



JUVENILE SECTION OF "NAPREDEK"

CLEVELAND, OHIO, MAY 17th, 1939

JUNE AGAIN

When the mocking bird is singing,
Sweetest notes to me is bringing,
With his little heart near bursting
In the glory of his tune;
When the graceful weaving grasses
Bow to every breeze that passes,
Then the sun bids golden daisies
Waken to the month of June.

Anon—

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JUVENILE MONTH

The By-law of the Society designating the month of JUNE as JUVENILE MONTH reads as follows: "The month of June of each year shall be the Society's JUVENILE MONTH. Therefore, it shall be fitting and proper that every Vrtec set aside a day or period of days during JUNE to observe the occasion with appropriate juvenile celebrations to honor our boys and girls, to reunite them with former members transferred to the Adult Department, to renew their faith and interest in the affairs and progress of the Society, to increase the membership of every Vrtec and establish ACTIVE VRTEC units wherever there is opportunity for their successful existence. Such celebrations shall be held on the day or days designated by action of the Vrtec at a regular meeting."

In strict keeping with the purpose and spirit of our JUVENILE MONTH, Administrators, Supervisors and Vrtec members are urged to put to work their best ideas and efforts, cooperating with members of the Parent Lodge, if possible, in arranging a program of activities for the month of JUNE that will be a credit to their Vrtec, the Society and the community in which they live.

The month of JUNE, as many of you will recall, is the time of the year when all SSPZ rejoices and celebrates in honor of her Vrtec members. It should be noted for the gayest and happiest celebrations, the best attended and most interesting meetings, the outstanding Vrtec Section and by far the largest membership gains; in fact, it should be the most successful fraternal month of the whole year.

When arranging your program of entertainment for JUNE, whether it is to be an indoor affair or a picnic or outing some nearby park or grove, be sure to invite all your friends and show them the grandest time of their life. Prove to them that your Vrtec Unit is a progressive and valuable asset to

With Our Juniors

By MICHAEL VRHOVNIK,
Director of Vrtec and English Speaking Lodges



"Concordians" Are Going Places!

CLEVELAND, O. — "Concordians," Vrtec No. 171 is off to a good start with a grand total of forty-eight members. So come on, let's get together and see if we can reach the one hundred mark before the year is up. We stand a good chance of winning a prize in the new membership contest.

Our meetings are held the first Wednesday of every month in Room 2 at Slovene National Home at 7:30.

Next Wednesday, May 24th, we are having a drill team practice in the regular meeting room. If you have any friends interested in joining, take them along to our drill team practice. There they shall see that a drill team is a lot of fun. By the way, we are the first Vrtec your community and that every boy and girl, regardless of nationality, can benefit by becoming members. URGE YOUR FRIENDS, WHO ARE NOT YET MEMBERS, TO JOIN! INCREASE YOUR MEMBERSHIP TO A NEW HIGH IN JUNE! BE AN SSPZ BOOSTER ALWAYS!

HER FIRST LETTER

MILWAUKEE, Wis. — This is my first attempt to write something to all the members. I am a member of Vrtec No. 33, my name is Jeanette Gaber, age 11. This is my poem:

MOTHER'S DAY

My Mother is the one I love
There is no one so dear,
There is a special day for her
It is on May 14th, this year.

I'll wear a red carnation
And she, too, will be gay,
I'll give her a bunch of flowers
On this wonderful Mother's Day

JEANETTE GABER
Vrtec No. 33

offering a drill team to junior members.

Mary Menich, Sec'y of
"Concordians" Vrtec 171

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"Concordettes" is another new name flashing through the SSPZ!

It is the name chosen for the drill teams organized by Slozne Sestre, Lodge 120 and Concordians, Vrtec 171 of Cleveland, Ohio.

Our captain and supervisor is Josie Zakrajsek. Rose Kolman is our recording secretary, and Molly Dusa is our secretary-treasurer.

Members of Vrtec 171 who have not joined our drill team as yet, are invited to attend our practice meetings. We meet ev-

CONGRATULATIONS!



Our deepest and sincerest congratulations to VALERIA ARTEL, our beloved secretary, who has won a four-year scholarship to Western Reserve University and who is graduating from Glenville High School this June. We wish her the best of luck as she travels down the road of life.

Members of Vrtec 171

ery first, third, and fourth Wednesday of the month at 7:30 in Room 2 of Slovene National Home, 6417 St. Clair Ave.

Marge Jeric,
Adm'x, Vrtec 171

A Few Reminders

In our cherished memory,
We think about our second anniversary
Of dear Vrtec No. Thirty-Three
In the lovely Month of May.
Dear boys and girls, members,
What shall I say by these reminders?
What is a Vrtec, or a club?

It reminds us of a bee hive,
Always active, coming with new loads,
Endless streams of workers fill the roads;
Bees are busy building up,
In their vitality there is no drop;
They hate idle, lazy drones,
"Work, or move out, you lazy bones."
We do resemble ants or busy bees
If we follow their activities.
These other fellows work in cooperation
All for one, the whole teeming nation,
Just like so many links in a chain,
To build up the hive is their aim.

Are we humans not superiors?
We look upon these insects as inferiors.
So what say, dear fellow-members,
Where is our pride and bright ideas?
We are for our Vrtec heart and soul,
It comes next after home and school;
There we get protection, we learn a lot

At our meetings, from talk and debate,
Together we are planning many things
Helpful, amusing, attractions.
It's fun for the membership,
Outsiders pause, it draws their attention.
All our Vrtec activities
Help advertise us very practically,
So to get into public's eye,
The problem is up to you and I.

First, we all must attend every meeting,
Every month, no excuse for skipping.
Everybody willing and cooperating,
His heart, his mind set to thinking
How to help his Club,
To bring in new members, which is progress,
To take your share of responsibility
If called upon in any Vrtec activity,
No matter how small or unimportant it be.

I think we have neglected to an extent
Our Vrtec growth; it did not expand.
If we all do our share, obligation,
Our Vrtec will gain in membership,
Will gain in fame and leadership
Will be the talk of our town, community.
We can make this a reality,
If everybody assumes his share of responsibility.

MARIE ERMENCE,
Vrtec No. 33

INDIANAPOLIS JUGOSLAVS

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind. —

Well, here we are again, folksies! Although we have spring fever, I think we still can manage to tell you about the highlights of our last meeting.

It looked as if some of the members took a hint from the article in the last issue; more were present but we want to see a still greater number at the next meeting. In case some of the members have forgotten when we hold our meetings, we will tell you. The meetings of Vrtec No. 9 are held the first Sunday of every month at 10:00 a. m. in the Slovene National Home. Since we gave you this valuable information, don't forget to use it!

Now the happenings of the last meeting. The day dawned bright and sunny. Members were standing outside the hall waiting for the meeting to start. The time arrived and all went in. The president called the meeting to order. The lodge officers were named, special committees gave their reports, minutes were read and, last but not least, business was discussed.

Tony Bayt, gave a brief summary of the last meeting, due to the absence of recording secretary Zakrajsek. As chairman of the softball committee he also gave his report on the soft-ball suits and leagues we are to enter. The motion was made and passed that we enter one of the fastest junior leagues in the city. One question went undecided and that was, on what days the team should practice. The meeting was then adjourned and refreshments were served.

After an absence of two months, the publicity committee headed by Martin Dragon, have decided to put the gossip column back into existence. The committee intends this column to become regular feature in the Napredok.

As the committee is peeking around they notice that a— Say Sis! Hey bud! How about a little gossip? Melvin "Red" Scott has come for a little retouching up on his batting. (What is your avg., Red?)

Louis "Rookie" Dragon has a berth on the team. (Congratulations, Lil' Mutt.)

Rudolf "Speeks" Milharic the Indianapolis Shakespeare has two pairs of glasses now. (We wonder why?)

Charles "Curly" Komlac had an argument with manager Frosty Qualitza. (Who was the girl, boys?)

Dorothy "Donald" Semenich likes to play tennis. (We wonder why Prop is always there when she is?)

Allgred "Rube" Armen always wants to play Gus in golf. (How many strokes does he give you, Al?)

Rosemary "Mascot No. 1" was at the Hoosier Pals dance on Saturday, May 6. (Did you get in early, Rose?)

Mary "Mascot No. 2" looked mighty nice at the dance. (Many of the boys took notice.)

Louis "M. P. O." Snider brought the treasury money to Elma Qualitza's house. (We wonder why?)

John "Nonresistable" Praprotnik doesn't know whether to take her to the Sketch Book or not. (Why don't you John, I'll sell you two tickets.)

Phyllis "Sporty" Beyer likes to play tennis, too. (We wonder if someone comes to see her when she is playing.)

Frank "Hotstuff" Zakrajsek's girl is

sick in bed with the smallpox. (We wonder why he doesn't go see her.)

Anthony "Tony" Bayt visited a certain girl while in Cleveland for the bowling meet. (Does she love you, Tony?)

Albin "Tooper" Turk has been hitting the ball around pretty good at practice. (Keep up the good work.)

William "Bill" Komlac is another rookie who is seeking a berth on the softball team. (Don't stop now Bill, you're going good.)

Anthony "Frosty" Qualitza has been showing the boys a few fundamentals on softball at practice. (How do they look, Frosty?)

"Lil' Abner" Zupancic was at the Hoosier Pals dance but he said he was too tired from loafing, so he left the women alone. (His motto is "See the girls at their homes and have a private dance hall.")

Adolph "Skater" Flajs, our slugging first socker hasn't been out for practice lately. (We think that you pay more attention to skates than softball, Adolph.)

Paul "Husky" Genden has been hitting balls in practice over the distant left field fence. (Looks like you will be clean-up man, Paul.)

At our last meeting, our most tireless speaker was our secretary, Johnny Praprotnik. Between shifting from one foot to another and clasping his hands he had us all in a dither, but he did some good.

What secretary of what lodge asked what member what happened at the last meeting? (What's the matter, Tony? Asleep or infatuated?)

What a Saturday night! The jitterbugs were really getting hot, the waltzes were in a sort of trance, the polkaers were whirling. (All were still whirling Wednesday.) This all adds up to the fun at the Hoosier Pals' dance.

Mutt Dragon was feeling pretty good. He was also what you call putting his heart and soul into his dancing. (Hi ya, Dolores!)

Say Mivec, who was the girl you took home from the dance Saturday night? (Give us the low down. Is it the real thing?)

A certain faithful member (D. S.) had a swell time at the dance despite the fact her O. A. O. was not there. (In case you guys and gals are not up with the times O. A. O. means one and only.)

We wonder why Phyllis keeps Tony out late at nights. No wonder he doesn't feel like practicing softball. (Could it be love? Could be.)

O where, O where has our Alma gone? Is she afraid of her own companions or is she dreaming too much about the right guy. (What has he got that gets her?)

Adolph Flajs was seen at the dance; he wasn't dancing, however, he had his arm around a certain party.

DIPS AND DOPES

SHORT SHORT STORY

Ping-pong, ping-pong . . . Down the alley, around the corner, in a garage, two boys were playing a game of ping-pong. The audience's eyes were glued on the ball and their heads were moving from side to side following it. The two players were Johnny and Tony. Tony was serving and he put a fast ball over the net but Johnny returned even a faster ball for which his opponent was not prepared. The score is now, Tony 19, and Johnny 20. Tony again serves a fast ball which Johnny this time is unable to return. The score is duce. Johnny serves a ball which is off the table. It is Tony's add and he serves a ball just barely over the net. Johnny returns a high ball which Tony kills and the game is over.

The two boys shake hands and Tony turns and says, "Look at our audience." Johnny then turns and looks at a small boy

and a dog who have fallen asleep.

Phyllis Beyer,
Vrtec No. 9

'T'WAS EVER THUS—

O what a guy was Mivec,
Till he got a bad case of love,
He says it is a case of first sight,
And is written in the stars above.
But if we know him,
As well as we think,
It's just a good case of puppy-love,
That started with a wink.

Phyllis Beyer,
Vrtec No. 9

BOARDING A STREET CAR

I can remember the first time I rode a street car in the city of Cleveland. It was early one Sunday morning as I was preparing to go to mass at St. Vitus church. After a long fifteen-minute wait, the street car was up to me. I boarded the car with my fifty-cent piece in my hand. After gazing into the motor-man's eyes, I decided I had better pay my fare. I handed him my one and only fifty-cent piece. He looked at me somewhat funny and said, "You pay the conductor in the rear of the car."

Well, by this time I was beginning to think someone was a little off. I then went to the rear of the car and handed the conductor my fifty-cent piece. He said to me, "You pay as you get off. After this I knew that

someone was off. Perhaps it's the street car company.

After a half hour's ride on one of those hard seats, (do you Cleveland people know about them?) I stood at the door and handed the conductor my fifty-cent piece. He in turn gave me some change and I put this into my pocket. I was ready to get off when the conductor asked me if I had paid my fare. I said, "I gave you my fifty-cent piece and you gave me some change. Don't you remember?" "Yes, I remember," said the conductor, "but I didn't take your fare out." "Then where, by heck, shall I pay my fare?" I replied.

The conductor at this point seemed to be getting angry at me, for I could see it in his eyes. Then, in a low tone, he said, "Will you please drop a dime in the box?"

"Well, why in the heck didn't you tell me I had to drop a dime into a slot machine?" I said.

After dropping my dime, I hurried off the car before the conductor could say anything to me. Perhaps he knew by this time I was a "Jugoslav" from Indianapolis.

Tony Bayt,
Vrtec No. 9.

P. S.—On one occasion I had to get a transfer. You can imagine what a time I had trying to get it.

ROZNIK JUNIORS

INTRODUCING OUR MEMBERS

On April 7, 1923, a little tyke named Edward John Peton was born. Brown eyes, five feet five inches tall, and a 16 year old good looking chap, gives you an idea of the Edward Peton of today. He is in his third year at Kelly High. Eddie started banging away at the accordion at the age of twelve.

One fine day, Eddie bumped into a few boys who were all for music. Saxophones, clarinets, trumpets, drums, and an accordion were their specialty. He immediately got interested and asked the boys over to his house for rehearsal. Many rehearsals followed and they soon got playing jobs at which they made good. That gives you a brief idea of how he organized his orchestra.

Eddie is not hard to please as he eats anything, anywhere.

Girls, here's a hint. If you want to make good with Eddie, you'd better not be stuck up, because a stuck up girl is his pet peeve.

So long until next month.

Vrtec 160 — Tek.

P.S. Next month I will introduce to you Miss Angeline Mozina.

CHICAGO, Ill. — I'm back again with more news about our "Second Vrtec Cultural Festival" — a variety program in-

cluding two complete comedies, vocal, instrumental and dancing numbers, featuring the finest talents from Indianapolis, Milwaukee, and Chicago Vrtec Units. I hope that those who attended had a good time. After the program we had supper and dancing. Music in the upper hall by "Eddie Peton and his orchestra". Music in the lower hall by "Omerza and Gradishek." It sure was a big event. I'll be back again next month with more news.

Angeline Rokavec
Vrtec No. 160.

AROUND AND ABOUT ROZNIK JRS.

William Zorko, our president, is very good looking, but he doesn't care for girls. What's the matter Willie, shy?

Angeline Mozina wants to quit school already. What's the matter, Ange; can't you take it?

We are glad to welcome a new member, Miss Bessie Anthony.

Congratulations to Angeline Rokavec, Angeline Mozina and Wilma Gratchner for their performance in the play "Dve Teti."

Members! Attention! Week after Mother's Day we will have our monthly meeting, at the usual place.

Where in the world did Angeline Rokavec get the nickname "Tek."

Something happened to Bernice Zlogar. She actually came to the 3rd anniversary.

Till next month, I am your Roaming Reporter Edward Udovich,
Vrtec No. 160

COMETS' NEWS

AMBRIDGE, Pa. — Hi, all you Vrtec pals! Before I go any further I wish to thank Mr. Michael Vrhovnik, Director of the Juvenile Dept. for his visit to Ambridge. Even though it was a warm evening on May 6, a large crowd attended this affair. Among those who were present were Mr. and Mrs. Antoncic, and Mr. and Mrs. Zakrajsek Jr. from Aliquippa. We were very glad to see them and their friends at this affair.

Mr. Vrhovnik showed us the movies of Slovenia which were very interesting. These movies showed our younger generation that the Slovenes are cultured people too. Another attraction was the movies of the athletic and social events of the SSPZ. Boy, you should have heard the laughter and the thrills when the Comet members saw their faces in the movies. It really was fun. Our administrator was very glad to see his picture in the movies. He didn't recognize himself until it had been shown again. I am sure that all the senior and juvenile members and their friends enjoyed Mr. Vrhovnik's talk about this wonderful SSPZ. He did a good job on his short Slovene talk. No fooling either. It was really very interesting.

We also wish to thank the following members who participated in the play. Margie Tekstar, Frances Sumrak, Alberta and Marion Ulasic. Stanley and Edward Uhernik, Louis Rosenberger and Frank Tekstar. They did very good for their first attempt. I am sure with more practice that these members as well as our other members can put on more lengthy plays.

We all enjoyed Mr. Vrhovnik's visit to Ambridge very much and hope to have him visit Ambridge again sometime in the near future.

In behalf of the Comets' Vrtec 44, I wish to express my sincerest thanks to Mrs. Mary Knafelc and Miss Elizabeth Knafelc for their lovely vanity set donation. It was very kind of them to donate it for it sure did help in building up our Treasury. I am sure all our members will remember this kind act.

FLASHES

The Comet boys have organized a softball team. We wish them plenty of luck this season.

The Comet girls are very active for they play mushball almost every evening.

Our Vrtec is progressing for we had about eight new members joining our Vrtec during the last couple months.

At our last monthly meeting five new members were initiated into our Vrtec.

Bill Knafelc, Margie Tekstar and Sophie Tekstar have celebrated their birthdays this month. All the Comet members wish them all a "Happy Birthday," although they have passed already.

Five of the Comet lads will leave the school never to return. They are Gus Rosenberger, Joe Tekstar, John Uhernik, Charles Kerzan, and Willis Winkler. These boys will graduate from the Ambridge High School. Congratulations boys and good luck in your future years.

Boy, Joe Sumrok sure can dance. He can swing out on the polka and I don't mean maybe.

I wonder what kept Ignazia Bova from our last monthly meeting.

Valeria De Maccio and Frances Rosenberger will be sophomores soon.

I wonder if Jane Gaspersic is still thinking of that certain lad in Ohio.

Andy Sopirak has joined our Vrtec. We hope he will enjoy being a members of our Vrtec.

Keep the "Wheel of Progress" turning!

I can't hardly move my pen any more so I must sign off but I'll be back again soon.

AGNES TEKSTAR,
Rec. Sec'y, Vrtec 44

along a cynical smile creased his face. He had to smile to keep from breaking down and crying, for men of 16 don't cry. He remembered the path well. He had walked that path many times with her on many another evening like the one which now found him strolling along alone.

Suddenly from the direction of the Shoppe came a clear call. "Jack! Jack! Wait for me!" It was her, his dream girl. He turned and rushed back. Once more they faced each other, and the hurt feeling was gone from his eyes. That little quarrel, it had all been so silly. Far off in the night the nickelodion sent forth the strains of "Sweethearts." The whole evening seemed more alive, and the trees whispered softly in the cool evening breeze, and the brook babbled gaily on its way over pebble and stone as the young couple walked along hand in hand.

Andrew Elersich,
Spartan Jrs.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

An automobile is over one-eighth of an inch longer on a hot day than on a cold day, due to the expansion and contraction of iron and steel.

Men can get along without water for five days and without food for sixty-four days, but he can not get along without sleep for three days.

Salt was originally used in many countries as a symbol of unbreakable friendship; this is the origin of the belief that it is very unlucky to spill salt.

The size of the national headache can be judged from the fact that during the year over four million pounds of aspirin was sold in the United States.

A fisherman can talk as much as he likes so far as fish are concerned. Fish do not hear and are affected only by sounds that cause vibrations in the water.

An average of about one hundred people are employed to make fifteen thousand drawings which run for ten minutes on a movie screen.

The heart of a normal person beats about 92,160 times a single day.

(If you don't believe some of these facts, you should go to the library as I did, and look them up.

Judge: Do you have anything to say before judgment is passed?

Prisoner: Yes Judge, let me ask you a riddle. Can you use linciny in a sentence?

Autoist: I would like to see some tires.

Salesman: Yes sir, balloon tires?
Autoist: I should say not; I still drive an automobile.

Mother: Thank you for doing the shopping, but did you ask the grocer how he sold his limburger cheese?

Little Alvin: Yes, mother, and he said he often wondered himself.

Walter: There's too much favoritism in my family.

Uncle: How's that?
Walter: I get punished if I bite my fingernails but when the baby sticks his foot in his mouth they think it's cute.

Filling Station Attendant: Where's your radiator cap?

Motorist: On the front end of the car, but don't call me Cap.

I have read these jokes in different papers. I have copied them for the Vrtec section because I thought you would enjoy them.

SOPHIE A. COLARIC,
Vrtec No. 5

ATTENTION, SPARTAN JRS.
CLEVELAND, O. — At our last meeting we discussed matters of great importance to all members.

Baseball was the most important subject discussed. All boys and girls who are interested in baseball should attend our next meeting.

Now for the next important thing. Attendance prizes! After every meeting we will have the so-called Bank-nite. The prize will be a cash award. Only members present at the meeting will be eligible for the prize.

Mottos were also discussed. We are sponsoring a contest and the one who brings in the best motto will win the prize of \$1.00. You may submit as many entries as you wish.

SOME INSIDE NEWS

John Obat interviewing all the girls. I guess he isn't satisfied with me.

Tommy Tavcar just concentrating. (We wonder who the girl is.)

Did you see Dorothy Lou Prebil in a huddle with three Spartan lads?

Helen Papesh always ready to second the motion.

Andrew Elersich always chatting with the girls. (How about the articles, Andy?)

This is all for the present but we promise more next time.

Two Spartan Juniors,
ALICE POPOTNIK,
HELEN PAPESH

News From Power Point Rainbows

Well folks, here is one of your lost members from the Rainbow group. I guess I had to wake up now because it won't be long before bro. Mike Vrhovnik will be coming to our town. Saturday, July 15 will be a big day in Power Point. We can hardly wait for this day to come.

We are inviting friends from far and near to attend this big day. Keep this date, July 15, in your mind. We guarantee you that you will not be disappointed; we are very sure that you will have a good time. We will give you further details about this big day later. Don't worry about the rest, just remember the date. Here it is again, July 15th.

Clara Chuck, Pres.
Vrtec 126

Have you heard this one?—

Henry—Give me a number.

Annie—67.

Henry—76.

Stephie—96.

Henry—69.

Virginia speaks up—77 switch that around if you think you can.

* * *

LISBON, O. — Hello, brothers and sisters, here comes the pest again. But I just couldn't keep this to myself any longer. So I'll spill the beans.

Tuesday night, May 2, 1939, my mother, father, sister and brother, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bogataj, went to Burgettstown to see ourselves in the SSPZ movies.

They certainly have nice scenery in Ljubljana. I surely would like to do a little shopping in the town of Višnja gora. But I would not like to stay in that "špekambra" (jail house).

We had a wonderful time in Burgettstown, only the clock went too fast.

Those who haven't seen the movies have a very good chance to see them July 15 at Power
Continued on page 3 of regular section

Spartan Juniors Column

IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY

"Down in a Meadow, In an Ittie-bittie Pool." The nickelodion sent forth its blaring music. Near at hand an excited school girl giggled while she chattered with some of her friends. In another corner some boys laughed uproariously while sipping their sodas. All about the Soda Shoppe was a feeling of gaiety and cheer, but in a corner sat one unhappy soul, a mere lad of 16. As he sat there, a frown creased his brow. His soda remained untouched.

Life could be so cruel. One minute he had been sitting on top of the world and now — —. He had put her on a pedestal and it had caved in around his very ears. He'd show her! He'd become a hermit, a bachelor. Sure, he'd become a hermit, but why did his heart beat faster whenever he saw her? He was not in love! Oh, no! — That would be unthinkable; but why did his face turn a deep red and why did he begin to stammer whenever she smiled at him?

Doggone, what's the use of his trying to lie to himself. It was love, and he had a bad case of it.

As he sat there meditating, who should walk in but his one and only, and on the arm of a new beau. Once again his heart did flip-flops as it had done in days long gone by. His dream girl and the new one entered a booth further down and ordered two sodas. Someone had put another coin in the nickelodion, and it now chirped, "Wait until My Heart Finds Out." As the strains of music reached his ears, he couldn't help but look her way. He caught her eye for a fleeting second, but she very promptly turned away and raised her pert little nose in a vain effort to touch the ceiling. The music had changed, but the situation hadn't. Finally, being able to stand the confinement no more, he stepped out into the cool evening to be alone with his thoughts. As he strode



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."

HEADLINE FLASHES

By Valeria Artel

Not having attended our last meeting, my information comes to me second hand, via the painstaking and worthy efforts at minute-writing by our secretary pro tem—Mr. Frederick J. Bashel.

The main topic under discussion was baseball. Out to beat the Spartan Juniors, with the trip to Indianapolis as a goal, our team is preparing for a season of successes. Not trying to deflate their worthy and idealistic aspirations, or anything, might I suggest that the boys show up for practices on Saturday afternoons at the Grovewood field. Practice makes perfect, and we'll have to get pretty close to perfection to beat all the other Vrtec teams.

* * *

Last Sunday, amidst the renaissance of all that is beautiful—trees, and flowers, and the songs of the birds—we, among millions elsewhere in the world, paid tribute to that most treasured possession—our Mothers. Our appreciation for their sacrifice and magnanimity is inexpressible in any language, and so, though I had intended writing an entire essay until I found that words were inadequate, may I say what I know is in the hearts of all "children," no matter what their age, "God bless Them, Everyone One!"

* * *

Second reminder: Combined Zdruzeni Bratje and Outlooker picnic at Stusek's farm, on June 11th.

To those of you who absented yourselves from the last meeting, I'm asking every one of you to have ready, either written, or ready to write, one or two sentences applicable to our lodge, for our next meeting. We want our June page to represent more members than ever before.

* * *

Congratulations and best wishes to "Uncle Charlie" and the lucky bride.

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We would appreciate it very much if our Outlookers would consent to signing their articles. Many of these anonymous contributions are very interesting, and we should like to know who were their authors. By the way, anonymous articles, I believe, are automatically disqualified from obtaining any recognition in the Literary Contest.

...COULD IT BE POSSIBLE?..

What, are my eyes deceiving me? About a hundred feet down the street was a walking Totem Pole coming toward me. Yep, a girl (or should I say moll) with all the war-paint any Indian would use. But this was just a view from a hundred feet. Coming a little closer, a peculiar odor comes upon me, (which gives me a dizzy spell)—the odor of a cheap perfume factory. Coming still closer, I happened to recognize the moll as one of the fools from school.

"Well, well. Hello, Bill." (My, was her voice sweet.)

"Hello, Daisy." I was trying very hard to be a gentleman. "What brings you around here?"

"Oh, you see, I just moved into a house a couple of streets down."

Tich—Tich, how unfortunate!

"Say, Bill — a — well — a — you see, I'm kinda new around this place, so I wondered if — if you'd walk me home." (My, she's got the nerve.)

"Well, you see — gulp —"

"Aw, come on, Bill, I won't bite you."

"Well, all right, but make it snappy, I'm in a very big hurry."

After walking and just listening to her silly talk, she finally stopped in front of a small white house.

"Well, Bill, here's where I leave you, you see I live here."

"You don't say. Well, I gotta get going, as I said before; I'm in a big hurry."

"Before you go, Bill, do you mind if I ask you something?"

"I suppose I could stand one more question, go ahead."

"Could you come over next Saturday night, you see, I'm throwing a little party for the two of us."

"Did you say for the two of us?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, I'll be there. So long, dear."

All this happened on a Wednesday. Thursday and Friday seemed to me like a whole year. Then finally Saturday crawled along. So that night I got dressed into the best of everything, and I was off to a new adventure.

After walking for about five minutes or so, I finally stopped in front of the little white house. Hesitating for a little while, I finally got my courage and stepped to the front door. Pushing a little button (the doorbell, you know) I waited for an answer, but no answer came. I rang the doorbell again, and still no answer. Then I noticed a note on the door, so I read it:

Dear Mother,

I shall not be home 'till after 11:00. Don't worry about me; I'm going out with the boy next door, Joe.

Daisy

Why, that little double-cross-

OUR PERSONALITIES

By Fred Bashel

Johnny Vadnal.

First-rate polka-er.

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to short underwear, and in the spring of 1923, the fancy of Anthony Vadnal and family turned to three-cornered pants, for the newest arrival, to be baptized "John," had arrived exactly seven days ahead of the first robin. With a yell that changed the March lion into a peaceful lamb, he made known throughout the world (anyway, throughout the house) that he had arrived safe and sound. With a grin from ear to ear, Mr. Vadnal handed out cigars to his other two sons, Frank, age 3, and Tony, Jr., age 7. Realizing his mistake, he took them back (the rat) and smoked them himself.

Fifteen years have passed since that fatal (?) day and we find him today a sophomore at Collinwood High. Although short for his age, reaching a height of 5 feet 3 inches and weighing about 105 pounds, gymnastics have had a part in developing a fine body for him. His curricular activities consist of class chairmen in all of his classes, and lending his services to the efficient guard system.

His life's ambition is to become an accordionist, and he's well on the road to success, for he plays in an orchestra which consists of his two older brothers and sister.

During the summer months he spends most of his time down by good old Lake Erie, practicing his "Cannon Ball" dive. Being the owner of a nimble set of feet, he spends much of his leisure time dancing to polkas.

Also being the owner of a nimble pair of legs I jitterbug my way out with an "adios."

MAYTIME

Springtime has come upon us like a great symphony:

First movement: Softly, and gently, the first breath of a rebirth is upon us—in a harmony surpassing in every way the melodies of man, the blossoms push forth their tiny green heads, and faltering make their way upwards towards the splendence that is God's sunlight.

Second movement: Gathering momentum, nature pours forth her glory in colorful buds, in warbling birds, in a multitude of tantalizing insects, who have not yet had time to annoy us to any extent, so that we see only their beauty.

Final movement: In a crescendo, reaching a thundering climax, Nature completes the finishing details of her embryo-child, by instilling within our beings the beauty and the happy dame. If I ever meet her, I'll tear her apart. *So long!*

By Mr. Nobody

MY TRIP TO THE MALAY

Part III. Conclusion

I began to worry when Spotty came running, and pantingly telling Mr. Bradshaw something in his native language, which gave a weary expression to his face. I asked Mr. Bradshaw what it was, but he would not tell me. Spotty told me, after I offered him five pounds of sugar, because he liked sugar very much. He told me the natives were afraid to go any further, because of there being evil spirits, and of not coming back again once they were in the grave. Mr. Bradshaw and I pleaded and pleaded, offering them anything they wanted, but "no" was their answer. We had to give in, and go on foot with five natives and Spotty, because our elephant Squanto ran away. We had five men out of our thirty who stayed with us. The closer we got, the thicker and wilder became the country. Already we had gone fifty miles farther, and had come upon six cobras, not smaller than fifteen feet, three tigers, and one lion. We were all very frightened, but Mr. Bradshaw still seemed as calm as if nothing had happened.

On August 18, we came to the entrance of the grave. We had already seen many elephants lying dead on the ground. Mr. Bradshaw was taking moving pictures of the graves. There were skeletons of elephants all over the place. We went in half a mile when we heard someone screaming, "Help! Let me out of here!" and fell dead. We were more frightened than ever. Our company lost three men in three weeks.

We were all packed and ready to go, when eight huge elephants came in. We moved out of the way just in time, or I wouldn't be here to tell the story. We had a few skeletons and fifteen different sizes of elephants' tusks. On August 30, we reached our home. Spotty, of course, left us and we never saw him again.

Mr. Bradshaw and I left for America on September 2, and on the boat, The Duchess, I found out that Mr. Bradshaw was not what he claimed to be, but just a plain, ordinary man. And when I asked him, he told me his whole story. He said he made a two hundred dollar bet that he could pick out any person he wanted and go to the Malay Jungle to find the place where elephants go to die; in three months time to get the things we did; and come to New York to get our money. So that's that. I hope you liked it.

Eleanor Ster.

piness of her realm of perfection.

Let us fall upon our knees, and thank God for the beauty He brings upon a world troubled by the hatreds and cruelties that are Man!

Valeria