoes he is due to consume, baked, boiled, fried, hashed and mashed within 365 days only a husky male could stagger home with them for they would weigh 200 pounds or more than three bushels. Fruits in a natural state, preserved, canned and dried, account for 250 pounds of the national crop in addition to another 100 pounds in citrus fruits. Each year our average man eats 125 loaves of bread and enough cereal, pie, cake and other pastry to use up 180 pounds of flour which accounts for more than four bushels of wheat.

He also disposes of 75 gallons of milk during the year. This may be used for drinking purposes, sauces, cream for his coffee and dessert or for manufacturing his cheeses but does not account for the butter he uses. Butter alone amounts to 20 pounds per annum. In his annual rations are included some 120 pounds of lean meat, ham, bacon and lard, not to mention an additional 20 pounds of dressed chicken, turkey or duck. It also requires one industrious hen to furnish his year's supply of eggs of which 17 dozen are required.

For roughage he eats 100 pounds of white vegetables. These include onions, celery, turnips, etc., while green and yellow vegetables such as peas,

string beans, peppers, carrots and the like make up another 100 pounds. The peas alone would fill a gunny sack. His allowance of tomatoes and tomato juice are included in the allowance for citrus fruits since the tomato is really a fruit. In still another group are dried beans and nuts of which 25 pounds are eaten.

Nearly everyone has a sweet tooth but the man who "doesn't care" for candy, cake or other sweets probably has children who make up for his shortcoming in this respect for the average annual sugar consumption is estimated at about 70 pounds per person. This is one of our staples which has to be imported since our own country does not supply enough sugar beets and sugar cane to supply sugar for our domestic needs.

It is interesting to note in this connection the variation of the appetite or food demands. In comparison figures of the Virginia Extension Service in 1936 with those of Uncle Sam for 1933 it is found that despite higher prices the average person of 1936 is eating five pounds more meat, 20 pounds more flour and 30 pounds more potatoes than he did three years ago. However, he has cut down his sugar consumption by 30 pounds and his egg consumption has fallen off 66 eggs per year. Another interesting comparison is made by checking these figures with the chief items mentioned in a menu on which a welfare organization claimed it was possible to live for \$2.50 a week—at big-city prices. While a storm of controversy rose at the time it is noted that the welfare menu for the period of one year calls for 45 gallons of milk, 156 pounds of potatoes, 52 pounds of sugar, 104 loaves of bread and 26 pounds of butter.

—The Pathfinder

MORE MEALS RECOMMENDED

Mothers who prohibit children eating between meals and those who oppose the midnight snack are on the wrong track, according to Yale physiologists. After studying a specific group of people of varying ages they have concluded that efficiency is chiefly a matter of eating—not how much but how often. They recommend that the regular amount of food be spread over at least five meals a day. Their studies indicated that efficiency remains above normal level for only two hours on two meals a day; four hours on three meals; five to six hours on four meals, and seven hours on five meals.

Billy (proudly)—My sister has a wooden leg.

Jackie—Aw, that's nothing. My sister has a cedar chest.



WITH OUR JUNIORS

By Michael Vrhovnik, Director of Vrtec and English Speaking Lodges

Jack-o-Lantern

Some like to stew us in a pot,
And make us into pies;
Others like to fix us up
With ugly mouth and eyes.

Whatever use you put us to,
We'll gladly do our duty;
Really, though, we'd like to be
Your jack-o-lantern beauty.

—Anon.

Hallowe'en Night

Halloween, as most of you know, is the last night of October, being the eve or vigil of All-Hallow's or All Saints Day, and no holiday in all the year is so informal or so marked by fun, both for the grown-ups as well as children, as this one. On this night there should be nothing but laughter, fun and mystery for it is the night when Fairies dance, Ghosts, Witches, Devils and mischief-making Elves wander around.

In planning a Halloween party for their Vrtec members, Administrators and Administratrices should arrange a program of stunts and games, for few children ever tire of them. It should be full of fun and surprises, but nothing should be used that might frighten some of the nervous and sensitive children. Everything should be kept as secret as possible, the more secret everything is kept the bigger the surprise and the greater the fun.

Gosh, when I begin to think of all the fun some of you youngsters are going to have during the next several weeks, I almost envy you and wish I were young enough to go along with you and help pull-off some of the tricks and pranks we used to when I was a "kid"... "Well, why don't you... what's stopping you?" some of you

ask... "You're only as young as you feel and if you really feel like going out and celebrating Halloween in the good old-fashioned way, what's to prevent you?"... To be frank with you, age has something to do with my present attitude towards those old-fashioned ways of making fun on Halloween Night. I'm afraid my age and size, too, would play an important part in some man's judgment if I were ever caught... But then, that's another story altogether... Besides I wouldn't want any of you Vrtec members to get mixed-up in something that might not be looked upon as good, clean, wholesome fun.

There are many ways of having a grand time without resorting to tricks and stunts that are damaging to property or to person. There is really no necessity for that, especially if you belong to an active Vrtec unit for you can always have a better time at an affair that has been well planned and is being well managed. You are, indeed, fortunate to be members of our SSPZ Fraternity for boys and girls and I hope you all make the best of the opportunities it affords you... Attend your October meeting... Take an active interest and part in your Halloween celebration... Bring in a new member.

A Game Or Two

BITING THE APPLE... Suspend a stick three feet long horizontally from the ceiling. Place an apple on one end of the stick and a small bag of flour on the other end. Set the stick whirling. Then have each member take a turn at trying to bite the apple. Just try to do this without getting dabs of flour on your face.

HIT THE BULL'S EYE... In a dish pan place a round baking dish and inside of that a tin cup. Have the players stand at a designated distance from the target and try to hit the bull's eye. Five grains of corn are the ammunition and each one that lands in the cup counts five, going into the dish counts two apiece and each one land-

ing in the dish pan counts one. Keep score and award a prize to the one with the highest score.

A GUESSING CONTEST... Hold up an ear of corn and allow the members to guess how many grains are on it. The guesses are written upon a sheet of paper or blackboard. Then the ear of corn is shelled and the grains counted, the member guessing closest to the correct number is awarded some kind of prize.

BLIND NUT SEEKERS... Let several members be blindfolded. Then hide nuts or apples in various parts of the room or house. A prize being awarded to the most successful seeker.

Campaigning For New Members

And now that you have each been served a small measure of Halloween cheer, let's you and I turn to a matter of serious

importance, an inventory of September's membership campaign results.

One tiny glance at the list of

new members tells the whole story... Not a discouraging or disappointing one, but certainly far from a successful and gladsome one... What seems to be the trouble?... Are there no other boys and girls in your community who might be interested in joining your Vrtec?... Are you sure you've combed all prospective members of your community—of your circle of friends? Until you have tried and tried and tried, again and again and again, you should never admit failure... Any Vrtec, not gaining a new member over an extended period of time, cannot be said to be progressing. It is usually an unhealthy sign and the sooner a remedy is applied the better. Sometimes it might be attributed to a lack of ambition and

sincerity on the part of the leaders... Not enough activity and lack of publicity are other reasons... The last mentioned can never be stressed too much... Publicity or advertising plays an important role in the success of every affair... Make full use of the Vrtec supplement. Tell us about your plans for the future. Describe your past affairs in short articles. Tell us what you think of the Vrtec movement and what you have gained by being a member. What do you think of the SSPZ and how is it being received in your town or city. Have you any ideas to improve the Vrtec set-up?... If you have, I'm sure they will always be welcome to your readers.

Campaign Leaders

Below are listed the leading Vrtec units in the current membership drive. Included, also, are the names of the administra-

tors and the secretaries. Only the five highest are shown in the following standings.

Pos.—Location	Vrtec No.	Administrator	Secretary
1 Ambridge, Pa.	44	Jos. Hochevar	Mary Posega
2 Burgettstown, Pa.	101	Fr. Laurich, Sr.	Eddie Lounder
3 Clinton, Ind.	28	John Skoff	John Skoff
4 Export, Pa.	103	Jurij Previc	Julia Kosmach
5 Chicago, Ill.	160	V. Zupancic	Wilma Gratchner
Conneaut, Ohio	137	J. Milakovich	J. Milakovich

CONGRATULATIONS! YOUR WORK IS BEING SPLENDIDLY DONE!

Vrtec Activity On The Upgrade

Fresh signs of activity are beginning to flame up here and there on the SSPZ horizon. Reports are coming in telling us of several Thanksgiving and Xmas parties in the making. No, it's not too early to be thinking of your Xmas plans. This is one occasion of the year we all look forward to with the greatest of zest and it is the one we should aim to make the happiest. Now is the time to start the Xmas ball rolling so that every detail will be taken care of on schedule.

Vrtec No. 160 of Chicago, supervised by brother Victor Zupancic, have set their Xmas party date for December 6th. Added features will be a play in Slovene and possibly a movie short or two. Vrtec No. 139 of Chicago's Southend, supervised by brother Stanley Tome, is ready for its 2nd Halloween Party and from what I've heard, it's going to be a grand affair. At Export, Pa., Vrtec No. 103, which is administrated by brother Jurij Previc, opened their fall program of social affairs by putting on a play entitled "Borrowing Trouble"...

Dancing and a program of songs sung by the "Planinski Slavček" of Cheswick completed a successful afternoon and evening of entertainment. At Strabane, where Josephine Ambrose holds sway over the Vrtec destiny, preparations are being made for the 2nd annual Halloween Party and over at Burgettstown brothers Frank Laurich and Eddie Lounder already have their eyes glued on the Vrtec softball championship in 1937... A dance will be held in the near future to help bolster the fund for equipment and traveling expenses. That's what I call looking far to the future... You've got the right idea, Eddie—Keep it up!... And all you other Vrtec Administrators and secretaries take the hint from the Pirate Juniors and start preparing affairs for your fall, winter and spring seasons that will net you sufficient profit to take care of at least a part of the expenses incurred thru your summer activities. Now is the time to build-up that sports nest-egg.

(Continued on page 4)

KAJ JE ŽIVLJENJE Slovanska plemena

Lepo poletno noč se je sešlo več živali in sova je izpregovorila: "Kdo mi ve povedati, kaj je življenje?"

Slavec se takoj oglasi, rekoč: "Življenje je pesem!"

Oglasi se krt in pravi: "Jaz rijem pod zemljo in lovim črve in to imenujem življenje."

Metulj, ki je ves dan letal s cvetke na cvetko in srkal med iz njih, reče: "Življenje je srkanje sladke slasti."

Oglasi se cvetka, rekoč: — "Življenje je razvijanje."

"Življenje je svoboda, moč in letanje pod oblaki!" zakliče orel s pečine.

Mimo pride bogatinov sin, vračajoč se z veselice: "Vsi skupaj ne veste nič! Veseliti se, uživati in neprenehoma misliti na veselje in slast, to je življenje."

A mravlja pravi: "Življenje je delo brez prestanka!"

In čebela pripomni: "Življenje je satje, ki ga polni delo."

Mimo pride modrijan in reče: "Najbolje sta odgovorili mravlja in čebela, zakaj življenje je res satje, ki ga pošteno in vztrajno delo polni z medom. Nikdar se ne smemo strašiti dela! Z delom razvijamo, jamčimo in krepimo svoje moči, pa kadar smo močni, lahko čvrsto hodimo, jahamo, skačemo, dosežemo svoj smoter in kljubujemo nevarnostim. Tako koristimo sebi in domovini."

I. Podgornik

TRICK WITH LUMP SUGAR

Here is a simple little trick any amateur can perform to the amazement of friends. When lump sugar is served take up two of the lumps and ask if anyone present can make them stick together by placing one on top of the other. While the volunteer or volunteers are trying and failing the performer can take two other lumps of sugar and prepare to show how easy it really is. After the others have given up the performer nonchalantly shows his two lumps of sugar. Then he carefully places one lump on top of the other and snaps his fingers above them. Next he picks up the top lump and to the surprise of all present, and especially all those who have tried and failed, the bottom lump adheres to it. The secret is that the performer, unknown to the spectators, managed to get a little dab of butter on the bottom of his top lump. When the two lumps are pressed together the butter makes them stick. To destroy the telltale butter the performer simply drops his two lumps into his cup of coffee.

VRTEC 118

Members of Vrtec 118 are urged to be present at the Library Slovene Hall, Sunday, October 25, 1936.

Edward Rupnik, Vice-pres.

Slovenci, Hrvati, Srbi, Čehi, Slovaki, Poljaki, Rusi in Lužiški Srbi so velika slovanska družina, ki je nekoč živela v skupni domovini. Po priliki je bila ta velika domovina tam, kjer sedaj prebivajo Poljaki, pa tudi v predelih južno in vzhodno od Poljske. Vsi so imeli skupno ime Slovani, vsi so verovali v več božjih bitij.

Ta velika družina se je pa polagoma razcepila v mnogo plemen, ki so zapustila drugo za drugim vzhodno Evropo ter se pomikala proti zapadu in jugu ter ustanavljala svoje posebne države.

Srbi, Hrvati in Slovenci žive sedaj v eni državi. Imenujemo jo Jugoslavijo. Z nami so sorodni Čehi, Slovaki, Poljaki, Rusi in Lužiški Srbi.

Kakor mi tako so tudi Čehi in Slovaki eden narod in žive na severu od nas v skupni državi Čehoslovaški.

Tudi Poljaki imajo svojo državo. Imenuje se Poljska, leži pa severovzhodno od Čehoslovaške.

Rusi žive v državi Rusiji. Ta država je silno velika ter se razprostira vzhodno od Poljske.

Lužiški Srbi nimajo svoje države. Žive v Nemčiji pod nemškim gospostvom. Njih domovina se imenuje Lužica in leži na severovzhodni strani od Čehoslovaške.

Ko so se našeta plemena razcepila in zapustila svojo skupno domovino, so jela živeti vsako samo zase. Niso se več mešala med seboj in zato so nastale tudi razlike v njih govoru.

Toda čeprav so sedaj slovanski narodi razdeljeni v posebne države, čeprav so v njih govoru in veri razlike, čeprav imajo različna imena, vendar smo si vsi med seboj bratje, se medsebojno ljubimo in pomagamo. Še danes imajo vsa ta plemena skupno ime Slovani.

Relighting Candle Stunt

Most homes have a candle or two around for emergency lighting. One of these candles can be used to perform an unusual stunt that will mystify your friends. However, the stunt should not be attempted by small children, because they should not be allowed to play with fire. Light the candle and allow it to burn long enough for a long "snuff" to be left. While the candle is burning explain to the audience that you can relight the candle without touching the snuff with the burning match. Light a match and get it burning properly, then suddenly blow out the candle. As the wreath of smoke ascends into the air put the lighted match in the smoke at a distance of three or four inches from the wick of the candle. To everyone's surprise the fire will run down the cloud of smoke and relight the candle.

ŽETEV

Zeleno žito se je izpremenilo v zlato. Čas je žetve. Kako vesel čas je to, pravi praznik za ženjice prav tako kakor za vinogradnika trgatcev. In prav je, da imamo veselje s tem, kar smo prejeli iz dobrotnih rok božjih.

Za žetev mora biti vse pripravljeno: srpi, kozolci in tudi skednji. Žito ne sme biti premalo, pa tudi ne preveč zrelo. Za seme mora biti bolj dozorelo, za mlin pa ne toliko. Ako zrnje ni mlečno, ko ga pretrgamo, je že za žetev sposobno. Kolikor do zrelosti še primanjkuje, to dozori pri sušenju v kozulcu. Prezrelo žito ne daje lepe moke, slama je tudi jako suha in manj vredna za krmo. Prezrelo žito se tudi zelo otresa in izpada. Že zaradi tega je potrebno, da ga požanjemo, preden popolnoma dozori. Žeti treba ob lepem vremenu. Bolje je zgodaj nego prepozno, zlasti v onih krajih, koder rada pobija toča. Žanjemo s srpom pa tudi s stroji. Ponekod kose tudi s posebno koso. Če je požeto žito suho, ga takoj povežemo v snope. Mokro ali vlažno se slabo suši in težko mlati. Povezujemo ga raje v manjše nego v velike debele snope! Prevelike snope težko skladamo v kozole, pa jih tudi težko do čistega omlatimo. Tudi v kozolcu pazimo na žito, da ne hodijo nanje miši in druge živali.

Posušeno žito mlatimo s cepcem ali z mlatilnim strojem. S strojem je delo hitreje in tudi ceneje opravljeno. Omlačeno žito izvejamo in popolnoma očistimo na rešetu ali še bolje s posebnim strojem. Žito hranimo v dobrih hramih. Če je zrnje še nekoliko vlažno, ga ne smemo nasuti na debelo po tleh. Večkrat ga je treba premešati. Pa tudi suhega žita ne nametajmo več nego pol metra na debelo! Žitni hram bodi suh in zračen! Pregarajmo v njem miši! Prav je torej, da včasih dovolimo hišnemu mačku, da preišče žitne hrame.

WITH OUR JUNIORS

Duties Of Vrtec Members

Continued from page 3

Without duties for members to perform our Society would not exist for long. Here are a number you should try to remember:

Attend all meetings and affairs of your Vrtec unit.

Pay regularly your monthly assessment.

Perform willingly all duties asked of you.

Try to be of good character, honest and of good behavior at the meetings, entertainments, at home or elsewhere.

Take care of your health and the health of your fellow mem-

Vrednost človeškega življenja

Japonski princ si je dal napraviti dvajset prekrasnih posod iz porcelana. Živel je le za to, da jih je občudoval. Nekega dne ubije služkinja po neprevidnosti eno teh posod. Princ, ves razkačen, jo obsodi na smrt.

To zve neki prinčev podložnik. Stopi k njemu in reče: "Imam dragocen recept, kako bi popravil ubito posodo, ne da bi se poznala niti najmanjša razpoka. Potrebno je samo, da mi pokažeš vse cele posode."

Princ ga odvede v sobo, kjer so bile shranjene oboževane posode za svilenim zastorom. Podložnik privzdigne zaveso in z enim sunkom vrže vse posode na tla, da se razlete na tisoč koscev. "Če bi ostale te posode cele," reče nato princu, "bi to lahko uničilo devetnajst človeških bitij. Zato zvemi življenje meni, da ne bo drugih nepotrebnih človeških žrtev!"

Princ je dobro razumel nauk, ki mu ga je dal ta mož. Spoznal je, da ne bi odtehtale vse zlate in izrezljane posode v njegovi palači niti enega človeškega življenja, pa je pomilostil njega in služkinjo.

Iz francoščine Fr. Jordan

PIRATE JUNIORS MASQUERADE DANCE

We extend invitations to all our neighboring lodges to be present at the Pirate Juniors Masquerade Dance which is to be held at Burgettstown on the evening of October 24th. Music will be furnished by John Bolar and His Orchestra.

We expect many Challengers and Progressors, so let's see you all live up to our expectations.

Sec'y of Pirate Jrs.

Teacher — Johnny, can you name something that goes on and on and on without end?

Johnny—Closing out sales of clothing stores.