

GEORGE KOZJAK

Slovenian Janissary,
Fifteenth Century Story Of The Slovenian Home-Life.

By JOSEPH JURCIC

English Version By John Movern

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

Two reasons inspired me to undertake the task of translating into English, the fiction "GEORGE KOZJAK," Slovene janissary. The first one was to make the English-speaking public better acquainted with the Slovenes, one of the branches of the Slavic race. The second one was to describe the mournful condition of the Slovene people in the past caused by periodical invasion of their lands (Carniola, Styra and Corinthia) by the savage Turks, who time and again destroyed the homes of the natives and massacred the people in the most inhuman manner.

While the Germanic races, settled farther north and west, had been building schools and peacefully cultivating the soil, the Slovenes had to defend their lives and liberty against the Turks with a sword in their hands. It is, indeed, a wonder that the Turks did not exterminate the Slovene race.

In converting this story into English, I have endeavored to preserve as much of the charm of the author, the late Joseph Jurcic (Jurcick-Jurčić), as I could, and to avoid doing injustice to the English language. If I have succeeded in my task, I shall be well recompensed for my tedious and laborious work. Presenting Slovene literature to the English-speaking public, I shall bring the English speaking people closer to my country men, the Slovenes.

NOTE: Joseph Jurcic, the author of the following story, was born in the village of Muljava, Slovenia (then a province of Austria and now Jugoslavia) on March 4th, 1844. He died on May 3, 1881. He has written several books and was one of the Slovene authors who endeavored to perfect Slovene literature. However, he did not know that nearly fifty years after his death his heart-touching story "George Kozjak" would have been converted into English and presented to the English-speaking public and to the sons and daughters of his countrymen in the United States of America. Had he known that, he surely would have gone to rest for eternity with much greater satisfaction with the work he had accomplished in the field of literature for his people whom he so dearly loved.

JOHN MOVERN.

"Woe unto him who has no home,
Who nowhere is Lord of his own."
S. Jenko.

CHAPTER I

There was a time when conditions in our Slovene provinces were quite different from those of today. Could anyone of our forefathers come back from the beyond, he would hardly be able to recognize his grandchildren or his native land for the changes that have taken place since he passed away. In speaking of changes we do not mean only those changes of which the old men, while they are sitting around a hot stove, still talk about and complain of, saying that we have become proud, that we wear clothing made of soft and thin cloth, while our fathers and our mothers wore clothes made at home out of homespun thread — but we also mean the changes in the conditions of life of our people in general.

Lords who lived in their castles situated upon high mountains and hills and constructed upon the solid rock, had the highest authority. In those days the peasant was not a free man, but a serf to those lords. Ignorant people could be found among the aristocrats and the feudal serfs, among the rich and among the beggars. And it is usually the case that where the people are ignorant they are also stupid, superstitious and believers in witchcraft. So we read in old documents that at one time many a homely old woman was placed upon a funeral pile and thereon burnt alive just because she was suspected of being a witch.

And how much have our Slovene provinces, especially, suffered from the Turks? It is indeed surprising to see them remain to be what they are today. It is, however, our forefathers to whom we owe our gratitude today for having preserved for us the country and for having saved our race from destruction.

And where are the castles, the very sight of which at one time caused enemies to fear and tremble? They are no more. The only remains of them we still find are ruins upon the mountains. These small remains indicate to us that at one time stood there mighty structures and they also vividly testify that the life of a man on this earth is of a short duration. The individual soon passes away, though a posterity remains on earth. The knights who at one time labored for their homes with their powerful right arms, still live among us, but only in story and in anecdote.

Among many ruins in Lower Carniola are the ruins of the one time famous Castle Kozjak. In the fifteenth century the Castle Kozjak was still a solid structure. It seemed as mighty as if it had been built to last for eternity. The round steeples upon the hill were proudly towering toward the sky and thus warning everyone afar that no one could enter the castle without the lord's consent. The skillfully built walls were impregnable, like solid rock.

Those who inhabited this castle were mighty and powerful lords. They had preserved their odd Slovene name, Kozjak, which had been in existence since time immemorial, and had been famous in the history of the Slovene people, even during that critical period when foreign aristocrats from Germany and Italy invaded the Slovenian provinces and drove away nearly all the natives of common birth. In those days the Kozjaks were a noble Slovene family. Alas! Such a family the Kozjaks were! There are few like them to be found living today upon Slovene land. Nearly all the noblemen and their posterity who at one time lived in the Slovene provinces have disappeared and are no more.

Upon another hill, not very far from the Castle Kozjak, was another castle, the Castle Shumbreg. It is related in a story that the two masons who built these two structures were brothers and that they built these two castles at the same time. As they had only one hammer between them, one of the brothers was obliged to lay stones while the other was using the hammer.

About four hundred years ago there lived two brothers by name Marcus and Peter Kozjak. The elder brother, Marcus, was about forty years of age. He was the lord of the family castle and of some other landed property bearing the Kozjak's name and being a part of the Kozjak's estate. Physically he was a powerful man, and he was generous at heart; he was a

good soul. No lord had ever been a better father to the poor peasants than Marcus Kozjak. When he had scarcely reached his majority, his father sent him to a military school in Germany so that he might receive military training there. Soldiering was the vocation which in those days was the most useful and popular. The youth fought in many wars waged in foreign lands, and had time and again distinguished himself as a hero. He also had developed physically and mentally. Before leaving Germany he was honorably discharged from the Emperor's army.

At home the young knight was esteemed and loved by all good neighbors. Not very long after he came home he became acquainted with a neighboring girl, the Lord Shumberg's daughter, whom he finally married. But Providence decreed that his happy married life should be of short duration. His wife died in her first confinement, leaving her lord and only son, George. Marcus would not consider marriage again, for he had loved his late wife too profoundly and could not forget her. The reason that this affection for his late wife was so deeply planted in his heart may have been because of so short duration of his married life. So he made up his mind to give his entire attention and his love to the rearing of his son, George, who so profoundly reminded him of his lost wife. He wished his young son to become a good Christian and good citizen.

Marcus Kozjak did not arm himself with his sword on any other occasion, but when the savage Turkish armies invaded the Slovenian provinces. This occurred, however, in those days, almost every year. In such event Marcus Kozjak willingly organized an army, composed of his servants and peasants, and helped to defend his country with all the power in his command. After the Turks had left the country for Turkey, either badly defeated or victorious and satiated with Christian blood and robbery, Marcus returned up to his castle and behind the walls. His activities, however, did not then cease. He was now helping the people in rebuilding their demolished homes and in healing the wounds which the Turks had inflicted upon the Carniolians in the continuous battle.

His brother, Peter Kozjak, was an entirely different type of man. Being the next youngest son in the family, his father set him aside for priesthood. Physically he was weak, and consequently entirely unfit for military service. Because his father did not have any use for Peter, other people also cared very little for him, so that even the servants despised him. For this reason the young lord would not approach any one; he hated everybody because he was of the opinion, and he was nearly right in this respect, that everybody disliked him. At last the child would no longer associate with the people at all. His sole amusement was the chasing and the killing of the geese with a stick in his father's yard. So this young and neglected boy had also become unmerciful at heart. Usually whatever is sown in the young heart is reaped in old age.

Without taking into consideration the tendency and vocation or the sacredness of the priesthood, the father sent Peter to the monastery (cloister) in Zaticna. He thought that by so doing he would provide his son with an easy livelihood. "All other things necessary to be a monk would come to him by the gift of nature," thought the father. But nothing comes out of nothing. The youth, however, was very bright and intelligent, but he was also very selfish and obstinate in the cloister. He would not study the lessons assigned to him by the monks. Neither did he care much for prayer. He was constantly disobeying the monks and violating all their orders. They soon realized that he could not become a priest. From the beginning, however, the Abbot had had patience with Peter — on account of the latter's father — thinking that he might yet reform. But as he remained the same malicious Peter, the Abbot sent him home to his father.

What would the father now do with Peter at home? Peter did not have any delight in a sword, nor was he capable of handling arms, because God had in Peter's infancy somewhat curved his legs outwardly and had placed a large head upon a short neck and broad humped shoulders. Peter's father thought that a monk's capuche might cover these deformities, but a coat-of-mail would not fit him. So at last he assigned Peter a room in the remotest corner in the castle, where the old handwritten books were stored. Not having anything else to do, Peter began to read and to study the old books. In those days this was a task a great deal more difficult than it is today when we have books printed from modern type.

Not very long thereafter, the old Kozjak passed away. In his will he bequeathed the greater part of his estate to his elder son, Marcus, who was then away from home, and the rest of his property he left to a young relative, Ludevick Kozjak; so that Peter inherited nothing else but a comfortable place in the castle, where he might live with his brother, and other necessary provisions he was to use during his natural life. (To be continued.)

A JAPANESE FOLK STORY

(Continued from page 3)

in your country. Can that be true, Great Sir?"

Then the Tiger roared his answer so that it echoed through the vast forest. "True it is, indeed, and it is also true though perhaps you have not heard it, that no one in the world can run so fast as can I."

"I have heard that you are a very wonderful animal," said the Fox, "but I, too, have quite a reputation as a runner. Perhaps we might arrange to race together, while you are visiting in our country. Will you race with me, King Tiger?"

The Tiger laughed at this as though it was a huge joke. "Yes," I will race with you," he said, "though, of course, you can hardly expect to win, yet if you really want to race, I will. Let us start at once."

They asked the Bear to be the judge, and agreed to run around the great forest. At the signal they were off, the wily Fox leapt lightly be-

hind the great Tiger. Then with a bound the fox leapt lightly up and caught hold of the Tiger's tail. Then he gave another spring and landed on the tiger's back. The tiger ran on faster and faster. He ran faster than he had ever run before in all his life. He was so interested in the race that he did not notice the Fox.

Just as the Tiger was about to reach the goal he suddenly whisked around to scoff at the fox whom he supposed to be far behind. This sudden turning threw the Fox off the Tiger's back and over his head to the goal line so that he was able to call out to the astonished Tiger: "Here I am, Great King, what delayed you so long?"

The Tiger then felt that the animals of Japan were much too clever for him, so he went quietly back to his own country and there he stayed. And that is the reason, the little Japanese children believe, why there are no Tigers in Japan.

MLADINSKI DOPISI

Contributions from our Junior Members

SUMMER MORNING

The ideal beauty of a thought in a poets or artists mind is a summer morn. The sun, a golden disc, slowly casts its bewildering rays over the slumbering world. Around the sky float fleecy, pink and white clouds, while the sky itself is an azure blue. The birds then begin to twitter. The dew sparkles like so many glittering jewels among the grass. The flowers sleepily nod their heads as they are fanned by the clean fresh breeze. Nearby is a lake with ripples and waves gliding over its surface. The sunrays turn the ripples into myriads of colors, golden, blue, greenish and in some places very dark.

The fir trees on the shore are lined like sentinels followed by a large army of stalwart pines in back, a forest. A farmhouse on the other side of the lake is clearly beginning to show signs of life. A figure is hurrying to a nearby barn, probably the maid with the milk pail. Another is seen following a long herd of cattle. The figure is leading them to pasture, followed by a large, shepherd dog.

The sun rises high and awakens the rest of the sleeping world to start another new day. Jeannette Sega (Age 15), Lodge No. 70 J. S. K. J.

AN ADVENTUROUS DREAM

Mike, alone, went in the woods to seek adventure. He found it very interesting out in the woods, because of the different things he found and saw. He ran here and there, and almost everywhere.

All at once he found a path with foot prints, he never saw before, that curved around a high rock. He followed the path thinking that no danger will come to pass.

He came to a large, iron door, and opened it. It was dark inside the cave, but a little light was shining in the corner. Mike quickly closed the door behind him and walked toward the light, an old man was sitting there busy at work.

"Good morning, sir," said Mike to the old man.

"Good morning," returned the man.

"Do you live here alone?" asked Mike.

"No," answered the man. "I was —"

Mike fell to the ground because he saw queer looking figures that were coming in at the door. Mike was frightened to death. He awoke and found himself lying near the bed side. Louis Sever (Age 12), Lodge No. 1 J. S. K. J.

MY TERRIBLE FRIGHT

One warm summer day my brother and I went to the pasture to pick flowers. On our way we saw a cow, first we were greatly frightened then we saw that it didn't have any horns, and we thought we were out of danger.

First we went to an apple tree, after we did all our picking we started for home. We started to go the longway, but we saw a cow with horns so I didn't go the longway, but my brother coaxed me so I had to go long way. We started to cross the brook, when we crossed the brook we were on the same side of the brook as the cow, my brother threw a stone at the cow so it would run away, but instead it chased us. By brother ran to the fence and started crying. I was only about half way there. I yelled to my brother to run and cross the brook. He did what I told him and I threw a blossom at the cow, then I ran. I jumped across the brook, but the cow

chased us no more. Jennie Bouha (Age 9), Lodge No. 71 J. S. K. J.

ENDING SCHOOL

On the Friday before ending school two of our teachers accompanied us to the Carnegie Institute, which is situated at the entrance to Pittsburgh. First we had a lecture on the mammals in the museum. Then we had one in the art gallery which I enjoyed the most. I cannot draw but as the young lady there told us, we can at least admire the painting, drawings and the others pertaining to art. The trip was well enjoyed by all and very instructive.

The Monday following we held an annual exhibition in our school which included the work of all the Braddock public schools.

Tuesday was our great day, for didn't we graduate? Will we not enter the Freshman class in the Fall? Oh, how pleased we all were to think that the white paper with the blue ribbon handed to us by Mr. McCleary our superintendent, was well-earned! Mr. McCleary gave a wonderful as well as enjoyable speech, telling us how valuable our education is and congratulating us on the fact that we went through the eight grade.

Wednesday was Decoration or Memorial Day and naturally we were off for the day to enjoy our leisure time as we pleased.

On Thursday (May 31), we had our school picnic at Kenwood Park. That day, together with our graduation day was the one we longed for so much.

The next day the others had to go back while the graduates were free from school. The others were to be promoted.

And now we are gladly enjoying the gratifications of our pleasant vacation!

Stefania Dolinar (Age 14), Lodge No. 31 J. S. K. J.

Export, Pa.

The beautiful warm weather is with us again and now that school has closed we shall have plenty of time to enjoy ourselves. Vacation time is much favored, especially by the school children. They are always glad to get away from their books and sharp eyes of the teachers for awhile.

Many children go to spend their vacation away from home. I hope I shall read many interesting letters in the Nova Doba from children who spend their vacations in some mountains.

The region in Europe where I lived in is the summer very pretty. All sorts of pretty wild flowers bloom out in the fields. People are seen digging and cleaning the ground everywhere you turn. In reaping time busy women cut all the grain with sickles.

The low, sleepy tingling of bells is heard from the distance toward evening. The cows are coming home from pasture.

The workers are returning home from the fields, darkness is creeping slowly over the land. The events of the day are talked over; the prayers are said, and the weary people are in bed at last, for their short rests. This describes the region once was my home, but very interesting to the summer tourist.

One summer my mother boarded some people who came from the city to spend their vacation in the country. They were very nice people and fed us children many sweetmeats of which we knew nothing before.

I am now living on a farm. We have moved after I wrote my last letter to the Nova Do-

ba. I like to live on a farm, but there is lots of work to do in the summer time.

I received several letters from readers of the Nova Doba and appreciate them very much.

In my last lines I want to thank the editor for the check I received. My letter is stretching, but I hope it won't go into the waste paper basket.

Best regards to the editors and readers of Nova Doba. Mary Gombach (Age 15), Member of Lodge 138 JSKA

THE PAGEANT

On May 29th, 1928 the Lorain Public Schools gave a Pageant at the new school field. Allan Baldwin as the Herald announced the opening of the nations festival. Trumbull and Dorothy Sander as Patriotism, one as the National State and City also opened the festival.

Irving school, a Junior High school presented British Isles folk dance. The dancers wore colorful peasant costumes and carried corresponding ribbons.

Longfellow, a Junior High School presented Holland costumes in bright colors. The dance began with a march of "Lauderbach." The dancers presented wind mill of Holland and the dance of the Hollanders during the May Day festivities.

Hawthorne presented France in a French flower market scene. Here one saw the typical French flower girl with the large flower trays filled with buds and blooms. The aristocracy were dressed in typical modern Parisian styles, while the peasants wore simple costumes.

Whittier, the Junior High School that I go to presented a Chechoslovakia. A folk dance marked the episode. The boys plaited willow wands and trimmed them with bright ribbons with which they switched the girls so they wouldn't be lazy. The boys wore riding boots and pants. The girls wore colorful skirts, full blouses and bright shawls. The girls carried baskets of Easter eggs, while the school orchestra played, while the Chechoslovakians danced.

The grammar schools presented the different countries of Japan, in which designed costumes were worn. Lanterns were carried in the true Japanese fashion.

Germany, in which dances were held. The celebration of Spring and Winter were presented.

Spain, in which efforts of Columbus were given in the court of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. The scene was a picturesque scene of a picture. The soldiers, queen attendants, priests, sailors and a doctor were included.

A Belgian festival consisting of athletic contests as walking, tumblers and a roller race.

A Polish street scene in the market place was represented. It was "Gala" day in Poland.

The Italian scene consisted of the Garland and Pine tree before Queen of beauty. There was a ceremony and danced the "Tarantella," a typical dance of Italy.

The Lorain High School girls last one participated in giving May pole dances. There were five poles to dance around, the dancers. All of the festivals were very beautiful and see. I enjoyed them very much and hoped that you would have seen the Pageant.

Martha Kurnse (Age 14), Lodge No. 6, J. S. K. J.

RICHARD JONES

Richard sat on the back of a step, his elbows on his knees (Dalig na 5. stran)

