



## JUVENILE SECTION OF "NAPREDEK"

CLEVELAND, OHIO, AUGUST 16th, 1939

### National Meet Sept. 2, 3, 4, in Indianapolis

The 7th annual National Athletic Meet of the SSPZ, in which our Vrtec softballers will be allowed to compete for the third straight year in a class by themselves, will get under way on Saturday, Sept. 2, 1939, at Indianapolis, in what promises to be the most hotly contested title quest since the national softball event was opened to junior competition.

A royal welcome awaits each and every visiting player and spectator on his arrival at the headquarters in the "Hoosier" Capitol, and you can bet, when the dust of battle clears away, the send-off will be just as friendly as the welcome extended on the opening day.

It is still too early to make a definite statement on how many teams will be entered in the Vrtec division of the coming tournament, but in all likelihood there will be four and possibly five teams ready when the umpire yells "play ball." The Jugoslavs of Indianapolis and the Trail Blazer Juniors of Chicago are certain to be represented with teams, while the Cleveland and Pennsylvania entrants will remain doubtful until final play-offs are completed.

Last minute instructions to managers and captains of teams intending to participate in the 1939 tournament are...

SEND YOUR ENTRIES, FEES AND RESERVATIONS FOR SLEEPING QUARTERS TO SOPHIE TURK, SECRETARY OF THE LOCAL NATIONAL ATHLETIC MEET COMMITTEE, ON OR BEFORE AUGUST 19, 1939.

INFORM THE SECRETARY OF YOUR MODE OF TRAVEL AND WHEN YOU EXPECT TO LEAVE INDIANAPOLIS FOR HOME, SO THAT THE BEST POSSIBLE ARRANGEMENTS CAN BE MAPPED OUT FOR THE CLOSING DAY OF THE MEET.

WHILE IN COMPETITION, GIVE YOUR VERY BEST, AND WIN OR LOSE, — PLAY FAIR!

CONGRATULATIONS TO GOWANDA MEMBERS!

GOWANDA, located about 60 miles south of Niagara Falls, is the home of our newest ACTIVE VRTEC and the only one in the State of New York. The report which carried news of its organization and the enrollment of 17 new members by sister ROSE

# With Our Juniors

By MICHAEL VRHOVNIK,  
Director of Vrtec and English Speaking Lodges



MATEKOVICH, who was elected first Administratrix by the Parent Lodge, came as a happy surprise to me as well as to all other members of the Supreme Board. It isn't often we have the pleasure of an announcement of this kind, so when it does become known, it leaves a tonic-like effect that gives most of us an added sense of duty and responsibility to the Society. Sister Matekovich, long a member of the SSPZ, is the wife of brother JOHN MATEKOVICH, who for many years has held the office of Lodge Secretary in this community... Both John and Rose Matekovich, accompanied by Mike Zuber, Frank Samson and two sisters of Mrs. Matekovich, attended the picnic at Girard on August 6th. I had no idea I would see any of them there, but there they came and what a pleasant meeting it turned out to be. It was there, too, I heard more details on the progress of Gowanda's Vrtec, about the plans for the near future, the name, motto and colors chosen, etc... The names of the officers were mentioned, but at this writing, I can remember only that John Matkovich, Jr., was elected president, and if he's a CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK, and I have an idea he is that, he's sure to have plenty of that "I will" and "I can" spirit to impart to his fellowmembers... With good leadership and full cooperation assured, a great future lies ahead for these youngsters. — For the support and work in making an ACTIVE VRTEC possible, MANY THANKS to our members and friends in Gowanda.

### CONCORDIANS GROWING FAST

Unheard of less than five months ago, the CONCORDIANS, Vrtec No. 171 of Cleveland, today, boast of having 70 members, nearly 60 of whom have been enrolled since April. During my recent visit in Cleveland, I attended one of their regular meetings and a DRILL TEAM practice and was surprised to find the parents as eager and enthused over these sessions as were the children themselves. Perhaps, that is the

secret for their rapid growth and numerous activities.

The DRILL TEAM, supervised and coached by sisters MARGE JERIC and JOSIE ZAKRAJSEK, has proven the biggest single attraction to date and has brought in more new members than any other activity. Both sister Jeric and Zakrajsek are to be congratulated for the remarkable progress made by team members in the short time practice sessions have been held.

Something new and quite different was inaugurated at the last meeting of the CONCORDIANS. The members went on record unanimously accepting sister ROSE HANKO, a member of "SLOZNE SESTRE", as the GRANDMOTHER of the VRTEC and presented her with a beautiful album and scrapbook containing pictures and autographs of the Vrtec Officers, this as a token of appreciation and respect for the important part she has played in helping to build up the membership and activities of the Concordians.

Good deeds, practical ideas properly introduced and new members stimulate and encourage the development of a bigger and more progressive Society. Vrtec Units, not inclined to promote fraternal activities, should accept the challenge of the Concordians and other active SSPZ Juvenile Units and join them in making headline news for the "Napredek".

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### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HAROLD "DICTIONARY" TAUSEL... They (his friends) call him "Dictionary," so I was told, because he makes a practice of using B-I-G words and H-I-G-H sounding phrases even in ordinary conversations. Harold is a member of the OUTLOOKERS, Vrtec No. 11, of Cleveland. Besides playing an occasional game of softball for them, he also attends most of the regular meetings and whenever opportunity permits voices his opinion, pro or con, on matters pertaining to the welfare of the Vrtec... His manner of choosing his words slowly and

carefully and touching them up a bit with a natural sense of humor, places him high in the esteem of his fellowmembers.

\* \*

EDWARD UDOVICH, treasurer of Roznik Juniors (Vrtec No. 160) and the "Umbrella Man" in Chicago's 2nd Annual Vrtec Cultural Festival, is a mighty thoughtful young lad, who believes, as most of us do but don't always practice, in GIVING CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE... He wrote a commendable article for last month's Vrtec issue of the Napredek, congratulating and complimenting two FORGOTTEN members for their exemplary work in connection with the Festival... My advice to "Eddie" is to always keep his eyes on the lookout for the hidden stars and let everyone know of their brilliance.

\* \*

IRENE ROVAN, Girard Budgets' secretary, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at a picnic a little more than a week ago and at whose home I visited awhile an evening later, is undoubtedly one of our most ambitious members. She's only 13, and tiny for her age, too, but when you talk to her, you immediately get the impression that here's a young lady who merits the office she holds in her Vrtec. Irene will be in the eighth grade this coming term and is a good deal above average in her school work. She

### LITERARY CONTEST HONOR ROLL (June and July 1939)

Valeria Artel .....	Outlookers
Florence Kmet .....	Hiawathans
Fredy Bashel .....	Outlookers
Wilma Mergole .....	Jugoslavs
Norma Stampfel .....	Balkan Jrs.
Rudolph Bratina .....	Outlookers
Rudolph Milharcic .....	Jugoslavs
Marie Ermence .....	Balkan Jrs.
Eleanor Ster .....	Outlookers
Agnes Tekstar .....	Comets
Helen Kastelic .....	Kingsters
Tony Bayt .....	Jugoslavs
Josephine Kovic .....	Outlookers
Edward Udovich .....	Roznik Jrs.
Julia Kramzer .....	Vrtec No. 72
Margaret Ohojak .....	Balkan Jrs.
Jennie Klevisher .....	Mountaineers
Martin Dragan .....	Jugoslavs
Andrew Elersich .....	Spartan Jrs.
Irene Rován .....	Budgets
Wilma Gratchner .....	Roznik Jrs.
Mary Menich .....	Concordians
Virginia Kmet .....	Hiawathans
Betty J. Bernik .....	Balkan Jrs.



TWO MONOLOGUES

THE GENERAL

I am the General that sent all those men to their death! I sent thousands of them out to die—quite true. I'll admit it, but the people back home were yelling for victory.

I gave it to them. What do I care about the number of casualties. I drove the enemy into the hills. I did it. Numbers did it. The country wanted victory, and I gave it to them, and they regret the slaughter. There has never lived the man that would not have done what I've done. I was forced to do it, but I've made a name for myself.

Men like me aren't born every day, men who will guide armies to victory. Men like those that died carrying out my orders were worthless rabble, men who couldn't do a thing without a great brain behind them. I was that brain.

Those 147,000 at Argonne—an overwhelming victory. Why worry about casualties? There are always more reserves coming up. Just so there is victory.

Chateau - Thierry, Belleau, Cantigny, Sedan — driving — driving — we beat them back. Reserves, and my brains, drove the enemy back.

San Mihiel, Soisson, Laon — we drove them back, back, and spring found us nearer the enemy strongholds. Back, back, with my brains and yours sons, brothers, fathers, cousins.

At 4, over the top. — What is the best way to take the position? Sheel it, bomb it? No, no. Infantry was the way — men, the more men the better. Numbers would do — numbers and my brains, and when the war was over and won, who did it? My brains and your men!

\* \* \*

THE MAJOR

I'm not one of the high-falutin fellows that went to West Point to be taught to fight.

I learned for myself in the alleys of Chicago. But the fighting I did, I did fair and square; not with gas, shells, bullets and dum-dums.

I worked my way up from the bottom. I was well-liked in my regiment because I was "one of the boys." I started as a corporal and ended up as a major. I was happy, understand that I wasn't really happy, but I was happier than I was as a major. When I was a corporal, I sat in the mud and muck with my friends, we laughed and joked in spite of the threat of death hanging over my head, and the head of every man with me.

When I was promoted to major, I took my orders from the general. He was ambitious, he wanted to make a name for himself. Me — I was one of those who was taking in with all those fancy slogans — Make the World Safe for Democracy — The War to End War.

I sent out those men, those men with whom I had laughed

and joked. I sent them out to die. It was not me! It was the General who gave me the orders! He was ambitious!

The General wanted citation — he wasn't satisfied with sitting tight and holding our position . . . no! He wanted to drive the men on and on. Every time they went out — a few of my buddies were gone. My only regret is that I didn't disobey orders, and go out and die with my buddies instead of staying in the trench, there, for them to come back, fewer and weaker. Waiting there because order said that majors, colonels, and generals were commanding officers who gave orders and didn't fight. Leave the fighting to the poor, damn, green kids, privates, corporals, and non-coms.

Andrew Elersich

STRAY THOUGHTS

Rollicking, dashing waves drive toward oblivion on the rock-strewn shore.

The turbulent waters of life grow calm when the peaceful haven of death is reached.

\* \* \*

Winter:

Shrieking winds, swirling snow, a blazing fire, and romance on the hearth.

Wind rustling the dry boughs; soft, downy snowflakes floating earthward; a snow slide; and a child's delighted cry.

\* \* \*

Sharp wits must fall into a dull moment of thought to prevent giving an impression of complete idiocy.

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Rain:

Swirling, taunting, dancing dust devils are dashed to earth by the driving rains, messengers of blessed relief.

Rain! Gently falling toward earth from a cloud overhead, like the life-blood seeping from a gaping wound.

Andrew Elersich

TOUGHIE GUY

One day a "guy" came in with the show crowd after the Sunday matinee, and I served him last because he sat in the last booth. I was so busy I hardly looked at him when I served him his Dusty Special Sundae. I just put his sundae down and then scrambled back to the pile of dishes I didn't do all afternoon because I was readin' a swell mystery story. I got the soda glasses done and the sundae dishes out of the water before I began cleaning up the mess on the tables the quick ones left.

I was ravin' to myself about the straws and napkins an' water in a sundae dish, when I noticed this guy sitting there down at the end of the store starin' at me. Boy, I met his eyes just for a second and then I ducked back of my fountain. The worst of it was I could see his sundae, and he hadn't touched it. You

know how soda stores are fixed with a lot of mirrors all around. Well, I got in a sort of position so I could see him and he didn't know it and sure as shootin' he was still starin' at me and not eatin' a thing. He looked somewhat like the slug that bopped the Liuzzi dame over at Ye Olde Sweete Shoppe on Madison avenue when she wouldn't open up the cash register for him. He rang up "no sale" on her chin. Then I made up my mind to go ask him why he was looking at me. With shaky legs I walked to him. I was trembling with fear. Then I said in a bold voice, "Why are you looking at me that way and you haven't touched your sundae." And then he answered kind of meekly, "I haven't any spoon, madam."

Sophie Colaric  
Vrtec No. 5

SPARTANS GOSSIP COLUMN

He is tall, dark and handsome and owns a Ford V8. Was born on April 20, 1922. Has been a member of SSPZ since he was five years old. His favorite subject is journalism and he's Assistant Sports Editor of John Hay "Ledger." He hopes to graduate in 1940. By the way, we overheard him say he has a different girl for every period of the day, (during school only). He eats anything that's spelled f-o-o-d.

I guess I kept you in suspense long enough. Who is he? None other than our president Andy Elersich.

Attention, girls! Here comes a blonde, blue-eyed Spartan lad. He was born on Dec. 21, 1923. (Something to be proud of.) He can play the saxophone and clarinet. His favorite subject is business information. His favorite food is spinach, cabbage and onions. Did you say his name is Tommy Tavcar? Well, I guess you're right.

Where is John Obat hanging around these days? Oh! how could I forget he hangs around the Croatian Hall looking for pretty girls.

I heard Helen Papesh went on a moon-light ride with a fellow from Chicago. (Cleveland fellows aren't good enough for her.)

Alice Popotnik the one-fellow girl was seen hanging around with quite a number of them lately.

Until we meet again we remain the  
Two Dead End Girls

AN INVITATION FOR SPARTAN JRS.

You like parties, don't you — so attend the Spartan Juniors regular meeting Friday, 18 at 7:00 p.m. The meeting will be held in the old building of the Slovene National Home. Plans will be made for various social activities for the coming months. You have ideas, I'm sure, so bring them along and we will discuss them at the meeting.

Last Saturday the ball players were asked to come out for practice at Gordon Park. Almost enough for a team showed up and had a very good practice session of about two hours. Their aim is to play the Outlookers and give them a tough battle and dates that are now being set for the two teams to get together will most probably be announced at the meeting. — So, don't forget, Juniors be at this meeting, on Friday, Aug. 18, at 7:00 p.m. in the Slovene National Home. — Adm.

COMET'S NEWS

Ambridge, Pa. — Hi all you Vrtec pals! I hope you are all feeling just fine.

The first thing I will write about is the hike which some of us Comet girls went on. On Sunday July 16, seven girls from our Vrtec went on a hike about eight miles from Ambridge. We started in the morning and got to our destination in fairly good time. We all had a grand time playing mushball and doing a numerous other things. All the Comet girls who went on this hike wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gorup for transporting our lunches as well as for everything else. We'll never forget your kindness. Even though the girls were somewhat tired they made it walking back home too. Next time we have another hike we hope to see more of the girls going. How about it?

The Comet boys on the Softball team have been doing fine work. They are all so full of pep and vigor, no wonder they are so successful.

In the Junior league here in Ambridge, the Comet boys are also doing fine. Just keep it up boys!

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FLASHES

George Yeager has been transferred to the Adult class.

The girls who went on the hike sure were sunburned especially Alberta Vlasic and Margie Tekstar. (That's okay, it's good for your health.)

Louis (Flash) Uhernik is quite a player on the Comets' Mushball team. (I wonder why he doesn't get any hits when the girls are at the games.)

The Comet girls do some fine cheering at the games. (Keep it up girls!)

Boy can Marion Vlasic cheer! (Nice going Marion) You might even be in the cheering squad in school.

Sophie Tekstar and Alberta Vlasic had quite some fun watching "Leonard" who was a little visitor from New York.

Edward Ochman does some good pitching for our mushball team.

The exercises which Rudy Rosey has been taking have done some good for him. Boy, can he hit the ball now.

I wonder why Jane Gaspersic always loves to hear the "Beer Barrel Polka." I think I know why but don't worry, I won't give you away by telling the other members.

James Sekanick, one of the Comet boys went to a CCC Camp in New Mexico.

Alberta and Marion Vlasic both did very well on their first hike.

Edward Ochman and George Bayuse are the new members who have joined our Vrtec.

Frances Rosenberger, who is president of our Vrtec and Agnes Tekstar have celebrated their birthdays this month.

Mary Yanchar, how do you like the new name "Suzy"? It's all in fun so I hope you won't take it seriously.

Some of the Comet girls had the pleasure of hearing Johnnie Petrich Jr. playing his accordian. They enjoyed the music very much.

Some of the Comet girls are playing on a mushball team. They have been successful thus far.

I wonder where Ignazio Bova has been keeping himself. We haven't seen much of him at the games.

All the Comet members want to say hello to Valentine Kosela, who is in the Walter Reed hospital in Washington, D.C. All the Comets hope that he is feeling much better.

Louis Rosenberger tells us that he is some help at home. (I wonder if he really helps his sister, Frances.)

The Slovene Singing Society of Ambridge is progressing very nicely.

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(Continued on page 3.)



## THE JOY RIDE

The Joy-Ride is a comparatively simple way of spoiling a perfect day. It starts when the kindly next door neighbor invites you to accompany him and his family on a jaunt to the country. Inexperienced as you are, you eagerly accept this proposition.

### Keep Smiling

Promptly at five the next morning you are awakened by a raucous automobile horn, as is four fifths of the mildly enraged neighborhood. Jumping out of bed you soon join your shivering host in packing the luggage carrier with forty-eleven different boxes and thermo jugs. (Nothing like a good lunch.) Just as you finish, your host's wife comes dashing out with the information that the baby's bottle has been packed with the other bundles.

After getting this out (it was on the bottom of course) a little difficulty in repacking the car is found. (By this time, though still smiling, you are beginning to wonder if this drive business is all it's cracked up to be.)

### Such Fun.

Finally with everyone accounted for, the trip starts. At the first gas station your host buys an extra can of oil (he's had experience with the highway robbery committed in country stations) which is placed between your legs, thus giving your white flannels a thorough lubrication.

Next Mrs. - in - the - back - seat asks if there is room in front for Junior, it being a mite crowded, what with grandma and the baby. (This Junior bird, incidentally is one of those sticky brats with a lemon lolly popped expression.) For politeness' sake you say that of course there's lots of room and in five seconds Junior is up in front with his sucker parked in your lap, and a piece of chocolate cake hiding his face from view. This isn't so bad until mama in back remarks, "Oh Juny, see the moo cow," and Juny pushes the cake in your pocket, and stands on your lap, pushing the back of your legs down on the edge of the oil can.

### Never Again.

You are almost grateful when you hear the "sssssh" of a coming flat tire, and you get a chance to stretch your legs. Seeing that your trousers are already dirty, the neighbor suggests that you change the tire. Of course, you again do your duty, and finally lower the jack only to discover that the spare which you just put on is also flat.

Then you—well, mama starts in on papa for not fixing that tire a week ago and she is ably abetted by grandma — his mother-in-law. While he weakly explains that he was too busy,

you slip off to the nearest town and after sending a mechanic to rescue your neighbor, board the fastest train for home, whereupon after examining your wrecked shirt and trousers, you vow to build a six foot fence around your house, and threaten all neighbors who make any friendly advances, with a formidable club.

Angeline Rokavec.

## OURSELVES

By Angeline Rokavec

Usually, editorial articles are raging for a better this and a better that, but in my article we turn about face and look at ourselves. We complain and tell the world it's all wrong — and we are part of the world. Only a very minute part, it's true, but one missing screw throws a vast machine out of working order. In our world each one counts.

Self confidence has been stressed in the articles on personality, but just like too much candy one can have too much self confidence. In which case it becomes conceit or swell headedness. Some people's advice for achieving success is "Blow your own horn." But the sound of a horn is not like that of a bell, which grows mellow with use — and overuse might burn the battery.

"Let actions speak for themselves," is a much better slogan, but if you preach it, practice it. Do we lack that "finer touch" which distinguishes mature people from infants?

Vrtec is noted for equality — you're just as good as I am, and I respect your rights as I defend my own. We believe in this, and it's part of our creed. Then, fellow members, let's live up to that standard! To cite an example: you are talking — I respect your right of free speech and do not interrupt. When I get the floor I speak and you listen. Call it the polite or correct thing to do, but there's more to it than that. The way you treat others, shows your background, your homelife, and even the social side of your future.

## BASEBALL FANS — CENTENIAL QUIZ

Come on all you baseball fans, take out a piece of paper and a pencil and see how many answers you can jot down to this baseball quiz. The correct answers will be published in the next edition of the "Napredek."

### Centennial Quiz

1. What English game is like our baseball?
2. How many players are on each team?
3. What is "home base" made of?
4. Who makes the decisions of a baseball game?
5. What year was the American League started?

6. Who is the manager of the Chicago Cubs?

7. What city team won the first pennant?

8. What great batter was an orphan?

9. What are the qualities of a good baseball player?

10. In baseball, what does AB stand for?

11. What was responsible for the spread of baseball playing?

12. In what year was baseball almost silenced?

13. What should be the weight of a standard baseball?

14. When were the first matches held between organized teams?

15. Where was baseball once substituted for head hunting?

16. Who was the originator of baseball?

17. What are the standard dimensions of a baseball bat?

Angeline Rokavec.

## MONTHLY MEETING

The next meeting of Roznik Jrs. will be held Friday August 18, 1939 at 7:30 p.m. at the home of our Administrator, Brother Zupancic, 2421 So. Lawndale Ave. The attendance at the last meeting was very small. (What, the matter, has the summer weather gotten the best of you?) Well, I'll be seeing all of you Friday.

Wilma Gratchner, Sec'y.

## NEWS NOTES

Chicago, Ill. — Bernice Zlogar has just had her appendix taken out, and has recently returned from the hospital. All members and friends wish her a "speedy recovery". (So does Johnny Praprotnik, of the "Jugoslavs".)

News has spread that Jeanette Vollo had a very very good time at the "Pioneer Picnic." (How about it Jean?)

O where, o where has our Louie gone? (Why don't you come to the meetings anymore?)

Keep the "Wheel of Progress" turning.

I wonder if Angeline "Ange" Mozina is still thinking of that certain lad in Indianapolis. — "Could be."

The "Beer Barrel Polka" is still very popular in Chicago but I'll take "Sunrise Serenade."

Doesn't Wilma's new permanent become her?

"Many take notice."

Our administrator, Mr. Victor Zupancic has invited Edward "Roaming Reporter" Udovich, Angeline, "Ange" Mozina, Wilma Gratchner, and Angeline "Tek" Rokavec, to accompany him to Indianapolis for the Olympics. ("How about it, are we going?")

Why didn't Joyce Meden appear at "Preseren's Picnic" as she said she would. (What happened Joyce?)

Why is Helen Mikrut always so quiet at the meetings. (That's one thing I can't say about Edward "Roaming Reporter" Udovich. He always has the floor.

Out of our seventy some members more should be able to attend the meetings. Come on, sisters and brothers our meeting hall can hold a great many more.

The girls' baseball team has vanished into thin air. (What's wrong, girls?)

To Tony Bayt of "Jugoslavs": "You sure are beginning to lengthen your 'Gossip Column.' Keep it up, it's interesting."

Angeline Rokavec  
Vrtec 160

(Continued from page 2.)

Keep the Wheel of Progress Rolling Upward and Onward! Now's the time to bring new members into our Vrtec. Work hard and I'm sure we'll succeed. The SSPZ is an educational organization and offers many opportunities to its Vrtec members. This splendid organization offers the best protection for your family. I am proud that I am a member of this wonderful society, the SSPZ and I am sure that each and every one of you feel the same way.

Before I close I wish to take this opportunity to thank the contest judges for the \$1.00 which I received for my contributions to the Napredek.

Well so much for this time but I'll be back as usual with more news about the Comets' Vrtec 44 of Ambridge.

Agnes Tekstar,  
Recording Sec'y, Vrtec 44.

Ambridge, Pa. — Here we are in the midst of summer again. The days are hot and we do our utmost to escape the burning rays of old Sol. In spite of the heat there are many diversions for all. Among the most enjoyable is the ever popular picnic. Here the people mingle with nature and the spirit of good fellowship is felt everywhere. There is music to delight the hearts of dancers; races of all sorts offer competition. Quite an event is the Race of the Greasy Pig. Here is a word picture of one such race.

The eyes of all concerned are on the cage where a fat porky is waiting. He is a frisky fellow, and the slippery grease will make him quite a handful to catch. Bang! The door opens and the pig is off, squealing and grunting. Immediately the men are after him. One of them grab for the tail, but a sudden turn on the pig's part sprawls the man in the dust. This brings shouts of laughter and encouragement from the watching crowd. The race goes on. Two more pounce upon the pig and the dust makes it impossible to see what is happening. More shouting from the crowd as the pig emerges from the cloud of dust and makes a final dash for freedom. His frightened squealing pierces the air as he runs down the road. Before anyone can follow, he rounds the bend and is out of sight. What a race! What a race! No one caught the pig, but it was exciting to watch the attempts and the disappointed faces of those who were sure of a feast the next day.

Jane Gaspersic  
Vrtec 44.

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



# The Outlookers' Corner

SPORTS

By Frank Gacnik

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

Editor-in-chief - Valeria Artel  
Sports Editor - Frank Gacnik  
Feature Editor - Fred Bashel

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

## OUR PERSONALITIES

By Fred Bashel

### Andrew "Flash" Artel

As a thunderbolt strikes out of a clear sky, suddenly and unexpectedly, so did a little bundle dart out of the blue heavens and bounce and ricochet off the dinning room wall of Mr. and Mrs. And. Artel. Claspings each other in their arms, they huddled, shivering, in the corner, wondering what had paid them an unexpected visit in this unique way. When the noise and turmoil had died down, they crept stealthily out of their corner and slowly but steadily started to clear away the debris. When they finally reached the bottom of the mess, they found a curly-haired tot in his birthday clothes sucking on his toe and utering undistinguishable sounds.

When Mr. Artel saw that he was presented with a baby son, he walked around the dining room, on that February 21, in the year 1923, one of the happiest men in the world.

Being born one day before the Father of Our Country, they couldn't decide whether to call him George, or Andrew, after its father. In the end it was decided finally that it should be Andrew—after its father.

After his being born in a big house on E. 69th St., in Cleveland, off St. Clair avenue, Andy and his parents moved three times, and finally settled down at 1187 E. 167th street in Collinwood.

Sixteen and one-half years later, we find Andy attending classes in the 11A at Collinwood High School. Previously he had attended two different elementary schools—Nottingham and Memorial. He reaches a height of 5 feet 7 inches, with 130 pounds of flesh covering his frame. On his head he carries a thick set of black hair, and beneath similar black eyebrows a set of gray eyes that have a twinkle when he flashes that contagious smile.

At the present time, his favorite sports are swimming and baseball. In baseball he plays shortstop on our Vrtec team. Previously his position was covering the "hot corner" or third base. In order to obtain some spending money, he also cad-dies at one of Cleveland's prominent golf courses.

One of his ambitions in life is to obtain enough money to travel to distant lands and see some of the world before one of the opposite sex hooks him for life.

Before I get too personal,  
Adios.

## WHY I HAVE NO SUNTAN

By Valeria Artel

The sun beat down upon my head  
As on our swing I lay outspread.  
My lips were parched; my throat was dry;  
I tried to read with bloodshot eye.

And as I suffered there alone,  
Emitting now and then a groan,  
My pals came o'er to bid me trot  
With them to some cool, shady spot.

And then I got the bright i-dear  
To get suntan,—brown as beer!  
I donned my shorts and halter blue,  
And o'er them, slacks and jacket, too.—

(You see, I knew the way was long,  
And I would be quite hot erelong.  
If I wore not a jacket thick  
To keep the sun off, I'd get sick.)

So off we went, down to the beach.  
With oils to tan, and creams to bleach,  
With blankets, specs, and bathing suit,  
Armed to the teeth—bet we looked cute!

Into the water they all ran,  
But I resolved to get my tan.  
I lay upon the sweltering sand  
Just wishing I were in Iceland.

I dozed . . . I dreamt about my tan,  
And how I'd shock and stun My Man.  
For hours I lay there, boiling hot—  
But proud! I guessed I'd browned a lot!

Three hours passed, and home we went,  
Our boundless energy all spent.  
I looked not at how brown I'd grown—  
I'd wait 'til I was quite alone . . .

So home I came and said to mom,  
"Ma, look how suntanned I've become."  
I tore my jacket off my back.  
Says mom, "If that back's brown, mine's black."

Gosh! Now I know I know why no tan's there:  
Though my halter leaves my back quite bare,  
My back had never reached the sun — —  
I'd lain with heavy jacket on!

What with my dreams and all that rot,  
To take it off, I'd clean forgot!  
That's why I want no sun tanned back—  
Can you blame me? . . .

## HEADLINE FLASHES

Biggest new about our last meeting was the fact that bro. Vrhovnik was our guest, inspiring, by his presence, the appearance of several Utopians and Spartans. Compliments, criticisms and general comments made Brother Vrhovnik's visit a success with us, and we're hoping that his opinions may inspire our members to further heights.

\* \* \*

We hope that sister Zitko, president of the Concordians, is well on the road to recovery. Good luck; we're hopin' for you.

\* \* \*

By now, our hike is either over with, or has been rained out, but since a report of it cannot be made ready for this issue, interested readers will have to wait until a later date for all morsels of gossip and what-not.

\* \* \*

Members are asked to think

## I HEAR AND SEE—BEWARE

As I sit in the hot house with a couple of hot peppers and a mouse, I have forced myself to engage in a battle with my brain. That is, try to write a column about our monthly blooming rose buds—(you know, gossip.)

Much happened at our last meeting where hearts were made and hearts were broken. Anne Gacnik was sure set down by our dictionary Harold Tavzel. When Miss Gacnik suggested how to get parents to come to the meetings, Harold stood up and settled the question . . . Frank M. Gacnik really found out how it feels to dance with a girl—"Shaw-hopping!"—You got it, boy! . . . Fred Bashel almost wore his arm off waving

over Mr. Zaman's suggestion for having our parents take a more active interest in the lodge, and to bring further plans to our next meeting.

Valeria

This is the Outlookers' Sports Reporter again ready to give you news.

The following line-up hopes to appear in Indianapolis at the Olympics, representing the Outlookers, Vrtec 11:

H. Tavzel, c; H. Korelc, p; H. Kraly, p and 2b; F. Gacnik, p and 2b; A. Klinek, 1b; F. Bashel, 3b; A. Artel, ss; R. Bratina, rf; S. Bohinc, rf; E. Slejko, cf; L. Kozlevcar, cf; J. Klein, lf; J. Azman, lf; Glickert, sc.

All these boys have what it takes to play ball.

The members are very earnest to have the team go to Indianapolis, but their earnestness does not surpass that of the team itself. All of the boys are very eager to take a crack at the trophy, that is, to come home with the cup.

Now I presume that all of you are eager to hear the outcome of the month's games. The first game this month was lost when the Grovewood E. 177th St. playground team came back at the boys in a seventh inning rally to win the game at a score of 4-3. A double-header followed, bringing an end to our bad luck streak. The last game seemed to be scheduled for a time when the boys felt like bearing down. Probably you have already guessed that we won the game, which was played with the previously undefeated, but now vanquished team known as the Grovewood-E. 164th St. playground team. The score of the game was 6-1. The one run scored by the vanquished came in on an error.

The reason for the victory may be due to the fact that some of the members' faces turned up with the other spectators to watch the Outlookers batter the poor little baseball to kingdom come.

According to my last article, I asked for cooperation and I got it, so now keep it up!

it, when our president wouldn't recognize him. Poor Fred . . .

Now for outside interests . . . What does Wildwood Beach do to people! Look what it did to Fred. He tried to propose to Olga (you know it was all in fun). Boy, but was Olga thrilled! Just think how thrilled she must have been! (?) She almost put Freddie into Canada . . . Edward Slejko trying his best to get to know a girl in a red bathing suit. But poor Edward went home knowing as many girls as he did before. But he doesn't give up. So if you see Edward with a new girlfriend, don't be surprised . . . Mr. Stanley Slejko riding in a million dollar automobile. Don't you believe it? Well, it's true. Out in Madison, he plucks his bass which creates mellow music and draws the girls around him in dozens.

It's getting so late that I can read backwards, so until next time,

Beware.