



JUVENILE SECTION OF "NAPREDEK"

CLEVELAND, OHIO, APRIL 21st, 1937



WITH OUR JUNIORS

By Michael Vrhovnik, Director of Vrtec and English Speaking Lodges

The Dearest Day

"Mother's Day should be to us
More dear than any other,
Because in all the world there's none
So dear and sweet as mother."

Anonymous.

Mother's Day, as most of you know, falls on the second Sunday in May. It is a day set aside to revive tender memories of Mother and to honor her in some special beautiful way. Everywhere, in homes, churches and Sunday schools, in clubs and societies, boys and girls, men and women observe this day as a sacred national holiday. Special services and programs are planned and fittingly carried out in honor of Mother. Our Vrtec units should do, likewise. Plan and prepare a short program for this day and invite the Mothers to attend. Refreshments served right after the program will make everyone a little bit happier; especially, if ice cream and cake are served.

How many of you know who started the idea of Mother's Day? It originated with Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, when she was planning a memorial for her Mother who had died the year before. She wrote to the governors of all the states in the Union asking that a certain day of the year be set aside as Mother's Day. To her 48 letters came only one reply and that from Governor Robert Vessey of South Dakota. He was heartily in accord with the idea and was the first governor to issue a proclamation designating the SECOND SUNDAY in MAY as Mother's Day. This took place in 1909. Other states followed. In 1914 President Woodrow Wilson, after Congress passed a bill favoring it, issued a proclamation designating the same Sunday in May as a National Mother's Day.

A poem by Edgar Allen Poe, strikes me as being beautifully true . . .

"Beauty fades, fortune fails,
The leaves of friendship fall,
But with unchanged devotion
Mother love outlives them
all."

**Anne Gacnik and William Pec
Win 1st Prizes in Literary
Contest**

Well, boys and girls, the second month of our *Junior Liter-*

ary Contest is here and many of you, I hope, have already scanned the pages of today's Vrtec Section to see how your article appears in and reads in print. Have you?

The feeling you have experienced, if I remember correctly how I felt when I first gazed at mine in the paper, was simply grandiose; wasn't it? You bet it was! . . . And I knew, as you keep on with your writing, the

urge to improve your compositions, will become stronger and stronger until, some day, you will have accomplished something in the artistic field of writing which, at the present moment, does not exist as a remote dream in your mind. So, keep bearing down on that pencil or pen, and before long, you will surprise yourself and your friends with the fine work you are capable of doing. Be pa-

tient and persistent. The rest will be easy.

I believe all of you are anxious to know who won the contest prizes for the March issue of the Vrtec Section. You know who the 1st place winners were and right quick you will have the names of the remaining contestants. There were no losers. Six contributions from five Vrtec members won for them a total of five prizes. I might add that I was somewhat disappointed in the number of articles submitted, but not at all disappointed in what was submitted. Each was carefully worded and well written and deserved to win a prize. Prizes were awarded as follows:

Group "A"

(Ages 13 and older)

Anne Gacnik (1st prize) — \$1.50. — Anne is the secretary of Vrtec No. 11; Cleveland, O.

Mary Mlinar (2nd prize) — \$1.00. — Mary is an active member of Vrtec No. 77; Center, Pa.

Julia Kosmach (3rd prize) — \$0.50. — Julia is secretary of Vrtec No. 103; White Valley, Pa.

Helen Previc (3rd prize) — \$0.50. — Helen is an active member of Vrtec No. 103.

Group "B"

William Pevc (1st prize) — \$1.50. — William is the president of the PIONEERS, Vrtec No. 1; Forest City, Pa.

(Note: It's certainly too bad that our William didn't have someone to compete with him. . . I'm sure his article would have placed among the winners had there been others.)

June Is Juvenile Month

"Oh! What is so rare as a day, in June?" . . . In accordance with the ruling of the Supreme Board, the month of JUNE of each year, henceforth, designated as S. S. P. Z. JUVENILE MONTH is to be observed by Vrtec units and members of the Society with appropriate ceremonies and entertainment. For the first time in the history of our Society, a special period of the year is set aside to be devoted primarily to the promotion of Juvenile work and interest.

(Continued on page 2)

Pioneers and Trail Blazer Jrs. Tie For Lead in "Wheel of Progress Campaign"

JUNIOR WHEEL OF PROGRESS

(Standing as of April 1, 1937)

Wheel	New Spokes	Group Leaders
Competitive group "A"	18	Vrtec 1; Forest City, Pa., and Vrtec 139; Chicago, Ill.
Competitive group "B"	9	Vrtec 140; Pierce, W. Va.
Competitive group "C"	8	Vrtec 131; Coverdale, Pa.
Competitive group "D"	2	Vrtec 138; Harmarville, Pa.
Total	37	

In first place, tied for Group as well as National Honors, are active Vrtec units No. 1 (Pioneers) of Forest City, Pa., and No. 139 (Trail Blazer Jrs.) of Chicago, Ill., with six (6) new members apiece. The fine results obtained in Competitive group "A" are attributed chiefly to the go-getter spirit of Sister Angela Pevc, administratrix of Vrtec No. 1, and Sister Theresa Rus, wife of our Supreme Secretary and member of lodge No. 19. With Brother Charles Koman leading the way, the Spartans Junior tallied three (3) new members to pull up in second place in this group.

Competition in Group "B" promises to be just as keen and exciting as in Group "A". Here, Vrtec unit No. 140 of Pierce, W. Va., under the tireless leadership of Brother Frank Polantz, forged ahead with five (5) new members, two (2) more than were garnered by their nearest opponent, Vrtec No. 126 of Power Point, Ohio, where Brother Charles Bogataj holds sway. Brother Bogataj is, also, prominent in the Adult circle of competition.

Vrtec No. 131 of Coverdale, Pa., leads Vrtec No. 31 of Chicago in Competitive group "C" by a single member, four (4) to three (3). Brother Frank Černuta, one of our most active workers in the Million Dollar Campaign, and Sister Mary Putz are prominently mentioned in the present activities.

In Competitive group "D", there was no actual competition. Two new members are credited to this group, both being written-up by Brother Anton Flisek, secretary of lodge No. 196 of Harmarville, Pa. We sincerely hope that before the current month closes there will be as much real honest-to-goodness competition in this group as in the other three. There is no reason why there shouldn't be.

(Note: You will find more campaign news in the E. S. L. Section)

"Pampadori! Pampadori!" have seen the two-hundred pounder but had been teasing the old man. The other must have come into the fray without an invitation. The deck mops in the sailors' hands did nothing to add to their charm, but who would not leave work when one was insulted so grossly by such a small creature. Especially small compared to the man's towering bulk. The old man had by this time lost heart and had slowly walked back to his work murmuring inaudible curses. The sailor lost ground as he ascended the stairs a bit out of breath, and as if thinking his prestige had been lowered enough by being seen chasing a Slovene brat, he shrugged his shoulders and slowly walked down the steps, across the deck, and out of my view.

"Pampadori! Pampadori!" There it was again; the call that means please make way. He was a sight to behold!

He was bareheaded and his chestnut brown hair were waving in the slight breeze in a perfect disorder. His big bow tie was almost big enough to act as an anchor for any of the lifeboats. Its crimson brilliance was offset by a spotless white shirt covered over by a blue coat cut in the same style as the officers on the boat. The trousers were short, and below them were a pair of thick legs which seemed rather out of proportion to his general stature. The bandaged leg told he could not wear anything other than the sandals he had on. But the expressions on his face. He could change them from a grimace to another more rapidly than any vaudeville performer I have had the pleasure of seeing.

Between the calls of "Pampadori! Pampadori!" he tried whistling in a mournful dreary manner—an equally cheerless song. Whenever he uttered a false note, which was often, he would appease himself by grinning from ear to ear, accompanied by a twinkle of his blue eyes. After each such occasion he would draw his chubby hand through his hair and again shout, "Pampadori! Pampadori!"

With a quick step to one side he gave a vicious look at the steward who had heeded his warning, and disappeared from my view with a shout of "Porka!" which means pig in Italian.

I returned to my musing. I looked at the water and thoughts came to me how alluring and beautiful the ocean was in its own way. The formations it made as the wind blew, the foam on the rolling waves could not be excelled in beauty by anything I had seen before. The spouting water looked just as enchanting as any fountain sprinkling out its soul in a garden. The low sun on the western horizon—

"Porka Italia!" "Essel! Essel! Porka! Porka!" "Porka Italia!"

I was jarred out of my pipe dream by these hideous words which were being shouted in a shrill voice around the turn of the deck. I could not see him, but I had a feeling it was the same mischievous little rascal I had seen before. Yes, it was him. He was running for all he was worth a few steps before a well built gorilla-looking sailor. I admired the boy's pluck for choosing such a formidable sailor to tease, but this admiration was short-lived as I saw an old sailor come hobbling after the two. The lad must not

have seen the two-hundred pounder but had been teasing the old man. The other must have come into the fray without an invitation. The deck mops in the sailors' hands did nothing to add to their charm, but who would not leave work when one was insulted so grossly by such a small creature. Especially small compared to the man's towering bulk. The old man had by this time lost heart and had slowly walked back to his work murmuring inaudible curses. The sailor lost ground as he ascended the stairs a bit out of breath, and as if thinking his prestige had been lowered enough by being seen chasing a Slovene brat, he shrugged his shoulders and slowly walked down the steps, across the deck, and out of my view.

The boy was not coming back. It seemed as if he had had enough and had gone somewhere to rest before he undertook another such venture, for an Italian sailor when he is called a pig and a donkey gets very, very quarrelsome but when you add an insult to his country he sees murder.

Well!—I had seen enough for one day, so I think I shall go to my cabin and read. No—there is the supper bell. I had forgotten about supper thinking of today's ordeal. How wonderful it would be to be young again; to skip, hop, and jump. To run around and call sailors pigs as he did. Why I can just see—

Oh! Oh! Look out you young idiot! Oouch!

—xzqz?— Come back here and help me. — What? — What was that you called me — Porka?! — You, you, just wait until I catch up with you—you, insolent little pup. I'll show you—Porka.

Ouch! Oh! — Boys! — Humph! — Boys! — Idiots; rattle-brain idiots! Why if I had a little thief like that I'd—I'd whale the tar out of him. Running along bumping into people and calling—

Pardon me! Pardon me! I'm so sorry.

Oh! Here is the dining room. I hope my indigestion don't bother me, or have a waiter spill something on my lap. But God guard that boy—

Frank Mivec,
Vrtec No. 9, SSPZ.

WITH OUR JUNIORS

(Continued from page 1)

JUNE days are usually warm, but not too warm, and offer splendid opportunities for outdoor entertainment and recreation; for that reason JUNE was selected as S. S. P. Z. JUVENILE MONTH. It is the month of the year when every effort and thought should be directed towards the increase in interest of our Juvenile members and their friends in the work of our Society. Membership campaigns shall, also, be emphasized during this month. EVERY DAY IN JUNE SHALL BE JUVENILE DAY.

Vrtec Administrators (trices) should be leaders in the celebra-

Lukec in njegov škorec

France Bevk

Lukec je mislil, da je že rešen. Tedaj je šorec nenadoma zamijavkal kot mačka, kadar ji stopiš na rep. Deček je postal in se preplašen ozrl. Častniki so gledali na kletko.

"Ti, pridi sem," so mu pomignili. "Kaj imaš tam?" "Luka, Luka!" je vpil škorec.

"To je škorec," je pojasnil Lukec s tresočim se glasom. Noge so mu klecnile v kolenih. Gledal je, kakor da je obsojen na smrt.

Častniki ga niso razumeli. Govorili so nekaj v tujem jeziku. Smejali so se. Končno so mu zamahnili z roko: "Le pojdi!"

Škorec je bil rešen. Lukec skoraj ni verjel. Še mu je utripalo srce. Mati ga je čakala vsa v skrbi. S sijočim obrazom ji je povedal:

"Nič niso rekli. Smejali so se."

Materi so odkazali posteljo v spalnici za ženske. Slokar je prihranil prostor za Lukca poleg sebe. Dejal je materi, da bo on pazil nanj.

"Lepo si začel svojo pot v Ameriko," se je Slokar smejal Lukcu. "No, tu se ne boš izgubil."

"Hiše sem bil šel pogledat," je dejal Lukec moško. Oziral se je, kam bo postavil kletko.

"Saj škorca lahko izpustiš."

Ptič je bil svobode tako vesel, da je vpil kot norec. Letal je in se ni mogel utolažiti. Lukec ga je vzel na ramo. S Slokarjem sta odšla na krov.

Iz dimnikov se je že kadilo. V trupu ladje se je začelo tresti. Parnik je zapiskal in se začel pomikati od brega. Potniki so stali ob ograji. Gledali so na mesto ki je bilo obsijano od solnca. Mahali so z rokami in robci.

Ljudje na obrežju so postali majhni kot pike. Hiše se niso več ločile druga od druge . . . Vse okrog je pljuskala zelena voda . . .

13

Prvo noč na parniku je Lukec trdno spal. Ne bil bi se še prebudil, da mu ni skočil škorec na trebuh in ga začel klicati: "Luka! Luka!"

Lukec je odprl oči, Klepec je

plesal od objesti, popadel s kljunom za rjuho in jo začel vleči.

Potniki so se prebudili. Nekateri so zaspani godrnjali, drugi so se smejali. Slokar je sedel na postelji, pozdravil škorca:

"Dobro jutro!"

"Dobro jutro!" je ponovil škorec.

Lukec se je naglo umil in oblekel. Stopil je na krov. Or začudenja je na široko odprl usta. Nikjer zemlje, vse okrog je ležalo samo morje, morje . . . Galebi ki so dolgo letali za parnikom, so bili izostali. Ribiške ladje s pisanimi jadri so izginile za obzorjem.

Tudi mati je bila prišla na krov. Položila je Lukcu roko na ramo in se mu nasmehnila. Čutila je, da nima nikogar več razen njega.

Sin je opazil materin blede obraz. Prišlo mu je na misel: "Kaj, če bi matere ne bilo?" Zapeklo ga je v duši.

"Mati, ali vam je slabo, ker ste tako blede?"

"Ne," je odgovorila. "To kar tako pride."

Morje je bilo mirno. Nobena sapica ni pihljala. Za parnikom se je risala dolga peneča se črta.

"Da bi bilo vso pot tako!" je dejal Slokar.

"Ali je kdaj drugačno?" je zaskrbelo mater.

"Če nastane vihar, bomo dobili morskoro bolezen. Malo jih je, ki bi jih ne vrgla."

Lukca je neprijetno zadelo. "Ali kdo umrje za to boleznijo?" je vprašal.

"Ne, ne. Prijetno pa ni. Boš že videl."

(Dalje prihodnjič)

V spomin umrli članici 'Vrtca' E. Kramžer

Čakali smo mi člani "vrtca" spomladi, ki pride in prinese trate zelene in naše gozdove v novo obleko odene.

Teško smo jo čakali veseli vsi, da pozabili bi na mrzle in zimske dni.

Prišla je, a mi je nismo veseli — vsled naše velike v "vrtcu" vrzeli.

Utrgala si nam članico "vrtcu" ljubo, za katero je nam, mamici, sestri in bratu hudo. Zakaj . . . le zakaj si prišla, ti kruta smrt ravno sedaj v naš novi in še mladi vrt?

Saj ti v vojni ne manjka kosila, mesta se našega bi lahko ognila, prihranila mamici drago hčer in nam nikdar pozabljeni večer.

Večer, ko smo slišali, da nje večni ostal v spomin bo do konca dni.

A. Zaitz.

Letters From Our Vrtec Members

VANDLING, PA. — Our March meeting wasn't very well attended on account of the bad weather. Even though there were not many members present, we made plans for our April meeting. Our administratrix explained the "Wheel of Progress" Campaign to us. Our Vrtec wheel has gained some spokes. When members don't attend the meetings regularly, they do not know what the Vrtec is doing or they don't have the opportunity to express their ideas. Now that Spring is here, members don't you think that you could all make an effort to attend our meetings. Also with Summer coming on we will hold our meetings out-of-doors. Remember the outing we had last year. We all had a swell time and I am sure that we would like such affairs. Our April meeting was very well attended. Parents of some Vrtec members also attended our meeting. Four years ago this month our Vrtec was organized by Mr. Anton Zaitz, who is now Ass't Supreme Secretary of SSPZ. At that meeting there were twelve members. At our last meeting which was our 4th anniversary meeting there were 47 members but that wasn't a perfect attendance. Since that time Vrtec No. 1 gained members, has had Xmas parties, outings, and other affairs. Our Vrtec was the first one organized. Now in a period of 4 years there are many more. After our meeting refreshments and soda were served. I wish to thank Mrs. Felix Rozina, Mrs. Anthony Drasler Jr., Mrs. Ig. Kastelic, Loretta Lauriha, Frances Gerstel and Angy Pevc for the refreshments they contributed.

The full support and cooperation of every member is needed to make any affair a success. And this can only be done by having a perfect attendance at every meeting.

Everyone has the same privilege of expressing their opinions. Members don't forget to bring your photos to the next meeting so Mr. Rozina will be able to arrange them in our Vrtec scrapbook.

William Pevc
Vrtec No. 1

SSPZ VRTEC 103

WHITE VALLEY, Pa. — First of all, I want to express my sincere thanks to the contest judges for the prize I have received from them for my last monthly letter in the "Napredok." The amount was received with great appreciation.

I wish to recall to your attention, members of Vrtec 103 SSPZ., the slow increase of our membership this year. Do cooperate with one another and try to form a much bigger and better juvenile organization. Being the fourth month of this year, our membership should be enlarged with, at least a couple members which would make our

Vrtec a great success for the coming year. Members do try very hard so our Vrtec will be among the active Vrtecs this year as it was in 1936.

We, the members of Vrtec 103, have scheduled a dance for April 24, 1937 at White Valley Slovene Hall. Everyone please follow the road to White Valley, Pennsylvania and enjoy yourselves at our first spring dance in 1937. An enjoyable evening is assured to all.

Well, we'll be seeing you all April 24, 1937 at White Valley Slovene Hall.

Julia Kosmach, Sec'y
Vrtec 103 SSPZ.

OUTLOOKERS

COLLINWOOD, O. — Spring is here. Outlookers are getting ready for baseball and other sports. The girls as well as the boys are going to participate in sports this year. There is nothing more to say about baseball until the next meeting.

Outlookers are proud to have the first prize winner of the Literary Contest of the month of March, Anne Gacnik our secretary.

At the previous meeting we had quite a few visitors. Mr. Vatro Grill brought up the idea of Slovene School. Outlookers finally decided to have it every third or fourth Friday in each month. Mr. Vatro Grill will teach. All the members that are interested should come. You will learn how to read, write, and speak better. So come to Slovene school as well as to the meetings. The next meeting is May 7, 1937.

Au Revoir, till May 7.

Josephine Kovic

"EATING MUSTACHES"

The play was a great success, but my eating sausages was not. Whiskers and salted pork don't mix. I found that out, when I was dressed as a dwarf with whiskers up to my belly; and a part calling for stuffing myself. I sat down and took the "dainty morsel" from the basket. But the part called for pork sausages, and pork sausages it was.

Well! Here I am telling you only about the sausages instead of my whiskers and sausages. Of course the whiskers were not mine, and therefore tasted all the worse. So I bit and regretted, because as I started to chew a vomiting felling came to the pit of my stomach. Have you ever done this?—well don't! I moved my eyes this way, and that way; I moved my mouth up, down and cross ways. I put my nose in the air, down to my chin and every which way; but alak and alas, pork and sausages would not go down. "Hurry up eat some more!" prompter's voice came to me in my suffering.

I grabbed the sausages, and with an angry shout, I heaved it

with all my might at my tormentor, and went calmly on with the next line.

Frank M. Zakrajsek in collaboration with Frank Mivec.

Vrtec No. 9
Indianapolis, Ind.

HOWDY FOLKS

SYGAN, Pa. — This is the letter I planned to write a while ago, but just couldn't take time to write it for I have been busy with my school work. Now that I have time I just don't know where to begin. First of all I must tell of the bad news to our Vrtec members, that we lost a good member of our Vrtec 72. My cousin, Elsie Kramzer died from scarlet fever on March 30, 1937. Elsie was a very good member of our Vrtec because she attended all our meetings and cooperated very well with all Vrtec members. I am sure all the members and all her other friends will miss her very much for she was liked by all and she liked everyone also. We will never forget sister Elsie, I hope.

Our "Wheel of Progress" of 1937 is beginning to turn. We have 3 new members and we are all trying to do our best to make the Vrtec larger and more successful. The members seem to cooperate and enjoy our meetings and programs very much. Frank Dolinar, our president seems to get along very well with his accordion. Keep it up Frankie, who knows what might happen some day.

I suppose all the members are going to join the new "Literary Contest." We all have a hobby don't we? Well, let's all join and show the elders we take a great interest in our Vrtec. And not only that, but think of all the prizes.

Well so much for this time but I will be back again with more news concerning our meetings, etc.

Julia M. Kramzer, Sec'y
Vrtec No. 72

Editor's Note:—Please keep in mind that Postal Laws prohibit publication of any and all references to games in which there is an element of chance.)

Dear Editor and Readers:

DELMONT, Pa. — As spring approaches, I make my first contribution to the Vrtec. Now as there is only about six more weeks of school, I hope more members of the SSPZ will have a better opportunity to write.

First I am reminding you of the dance which is to be held at the White Valley Slovene Hall on April 24, 1937. Music will be furnished by Bud Tragessor's orchestra. So all of you neighboring lodges keep this date open, so that our dance will be a great success.

Our lodge held its regular monthly meeting on March 21, 1937 at the White Valley Slovene Hall. We had a fair attendance and the "Easter Bunny" paid the juveniles a visit which everyone enjoyed.

As there isn't any thing else to add at the present time, all I

ask is come to our dance April 24, 1937. Everybody is welcome.

Helen Kastelic
Vrtec 103, SSPZ.

DON'T TELL BUT—

You'll never regret the quarter you'll spend
At our Big Dance,—if you'll attend;

The music, of course, by Bud Tragesser

There is none better, or I'm a bad guesser.

The stars will be out, the moon divine

All you need is a girl fair and fine.

So get her, your friends, and all
And come to the Ball at White Valley Hall.

When?—Saturday, April 24, 1937.

Why?—For a good time.

By Whom?—Lodge No. 103 of Slovene Progressive Benefit Society.

STUDY HALL

'Twas in the room of 241
When the war of spitballs had just begun,
Johnny, the boy, in the back of the row
Prepared a spitball and let it go.

Taking aim with the greatest of care,

Whang, Oh! it landed onto the teacher's hair,

Turning around with a slyful glance

Each thought he were being pierced with a lance.

Inquiring of each and every boy
Just imagine to Johnny's great joy

As up and down the rows she walked

When nobody in the room would talk.

Standing at the foot of the class
Stamping her foot like a dot and dash

She finally exclaimed that we would stay

And with detention we would pay.

Fred Bachel,
Vrtec No. 11

Dear Editor and Juveniles:

UNIVERSAL, Pa. — First of all I must thank the ones who made it possible for me to receive a one dollar check for my last month's article. I was very glad indeed, for I had not been expecting it. I must also thank the Director for the very complimentary letter sent to me.

I have noticed not many juveniles have joined the SSPZ Literary Contest. I don't think there's enough interest in the page or there would probably be more letters. Probably too many of you have caught the Spring fever, but don't let that keep you back. We must keep on writing in order to keep the "Wheels of Progress" turning. Anne Gacnik gave some very good suggestions on how to write an article last month. I am sure if you would follow her plan through you'd succeed. The Director also gives some very

Letters From Our Vrtec Members

(Continued from Page 3)

good suggestions on what and how to write. Let's see if we can fill the whole Vrtec Section with juvenile letters. So much for writing letters.

Now a few words on the weather. Well, it is kind of warm. Lately we had been having some rain, but the sun is shining again. Before long we will be eating green vegetables from the garden.

Before I go any further, I will mention a few points about the community in which I live. It is a small town situated in the western portion of Pennsylvania. The estimated population is 16,000 and the present area is 28 square miles. There are 11 schools and approximately 90 teachers. There are 10 places of worship and one bank. This area was to have been purchased with one deer skin. Seems strange, but so 'tis said. The first white of Western Pennsylvania was John Frazier. The tenth generation descendants of this man are still living in our township.

I could go on writing forever, but since space does not permit, I'll have to sign off, with

Best wishes to all juveniles and Director,

Mary Mlinar (Age: 14)
Vrtec No. 77, Center, Pa.

OUTLOOKERS

CLEVELAND, Collinwood, O. — All boys who are out for the baseball team of the SSPZ Vrtec No. 11, are to be present at the next meeting, May 7, 1937 at 7 o'clock sharp in the Slovene Workmen's Home, Waterloo road. All boys who are out for the baseball team, *please* bring your friends at this meeting. There will be a captain elected at this meeting. This is the *most* important meeting of all, because we are going to announce when and where practice will be held and ask all the boys what position they would like to play. After the meeting there will be a social.

E. J. P.

GIRLS

Girls are funny,
Don't you think?
All they talk about
Is fur and mink.

They never think
They only talk,
About the way
You stand or walk.

About the way
You chew your gum,
And if you don't,
They think you're dumb.

They want to sing,
They want to dance,
They never work,
They want romance.

The way to give it,
Is over your knee,
So the girls will be
What they should be.

Frank Mivec,
Indianapolis, Ind.

ROBIN HOOD

VANDLING, Pa. — During the reign of Henry of England, there lived at Locksley with his wife and young son, Robin a forest ranger named Fitzooth whose duty was to watch over a part of the forest of Sherwood in Nottingham.

One day young Robin and his mother, Mistress Fitzooth, started to Nottingham Town to visit the Fair and at the same time to pay a visit to the brother of Robin's mother. While in the midst of the Forest, they were accosted by a robber band who demanded toll. But as young Robin and his mother had no money, Robin offered to shoot a match for the freedom of the forest with the leader of the band, Will o' the Green. Robin shot first and his arrow (a goose-shaft) landed slightly to the right of the center of the tree. Will o' the Green acknowledged the shot as a fine one and placed his arrow beside Robin's but directly in the center. Just at this moment a band of foresters came to the rescue and much to Robin's chagrin, he had not the opportunity to try a second shot in an effort to better or at least equal, that of Will o' the Green.

Arriving at the Fair, Robin saw many wonderful things. Those which interested him most were wrestling matches, the tournaments, and archery contests. While visiting the fair one day he noticed in one of the boxes occupied by the titled spectators, a girl about fifteen whom he thought much fairer than the daughter of the Sheriff of Nottingham who was being crowned as Queen of Beauty. Robin decided to enter the Archery Contest, the prize for which was a golden arrow, he bestowed it, contrary to the usual custom, upon the fair maid who he learned was Marian Fitzwalter. This angered the daughter of the Sheriff of Nottingham and was the cause of much of the disaster in Robin's fortunes which immediately followed. Upon arriving at his uncle's home, he learned that his father had been injured by a stage in the forest and was summoned to his side only in time to receive his blessing. Robin thereafter was entitled to his father's position as Forest Ranger of that portion of the Sherwood Forest previously controlled by his father. The King had given to Fitzooth the house at Locksley. It was Robin's rightful possession of course along went the privilege of ranger.

It was necessary to make application through the Sheriff to have his appointment confirmed. By his action in connection with the prize of the golden arrow, the Sheriff managed his plan. Robin fought his rights. He lost his commission as Forest Ranger and his home was burned. He became an outlaw, joined the band led by Will o' the Green.

Will o' the Green was killed.

Robin joined them. Robin took Will's place as head of the band. From then on, adventures were many. How he met Little John and Frier Tuck, Alan-a-Dale and the other members of his band makes very interesting reading. Of course Robin married Maid Marian and they lived very happily.

Ivan Pevc (Age: 13)
Vrtec No. 1

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

The icy March wind whistled and blew the hall rugs to one side as the door swung open and then closed quickly with a slam that shook the house to its very foundation.

Johnny came in yelling at the top of his voice: "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow—!"

"My goodness, son, who's the jolly good fellow?" asked Mrs. Brimmer, Johnny's mother.

"Why Danny is the jolly good fellow," replied Johnny.

"And who is Danny, may I ask?"

"Don't you know Danny, Mom? Gosh he's a swell guy! Why he even told me how to shoot my agates so I could win the game. Ain't that swell, Mom? Gosh, he's a swell guy!"

Johnny kept on talking very excitedly until he heard his mother's calm voice breaking in, "Johnathan Spencer Brimmer Jr., I see that you've been playing marbles again after I've told you so many times not to in this weather.

"Just look. The knees of your trousers are all muddy, and — oh! Look at that, will you? You've even a hole in the seat of your trousers! And here—your hands are all red and chapped and your knuckles are all sore.

"Oh, dear! What in the world can I do with you!"

"Aw gee, Mom, a guy can't even have fun around here any more." Johnny grumbled as he trudged upstairs to clean up.

As Johnny slipped into his chair at dinner that evening, he saw the rest of the family was seated at the tables, including his sister's boy friend, Bill.

He saluted his father with a meek, "Evenin', Dad."

Dad answered with an, "Um-bum."

There were remarks about the food and there was a short silence.

Janet broke the silence by saying, "Say, Bill, how many new members have you succeeded in getting for our lodge?"

"I haven't even tried yet." Bill answered between mouth-fulls. "There's plenty of time. What's the hurry?"

"There's no hurry of course. I got my little brother in, and I'm expecting three of my girl friends to join. I think that's pretty good."

Johnny had suddenly come to life when he heard his name.

"Say, what's this lodge business all about anyway? Here I am, eleven years old and not even told what a guy belongs to!"

Dad Brimmer remonstrated

him for yelling with his mouth full.

"You can say what you like in a mannerly way after you have eaten."

And to Janet he said, "Explain to him what it's all about."

Janet went about explaining as carefully as her patience would allow.

"Johnny, we have you entered in the junior department of the Slovene Progressive Benefit Society.

"They are having a membership campaign now, and any member bringing in a new member receives fifty cents. There will be a Grand Prize.

"Now, do you understand?"

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At the next meeting of the Vrtec who should walk in but Johnny leading six boys ranging from nine to fifteen years of age.

Everyone turned to see who was coming in and were they surprised. Johnny was the hero of the day, and he was happy because of the compliments he received.

That evening, when he was going to his room, he passed the half-open door to his sister's room.

This is what he overheard in passing. "Oh, mother, I feel so disappointed in Lois, Mary, and Boots for letting me down. They said that they don't want to join because they can't have a good time with little kids around. Isn't that a horrid excuse?"

"Now, Janet, don't get all het up about a trifling matter like that. You know that you can always try again.

"Believe me when I say that the only way you'll get members is to try. Johnny did, and he's succeeded!" Mrs. Brimmer advised in her calm manner.

Johnny chuckled as he remembered that Danny had got two of the members for him, and he was happy because for once he was complimented instead of criticized.

Jonathan Spencer Brimmer Jr. fell asleep wondering what he should get his mother for her birthday.

Anne Gacnik (Age: 17)
Sec'y Outlookers

A HOE

A hoe is not appreciated enough

by us,

We do not stop to ponder
And think what it has done for
us humans.

We only stop to wonder.

We stop to wonder why a hoe
was made,

As listening to a solemnless
knell,

Our thoughts turn to the help it
gives us,

On our way to hell!

Frank Mivec,
Indianapolis, Ind.

WORDLY BREVITIES

Wild horses died out in America at the end of the Ice Age, and there were no horses here until Cortez, the Spaniard, brought some in 1519.

An engineer states that the oldest arch bridge known was built by the Assyrians about 4000 B. C. at Nippur.

Glare caused by light reflected from a light-colored, glossy wall may fade some textiles, experiments indicate.