



JUVENILE SECTION OF "NAPREDEK"

CLEVELAND, OHIO, FEBRUARY 15th, 1939

WITH OUR JUNIORS

By MICHAEL VRHOVNIK,

Director of Vrtec and English Speaking Lodges

Vrtec Contests

VRTEC CONTESTS

The Supreme Board has allotted the sum of \$25.00 for an AMATEUR SNAPSHOT and/or DRAWING CONTEST. This means that you may have one or both contests by registering your choice in the blank appear-

ing below. Which of these two do you prefer, or would you like to try both? If you have suggestions for future contests, write them in the lines provided for this purpose and then mail the contest blank to the Director of the Juvenile Department, 247 W. 103rd St., Chicago, Ill.

VRTEC CONTEST BLANK

Director Juvenile Department
247 W. 103rd Street,
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Director:

I am submitting the following choice of contests for your consideration:

- SNAPSHOT CONTEST
 DRAWING — CARTOONING — PAINTING

Name and Vrtec Number

Address

Tutoring: A Short Cut to Insanity

By Valeria Artel

Somewhere the sun is shining. People are smiling, and singing, and shouting in sheer ecstasy of living. But for me there is no sunshine, no laughter, no joy of living. Dimly I recall the joy and pride with which I stepped onto the stage and was inducted into the National Honor Society. How loved I then the dignity, solemnity, and great significance of the institution. Little did I know the perplexities, grey hairs, and insanity it was to cause. I was to learn all too early in my young life that we "super-intellec- (?)" were obliged to distribute our knowledge to the less fortunate, by means of tutoring.

I thought it would be fun. Therefore, I replied in the affirmative, with the exhilaration of expectation, to a request that I tutor in Physics. The hour arrived, and I spent my last moment with powder puff, comb, and mirror in my hands. A last furtive glance told me that science had done all it could to camouflage Nature's one

great mistake, and I pranced gaily down the stairs, wondering whether my protege was to be boy or girl... Thirteen rollicking, rip-snortin' specimens of femininity greeted my horror-stricken eyes... For one insufferable week, which threatened to lapse into infinity, I slaved feverishly, instilling in them my own so-extensive knowledge on the subject. At the end of the week, I felt deeply gratified in my efforts, for the light of inspiration began to glow from their previously wrinkled, furrowed brows. The great climax arrived when everyone of them passed a test. I began to think that it would be easy going after this, when out of a clear sky, like a bursting bomb which shatters a placid silence, the prof's words shattered my hopes for the future, when he upped and told me of an experiment, in which he was to transfer to my care, a group of super-intelligent males (my, aren't they all?) who were floating around in the hazy atmosphere

Needless War That Brought Ruin to Spain

The war in Spain is just about over. After two and a half years of fighting and at the cost of approximately 2,000,000 lives and \$11,000,000,000, what has Spain gained? Mussolini has promised to withdraw his troops as soon as the war is over, and Prince Juan, third son of former King Alfonso, is to be made the ruler. He will probably be a figurehead like King Emanuel of Italy, getting his orders from General Franco, that is if Mussolini and Hitler will permit. The people revolted because they were dissatisfied with the government and now they will be in approximately the same situation. I only hope that Father Coughlin and the like who were so afraid that the Loyalists would be victorious are satisfied.

A few years ago the war began, Spain was steadily progressing. It was considered the land of gay music and laughter. The people were content as long as they could make a fair living. When the war began many of the men had to leave to go to war. War meant years of struggle for both the men who were going to fight and the ones at home. The men on the frontier have to eat and sleep in the trenches among the rats. When their food supply is short, they

have to eat roots to keep alive. The people back home are also starving. They have to go without food for days and when they do get it, they have to use old tin cans for utensils.

Spain had a revolution about 125 years ago, which was not as bloody as this one, but from which the country never recovered. Many things, such as museums, have been destroyed which can never be replaced. How well the \$11,000,000,000 would have been spent if it were spent for scientific research or other ways of improving the country, rather than for destroying it.

After the war there will be much disease and many wounded, who will not be able to work but will have to have medical aid. Many homes have been broken during the war; innocent children have been killed, lost, and separated from their mothers. What will they do after the war is over? The generation which is now growing will be very weak because they do not have the proper living conditions when they most need them. It takes many years to build a nation, but only a few to destroy it.

Lillian Kosmach
Sec'y, Challenger Jrs.

PLANNING THE FUTURE

SYGAN, Pa. — This being the first time I am writing this year, I will make it very short and interesting as possible. Our Vrtec seems to be coming along very nicely and I hope that more will become interested in our juvenile organization. We are now starting to talk about another

with a combined average of about thirty-five or forty...

There is no need for me to go any further. My faith in civilization in general, and in physics profs in particular, is rent to bits. The thirteen girls have all failed their last test, because they were so used to having me do all their thinking and transferring it in easy doses to them that without this simple method, they did less than before they had known me. The boys — well, I haven't had the nerve to find out their grades as yet. The prof is basking in the sunshine of knowing that the heavy burden of trying to teach the ignorant is out of his hands. And as for myself. !??.! ?!?!... (if you get the idea!)

softball team. It looks as though we will have a very promising team this year due to the securing of a few members. Our chief athletic aim during 1939 is to become the 1939 Softball Champs. I think that this can be accomplished because our Vrtec consists of a group of very active boys and girls who are always willing to do what is to be done. Many social affairs are being planned to meet our financial conditions.

We hope that all plans will turn out as anticipated.

Frank Dolinar,
Pres., Vrtec 72

LITERARY HONOR

ROLL

(Month of January)

| | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| Valeria Artel | Outlookers |
| Marie Ermence | Balkan Jrs. |
| Florence Kmet | Hiawathans |
| Fredy Basher | Outlookers |
| William Wapotich | Spartan Jrs. |
| Rudolph Milharcic | Jugoslavs |
| Frances Taucher | Rainbows |
| Agnes Tekstar | Comets |
| Julia Kramzer | Vrtec No. 72 |
| Wilma Gratchner | Roznik Jrs. |
| William Peve | Pioneers |

WHITE VALLEY KINGSTERS

WHITE VALLEY, Penna. — Beginning with the year 1939 our Vrtec has been very active. Sunday, January 16 we had our annual meeting electing Helen Kastelic as president; Julia Kosmach, secretary; Theresa Kastelic, recording secretary; Helen Sabec, treasurer and Michael Kastelic, administrator. There was a little change in the officers this year and I'm sure they will do their best to keep up an active Vrtec as it has been these past three years.

In the evening of the same day we celebrated our third anniversary. Martin Serro and his orchestra furnished the music for dancing. What happened to the "Progressors" from Bridgeville? You certainly missed a good time. This was our first dance this year and turned out to be a huge success. Whoever was at our anniversary dance last year should have an idea what the Kingsters can do. The Kingsters will be preparing for another big time in the near future. Watch the Napredek for further details.

The regular monthly meeting will be held on Sunday, February 19, 1939 at the White Valley Slovene Hall at 11:00 a. m. All members must attend and pay your dues on time. All dues must be paid by the 25th of each month. In order to cooperate with the supreme board the secretaries must send the dues in early.

Julia Verna Kosmach,
Sec'y Kingsters, Vrtec 103
* * *

WHITE VALLEY, Pa. — As you all know the "Kingsters" celebrated their 3rd Anniversary by holding a dance on Sunday, January 15. This dance was quite a success.

Among those who enjoyed themselves were friends from Renton, Indiana, Claridge and there were so many that I just can't name them all.

Here are a few things that happened at our dancing away from

Julia Kosmach was seen sneaking away from the lunch counter several times.

Helen Previc with the help of Helen Mladenic worked hard and faithful at the lunch counter from beginning to end. Hilda Homce gave her spare moments to help these girls.

While Helen Kastelic collected the admission, Mary Lauric stamped hands. (I bet she just wanted to hold boys' hands.)

Josephine certainly put one over on the girls this time, promising to help out and then running out on them.

Theresa was wondering if Pete would come.

Our brunette worked so hard that she didn't have time to watch for anyone, altho we know she was waiting for her Romeo.

Julia Kosmach kept looking for the Bridgeville and Sygan

boys. (Oh, what happened to them?)

"Slugs" was being expected by a certain lass.

Stanley Previc and Frank De Biase, our two bartenders along with our administrator Mr. Kostelic worked very hard.

The ticket seller, Mr. G. Previc was up in good spirits and we thank him very much for the help he gave us.

A certain party asked, "Why don't the Evening Stars attend our dance?"

Helen Previc is always seen at our dances and always helps out with whatever there is to do. Even though she was working we know her thoughts were in Strabane. Too bad that John wasn't there, maybe she would have enjoyed the dance much better.

Frances March, a new member of the Evening Stars, helped to entertain a certain lad from Claridge. (We hope Frances is proud to belong to the SSPZ and we are sure she'll be an active member.)

Helen Sabec was seen floating around in the arms of the B. F.

The dance being over Julia entertained the orchestra players while Helen fed them "hot dogs."

Say, Helen did you and this certain party have a lot of fun tearing down the trimmings?

If you did not attend the Anniversary Dance you certainly missed a swell time. Here's hoping that you don't miss the next.

In closing I remain, a proud SSPZ member,

"Peaches"

* * *

WHITE VALLEY, Pa. — At the January meeting new officers were elected for the year of 1939. Our new officers are: President, Helen Kastelic; vice-president, Helen Mladenick; secretary, Julia Kosmach; recording secretary, Theresa Kastelic; treasurer, Helen Sabec. I hope they'll uphold the good SSPZ spirit.

In a few months we are going to lose a number of our girls to the Evening Stars but I hope they'll still be faithful writers to the good old Napredek, and show us how you can build up the Evening Stars. Kingsters I don't know what will happen to us girls and boys after the older girls leave us, but we will try and do our best, won't we? Here's wishing all our girls that are celebrating their birthdays this month many happy returns.

Have you heard of the dance on the 19th of February at the White Valley Slovene Hall? The music for the occasion will be furnished by the well known White Eagle Orchestra and the guest of honor will be Lou Clawson, the popular Greensburg WHJB announcer. So I know everyone that will be there will have a swell time.

Our last meeting was a great success. Let's see to it that the next meeting will be the same.

Edith Barber,
Vrtec 103

* * *

WHITE VALLEY, Pa. — The Kingsters' third Anniversary Dance on Sunday, January 15, 1939 turned out to be a huge success, but what happened to the Progressors? You certainly missed a good time. But please take notice that on the 19th of February you are all invited to attend the dance at White Valley Slovene Hall. Music will be furnished by the "White Eagle Orchestra"; admission 25c. So what do you say. All roads lead to good old White Valley on February 19, 1939.

About People You And I Know

Rose Cappa wasn't seen at our dance on the 15th of Jan., so let's see you at the dance on the 19th, Rose.

Mary Lavrich and a certain George sure can polka. They make a swell pair and Mary, you have it bad, don't you?

Theresa Kastelic lost her pajamas if we understood right. Isn't it true, Helen. Did you find them, Theresa?

Verna Kosmach sure did a good job of entertaining Martin Serro.

Stanley Previc and Frank Di Biase sure make good bartenders.

Teanie Previc and the "Moon Will Shine" make a pair. Who is the "Bar-Room Girl," Teanie? And don't forget you promised us a treat. (For the birds.)

Frank and Herkie of Sygan missed a swell time at our last dance, didn't they, Verna? Don't tell me that the Packard would not run, Frank.

Helen Previc, her heart went pitter-patter when she saw Joe. What's the matter, kid? Didn't George get his license plates yet?

Helen Mladenick keeps up the good spirit of writing poems.

Frances March and Pete Besick sure can pull in early in the morning.

Johnny Previc (Penner) told me that I don't know H. B. That's one time you got felled, "Penner," 'cause I do know her, her first name is Helen.

Teanie Previc, Mary Lavrich and myself are going to celebrate our birthday this month, so what do you say girls—let's get together.

Enough is enough for this time, but I'll be back again with "People You And I Know."

Josephine Barber,
Vrtec 103

Joe: Jack, you should cover you mouth when you yawn.

Jack: What! And get bit?

* * *

Bill: Did your dad promise you something if you weeded the garden?

Fred: No, he promised me something if I didn't.

Eleanor Ster

PLEASURES OF FARM LIFE

POWER POINT, O. — Hello brothers and sisters! It's about time that I should tell you all about our farm and my pet goat.

Our farm is large and keeps all of us plenty busy all day long.

My twin sister and I like to be outdoors the best.

Every chance I get, I take my goat for a walk through the fields and when I go for cows she just follows right along behind me.

When she gets loose the first place she heads for is the house to see if I'm there to take her for a walk. She sometimes gets in trouble by getting into the orchard and chewing the bark off the fruit trees. That sort of burns me up, so I tie her on a strong chain and there she stays. Her name is Sally. She is all black with two white lines on her face. Sometimes I get tired of her but I still like her.

My twin sister had a white goat—her name was Nancy—but my father sold her, so she has no pet.

I can hardly wait till spring comes for we have two nice young horses. My twin sister picked out one and I picked out one. Of course they both belong to my father but we call them ours, for we ride them every time we get a chance. We go through high water and through the woods riding them. We take them when we go looking for our cows which wander off sometimes.

My father says it's a wonder they let us ride them without saddles. Of course, we would use the saddles if we had them.

My horse is all black with a white spot in the middle of its forehead. Her name is Lady. It isn't a very pretty name but I like the horse just the same.

My twin sister's horse is grey with two white lines on its face. Her name is Topsy.

We have two other horses, but they work. So I suppose these two younger ones will start working this coming spring.

We also have many heads of cattle and a lot of pigs. I don't like to milk the cows or feed the pigs.

Boy, one morning I surely was surprised! When I came up the barn to milk my two cows, I saw two pretty twin calves lying besides their mother. That was the second time we had twin calves, only it was a different mother.

I surely hope you all will excuse this silly writing, for this is the first time I write for the Vrtec. I hope Clara and Stephanie don't die laughing when they get through reading this, and Charlie Bogatay would better have a bucket of water by his chair in case of fainting. So long everybody! I have to quit as I can't think of any thing else to write about. It must be that I'm so hungry it makes my brains weak.

Anna Louise Lesjak,
Vrtec 126

NOKOMIS, Ill. — Time: Thursday morning. Place: Location of SSPZ branch.

Pee Wee: Mrs. Volc, Mrs. Volc!

Mrs. Volc: Yes, Pee Wee?

Pee Wee: I was at the post office and brought your "Napredek" for you.

Mrs. Volc: Oh, thanks Pee Wee. Mary said it was due today. I don't know what we'd do if for some reason it stopped coming. We all love to read it, especially "With Our Juniors."

Pee Wee: Gee! here's another article from the Hiawathans. You know Mrs. Volc, I think the Hiawathans are the swellest kids. They have just a few members and yet I'd walk a mile to read their articles.

Mrs. Volc: Well—I see Florence is president again. She wrote and told Mary it was no easy job keeping all the deep wrinkles erased. Amy Hauptman is vice-president; we don't hear a lot about her. I'll bet she's a quiet little girl. Secretary—Ann Strzar, I believe this is the last time she'll get to serve in the juvenile department. And Virginia Kmet is treasurer. It's a good thing she received "that gun" — she can protect herself and the money.

Pee Wee: Gee! Mrs. Volc you know what, as soon as I get old enough I'm going to try to serve as a Vrtec officer just like those kids, you know; if they weren't willing to do that work, what would our Vrtec be?

Mrs. Volc: (Rubbing Pee Wee's head affectionately) — That's the way I like to hear you talk Pee Wee. You're right without those officers what would our Vrtec be?

Pee Wee: Oh! look it's cold in Nokomis and all the kids are going ice skating. It says: "In the beautiful light of the moon on a lake of silvery ice we are skating. Some are excellent skaters, some fair and some poor; but everyone enjoying himself. On the bank can be seen a large bon-fire with a few boys and girls warming their hands at the fire."

Mrs. Volc: Those kids are modern, yet I remember how we would go skating when I was a girl. Those were happy days.

Pee Wee: We're not the only ones who have been having examinations. Those kids had to suffer, too.

Mrs. Volc: Well Pee Wee, without those exams maybe you'd never know enough to hold that office.

Pee Wee: Mrs. Volc I'll bet you had to take a lot of exams 'cause you're real smart. I never thought of what good those examinations would do before. Those kids have put out some good behavior last month, not many questions in the question box it only says, "He who laughs last laughs best." There's a lot of truth in that.

Pee Wee: This article is much too short but anyway I've got to

go home. I hope they write a good one like this next month. Good-bye, Mrs. Volc.

Mrs. Volc: Thanks very much, Pee Wee. I'm going to go in and read what the other Vrtec units are doing. These young writers certainly are good. Good-bye, my boy, good-bye.

* * *

My Valentine

The mailman, whistling, came by the path

Bringing something for me at last;

It was in a pretty envelope And gave to me undying hope. I thought "Perhaps, it is just a joke

Of someone who was trying to poke

Into my face some *odd* disgrace."

But when I went to look inside I gave just one, great, big sigh— For on it was written this beautiful sign:

"To the one I love— My Valentine."

Florence

* * *

THE CHATTER-BOX

One of the highlights of the month was the birthday party given by attractive president, Florence. May you have many more happy birthdays in the future, Florence. Florence was presented with many pretty gifts from her friends and a good time was enjoyed by everyone. There was dancing and singing which lasted till ??

Whom did Florence miss at her birthday party? We wonder if it was Arnold? What is the main attraction at the "Hill," Rosella? We know it isn't Ann. Could it be Ike?

Ann was very interested in something at the wedding. Was it Johnny or was it just his dancing, Ann? Is the teasing all in vain Virginia We wonder if her denying her love for "Pig," is genuine? It seems there is some conflict between Amy and Florence over a certain somebody. May the best girl win. Betty Mae is gretting over her lost love. Asked the trouble, she answered, "He left me for another girl." "Beenie" is going camping. But not alone. Who do you suppose he's taking along? Pauline, of course.

We'll be snooping around again next time. Until then, we remain,

"The Snoopers"

GOT THE BLUES? THEN READ THIS!

Teacher: Johnny, what happened in 1809?

Johnny: Lincoln was born.

Teacher: Correct. What happened in 1812?

Johnny: Lincoln had his third birthday.

* * *

Mrs. Black: Does your teacher like you, Bill?

Billy: Sure does, mom. She put a big kiss on every sum I do.

Eleanor Ster

AMBRIDGE, Pa. — Hi everybody! The first thing I wish to discuss is the attendance at our first meeting of the year 1939. I was surprised to see so many of our members present. They surely didn't disappoint our officers. Keep it up all you Comet members! That's one way of showing that you have some interest in our Vrtec. Refreshments were served at this meeting. Valeria De Maccio and Ignazio Bova were the two members who were initiated at this meeting. We hope they will enjoy being members of this wonderful organization. I am sure that all our members will do their best to help them.

After the meeting the following members entertained us:

Valeria Di Maccio sang "Deep In A Dream" and "So Help Me." (You were doing fine Valeria.)

Clement, Joe, Gus and John also sang a couple of songs. Boy can they sing! You should hear them. They really can harmonize. I am sure that the program was enjoyed by all who were present. We hope they will entertain us again soon.

Flashes

I wonder why Willie didn't sing with the boys? We know he can sing too but maybe he was too sleepy or maybe he goes in for the more classical singing. Who knows?

Louis Uhernik seems to be all smiles at the meeting. I wonder if she could of been there?

I bet Marion and Bertha missed Margie at the meeting, since they have so much to talk about all the time.

I overheard a couple of lassies remark that our new member I. B. is kind of nice.

Jane Gaspersic seemed to have been in a dreamy mood.

Frances Rosey did a good job as she presided at our first meeting.

Mary Yanchar attends all the meetings which shows that she is interested in our Vrtec.

Bill Sopirak and Mary Posega were transferred to the adult class.

Two of our members John Uhernik and Gus Rosey celebrated their birthdays this month. It is kind of late but all our members wish both of you a happy birthday and also to one of our lassies Mary Sumrok.

The following girls are on the entertainment committee: Frances Rosenberger, Valeria Di Maccio, and Agnes Tekstar.

Let's try our best to increase our membership. Keep the wheel of Progress turning! Act now and try hard to get new members into our Vrtec.

Be sure to be present at our next meeting. It will be held on Sunday, March 5, at 2:30 p. m. sharp at the usual place. In case of change I will write to this paper before that time. At this meeting refreshments will be served and a fine program will be presented. I am sure you'll have a grand time. Don't forget I'll be looking for all of you.

Quite a number of senior members were present at our last meeting. We are glad to have you. So come again.

Well, I think it's time to sign off since I'm running out of words. I'll be back with more news next time.

Agnes Tekstar,
Rec. Sec'y, Vrtec 44

THE JEALOUS FRIEND

Mike steps into the street and sees a drug store, an undertaker and an ice cream factory with the sign "Boys Wanted." He applies and gets the job. Then he goes into the street, walking around for hours but not selling a single bar. Very disgustedly he says, "For gosh sakes, what kind of a business have I? No sales for an hour!" He sits on his box and a young lady walks by and buys an ice-cream bar. If the depression wasn't here business would be better. Mike looks at the clock and shakes his head. "If business keeps up like this I sure will get fat. I'm getting hungry and dry. I've got ice cream here," — and taking it out, looks at it, puts it back and takes it out again. He says, "If I eat this one then I won't be able to buy soup for supper."

Pete walks by and looks around. "For the love of Mike, what are you doing here?" Mike jumps up and says, "Business is fine, I made 5 bucks today." Pete answers, "You sure are lucky! Can I get a job in this big city?" Mike says, "Why are you looking for a job? Your father is one of the richest men in the South." Pete says, "Well, Mike, you know how it is, I don't like to work on the farm."

"I don't know what kind of a job you could get in the city, but why not buy my business. Your father is a rich man. I only want \$50," says Mike. "I'll let you know tomorrow," says Pete.

Ike passes by and drops his newspaper from his back pocket. Mike seeing the paper looks at it for a while and then says, "Well, I've got to find another job. Everybody knows I can't even buy a glass of cold water." Pete returns and puts limburger cheese into the ice-cream box and after that says, "Hello, Mike! I haven't much time to talk because I've got to go to work. I will see you later." Mike yells, "Ice-cream bars, ice-cream bar!"

Girls walk by and buy ice-cream but find it does not taste good. They walk up and shove it in his face. One girl says, "This ice-cream stinks. Another says, "This isn't ice-cream, it's limburger cheese, you big cheat!" Ike passes by and makes a face. "You're some business man, ha, ha!"

(This is the story of the play written by our administrator brother Victor Zupancic and put on the stage by our members for our Christmas party.)

Wilma Gratchner,
Vrtec 160



The Outlookers Corner



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

Editor-in-chief - Valeria Artel
News Editor - Josephine Kovic
Feature Editor - Fred Bashel

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

NO VALENTINE!

By Valeria Artel

List', dear reader, listen well,
For I am just about to tell
Why I must live this life of
mine

Without the love of a valentine.

My gentleman is tanned quite
brown;

His curly locks are soft as
down.

He stands barefoot on the
ground

And stares at her, without a
sound.

I must say he's a lucky lad;
And I'm quite sure he's got it
bad.

For she's a beauty, gawsh, and
how!

Madame, I prithee, take your
bow:

Her graceful form's a worthy
sight.

Her shimmering tresses—black
as night!

And high upon her shoulder
fair —

A water jug is poised there.

Her flowing garments add much
grace

To that which radiates her face;
And from her apron folds,
clutched tight,

A bunch of grapes pokes into
sight.

He's awfully cute, and yester-
day

I bought a valentine, quite gay.

I asked him, low on bended
knee,

If he'd descend and marry me.

He stared... No answer... sad
to say,

Long as I live, I'll rue the day
They came from the Chicago
Fair...

I sure do wish that they'd
stayed there!

Upon the piano top they stand
With water-jug and grapes in
hand.

My two BRONZE BABIES,
carved fine...

THAT'S why I have no valen-
tine!

WE WHO KNOW ALL

Fred Bashel, our interviewer
—gr-r-r-r, having an argument
mit Valeria Artel about the
man in the moon! Some "quar-
rel," eh, Bashel?

Where's the place to dance,
boys? It's not in the back of
the stage, you shysters!

Andy Bohinc, winning a
scholarship to some music col-
Continued on page 3 of regular section

OUR PERSONALITIES

By Fred Bashel

Rudolph Bratina, Our Midget

On the night of November 25, exactly one month before that famous child's birthday, in the year 1921, a little bundle of twelve pounds was dropped down a chimney by the long, white-billed bird, commonly called "Mr. Stork". (Now don't laugh, dear readers, for yours truly still believes in him.) This sixteen inch mass of humanity first broke the silence of the ether with his lusty yell at the residence of 16207 Huntmere Avenue in Collinwood, Ohio. At the christening, after selecting many names, Mr. and Mrs. Bratina finally called it Rudolph Bratina, Jr., much to the delight of the proud male parent.

As the years rolled by, this sixteen inch bundle matured into a fine specimen of the human body. At the end of his seventeenth birthday, one observes him to be six-foot three in height with one hundred eighty-five pounds of muscle and bones covering this mass in stature. (This is similar to yours truly in height and in weight. But what I can't understand is why I had to climb a step-ladder to notice the color of his eyes. When I finally did, the height made me dizzy and down I came with a dull thud. After recuperating two days in bed, I continued my article. On top of his cranium, (his head, to you) he is covered with a mass of blond hair. A pleasant smile, and twinkling blue eyes constitute his facial expressions when one starts a conversation with him. (Looking at his small stature and his small hands, which could crush my thick skull to smithereens, I attacked his personal side of life is a sly, cautious way. This was similar to Lil Abner's way.) Slowly but surely it came out. At Collinwood High School, where he attends his classes in the 11A, he serves as a flash-light wielder in the Noon Movie Organization and plays the electric guitar in the student council band. He also plays in Bob Berry's and Slejko's orchestra.

His favorite sport is moving Lake Erie back and forth and causing high tides and low tides on both the American and Canadian shores. (What I'm trying to say, is he likes to swim. What a silly way of expressing one's self, isn't it?) His one ambition, after he leaves his school days behind, is to become an electrician, or a juice-handler. Noticing that the twinkle in his eye and the smile on his face had disappeared, and he seemed to be a trifle bored with my infernal chatter, I bid him a hasty Adios.

OUTSIDE VIEWPOINTS

From over the hills and far away, in the town of Morgan, Pennsylvania, comes the voice of the charming secretary of Sygan Vrtec No. 72, speaking of:

The Younger Generation Needs Encouragement

For months I wanted to express my opinion on a certain matter concerning our Vrtec as well as others.

Although our Vrtec organization is on the whole a great success, we have one great problem which we must overcome in the near future.

From my visits to other Vrtecs I see that they, too, are victims of this problem: non-consideration of others.

Why is it that the parent of today is discouraged because her Johnny or her Mary will not and cannot display her talent without fearing what the public will say or think? Is it because they are victims of self-consciousness, or is it the fault of the audience? In my opinion, it is the fault of the audience, to the greatest extent.

Whether a person walks slowly walks, or rushes with eagerness on a platform, he wants attention and needs attention. Although the person is a mere amateur with little or no experience, we must give him our attention and try to appreciate his act.

Many a time I have observed the wrong attitude of the audience, when a mere child tries extremely hard to sing a song or recite a poem. To control his nerves, he unthinkingly wiggles or twists his fingers. Yes, the audience bursts into laughter. The child naturally doesn't understand their reaction and off the stage he runs with the audience in laughter. If the audience would remain calm, and try to understand the problems of a timid child, fewer children would refrain from appearing on the stage.

It's not only the youngsters who embarrass the child, but also older people, who have never experienced the torture of forgetting their lines and running off stage with the audience in complete laughter.

"Are there any volunteers for our next entertainment program?" asked the program committee. Immediately, a few would form a huddle, giggle, and whisper. "Daisy will do a tap-dance," one child would yell. The others would respond in hysterical laughter, except Daisy, who would naturally be embarrassed.

Many a child in our Vrtec, as well as others, has been humiliated by the loud outburst of laughter and embarrassment. If the boys and girls who liked to embarrass others were asked

THE SUCCESS OF OUR LAST MEETING

Just before adjourning the last meeting, the officers were installed into office with a solemn oath. After all the ceremonies, etc., most of the members went to enjoy the movies of the Athletic Meet and of our parents' native land, Jugoslavia. As I witnessed it, everybody present looked pleased with the films, at least we hope so.

Following the movies, we had a sensational swing session with Slejko's orchestra furnishing the music. Was it a surprise to see wallflowers really dancing, such as Andy Bohinc, Frank Vadnal, etc.! Where did you two get the ambition?

That shows that it really pays to come to a meeting once in a lifetime to see what's going on behind your backs.

Josephine Kovic

A SLIGHT ERROR

By Margaret Watson

Hello, Jim? — Beth. Look, Jim, can you get off from the office for a while? The strangest thing happened and I don't know what to do—

I went shopping downtown and when I was pawing over some stuff on a bargain counter, somebody walked off with my handbag, with the car keys and all in it—what—oh, sure, I made a complaint at the office right away. Then I called the garage. They sent a mechanic around and changed some wires in the switch or something—anyway, he got the car running. But when I got home and went to put the car in the garage, there was our car, already there. And, Jim, it wasn't until I had seen our car that I suddenly remembered that I had not taken our car at all, but had gone downtown with Mrs. Maltrose—And I can't stop the motor of the other car, and I'm all upset and thought of you—

Hello, hello, yes—yes—, this is Mrs. Jolly— Ohh!—Well, look, when he comes to, have him call me right back, will you? I've got an awful problem on my hands—

to contribute their talent, they would reply, "Me!" in great astonishment, as if their talents were too superior to the others.

Since these younger children will follow our footsteps, and since these children make up most of our programs, is it not our responsibility to encourage them on toward success?

Let us all share in this great responsibility, which confronts all Vrtecs today.

Julia C. Kramzer,
Sec'y Vrtec 72.