



AMPLIFYING THE VOICE OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING MEMBERS

Current Thought Laid Off

Fewer jobs, men being laid off, the number of working hours whittled down each week, retail sales down, manufacturers short on orders — so report the statistics.

With the "30" depression still fresh in our minds, we immediately wonder whether or not this is the beginning of another crash, for the early symptoms have all the earmarks of another business let down.

All of us sincerely hope not. We like to believe that this is only a slight recession in business activity, and that beginning with the new year production will again be primed to normal output.

From the highest executive to the laborer doing the simplest jobs, all of us, must have faith in the future, for the salvation of economic ills rests in the confidence men and women have in themselves. Unfortunately for the little man, which represents the vast army of workers, confidence in their work and the ability to progress depends upon the judgment of a small number of men who control the industries of the nation. Too often, their judgment is influenced by petty things in life, and sometimes by mere whims.

The laborer, and this includes the white collar workers, craftsmen, also the small business men, is not sufficiently acquainted with the whole pattern of life and its intricate design to assert definite steps which would minimize the possibilities of a nation-wide depression.

Less working hours a week, if not complete layoffs, soon felt by all the people of a nation. It starts with the pay envelope. Less money to spend at the grocery store, at the meat market, less funds available for clothing, amusements cut down if not entirely dispensed with, fewer cars purchased. All this means less orders for the factory, who again must cut down on the already diminished number of working hours each week.

Our lodges feel the results of economic ills at the social activities where they may be holding a dance, and instead of a large turnout of members and friends, the night of the dance finds a small crowd—barely enough to meet expenses, or worse, wind up with expenses exceeding the income.

It is very discouraging to the administrative officers to try so hard to make the lodge activity a success, to find that all their efforts have been wasted.

Pathfinders

Gowanda, N. Y. — On Tuesday evening November 16th, the Pathfinders held their regular monthly meeting. The attendance was fairly good, but we are still hoping to have a better turnout next month. How about it members? Please try and be present if you want to forget your troubles for a while. Just ask Louise Palcic why it pays to attend the meetings. She will have a very good, and happy answer.

Election of officers will take place at our December meeting. Do not stay away if you are afraid that you will be chosen one of the personnel. It isn't such a difficult task and it is a good experience. So, if you are nominated, and have some spare time, accept the nomination. Selecting a group of capable young men and women to lead us through the coming year should be no trouble at all. After the meeting the boys will entertain us with a Christmas Party. Of course, with the men in charge of the eats, every girl in the lodge should be there just for the sake of finding out who is champion in the culinary art. Boys, it must be a delicious lunch so that we girls can talk about it the remainder of the year. Philip Palcic is chairman of the affair and he will pick his committee in the near future.

The members who stayed for the "cooty party" had an enjoyable time. I know most of them didn't laugh as loud and as long for many moons. No one could stop the giggling and bursts of laughter until somebody announced the eats were ready to be served. Then the gaiety subsided until we enjoyed the refreshments, only to start up again. All in all, a good time was had by each and everyone. The prizes were won by Elizabeth Batchen, Anna Strout, Tony Krall, and John Voncina.

The fall dance which was held recently, was considered a success considering the present working conditions in the local tannery.

A speedy and complete recovery of the following members: Mary Veloski, Frances Zelnic and Eva Klancer is looked forward to.

See you all at the meeting on Tuesday evening, December 21. By the way, some of you may be interested to know that "Nancy" is spending the winter months in Florida.

Mrs. Mary Voncina
No. 222, SSCU

Win First Cage I. L. Tussle

Cleveland, O. — By a score of 29 to 22, the George Washington lodge team, No. 180, SSCU defeated the Spartans, SSPZ on Wednesday, Nov. 17, in the first game scheduled for the evening in the Inter-Lodge League.

Somewhat lacking in timely precision of plays, the G. W.'s showed streaks of perfect coordination, mostly during the second half, when they amassed most of their points. The team is a far cry from individual star performers, since the boys display every effort to follow team work.

On Sunday, December 5th, the G. W.'s travel to Rochester, N. Y. to engage the Seagram's five.

BRIEFS

Charles Jezek, charter member and first treasurer of Illini Stars lodge, No. 211, SSCU of Chicago, passed away on Thursday, November 18. Funeral services were held Monday, November 22.

George Washington lodge, No. 180, SSCU basketball team, which is entered in the Cleveland Inter-Lodge League, drew a bye for Wednesday, December 1st, and will see action again the following Wednesday, December 8th, at the St. Clair Bath House.

Lodge No. 106, SSCU of Davis, W. Va., announces that it will hold a dance on New Year's Eve. At this dance the lodge banner also will be unfurled and dedicated.

In Pittsburgh, Pa., lodge No. 26, will hold a dance on December 27, in the Slovene Home on 57th and Butler Sts.

Lodges of SSCU interested in sport activities should elect athletic supervisors at their annual meetings, which will take place next month. Names and addresses of duly athletic supervisors should be forwarded to Noba Doba, 6233 St. Clair Ave., Cleveland, O.

Dr. James W. Mally, Cleveland Slovene dentist, placed on the market recently a gummed seal of a pair of lips which may be attached to the letter or envelope. His own invention, the "love" lip is intended to take the place of the traditional love-letter ending, S. W. A. K.

Did You Know That...

By Anna Prosen, Lodge 173

Teintsin is one of the most important foreign sources from which American manufacturers obtain bristles used in producing high grade brushes?

The Emperor Nero was fond of playing a pipe organ operated by water power? The hydraulic organ continued in use for many centuries after Nero's reign, bellows being introduced in the Middle Ages?

The sextant is an instrument for measuring the angular distance of objects by reflection?

Cream which is a day or two old is easier to whip than fresh cream?

De Pauw University is in Greencastle, Indiana, 40 miles west of Indianapolis?

Earrings made of gilded cupid heads have been designed by Schiaparelli?

Iron-work is the important branch of historic ornament? Germany had famous mediaeval and Renaissance workers in this style?

Kiosk is a Turkish word signifying an open pavilion or summer house?

Tut, Tut!

"My boy friend doesn't smoke, drink, or swear."

"Does he make all his own dresses, too?"

Mollie — Weren't they married in a hurry?

Margaret — Yes, each was afraid the other would back out at the last minute.

Lodge No. 84

Trinidad, Colo. — I take this opportunity to notify all members of St. Andrews lodge, No. 84, SSCU to be sure and attend the annual meeting in full numbers. The meeting will be held Sunday, December 12. Election of lodge officers for the year 1938 will take place. Other important items also will have to be disposed of. Members should see to it that the lodge also will have a capable and impartial board who can do much to maintain peace in the lodge and also give it impetus for further progress. Let us keep in mind that the type of board we elect is the type of personnel we will have to be satisfied with. Therefore, come to the December 12 meeting, and bring along members of the juvenile department. At the November meeting it was decided that we have entertainment at the annual meeting.

I request the members further to be more prompt in paying assessments on time. It seems to me that requests of this nature fail to phase some. The more they are reminded of their past due obligation, the less concern they show to comply. They fail to realize that tardy payments affect the individual as well as the lodge secretary. I am also calling attention to those members who are in arrears, to straighten their obligation to the best of their ability at the December meeting, so that the financial report and the records will be in order and ready for transfer to the new board which will be elected at the December meeting.

In conclusion, I am reminding members of our lodge to attend in full numbers our lodge dance, which will be held Saturday, November 27, in Starkville, starting at 7:30 p.m. Members of our lodge will be admitted free.

Jacob Prunk, Sec'y.

Lodge No. 130

De Pue, Ill. — Members of Slovenski bratje lodge, No. 130, SSCU are hereby notified to be sure and attend the annual meeting which will take place on December 5th, in the Slovene National Home, commencing at 10 a. m. Election of lodge officers will take place at this meeting, as well as plans mapped out for the coming year. Every member should be present, as only in this way can the will of the majority express itself. Many other important items will have to be disposed at this meeting, including the approval of the lodge to hold a dance on New Year's Eve, December 31st. Proceeds of the dance will go into the lodge treasury.

Therefore, come to the meeting on Sunday, Dec. 5, and bring along new candidates for membership in the lodge.

Ignatz, Benkse, Sec'y

By guessing all but five of the silhouettes of movie stars, published by The Cleveland Press, Josephine Bavec won first prize in the Movie Silhouette contest. The prize entitles her to an airplane trip to Hollywood.

Go Right Ahead!

Diner—"I see that tips are forbidden here."
Waiter—"Lor' bless yer, mum, so was the apples in the Garden of Eden."

That Deer-Hunting Expedition

By LITTLE STAN



Ely, Minn. — From the mighty northwoods of Minnesota come dramatic descriptions of hundreds of deer-hunting expeditions narrated by hunters from all parts of the country who never fail to appear whenever His Honor—The Governor, proclaims an open season. And these mighty nimrods can tell some tall tales—even bettering those told by fishermen when they describe the terrific battle which ensued when they got the "big" one . . . and how he got away.

This year, in Ely, Minnesota, November is remembered for three major events—duck and deer hunting and Thanksgiving Day. As Little Stan is getting ready to bring you a vivid description of his deer-hunting expedition, and how it helped make Thanksgiving a day to be more thankful for, he wonders just how much of this tale you will believe. But if you don't believe it, he hopes that at least you will enjoy it. Heh Heh! So here goes:

Minnesota's Governor Benson had declared an open season on deer this year. Although much in the way of opposition developed, the Governor's proclamation remained in effect, and deer hunters throughout the country prepared to come into this area to seek their prey from Nov. 20 through the 25th, inclusive.

It was the eve of the opening of the deer-slaying season. Weather was ideal crisp, freezing cold, but yet comfortable to those dressed for the occasion. Sub-zero temperatures have not set in yet. Picture a typical scene in Ely—the last stop before hunters hop out into the wilderness area. New deer-hunting territories have been opened, and the nimrods are anxious to get into this virgin region where wild game is abundant. Result is that the influx of hunters into the city has been greater than ever before. Two days before the season was about to open, the town was filled with red-shirted, red-coated men. They obtained licenses, equipment, supplies, and guides. That done, they whiled their time away, swapping yarns in taverns over some popular drink . . . or something. While these hunters are engaged in this pre-hunting dissipation, let's flash back to Little Stan.

He is just finishing another issue of the weekly shopping guide. Eagerly and swiftly he works, because soon he must get together with the Magic Carpet and the Stanley Steamer to formulate plans for their own trek into this northern wilderness. When preparing for such a trip, one must first pencil his items on paper. Next day you go out to get things itemized on the list and you are ready!

Darkness has fallen. Outside the weather is crispy. A light snow is falling, landing on hard-packed snow-and-ice. Inside Little Stan's shop, a light glows its ray on a desk at which is seated Little Stan. Outside, where it had been for three days without being touched is the New Stanley Steamer. Near Little Stan lies the ever-loyal Magic Carpet. Into a huddle. The pencil flies. After several hours of this Little Stan comes out to stretch,

a big long list in his hand . . . which means a busy tomorrow! Then homeward, by foot. The Stanley Steamer is incapacitated. Tsk Tsk!

Little Albert didn't have much trouble waking Little Stan the next morning. Usually he has to prod and shake him for several minutes. But not that morning. He was up at the first touch, was dressed quicker than you could stifle a yawn; cleaned up and ate his breakfast, and was ready.

Down town. The Magic Carpet left the job of getting the supplies and apparel up to Little Stan, and the Steamer had to be repaired before it could be of any assistance. First stop was a clothing store. You could see the proprietor and Little Stan wave their arms, shake their heads as they dickered. That lasts a few minutes, and out of the store comes Little Stan, bedecked in colorful red regalia from head to foot. Good thing there were no bulls around . . . Little Stan would have to stretch his long legs for some time with a puffing snorting bull after him. But it is a good thing this is a mining town . . .

Before Little Stan gets other supplies he attends to the Steamer. Parked on the main street for three days, it develops several kinks. These are loosened after a couple of heftys push it around a bit. It coasts down the hill to Central garage where the mechanics go to town on it. Ready, Little Stan hops in, and drives to the grocery store. There he packs loads of Polish sausage and other commodities. No hunting trip is complete without Polish sausage! Heh Heh! . . . This is all packed into the Steamer, as it idles peacefully. Into a hardware store. Little Stan purchases his license and makes darned certain he doesn't forget those bullets for his gun. He did that last year, and almost lost his trousers, remember?

Everywhere Little Stan goes, he is wished loads of luck. He also promises the boys delicious venison steak. Feeling happy-go-lucky, he dishes out many more promises which were destined to make him do some fast thinking later on. Soon he is loaded down and ready to go. Driving to the shop he picks up the eager Magic Carpet, then home for the last bits, and ready to go!

But first Little Stan feels he has to do some talking to the Steamer. It is not certain whether the little auto could stand the rigors of the deer hunt. So Little Stan promises to fill it with nice warm Prestone if it behaves correctly. The Steamer promises, and with a putter that more resembles a race horse, he staggers to a finish, the expedition into the wilds begins.

Driving at a fast clip (25 miles per hour), Little Stan admires the majestic scenery of early winter as the car thunders on to the Big Stoney district, scene of the hunting.

Two hours pass when a small car, steaming, snorting, finally turns into a side road leading into the Stoney River country. Already bullets whine past Little Stan's ears, and he instinctively dodges. (Good thing he hasn't very many enemies!) Tsk Tsk!

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Lodge No. 172

Johnstown, Pa. — Members of Lodge Planinski raj, No. 172, SSCU are reminded to be sure and attend in full numbers the principal or annual meeting, which will be held Sunday, December 5. The meeting which will be held in the usual quarters will commence at 1:00 p.m. This meeting is important because the lodge board will be elected for the coming year and because something must be done to bolster the weak condition of our lodge treasury. The lodge has a deficit from the year 1936, which is recorded in the minutes, demands that a member be elected to attend the annual meeting must pay 50 cents into the lodge treasury. This ruling applies to all members of the lodge department, sick members accepted. Lodge trustees are requested to check over the books by the lodge officers.

John Nahtigal, Sec'y.

Members Invited For Opinions

Soudan, Minn. — For the benefit of members of St. Barbara's lodge, No. 5, SSCU, I take this means of notifying you to be present at our next regular meeting, which is to be held November 28th, at the usual time and place. At this meeting plans will be discussed and a program made up of activities for the winter months, for now is the time, if ever, to get into this. Maybe it will be possible for us to sponsor a basketball team this winter; if so, Little Stan better pray for snow because he won't see us for dust. Maybe?

Also, we will discuss what we are going to have at our annual meeting. Will we have coffee or tea? Besides refreshments, what about lunch? Be present at our next meeting and help us decide the many questions. The more present the merrier. Watch this section of Nova Doba for further notices.

M. L. Stepan, Sec'y

"As A Secretary Sees It"

Blawnox, Pa. — There is no need for duplication, hence the writer will attempt to refrain from writing a column of "Electrons — Sparks 'N' Flashes". Bro. Stan, who, from all indications, is doing a good job in that field, unknowingly created the idea of a column employing the above caption. For some time some such column has been thought of as a means for resuming contributions to the Nova Doba, but it was always delayed for another week. It remained for Bro. Stan's, "Endless string of thoughts parade through my mind, but they don't make sense" phrase to arouse the writer from the lethargic state of mind.

Attend Meetings

Perhaps he had been devoting time to too many or an assortment of ideas during the week; when the time of writing was at hand, concentration on the one topic was next to impossible. Nevertheless, it reminded the writer to again work on some he had in mind, lest they be forced into the forgotten channel by other and new thoughts.

Attend Meetings

Experience is the best teacher, few will deny; hence we do or should attempt to profit from the experiences of others. The writer as secretary of the Electrons for practically three years has confronted both amusing and disturbing experiences with the membership, as well as prospective members. Some reached at times an alarming proportion, times when a secretary in similar circumstances is about to shout "I give up", only to restore cooler judgment and restrain any drastic action. In a series of articles of "As A Secretary Sees It" each experience will be unveiled, fattened with the writer's own opinion on the subject, of course. Surprising indeed, will be some of the revelations; others may be just a repetition of like experiences by secretaries in other localities. Still others may be items picked from fraternal organs, seasoned with the writer's opinion of the subject matter. In any event the article involved will be prepared with hopes that constructive argumentations will spell death to foul blows and false contentions advanced by those totally or partially ignorant of the By-laws of a fraternal organization.

Attend Meetings

Prospective members and their reactions. That will be taken up in a later article. There isn't any doubt that many find odd experiences in the solicitation of new members. My case is no exception. For the present, one remark received will suffice. A young married man, not yet thirty, with a wife and one child, was approached for membership. Irregardless of the fact that he was unfamiliar with fraternal organizations, his "wise-crack" about insurance in general was the prize of them all. "Why should I, a man who is never sick or hurt, throw away a couple' bucks every month that could be used for something to an advantage". He refused to be shown that a sick, accident, and death policy was the best advantage his "coupla' bucks" could be used for. He is merely a fortunate young man who has thus far evaded any misfortunes, and has convinced himself that he is immune to any sort of illness or accident. He is not alone in that line of thought, as another known to the writer, spoke in practically the same manner, only to figure in an auto wreck two weeks later. In the hospi-

ELECTRONS, SPARKS "N" FLASHES

By Stan Progar

Springdale, Pa. — When things look the darkest, the sun is bound to shine. How true this is. One never realizes this until one is faced with a hopeless situation where everything goes against you, and just about the time you concede defeat, you are saved. Yes, that's how she goes. A last split-second rescue.

And that's exactly how things fared with the Electrons. Honestly, I was just about to give up hope. The Electrons, as far as spirit was concerned, were dead. Only a few attended the meetings. Always the same few. Ideas were about as scarce as whiskers on a new-born baby. Then, when someone dared to suggest an idea, he received less support than the Republicans are getting now. And as for attending the dances given by neighboring SSCU lodges, why that was out of the question.

"Why should I bother with lodge doings. As long as I keep paying my dues, I'm a good member." Yes, that's just the attitude everyone was taking. I was just about to hang a sign "Dead, Please Do Not Disturb" on the office door of the Electrons when I heard a rumor. You know you can't always believe a rumor, but this one gave me a little hope. Maybe? Anyhow I destroyed the sign and crossed my fingers. Maybe it is true. But still I wasn't going to take on any new hope until this rumor was checked. And so, with all fingers crossed, I ran down the rumor and found it to be true. Whoopee! Ten Electrons attended the Ramblers' dance in Center. Wow! Happy days are here again. The Electrons are coming into their own.

And sure enough, at the November meeting of the Electrons, the attendance was almost one hundred per cent. Everyone was present, except a few that had to work and two who were sick and confined to bed. Four new members were enrolled, three from Springdale and one from Logans Ferry. (By the way girls, he's quite handsome.) Aside from this, everyone was full of spirit and more members were promised for the next meeting. Yes, it looks as if the Electrons have returned to that lively, wide awake, full of pep gang that we knew a few years back. Don't go back on us gang. Keep up the spirit. Remember, the old fighting words, "more power to the Electrons."

Bad News

With everything good, we must take a little bit of bad. Unfortunately enough, this also is true. We were still rejoicing over the thought that once again the Electrons were full of spirit and happy, when suddenly the bad news overcame us. Within the space of a few hours, an automobile accident and sickness struck the Electrons that resulted in two Electrons being forced to sick beds. The first happened when Brother Rudolph, Brother Frank, his wife and son were motoring to Detroit. The carefree tourists never reached their destination. Just before reaching Toledo, O., the car left the road, struck a culvert and was almost totally demolished. Brother Frank was in command of the car at the time of the accident. The cause will remain a mystery, but fortunately no one received serious injuries. Brother Frank was the recipient of a black eye and his

Bad News

tal he remarked that the lessons in the school of experience at times were mighty costly. It is a sad case indeed when such bitter pills are necessary for a cure. Drive home such illustrations when approaching the "I need no insurance" prospects. . .

F. J. Progar

wife, Donny, suffered a sprained ankle. Frank Jr. escaped injuries altogether, although he was thrown out through the windshield and found underneath the car. Brother Rudolph, owner of the car, was injured the most. At the moment of impact, his head struck the windshield and smashed it to bits. In the encounter, he received a severe cut just over his left eye, requiring seven stitches.

Back in Springdale on the same day, sickness struck one of the fair sex of the Electrons. Believing to be the victim of a sorethroat from a slight cold, Mary Oset suddenly became very hoarse. A doctor was summoned and upon completing his examination, he rushed Mary to the Citizens General Hospital at New Kensington with a very bad goiter. Her condition was bad and an immediate operation was out of the question. After six days of care and close attention, she gained the necessary strength to withstand the operation. A successful operation was performed Wednesday, November 17, and although still in a very serious condition, Mary is facing the situation bravely.

The Electrons extend their best wishes to Rudy and Mary, and hope that both experience a speedy recovery. Incidentally, the disastrous day for the Electrons proved to be Armistice Day, November 11th.

Bowling

I wonder why the different sport supervisors failed to respond to the call for a match game. Can it be that the Electrons bowlers are getting too good? No, that could never be. Come on, Center, Pittsburgh, Claridge, Export and Canonsburgh. Who wants to be the first to defeat the Electrons this year? No. No. Don't all rush at once. We'll take on all comers, but first I believe a warning is in order. We just completed a practice session in bowling with terrible results. The best single score we could chalk up was a 202. Beware! When the Electrons are bad in practice, watch their smoke in a game.

Football

This year, the Minnesota Gophers lost two hard-fought football games. The Cornhuskers of Nebraska were the first to subdue the Gophers, and then a few weeks later, the fighting Irish of South Bend served the same dish to the Gophers for their afternoon smack. The Gophers had no alternative. They had to bow low and pay homage to their lords and masters, the Irish and the Huskers. But then, both Nebraska and Notre Dame had to face the Panthers before resting on their laurels. They did and found the cat in no playful mood. The result was that the masters of the Gophers received a terrific lacing. Consequently, the Panthers became the master of the Irish and the Huskers, who are the masters over the Gophers. Therefore, the Panther would become the master over the Gophers. So what? I'm afraid if I don't quit here, a headache will be master over me. Am I right Stan?

Bank Night

At the November meeting of the Electrons, money was given away. Joe Yelouchan was awarded a cash prize. Did Joe treat the gang with his prize? Did Joe pocket the money? I should say not. He did something that will always be appreciated by the Electrons. Joe donated his bank prize to the Electrons' bowling fund. Thanks a million, Joe. We'll never forget it.

Cupid

That man's here again. Yes, once again Mr. Cupid has scored a hit within the Electrons. My, will he never let us alone. He

Within a short space of time, the cavalcade reaches the destination—a hunting camp in the wilds, 40 miles as the crow flies away from Ely. The Steamer is so exhausted, it drops, and wheezes painfully as it tries to get its breath. The Magic Carpet is acting strangely; in fact it actually feels exhilarated! Before Little Stan unpacks his grub, he investigates, and to his utter dismay and pleasure he finds a quart bottle in the back seat—but it is empty! No wonder the carpet acts strangely! It is placed in the camp to recuperate, as it will come in handy before this trip ends.

With the Steamer set until Little Stan's return, he picks up his gun, and strolls stealthily into the thickest part of the wilderness. Unbeknownst to him the Magic Carpet had recuperated and was following behind. It caught up with Stan just as he reached a pretty vantage point—a place on a hill which would be an ideal spot from where to pick off a deer.

Everything is quiet, but only for a moment however, as occasional shots re-echo from tree to tree, as other hunters try to get their prey. Later, as it gets close to the noon hour, it appears the entire forest is filled with sound of rifle fire. It resembles somewhat the war in China! Heh Heh! But Little Stan lies low, waiting his chance and hoping inwardly that no hunter would pick him off for a deer.

From this noise and din, Little Stan hears a strange noise just a few feet below him! It sounded like gobble—gobble! But he wasn't certain. But it called for an investigation! Stealthily, he crept forward. Closer and closer came that gobble . . . gobble, but still he could not see anything. As he crept forward, the object seemed to come nearer and nearer. Suddenly, as a clearing was approached, Little Stan almost fell on his rear in surprise. There in the opening, coming towards him and unafraid was the biggest turkey you ever saw in your life. And it wasn't afraid!

It gobbled cheerfully and rubbed that long red thing that hangs from its nose right against Little Stan's nose! It wanted to make friends . . . Then light dawned on Little Stan! The turkey thought Stan came from his family, because he carried that "nose for news!" Horrors! Little Stan was insulted. He slapped that turkey, challenged it to a duel! It bristled in sudden anger as it ruffled its feathers preparing for the charge. Circling, little red eyes always watching, it suddenly dashed at Stan. He dodged, and pulled that red thing on the turkey's nose as it dashed past. This merely aggravated the turkey more, and it charged more viciously. Each time Little Stan repeated his procedure, and finally the big

wasn't satisfied with breaking up the bachelors and with six direct hits last year. He had to come back for more. This time his victim is a handsome chap by the name of—oh! oh! it almost slipped. For the time being, you'll just have to be satisfied in knowing that he is a handsome chap of twenty-one summers and still single.

Today's Thought

Whenever you become famous, something that you say or do is put on record for the rest of us to look up to. Such is the case with Washington Irving. He was the man that said: "Great minds have purposes, others have wishes. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortunes; but great minds rise above them." Isn't it so.

THAT DEER HUNTING EXPEDITION

(Continued from Page 3)

Tom was so angry, it burst a blood vessel—just as Little Stan grabbed it by the neck, twisted it, and assured himself of a turkey for Thanksgiving. Proudly he walked back up the hill to resume his vigil!—He wanted a deer too!

Bullets whined as rifles cracked in the crisp wintery air. But nothing seemed to come his way. He looked to his side, and stepped back in amazement! What once had been a Magic Carpet, had turned out to be something of a different color . . . It was so red . . . well, nothing could be redder.

Ah, the reason! It was a plan of attack thought of only by the Magic Carpet. The idea came from the Spanish toreadors or bull-fighters who had used the Magic Carpet's ancestors in their sport.

Far off, below the hill, about 200 feet from where Little Stan held his vigil stood a towering majestic buck. It must have weighed at least 270 pounds . . . and four ounces! Big majestic antlers were held high in the air by this prize specimen! But the Magic Carpet was not asleep! It started, slowly sailed high into the air, coming down behind this big bulldeer buck. The biggest battle of the day was on.

The red carpet flashed before this buck's eyes, enraging it. It would stream ahead. The buck would charge. The fight got so bitter that Little Stan didn't have a chance to shoot. It seemed like the first round of the battle had ended. The big buck snorted as it caught its breath. The Magic Carpet came back to Stan, whispered that he should not shoot, but should go back to the Steamer. Little Stan did as he was bid.

He waited by the Steamer for five, ten, fifteen minutes. Nothing happened. Hours passed, nothing happened. Then when Stan had almost given up hope, he heard the crashing of the underbrush. The red carpet came along at a slower pace. The maddened buck following it, determined to do away with it. They both stopped in a clearing as the buck tried one last great rush. Little Stan rested the rifle on his shoulder easily (inwardly he was nervous). Just as the huge buck began his rush, Little Stan pulled the trigger—once, twice. So powerful was the rush of this maddened buck, that the bullets went right through him, stopping him cold, but the impact carried the buck right on top of the Stanley Steamer . . . dead. The prize catch of the season! Little Stan stepped back, picked up a tired rug, and admired the kill!

The Steamer leaped, and the motor chugged suddenly—so great was its excitement. Polish sausage and eating were forgotten as Little Stan hopped into the Steamer . . . He even forgot to place water in it . . . but the Steamer was so excited it forgot about the water. Away back on the highway. Hunters paused at the strange sight. A big buck on the roof, a lanky driver at the wheel of a little car which wheezed.

Twenty miles back, and the little car was ready to drop any minute. It wheezed and snorted, going on, on a strong will. The Magic Carpet felt sorry for the little auto, whirred out, and helped it along, tired as it was. Soon the church steeple was sighted from a distance . . . We were almost home . . . Up a big hill, into Ely.

The entire populace ran to their windows and were so amazed they gathered behind, and followed. The little car was creeping along in second at five miles an hour. Around the next curve, and there was the Drum Corps . . . Tsk Tsk . . . What a reception!

Into an avenue and at home.

MY TRIP TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

BY Doris Marie Birtic,
Lodge 180

Editor's Note: This is the fourth installment of a series of articles which Doris Marie Birtic has prepared for publication in the Nova Doba. Readers will recall that Doris won a sixweek cruise to the Mediterranean in a nationwide contest sponsored by The Cleveland Press and The Cleveland Propeller Club. Other installments will follow in subsequent editions.

A fire drill was staged frequently so that in case of emergency we would know what to do. The notice of the drill had been posted the previous day, but apparently had been forgotten for when the alarm rang, passengers hurried to their respective boat stations and strapped on life preservers, as if it were a matter of life or death.

Life preservers, I decided, after seeing one for the first time, certainly weren't designed to accentuate a streamline figure. These inflated "vests" made us look short, stubby and very comical. However, we enjoyed assembling together in this informal fashion, but while we joked about which gallant gentleman would save whom, etc., the sailors were working furiously. They had formed squads and were busy lowering lifeboats under the strict supervision of the officers in charge. The entire procedure was so systematic, that if the boat really caught fire, and they maintained the level-headedness that was so noticeable during the practice drills, I doubt very much if any lives would be lost.

One morning while walking the deck, I saw one of the stewards in his white uniform advance with a pail in his hand from the stall where the cows and bull I mentioned before were kept. I laughed and told him that I regretted the extra work he had on my account because milk is my favorite beverage. He said, "Well, why not help me tomorrow? I'll teach you how to milk." That was something I had always longed to do, so I told him I was "game".

The next morning I was there at the appointed time, all eager and anxious for my "lesson". I looked in vain for my instructor and a three-legged stool. Soon one of the other stewards inquired if I was looking for someone. I told him my story, and imagine my embarrassment, his amusement, and the chuckles of his "buddies" when he revealed the fact that the animals were prize calves which one of the missionaries was taking with him to Egypt because the cattle over there is of such poor stock, and that besides they are too young to milk. The ship's cows, he said,

With the help of Little Al and Doc Zgone who was waiting Stan's return, the big buck was unloaded, brought into the cellar to be cut into juicy steaks. Back to the car, and Little Stan stopped suddenly as a delicious aroma reached his nostrils. He looked in the car. Nothing. He went into the house. Nothing was on the stove. Suddenly, he looked underneath the hood of the car. There roasted to a nice crisp brown was the big turkey. That was brought into the house . . . and the best Thanksgiving dinner we had ever eaten . . . was eaten! Heh Heh . . . and oh, yes—Little Stan kept his promise . . . and gave the Stanley Steamer which had performed so remarkably . . . a full radiator of Prestone . . . and everybody lived happily ever after!

Stanley Pechaver

No. 2, SSCU.

were kept in the "hoid" he took me to see them surprise they turned out a number of huge milk cans that cows aren't in order to have fresh aboard ship.

The entire steward's ment got news of the took every opportunity me about it. Even the put in his meek suggestion that the cows wouldn't take some of their hay "grass" skirt I was making the Masquerade Ball that it would be true using the brown paper

The night of the Mas found us in all sorts of tumbles. We had utilized odds and ends we had to pick up around the had concocted some very outfits.

One of the most sights was a tall, raffish gentleman who had a baby's suit of clothing complete from booties to and who was wheeled in the "latest" in baby—a tea wagon.

Even the Ginger Al big brother was there in green oilskin rain and gold cardboard cap.

I was dressed in a and a plain sleeveless colored blouse. I wore a corsage of painted flowers, my waist, a few flowers been deftly placed in and all entwined with asters, was hung around neck. Several women me with their neck bracelets; and with sun-tan, plus the guitar under my arm nishing touch, I dare look quite "Hawaiian".

Everybody was a good time and we "loads" of fun! We sang, joked, played, and watched the magician over and over again.

Finally we drifted groups out on deck. and talked, somebody lighting his cigarette bright idea, and before st'proof! . . . was a fl . . .

THE SMALL

East Palestine the small cross-roads stands a frame built of rough-hewn that houses a unit great organization. on many jubilant sions, the spirit of nalism has been fied to the fullest. This came about result of the energy enthusiasm of a group of lodge with a zeal for the things in life. against great odds spread the gospel of ternalism. Not bloss a large membership very abundant they carry on splendid piece of SSCU is proud of the small units and and women who diligently that these continue to exist progress. May the these men and women ways make them out in the struggle continuance and

